

## SLICE OF LIFE

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### Prologue

*(Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of a closed scrapbook resting on a table, its cover depicting the outlines of two donkeys about to kiss. Scissors, tape, photos, and an envelope are scattered around the book, and a wrinkled brown hoof reaches into view to open the cover. Among the items already in place on the pages are two photos of Cranky Doodle Donkey and his sweetheart Matilda. Zoom in to a close-up of one photo, which shows them in the theater district of Manhattan, then pan/tilt to the other one. Here, they stand within Cranky's home as seen in "A Friend in Deed," dressed for the cold and with cups of hot tea resting on the floor between them. In both snapshots, Matilda smiles broadly while Cranky glowers at the camera, wearing the blond toupee that Pinkie Pie gave him during their first encounter.)*

*(A page flip; now a third picture can be seen—taken at Twilight Sparkle's coronation in "Magical Mystery Cure." She and Princess Celestia stand proudly in the background, while only the upper portion of Cranky's face is visible in the fore—the result of inept camera usage, no doubt. Zoom out to frame the facing page, which is empty; Matilda leans into view, applies glue to it from a stick held in her teeth, and sticks an ornately decorated sheet on top of this. A longer shot frames her in Cranky's home, across from the fireplace and seated at the table; the glue stick has been set down. The sound of the door opening causes her to glance back over her shoulder, the camera panning to follow and framing Cranky entering the house. He sets a bag of fruit on the floor, the blond hairpiece still firmly in place. Through the open door, the sky shows the yellow of early morning.)*

**Cranky:** I'll never understand the ponies in this town. *(He kicks the door shut and crosses to her.)* Everywhere I went, they were all gussied up and lookin' at me funny. Kept askin' if I was nervous.

**Matilda:** Did they forget the wedding is tomorrow?

**Cranky:** *(stepping closer, smiling/mumbling a bit)* Maybe they're just as excited for us to be married as I am. *(They share a gentle laugh and nuzzle.)*

**Matilda:** Well, they're going to feel awfully silly when they realize they've got the wrong date.

*(Both pairs of contented eyes turn toward the paper she has just added to the scrapbook—and a moment later they go wide with shock. Adding a gasp for good measure, Matilda sits bolt upright in her chair.)*

**Matilda:** The invitations are wrong! *(She holds up the book and points at the page.)* This says the wedding is today!

**Cranky:** But I got such a good deal on them.

**Matilda:** Everypony in town got these! *(She jumps off the chair; it and the book hit the floor.)* The Princesses have even RSVP'd! *(Trot nervously in place for a moment.)*

**Cranky:** I told you we should've eloped!

**Matilda:** Oh, dear! The caterer...the flowers...the musicians! We've got to move it all to today!

**Cranky:** What?!

*(The exterior of the house; the front door is now closed, but bursts open again.)*

**Matilda:** *(galloping out and o.s.)* Where's my wedding planner?

*(Her husband-to-be steps out to the doorway and aims a worried look after her. The brows lower and the expression hardens as he picks up the scrapbook and scrutinizes its contents for a moment. Zoom in slightly as he raises his head, eyes now set in an indignant glare, then cut to a close-up of him leaning forward over a shop counter.)*

**Cranky:** You told me you could do it for half what the others charge, and then you sent invitations to everypony in town with the wrong date!

*(He snorts out a puff of steam to underscore his ill will, after which the camera cuts to frame the recipient of this verbal drubbing on the other side of the counter. It is Derpy Hooves, a concerned frown showing beneath her crossed eyes; after a second or two, she dips her head out of view and brings up a basket of muffins, held by the handle in her teeth. She sets this on the counter and gestures toward it with a weak, placating smile.)*

**Derpy:** Muffin?

*(Fade to black.)*

OPENING THEME

### Act One

*(Opening shot: fade in to Twilight galloping intently through Ponyville. The sky's blue color indicates that the morning has progressed a bit. The camera follows Twilight for a few blocks, then stops at the restaurant run by Horte Cuisine as the winged unicorn races on past. The well-groomed waiter places a sandwich before the customers at one of the outdoor tables, and the camera then cuts to a close-up of Derpy at another. Two dark khaki hooves are just barely in view across from her, resting on the table's edge.)*

**Derpy:** I really messed up on those invitations. (*covering eyes; Horte delivers two drinks on a tray.*) I feel just awful, Doc.

**Horte:** (*disdainfully*) Hmph! Perhaps that explains why I never got mine! (*He walks off.*)

**Derpy:** I told Cranky I could get 'em printed for cheap, but that meant hiring somepony with no experience using a printing press.

*(Cut to Featherweight in the school basement, operating the press that Cheerilee's students used to put out the Foal Free Press in "Ponyville Confidential." Ink is generously splattered over the floor and equipment, and as he pumps the treadle to keep it running, the whole rig falls apart and douses him in the black goop from one end to the other. Back to Derpy.)*

**Derpy:** Oh, I wish there was a way I could go back in time and fix all this.

*(Cut to the owner of those khaki hooves—Doctor Whooves, sporting a white shirt collar and green bow tie. After a pull at his drink through its silly straw, he puts a hoof to his chin and lets a calculating smile play across his face. From here, cut to one end of a room whose furnishings suggest a laboratory: under-the-counter storage cabinets, shelf of books, stack of notes on one counter, assorted odd scientific equipment. The door opens to admit Whooves.)*

**Whooves:** (*trotting in; Derpy hesitantly follows*) Going back in time is old thinking, my friend.

*(Longer shot of the space; it is indeed a lab, one that could rival the one Twilight had in the basement of the Golden Oak Library for sheer weirdness of its apparatus. Clocks figure prominently in the sprawling array.)*

**Whooves:** (*adjusting one machine; Derpy flies up toward others*) I was working off a cutting-edge theory of making time come forward to you.

*(The camera cuts to a close-up of him during this line. He looks back across the room after he finishes, then around and up with some puzzlement; cut to the pegasus, now seated in a small-scale wooden model flying craft that hangs from the ceiling. A helmet made from a colander and studded with leads rests on the blond head, and she sings tunelessly to herself while rocking the vessel back and forth. It slowly begins to descend toward floor level.)*

**Whooves:** (*from o.s.*) My life's work. (*Cut to him; he has pulled a lever to lower her.*) Decades—mm-mm, centuries, really—of research and experimentation, and I—I nearly had it cracked! (*Close-up; he takes back the helmet.*) Turns out there's a magic spell for it. Who knew?

