

IZZY DOES IT

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Note: Background song lyrics are in parentheses; any marked with an exclamation point are shouted rather than sung.

Prologue

(Opening shot: a stretch of peaceful daytime sky. The camera tilts down slowly to frame the Zephyr Heights royal palace and the city skyline as Kenneth—the can-wearing bird member of Hitch Trailblazer’s three-critter “squad”—wings into view high above the opulent architecture. He drops into a swooping dive along one misty canyon, flashing through a knot of cloud that briefly fills the screen; when the view clears, he has made it to Bridlewood and is looping above a few unicorns out to enjoy the fine weather. His trajectory carries him past the camera; behind him, the view wipes to a long shot of Maretime Bay. Zeroing in on the Crystal Brighthouse, he descends over its front lawn and comes to rest in close-up atop a pillow that is roughly at the same level as the top of the front doors. Zoom out quickly to the sound of cheerful singing; the pillow is the pinnacle of a most irregular sculpture being assembled by Izzy Moonbow from a mélange of random objects. On the next line, she straightens up from her rummaging around the base, showing her horn aglow and a pair of large round eyeglasses with slightly tinted lenses balanced on her nose. Her pincushion cutie mark is glowing brightly, nearly white.)

Izzy: And a little more of this— *(knocking away a yarn ball)* —and less of that
And this piece makes no sense
(extracting a spatula with her magic and flipping it so the handle points downward)
Unless it’s upside-down

(The utensil is stuck back into the structure.)

Izzy: Now we’re cooking!

(She lets off a mad-scientist laugh and promptly clambers up to the peak, spooking Kenneth away from his resting spot. He flies off as Zipp Storm flaps lazily into view, keeping an eye on the cell phone she carries. The pegasus gets a look at Izzy and stops, suddenly puzzled.)

Zipp: Hmmm...

(Cut to her perspective, situated behind Izzy and Hitch, who is coming up the front walk with the baby dragon that hatched at the end of Chapter One—later to be named as Sparky)

Sparkeroni—riding on his back. This angle gives her a good view of the unicorn’s mark, but neither its bearer nor the Sheriff is taking any notice. Ground level: Zipp lands next to him just in time for Kenneth to cheep inquisitively up his way.)

Hitch: Good question, Kenneth. Hey, Zipp, do you know what Izzy’s doing up there?

Zipp: Not a clue. *(Sparky hops down and eagerly scrambles toward the tower.)* Hitch...

(Cut to him, starting to climb up the base.)

Zipp: *(from o.s.)* ...uh, what’s your dragon doing?

Izzy: This is gonna be the best birthday present for a friend I’ve ever made, because I finally have a friend and it’s her birthday!

(She floats a book up from a hidden cranny as Zipp lifts off; cut to the latter’s perspective, bringing up her phone in order to get a closer view of Izzy’s still-glowing mark with its camera.)

Izzy: Huh? *(waving)* Hi, Zipp!

(The added motion is enough to destabilize the entire creation. Back to Zipp, who gasps in fright; then to Sparky, who tumbles free with a yarn ball in his grip; then to Izzy falling away with a scream as gravity pulls her and the mishmash of materials down at last. She goes one way, her glasses another.)

Hitch: NOOOOOO!!

(Even before he can finish, his hooves flare green and the magical vines that first manifested on the walls of the lantern room in the Brighthouse during Chapter One take form around them and stretch along the walk. He finds himself being yanked most unceremoniously toward the building.)

Hitch: Whoaaa!

Izzy: NOOOOOO!!

(Both yells end at the same moment as the vines stop him in the perfect position to break her fall—with his back rather than his hooves, driving him flat. His own mark lights up.)

Hitch, Izzy: Yes!

Zipp: Huh.

(Her perspective, aiming her phone at them to get a clear view of the stallion’s haunch. As she speaks, cut briefly to and from a close-up of her. The vines on the walk have now disappeared.)

Zipp: More glowing cutie marks—and random earth pony plant magic. *(Side view of the haphazard tableau, zooming out slowly.)* Also, somepony’s gonna have to clean this up.

(Snap to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Cut from the title card directly to the mess on the front lawn.)

Hitch: *(out of breath)* Don't worry, Izzy. You're safe now.

Izzy: I know. *(standing up, stepping aside)* I was just screaming, "NOOOOOO!!" because I lost my crafting glasses.

(The missing specs drop out of the air and land perfectly across her nose.)

Izzy: Double yes! *(She starts to pace.)*

Hitch: I wish I could figure out earth pony magic! *(hefting himself upright)* I don't like how crazy it is. *(Sparky leaps from the wreckage and lands on his back, flattening him again.)*

Izzy: *(sighing)* But not triple yes. *(floating glasses away; Hitch stands up)* I didn't get to finish my amazing Birthday Tower of Friendship for Sunny.

(With a listless kick at a tumbled item, she turns her back on the disarray and starts to exit the scene. The impact jolts a small object loose from what used to be the uppermost reaches; it bounces its way down the pile and through the air; the view shifting to a slow-motion close-up to frame it as a collection of small trinkets linked to form a bracelet. Normal speed resumes as this drops neatly onto Izzy's horn, instantly reviving her spirits.)

Izzy: Accidentally awesome! *(dramatically)* It's perfect!

(The sound of an opening door startles a gasp from the unicorn; cut to a visibly worried Sunny Starscout emerging from the Brighthouse.)

Sunny: Did anypony hear that? It shook the whole Crystal Brighthouse. *(She stops short upon finding Izzy in her path.)*

Izzy: Happy birthday, friend! *(Gasp.)* And happy first time saying "happy birthday, friend" to me. *(floating bracelet off horn)* I made you a present.

(By the time it lands on Sunny's upraised hoof, one of the links has come undone and the thing has unwound itself.)

