

MY LITTLE PONY: EQUESTRIA GIRLS

Digital Series—Volume Four

Unless otherwise noted, production credits for all shorts are as follows:

Produced by Angela Belyea, Colleen McAllister

Directed by Ishi Rudell, Katrina Hadley

(Writing/story editing credits are listed on each individual transcript)

Transcribed by Alan Back (ajback@yahoo.com)

Notes: Titles followed by “CYOE” are “Choose Your Own Ending” shorts. Each of these is structured as an opening segment followed by one of three possible endings. At the end of the opening, prompts for the endings appear on the screen and the viewer must click on the desired one. Headings for individual endings are centered and in bold type, with no underline.

The CYOE transcripts were originally prepared from sources available on Dailymotion, which were edited to attach an ending directly to the end of the opening segment. As such, I have extrapolated details from earlier shorts; I will revise them as they are uploaded to the official My Little Pony YouTube channel.

“Wake-Up!” through “The Road Less Scheduled” and “Let It Rain” take place at the music festival seen or referred to in “Camping Must Haves” through “Find the Magic” (see Volume Three). This event is identified as the Starswirled Music Festival in “Sunset’s Backstage Pass.” Refer to these two sets of transcripts for details on the arrangement of the grounds and the girls’ outfits.

Background song lyrics are in square brackets..

“Wake-Up!”

(CYOE)

Written by Kate Leth; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to an overhead shot of Rarity’s motor home as first seen in “Camping Must Haves.” It is parked on the campground set up for attendees of the Starswirled Music Festival as in “Sunset’s Backstage Pass,” and she, Twilight Sparkle, and Rainbow Dash are sitting on the stumps that form a ring in the nearby grass. All three are fully dressed but barely conscious—the morning has just begun—and the camera zooms in slowly before cutting to a close-up of Applejack as she emerges from the forest bordering the site, a stack of firewood balanced on one shoulder. She is dressed and wide awake.)

Applejack: Mornin', everyone! (*A hand drum rhythm is heard from o.s.*) Did y'all find a way to sleep through that drum circle carryin' on all night?

(Cut to the source of the groove—Pinkie Pie seated on a stump, also fully kitted out for the day and pattering merrily at one of two drums set before her. After a few more beats, she stops with a look of surprise.)

Pinkie: Oh! Did that keep you guys up?

(Questioning looks from Applejack and Rainbow, the latter yawning and stretching.)

Rainbow: Every last one of us.

Pinkie: (*looking around herself*) Hey! Where's Sunset? (*standing*) Oh, I bet she's already up and dressed and holding us stage-front spots!

(Referring to the pair's stated intent in "Sunset's Backstage Pass"—to see the duo Post Crush perform. Cut to an extreme close-up of an utterly zonked-out Sunset Shimmer, lying on her back in her pajamas and snoring to beat the band as a runnel of drool works its way from one corner of her mouth. A longer shot puts her in her sleeping bag on the window-side bunk she used during that special; Applejack, Pinkie, and Rainbow stand watching her, the farmer no longer toting the firewood.)

Pinkie: Oh. She's not doing that at all.

Rainbow: That all-night was more all-nightier than she thought.

Sunset: (*mumbling in sleep*) Five more minutes, Princess Celestia...I don't want to go to magic school...

Applejack: Hoo boy. If we don't wake her up and get her brain defogged, she'll sleep through all the fun stuff.

Pinkie: (*gasping, horrified*) Fun stuff's her favorite stuff!

(All three begin pondering the situation very intently; she is the first to speak up.)

Pinkie: I got an idea!

Rainbow: I do too!

Applejack: I do three!

(Prompts for all three girls appear around the slumbering teen, and the ten-second timer from the previous CYOE shorts pops into view and begins to tick down. It fades away after reaching zero, and the view snaps to black around the prompts.)

“Choose Applejack” ending

(Fade in to Sunset, who comes to with a surprised grunt as the sleeping bag is yanked away. She rises to her knees and aims a bleary glare at Applejack, the perpetrator.)

Applejack: Come on, lazybones. (*Drop the covers.*) Sun's up ahead, which means we're already behind.

(Cut to a slow pan across the exterior of the motor home as she shoves a most unwilling Sunset into view from behind the rear end. A pile of stones rests near the front, and a shovel stands with the tip of its blade driven into the dirt.)

Applejack: (*passing Sunset an armload of firewood*) Can't have a pancake breakfast without a fire pit!

Sunset: Say what, now?

Applejack: (*digging*) It's just common sense. What's the point of campin' out if you ain't cookin' out? Now hup to!

(Dissolve to the sun rising over the mountains at the horizon, the sky tinged pink and gold from its emergence, and cut to Sunset lugging a stone across the grass instead of the wood Applejack gave her. Others have been placed in layers to form a circular structure with an open center—the fire pit Applejack has in mind—and she sets hers in place.)

Sunset: (*short of breath*) Whoo! Have you been, uh...doing stuff like this...every morning?

Applejack: (*piling up wood*) Of course! What, did you think room service came around settin' up our campsite for the day?

(Sunset sits, leaning against the fire pit wall.)

Sunset: (*digging a rock from behind her back*) I mean, I wouldn't put it past Rarity to bring a private chef. (*smiling, tossing it away*) She did fill the mini-fridge with sushi and parfaits.

Applejack: (*pointing to herself*) And who do you think was rollin' all that sushi?

(Her smirk is met by a good-natured eye roll from the heavy sleeper. Dissolve to all the Rainbooms save Twilight helping themselves to pancakes out here; Spike is with them, Sunset is now dressed, and the sky has advanced past sunrise.)

Sunset: (*chewing, chuckling*) Mmm...

Applejack: Big Mac always says nothin' starts the day off like a little bit of hard work. (*The egghead is now out, full plate in hand.*)

Twilight, Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity: (*baffled*) He does?

(Cut to said older brother, seated at a picnic table with coffee mug in hand.)

Big Macintosh: Ee-yup! (*Sip; zoom out to put Applejack/Sunset in the fore.*)

Applejack: Well, not in so many words.

(“Iris out” to black, the aperture apple-shaped and centered on Macintosh. It pauses long enough for him to tip a wink to the camera before closing entirely.)

“Choose Pinkie Pie” ending

(Snap to an an amped-up Pinkie sitting on Sunset’s bunk and zoom in slowly as the latter sits up, rubbing her eyes.)

Pinkie: Sunset, I’m so excited. This’ll be the best breakfast ever!

(The camera cuts to a closer shot of her face on each of these last three words, ending with an extreme close-up that accentuates her broad smile. A wipe shifts the scene to a food truck that specializes in bakery desserts; Sunset is now dressed and standing at the window, while Pinkie has started in on her own sizable order and Spike looks on from the ground. Zoom in slowly, then cut to the vendor’s perspective, setting down an equally formidable tray of goodies. Blue-green eyes bug out at the sight of so much sugar; back to her and Pinkie.)

Sunset: *(trying to keep tray balanced; a few items fall off)* Uh, are you sure these are the best things to eat first thing in the morning? *(Spike gulps down a couple of dropped ones.)*

Spike: Mmm!

Pinkie: Oh, of course not. *(tipping goodies from her tray onto Sunset’s)* We need a balanced breakfast!

(Close-up of Sunset sitting at a picnic table; her tray is now piled high enough to hide her face from view, and a mug of hot chocolate sits within easy reach.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Snowball-sprinkled cupcake waffles, jellybean beignets, and don’t forget the sugar cookie croissants!

(As she reels off this most unconventional menu, a series of dissolves shrinks the mass step by step due to Sunset eating her way down through it. Once the tray is completely empty, she swallows the last mouthful and lets out a weary sigh.)

Sunset: *(picking up mug)* I’m still pretty tired.

(She begins to chug it down, the camera shifting to frame Pinkie sitting alongside her at the table and having consumed everything she ordered.)

Pinkie: Give it five minutes.

(Cut to a sparkly, treat-littered “Five Minutes Later” title card, then to an extreme close-up of a very, very alert Sunset with eyes dilated so far that they nearly fill the sockets. A quick zoom out puts her, Pinkie, and Spike on the grass in front of the side stage on the festival grounds—the one on which the Dazzlings performed in “Find the Magic.” All three are cranked up due to the ingestion of mass quantities of sugar, and their behavior is drawing some very strange looks

from both the acoustic guitarist on the stage and the few attendees who have turned out to hear him so early.)

Sunset: We're on top of the world!

(Laughing, she flails madly at an imaginary guitar, while Pinkie thrashes her head about and throws the bullhorns and Spike sprints off in a random direction.)

Pinkie: *(crossing to Sunset)* Woo-hoo! I told you!

Sunset: I can't feel my stomach!

Pinkie: *(grabbing her around the waist)* I can!

(They dissolve into a wave of giggles as Spike bounds onto the stage, rising to his hind legs and raising his front paws defiantly.)

Spike: I am a golden dog!

(A lazy half-turn, and he does a backwards dive off the stage to be caught by Snails and the girl nearest him. All four legs piston from their upside-down position; zoom out slowly as they set him down and Pinkie half-slumps against Sunset, arms still locked around her beltline.)

Sunset: Let's never sleep, ever again! *(twirling Pinkie overhead)* Woo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

(Cut to the three gluttons crashed out in a pile on the floor of the motor home. Their three-part harmony in the key of Snore is broken off by a loud, displeased gurgle from Sunset's gut; she rubs it with a pained, drowsy moan as Applejack and Rainbow observe with visible concern, each having procured some more appropriate breakfast fare. The jock smirks, drawing a mildly sour look from the apple grower.)

Rainbow: Poor Sunset. *(Close-up of Sunset; she continues o.s.)* Sugar crash.

(The yellow-orange cheeks go a queasy green; back to her and Applejack.)

Rainbow: Nobody should try to keep up with Pinkie Pie.

Applejack: Heh. Not even Pinkie Pie.

(On the end of this line, cut to a close-up of the inert pink dynamo, who has managed to continue sleeping peacefully throughout this exchange. Zoom in slowly and fade to black.)

“Choose Rainbow Dash” ending

(Snap to an extreme close-up of a slightly crazed-looking Rainbow, framed from forehead to shoulders and standing against a sky that is lightening into sunrise. She has traded her festival wear for a sleeveless blue top and is wearing her hair loose.)

Rainbow: You think your body can handle waking up Rainbow Dash style? Do you, Sunset? 'Cause guess what!

(During this line, she points at herself to show a red/yellow/blue-striped wristband, then backs off a step to reveal that she is wearing her magical stone as a pendant. The sound of a gong punctuates a cut to a longer shot, in which she and Sunset stand side by side on blankets spread across a hilltop. Sleeveless tops and tights for both—blue/blue-green for Rainbow, pink/magenta with flames on the top for Sunset; Rainbow wears a band on each wrist. Standing on one foot, both girls slowly raise their arms overhead and bring them down to press the palms together at chest level. Sunset wears a red brooch at the point where each strap of her top meets the neckline, and a closer shot of her during the following picks out one of them as the stone from her pendant.)

Rainbow: *(calmly, exhaling)* You're right.

Sunset: *(as both bend down to touch the blankets)* Heh. You know, when you said we'd start the day with a workout, I thought it'd be way harder.

Rainbow: No way. *(They shift to sit with legs crossed.)* We're taking it niiiice and easy.

(A slight zoom out frames Sunset's cell phone in the grass on her side. Four lungs expel a long, serene breath. As Rainbow continues, she adopts a series of yoga poses at a steadily accelerating tempo, leaving Sunset in an increasingly frantic scramble to keep pace.)

Rainbow: Okay. Let's start with a Downward Dog...transition to Cat Pose...now Coiled Snake...Betrayed Llama...

(Cut to Fluttershy, kneeling at the bottom of the hill and petting a tranquil, light blue llama sitting on its belly. Rainbow's last words snap it out of its reverie, and it directs an angry grumble and spit in her general direction. Back to Rainbow, who has assumed a new pose and continues her high-speed shifts; during the next line, cut back and forth between her and a desperately straining Sunset.)

Rainbow: Inverse Badger...The Undulating Parakeet...The Stranded Turtle!...Confused Lemur!...Tech-Savvy Donkey!...Horse on a Bike!

(By the time she finishes and stands up to stretch, her workout partner has very nearly tied herself in a square knot of protesting limbs.)

Sunset: *(woozily, untangling herself)* I'm not cut out for posing like animals doing things. *(She picks up her phone and lies down to check it.)*

Rainbow: Aw, come on! If you'd stayed in bed, you would have missed *this!*

Sunset: Missed what? The music doesn't start for another hour.

(Cut to Rainbow, rolling her eyes with a smile, on this last. She drops to her knees and lifts Sunset's chin away from the screen with a smug little smile.)

Sunset: *(eyes widening)* Whoa!

Rainbow: Sunset, meet sunrise.

(Cut to a long shot behind the pair on this line, tilting up slowly to fully frame the sun that is easing up over the distant mountains to illuminate the festival site. In close-up, it takes the red/gold-haired girl a moment to reel her jaw in; she sits cross-legged and exhales tranquilly in time with Rainbow.)

Sunset: Here's a pose. How about... *(touching Rainbow's shoulder)* ..."Grateful Friend."

(They rest their heads together as the view fades to black.)

“The Last Drop”

(CYOE)

Written by Whitney Ralls; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to a long shot of the darkened main stage. DJ P0N-3 is up here, standing behind a rack of turntables and speakers, and a considerable crowd has turned out to cheer for her. It is nighttime, and the camera zooms in slowly through the gathering before cutting to an extreme close-up of one control panel. Off-white fingers tap a button, magenta spotlights flick on, and a soothing synthesizer line plays as she socks her headphones firmly into place. The movement of a slider control triggers the stage’s backdrop of three huge video screens to display an animated collage of starbursts and a shooting star with a rainbow contrail, all above a bank of clouds.)

(Glow sticks are ignited and waved overhead in the audience as a muted percussion beat comes in, and a spotlight beam sweeps across the screen to change the view to a close-up of Fluttershy and Sunset, present and accounted for.)

Sunset: How awesome is it that DJ P0N-3’s playing Starswirled?

Fluttershy: So awesome! I hear she’s got an interactive surprise planned for the crowd!

(Macintosh makes his way to them.)

Macintosh: *(raising arms)* Ee-yup!

(The turntablist continues to work her decks, the music slowly building in intensity as the glow sticks wave in rhythm, and the spotlights shift the view from one slow-motion group of revelers to another. Normal speed resumes at the end of the sequence with hands raised and clapping in time, the stars and clouds exploding across the video screens again.)

Sunset: Get ready! The beat’s about to drop!

(The groove stops dead in its tracks as DJ P0N-3 points out over the edge of the stage, a single spotlight picking out Fluttershy, Sunset, and Macintosh.)

Sunset: Uh, is this her surprise?