*(A sizzle of electricity draws his attention elsewhere; cut to Derpy, who has discovered a "plasma globe" device and is fooling with it. This consists of a clear glass sphere with a high-voltage electrode at its center; whenever the outer sphere is touched, a filament of colored electrical discharge flows from the electrode to the point of contact. This particular model causes Derpy's mane/tail to stand straight up when she touches it, and to go completely limp once she removes her hoof. Whooves gallops over to her, having disposed of the helmet.)*

**Whooves:** *(touching her shoulder; his mane/tail briefly stand up as well)* But there are so many things that magic can't explain— *(They stop playing with the globe; manes/tails back to normal; close-up of him.)* —where science and mathematics are the real magic!

**Derpy:** *(from o.s.)* Like these?

*(Cut to a cylindrical glass tank filled with what appear to be multicolored, tightly furled flower blooms floating sluggishly in a translucent greenish liquid. Derpy stands on the far side looking in, her image distorted by the glass and the fluid movement.)*

**Derpy:** They're pretty. *(She brings her head out from behind.)*

**Whooves:** *(from o.s.)* Ah. *(Zoom out to frame him alongside.)* Yes. My flameless fireworks. *(scratching chin)* Never could quite figure out how to get them to ignite.

**Derpy:** How did you learn to make all this stuff, anyway?

**Whooves:** I've been studying science my whole life. Ever since a particularly traumatic experience as a foal— *(Zoom in slowly; his fervor grows.)* —I've been looking for ways to make sense of the world around me. Science provides explanations of things we never thought possible!

*(He snaps out of his energetic reverie and looks back over his shoulder toward Derpy.)*

**Whooves:** Now, uh, why did we come here again? *(She shakes her head clear.)*

**Derpy:** Yeah. *(downcast, hoof to face)* Oh! Because I accidentally sent out invitations for Cranky and Matilda's wedding with today's date instead of tomorrow's!

*(The crossed amber eyes contract to frightened points as the mouth beneath them scrunches up. Whooves races over to her.)*

**Whooves:** *(shaking head vigorously)* Great whickering stallions! I completely forgot! And I still need to get my suit tailored!

*(He gallops out of the lab. Dissolve to a stretch of Ponyville and follow him on a headlong rush to the front door of the Carousel Boutique. Draped across his back is a green suit jacket, with a white dress shirt and yellow necktie tucked inside.)*

**Whooves:** Rarity? *(pounding on door)* Rarity!

*(He foregoes knocking in favor of simply trying to push the door in, but gets absolutely nowhere for his strains and grunts. A faint electronic dance beat asserts itself, distracting him from his efforts to obtain last-second clothing alterations by force, and the camera zooms out to frame DJ PON-3 strolling past. The music is coming from the headphones firmly socked over her ears. Head-on view of her, utterly oblivious to everything else in the world, as he darts up behind.)*

**Whooves:** Please! You've got to help me! *(Profile; he races up and pivots to cut her off.)* I lost track of time, unbelievably, and forgot that the wedding is this afternoon!

*(On the second half of this last sentence, cut to a close-up of the wild-maned mare and zoom in slowly as she bobs her head to the beat and his reflection plays across her lenses. The view then cuts to her violet-tinted perspective of him, his words reduced to barely audible gibberish by the thumping rhythm as he gesticulates and traces out a circle in the air. Back to the pair after several seconds.)*

**Whooves:** Have you seen Rarity? She's got to alter the sleeves of my suit and she's got to do it now!

*(He adds a rear-hoof stomp on this last word for emphasis. Nodding and smiling, DJ P0N-3 turns and starts walking.)*

**Whooves:** Oh! *(laughing)* Thank goodness. *(following her)* Lead on, my friend.

*(Dissolve to a close-up of a set of bowling pins at the far end of a lane. A ball crashes into them for a clean strike, then comes rolling back along a return track to stop in front of a smiling Thunderlane. The scene has shifted to the bowling alley that figured in the start of "The Cutie Pox," and the camera cuts to the players' end of the lanes and pans slowly across to stop on a puzzled Whooves in the foreground. Another cut frames him and DJ P0N-3 head-on, having just entered the facility.)*

**Whooves:** Uh, why have you brought me here? Rarity would never set hoof in—

*(A glance off to one side, and his eyes widen in surprise; cut to his perspective of three slowly approaching earth pony stallions. Left: light tan coat with dark brown hoof tips; short, dark brown mane/tail/beard; patterned blue bandana tied across forehead; light blue eyes behind transparent amber sunglasses; dark gray sportcoat with rolled-up sleeves; white shirt; yellow tie. Center: lighter tan coat with white hoof tips; two-tone blond mane/tail carefully styled; short, shaggy beard/mustache; light blue eyes; dark blue suit jacket; white shirt, red tie with white bowling pins. Right: off-white coat; orange bowling shirt; brown mane/tail; dark brown eyes. All three have bowling bags slung across their backs. The view is ringed with white, as if it were a flashback or dream even though it is very much in the here and now. Extreme close-up of the red tie, then of Shades' face, then of Shirt's bag.)*

*(Back to Whooves and DJ P0N-3, seen normally.)*

**Whooves:** *(shaking head vigorously, nudging her)* Great whickering stallions, they've got style!

*(He crosses to them as she leaves the bowling alley.)*

**Whooves:** Gentle-colts! I'm facing...certain calamity, and I couldn't help noticing your remarkable fashion sense. Could I get the name of your incredible tailor?

*(Blondie speaks up in a slow, easygoing cadence in close-up. Now his cutie mark can be seen: a fringed rug.)*

**Blondie:** Well, yeah, man. His name is me. (*Close-up of Whooves.*)

**Whooves:** (*to himself*) Me. What an unfortunate name.

**Blondie:** (*from o.s.*) No, man, like... (*Back to him.*) ...I manufacture all my own garments. We all do, man. (*Whooves leans into his face.*)

**Whooves:** Then you've got to help me! (*holding up his suit*) I need this suit tailored. It's an emergency!

**Blondie:** (*chuckling, pushing it back*) Sorry, man. We're just about to start the finals. (*He and the others walk off.*)

**Whooves:** What's this word you keep using...“man”?

**Blondie:** (*now o.s.*) I don't know, man, but guess what?

*(On the end of this, cut to frame the trio. They have put away their bags, and Shades has set his ball on the floor and is running a mouth-held polishing cloth over it. Their other two stallions' marks can now be clearly seen: briefcase for Shades, bowling ball and two pins for Shirt.)*

**Blondie:** Our fourth didn't show, so if you roll with us, we'll alter your suit for you.

*(Whooves runs a worried eye over his outfit, and the camera pans quickly to one lane and zooms in on the pin formation at the far end. The view fades partly to white, after which a surfeit of equations and diagrams is quickly drawn in—the scientist's mind analyzing the physics of the game. Two large black symbols finally superimpose themselves on the assemblage—an equals sign on the left, a question mark on the right—and the camera cuts back to a perplexed Whooves. It takes a moment for him to get his power of speech back.)*

**Whooves:** I'm sorry, gentle-colts, but I will not bowl. The splits, the spares— (*hoof to face*)—there are simply too many variables!