Sunny: *(holding it up near one ear)* Awww, Izzy... *(The unicorn giggles; she clips it to hang from her mane.)* ...oh, this is the most amazing birthday present ever! *(A brief hug, by leaning their necks across each other.)* I need to show it off. *(Gasp.)* Want to go to the Maretime Bay Craft Fair?

Izzy: With my friend on her birthday? *(hopping down walk)* Of course I want to go to that!

(She gets no farther than a bound or two before having to stop for a low-speed chase—Sparky, wearing an overturned bucket nearly as big as he is, with Hitch in pursuit. The latter catches up to the former and knocks the vessel away, causing Sparky to topple to the grass and drop the yarn ball he has purloined.)

Hitch: All right! You two have fun! Sparky and I will clean up all... *(losing steam, gesturing around himself) ...this.*

(Sparky drops the yarn with a disconsolate mumble as Sunny and Izzy trot giggling toward the town proper. Zipp drops to a hover just above the walk and fires up her phone to record a note.)

Zipp: *(dictating)* “One case solved. Hitch is going to clean all this up.”

Hitch: *(pointedly)* Zipp will help too, right? *(pleadingly)* Zipp?

Zipp: *(woodenly, touching down)* Okay, fine. *(dictating, tucking phone away)* “Reminder to Zipp—leave, and then take notes.”

(Sparky tries to follow the first half of this advice, but Hitch is quick to pull him back to the disaster area. Cut to the two non-winged mares on their way through the grassy outskirts.)

Sunny: Thank you again, Izzy. I love this custom mane-cessory so much.

Izzy: And I didn’t even know that’s what it was. How awesome is that?

Sunny: Better than awesome. It’s Izzy-tastic.

(They go laughing on their way, not noticing that Izzy’s cutie mark has once again flared up. Zoom out slowly as a head pops up in the foreground to gaze after them from a clump of bushes—medium blue coat, mane a tumble of blue/green strands in tight corkscrews. An extreme close-up and slow zoom in frames a pair of binoculars held up to the eyes, the lenses zooming in on the glowing emblem, after which the camera shifts to just behind this new figure again. The device is lowered, exposing a mare’s green eyes marked by faint birdcatcher spots. Taken together, all of these details mark the watcher as the unicorn mare glimpsed briefly in the darkened throne room at the end of Chapter One. Due to the low lighting, her spots were not visible at the time.)

(The unicorn, Misty, raises a small hexagonal compact in a gold case and speaks into it. Set into the inner surface of its lid is a mirror that displays not her face, but the eyes of the dark purple winged unicorn mare she had been attending in that throne room. She addresses herself to this image.)

Misty: It’s true! Magic has returned to Equestria like you said!

(The throaty, haughty, British-accented voice of the other mare—Opaline—comes through loud and clear.)

Opaline: Excellent. Then we shall proceed with our plan.

(Head-on view of Misty. A stylized, jeweled image of a winged unicorn can be seen on the open lid of the compact just before she clicks it shut and lowers it. She walks slowly toward the camera, an unpleasant smile stealing across her face. These motions clearly reveal the violet color of her hooves.)

(Dissolve to the bridge over Mane Street in Maretime Bay and tilt down to ground level. Izzy gallops into view, threading her way through the profusion of vendor stands that nearly choke the road.)

Izzy: *(glancing around herself at the wares)* Oh!...Ooooh... *(planting haunches, skidding to a stop)* ...ooh!

(She giggles and bounds away past Sunny's smoothie stand, earning a wave from its proprietor. An elderly earth pony stallion ambles up to the counter, a loaded cart parked just behind him.)

Elderly stallion: Howdy, Sunny. Got your smoothie parts you ordered. *(Close-up of Sunny on the following.)*

Sunny: Oh, great! Um, just drop them in the bin.

(A series of thuds sets the camera to shaking and startles her considerably. She turns toward the source; cut to just outside an open hatch at one end as she steps out to find a load of ridiculously oversized fruits and vegetables that have been dumped out here. Most of them are at least as large as she is in one dimension or another. Zoom out slowly.)

Sunny: Earth pony magic just keeps getting...bigger!

(Her slightly forced chuckle is followed by a cut to Izzy trotting merrily among the stands and taking in all she can.)

Izzy: Wow, look at that! Oh, and that!

(She runs into Pipp Petals from behind, jolting the pegasus out of the moment's rapport with her phone.)

Izzy: Pipp!

Pipp: Izzy!

Izzy: You knew about the Craft Fair too?

Pipp: It's the only place to be. That's what I've been saying on my socials.

(A beep, and the view has shifted to that through her phone's camera, with emojis scrolling past on one side to summarize her followers' opinion of her words. As she speaks, the view blinks to a slow pan across the street, picking out samples of the items she describes and finally stopping on Izzy.)

Pipp: That's right, everypony! The Maretime Bay Mane Street Craft Fair is the only place to be for the hottest craftables, wearables, and snackables. Tell them, Izzy.

Izzy: Uh, couldn't say it better myself—'cause I don't remember what you said.

(Another blink brings the action back to the here and now.)

Pipp: Aaaand... *(tapping screen)* ...post! *(They begin walking; she stows the phone.)* So, are you here to shop or browse or—

(She trails off into a lung-bursting gasp, freezing in her tracks and throwing out a foreleg to arrest the unicorn's momentum.)

Pipp: Oh...my...hoofness!

(She flaps ahead; cut to her perspective, phone raised to catch an extreme close-up of Sunny's new mane decoration. On the next line, zoom out to frame her behind the smoothie stand counter and wrestling with a strawberry the size of a beach ball.)

Pipp: What is Sunny wearing? *(It is crammed into a blender; Izzy pops up in the fore.)*

Izzy: The birthday present I made her! *(hushed)* It was a bracelet, but she put it in her mane. So it's that now.

(Back to her and Pipp, the latter having lowered her phone.)