Fluttershy: *(squeaking, terrified)* I think she wants us to come onstage! *(Sunset and Macintosh smile.)*

Sunset: Ohhh, I get it! We *are* the interactive!

Macintosh: Ee-yup!

(The girl with the electric blue hair holds her pose, bobbing her head faintly as prompts for these three appear on the screen. The ten-second timer pops up with them, counts down, and fades away after doing its duty, and the view snaps to black around the prompts.)

“Choose Fluttershy” ending

(Snap to Fluttershy, Sunset, and Macintosh. The animal lover cringes mightily as if wishing she could sink through the grass and give her nerves a very long rest, but Sunset smiles and shoves her gently toward the stage. Fluttershy is up there in a trice, half-stumbling toward DJ P0N-3 and the now-blank video screens and darkened setup, but a tap at the controls brings up the spotlights and again puts her on the verge of a total freak-out. The sound system warms up again, working its way down toward a near-subsonic bass tone, as the electronic music virtuoso makes a few gestures that might translate as “get loose and get down.” Another button press starts a driving synth/percussion melody and sends images of snowy mountains and associated wildlife pulsing across the backdrop screens. A few animal noises are sprinkled in—howls, meows, tweets, and so on—and a furiously blushing Fluttershy finds that her arms are swaying from side to side in time with the mystic rhythms. Sunset and Macintosh are utterly unable to make head or tail of this soundscape, and the otherwise unflappable DJ P0N-3 finds herself at a loss when a couple of actual birds swoop down over the stage.)

(Now Fluttershy’s sneaker-clad feet begin to tap against the stage, soon joined by a cat and chicken, and the groove shifts as she begins to relax and the birds settle onto her shoulders.)

Fluttershy: *(with sudden determination)* The beat’s about to get wild!

(She uncorks a howl, raising her chin to the sky in profile, and the view dissolves to a close-up of a wolf doing likewise on the screens. Another such transition frames her dancing against the mountain backdrop, the small animals now gone, and further dissolves shift the images behind her. Translucent animals appear on alternating sides to add their own noises to the mix: a chicken, a dog, a cow, a horse accompanied by a flock of birds flying up from the bottom. The track ends with Fluttershy howling at the moon, backed by images of wolves following suit, and a long shot of the stage reveals that she has wound up standing on DJ P0N-3’s control board. The crowd whoops and hollers its overwhelmingly positive opinion of this three-way collaboration; after trading one last puzzled glance, Sunset and Macintosh smile as well. Only now does Fluttershy fully return to herself, casting two bemused blue-green eyes over the stage and the animals that have found their way onto it to pitch in.)

Fluttershy: Oh!

(She voices a demure little roar and a blushing giggle. Fade to black.)

“Choose Sunset Shimmer” ending

(Snap to Fluttershy, Sunset, and Macintosh; Sunset eagerly charges toward the stage and up, but skids to a stop when stars explode on the backdrop screens and fans of laser beams shine up from either side. Once she gets her brain fully back into gear, she smiles at the sight before her—a low-resolution image of herself riding a unicorn through a night sky filled with clouds and shooting stars. Lines of title text are displayed above and below, the former with wings and a horn, and a bright jingle plays as accompaniment.)

Sunset: *(pulling her phone from a pocket)* Want to play?

(DJ P0N-3 responds by reeling out one end of a cable and hurling it toward her. The connector slots itself neatly into a jack on Sunset's phone, causing an image of the off-white face to appear on its screen. This is quickly replaced by the same graphics as on the backdrop—a video game title screen—and a tap by Sunset brings up the controls. By now, the backdrop has changed to present a playfield crammed with ledges, enemies, and stars to collect, along with a health meter in the top left corner that shows four hearts and a second “super” meter at top center. Two panels slide in from opposite corners to fill the screen amid a flash of lightning; Sunset is on the left, DJ P0N-3 on the right.)

Sunset: Let's do this!

(The screen fills with a flash of white and clears to present a split screen: Sunset's thumbs at her phone controls, opposed by the musician's finger pressing a button. From here, the view shifts to the backdrop, accompanied by music in the same vein as the opening jingle. The super meter is now at bottom right. Sunset rides her unicorn, picking up stars that build the super meter, stomping a few enemies, and bouncing off a happy cloud. She loses one heart upon being struck by a cupcake spat from a cloud, but defeats the assailant and carries on. Contact with another enemy costs her a second heart, and a later hit by a flying saucer's tractor beam takes the last two. The alien piloting the craft laughs and raises its arms in triumph, leaving the real Sunset stunned and perhaps a touch angry at having been bested so easily. A drop of sweat runs down one cheek as she glares at her opponent, who grins and raises one finger in silent triumph.)

(The extreme close-ups of their respective controls slide in to fill the screen again, and after both are used, the view shifts back to the game. Sunset goes on the offensive, her health meter refilled and super meter empty, and easily gets past the obstacles that cost her the first two hearts. This progress throws DJ P0N-3 for a loop; she works her controls a little faster, but Sunset's thumbs keep pace and her digital avatar continues to advance. Instead of facing the flying saucer that wiped her out before, she hops onto a rocket that carries her higher and higher. The stars that she picks up along the way completely fill the super meter, and she jumps off at this point to land on a high ledge. The meter goes full red and she jumps off the unicorn, letting it charge ahead and assuming the winged/horned, super-powered appearance she took on to combat Midnight Sparkle in Friendship Games. She blasts one last enemy into pixels and flies up to touch a copy of her cutie mark, ending the background music and setting off a screen-filling flare of white.)

(Fade in to a close-up of the real Sunset beaming and holding her phone aloft for an ebullient crowd, and zoom out to show her standing on DJ P0N-3's decks. Zoom out to a long shot and fade to black.)

“Choose Big Mac” ending

(Snap to Fluttershy, Sunset, and Macintosh. The two girls beam at the big guy, Sunset patting his shoulder to encourage him into a move toward the stage. He has barely climbed up before an

apple-decorated banjo is thrown to him, which he very nearly fails to catch, and he can only goggle at DJ P0N-3 as she offers a “show me what you got” gesture. Glancing back toward the sea of expectant faces, Macintosh gives the strings an experimental strum and quickly launches into a cheery, reverb-enhanced bluegrass melody that sets a multicolored signal pulsing on the display set into the front of the musician’s rig. She keys in a percussion/synth line and displays of radiating apples on the backdrop, and the crowd voices its enthusiastic approval.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup!

(A strum sets off an “iris in” transition that begins at screen center, the aperture shaped as an apple. It leaves him standing and playing on a scrolling grid of yellow-orange lines, a yellow-green glow at the horizon. The melody becomes muted, but starts to build again as apple seeds fall into lines of holes to either side of him.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup!

(Trees sprout in an instant and bear fruit almost as quickly. Snap to a sepia-toned background, against which two profile drawings of his head appear with an apple between them. The left one takes a bite, annoying his counterpart.)

Left Macintosh drawing: Ee-yup!

(A rain of fruit shifts the action back to the real McCoy on the scrolling grid; the trees are gone, but rows of apples drift past on both sides as his fingers dance over the strings. Seeds fall and sprout into saplings, and one giant wire-frame apple appears behind him, traced in white. It slowly advances toward the camera, pushing him aside, and a larger image of him appears in one of the squares gridded out on the surface.)

Macintosh: (voice over) Yup.

(The music ends as this small region fills the screen, shifting the action back to the stage and framing him in close-up with the grid scrolling by on the video screen backdrop. He looks up from the banjo, confusion stenciled across every square inch of the freckled face, and offers sheepish grin and a scratch at the back of his head as a chorus of hearty cheering reaches him. Cut to a long shot of the stage and the crowd, whose members have loved every second of this unlikely mash-up. Zoom out slowly and fade to black.)

“Inclement Leather”

(CYOE)

Written by Anna Christopher; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to the sun in a bright morning sky. Tilt down on the next lie to frame Twilight and Applejack walking through the festival grounds.)

Applejack: *(sighing contentedly)* Today’s prettier than a peach pie at a picnic. It’s perfect for—

(Rarity darts up behind them, having traded the furry blue bolero jacket of her ensemble for a longer one made from more conventional material. Its lapels and hem are liberally adorned with...)

Rarity: Mauve fringe!

(Which just so happens to match the rest of the garment.)

Applejack: Oh, uh, Mauve Fringe isn’t goin’ on ’til five.

Rarity: Oh, no, no, no, no. I am referring to my Starswirl look.

(With a giddy little hum, she pivots to present all parts of the jacket to the two girls. A strong breeze begins to emanate from somewhere below the bottom edge of the screen, angled upward and focused on Rarity to get the fringes flapping.)

Rarity: Ah! A cool breeze. The ideal accessory for fringe.

(She directs a thumbs-up toward ground level; cut to the source of the air current—Spike, who is cheerfully plying a cordless hair dryer. Twilight and Applejack share a laugh until the sky abruptly darkens, taking Rarity’s mood with it; the appliance is shut off as thunder begins to rumble.)

Rarity: Wait. What’s happening?

Twilight: That’s strange. The next total umbral solar eclipse isn’t for another three hundred thousand days. *(Quizzical looks from her friends; she offers a goofy smile as rain begins to fall.)* And that’s obviously not what we’re talking about.

(Her giggle is lost in a round of gasps as the thunder intensifies; cut to the thickening clouds.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* Rain?!? But— *(Back to the trio; Spike has cleared out, and other attendees are following suit.)* —but—but—this is suede! If it gets wet, it’s ruined, and by extension the whole festival! Not to mention the rest of my life when I have to recall this devastating turn of the weather! *(sobbing)* Oh, why, why, why? Why did it have to drizzle?

Twilight: Well, you see, when high-pressure air meets—

Rarity: *(mascara running badly)* HELP ME!!

Applejack: I got an idea!

Twilight: Oh! Me too!

(The sodden fashionista just stands there like an unstrung marionette while three prompts appear around her. Two are for Twilight and Applejack, while the third is for Vignette Valencia, her boss in “Rollercoaster of Friendship.” The ten-second timer appears, counts down to zero, and fades away, and the view snaps to black behind the prompts.)

“Choose Twilight Sparkle” ending

(Snap to Twilight and Rarity standing under a tree, the latter’s runny mascara now cleaned off.)

Twilight: For the last three weeks, I’ve been brainstorming equipment to engineer in the statistically probable case of inclement weather— *(Close-up.)* —including but not limited to a raincoat with a water collection system, a self-drying umbrella, and detachable windshield wipers for eyeglasses.

(She demonstrates this last by holding her index fingers up in front of her own lenses and sweeping them back and forth to clear away imaginary raindrops. Zoom out to frame Rarity on the start of the next line.)

Rarity: Fabulous. Which ones did you make?

Twilight: None. *(holding up a trash bag in each hand)* I only brought garbage bags to help clean up.

(Rarity’s brain seizes up at the sight of them, a twitchy eye leading into a spasm of rage.)

Rarity: Do you not care about helping me?!? *(An idea hits.)* Wait! Twilight! Trash bags! *(hugging her)* You are a genius!

Twilight: I am?

(Wipe to a slow zoom in on the main stage, where a group is doing a country hoedown, and zoom in slowly. The two girls are up at the front of the small crowd, having torn holes in the bags for heads and arms and slipped them on to keep their clothes dry; the “hems” have been trimmed/knotted to resemble the fringe on Rarity’s jacket. Both whoop and cheer their high spirits, Twilight mixing her next words into such exclamations.)

Twilight: Woo-hoo! Yeah! All right! *(after both have calmed down)* Rain ponchos? You’re a genius!

Rarity: *(laughing airily)* No. *We’re* a genius. Plus, look. Rain ponchos... *(lifting the hem of hers)* ...with fringe!

(She makes a tiny funny happy noise in the back of her throat. Fade to black.)

“Choose Applejack” ending

(Snap to Applejack and Rarity facing each other, the latter’s face now clean of errant makeup. They are framed from the waist up.)

Applejack: Apple family’s got a saying. “If it’s rainin’ cats and dogs, get yourself some fish and hogs.”

Rarity: Yes, that’s quite whimsical, but perhaps I’m missing some poetic nuance that explains WHY WE ARE MUCKING ABOUT IN A MUD PUDDLE!!

(A longer shot on her last two words establishes that they are indeed standing in a sizable one.)

Applejack: It means you gotta look for the silver linin’. *(She plunges a hand into the mud.)* Like how mud’s perfect for findin’... *(A grunt, she extracts a fistful of earthworms.)* ...fishin’ bait.

(Rarity voices a cry of revulsion.)

Applejack: *(dropping worms, standing, smearing arms)* Mud’s also great for camouflage—*(hushed; zoom in to a close-up)*—when you need to sneak up on a pig real quiet-like.

Rarity: Whyever would anyone need to sneak up on a pig?

Applejack: *(normal volume)* If you have to ask, you don’t want to know.

(The aspiring designer can only raise one hopelessly puzzled eyebrow, but the farmer continues to apply the goop to her own exposed skin.)

Applejack: And I’m only talkin’ about mud on your hands, arms, neck, and—*(Rarity zips over, instantly all smiles, and grabs the tanned cheeks.)*

Rarity: *Face!*

(Dissolve to a small tent with one of its four walls removed. It is appointed with plenty of cushions and softly glowing lanterns as a relaxation spot, and Rarity has spread herself out, hung up her jacket, and covered her face with mud. Applejack stands watching, having cleaned herself off. Zoom in slowly as Twilight strolls up, keeping dry with the help of an umbrella.)

Rarity: *(sighing)* This mud mask is excellent for the pores. Thanks, Applejack. *(The bookworm arrives and folds it up.)*

Applejack: Huh. Guess there’s a silver linin’ for everyone. You sure you don’t want to go wormin’?

Rarity: *(covering her eyes with cucumber slices)* Entirely.

Twilight: *(to Applejack, whispering)* You know this doesn’t really fix her problem.

Applejack: But she looks so happy.

(Both of them regard the pale-skinned teen, stretched out on the cushions and wholly lost in this moment of stress-free joy. Fade to black.)

“Choose Vignette” ending

(Snap to Vignette, who has draped herself across a couch in the festival’s lounge tent, and zoom in slowly as she adjusts her pose and hair in preparation to take a picture of herself with her phone. It vibrates to mark an incoming call; she lies down again and taps its screen to answer.)

Rarity: *(over phone)* Oh, Vignette, darling, thank goodness you picked up!

(Vignette’s perspective of the phone, which now projects the caller and all the ruined glory of her soaked hair/outfit and smeared makeup.)

Rarity: My clothes are drenched, my mascara’s running, and look at my jacket!

Vignette: Forget your jacket. *(Back to her.)* Look at your hair! *(Gasp; smile.)* I love it!

(Her image recedes to the right half of the screen so that a panel framing a stunned Rarity can slide in from the left.)