**Blondie:** Variables? What are you talkin' about, man? Just throw the ball straight!

**Whooves:** Hold on. Straight?

*(Cut to a freeze-frame side view of a ball rolling toward the pins. An arrow appears, pointing from the former to the latter and extending itself in three sections; after it makes contact with the pins, they are replaced by a freeze frame that shows them flying everywhere after impact. Back to him; now he smiles and slings his suit over his back.)*

**Whooves:** (*crossing to them*) Very well. I'll try your “straight” technique. (*He passes the garment to Blondie.*) It just might be crazy enough to work.

*(A mare stands up into view in the fore and steps toward the foul line to bowl. As her ball thunders along the hardwood, cut to the sign above the alley's front entrance outside and zoom out. A muffled clatter of pins is heard as the camera movement brings a sizable assembly of ponies into view. Twilight and her five friends have gathered for a huddle, while all others present watch from several feet back. Octavia moves up from the back ranks to stop alongside the Cutie Mark Crusaders in the front; her voice carries an upper-class British accent.)*

**Octavia:** *(to them)* Do we know what they're on about?

**Apple Bloom:** The way they're huddled up like that? I'd say it's either a friendship problem—*(Close-up.)*—or a monster attack. *(Pan to Octavia.)*

**Octavia:** A monster attack? Blast! I'm performing at the ceremony this afternoon, and I still haven't sorted out what to play. *(overwrought, hoof to forehead)* How am I meant to practice with a monster invading Ponyville?

**Sweetie Belle:** Maybe it's just a friendship problem, and it'll all be cleared up in a half an hour or so.

**Octavia:** *(sighing, rolling eyes)* I hope so.

*(She heads back toward the rear of the crowd.)*

**Matilda:** *(from o.s., frantically)* Where's Pinkie Pie? *(She races into view and barges to the front.)* I NEED MY WEDDING PLANNER!!

*(A sound like a low growl overlaid on the buzzing of insect wings scares the spectators into looking skyward. Cut to an extreme close-up of a bee-like stinger, dark gray and striped with white and yellow, with a pair of clawed hind legs attached just ahead of it. A zoom out reveals these parts as being attached to one humdinger of a fantastic beast—and a large one at that. The head is white, with two antennae and dark eye markings similar to those of a panda, but with a longer snout. The torso is split into two sections, each with its own pair of limbs. The first section is dark gray, with a black patch on the pectoral area; the second is white, marked with yellow, dark gray, and black. The hind limbs near the stinger are much shorter and less muscular than either of the other two pairs, and they bear yellow stripes. A pair of giant, yellowish wings keeps this creature—a literal “bugbear”—aloft.)*

*(Back at ground level, Twilight and company fall in line and steel themselves for a throwdown. The airborne monstrosity voices a guttural roar and launches itself toward them, stinger first, and the six mares clear out so that its strike only plows a broad furrow into the earth. Twilight flies up and lets go with a beam from her horn, scoring a hit that aggravates the bugbear, and Rainbow Dash swoops down to deliver a whack against the back of its head. It lifts off and begins to chase the group down the street as Matilda watches.)*

**Matilda:** Oh, no! On my wedding day? *(pulling ears down)* Somepony's gotta help me!

*(The rattle of small hooves against hardpan catches her ear, and she looks back to find Bloom and Twist galloping to safety at the urging of Amethyst Star. Once they have gone, another gesture from the mare sends Hayseed Turniptruck and Pipsqueak along the same route.)*

**Matilda:** You! *(Amethyst looks around herself before speaking up.)*

**Amethyst:** Me?

**Matilda:** I need to move an entire wedding from tomorrow to today!

**Amethyst:** But nopony's asked me to organize anything since Twilight came to town.

**Matilda:** *(smiling hopefully)* So you'll do it?

**Amethyst:** *(proudly)* I used to be the best organizer in all of Ponyville. You bet I'll—

*(A growl from the o.s. bugbear brings her self-congratulation to a very quick end. Mare and donkey look fearfully down the street; pan quickly to the beast hovering just above the street. Twilight is a foot or two higher and glaring down at it; Applejack glowers at it from behind; Pinkie is in its grip; Rarity has been knocked flat on her belly. As Fluttershy gallops toward the bugbear, Rainbow rockets down from above to target the back of its head, but a midair pivot allows it to bat her away.)*

**Rainbow:** Whooooaaa!

*(She slams into a nearby house, landing spreadeagle and upside down on her back, and crumples to the grass. Here comes the bugbear, aiming its stinger at her, but she zooms away just in time to avoid the hit. The house is not so lucky, though, being instantly pulverized, and the behemoth peeks up from behind the ruins with a fresh growl. Cut to Amethyst and Matilda.)*

**Matilda:** Come on. *(galloping away; Amethyst follows)* We better get to the salon before that monster flattens it!

*(Pan to the confrontation. All six heroes—including a released Pinkie and a recovered Rarity—are doing what they can to frustrate, taunt, or stay out of the grip of, the bugbear. It roars at Rainbow's close-approach passes before the view fades to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: fade in to an open bit of street, against which the hollering bugbear straightens up into view with a wagon gripped in one dark gray forelimb. A lasso snaps upward to cinch onto the other one, and a tilt down to ground level brings Applejack into view just in time for her to pull the free end with her teeth and dump the attacker onto its back. Pan to follow a very unnerved Derpy as she flies slowly down the block.)*

**Derpy:** What am I gonna do? *(She stops short with a gasp.)* Matilda!

*(As Amethyst and Matilda gallop into view toward her, she back-pedals in midair to stay face to face.)*

**Derpy:** I feel so bad about the invitations! *(She stops.)* Is there anything I can do?

**Matilda:** *(racing past with Amethyst)* FLOWWWWERRRRS!!

*(The gray face breaks into a huge smile. Dissolve to the exterior of the town's herb/flower shop; she has touched down here for a talk with Daisy, Lily, and Rose.)*

**Lily:** You want Matilda's arrangements *today*? *(All three proprietors go bug-eyed and keel over.)*

**Daisy:** This is awful!

**Rose:** The horror! The horror!



**Derpy:** So...there's no way you can do it? *(Lily stands up.)*

**Lily:** We don't even have Matilda's flowers in yet— *(The other two do likewise.)*—much less arranged. *(sighing, hooves to temples)* This is a disaster!