Pipp: *(singsong)* It's everythi-i-ing! I'm calling it "This mane-cessory is *the* trend of the day." *(Beep; close-up of her on its screen.)* Come on down to the Craft Fair and get one for yourself, Pipp squeaks.

(As she finishes, the phone-camera view cuts to Sunny, who fetches the blender one last thump and loses her balance. The orange mare takes a yelping tumble to the floor of her stand, but straightens up with a giggle and a steel mixing cup jammed on her head. Cut to Izzy and Pipp again, the pop star showing her phone to the maker.)

Pipp: Look at all of these likes, Izzy!

(Their perspective of the screen on the end of this, showing an extreme close-up of the gift. Tilt up from it to frame the stand and its properly sorted-out operator, who quickly finds a fair number of potential customers coming her way.)

Pipp: And look at that.

(The pair again, Pipp fully engrossed in her phone and not entirely catching Izzy's uneasy little giggle and hard swallow. Cut to the entrance hall of the Brighthouse, the front doors standing wide open, as Hitch pushes an empty wheeled bin up the front ramp and inside.)

Hitch: So you know how my hooves glowed when the ground moved, and then I heroically saved Izzy? *(Zipp passes him, pushing a full one.)*

Zipp: *(scoffing)* Heroically.

Hitch: Good, that's how I remember it too. *(Sparky toddles after him.)* You think that all of this earth pony magic stuff is safe, right?

(By the time he finishes speaking, both of them have reached a closet whose door is open, revealing an assortment of boxes and items stacked nearly to the ceiling. The camera shifts to point out at them over the loaded containers and zooms in slowly.)

Zipp: Of course. You earth ponies can grow plants with your hooves. How could that be bad? *(Hitch grabs a wooden fork in his teeth and jams it into a yarn ball in a box.)* But I'm still investigating what else our powers can do.

(After they have both cleared the area, Sparky climbs up and begins to dig through this same box, first tossing an alphabet block to the floor and then dragging the whole thing out of place. Cut to Hitch and Zipp near the bins, the little guy toting a huge load of knickknacks past behind them and going unnoticed on the following.)

Zipp: I do know one thing's for sure. *(pulling him close, showing him her phone)* Whenever anypony's sparkle really starts to shine...

(He manages a "Huh?" under this last, after which the camera cuts to the pegasus' perspective. The screen shows a photo of three earth ponies registering great surprise at the flowers that have sprouted around their hooves, and a swipe brings up Izzy levitating an assortment of items in preparation for teatime. The cutie marks of all four depicted equines have gone incandescent.)

Zipp: ...your cutie mark glows. *(Back to the pair; Sparky continues his unauthorized unpacking.)*

Hitch: But why? *(He fishes up a roll of cloth in his teeth...)*

Zipp: Still a mystery. *(...and carries it o.s.; zoom in slowly.)* I can't wait to figure it out. *(Cut to Hitch, at the closet, on the next line. Sparky has emptied all the boxes.)*

Hitch: Can you figure out why everything we just put away isn't put away?

(Joining him as he finishes, Zipp pokes him roughly in the chest and points back across the entrance hall in time with Sparky's cheerful gabbling. Now the Sheriff gets an eyeful of his scaly little ward hauling out a batch of bits and bobs—and starting to build his own version of Izzy's Birthday Tower of Friendship.)

Hitch: *(gasping, shocked)* Sparky Sparkeroni! That's not helping.

Zipp: *(smirking)* Sparky Sparkeroni?

Hitch: *(chuckling)* Yep. Named him myself. Good, huh?

(“Sparkeroni” is pronounced as a rough rhyme for “macaroni.” The hatchling abruptly ends his tinkering by sitting down on the floor and starting to cry.)

Hitch: *(baby talk)* This baby dwagon needs a nap. *(to Zipp, normal tone)* You want to keep putting this stuff away while I tuck him in? *(He tosses the roll of fabric to her.)*

Zipp: *(catching it)* Huh?

Hitch: Thanks.

(She lets off an annoyed grumble as he crosses to pick up Sparky, who calms down and conks out the instant he is laid down across the Sheriff's back. Zipp watches them depart while deploying her phone.)

Zipp: Ugh... *(dictating)* "Another mystery to solve. How do I always end up cleaning up?"

(Cut to Mane Street, where Sunny is serving up a smoothie order for Toots, one of the Canterlogic employees seen in A New Generation. She has disposed of the giant strawberry that was giving her trouble earlier.)

Sunny: Here you go. *(He takes a slurp.)*

Toots: Your smoothies are the best! *(Chuckle.)* What's your secret? *(Drink again; Izzy eases her head up from behind the counter.)*

Sunny: Well, first, I take a *really* big strawberry, and then—

Izzy: *(whispering)* Pssst! Sunny! *(She yanks Sunny down.)*

Sunny: Whoa!

(Both end up hunkered behind the counter.)

Sunny: Izzy, why are you hiding?

Izzy: *(whispering)* Shhh, shhh, shhh! Pipp told everypony how great the gift I made for you is, and now everypony wants one!

Sunny: Isn't that a good thing?

Izzy: *(normal volume)* No! I made that one for *you!* It was lightning in a glue bottle! What if I can't make another one?

Sunny: Awww, you don't have to be afraid to share your special talents with everypony. *(Pipp leans in over the counter.)*

Pipp: Riiiiight? We pegasi always say, "Let your creativity fly-y-y!"

(This last word is delivered as a held-out note with a flutter of wings, and is immediately followed by a giggle and a garb at the blue-maned mare's shoulders to haul her bodily over the counter.)

Pipp: Come on, I'll show you.

Izzy: Whoa!

(Cut to a long shot of the stand and the group, seen from an elevated vantage point through a pair of binoculars, then cut to Misty keeping watch on the tableau from the bridge over Mane Street. Zoom in slowly; she lowers the lenses, aims one last squint-eyed glare toward the scene, then drops from sight behind the side wall. A nearby onlooker stallion registers a degree of puzzlement upon seeing her take cover.)