Rarity: You—you do? *(catching on, smiling)* I mean, of course you—

Vignette: Hashtag “Rain Hair, Don’t Care.” It appears working for me had a lasting effect on your taste. *(An attendant offers her a cup of coffee.)* Trendsetter!

(She accepts the beverage and takes a sip while ending the call; her half of the screen blacks out, and Rarity’s expands to fill the entire view on the next line.)

Rarity: “Rain Hair, Don’t Care” is a trend? *(sputtering badly)* I mean, yes, of course, that’s what I do.

(She chuckles softly, then realizes that her former boss has not been on the line to hear her.)

Rarity: H-Hello?

(A defeated sigh, and she holds the phone up at arm’s length so that its camera presents her own rain-ravaged image to her on the screen.)

Rarity: *(laughing shakily)* I hope this works.

(The tap of one thumb snaps the picture, the camera flash filling the screen. When it subsides, the view has shifted to a slow pan across the grounds. The rain has stopped, and Bon Bon dumps a bucket of water over her own head so Lyra Heartstrings can take a picture of the end result. The mint-green girl has already soaked her own hair, as have quite a few other attendees, and more than a few phones are out to snap photos. Rarity meets up with a still-dry Applejack and Twilight, who fold up the umbrellas they have used to fend off the storm; she is still a wreck, but has pocketed her phone.)

Rarity: Oh, darlings, consider this a good lesson learned. I have truly grown as a person, embracing this catastrophe to discover an inner truth—namely, that—

(A strong gust of wind cuts her off and causes her soggy hair to fluff up into a tangled mess of curls.)

Rarity: *(horrified, running off)* MUST FIND HAIR DRYER!!

(Twilight and Applejack laugh over the hairstyle malfunction, and the view fades to black.)

“Lost and Pound”

(CYOE)

Written by Jim Martin; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then snap to pan through a busy area lined with food trucks during the day. Twilight, Fluttershy, and Rarity walk by, the bespectacled girl studying a map; they are closely trailed by Spike, who wears the glittery, gem-studded, purple peaked cap he got from Rarity in “Sunset’s Backstage Pass.”)

Twilight: Wow! These food trucks have such clever gimmicks! *(reading)* “Weak in the Cheese”...“Avocado’s Constant”...“Money for Waffles and Chicken’s Not for Free Either”... *(She and Fluttershy stop.)*

Fluttershy: *(puzzled, reading)* “Lasagna Pop”?

Twilight: Okay, most have clever names. It’s like they stopped trying after “Bye, Focaccia.”

(The sight of Flash Sentry biting into a chunk of lasagna impaled on a stick gives them pause.)

Fluttershy: Now I’ve seen everything.

Spike: *(intently, darting across grass)* Where’s Lasagna Pop? Where’s Lasagna—

(He does not notice the fluffy, mud-splotched violet female poodle in his path until it is too late. She wears a light blue collar marked by a pink heart, and a few flecks of glitter have been worked into her coat. The collision sends Spike tumbling to the feet of Twilight and Fluttershy with a yell; he looks up in time to catch a scared little whine from the other pooch.)

Fluttershy: *(gently)* Ohhh— *(Rarity checks her phone worriedly.)* —are you lost, little girl?

(Cut to the dog, a soft gasp floating down from the o.s. Fluttershy, then back to her and Rarity.)

Fluttershy: She needs our help.

Rarity: And— *(The animal again; she continues o.s.)* —perhaps a bath.

Fluttershy: *(from o.s., extending a hand)* Oh, come on, little one. *(The dog’s perspective; she has knelt down.)* We’ll help you.

(Spike puts his head up to one side, jowls frozen in a look of pure befuddlement. Back to the poodle, who pants and cocks her head in turn at the prompts for him, Fluttershy, and Rarity that appear. The ten-second timer accompanies them, winds its way to zero, and vanishes, followed by a snap to black around the prompts.)

“Choose Fluttershy” ending

(Snap to a close-up of Fluttershy lifting the wayward canine.)

[Animation goof: The mud matted into her coat suddenly disappears at this point.]

Fluttershy: How can we help you, little one?

(A touch on the stone from her pendant, mounted in its butterfly clip on her dress, causes it to flare to life. She tilts her head so the dog can whisper directly into her ear, relying on the magic to translate the tale. From here, dissolve to an open stretch of the food truck area; Fluttershy holds the dog into view, now with her collar removed, and the camera cuts to the owner—Post Crush drummer Supernova Zap, who lets go with an overjoyed squeal and scoops the dog up. A longer shot frames Twilight and Rarity here, the former holding Spike instead of her map and the latter with her phone put away. Fluttershy’s stone has gone quiet again.)

Supernova: *(cooing)* Thank you! *(She walks off, Fluttershy waving after her. Pause.)*

Rarity: Oh. That was easy.

Spike: Okay, so back to the food trucks. We could go to Wrap-Solutely! Tapas of the Morning! *(jumping down, walking off; the girls stare dumbstruck after him)* Forgive and Baguette! Poké Me, Poké You... Winnie the Pu-Pu Platter... Truck of the Irish... Truck of the Danish... *(now o.s., fading out)* ...Dough or Dough Not, There Is No Coffee...

(Under this last, Twilight offers a “what are you gonna do?” smile and shrug to Rarity, who cocks an eyebrow and smiles back. Fluttershy giggles brightly as the view “irises out” to black, the aperture butterfly-shaped and centered on her face. Four white sparkles flare briefly around its perimeter as the transition finishes.)

“Choose Rarity” ending

(Snap to the muddy poodle, who yips happily and makes a beeline for Rarity, much to Fluttershy’s surprise. Rarity has pocketed her phone.)

Rarity: *(sputtering, trying/failing to fend her off)* Oh! No, no...hey, down! Hey...oh.

(Quite a bit of the filth has made its way onto her own person by this point.)

Rarity: Oh, I suppose you can follow me to the show, just so long as you don’t—

(She trails off into a cry of surprise as the violet ball of fluff leaps into her arms.)

Rarity: —do something like that?

(Now she gets a cheerful lick on the cheek that leaves her scrambling to get a coherent word out, dropping the animal, and trying to flee the scene all at once.)

Rarity: *(bumping into people; the dog gives chase)* Excuse me! Pardon!

(Twilight just stares mutely after the debacle, map no longer in hand, but Fluttershy giggles merrily.)

Fluttershy: She thinks it's a game! *(calling after Rarity, as Twilight smiles)* Run, Rarity, run!

Rarity: *(knocking two boys over)* Pardon!

(The pursuit ranges past the lounge tent.)

Rarity: *(to a few people as she passes)* Love your cufflinks...Sorry, did I step on you?

(She homes in on a photo booth, currently being used by Bulk Biceps and Derpy Hooves. Each camera flash shifts the image to a freeze frame of an increasingly chaotic scene: Rarity crowding into the booth with them...the dog's arrival prompting her to dive away and knock the two teens helter-skelter...Rarity fleeing out the opposite side of the booth, Bulk on the floor, and the dog on Derpy's head...Derpy pitching to the floor amid Bulk's flailing legs and a few blots of mud left by the departed Rarity and pursuer.)

(One more flash shifts the view to just inside one entrance of the Neon Garden hedge maze seen in "Sunset's Backstage Pass." A badly winded Rarity sprints in and around a corner, nearly losing her footing in the turn, and takes refuge within one of the expansive topiaries.)

Rarity: Phew!

(She allows herself a tentative giggle, but has to bite it back almost immediately when the violet nightmare's nose and drooling tongue extend slowly from the dense leaves toward her cheek. Sweat begins to roll down the white face.)

Rarity: *(softly, horrified)* Huh?

Cut to outside the Neon Garden; she bursts out through the greenery with a shrill scream and dashes o.s., the dog knocking a hole of its own to get after her. Leaves and twigs are now matted into her hair.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* No! You don't have to— *(Another yell; cut to her, now sobbing as she runs.)*
—love me!

(She vaults over a string of velvet ropes and tumbles headfirst through the curtains just beyond; cut to the other side as she crashes to the floor and sits up with a woozy moan. A bark snaps her back to her senses, and she finds the relentlessly happy canine panting at her from close range and tensing to pounce. Rarity hits the deck with a cry just in time to avoid the flying tackle; cut to Supernova as the dog leaps into her grip. She is wearing a sparkly pink feather boa in addition to her usual outfit.)

Supernova: *(overjoyed)* Princess Thunder Guts!

(She squeals as a totally flummoxed Rarity rises to her knees and takes in the scene. Blue eyes flick between a poster on a stand, which depicts Supernova and her bandmate Kiwi Lollipop, along with the hair-bow logo that adorns the side of their tour bus, and the reunited pet and owner.)

Rarity: *(stammering)* Huh? *(pointing to Princess Thunder Guts)* You belong to Su-Z? From P...

(Cut to her perspective of Supernova and Thunder, soon joined by Kiwi.)

Rarity: ...Post Crush?

(Longer shot of the area—a backstage lounge for the band and support personnel. Rarity is now standing more or less upright.)

Rarity: I... *(babbling for a moment)* ...we're all such big fans.

Supernova: *(laughing, pointing Rarity out to others)* She found my dog!

(A round of cheers for the frazzled teen.)

Supernova: Oh, how can I ever repay you?

(A moment's pondering prompts her to remove the boa from her shoulders; cut to Rarity as it is draped around hers.)

Rarity: Oh! A genuine fashion-forward throwback feather boa! For me? *(composing herself)* I mean, uh, I will try and find something to go with it.

Supernova: *(from o.s., holding Princess into view)* Say thanks, Princess. *(Big sloppy lick on Rarity's cheek.)*

Rarity: *(repulsed)* You're welcome.

(“Iris out” to black, the aperture square-shaped, tilted onto one corner, and centered on her face. Four white sparkles flicker around it as it closes.)

“Choose Spike” ending

(Snap to a close-up of Princess and zoom out to frame her crossing toward Spike on the start of the next line.)

[Animation goof: She is suddenly free of mud.]

Spike: *(badly unnerved)* She's coming over! Like, to me! What should I do?

(Cut to Twilight and Rarity, who trade concerned looks and then smile down at him; Twilight has stowed her map, Rarity her phone.)

Spike: *(from o.s., shuddering)* What should I say? *(Back to him.)* Oh, I know!

(Adjusting his cap, he strikes a casual pose and aims a pair of index-finger guns at the new arrival—or at least the closest equivalent he can reach with paws.)

Spike: 'Sup?

Rarity: *(singsong, to Twilight)* Ooh, Spike's got a crush! *(A teasing smile on the violet girl's face.)*

Spike: *(indignantly)* What? No, I don't! *(Princess moves close.)* I-I'm—I'm just happy to help!

(His forced chuckle dies on his lips once he realizes how close she is.)

Spike: *(flustered, waving, tail wagging madly)* Hi. I'm Spike. Nice to meet you—I-I-I mean, meet you! *(Sigh.)* That wasn't weird.

(But he gets an inviting bark from Princess and rises to all fours to follow her across the grass as the three girls smile knowingly among themselves. Twilight throws a stick, which Spike leaps to catch in his jaws, and Princess gambols in place to express her admiration. The two quickly shift their attention to barking/growling at a squirrel to scare it into a tree; now it is Spike's turn to appreciate her artfulness. They roll through a patch of flowers, Princess coming up with one on the end of her nose that triggers a violent sneeze, and the component parts end up drifting around Spike's face and cap. Princess's nose is running just a bit due to her allergic reaction, but she sniffs the dribble back in and smiles apologetically. Here comes Twilight to throw the stick again; now Princess goes up for the catch, the action shifting to a slow-motion pan across her airborne form as the dainty teeth clamp onto the wood. Spike watches the catch, his eyes wide and gleaming. Normal speed resumes with her proud landing and wink to the camera.)

(Cut to Twilight and Fluttershy, seated at a table and eating bowls of ramen with chopsticks, and pan along its length. Rarity has a bowl of her own, but is more interested in snapping a photo of the food with her phone than actually eating it, and Spike and Princess have one between them. The camera zooms in slowly as the two dogs dip in and come up with opposite ends of the same noodle in their teeth. They slowly eat their way toward a meeting point, mutual attraction plain to see on both faces—and then Supernova reaches into view to scoop up the poodle.)

Supernova: *(from o.s., squealing)* Princess!

(The motion drags the entire noodle out of Spike's gullet and leaves him gagging; cut to a longer shot of the area. A security guard and the acoustic guitarist from "Wake-Up!" have come along to aid in the search for the wayward pet, who has managed to gulp down the whole strand.)

Supernova: I was looking for you everywhere, little girl! *(Hug.)*

Spike: Aw, man! *(catching himself, forcing a smile)* Uh, I mean...uh, thank goodness! We've been looking everywhere for you. *(Bafflement from both Fluttershy and Rarity.)*

Rarity: We have?

Fluttershy: Uh, we have?

Supernova: I hope it wasn't a problem.

Twilight: Not at all! *(slyly)* Right, Spike?

Spike: *(glumly)* Happy to help.

Supernova: Come on, Princess.

(She sets Princess down and walks away; the quadruped begins to follow, but pauses after a few steps and turns to glance back at Spike with a sad little whine. He heaves a heartbroken sigh from the bottom of his doggy lungs, only to get immediately snapped out of this blue funk by a great big lick on the cheek from Princess. Throwing him a happy bark, she hustles after Supernova and company; he is left blushing and giggling like a lovestruck idiot. The girls are doing their best to keep from laughing out loud, Fluttershy's cheeks also tinged a lively pink.)

Rarity: *(teasingly)* Oh, yeah. He's just "happy to help."

(Punctuated with finger quotation marks on the last three words, and followed by giggles from the three humans at the table. "Iris out" to black, the aperture shaped like a bone and centered on Spike's face; it pauses briefly to frame him before closing altogether.)

“Accountilibuddies”

(CYOE)

Written by Jim Martin; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to the main stage during the day. A country duo on keyboard and violin has drawn a loud, happy crowd, and Applejack begins working her way up through their ranks.)

Applejack: Almost to the front! Come on, y’all! Do the Catwalk Stomp!

(The girl nearest her takes this encouragement just a bit too seriously, bringing her heel squarely down on one booted foot with a crunch. Pinkie and Rainbow have pulled in a bit closer.)

Applejack: Yow! *(Pause.)* I’m okay—so long as no one else—

(She never gets to finish that sentence, as Bulk dances his way over and mashes the same appendage under one heel. The screen flashes briefly to an X-ray image of her lower leg—and the newly fractured bones in its foot—while leaving Bulk’s unaffected. From here, cut to a close-up of his broad, shirtless chest as Applejack’s scream of pain rings out loud and clear. He moves off, oblivious to the injury he has just inflicted and leaving Applejack, Pinkie, and Rainbow in view. The blonde balances on her good foot and clutches the broken one.)

Applejack: Maybe I oughta mosey outta the line of stompin’.