**Derpy:** *(crushed, walking away)* Okay. Thanks anyway.

*(The bugbear flies past the shop, followed closely by Rainbow. Close-up of the trio; Lily voices a fresh gasp and points off in the general direction of its retreat.)*

**Lily:** Look, girls!

*(Pan quickly to a close-up of a flower, its stem snapped nearly in half so that the bloom is canted drunkenly to one side. She leans in close to inspect it.)*

**Lily:** A broken stem on one of the zinnias! *(Zoom out slightly; the other two now eye it as well.)*

**Daisy:** Whaaat?!?

*(All three crumple to the ground again at the sight of this unforgivable offense against floral beauty. Overhead shot of them, the camera rotating slowly in place.)*

**Rose:** Oh, the horror! The horror!

*(Dissolve to the interior of the town hall, where decorating efforts for the big event are progressing apace: banners hung from every balcony, an archway with wedding bells on the ground-floor dais, piano and chairs set up on the floor. Bon Bon and Lyra Heartstrings are standing on one of the lower balconies, the latter floating a set of bells up into place.)*

**Bon Bon:** I have to admit—

*(Close-up of the bells, tilting down to follow them and frame the pair on the start of the following.)*

**Bon Bon:** —when Matilda said we needed this place ready by today, I was a little nervous.

**Lyra:** With you by my side— *(They thump their rumps together.)* —I knew we'd get it done in time. *(Bon Bon crosses to a box.)*

**Bon Bon:** There is nothing like a best friend, is there? *(She rummages; Lyra levitates a bow and floats it over to her.)*

**Lyra:** Anything's possible when you know somepony as well as we know each other.

*(The earth pony catches the item and affixes it to the balcony railing. Her concentration breaks due to a growl from the bugbear outside, but Lyra pays no mind and brings up a piece of ribbon.)*

**Bon Bon:** What was that?

**Lyra:** There's some monster attacking Ponyville or something. *(Close-up of Bon Bon on the end of this; she picks up a new pair of bells.)*

**Bon Bon:** What is it this time? *(hanging them on railing)* A creature from the Everfree Forest?

**Lyra:** Uh, I think it's some sort of... *(smiling dismissively)* ...bugbear.

*(The cream-colored face goes slack with terror, then rearranges itself into a hard over-shoulder glare.)*

**Bon Bon:** *(turning to Lyra)* Did you say “bugbear”?

*(She darts into a corner near the closed window curtains, up on her hind legs so she can press herself back-first into the spot and stay out of sight.)*

**Bon Bon:** It found me!

**Lyra:** What are you talking about, Bon Bon?

*(Now back on all fours, Bon Bon parts the drapery ever so slightly for a furtive glance out.)*

**Bon Bon:** My name isn't Bon Bon. It's Special Agent Sweetie Drops. *(opening curtains wider; the battle rages outside)* I work for a super-secret anti-monster agency in Canterlot— *(Cut to Lyra and zoom in slowly; she continues o.s., bitterly.)* —or at least I did until the bugbear went missing from Tartarus a few years back.

**Lyra:** *(hesitantly, skeptically)* What are you talking about?

*(The agent jumps back to her box of decorations and fishes around in it.)*

**Bon Bon:** When it escaped— *(She produces a metal briefcase.)* —we had to shutter the whole agency.

*(Close-up of the container being thrown down onto the floor; its lid bears a round brass plate with a horseshoe imprint.)*

**Bon Bon:** *(from o.s.)* Every last shred of evidence of the organization's existence was destroyed.

*(During this line, she fits a hoof to the plate and rotates it a quarter-turn, releasing the case's locking straps. The lid flips open to reveal a wristwatch, pair of sunglasses, fake mustache, and grappling hook with attached rope all nestled in foam rubber padding. Cut briefly to an uneasy Lyra on the start of the following, then back to Bon Bon, closing the case and having donned the watch and looped the hook/rope around her body.)*

**Bon Bon:** Celestia demanded complete deniability. *(Cut to Lyra; long pause.)*

**Lyra:** *(scared)* What? *(Zoom out to frame Bon Bon.)*

**Bon Bon:** It was me who captured the bugbear. *(Zoom in on her.)* I had to go deep-cover here in Ponyville and assume the name “Bon Bon.” I never thought it'd be able to track me, but now it has.

*(On these last two words, the screen narrows to a diagonal stripe that frames an extreme close-up of the narrowed eyes. The view then quickly re-expands to frame both mares again.)*

**Lyra:** (*indignantly*) Are you saying our whole friendship was based on a lie?

**Bon Bon:** I'm sorry, Lyra! I couldn't tell you for your own protection!

**Lyra:** (*shakily, tearing up*) But-but-but the lunches! The-the long talks! The benches we've sat on! None of that was real?

**Bon Bon:** (*gently*) It was all real. (*lifting Lyra's chin*) You're my very best friend.

*(The unicorn manages a little smile and rests a hoof on the one Bon Bon has used to raise her head and spirits. However, the warm fuzzy moment gets broadsided by a new round of noise from the bugbear outside. Bon Bon darts to the window—the curtains now fully parted—opens one sash, and jumps up to balance on the sill. The hook is deployed to anchor in the woodwork just below.)*

**Bon Bon:** I've gotta go find a crowd to blend into before I put you in danger. (*She dons the sunglasses from her kit.*) I'll see you at the wedding.

*(She drops out of sight. Cut to just outside the window as a good-and-angry Lyra walks up to it.)*

**Lyra:** Fine. (*leaning out, calling after Bon Bon*) But we're gonna talk about this later!

*(Ground level. The covert operative reaches the ground, releasing herself from the rope and backing slowly up toward the knot of onlookers watching Twilight and crew having it out with the beast. Pinkie, for some reason, has adopted a strategy of balancing two spinning plates on sticks while riding a unicycle. On the start of the next line, pan slightly to frame Cranky glaring at the jeweler stallion who appeared briefly in "Hearts and Hooves Day.")*

**Cranky:** I need my ring today, no matter the cost! (*relenting*) As long as it doesn't cost any extra.

*(The jeweler throws a disgusted glance behind himself. Dissolve to a close-up of two bowling pins in the classic seven-ten split pattern at the end of one lane in the alley—far left and far right in the back row.)*

**Blondie:** (*from o.s.*) Seven-ten split, man. (*Cut to him, holding a glass of milk.*) Harshest of the harsh.

*(Longer shot; Whooves is up at the line, hefting a ball on one front hoof with great trepidation, and the three regular bowlers are seated behind their scoring desk. His suit is no longer lying across his back.)*

**Blondie:** But if you pick this up, we win the whole shebang.

*(Allowing himself one deep breath, the unlikely fourth tiptoes ahead on his three unoccupied limbs. His unorthodox approach is interrupted by a very happy Derpy bursting in through the front doors.)*

**Derpy:** Doc! *(He drops his ball; it rolls ahead and o.s.)* I finally figured out how I can help! Your flameless fireworks look just like flowers! I'll use them for the wedding!