Onlooker: Huh?

(The tip of Misty's horn rises into view and starts to bob along, marking her exit.)

Act Two

(Cut to street level; Izzy plods glumly past the stands as Pipp hovers alongside.)

Pipp: Oh, you're over-thinking it, Izz. You don't have to make anything new. You just make the same thing, but better.

Izzy: *(starting to catch on)* Like...I just have to copy myself?

Pipp: Yeah! But add a twist. *(flying ahead, landing on a small stage)* That's what I do with my songs—like this one!

(She brings out her phone and taps the screen as Izzy and a trio of fillies gather in. One is Glory, a pale blue pegasus; a second is Peach Fizz, a yellow-orange unicorn; the third is Seashell, a pale violet earth pony.)

Staccato synthesizer chords with bass drum, brisk 4 (G flat major)

(She rises high above the stage, then slowly descends.)

Pipp: First things first, you gotta look for the spark
That bit of magic way deep down in your heart [Hey!]

Full synth and percussion in

(She arcs over to a unicorn mare, who passes a field-held rose to her.)

You gotta follow your beat [beat, beat]

And then soon you will see [see, see]

(Now Pipp hugs Seashell and Izzy perks up.)

You won't have that far to go until your song starts to grow

All you need is your beat [your beat, your beat]

(Glory and Peach find themselves gathered into the pop star's fluffy wings and begin to keep time, marching in place.)

All you need is your groove [groove, groove] [Hey, come on!]

To get them stomping their hooves [hooves, hooves]

And then the next thing you'll know, imagination will flow

(Return to the stage.)

All you need is your beat, all you need is your beat

All you need is your beat [Who!]

Music winds down to nothing

[Ba-da-da, ba-da-da]

Song ends

(Applause.)

Pipp: *(slightly out of breath)* So, what do you think? Do you like the song?

Izzy: Pssh! Are you kidding? It's exactly like the last one, but better.

Pipp: *(scoffing good-naturedly)* Yeah, well, what can I say? I know my brand.

Izzy: And now I know what I have to do! *(planting front hooves on edge of stage)* But I'm gonna need to go to the Crystal Brighthouse for supplies!

Pipp: Oh! I'll go too. *(lifting off)* I need to write a new hit!

(Izzy is quick to follow. Cut to a long shot of the Brighthouse, its front lawn now clear of craft-related debris, and zoom in slowly to the sound of rummaging from inside. The next shot is a close-up of Zipp's hooves planted on the floor of the entrance hall amid a scatter of random items being flung into view past them.)

Izzy: *(from o.s.)* Need this... *(Zipp stops a beach ball; tilt up to her irked expression.)* ...ooh, gotta have this...

(Longer shot: Izzy is ransacking the closet that the white mare got stuck refilling when Hitch bailed out to put Sparky down for a nap. The floor is littered with odds and ends, and the unicorn has her crafting glasses propped on her forehead and is examining something.)

Izzy: And this is extra-necessary. *(Tossing it over her shoulder, she continues rooting around.)*

Zipp: I literally just finished putting all of that in there.

Izzy: *(suddenly panicked)* Has anypony seen my crafting glasses?

(They slip neatly into place before her eyes, bringing a relieved gasp.)

Izzy: Never mind. Got 'em! Time to get to work.

(She surveys the blizzard of miscellany as Zipp clears out.)

Izzy: Okay, okay, okay, okay. Now it's time to make something that's... *(magically shifting supplies around)* ...better than another thing. Hmmm...

(Cut to an overhead shot of Pipp's area of the Brighthouse's shared bedroom and zoom in slowly. She is seated at a desk, working with pencil, paper, and laptop, and a set of headphones is socked in over her ears. Wings are attached to the upper corners of the computer's open lid, and a rabbit-shaped webcam is clipped to the edge between them. A bit of idle singing comes to a sudden end.)

Pipp: No, no, that isn't it. *(Another few notes.)* That is not it!

(A songwriting session, then. She uncorks a frustrated groan and jots down a few notes before her phone beeps and vibrates; picking it up, she finds a text message consisting only of a string of exclamation points.)

Pipp: Oh, oh! A message. I guess I can take a teensy break. *(lowering headphones, reading)* "When's your next new hit drop?"

(Those six words are enough to bring a fed-up growl from her throat and send both wings flaring out, but she forces herself to regain her composure just as quickly.)

Pipp: I'll respond to that later. What I need now is, um... a snack! *(tossing phone onto bed)* Then make the new hit, then respond.

(She flies off; cut to her midair descent down the ramps that lead between the bedroom and entrance hall. On the start of the next line, zoom out to put Izzy in the fore, her glasses gone.)

Izzy: *(groaning)* No, that's not it!

(The pink princess pony drops into a hover behind the artisan, who has set up shop at the arts-and-crafts work area in the back corner. Pipp's headphones are still down around her neck.)

Pipp: What's up, Izzy? *(Touch down.)*

Izzy: *(blowing out a breath, tossing an item away)* I can't decide what to make.

Pipp: Ah. I know what's wrong. You have creative block.

Izzy: *(gasping, horrified)* Is it permanent?

Pipp: Well, lucky for you I have the solution. You just need to listen to your fans and do what they want.

Izzy: *(smiling)* Okay, that's—that's brilliant. Did you come up with that when you had creative block?

Pipp: Me? I've never had creative block.

Izzy: Well, if you ever do, then you should listen to yourself, 'cause that totally helped. Now, I just have to figure out how to bring all these supplies to the Craft Fair so I can find my inspiration from pony fans.

(She takes this last idea perhaps a bit too literally by holding up a couple of folding fans made from cardboard and Popsicle sticks. Each is decorated with a pony's face, one of them being Pipp's.)