(The other two each lend an arm for support. Dissolve to them easing her onto a tree stump well back from the stage.)

Applejack: Y’all head back. No reason you gotta miss the up-front-ness on account of me. *(Cut to Rainbow.)*

Rainbow: *(gesturing toward stage)* Oh, we aren’t letting you miss Dirk Thistleweed *and* be all alone.

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Yeah! *(Pan to frame her.)* It’s against the Fun Times Festival Friends Partner Pal Credo to go off without an accuontilibuddy!

Applejack: *(smiling)* Aw, y’all are the best. Hmmm...

(Cut to her perspective of these two, Snips strolling past behind them and sporting a floppy, gaudily striped/decorated top hat.)

Applejack: ...who should I ask to come with me?

(He stops short, mildly flummoxed at these words. Back to her, weighing the issue carefully as prompts for all three materialize around her.)

Applejack: Hmmm...

(Green eyes shift from one to another behind the apple-shaped sunglass lenses. The ten-second timer appears, runs to zero, and fades out, and the view snaps to black behind the prompts.)

“Choose Pinkie Pie” ending

(Snap to Applejack and Pinkie, the latter now sitting on the grass. A third performer has joined the duo onstage to play acoustic guitar.)

Applejack: Thanks for hangin’ with me, Pinkie. *(sighing gloomily)* I-I’m sure we’ll find some other way to see Dirk Thistleweed...someday. *(Pinkie shoots to her feet.)*

Pinkie: Wait a minute. *(turning Applejack’s face to her own)* Today is someday! I’m gonna make sure you still get to see Dirk Thistleweed— *(sneakily; zoom in slowly)* —with a crazy plan that’s crazy like a fox. And it’s so “fox” that it might just work! Come on, crazy!

(She peels out in a cloud of dust, then returns after a moment’s delay at a more sedate pace.)

Pinkie: *(lifting Applejack’s injured leg)* Oh, right. Bad foot. Can’t run. *(Drop it.)* Got it!

(A second high-speed bug-out is followed by her appropriation of a wheelbarrow, the dumping of Applejack into same, and an energetic carting away of the patient. Cut to an extreme close-up of a steep uphill slope, the solitary wheel trundling up in fits and starts to the tune of Pinkie’s labored grunts and heaves, then to a most apprehensive Applejack.)

Applejack: Uh, Pinkie, it’s—it’s not a big deal. We can just go back down the hill. *(Zoom out to frame both.)*

Pinkie: No! You—are—seeing—Dirk—Thistleweed!

(She gains the hilltop and tips Applejack forward to the grass on the end of this, then lets the wheelbarrow topple onto its side and flops across it with an utterly spent groan. Cut to just behind Applejack’s shoulder and zoom in slowly on the stage, which she can now see clearly from one side up here, then back to her.)

Applejack: *(smiling broadly)* Oh, my gravy! *(Soft gasp.)* This is amazing! *(glancing to one side)* Pinkie Pie, you’re the best!

(Confusion registers on her face as the camera zooms out to show that the magenta-haired goofball is nowhere to be seen. She checks a few other angles, but comes up dry until her attention shifts back to the stage—and the added guitarist being pushed up to its edge by Pinkie.)

Pinkie: CAN YOU SEE HIM NOW, APPLEJACK?

(This can only be Dirk Thistleweed, then. A security guard seizes the opportunity to nail her with a flying tackle; both go sailing off the stage and into the crowd, but Pinkie laughs as they bounce

her overhead. Applejack offers a slightly strained grin and wave at her friend's overenthusiastic effort to make her happy, and the view snaps to black.)

“Choose Rainbow Dash” ending

(Snap to a long overhead shot of a large tent whose entrance is marked with a pair of crossed violet Band-Aids within a gold-framed white heart—a first aid station. A gold heart on a pole stands to either side of the open entrance. Zoom in slowly and cut to Applejack and Rainbow inside, the injured girl sitting on a bed.)

Rainbow: I'm gonna mix you up something my coach gave me when I tweaked my hammy during round-robin semis.

(During this line, she races away with a burst of super speed, returning with a tray loaded with various medicaments, and the camera cuts to Applejack watching uneasily as some of them are added to a mixing bowl.)

Applejack: Sounds like...sports words. *(Cut to Rainbow on the start of the next line; she keeps concocting.)*

Rainbow: *(sighing)* So this balm...o-or is it a salve? Let's just call it a cream. *(Cut to a cringing Applejack; she continues o.s.)* This goop will fix anything! *(Back to her.)* Then, boom! Dirk Thistleweed, here we come!

(She underscores this last by stirring the bowl, throwing the spoon aside, and kicking the stool away to present the lumpy, unappetizing end product.)

Applejack: Uh... *(She takes a sniff and gags softly.)* A-A-Are you sure about this? It smells like bad milk—or good cheese.

Male voice: *(raspy, whispering)* I'd know the smell of Cure-All Ointment anywhere!

(Even so afflicted, the voice projects a noticeable Southern drawl. The speaker enters the tent on the end of this line—Dirk himself, framed from the waist up. He has pale violet skin, deep blue-violet hair, and light blue eyes. An unbuttoned, untucked work shirt in shades of brown with rolled-up sleeves covers a lighter-shaded Henley shirt, and a brown leather bracelet encircles one wrist. His arrival elicits a giddy little squeak from Rainbow.)

Applejack: *(stunned, palms to cheeks)* Dirk...Thistleweed?

(Now he crosses to them, showing gray pants that shade to a lighter hue at the cuffs and brown shoes.)

Dirk: I lost my voice and I'm supposed to be onstage right about now. Y'all mind if I slather my singin' parts?

Applejack: *(stammering, taking bowl from Rainbow)* Uh...slather away!

(He takes it and daubs a generous portion on his throat.)

Applejack: *(hushed/excited, to Rainbow)* I just told Dirk Thistleweed to slather away!

Dirk: *(voice gradually returning to normal)* Mmm...burns so good.

*Acoustic guitar chords with backing synthesizer, country feel
Slow and loose; no particular tempo (E major)*

Dirk: Sometimes what you're searchin' for's in the last place you look

(Applejack and Rainbow beam at him, eyes shining.)

It could be in a medical tent, you never know

I'm Dirk Thistlewee-ee-eeed, that's my real name

Song ends

(He tips a wink to the girls.)

Applejack: This is the best view of any concert ever!

Dirk: Aw, did you lose your voice too?

(He offers the bowl, not realizing that this is the way she normally speaks. Applejack is a bit taken aback, but she gives him a bashful blush and grin while applying a glob to her own throat. Fade to black.)

“Choose Snips” ending

(Snap to a long shot of Applejack and Snips sitting at a table well away from the stage and zoom in slowly. They are side by side, but turned just a few degrees to face away from one another, and he lets his short legs dangle over the edge of the bench.)

Snips: It's kind of weird, don't you think? Pickin' me when both your real friends offered to be with you?

Applejack: You looked so lonely without Snails.

Snips: *(angrily, removing/throwing down hat)* Hmph! That name means nothing to me! *(sighing regretfully)* I don't get it. I told him I lost my earplugs and then he just...abandoned me!

Applejack: *(patting his shoulder)* Well, at least we have each other.

Snips: *(leaving table, retrieving hat)* It just stinks not to have a friend around, you know?

Applejack: I-I'm sayin'—

Snips: *(increasingly worked up)* I'm all alone.

Applejack: I'm literally right next to you. *(Cut to Snips.)*

Snips: Just me, myself, and—

(A testy throat-clearing from Applejack; she shoots him a quizzical look, and he comes out of the pity party with a tentative smile.)

Snips: Y-Y-You want to be my new best friend?

Applejack: *(scratching back of head)* I-I'm not sure if I—

Snips: Oh, o-oh, y...I-I...I understand.

Applejack: *(sighing resignedly)* All right! I'll be your best friend—

Snips: *(running past her, instantly perked up)* SNAILS!!

(He pulls his hat on and embraces his fellow dimwit, who has just arrived at the tables.)

Snips: You came back!

Snails: What do you mean, Snips? I've been lookin' everywhere for you!

(Zoom out slightly as Dirk walks up to the boys, carrying a stack of folded clothes.)

Applejack: *(mind blown)* Dirk Thistleweed?

Dirk: You guys know Snails? *(laughing)* He's the funniest fella I ever done met!

(Cut to Applejack, stunned far beyond the capacity for speech, and back on the start of the next line.)

Dirk: *(voice catching excitedly)* Do the thing. Do the thing!

(“The thing” turns out to be Snails making flatulent noises by means of a hand shoved into his armpit. He, Snips, and Dirk laugh themselves silly over the old gag, the singer dropping his load of laundry, while Applejack tries and fails to make any kind of sense out of what she has just witnessed.)

Dirk: Hey, uh, considerin' y'all's friends with the greatest artistic genius of our generation—
(Cut to the three teens; he continues o.s.) —why don't y'all join me backstage?

(Now Applejack gets her face working again and smiles right along with the two clowns. Dissolve to a long overhead shot of the main stage and its cheering crowd and zoom in slowly. Dirk is now performing on acoustic guitar with the violinist and keyboard player seen in the opening, and Applejack, Snips, and Snails are watching from the wings—she stretched out on a couch, the two boys on their feet. Dirk winks at the trio.)

Snips: *(hugging Snails)* Never leave me alone again!

Applejack: *(miffed, waving vainly for attention)* Still right here.

(“Iris out” to black, centered on her face.)

“The Road Less Scheduled”

(CYOE)

Written by Anna Christopher: story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to a slow tilt down from the sky to the festival campground during the day. Bulk, Derpy, and Snips are dancing on the grass to a melody playing on a portable stereo as Twilight and Spike step into view on the start of the following. The young genius has phone in hand and is working its screen.)

Twilight: All right, Spike, my algorithmically generated festival schedule has optimized a route to see all the best bands.

(She pitches forward with a yell, having caught a foot on the boom box, and the phone goes flying to connect dead center with Bulk’s bare, sweaty chest and stick there.)

Twilight: *(standing up)* Oh, no!

(Plucking the device free, she holds it gingerly by one corner as if it could explode at any moment.)

Twilight: Gross!

(She and Spike hustle away; the three dancers just shrug at each other and go right back to their groove. Close-up of the befouled phone, whose screen flickers and dies in response to Twilight’s frantic taps.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* It’s not working! *(Cut to her and Spike.)* How are my decisions supposed to get optimized now?

Spike: You’ve stumbled onto the path less planned for! How exciting!

Twilight: *(scornfully)* How excruciating! Maybe I could log on to someone else’s schedule.

Spike: Oh! *(Twilight shakes the phone and tries to restart it—no luck.)* You mean metaphorically speaking, because we’d follow the passion of others to guide our experience?

Twilight: Hmm...who should I follow?

(Cut to her perspective of a nearby row of food trucks, with three familiar figures visible among those ordering or milling around. One is Fluttershy, who stops and waves in the middle of an effort to carry a large tote bag without letting its weight pull her to the ground. Another is dressed in a purple sun hat, tights, and studded/buckled ankle-length boots and stands at a food truck with its back to the camera, but the long, multicolored hair gives away Principal Celestia’s presence in a heartbeat. The third is Micro Chips, whose festival attire consists of a medium blue-violet bodysuit with a gray wave-patterned belt and white accents on the front and sleeves, deep pink fingerless gloves, and dark blue ankle-length boots with white buckles; he is reading a map of the event. Twilight begins to ruminate, purple eyes shifting in turn to the prompts for these three that appear around her. The familiar timer pops into view, counts down from ten, and fades out, after which the view snaps to black around the prompts.)

“Choose Fluttershy” ending

(Snap to a row of portable toilets and zoom in slowly. Twilight stands at the door on one end and addresses it, with both Spike and Fluttershy’s bag at her feet; she has put away her ruined phone.)

Twilight: Thanks, Fluttershy, for letting me come along to...whatever this is. Aren’t we gonna miss your band?

Fluttershy: *(from inside, muffled by door)* Almost ready! Just taming a few last baby fly-aways.

(Twilight shrugs down at Spike in confusion; the pooch can do little better in reply.)

Fluttershy: *(from inside)* Tote bag, please?

(Twilight goes for the handles, but finds herself straining to get it even an inch or two off the ground before having to set it down again.)

Twilight: Yikes! *(hefting it again)* Whatcha got in here, osmium bricks? *(Spike sniffs at the bag.)*

Spike: Smells like...bones?

Twilight: You think everything smells like bones.

(The door opens and a light yellow hand reaches for it during this line. Only after the fingers have closed on the handles does Twilight fully take in the fact that their nails have been painted black; close-up of these.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Whoa! You did your nails?

(The bag is pulled in and the door closed, leaving her at a loss for a moment. As it swings open again, the camera cuts to a ground-level close-up of Fluttershy’s legs—now clad in ripped, dark gray tights and knee-high, darker boots with multiple buckles/straps. One hand tosses the bag to the turf, and she steps out after it and plants one end of a magenta staff. Tilt slowly up to frame the rest of the animal lover, who has given herself a drastic makeover. A studded black belt rides low on the hips, matching the collar at her throat, and she sports a dark gray tank top emblazoned with black bats that leaves a strip of midriff exposed. Warmers striped in two shades of blue-green cover the forearms, and one hand holds the staff—set with three pony skulls in line and a larger fourth one held in a claw-like mounting at the top end. Dark gray eyeshadow and lipstick, heavy mascara, multiple ear piercings, and pink hair teased up into an exaggerated mane. Fluttershy voices a sweet giggle, while Twilight can only stare wordlessly at her and pull in an incredulous gasp.)

Spike: I told you I smelled bones!

(The next cubicle in line opens, and out comes a massive bearded fellow in ripped jeans, boots, and a spiked jacket over a dark T-shirt. Fingerless gloves cover both hands, and a headband keeps his long hair out of his eyes.)

Big man: Brutal skulls, fellow Cruncher! *(He walks off.)*

Fluttershy: You too, fellow Cruncher!

(Now Twilight's jaw hangs so far open that the entire bottom half of her face is in danger of scraping the dirt.)

Fluttershy: Oh, dear. Um, so, after we went to Equestria World, Vignette introduced me to this band, Skull Cruncher.

(Cut briefly to Twilight on the end of this line, then back.)

[Error: She is referring to the events of "Rollercoaster of Friendship," but the park was named Equestria Land.]

Fluttershy: Yes, I know it seems brutal, but their lyrics are surprisingly poignant once you get past all the skull...crunching. *(Twilight's jaw works soundlessly; she deflates a bit.)* You're thinking I need more makeup? Or...that I'm weird. Is that it? *(Twilight shakes her head clear and smiles.)*

Twilight: No! I'm thinking... *(raising/wiggling fingers)* ...I need more black nail polish!

(Fluttershy giggles softly at this, while Spike digs in the bag and comes up with a bone in his mouth.)