*(She flies out, completely missing the popeyed look of surprise that roots itself on his face.)*

**Whooves:** *(shaking head vigorously)* Great whickering stallions! Wait!

*(He gallops out after her, forgetting the game or the wayward ball he has released. As the other three stare impassively down the lane, it slowly makes its way to the end and brushes against one pin before dropping out of sight. The pin wobbles and bobbles across the lane toward its counterpart...the three stare intently, leaning ever so slightly forward in their seats...and when it is within a hair's breadth of making contact, it topples onto its side. Shades slams his front hooves against his hind legs and stands up onto them with a frustrated grunt at having his team's championship hopes so cruelly dashed.)*

*(Cut to just outside the front doors. Whooves throws one open to call after the departing Derpy.)*

**Whooves:** Wait! *(trotting onto porch)* The flameless fireworks are extremely volatile! Without knowing what the trigger is, they could go off at any moment! *(Sound of the approaching bugbear/pony battle.)* My word, is that the bugbear?

*(Zoom out to put him in the background and a backwards-flying, magic-zapping Twilight in the fore. The bugbear is chasing her, stinger first, and Rainbow pulls in to deliver a few punches to its exposed side. Applejack and Fluttershy join the fray, charging past the Ponyville Spa.)*

**Matilda:** *(from inside)* Oh... *(Focus on the building and zoom in slowly.)* ...there are so many things I'm forgetting!

*(Inside, she has put on a robe and is lying on her back atop a lounge chair in the hot-tub room. Lotus is here to look after the frazzled donkey.)*

**Matilda:** I hope Cranky remembers to tell the musicians. *(close-up; hooves to temples)* Oh...oh...I'll never get my mane done in time!

*(Zoom out slightly to frame Lotus, who eases her gently back down.)*

**Lotus:** You must relax, my dear. We can handle *anything*. *(working Matilda's mane into a high upswept style)* We once did a pony's hair *during* the ceremony.

*(An effeminate male voice that has not been heard since "Elements of Harmony" cuts in.)*

**Steven Magnet:** *(from o.s.)* Oh, it's true, it's true!

*(Long shot of the entire room. The purple serpent—or at least as much of him as will fit—is taking five in the hot tub. One notable change from his first appearance: the right half of his mustache, which Rarity donated most of her tail to replace after Nightmare Moon ripped it out, has grown back in its natural blond color. Both Aloe and Lotus are applying curlers to Matilda's mane.)*

**Steven:** They really are the best. Matilda, I've just got to say— *(Close-up of her; he continues o.s. as the two attendants move off.)* —I already feel like we're family.

*(She is more than a bit rattled at finding one massive hand extended toward her to shake, but she gets one hoof hooked around a fingertip and returns the gesture.)*

**Matilda:** You do? *(Long shot of both.)*

**Steven:** Of course! I'm Steven Magnet, Cranky's best beast.

**Matilda:** *You're Steven Magnet?*

**Steven:** Well, what'd you expect, a bugbear? I've known Cranky for-ev-errr! Surely he must have told you about the time he saved me from Flash Freeze Lake?

**Matilda:** *(now really puzzled)* You're Steven Magnet. *(He sits up, head cut off by the top edge of the screen.)*

**Steven:** Oh, I know, I know! Typical Cranky, to leave out minor details like the fact that I'm, you know... *(leaning down to her level, winking)* ...a sea monster, right? *(He straightens up with a laugh.)* I just love that old burro.

**Matilda:** *(smiling)* I'm sorry, Steven. I guess I assumed you were a pony. *(He leans down again.)* And I had no idea you had such adventures together.

**Steven:** *(laughing, straightening up)* Oh, honey! You don't know the half of it!

*(The laugh is nearly enough to blow her off the chair.)*

**Steven:** But let me tell you something. In all that we've been through together, the only thing he ever cared about—

*(Close-up of her, now sitting up; his forefinger comes down to poke her nose gently as Lotus crosses behind.)*

**Steven:** *(from o.s.)* —was finding you. *(She gasps softly.)*

**Matilda:** Really? *(Lotus produces a hoof-load of face cream; back to Steven.)*

**Steven:** *(chuckling)* Well, that and a baldness cure. *(Another laugh; Matilda settles onto her belly.)*

**Matilda:** He is the sweetest thing, isn't he? *(Lotus pulls the curlers from her mane...)* All the stress I've put myself through. *(...then combs to fluff it up. Zoom in slowly.)* All the stress I've put *him* through. The only thing that matters is that we're together. The wedding isn't the important thing. The marriage is.

*(Her moment of serene illumination is completely ruined by a bray of laughter by the o.s. Steven; cut to a long shot of him and her.)*

**Steven:** My goodness gracious! If you believe that, I have got a bride to sell you!

*(Close-up of the donkey, sitting up with a look of fresh fright; zoom in slowly.)*

**Steven:** *(from o.s.)* All these ponies traveling to Ponyville, putting on uncomfortable clothes—*(Her ears droop and she starts to shiver.)*—sitting through a long ceremony. You think any of them care about some marriage? *(Back to him; he continues dismissively.)* No, no, no, no. *(laughing, leaning toward camera)* Honey, the wedding is everything.

*(Cut to a close-up of the panic-gripped bride-to-be and zoom in on the blue pinpoints of her eyes, then snap to black.)*

### Act Three

*(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of a thatched-roof stone house standing on a meadow hilltop. All of the ground-floor windows have flower boxes attached to their sills, decorated to resemble piano keys, and a large hedge trimmed in the shape of an eighth note stands next to the walk leading to the front door. The color scheme is split right down the middle, including the door and front step: brown with green thatch on the viewer's left, shades of blue with brown thatch on the right. Each windowpane displays a bass clef symbol: forward on the blue side, reversed on the brown. In addition, a second-floor window visible on the blue end is set with a design that resembles an F-shaped sound hole on a violin, and a set of organ pipes projects upward from the roof on the brown end.)*

*(The strains of Felix Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"—the celebratory piece often played to mark the end of a marriage ceremony—can be heard from within, played on a cello. DJ P0N-3 walks toward the front door, headphones dangling around her neck; cut to just inside the house as she magically opens it and enters. The two-tone color scheme continues in here: a single large room, with Octavia rehearsing on the brown side and the blue set up with keyboards, DJ turntables, and an electric guitar. Spotlights and a speaker hang from the rafters on this side. Pan slowly toward Octavia's side, revealing a piano at the far wall. After a few more notes and the slam of the door, she lets her bow drop with a fed-up sigh.)*

**Octavia:** All these wedding songs are so... *(making air quotes with front hooves)* ...standard. *(DJ P0N-3 floats up a bottle of milk and chugs it down.)* I want Matilda and Cranky's wedding to be special.