Izzy: *(deflating, setting them down)* Because these...did—they—they didn't work. *(Cut to Pipp; she continues o.s.)* Don't know why.

(A bout of unease grips the pegasus, who picks one up and studies it. Zoom in slowly.)

Pipp: *(to herself)* Okay...what do I do? I'm so good at solving other ponies' problems, but not my own. I should just listen to...

(Looking down at the fan she holds, she voices a happy gasp. Cut to her perspective; it is the one with her own likeness.)

Pipp: ...myself? *(Back to her.)* That's it! *(Set it down; pace the floor.)* I gotta go to the place that makes my heart sing to find my sound!

(flying off, singing with gusto) Yeah, yeah, yeah

(A mildly perplexed Izzy stares after her. Cut to the exterior of Mane Melody, zooming in slowly, then to an overhead shot and slow pan across the stage inside. Pipp is singing into a microphone, while stylists Jazz Hooves and Rocky Riff listen from out front, and the camera shifts to frame her in close-up as she reaches for a high note. The attempt falls rather short, though, ending in a breathy wobble and a squeal of feedback from the sound system. She has shed her headphones. This shot picks out Jazz's cutie mark, not previously seen—a purple polish applicator brush threaded through the ends of a bright pink horseshoe.)

[Animation goof: Jazz goes from not wearing her bandolier to wearing it during this sequence.]

Jazz: *(hesitantly)* That was...almost it?

Pipp: *(amplified)* You're sweet, but that was *so* not it!

Jazz: But you'll get there.

Pipp: *(off mic, pacing a bit)* Wait, wait! What was that great advice that Izzy gave me that I gave her? *(Gasp.)* Oh, yeah! "Listen to what the fans want!"

(Pulling out her phone, she is greeted by a video message from Peach.)

Peach: Ooh! Make a new hit! *(A swipe brings up Glory.)*

Glory: Like the old ones! *(Now Seashell.)*

Seashell: But different! And better!

Pipp: *(crestfallen)* That didn't help. Huh...at least Izzy is having better luck.

(Cut to a close-up of Izzy hunched over a table at the Craft Fair, glasses on and very carefully using her field to string beads of assorted sizes onto a thread. Zoom out slowly.)

Izzy: And ta-daaa!

(As she speaks, the camera cuts to frame her offering the trinket to a customer stallion; he takes it and eyes it critically.)

Customer: Eh, this isn't the special thing you made before. *(tossing it aside, walking off)* I'm gonna pass.

Izzy: *(crushed)* Okay. *(trying to perk up)* Thanks for being honest!

(The chipper air evaporates with remarkable speed as she flops down among the supplies with a moan.)

Izzy: I am just not feeling it! *(Pause.)* No, but it's not about me. Gotta make stuff to please everypony else.

(She idly floats a few yarn balls off the table and regards them. Cut to three patrons at Sunny's stand, the camera aimed at them from her side of the counter.)

Sunny: *(from o.s., passing a drink to each)* Here's your berry-cantaloupe, a tutti-frutti, and a jicama-pear shake. *(Cut to her as they pick up their cups and slurp away.)* Do you like your smoothies?

Drinker 1: Big flavors!

Drinker 2: Yummy fruit!

Drinker 3: Delicious! *(Another mare, a few steps back, is working on one of her own.)*

Drinker 4: Tastes like magic!

(Here comes Izzy, levitating a sizable cargo of supplies in her aura as she passes and surprising Sunny greatly. Her glasses are gone.)

Sunny: Uh...uh, be right back.

(She hustles away; cut to the blue-violet mare as she flops wearily onto her table and the gear hits the pavement all around her, a yarn ball impaled on her horn and a few papers stuck to her mane. Sunny hurries over to her.)

Sunny: Uh... *(Izzy straightens up with a slightly crazed grin and a twitchy eye.)*

Izzy: Do I look desperate?

Sunny: A little.

Izzy: Good, because I am super-desperate and I have no idea what I'm doing. I mean, even my piles aren't towers anymore! *(hanging head; the yarn falls off)* Doesn't it say it all?

Sunny: Don't you see? *(lifting Izzy's chin)* No pony does it like Izzy does it.

Izzy: Making mess of things [*sic*]?

Sunny: No! I mean that you can dream up such unique creations because of who you are. Dig deep, and just...go back to your roots.

(Izzy snaps out of her deep blue funk with a gasp, floating the bits of material away from her mane.)

Izzy: Sweet sauce horseshoe toss! Are you saying what I think you are saying?

Sunny: I...yes. Yes, I am.

Izzy: *(laughing, pinching Sunny's cheeks)* Thanks, Sunny! You're the best! Also...happy birthday, friend! Oh, that is so fun to say.

(She retreats to behind her table, supplies bobbing in her magic. Over by Sunny's stand, Toots, his coworker Sweets, and Windy the pegasus are chatting over a round of drinks. They clear off to reveal Misty a few steps back; she eases closer, crosses from one end of the counter to the other so as not to be spotted by the mare in charge, and stands up to her hind legs for a moment. A quick bit of fishing about, and she has produced a ribbon-wrapped gold compact identical to the one she used to communicate with Opaline in Act One. This is clapped onto the counter, and Misty smiles with no small hint of malice and slips away. This sequence picks out the faintest tinge of pink above her hooves and on her belly, previously not discernible due to low lights, camera angles, and/or shadows.)

(Cut to the exterior of Mane Melody, zooming in slowly as Glory/Peach/Seashell gather at a front window, then to Jazz and Rocky inside, nervously watching them tap on the glass.)

[Animation goof: Jazz starts off wearing her bandolier, but it disappears during the following.]

Jazz: The Pipsqueaks are waiting! *(Pipp is still at the stage, now scrutinizing her phone.)*

Rocky: But we can't rush her process.

Pipp: Oh! How about a power ballad? *(angrily)* No, that'll never work!