Fluttershy: And we haven't even turned on the skulls!

(She rams the lower end of the staff hard into the earth, causing yellow lights to kindle in all four of its skulls as the ambient light level drops considerably. Fans of green laser beams radiate from the eyes of the topmost one, causing an awed Spike to drop the snack he has found.)

Spike: Whoa!

Twilight: Pretty! *(catching herself)* I mean...pretty brutal!

(She engages in a bit of highly restrained headbanging as the view fades to black.)

“Choose Celestia” ending

(Snap to a head-on close-up of Celestia, framed from chin to knees, as Twilight approaches from behind with her phone no longer in hand. More details of the administrator's clothing can now be seen: unbuttoned, untucked purple/green/blue plaid shirt with rolled-up sleeves over a magenta T-shirt, denim shorts over the purple tights, brown belt, a gold feather strung on a cord

for a necklace. Zoom out slightly as Celestia receives a sushi hand roll—seaweed rolled into a conical shape and filled with ingredients—from the food truck where she has been waiting. A green band set with a small gold crown can now be seen on her sun hat.)

Twilight: Principal Celestia?

Celestia: Twilight Sparkle! How wonderful! *(She takes a bite.)*

Twilight: I didn't know you...did things.

Celestia: Oh, not just me. The whole Starswirl Squad's here too.

(She gestures to one side, Twilight's eyes widening in surprise as they track the motion. Cut to a ground-level view of two approaching pairs of legs and tilt up slowly to frame their owners as Vice-Principal Luna and Cranky Doodle. The math teacher is decked out in a purple track suit with a glimmering, slightly lighter shade on the jacket and yellow collar/sleeve/waist trim; heavy red/orange/yellow/blue boots; and a dark blue baseball cap turned backward. As for Celestia's sister: purple shoes, slightly lighter pants with stars around the turned-up cuffs, still lighter sleeveless dress with pink belt and black straps, all of these items set with gold crescent moons; black ribbon at the throat; broad black/gold bracelet on one wrist. Each of them has an ice cream cone in hand, and they commence to licking as they stroll up to Twilight and Celestia; now Cranky's cap bill is seen as magenta.)

Celestia: We're original Starswirlers. Been coming together since the fest started back in... *(to Cranky)* ...when was it?

(Caught flat-footed by this query, he hastily draws a hand across his throat as a silent "cut it out" message. She gets the hint and clears her throat.)

Celestia: Mr. Cranky Doodle loves his electro-pop under the stars.

(Cranky nonchalantly adjusts his cap a bit during this last, but both Twilight and Spike find themselves at a loss for words.)

Celestia: *(whispering)* That and the secret falafel booth.

Twilight: *(excitedly)* There's a secret falafel booth? *(Celestia has now disposed of her sushi.)*

Celestia: Stick with me. *(She pulls out a map.)* We're old-school.

Twilight: A paper schedule?

Celestia: From the OG rainforest.

(Twilight claps two horrified hands to her mouth, and Celestia quickly figures out that this comment may not have been the most appropriate and clears her throat with a wink. During all this, Luna glances to Cranky and aims a thumb behind herself, and the two sneak away.)

Celestia: *(chuckling)* I'm only teasing. *(walking off after them)* I don't know where it's from.

(Once Twilight gets her brain working again, she scoops up Spike and hurries after the trio. Celestia picks her way through the bushes to a different food truck and beckons for the others to

follow; she has pocketed her map, and Cranky and Luna have polished off their ice cream. Here, the vendor passes Cranky a tray of food and he greedily inhales its aroma and licks his chops in close-up. This can only be the secret falafel booth. A pleading whine from ground level stops him from digging in right away; cut to Spike on the grass, adding the big sad soulful eyes for good measure. Although the decision pains Cranky somewhat, he smiles and begins tossing down morsels for the little guy to catch in his mouth and swallow in one bite. Twilight and the sisters laugh over the spectacle.)

(Cut to Celestia's perspective as she pushes through a mass of hedges to reveal a photo booth in a clearing beyond, then cut to the group. Cranky has dispatched his falafel order, and all hustle toward the enclosure, Twilight no longer carrying Spike. Back to it, the curtain now closed; a camera flash emanates from within three times, each accompanied by the appearance of a snapshot that captures the five in a different silly pose. Next, Cranky does a breakdancing routine on a flattened cardboard box that has been laid out on the grass, to the great entertainment of the other four; Twilight records a video of the performance on her phone, while Celestia provides a beatbox accompaniment. Cranky's attempt to spin on his back ends abruptly with the distinct crackle of dislocated joints, and Twilight and Luna hurry to get him untangled.)

(Wipe to a long shot behind the group, sitting at sunset on a hilltop that overlooks the festival site. Zoom in slowly and cut to a head-on view, Twilight petting a drowsy Spike and no longer carrying her phone.)

Twilight: *(to Celestia)* Thanks for teaching me so much today.

Celestia: I should have you send me letters after every music festival, telling me what you've learned, hmm?

Twilight: Uh...

Celestia: *(chuckling)* Just kidding. That would get old.

Twilight: *(pulling out her phone)* I could text you.

Celestia: Mmm—let's just forget it.

(Fade to black amid a round of giggles.)

“Choose Micro Chips” ending

(Snap to Twilight and Micro walking through a busy clearing, with Spike keeping pace; she is looking at the map Micro carries and has stowed her phone.)

Twilight: Thanks for letting us tag along, Micro Chips. What's up first?

(He passes her the sheet; she gasps and smiles almost as soon as she claps eyes on it.)

Twilight: You're into MC Dex-FX? *(rolling/pocketing it)* I love MC Dex-FX! Huge fan. *Huge!* *(Micro stops and adjusts his glasses.)*

Micro: You are?

Twilight: I know everything there is to know. I even have the exact same Forty-Two-dash-Three-C effects pedal from my MC Dex-FX build-it-yourself theremin.

(She paces ahead toward the main stage on the second half of this.)

Micro: *(moving to catch up)* Actually, MC uses a Forty-Two-Double-Ought pre-effects mixer. *(Twilight waves off the dispute.)*

Twilight: Did you know the “MC” stands for “Modulated Computersounds”? One word!

Micro: It... actually... doesn't.

Twilight: Trust me. I've read all her biopics, the original screenplays—

Micro: Wait. *Her* biopics? You think MC Dex-FX is a girl?

(She pronounces “biopics” to rhyme with “topics” and emphasizes the second syllable, while he uses the conventional “BY-oh-picks.”)

Twilight: Just because she always wears a helmet made of recycled disco balls doesn't mean I can't tell.

Micro: I guess we'll see.

Twilight: *(laughing scornfully, walking past him with Spike)* Oh, we will see, won't we?

(She finds a good vantage point near the front of the crowd and hoists Spike for a quick nuzzle—meaning that her attention is diverted from the stage as Micro runs up onto it. By the time she turns to face front, he has picked up a spherical helmet fitted with an antenna and is putting it on. The opaque face plate completely hides his features; a multicolored signal plays across it, bringing a cheer from the spectators and leaving Twilight completely dumbfounded.)

Twilight: *(to Spike)* Did you...? Is he...? *(He smirks up at her.)* What did...?

(The dog snickers silently to himself as the show begins. The hands of Micro—or his alter ego, MC Dex-FX—alternate between striking poses and maneuvering over the antennas of the theremin before him, generating an eerie, wavering melody over an electronic backbeat.)

Twilight: MC...Micro...Chips?

Spike: *(mockingly)* “Huge fan. Huge.”

(Now he lets go with that suppressed snicker, while Twilight pouts over having made such a fool of herself. Fade to black.)

“Sock It to Me”

(CYOE)

Written by Jim Martin; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then snap to the interior of an open locker in a hallway at Canterlot High School. It belongs to Rainbow, who is hunched down with only the top of her head in view and feverishly throwing things from it over her shoulder. Rarity leans concernedly into view.)

Rainbow: C-C-C-Come on! *(Pinkie and Sunset arrive, the latter carrying her bag.)*

Rarity: Something wrong, Rainbow Dash? *(She is nearly hit by a flying medal.)*

Rainbow: Yeah...

(Straightening up, she presents a white jersey to the camera in place of her everyday wear; its short sleeves yellow with blue trim.)

Rainbow: ...everything!

(Cut to the hallway; framed from the knees up, she turns toward her friends to show a pair of deep blue shorts with a lighter stripe down each side.)

Rainbow: We're playing Crystal Prep in ten minutes and I can't find my lucky sock!

(Tilt down to floor level. Her left lower leg is dressed in a blue/yellow athletic shoe with cleats and a knee-length sock to match her shorts, while the right is entirely bare.)

Sunset: You're not the best player on the team because of some sock.

Pinkie: Yeah! Who needs socks? *(pulling a huge ball of them from her hair)* Viva the Sockless Revolution!

(The mass of laundry is dumped onto Sunset's head, from which it promptly falls to the floor. On the next line, Pinkie pulls a stray from within the magenta curls, throws it down, and runs off.)

Rainbow: *(rummaging in locker)* But we'll never win the championship without it! *(Cut to Rarity.)*

Rarity: Well, lucky for you, your most brilliant friend has come up with a solution. *(Zoom out to frame Rainbow and Sunset, both a touch bewildered.)*

Rainbow: Uh...Twilight?

(Down the way, a giggly Pinkie is being chased by two students as Trixie digs in her own locker.)

Rarity: *(needled, leaning into view)* I mean me! *(calming down)* I can help. I'm brilliant.

(Bulk steps in, wearing his usual jersey/pants/cap.)

Bulk: Ha! Me too! I like helping!

Trixie: *(shutting locker, crossing to them)* Don't forget the Great and Powerful Trixie!

(All three smile toward Rainbow, the magician adding a touch of smugness to her expression. Cut to the athlete and zoom in slowly.)

Rainbow: *(rubbing chin)* Hmmm...

(Prompts for the three volunteers appear around her, and she looks from one to another as the ten-second timer appears, counts down, and fades out. Snap to black behind the prompts.)

“Choose Rarity” ending

(Snap to Rainbow nervously pacing the floor in front of her locker and now wearing both shoes. The end of a table set with a sewing machine extends into view; it is running at full speed, and a short pan brings Rarity into view, seated behind it and wearing her tinted glasses. Her own locker is now open, putting a range of materials and supplies within easy reach. A length of glittery, two-tone purple fabric is being put under the needle.)

[Animation goof: Rainbow's missing sock has switched to her left leg for this scene only.]

Rainbow: *(shuddering, crossing to her)* How's that new lucky sock coming? What's taking so long? *(squatting/standing)* Huh? Rarity? Can I have it? Can I have it? Can I have it now?

(The machine winds to a stop; a light blue hand snakes toward the fabric being run through it, but a white one slaps it away.)

Rarity: No.

Rainbow: *(hands to head)* Ugh!

(She storms o.s., sending back a groan as the machine kicks up again, and throws a panicked look at a wall clock mounted above the lockers. The time is just before 3:30.)

Rainbow: The game's already started!

Rarity: *(bored, stopping machine briefly)* You can't rush fashion, doll.

Rainbow: *(whimpering)* Come on, come on, come on...

(Her words are accompanied by a dissolve to an electronic scoreboard that displays a 2-2 tie between Canterlot High and Crystal Prep Academy. Hearty cheers drift up toward the daytime sky, and the camera cuts to Pinkie and Sunset among the crowd in the bleachers. Pinkie is gobbling popcorn from a bag, her intention fixed on the field, while Sunset no longer has her bag and looks within an inch of going to pieces then and there.)

Sunset: Oh, there's not much time left!

Pinkie: And it's tied! (*squealing shrilly*) I hate this!

(Down on the field, a soccer game is in progress. The referee—dressed in Crystal Prep colors—blows his whistle and walks toward the sidelines as Rainbow scrambles out from the school building and toward the Wondercolts' goalie. She is now wearing two socks, but it is abundantly clear even from this distance that they do not match. Cut to a close-up of her, seen from the waist up, and tilt down to frame the “pair” in full detail on the next line. The left is standard issue, but the right is Rarity's purple creation, studded with large gemstones in a variety of colors.)

Rainbow: (*groaning*) Last time I ask Rarity for help!

(Pinkie and Sunset are quite impressed, the former having gotten rid of her snack. The next two lines overlap.)

Pinkie: Woo-hoo-hoo! Now that's a sock!

Sunset: (*laughing*) Whoa!

(Rainbow goes on the offensive, dribbling the ball down the field, as two Shadowbolts flank her. The action shifts to slow motion as she maneuvers, the sunlight reflecting off the sock's embedded jewels so strongly that one opponent cries out in pain and covers her eyes. Normal speed resumes, the glare temporarily blinding two others, and she charges on to the tune of full-throated cheers from Pinkie and Sunset. Now only the Crystal Prep goalie stands in her way, and a shift to slow motion marks her kick. This time, the jewels produce a strong enough gleam to white out the screen; this subsides to show the goalie just as badly affected as the other players, and the ball sails past her. The Canterlot High score ticks up from 2 to 3, normal speed resuming, and the home squad's supporters erupt in jubilation from top row to bottom. Rainbow's teammates charge toward her...)

Rainbow: Aw, gee, guys. (*They kneel in a tight circle around her...*) I don't deserve the credit. It was all—

(...and stand again, tossing her new sock above their heads and carrying it away with a chant of “Sock! Sock! Sock!” Rarity steps up to the baffled ace player, crossing her arms and offering an “I told you so” smile; she is no longer wearing her glasses.)

Rainbow: (*smiling*) I never doubted you for a second.

Rarity: (*toying with her hair*) That's what I call “fashion-forward.”

Rainbow: Actually, I play left back.

Rarity: (*laughing lightly*) I have no idea what that means.

(Rainbow allows herself a good-natured eye roll. “Iris out” to black, centered on her face.)

“Choose Bulk Biceps” ending

(Snap to Bulk digging through a gym bag on the Canterlot High soccer field as Rainbow looks over his shoulder. It is daytime.)

Bulk: Uh, my mom hasn't washed it since I found five bucks!

Rainbow: *(dully, gagging slightly)* Wow. When was that?

Bulk: Um...last Thursday...

(He triumphantly holds up a ragged old sock enveloped in a miasma of fumes.)

Bulk: ...was the six-year anniversary!

(The blue jock cringes mightily at the prospect of having to actually put this horrid thing in contact with her skin. Tilt up from Bulk to Fluttershy seated in the elevated announcer's booth; a passing bird gets a lungful of the stench and drops with a screech, and she barely manages to catch it in time. She takes a sniff, utters a strangled cry of revulsion, and pinches her nose shut. Rainbow copies the action as a passing Wondercolt teammate faints dead away from exposure.)