*(She goes back to playing, a different tune this time, as the unicorn wipes her mouth and sends the empty away, an idea causing one eyebrow to cock over the violet lenses. Next comes the brainstorm, which sends DJ P0N-3 racing back to her own side to stand on a box so she can reach the upper tier of her equipment rack. The headphones at her neck are floated away and repositioned so that she can hold one of them against her ear with a hoof, and she taps a control as Octavia stops again. A gesture from the DJ is her cue to resume, but one electronic bass drum*

*beat soon thumps out from the sound system. A loud record scratch rattles Octavia's composure a good bit, and she chews her lower lip and tries to get it back as a swelling, distorted synthesizer line begins to assert itself.)*

*(Flicks of eyes and ears do nothing to dissuade DJ P0N-3 from messing around at the decks and stepping on one of several floor pedals to add the bass drum. Octavia's frustration culminates in an almighty grimace, a stop to her own playing, and a bow gesture that cuts DJ P0N-3 off as well. Cut to the latter, lowering the headphones, then to both on the start of the next line.)*

**Octavia:** Thanks, but I'm not sure that's appropriate for a wedding, is it?

*(She starts back in; meanwhile, her opposite number lets her head bob a bit, then starts thinking again with headphones pressed to one ear. A big grin, and she steps on the drum pedal once—and then, as Octavia continues, a soothing drum/synth line comes in under the cello. She gapes at DJ P0N-3, who gets the phones in place over both ears, and gasps in happy surprise as the full effect comes through to her. Now framed records can be seen on the wall behind the unicorn, as well as a mirrored disco ball hanging from the ceiling.)*

**Octavia:** That's more like it!

*(They continue in this vein for several more bars until DJ P0N-3 puts a hoof on one turntable to bring it to a gradual stop. Octavia lifts her bow off the strings, a knowing look passes between the two musicians, and they twirl their key implements—bow and record—overhead at blinding speed before going at it anew with fervor. The overhead spotlights blaze up as the camera zooms out slightly and begins to rotate, framing the unlikely duet at an angle. Each continues in her own vein, Octavia's poise at the cello contrasting with DJ P0N-3's quick motions over the turntable controls, and they throw a smile to one another as the intensity slowly builds.)*

*(Now they circle a central point in a shared orbit, and the entire screen begins to vibrate as if it were a stereo speaker being pushed to its limit. Bow and slider switches put out the sound, and the view shifts to a diagonally split screen of close-ups of the pair. Octavia cocks an eyebrow at DJ P0N-3 across the border as the music dies away, after which the panels slide apart to give a close-up of the unicorn at her decks. The disco ball sparkles in the spotlights.)*

*(She darts away and magically shifts two gargantuan speakers—each perhaps three times her height—into position. At the same time, a synth note rises in pitch to reach fire-siren range and a drum line speeds up to machine-gun tempo, driving the nearest equalizer panel into fits. The music now resumes as a high-speed, high-energy dance beat, and a gesture from DJ P0N-3 is all the prompting Octavia needs to start bowing her cello again. Decks and speakers and strings get a real workout, and Octavia lets her instrument spin on its support peg while DJ P0N-3 does a lightning-fast record change. Octavia's white shirt collar comes loose...DJ P0N-3 balances a record on each front hoof and spins them...the cellist rages on, snapping the strings of her bow but with her collar back in place...the wax mistress dances on her turntables...Octavia turns upside down, now playing pizzicato...DJ P0N-3 does a headstand on her rack...and they leap toward each other with crazed grins, ready to smash their instruments together. Before they can*

*obliterate what must surely be several thousand bits' worth of musical equipment, though, the scratch of needle against vinyl kills the music and brings them to a midair halt.)*

**Octavia:** STOP!! *(They drop back to the floor; DJ P0N-3's shades slide down her nose.)* I'm going to be late for the wedding!

*(Cut to the exterior of the house. As the beat cranks back up, the front door bursts open and out flies an entire turntable/speaker system on a wheeled dolly in slow motion. Octavia stands atop one speaker, playing for all she is worth with a new bow, and DJ P0N-3 is at the controls with her sunglasses back in place. The action accelerates to normal speed, and the mobile eardrum buster sails down the hill; cut to a Ponyville street, where the same slow/normal-motion transition plays out at the rig hurtles along. Every speaker is now thumping with enough intensity to set up sympathetic vibrations in the buildings they pass.)*

*(Cut to the upper story of the Carousel Boutique, where the bugbear is hanging on to the topmost spire and clutching a rather put-out Rarity. Twilight fires a beam at it, while Applejack stands on the highest roof ledge she can reach with rope set to go and Rainbow buzzes past. A tilt down to ground level frames a sizable number of fearful onlookers, including Featherweight. The little colt is still covered with printing press ink, but gets all of it swept off him when the sonic doomsday device on wheels barrels past in slow motion. Normal speed resumes once it has gone, the ink falling to create a puddle on the grass. Neither Octavia nor DJ P0N-3 pays any mind to the wincing faces of the ponies they have at least temporarily deafened.)*

*(Adjusting a switch, the unicorn DJ looks ahead and finds that they are about to collide with a house at the end of the street they are on. She waves to get Octavia's attention; the cellist responds by holding her bow straight out to one side, hooking onto a lamppost, and letting the momentum carry them through a 90-degree turn. Both hold on for dear life as the behemoth successfully navigates the corner. Down the road, a colt plays an arcade game as two stallions watch, one liberally spattered with jelly. They find themselves in the looming shadow of its approach; all three jaws drop wide open before the flash of an impact fills the screen and clears to show them being flung upward. Slow motion sets in as they reach the peak of their graceless flight, then switches back to normal speed as they drop o.s.)*

*(The sound system rolls on, with the two stallions now riding on the opposite speaker from Octavia and the colt rotating on one turntable alongside DJ P0N-3. The classical performer's stoic expression turns into a terrified grimace; dead ahead, a three-pony crew is loading a couch onto a wagon. The screen quickly tiles itself with three panels that show their panicked looks; another flash, and one of the movers is now face to face with one of the two arcade stallions in close-up. A zoom out shows that the couch is now balanced across the tops of the speakers, with Octavia and all five full-grown passengers sitting or hanging on to it and the colt still riding down below.)*