(Zoom in quickly on her cutie mark, whose intense white glow extinguishes itself, then to a greatly perturbed Jazz and Rocky looking on as the three young fans continue their clamor.)

Pipp: *(from o.s., voice wavering)* Oh, no, no, oh, no... *(Back to her, pocketing the phone and choking back a sob.)* ...I'm finally out of hits!

(Cut to the upper reaches of an imposing set of stained-glass windows in shades of blue and green, accented by a few blue gems dangling from the ceiling. Tilt down and zoom out to frame them on the wall of an expansive room in which Opaline sits on her throne as seen at the end of Chapter One. The windows are framed by vertical bands of gold trim, and the throne itself can now be seen to stand before a circular pool of liquid that is currently glowing purple. The vertically projecting branches on either side of the throne have been lit to serve as torches, projecting an eerie blue light, and the giant purple tree root spilling under the windows has had a ramp cut into it leading upward. Misty advances into view on the side opposite Opaline.)

Opaline: So nice of you to come home, Misty. You've been gone so long— *(climbing off throne)* —I thought you got lost— *(spreading wings)* —like the time I rescued you as a filly. So kind of me to do that.

(These motions reveal that her belly and the feathers on the outer edges of her wings are slightly lighter shades of purple than the rest of her body, the former matching the tint around her nose and mouth. Her hooves, by contrast, are a shade darker. Cut to Misty on the end of the previous line, eyes cast to the floor, then back to Opaline.)

Opaline: Well? What have you found?

Misty: Uh...uh...I-I think the stronger magic has something to do with the cutie marks, Opaline.

(Pronounced to rhyme with "gasoline.")

Opaline: *(scornfully, pacing)* Don't think. You sound foolish.

Misty: *(hopefully)* Maybe if I had one, I could figure it out and— *(Opaline leans hard into her face.)*

Opaline: Enough! How could the magic have anything to do with cutie marks?

Misty: They glow when it happens! And the earth ponies—they can control the plants!

(By this point, the boss has come to a stop at the edge of the pool. This sequence picks out a side door outlined by a root that traces along the base of the wall.)

Opaline: Hmmm...

(She ignites her horn, causing the liquid to glow pale blue and hazy spots of light to form above its surface. Zoom in slowly.)

Opaline: ...new magic. Well, then. Even more reason to begin the plan. And when we're done...

(Close-up of both mares' reflections, zooming in slowly; the pool has subsided to a sparkly, glimmering purple.)

Opaline: ...you'll get your cutie mark. And I'll be even more powerful than I was before!

(Overhead shot of the tableau, the pool now swirling and pale violet/white. Zoom out slowly as she voices a long, exultant laugh, showing the throne room to be circular in shape. Proceeding clockwise, the following features can be seen 90 degrees apart: the main doors, the root-outlined side door, the throne, a dense tangle of roots/trunk taking up nearly a quarter of the wall space. The pool stands in the center of the floor.)

Act Three

(Dissolve to an overhead shot of Sunny's stand as she preps a smoothie and a unicorn strolls up, then cut to a close-up of the drink-slinger with cup in hoof on the next line.)

Sunny: Mystic Melon from me to you!

(The customer floats it over to himself and walks off, taking a pull with relish. Sunny waves goodbye to him, then notices the compact Misty left on the counter. On the next line, she picks it up and the camera shifts to her perspective as she pulls off the ribbon, then back to her as she finishes.)

Sunny: Awww, Pipp must have left me a surprise birthday gift!

(She turns toward the interior of the stand. Dissolve to the exterior of the Brighthouse, tilting down from lantern room to front lawn; she is hauling her delivery cart up the walk. Zipp is at the closed doors, peering alternately at a sheet of paper stuck to them and at her phone. Sunny shucks off the harness.)

Sunny: Hey, Zipp. *(Top of the ramp.)* What's that?

Zipp: *(pocketing phone)* Izzy left a note. *(She pulls the sheet loose and reads.)*

"BRB"...uh..."FBBB." What do you think *that* means?

Sunny: *(taking it)* I...have no idea. But I hope it's Izzy-code for being inspired again.

(Dissolve to a stretch of a dirt path that leads across the meadows to the distant Bridlewood.)

Izzy: (*galloping along it into view, wearing her glasses*) Sunny was right. All I need to do to find my creativity again is go back to my roots. Tree roots! To Bridlewood!

(*A butterfly leaves its perch atop a bush and flits after her.*)

Izzy: This is great, yeah. (*skidding to a stop*) Nothing like a creative walk to cure creative block. (*Giggle; her perspective of the insect under the cheerful sky.*) Fresh air...fluffy clouds... (*A bird wings happily into view.*) ...birds...

(*Back to her, pulling in a huge gasp.*)

Izzy: Birds!

(*Her perspective: the little avian roots on a branch, head overlapping a cloud so that the latter appears to be a hat.*)

Izzy: Bird hats! (*Back to her:*) Hats for birds?

(*It chirps its disapproval and clears out.*)

Izzy: (*head drooping*) Yeah, you're right. That is not it.

(*A few pacing steps cause her to run flat into a rusty old motor scooter standing squarely in her way. She falls backward with a gasp, losing her glasses.*)

Izzy: Oh, no, another creative roadblock!

(*The specs go back on; now she gets a good look at the thing, seeing that the body has been extended to end in a flatbed trailer.*)

Izzy: Whooooaaa... (*catching herself*) ...I-I mean, I mean, oh yes!

(*Zoom in on her cutie mark, which emits a flare of white, then cut to her perspective as she holds her front hooves up to frame the derelict.*)

Izzy: An actual roadblock! (*Back to her.*) I can work with that!

(*She stands up, moves closer, and exerts her field to envelop the whole thing. A moment's grunting exertion allows her to lift and move it only a few inches before it slams back down to the grass, but a second attempt lets her drag it away alongside herself.*)

(*Cut to the entrance hall of the Brighthouse, where Sunny and Zipp are pushing in bins loaded with supplies.*)

Zipp: You really didn't have to help me clean up Izzy's stuff.