(Dissolve to an overhead shot of the field, on which the game is about to get underway. Pinkie and Sunset are in the stands, the latter no longer carrying her bag, and Rainbow has donned both shoes and Bulk's sock but seems to be having real trouble keeping her wits about herself. In close-up, the referee prepares to blow his whistle, only to let it and his clipboard drop when the fumes reach him; he claps both hands to his mouth and very nearly loses his lunch on the spot. A limp hand wave serves as the signal to begin play, and the Canterlot High team advances down the field. Cut to Rainbow's perspective of her teammates, who succumb one by one to the funk.)

Rainbow: Sorry! I know! *(Back to her, cheeks going green.)* Ugh! It's not me! I-I mean, it is, but...i-it's the sock!

(It begins to turn the stomach of one fan after another, and an increasingly frantic Rainbow goes for a shot on goal. The reek forces the Crystal Prep goalie to back off and cover her nose, and the ball strikes home in the net just before she keels over. The scoreboard ticks up a goal for Canterlot High, leaving the score at 3-2 in their favor, and cheers break out in the stands among the spectators who have not passed out. Pinkie has a clothespin on her nose, while all others—including Sunset—have pinched theirs shut. On the field, the teammates of a thoroughly confused Rainbow swarm toward her for an intended celebration, but run off gagging in disgust. Bulk crosses to her as she strips off the borrowed sock.)

Rainbow: Your socks work, Bulk!

Bulk: No, it doesn't. Made it all up. *(Cut to her, he continues o.s., wrapping his hands around hers.)* The real luck was inside you all along. *(Back to him, stepping back.)* I just wanted to teach you a lesson about self-confidence.

Rainbow: Wow, Bulk. Guess there's more to you than I realized.

(The fumes overcome her at long last, and she manages a soft retch before collapsing backwards to be caught under the arms by the big lug. He gives the camera a knowing little smile over her delirious mumbling, and the view fades to black.)

“Choose Trixie” ending

(Snap to Rainbow and Trixie walking down the sidelines of the soccer field. Rainbow is still half-barefoot and carrying her right shoe.)

Rainbow: *(sighing with relief, sitting on a bench)* Thanks, Trixie. You really have a lucky sock that I can borrow?

(The girl with the gargantuan ego produces a black top hat from nowhere.)

Trixie: This magic hat contains my most powerful magic items. *(mumbling, pulling out one sock at a time)* Regular sock...ooh, unlucky sock...oh! Presto!

(Each one is long, a different color, and covered with stars; the first two are thrown aside, while the third is held grandly aloft. Cut to a profile close-up of Rainbow as it is thrust toward her.)

Trixie: *(from o.s.)* A lucky sock! *(Rainbow takes it and smiles; zoom out to frame a mildly chagrined Trixie.)* This is also my laundry bag.

(She voices a tiny little giggle, but Rainbow becomes a trifle uneasy at the revelation. Cut to an overhead shot of the field and bleachers; she runs on and takes her position with almost no time to spare before the whistle blows to start the game. Canterlot High goes on offense, Rainbow receiving a pass from her teammate but soon finding herself in traffic from the Shadowbolts. With no warning, the borrowed sock gleams on its own and seems to take control of Rainbow's right leg; she yells in fright and surprise as the limb swings from side to side.)

Rainbow: *(kicking ball away, veering after it)* What...is...happening?!?

(Cut to Pinkie and Sunset, both on edge and watching from the bleachers. They glance off to one side, the camera panning slightly to frame a smug Trixie sitting a few feet down. Realizing that she is on the receiving end of some unwelcome scrutiny, the performer quickly averts her eyes in her best wordless “who, me?” Down on the field, Rainbow finds herself at the mercy of the sock's enchantment, popping the ball up over her own head and then doing a twisting somersault to blast it toward the Crystal Prep end. The goalie steels herself to block the shot, but survival instincts kick in at the last possible second and she hits the dirt. Only after the ball has rocketed into the net does she dare to raise her head, glasses knocked askew. The scoreboard registers a goal for Canterlot High, putting the score at 3-2 in their favor, and Wondercolt fans in the stands break out in exuberant cheers as Rainbow tosses her right shoe aside and yanks off Trixie's sock. A reach inside, and she finds herself even more confounded upon pulling out a small gray rabbit. The sock is dropped to the grass.)

Rainbow: *(stammering, holding rabbit at arm's length) Uh...Fluttershy?*

(“Iris out” to black, centered on the animal. The aperture pauses long enough for it to voice a squeaky little laugh before closing entirely.)

“Tip Toppings”

(CYOE)

Written by Katie Chilson; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then snap to the exterior of a frozen yogurt shop on a street in Canterlot. Pinkie walks up to the door; inside, she opens it and stands happily regarding the place for a moment before zipping in. Close-up.)

Pinkie: *(singsong)* Guess who’s got pink hair and is ready for some frozen yogurt!

(Zoom out quickly to frame two such girls ahead of her in line, who beam and wave to her—one of them being Fleur. A bewildered, somewhat deflated Pinkie stares as they move ahead.)

Pinkie: All right, but I’m going after you!

(A receipt printer on the front counter cranks out a slip, which is torn loose and handed over to the girl ahead of Pinkie. The cashier on duty is a girl with pigtailed hair in two shades of green, heavy glasses, and a set of braces attached to a wire harness that encircles her entire head at mouth level. The equipment leaves her with a pronounced lisp and spray of saliva when she speaks.)

Cashier: Congratulations! You’re our one-thousandth customer— *(winking, holding up a coupon)* —which means you get one free topping!

(The announcement leaves Pinkie so stunned that she has to shake her head clear, after which she uncorks an ecstatic gasp and takes the prize.)

Pinkie: This is the best day EVER!!

(She moves to a row of self-serve machines almost faster than thought and is quickly filling a cup with one flavor after another.)

Pinkie: *(giddily)* And now for the perfect topping!

(She finds before her a dizzying range of delectable condiments—fruits, nuts, candies, syrups—all ready to be dipped out and added to frozen yogurt. Blue eyes shrink to points as she looks from end to end, unable to do more than voice a blissful shudder that turns into a giggle so high-pitched it could almost double as a dog whistle. Glee quickly gives way to panic, though.)

Pinkie: There’s too many to choose from! *What do I do?!?*

(Comes now the sound of the door opening and the attached bell jingling; pan quickly to Twilight, Applejack, and Fluttershy at the entrance. The first two girls step in, but the glass doors close before the third can follow with the small menagerie of cute critters she is carrying in her

hands and on her head. Pinkie throws herself to the floor before them, frozen yogurt cup held pleadingly.)

Pinkie: Would one of you *please* help me pick the perfect frozen yogurt topping?!? (*Next two lines overlap.*)

Twilight: Sure!

Applejack: Sounds dandy!

Fluttershy: (*muffled by glass*) Oh, um, don't pick me because I'm animal-sitting and they're not allowed in the store.

(The prone Pinkie ponders the prompts for the three girls that appear around her; the usual ten-second timer appearing, ticking down, and fading away. Following this, the view snaps to black around the prompts.)

“Choose Twilight Sparkle” ending

(Snap to Twilight and Pinkie walking through the shop, the former with notebook and pen in hand.)

Twilight: If I'm gonna help you choose the perfect topping, we've gotta do it methodically—

(Zoom out slightly; they have stopped at a table set with small paper cups full of samples from the topping bar.)

Twilight: —which is why...

(Pinkie beams at the bonanza; cut to her perspective, reaching toward one specimen.)

Twilight: (*from o.s.*) Wait! (*The hand freezes; back to the pair.*) We need to log our observations as we sample.

(A decidedly strained grin makes its way onto the pink face, and drops of sweat begin to roll down the forehead.)

Twilight: (*picking up one cup*) Now, cinnamon candies are spicy and sweet, but may not blend well with a fruity yogurt. (*The table; she returns it and continues o.s., holding up another for Pinkie's consideration.*) Chocolate chips or syrup would complement a fruit yogurt nicely.

(On the start of the next line, zoom out to frame the analytical teen. Pinkie's face shifts slowly through increasing degrees of alarm.)

Twilight: (*swapping it for others in turn*) If we go with a chocolate or vanilla base, nuts would be the perfect crunchy treat. Individual sprinkles display a startling variance from the mean.

Pinkie: *Twilight!*

(This outburst fails to shake Twilight out of her research reverie for longer than a fraction of a second. Cut to her perspective as she draws a graph on one page of her notebook.)

Twilight: Done. *(The pair again.)* According to my calculations, the perfect topping is... *(Close-up of the samples; she continues o.s. and taps one with her pen.)* ...chocolate-covered walnuts. *(The pair again.)*

Pinkie: Woo-hoo! *(pouring them onto her yogurt)* Now let's eat!

(Both faces go slack with shock, and a close-up of the snack discloses the reason—the frozen treat has melted into a multicolored soup that is dribbling over the sides of the cup. They stare down at it, then each other; cut to the front counter, Twilight approaching the cashier with a sheepish little smile. She is no longer carrying her notebook and pen.)

Twilight: Uh, we're gonna need another sample cup.

Pinkie: *(from o.s., laughing)* Mmm! The chocolate-covered walnuts *were* the right choice!

(Twilight turns away from the counter and finds her friend slurping down the sugary semi-liquid directly from the cup, leaving smears around her lips.)

Pinkie: Ahh! *(Applejack, seated across the room, grimaces at this bit of gluttony.)*

Twilight: *(brightly)* Never mind!

(She giggles as Pinkie licks part of the mess off her face. Snap to black.)

“Choose Applejack” ending

(Snap to Applejack and Pinkie stepping up to the topping bar.)

Applejack: If it were up to me, I'd go for somethin' fresh and sweet, like...

Pinkie: Candy? *(She licks her chops.)*

Applejack: Fruit!

Pinkie: Oh! I thought you were gonna say... *(greedily, scooping from one container with her spoon)* ...ca-a-a-a-andy. *(Applejack swipes it.)*

Applejack: Candy ain't fresh!

Pinkie: Yeah, but it's candy.

(One hand extracts a spare spoon from the magenta curls and picks up a load of chocolate bits, but again Applejack makes a lightning-fast steal, scattering the contents everywhere.)

Applejack: Just think about it.

(Pinkie brings out a third spoon, fills it, and gets it snatched away.)

Applejack: *(winking)* Fresh fruit is a burst of flavor in every bite.

(Pinkie smiles toward the candy end of the bar, only to find the irritated blonde staring her down at close range.)

Applejack: You're havin' fruit!

(The blue eyes shift toward a bin of sugar-encrusted cherries, and the pink face breaks into a big smile.)

Pinkie: Fruit it is! How about cherries? *(to herself, turning away)* Candy cherries.

(She voices a soft, sneaky laugh, pulling yet one more spoon from her hair and scooping up a charge to show to Applejack with a grin. The latter cocks an eyebrow above her own smile.)

Applejack: *(taking spoon and frozen yogurt from Pinkie)* Allow me.

Pinkie: Mmm-hmm!

(Applejack pivots away so that Pinkie does not see her dump the candy cherries on the floor and get a spoonful of fresh ones to replace them. These are dispensed and the end product returned to Pinkie, who digs in with gusto.)

Pinkie: Mmm...wow! You're right, Applejack! This real fruit sure is good!

Applejack: I know it is.

(Both turn their backs to each other, snickering quietly as the view shifts to a vertically split screen with each in close-up.)

Applejack, Pinkie: Sucker.

(Pinkie chows down, thinking she has gotten the upper hand, but Applejack grins over the knowledge that the last laugh is truly hers. Fade to black.)

“Choose Fluttershy” ending

(Snap to Pinkie crossing to the closed doors of the shop and opening them despite Fluttershy's frantic attempt to wave her off. A minor stampede of small animals thunders in and begins raising a ruckus: picking at the items on the topping bar, harassing one customer after another and upsetting their cups, gorging themselves at the self-serve frozen yogurt machines.)

Cashier: *(stammering)* This is a major health violation! Everybody out!

(Cut to the sidewalk outside the shop. All the customers have been turned out and are dispersing, a sign is hung on the doors as they close, and Twilight/Applejack/Fluttershy/Pinkie find

themselves on the wrong end of more than one filthy look. Pinkie still has her cup, and the animals are gathered out here—birds on a ledge above the doors, land-based creatures on the pavement. Zoom in as Fluttershy sits glumly on the curb.)

Fluttershy: *(to Pinkie, as she sits)* I told you not to pick me.

Pinkie: I don't know what came over me. I guess I'll just have to go topping-less after all.

(A squirrel clambers onto her lap and pulls an acorn from its mouth.)

Pinkie: *(gasping, smiling)* For me?

(It stuffs the nut back in, chews, and spits a mass of bits all over her frozen yogurt. Pinkie takes a spoonful, eyes it warily—then thinks better of the idea of introducing rodent-chewed nut fragments into her seemingly indefatigable digestive system. She and Fluttershy giggle over the unorthodox topping method, Twilight and Applejack joining in silently, and Pinkie slings the spoon over her shoulder. 'Iris out' to black, centered on the squirrel; the aperture pauses long enough for it to grin and squeak happily before closing.)

“Costume Conundrum”

(CYOE)

Written by Kate Leth; story editing by Nick Confalone

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to Applejack, Fluttershy, Rarity, and Sunset hanging out in Sunset’s room. Applejack and Sunset are talking, Fluttershy plays a video game while wearing a headset with attached microphone, and Rarity sits on the steps leading up to the loft so she can touch up her makeup. Zoom in slowly and cut to the fashionista, who breaks off her efforts when her phone goes off, lying atop her purse. A picture of Bulk comes up on the screen; she picks it up, checks it, and smiles.)

Rarity: Don’t be jealous, but I have been invited to an exclusive— *(Zoom out quickly; Applejack and Sunset have their phones in hand now.)*

Applejack, Sunset: —costume party at Bulk Biceps’ house!

Rarity: *(slightly deflated, but relieved)* Oh. Good.

Applejack: Yee-haa!

Sunset: *(laughing)* This is gonna be awesome!

(Her eyes pop as a thought flashes through her mind, and she turns to consider Fluttershy, who whimpers fearfully while looking down at her own phone.)

Sunset: Don’t be nervous. We’ll all go together, Fluttershy.

Fluttershy: I-It’s not that, it’s just...the party’s in a few days and I have no idea what I’d wear.

Applejack: *(laughing)* Don’t you worry ’bout that. I got just the thing.

Rarity: I’d be more than willing to help you throw together a dazzling ensemble.

Sunset: *(deviously)* I’m thinking something real spooky.

(All three have stashed their phones by now, as has Fluttershy when the camera shifts back to her. The headset is now dangling around her neck.)

Fluttershy: Hmm...who should I ask for help with my costume?

(She mulls over the prompts for the girls that appear around her; the usual timer appears, runs down, and fades away. Snap to black behind the prompts.)

“Choose Applejack” ending

(Snap to a long shot of the house and barn at Sweet Apple Acres during the day and zoom in slowly.)