*(Now it is DJ P0N-3's turn to grimace at an upcoming impact; a flash, and Minuette, Truffle Shuffle, and a hapless stallion have been flung upward in slow motion. Another flash sends up Berry Punch, Filthy Rich, Pipsqueak, and a barrel the same way. Normal speed, panning along*



*the rooftops; now Hayseed, Thunderlane, and an unfortunate third stallion go flying one by one. By the time the rig shoots into the next intersection, all nine of these additional victims have found a perch on it, however precarious it might be. Berry has managed to hold on to the barrel.)*

*(The system skids around the corner, tipping briefly onto its outer two wheels and coming within an ace of dumping itself onto the road, then sets off along its new course. Farther down the block, Matilda—now in a wedding dress/veil/jewelry, wearing blush and lavender eyeshadow, and with her mane fully done up—walks backward to guide Mr. and Mrs. Cake across the road. Mr. Cake has a three-tier wedding cake balanced on his back, while his wife walks alongside to keep an anxious eye on the progress. Slung on her back is a pair of foal carriers to accommodate Pound and Pumpkin. Aloe and Lotus gallop across past the procession as the crazy train bears down on them all; a flash of impact, and the screen clears to give a close-up of Matilda's cringing face. Once she realizes that she is still among the living, the camera zooms out to show that all seven of them have been added to the passenger list. Remarkably, the cake has suffered no damage at all. An irritated-looking Cranky plods across the road, having changed into a tuxedo jacket with a rose in the lapel, ruffled white shirt, and bow tie and slung baskets of vegetables onto his back. DJ P0N-3 waves mightily to get him out of the way, and he hurls himself to one side, plastering himself back-first against the nearest house. The juggernaut rumbles past, shifting briefly to and from slow motion; he avoids being hit, but his blond toupee and the produce are swept away by the group's passage.)*

*(Home stretch, rocketing toward the town hall. Several mares on the road see it coming and dive to one side or the other, one of them throwing aside the scepter she has been playing with—the gold one, topped with a sculpture of Twilight's head, that Discord created for her in Part Two of "Princess Twilight Sparkle." It turns lazily end over end, the camera cycling through a rapid series of close-ups of the panicked riders, and clinks quietly to the dirt. One wheel catches on the head, causing the whole system to pitch forward in slow motion and send all the quadrupeds flying. The electronic/string mash-up ends at this point, and the camera zooms out quickly to a very long shot of the airborne herd. Pinkie's pet alligator Gummy watches the disaster impassively from a window.)*

**Gummy:** *(thinking, jaded tone)* What is life?

*(Head-on view. He is at the sill of an open window in Pinkie's upper-story bedroom, in Sugarcube Corner.)*

**Gummy:** *(thinking)* Is it nothing more than the endless search for a cutie mark? And what is a cutie mark but a constant reminder that we're all only one bugbear attack away from oblivion?

*(Close-up; the tumbling ponies are now reflected in his blue-violet irises.)*

**Gummy:** *(thinking)* And what of the poor gator, flank forever blank, destined to an existential swim down the river of life to an unknowable destiny?

*(There follows a long pause, after which he lashes out his tongue and licks one eyeball. Back at the scene, the ponies and donkey sail through the town hall's open doors at normal speed; inside, one guest after another lands neatly in the chairs laid out for them. DJ P0N-3 and Octavia hit the ground near the piano, the former with shades slightly askew and headphones down around neck; the cello and the central console with its built-in speaker are the pair's only surviving gear. Down come Mr. and Mrs. Cake in front of a cleared table, the three tiers of the cake dropping neatly into place and one foal landing on each parent's back. Zoom in on the top tier as its decorations fall in properly—an affectionate donkey couple backed by a heart.)*

**Octavia:** *(to DJ P0N-3)* Something like that might work.

*(The recipient of these words smiles and nudges her shades into place. Cut to Celestia and Princess Luna at a table stacked high with gifts and zoom in slowly. The elder sister tosses a nervous smile and glance over her shoulder toward a couple of passing guests; after they have gone, she rounds viciously on the younger.)*

**Celestia:** What do you mean, you left it on the counter?

**Luna:** I thought you were bringing it!

**Celestia:** *(sighing)* Well, this is just wonderful!

*(Both smile again upon realizing that Spike has come over to deposit a gift on the table. Luna waits to continue until he has run off.)*

**Luna:** I handled the gift for Cadence and Shining Armor. You were supposed to do this one, remember?

**Celestia:** Well, we can't just come to this wedding empty-hoofed!

*(Pan away from the squabbling siblings to the sound of soft sobbing. It is coming from Shining Armor in the seats, and Princess Cadence tries in vain to comfort him as he shifts into a full crying jag and Hayseed looks on.)*

**Cadence:** It's all right. He always cries at weddings. *(The jag shifts into overdrive.)* Usually it's not until the wedding starts.

*(Cut to a close-up of Whooves' flameless fireworks, stacked up in a pyramid on a pedestal, as Derpy crosses to them.)*

**Derpy:** These flameless fireworks look even better than flowers! *(She giggles to herself; sound of a door opening.)*

**Bon Bon:** *(from o.s.)* Attention, everypony! *(Cut to her at the doorway, removing her sunglasses.)* Our friends have done it! *(She throws them aside.)* They've defeated the bugbear!

*(She has removed the watch she put on from her kit. Zoom out to frame the cheering attendees, then cut to a disdainful Lyra in one of the seats, forelegs crossed and eyes closed. Bon Bon walks over to her.)*

**Bon Bon:** Hey.

**Lyra:** *(not looking at her)* Hello.

**Bon Bon:** So, uh, you didn't happen to mention our earlier conversation about my... *(whispering)* ...secret identity... *(normal volume)* ...to anypony, did you?

*(Now Lyra opens her eyes and aims a dirty look toward the earth pony.)*

**Lyra:** No, I did not. *(Bon Bon smiles, but it vanishes on the next words.)* And you're not the only one with a secret, you know. You know those expensive imported oats you were saving for a special occasion? I cooked them up and ate them! *(She leans into Bon Bon's face.)* All of them!