Sunny: Oh, I-I don't mind. (*McSnips-a-Lot scuttles past in the background.*) I got to spend time with you.

(A coffee mug sails into view and clatters to the floor; Sparky hustles to grab it and is soon joined by a quartet of critters—Hitch's usual squad, plus a turtle. The little dragon flips the vessel upside down and tries to wear it as a hat, but it slides off the scaly noggin and clinks back down on the tiles. Here comes a rather put-out Hitch to scoop the thing up.)

Hitch: Where is Izzy? She really should be the one to pick up her stuff.

Sunny: Don't know. (*passing Izzy's note to him*) She left a note.

Hitch: (*reading, puzzled, putting mug in bin*) "BRBFBBB"? Whaaaaat? (*He gives it back to Sunny.*)

Zipp: Sometimes Izzy's a total mystery. (*She whips out her phone and dictates.*) "Note to self—learn to speak Izzy-code."

(The three ponies share a hearty laugh, while Sparky spits out a tiny puff of green flame to envelop the device. The haze clears to reveal that it has become a slice of pizza, which he snatches off Zipp's hoof; before he can chow down, though, another puff escapes his mouth and turns it back into a phone. He voices a tiny shriek of surprise upon trying to sink his teeth into glass and plastic, then tosses it to the floor and starts crying.)

Hitch: (*hunching down to him; he quiets down*) I know, Sparky. You love Izzy too.

Sunny: Maybe we should check on her to see if she needs any help? (*Hitch stands up.*)

Hitch: I'm on it! (*to the animals*) Deputies, keep an eye out for Izzy.

(Wings and claws snap off salutes, and they clear off to carry out his order—the turtle at a rather slower pace than the other three.)

Hitch: (*to it*) Uh, maybe you stay here and be our eyes on the ground, Curdle.

Zipp: (*smirking*) You named him Curdle Turtle?

Hitch: Curdle, yes. But Turtle is his family name.

Zipp: Uh-huh. (*dictating, to phone*) "New mystery—why did that actually make sense to me?"

(Comes now the sound of the front doors being thrown open; on the start of the next line, cut to Pipp flying in.)

Pipp: I feel terrible! I gave bad advice to Izzy! (*She touches down.*)

Sunny: (*crossing to her; touching her shoulder*) You were only trying to help a friend. I'm sure she will come back soon.

Pipp: Oh, no! She's not here? She's probably avoiding me!

(The doors have swung closed by this point, but one opens again and the prodigal unicorn's voice rings out loud and clear. On the next line, Sunny and Pipp turn toward it and back away to give a clear view of her entering and not wearing her glasses.)

Izzy: So, turns out bird hats are not a thing, but guess what I made?

Other four: Izzy?

(Ground level. The turtle, Curdle, points at her with one stubby foreleg to indicate that he has accomplished his mission while Sparky zips across to hug as much of her as he can reach.)

Izzy: *(giggling)* No, I didn't make Izzy, sillies. *(Tilt up to her face.)* I am Izzy.

Sunny: Where have you been? *(The doors are again closed.)*

Izzy: Didn't you read my note? *(Zipp is now hovering.)*

Pipp: *(gasping, reading as Sunny holds it)* "BRBFBBB"? *(Sparky has climbed onto Izzy's back.)*

Izzy: "Be right back from Bridlewood, best buddies."

Other four: *(finally getting it)* Ohhhhh!

Zipp: Yeah, I was never gonna crack that one. *(Cut to Izzy.)*

Izzy: I realized I had to be more creative about *being* creative. And I needed more supplies. *(The entire group on the start of the next line.)*

Pipp: So it wasn't something I said?

Izzy: It was everything you said. You two taught me that in order to feel all sparkly and creative, I just need to be Izzy.

Sunny, Pipp: We did?

Izzy: *(indicating Hitch/Zipp)* And you two made me realize I had outgrown that little closet. *(Zipp touches down.)*

Zipp: We didn't mean to say you weren't welcome, Izzy.

Hitch: We just didn't like all your junk everywhere.

(This less-than-tactful admission earns him a hard nudge in the ribs from the athletic mare.)

Hitch: *(grunting, winded)* Sorry.

Izzy: You ponies were right. My style was cramped, and so it cramped yours too. *(dramatically)* Sometimes a pony needs open spaces for maximum craftability.

(Her perspective of the other four on the end of this, then back to her.)

Izzy: Look!

(She jumps in place, pivoting to face the doors, and all five head for the lawn. Cut to an overhead shot of them moving along the walk, the day having advanced into late afternoon. Sparky has dismounted and is keeping pace as best he can. The camera follows them and brings a portion of some blocky metallic object into view, toward which Izzy is leading them. As she speaks, the view cuts to her and zooms out to frame the scooter she found during her trip to Bridlewood. It has been fully restored and repainted, and the flatbed has been equipped with a cargo container bearing her cutie mark. Flower accents have been added to the front fender, wheel wells, and flatbed sides.)

Izzy: Presenting... Izzy Does It! *(fading away as if echoing)* Does It, Does It...

(Sparky is first to applaud and voice his approval.)

Pipp: I love it! (*Giddy squeal.*) It's perfection, like, wow. (*Giggle, then a perplexed aside to Zipp.*) Wait, what is that? (*Izzy leaps into the driver's seat.*)

Izzy: My uni-cycling cart.

(*Honk the horn, then flip the end and one side wall upward to expose an array of supplies neatly packed into boxes within. The two walls are strung with lights.*)

Izzy: My trailer of treasures. (*floating out and deploying a folding table*) My wagon of whimsy. My—

Sunny: (*rolling eyes good-humoredly*) —carriage of creativity?

Izzy: Boom! Zing! You got it! (*The others laugh.*)

Pipp: (*crossing to it, pointing out an item*) Ooh, what's this?