Applejack: *(voice over, chuckling)* I’m thrilled you’re willin’ to do this with me, Fluttershy.

(Cut to a close-up of several snoozing chickens, which awaken and vacate their spot in a peal of squawking at her handclaps. They have been resting atop a trunk, and a longer shot puts it at the

foot of Applejack's bed in her room; she and Fluttershy are up here, the latter having shed her headset.)

Applejack: *(kneeling, opening trunk)* I tried to use this costume ages ago with Sunset Shimmer— *(Fluttershy picks up one chicken.)* —but she just wasn't into it.

Fluttershy: *(moving closer)* Uh...what is it? *(Applejack digs around for a moment.)*

Applejack: Heh. Here. *(Fluttershy kneels by the trunk.)* Whatcha think? Ain't she a beaut?

(The yellow girl lets her eyes flick uncertainly between her friend and the yardbird she is till cradling, neither one sure of the best response. Dissolve to a slow pan through the front hall of a different house, filled with partygoers in various costumes—the site of Bulk's party. Among them are Rarity, who has gone for a princess look with a sparkly, jeweled violet gown and tiara that holds the elegant purple locks back; and Sunset as a punk vampire in a gray/black ensemble of combat boots, ripped jeans with rolled-up cuffs, shirt, belt, short messy wig, jacket with rolled-up sleeves, gloves, and heavy eyeshadow. Fake fangs protrude among her upper teeth; the only spots of color on her whole outfit are found in red and purple patches on the jacket sleeves. Rarity is holding a drink, and the night sky is visible through the windows.)

Sunset: Where are those two?

Rarity: I hope Fluttershy didn't get cold feet.

(The sound of the closing front door gives them a jolt, and the camera zooms out to floor level as two pale yellow, horse-like legs step into view in the fore. On the next line, cut to frame the new arrival in full—a giant fabric pony with pink mane/tail, the latter tied back with a pale green bow. A zipper runs up the back, and the head's eyes have been cut away to give the operator a clear view. Although the living eyes are cast in half-shadow, their lashes give away Fluttershy's identity.)

Voice of Applejack: *(muffled)* The only thing these feet are doin' is gettin' ready to cut a rug!

(The classic two-person costume, then, with Applejack bringing up the rear. Rarity gasps softly, hands her drink off to Sunset, and crosses to put an ear to the fabric-covered rump.)

Rarity: Ooh, Fluttershy! I'm sorry she's putting you through this.

Fluttershy: *(muffled)* Actually, Rarity— *(Rarity wheels to the head.)* —it's nice. It's easier to relax when no one can see me.

Voice of Applejack: *(muffled, laughing)* What'd I tell you?

(The zipper comes undone and the farmer stands up through it to full height, spooking Sunset so badly that she cries out and barely stops herself in time from hurling Rarity's drink up the stairs.)

Applejack: A good friend always has your back.

(The ersatz undead girl bobbles the cup and ends up dropping it.)

Sunset: (*embarrassed*) Uh, s-sorry. Heh.

(All four laugh as the view “irises out” to black, centered on the horse’s head. The aperture pauses long enough for its mouth to curve up into a grin, then closes altogether.)

“Choose Rarity” ending

(Snap to a slow pan through Rarity’s bedroom. A rack of garments stands off in one corner, and the bed is piled with raw and finished fabric goods. She has put on her tinted glasses and brought Fluttershy up here.)

Rarity: Oh, Fluttershy! I can’t wait to make you something truly breathtaking. (*She giggles and brings out a measuring tape.*) Now hold still for the next...several days...

(Before Fluttershy can even think about reacting, she finds her various measurements being taken with remarkable speed and efficiency. Rarity trades the tape for a length of magenta cloth, which she drapes over the yellow shoulders and carefully adjusts just so. Another high-velocity run, and she has ditched the tape and is cinching a gold-colored rope insanely tight to serve as a belt. The next trip puts a large swath of cloth in Rarity’s hands, a touch lighter than the impromptu vest; this is whipped out to fill the screen, then drifted away to wipe the view to a close-up of the designer. She gasps in quiet delight.)

Rarity: (*removing glasses*) Rarity, darling, you’ve outdone yourself!

Fluttershy: (*from o.s., teasing singsong*) Rarity...

(She holds a large jar filled with coins into view; a lace heart is tied onto one side, and a slot is cut into the lid.)

Rarity: (*irked*) Oh! I said “darling,” didn’t I? Ohhh...

(She drops in a coin—her equivalent of a fund to which an adult might contribute every time he/she uses bad language—and Fluttershy pulls the jar away. Close-up of her smiling face, a silver tiara nestled in the pink hair; she pivots to get an eyeful of herself in a full-length mirror at the wall, exposing a sliver of dress fabric. Rarity adjusts the glass to give the full view: the same gem-studded violet gown that she herself wore in the “Choose Applejack” ending.)

Fluttershy: (*gasping, twirling*) I look like a princess!

Rarity: Hm, indeed. Now, we still have to find something for you to wear.

Fluttershy: (*confusedly*) Huh? You made this for yourself? (*Rarity wheels a rack partway into view.*)

Rarity: Oh, don’t worry. (*pulling it across in front of her*) You can wear one of my “what-this-old-things.”

(It is filled with dresses in a wide range of styles and colors, every one of which would draw approval from a discerning eye.)

Fluttershy: *(smiling)* Why are they called that? *(Her perspective, tilting up from the hems.)*
They're beautiful. *(Rarity steps in front.)*

Rarity: *(casually, lifting a fold)* What? This old thing?

(“Iris out” to black, the aperture centered on her face and pausing briefly on it before closing.)

“Choose Sunset Shimmer” ending

(To the sound of a door being opened, a vertical shaft of light appears against the black screen and widens to illuminate a cardboard box sitting in a cabinet. A longer shot frames Sunset at its door, near the steps leading to the loft, and Fluttershy a pace or two back.)

Sunset: *(eagerly, pushing sleeves back)* Okay! Let's get started.

(The timid girl gasps, yelps, and ducks as one item after another is flung her way: Sunset's journal, game controller, horseshoes, a plastic-bagged slice of moldy pizza whose odor turns her cheeks green and forces her to clap hands to mouth so as not to blow chunks everywhere. After a little grumbling and rooting around, Sunset brightens and pulls something long and tan-colored from the box.)

Sunset: Aha! Here it is!

(She whirls to show it off in full: a hot-dog costume with a googly-eyed, grinning face and holes cut for arms and legs. Fluttershy cries out in fear and turns away.)

Sunset: *(face falling)* ...n't.

(Tossing it aside, she goes back to rummaging in the box. Her next find is a large toy spider, which draws a noise of frightened disgust from Fluttershy.)

Sunset: *(putting it away)* Nah, too scary.

(Her next find, a pair of oversized joke glasses with silly eyes painted on the lenses, brings Fluttershy to a smile but is similarly rejected.)

Sunset: Not scary enough. *(Now she fishes up a set of plastic fangs, but returns them to the box.)*
Can't picture you as a bat.

(Another box crashes to the floor from above, sending up a cloud of dust; she turns to this and puts fingers to the flaps. Cut to within, the camera aimed up at the top, as she opens it and peers

in. Her critical look turns to a broad smile, but Fluttershy is nowhere near at ease with the contents.)

Sunset: Now *this*, I can work with!

(Fluttershy can manage only a shaky little moan. Dissolve to the front hall of Bulk's house; the costume party is in full swing during the nighttime hours, and its host has dressed himself in gold armor not unlike that worn by the Royal Guard in Equestria, accented by a red cape. He turns to answer the doorbell when it rings; cut to just outside the front door as he opens it to find Sunset in the punk vampire costume she used in the "Choose Applejack" ending.)

Bulk: Hey! Sunset!

(Cut to his perspective of her black-booted feet and tilt up slowly along her height.)

Bulk: Nice costume! *(Inside again.)* Come on in!

Sunset: If you think this is good, wait 'til you see—

(A squelch from the open doorway throws a scare into the muscle-bound boy, and he turns to find a vaguely humanoid figure at the threshold with height to rival his own. The hide is a queasy green, the head is a mass of thick tentacles sporting no fewer than four reptilian eyes, and a curtain of shorter appendages hangs down in front of the mouth. More tentacles form the lower body, and two clawed hands are held ready to clutch at any potential prey that gets within reach. The sight of this apparition drives Bulk to scream in abject fear and take cover behind Sunset.)

Bulk: MONSTER!! *(sobbing)* RUN!!

Creature: *(Fluttershy's voice)* M-M-Monster? Where?

(The costume Sunset picked out has apparently been enough to freak out even its wearer, it seems. She forces its bulk through the doorway with one desperate heave, but loses her balance and ends up on the floor. The head rolls loose and comes to a stop at Bulk's feet; he manages only a choked gasp as Fluttershy raises her head to look him straight on. Instead of being calmed by the revelation of the "monster"'s identity, he screams again.)

Bulk: *(stammering, pointing)* It's...it's mutated into Fluttershy! *(He peels out up the stairs.)*

Sunset: *(to Fluttershy, smiling)* I told you this was a great costume.

(Both laugh over the inadvertent prank they have pulled off. Fade to black.)

“Let It Rain”

Music/Lyrics by Jess Vaughn, Jess Furman, John Jennings Boyd

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to a slow tilt down from the upper reaches of the festival’s side stage. Rain is pouring down, and all the lights are dark. A stool and microphone have been placed at center stage, flanked by an amplifier and an acoustic guitar on a stand. Sunset walks up, jacket slung over one shoulder to expose the sleeveless design of her triangle-patterned top. Setting the garment on the amp, she sits on the stool and picks up the six-string. Spotlights pick her out as she adjusts the mic and begins to play for a sparse group protected by umbrellas.)

Soft, contemplative electric guitar melody with backing synthesizer chords, slow 4 (D major)

Sunset: It’s all right, yeah
I’m walking right beside you
(Her image slides out of view, the background dissolving to the spectators.)
I feel the way, feel the way that you do too
Oh, I can’t lie, sometimes

Bass, drums in; intensity builds

(Now without the guitar, she stands in a violent thunderstorm and tries to shield herself from its bombardment; her colors appear washed out.)

Sunset: Everything feels like it’s just too much
But you gotta let it in even if it’s tough
(Lightning courses into the outstretched arms, concentrating into a brilliant yellow ball when she brings her hands together. Two images of her back toward one another on opposite sides of a diagonally split screen.)
Know it gets better, know it gets better
(The split fades away and the two Sunsets merge into one, letting the energy rip toward the camera and white out the screen.)
Push through the weather, weather

(The glare clears to show her floating in an upright position, the ball gone.)

Sunset: Let it rain
(She splashes down to her knees.)
Let it rain
(The rain pours over her in pastel-hued rivulets.)
Don’t be afraid, walls coming down
Sometimes it hurts, you figure it out
(Now standing and smiling, she throws off the water and regains her vibrant hues.)
Let it rain [rain]

Bass, drums out; intensity drops back

(Dissolve to her on the stage, playing and singing.)

Sunset: Let it rain, it's okay
There's beauty in the breakdown

(The onlookers glance upward and find a patch of sunlit sky beyond a break in the foreboding thunderheads.)

There's sun behind those gray clouds, you know
(Sunset stands and approaches the edge of the stage.)

I can't lie, it's all right

Bass, drums in; intensity builds

Sunset: When everything feels like it's just too much
(People fold up their umbrellas one by one and revel in the rain, their own colors brightening a bit with the removal of their personal shadows.)

But you gotta let it in even if it's tough
(The bonhomie begins to spread, even reaching the impassive security guard who became her on-again-off-again adversary in "Sunset's Backstage Pass." He smiles and cuddles Hattie, the kitten that she and Pinkie brought to him.)

Know it gets better, know it gets better
We push through the weather, weather

(A spark blazes up from the strings and expands toward the crowd, the view dissolving to her standing confidently in the rain without her guitar.)

Sunset: Let it rain [There's beauty, there's beauty in the breakdown]
(Her form disintegrates into a shower of glowing flecks, a wisp of deep red magic wheeling away. Cut to the festival grounds; it winds among one spectator after another, fully restoring their bright colors.)

Let it rain
(The storm subsides and the clouds part to let the sun blaze through.)

Don't be afraid, walls coming down
Sometimes it hurts, you figure it out
(Sunset strolls past, playing and singing; behind her, wipe to the listeners now fully back to themselves on a dry field.)

Let it rain [rain] [There's beauty, there's beauty in the breakdown]
Let it rain

Bass, drums out; intensity drops back; tempo slows

(Cut to her, standing at the microphone, and tilt up slowly toward her serenely smiling face.)

Sunset: Let it rain

***Song ends on a quiet chord in G major with added ninth, strummed note by note
(Fade to black at the same time.)***

“Do It for the Ponygram!”

Notes: Unlike the other shorts to date, this one does not have a title card or list any writing/production credits.

Each of these snippets except the last ends with a brief blip of sound and a black flash.

(Snap to a close-up of Rarity sitting in her bedroom and facing away from the camera. She pivots suavely toward the lens, only for her hair to swing out and cover her face; one strand winds up caught in her mouth.)

Rarity: Oh! Uh...

(She leans forward with a grunt to cover the lens with her hands; the screen briefly fills with static, then clears to show her trying it again—only for her coiffure to come undone in dramatic fashion. She shudders audibly upon realizing the blunder; another flash of static, and she turns to the camera while blow-drying her hair. When she switches the machine off, though, the purple locks settle into Pinkie’s fluffy curls instead of her own signature style; a look of dawning horror settles onto her face as her fingers tell her just how badly this attempt has gone. More static, and she reappears with her hair fully restored. This turn succeeds with not a strand out of place, and she flicks her hair with an alluring smile.)

Rarity: Hashtag “perfect on the first try.”

(A wink is accompanied by pink hearts appearing around her face.)

(Extreme close-up of a drop of green liquid being poured from a test tube and falling into a funnel held in a clamp. It flows along a tube coiled around a thin glass vessel on a laboratory counter and drains into a flask of blue solution being heated by a burner. This quickly starts to boil, sending up vapor that wends through an overhead tube and enters a large vessel with a spout like a teapot. A cloud of yellowish steam sings out, and a droplet of liquid exits through a side nozzle and falls into a flask of reddish liquid. Bubbles start to form in short order, and a slug of vapor travels up into yet another flask, this one holding a bright pink reagent. More bubbles here; gas goes across to a pale green mixture in the next flask. This reacts in like manner and lets a drip free to flow down a pipe and drop into an open container at the very end of the line. The

addition triggers a screen-filling burst of yellow-green fumes; after these have cleared, Twilight leans into view in extreme close-up.)

Twilight: Science!

(Applejack, Fluttershy, and Sunset stand near the trophy cases in the front hall of Canterlot High. Zoom out quickly to frame Pinkie standing a few yards away and aiming her party cannon at them, a rope attached to its breech and looped around her hand.)