*(The unexpected smile she gets from Bon Bon prompts her to match it and voice a relieved laugh, flopping back to her haunches on a chair.)*

**Lyra:** It's sort of thrilling to reveal your deepest, darkest secrets!

**Bon Bon:** *(laughing)* That's what best friends are for.

*(The two mares share a reconciling hug, the camera panning away from them to frame a stone-faced Celestia and Luna sitting on the other side of the aisle. The next two lines are whispered.)*

**Celestia:** Next time, you can just bring your own gift and I'll bring mine.

**Luna:** Fine.

*(Cut to a close-up of Derpy peeking out around the door, seen from just outside, and zoom out.)*

**Whooves:** *(from o.s.)* There you are!

*(Long shot of the town hall; he gallops toward her, sporting a long, multicolored scarf instead of his green suit. As he reaches the door, a close-up picks out just how much extra length this thing has; even with several loops around his neck, there are still yards of trailing material. He has removed his collar and bow tie.)*

**Whooves:** My suit has vanished and this was the only thing left in my closet! *(He throws one trailing end over his shoulder.)* How do I look? *(She rests a foreleg there too.)*

**Derpy:** Like a million bits.

**Whooves:** *(shaking head vigorously)* Great whickering stallions! *(glancing down at one foreleg, as if a watch were there)* Look at the time! *(more calmly)* We'd better get inside. *(trotting in)* Allons-y!

*(French for "Let's go!") Cut to just inside the doors as he enters, then pan to Cranky hunkered down by a window through which Steven has stuck his head in.)*

**Cranky:** I can't believe I lost my hair! (*Close-up.*) I look ridiculous. The love of my life deserves better than this! (*Cut to Steven during the next line.*)

**Steven:** Have no fear, Cranky, my dear! (*twirling right half of mustache around a finger*) It's Steven Magnet's mustache to the rescue!

*(Having drawn the hair taut, he slashes through it with a loose scale and carefully sets it on the bald brown scalp. The purple river dweller applies a comb and a shot of hairspray, making it shine and lifting the groom's spirits noticeably.)*

**Cranky:** Aw, thanks, buddy.

**Steven:** (*sweeping him into a hug*) Oh, no problem. (*setting him down, pushing him forward*) Now you get in there and marry that donkey!

*(His eyes go big and shiny with anticipation. Cut to the dais at the front of the room; Mayor Mare is officiating, and Matilda is already here as Cranky steps up to face her. A pedestal stacked high with faux-flower flameless fireworks stands to either side.)*

**Mayor Mare:** Well, is everypony here?

*(Through the open one of the front double doors, Twilight and her friends can be seen frantically galloping/flying to make it in on time. Long before they can even set hoof on the porch, though, Derpy kicks the door shut, causing a latch to fall into place and secure it.)*

**Derpy:** All set, Mayor! (*Long shot of the dais and crowd; slow pan.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to join these two in mare-trimony. As I look around this room— (*Close-up; Cranky fiddles with his collar.*) —I can only imagine how uncomfortable Cranky must be.

*(He lets off a strangled little bray; laughter from the o.s. crowd, and even Matilda has to stifle a giggle. All he can manage is a mumble of vague assent.)*

**Mayor Mare:** But I also see so many ponies— (*Cut to a slow pan across them all; she continues o.s.*) —from all trots of life, brought together by love.

*(Shining has managed to dial himself back to a few tears in his eyes, and he and Cadence lean gently against each other. Back to Mayor Mare.)*

**Mayor Mare:** Cranky searched all across this great land of ours to find Matilda. (*Cut to Celestia and Luna; she continues o.s.*) And no matter what obstacles kept them apart— (*The sisters glance sidewise at each other, their faces softening...*) —love would finally bring them together— (*...and smile...*) —just as it has brought all of us— (*...and finally clasp front hooves together, one each.*) —together now.

*(Back to the elected official; on the next line, zoom out slowly to frame the two donkeys.)*

**Mayor Mare:** It's remarkable to me, how a story like Cranky's search for Matilda could fill this room with such a unique collection of ponies.

*(Her perspective, panning from one side of the aisle to the other.)*

**Mayor Mare:** It makes you realize that everypony is the star of their own story.

*(Dissolve to a slow pan across a packed balcony.)*

**Mayor Mare:** *(from o.s.)* And it's not just the main characters in our stories that make life so rich.

*(Dissolve to the back row and pan along it. Several foals have huddled fearfully together, giving a wide berth to a smallish changeling at the other end.)*

**Mayor Mare:** *(from o.s.)* It's everypony—those who play big parts, and those who play small. *(Dissolve to her, Cranky, and Matilda; slow pan.)* If it weren't for everypony in this room, and many more who couldn't be here today—*(Close-up of the couple; she continues o.s.)*—Cranky and Matilda's lives wouldn't be as full and vibrant as they are.

*(During the end of this, the view dissolves to a differently angled shot of the pair, then cuts to Steven wiping tears from his eyes and struggling not to bust out crying. He loses the fight after a few seconds and reaches to grab the first readily available equine for a hug; it just so happens to be a rather surprised Bulk Biceps. Cut to a long shot of the dais, seen from the far end of the aisle, and pan slowly across.)*

**Mayor Mare:** And so, in front of all these loved ones... *(Close-up.)* ...Cranky, do you take this donkey to be your lawfully wedded wife?

**Cranky:** You bet I do! *(Mayor Mare pivots to her other side.)*

**Mayor Mare:** And do you, Matilda, take this donkey to be your lawfully wedded husband?

**Matilda:** *(fighting back tears)* I do.

**Mayor Mare:** Then I'm proud to say, I now pronounce you jack and jenny!

*(Being the proper terms for a male and female donkey, respectively. The two step toward each other and exchange a long kiss on the lips, prompting enthusiastic applause and cheering from every spectator in the place. As the kiss continues, the camera pans away from them to stop on one of the two piles of fireworks, which begin to sparkle, glow, and vibrate wildly in place before floating free of their pedestal. Whooves watches with a critical eye as they sail in random upward directions, bursting one after another into showers of multicolored sparks. Finally he stands up with a bellow of laughter and yanks Rose up from an adjoining seat, his hooves clamped onto her cheeks.)*

**Whooves:** Of course! They need love to ignite! *(dropping her)* How could I have missed it?

*(As the newlyweds watch the pyrotechnics, the camera cuts to outside the town hall, at the level of the third-floor balcony. Flashes of light issue from the windows and briefly tint the sky, which has darkened into late afternoon. Tilt down to ground level, where Twilight and her friends have gathered at a window to see in after being locked out by Derpy. Steven is no longer out here. The Princess turns away after a moment and paces across the porch.)*

**Twilight:** You know something, girls? *(Slow pan across the town square, framing her gazing out at it as she continues.)* We are so lucky to live in this town.

*(The other five gather around her at the railing.)*

**Twilight:** I love you all.

*(She gathers them in for a hug, not noticing Rainbow's wince of pain.)*

**Rainbow:** Ow! *(Long shot, zooming out slowly.)* That's where the bugbear bit me!

**Twilight:** Sorry.

*(Dissolve to a long shot of Ponyville proper; then zoom out slowly and fade to black.)*