(*A burst of magic hoists it away and settles it across Izzy's chest—a bandolier packed with tools and materials.*)

Izzy: My crafty sash!

Sunny: Ooh!

Izzy: (*pulling out items*) Glasses, check. Tape, check. Glitter...whooh! Uh, check.

(*The glasses go on, the tape is tossed aside, and a hoof-load of glitter is flung to the wind. Next she crosses back to Pipp, her aura towing an art piece that depicts construction-paper cutouts of Hitch and Sparky.*)

Izzy: And a lot of other things I need on the go— (*settling it against table*) —or even on the stay. (*Sparky gabbles gleefully over the thing.*)

Pipp: So cool! (*pulling out her phone*) I need to post about this. (*Izzy gasps and whips over to her.*)

Izzy: Pipp! You just inspired me! (*She grabs the item and gallops away.*)

Hitch: You inspired her to steal?

Izzy: (*from o.s., distant*) I'm just borrowing!

Hitch: That's okay, then.

Sunny: Yeah, it is. Everything's okay. A-And, Pipp, I almost forgot. (*crossing to her*) Thank you for the mirror. I love the alicorn design.

Pipp: (*bewildered*) Mirror?

Sunny: (*pulling out compact*) The one you left at my cart this morning.

Pipp: (*trying to play it off, with slightly forced giggles*) Oh, oh! Right! That one! Yeah, yeah, yeah. Uh, happy birthday, Sunny.

(*Zipp pulls out her phone, having bought exactly none of this.*)

Zipp: (*dictating*) "Note to self—Pipp forgot something she bought? Suspicious."

(*Both sisters gather around Sunny, the pink one flipping open the gold lid and the white one having put away the electronics.*)

Pipp: Well, try it out, Sunny!

Sunny: Looks great.

(On this last word, the camera cuts to her perspective of the trio reflected in the mirror. Hitch and Izzy pop up behind them, and all five get a good laugh. The next shot is a translucent, bluish-tinted rendition of the tableau projected in midair, behind which Opaline can be seen staring intently. The camera tracks slowly around to frame her clearly in her throne room, the image being projected from the pool, and Misty standing and half-covering a few paces back.)

Opaline: So *these* are the weak little ponies that brought back magic?

Misty: Almost like anypony could do it.

Opaline: Sure—if they have a cutie mark.

(Cut to Misty on the end of this, ruefully surveying the lack of said mark on her own haunch. The ethereal visage now changes to show Sunny reaching up toward its top edge, then blacks out in the manner of a windowshade being pulled down, and finally resolves into a long shot of the Brighthouse. Sunny has closed the lid and cut off the video feed from the mirror.)

Opaline: *What?!?* No! Why did it stop?

Misty: Uh, they went inside. Maybe the Crystal Brighthouse won't let us watch.

(Cut to its image on the end of this, then back to the two mares; Opaline rounds on her.)

Opaline: Did you just make that up? *(Pace the floor.)*

Misty: I was just guessing.

Opaline: Well, stop—because you don't know what you're talking about. They must have put a cloaking enchantment on the Brighthouse.

Misty: Like the one that used to be around Equestria.

Opaline: *(thoughtfully)* If it won't let me see the inside from here...

(Cut to the image as she speaks, zooming in, then back to her.)

Opaline: ...then one of my allies must find a way in.

Misty: *(smiling hopefully)* Me?

Opaline: Don't be presumptuous, Misty. It's unbecoming.

(She strides away as the unicorn's mood deflates. Dissolve to an overhead shot of Sunny, Hitch, Pipp, and Zipp seated around a table in the dining room, which is strewn with balloons. All but Sunny are wearing party hats, and Sparky sits on the table; he and the ponies are set to dig into slices of cake. Sunny utters a giddy squeal as the camera zooms in slowly; on the next line, cut to Sparky and tilt up to her.)

Sunny: This has been the best birthday in moons! Thanks, everypony! And I'm so happy Izzy's back and inspired again. *(Pan to Pipp.)*

Pipp: *(strained tone)* So am I. *(Her airy giggle trails off into a weary sigh.)* But there's still one problem.

Hitch: What's that?

Pipp: I haven't figured out my new hit song. It just hasn't clicked. (*Bang of front doors opening.*)

Izzy: (*from o.s.*) PIIIIIIPPP!!

(*Cut to her on the end of this, wheeling in a record player topped by a bobblehead of a dancing pony; Pipp's phone has been inserted in a slot by the turntable. Izzy is not wearing her glasses or "crafty sash."*)

Izzy: Try this out!

Pipp: (*smiling*) Huh?

(*She flies across to the rig and taps the screen.*)

*Same tempo/key and basic melody as in Act One, muffled
Synth/percussion accents added for an energetic shuffle feel*

Pipp: (*recorded, muted*) [All you need is your beat]
Had my head in the clouds
But now I pega-see

(*Next four lines are spoken over the previous three.*)

Pipp: Izzy, it's my old song, but it's...

Izzy: Oh, yeah.

Pipp: ...uni-cycled? Um, *genius!*

Izzy: Sing it, Pipp!

Music goes to normal volume

(*Sunny, Hitch, and Zipp leave the table to get in on the fun, and the eighth notes on Pipp's haunch light up as she sings into a microphone.*)

Pipp: Glowing hooves, all the earth po-onies
Unicorn lights beneath the trees

(*Even Sparky, still on the table, starts to groove.*)

 We're not just one [not one, not one]

(*She takes flight, a streamer of pinkish light trailing from her mark.*)

 It's you and me [it's you and me]

(*spoken in rhythm*)

 [Ponies living large]

(*Cut to just outside one window and zoom out to frame the Brighthouse in a long overhead shot.*)

(*sung*) In unity-ty-ty-ty [Oh-h-h-h]

 All you need is your beat

Song ends