Pinkie: Party time!

(A hard yank discharges its freight of confetti—and after a moment, the motion reverses itself as if it were on a film being rewound. The entire sequence repeats itself once, then plays partway through again before being cut off.)

(Fluttershy's bedroom at home—bed with a butterfly-patterned blanket and a headboard carved with oversized rabbit ears, butterfly lampshade and wall decorations, pictures of herself and her rabbit Angel. She is stretched out on her bed to do a little reading; it takes a second or two for the camera to straighten and focus itself.)

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Time to fly!

(She drops into view from above, landing on the mattress hard enough to launch its owner and her book toward the ceiling.)

Fluttershy: Huh?

(The surprise arrival plays in reverse as in the previous clip. The whole cycle repeats itself once in full, but without Fluttershy's exclamation, then gets halfway through another such iteration before cutoff.)

(Pinkie and Rarity sit in the latter's bedroom, framed in close-up with a few control buttons displayed at the bottom edge of the screen—a video call in progress.)

Rarity: Hey, dars! That's what we're calling darlings now. It's all part of our new slanguage we're calling...

Pinkie: *(leaning briefly toward camera)* ...Sweet Breeves!

Rarity: Everything's cooler when you abbreviate it.

(Slowly and laboriously, she reels off a short string of gibberish syllables.)

Pinkie: Totes! That's an abreeve, as in "I totes have no idea what you just said." (*Giggle.*)

Rarity: That is the power of breeves. P to the breeve.

(Extreme close-up of Rainbow, hiding in a half-open locker at Canterlot High and snickering uncontrollably. The perspective is that of a video camera trained on her and the hallway beyond.)

Rainbow: *(reverberating slightly)* I'm gonna hide in Pinkie's locker and scare her when she—

(She utterly fails to notice a set of pink fingers wrapping themselves around the door's edge as she speaks, much less the owner of those fingers leaning over to peer in. As a result, Rainbow lets go with a blood-curdling scream when Pinkie yanks the door fully open and grins in at her.)

(Sunset leans toward the camera, adjusting it, and backs off once she has it just so. She and the other Rainbooms except for Pinkie are gathered in a school hallway and tense for action as its timer beeps. A series of camera flashes shifts the view from one freeze frame to another. The girls leaping toward the ceiling, Twilight with glasses askew...Fluttershy as the last girl standing amid an undignified heap of the other five...she huddles down behind her hair as the others get airborne again, Rainbow launching a high kick...all six now really getting into the act together.)

(Snips is down on all fours in the middle of a school hallway, while Snails kneels by him holding a partly full water bottle. Several students have gathered to watch, and Snips giggles stupidly as Snails tosses the bottle toward his friend's back; it completes three-fourths of a rotation, lands on its side, and rolls off to the floor. The thrower scoops it up with a hasty grin.)

Snips: Oh, oh! Okay, okay! T-Try again!

(A second toss meets the same result, then a third; on the fourth go, the bottle is caught in midair by Celestia, who has come upon the scene unnoticed. Snips stands up, and all the students gasp at her arrival before a flick of the wrist sets the bottle spinning through the air. It plunks down onto Snips' head and remains there, upright and perfectly balanced, and the students completely freak out as the camera shakes to the sound of a simulated earthquake. The smirking principal extends one arm with index finger pointed over their heads; zoom in quickly to a low-resolution close-up of her face, a pair of sunglasses superimposing themselves over her eyes.)

(All the Rainbooms except for Fluttershy and Rainbow stand around a basketball goal in the gym. The blue jock leans into view with a grin and passes a volleyball to Sunset, then uses her super speed to cross to Applejack. The ball is tossed to one side and prevented from hitting the floor by Fluttershy, who dives into view to knock it upward with her joined forearms. It sails toward Rarity, who creates a gem shield to bounce it up over the hoop, and Twilight exerts her levitation to hoist Pinkie up into a midair backflip so that she can kick it across.)

Pinkie: Woo-hoo!

(Applejack heaves Rainbow into the air so she can “pony up,” catch the ball, and slam-dunk it. All seven girls cheer as the camera pivots quickly to frame an extreme close-up of a jubilant Trixie holding it—she has been committing the proceedings to video.)

(Standing outside Canterlot High, Bulk adjusts the camera with one hand while holding his dog in the other—see the two “Best in Show” shorts. Pet and owner are both wearing the sushi-patterned kerchiefs from that time around their necks. Pinkie pops up in the background.)

Pinkie: Cupcakes! *(She zips up to them and taps the dog’s head.)* Vanilla swirl!

(An image of this treat superimposes itself on the fluffy little head, puzzling Bulk considerably. Next, DJ P0N-3 flashes a peace sign with one hand while adjusting a camera with the other, standing behind her decks in a music practice room. Pinkie peeks up over the edge and points at one cheek.)

Pinkie: Chocolate crunch!

(A cupcake of this type covers the remixer’s face. Next Pinkie slides into view by a flower on the lawn, giggles, and points; a treat pops up to cover the blossom. Applejack is next on the list, getting her nose poked to irritate her visibly.)

Pinkie: Strawberry coconut!

(Her mug disappears behind the baked good. Next Pinkie stands adjusting the camera, while Twilight and Timber Spruce sit at a restaurant table just behind her.)

Pinkie: *(pointing to Twilight)* Lemon drop! *(then Timber)* Key lime!

(Each face gets blocked out as she indicates it. Her next target is Sunset, who walks with a laughing Flash; Pinkie leans into view in the fore.)

Pinkie: *(indicating Sunset, Flash in turn; each one gets the same treatment)* Orange creamsicle!
Raspberry ganache!

(A moment during “The Other Side”: Rarity, in her dark bodysuit, cape, and jeweled brooch, strides along the beach at sunrise only to stumble and fall.)

Rarity: Whoaaa!

(The accompanying music stops abruptly when she hits the ground. Next she drapes herself over the beachside collection of gigantic jewels, the cape and brooch gone, but badly fumbles the telephone and ends up with its cord snagged on one of her high heels. A blip and white flash, and she has managed to tangle up all four limbs. From here, cut to her standing on the sand and turning to face the camera, her cape and brooch on again; the music resumes.)

Rarity: Won't stop 'til I seize the day
(A dolphin leaps through the water behind her; a gust of wind wraps the cape around her entire form.)

My wheels keep turn—

(The track winds to a stop as she topples over, and muffled exclamations penetrate the cloth as the diving mammal laughs itself silly. The next shot is a close-up of her standing with arms spread and no cape/brooch; the tide suddenly surges in, leaving time for nothing but one stunned gasp before she gets thoroughly drenched. The load of seawater bulging out her cheeks is petulantly spat out.)

(A moment from “Five to Nine”: Macintosh ambles toward the bottom of the staircase in the house at Sweet Apple Acres, while Applejack slides down the banister. She is dressed in her housework outfit of jeans and red/white work shirt and hair kerchief.)

Applejack: Yee-haa!

(The siblings collide; Macintosh catches Applejack, but the hit spins him on his feet and leaves both of them badly disoriented. Next, in the barn, she finishes loading hay into a wheelbarrow and prepares to trundle it away—that is, until Pinkie bursts upward from the pile.)

Pinkie: Woo-hoo!

(Both girls laugh over the joke. As the song ends, Applejack undoes the knotted kerchief and lets her hair fall loose, only to find it stuck as a frizzed-out fan.)

Applejack: (sourly) Oh, apple fudge.

(Twilight hunches in a Canterlot High hallway, peeking in through an open classroom door to watch Cranky bust a few old-school dance moves without being spotted. He is dressed in the breakdancing outfit he wore during the “Choose Celestia” ending of “The Road Less Scheduled.” Sunset leans into view facing the camera and, after putting a finger to her lips in a silent shushing, walks in and goes into a dance of her own. Twilight’s giggle draws Cranky’s attention to the intruder; he freezes in his tracks as she keeps her groove going. Snap to black.)

“Cheer You On”

Music/Lyrics by Jess Vaughn, Jess Furman, John Jennings Boyd

(Opening shot: fade to black from the title card, then in to an overhead shot of the Canterlot High gym. Rows of chairs have been set up facing the stage at one end, and Twilight and Sunset take seats with their friends up front. Pan along the row to the buzz of other attendees’ conversation, the seven girls passing the idle moments in various ways, then cut to the dim stage. A three-piece combo is preparing to play—guitar, drums, and Sandalwood on keyboard—and spotlights flick on to illuminate them and a microphone stand.)

***Spacey synthesizer melody, fast 4 (B flat major)
Quiet piano enters after four bars***

(The guitarist nods over his instrument, drumsticks are picked up and twirled, and Sandalwood gets his fingers moving as Flash enters and steps to the mic. Gray pants; blue high-top sneakers with lightning bolts and folded-down sides; collared, deep red shirt marked by glitter around the collar and upper chest and rolled-up long sleeves; bracelets on one wrist.)

***Sparse percussion in; piano out
Flash’s vocals bear traces of electronic processing***

Flash: Leading ladies, I’m happy where I stand
 ’Cause you’re the superstars and I’m a super fan, yeah
 You’re my heroes, you’ve got the master plan
 So into you

Full percussion and electric guitar in; half-time feel

(An explosion tears through the wall behind the audience, and a robot patterned after Micro’s JVJ-24601 creation from the “Best in Show” shorts storms in. It is far larger than that earlier “pet,” with four flexible, pincer-tipped arms and two angry faces on the toast slices protruding from the top of its central chassis. Students flee for their lives—all except the Rainbooms, who resolutely get to their feet, Rainbow kicking her chair over for good measure.)

Flash: I’m just here to cheer you on

Someone you can count on

(Extreme close-up of Sunset's pendant against a white ground; it floats backward and settles around her neck as she fades into view with the others. Floating in a starry void striped in their signature colors, they pony up and assume their superhero outfits from "Forgotten Friendship" and "Rollercoaster of Friendship." The pendants disappear in the transformation.)

I live to cheer you o-o-on

(He sings against a backdrop of the shield/lightning-bolt from the sleeve of his usual sweatshirt.)

The supporting man in your world

(The view behind him dissolves to the gym stage; the septet hovers above the four performers and flies off.)

All for Equestria Girls [Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls]

Yeah

(As the girls land to assess the situation, JVJ keeps tearing the place up and Micro hammers at a remote control in a futile ploy to rein it in.)

[All for Equestria Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls]

Yeah

Guitar out; percussion drops back

(It gathers power into the pincers, ready to nail him with a few million volts, but a thrown chair connects with one shoulder and shorts out the attack. The mechanical beast grinds toward the girls; Flash runs to them as they take flight.)

Flash: If I could be the wind under your wings [your wings]

(Rainbow circles it at insane speed, avoiding its laser blasts, while Twilight levitates it into range for Applejack to smash it down with one crushing punch.)

To watch you soar so high makes my heart sing [oh, yeah]

(Fluttershy carries Micro safely away from its impact against the floor, Sunset doing the same for Flash. Rarity throws up a set of gem shields to protect them and herself from its shots, then sends up one more for Pinkie to ride through the air.)

You don't have to ask, I'd do anything

(The human dynamo flings a double handful of magically charged candies that explode against the hull.)

So into you

Full percussion and guitar in

(Cut to one exterior wall, which disappears in a belch of dust and rubble; the girls are propelled out through the fresh hole and JVJ stalks after them.)

Flash: I'm just here to cheer you on

(They fetch up near the bleachers, Sunset back in her civilian clothes and no longer ponied up.)

Magnificent and strong

(She notices that her pendant is no longer at her throat, but lying in the grass several yards away; JVJ's treads roll toward them, just missing it to either side.)

Someone you can count o-o-on

(Flash rushes toward the scene, ignoring the concern of Micro and the guitarist and drummer—the latter two having abandoned their instruments.)

The supporting man in your world
All for Equestria Girls

(Light green fingers wrap around the edge of the camera lens and pull it around; they belong to Sandalwood, framed from the waist up. He has traded his usual eco-kid attire for a blue/white basketball jersey over a red tank top, a red bucket hat with a blue logo and gold sparkles around the brim, a heavy gold horseshoe on a necklace, and one thin bracelet. Flash's cutie mark stands behind him.)

Rap; guitar out; percussion drops back; synth/piano chords only

Sandalwood:

Haters can hate, he knows where he stands

(Flash throws himself into a feet-first slide under JVJ and scoops up Sunset's pendant along the way.)

They wish they could be an Equestria Man
He is the one, he'll never be fake

(The rocker gets upright, but is lost in the dust clouds thrown up by its leaping smash.)

Friendship forever, bonds you don't break

(Panels showing close-ups of the four panicked male onlookers slide together to tile the screen, followed by a cut to a seven-way split screen of the equally thunderstruck girls.)

"F" is for freedom, "R" is for rare

(Applejack and Rainbow launch a new one-two combo.)

"I" is inspired, "E"-questria, yeah

"N", never-ending, "D" is for dreaming

(The other five can only goggle at Flash's fist, clenched around the chain of Sunset's pendant; he is showing his share of scrapes and dings, but Rainbow has lent a hand and shoulder to help him stand.)

Don't stop believing, he'll always be there

[Animation goof: Sunset is already wearing her pendant in this shot.]

Rap ends; piano out; guitar, full percussion in

(The owner smiles gratefully and clasps it around her neck, instantly ponying up and shifting to her hero attire, and Flash's injuries are healed just as rapidly.)

Flash:

I'm just here to cheer you on

(The whole band plays again, Sandalwood back in his everyday outfit. Next Flash appears with his shirt blowing open, arms spread wide, and a pendant of his own—a gold lightning bolt. The background goes a sparkly red-orange, projecting a slow pan across a softly focused close-up of his head and shoulders.)

Someone you can count on [yeah]

(The bleachers: he throws a bottle of water toward the fray as the rest of the band cheers and Sandalwood and the drummer shake pompoms. His shirt is buttoned again.)

I live to cheer you o-o-on [oh-h]

(As the other Rainbooms keep up the fight, Rainbow catches the drink and takes a swig. Her next move is to toss it up and do a backflip, kicking the bottle straight at JVJ and liberally soaking both of its nicely browned heads. The girls then regroup.)

The supporting man in your world

(Sunset's fellow fighters rise into the air one by one, firing beams in their respective colors from hands or feet.)

All for Equestria Girls [Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls]

Magnificent and strong [Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls]

(The energies are all focused on Sunset, eyes burning white and body outlined in her own red aura. She pours the juice into her extended palms and lets JVJ have it in the faces.)

Someone you can count o-o-on

(It disappears under the blinding whiteness of the team's onslaught.)

The supporting man in your world

A cappella

(Fade in to a close-up of Flash and zoom out. He, the rest of his band, the girls, and Micro are ranged on/above/in front of the bleachers, celebrating over the smoking remains of the defeated robot.)

All for Equestria Girls

Song ends

(Fade to black.)