

SHE'S ALL YAK

Written by Brian Hohlfield

Produced by Devon Cody

Story editing by Nicole Dubuc, Josh Haber

Supervising direction by Jim Miller

Directed by Denny Lu, Mike Myhre

Transcribed by Alan Back (ajback@yahoo.com)

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of a notice being magically tacked up on a bulletin board—two ponies dancing against a pastel rainbow background—and zoom out to put Twilight Sparkle in the foreground, controlling it.)

Silverstream: *(from o.s., gasping excitedly)* See?

(Twilight pivots toward her voice, levitating a stack of extra copies, and finds all six student friends approaching. They are in a corridor of the School of Friendship.)

Silverstream: New posters! We never had those underwater!

(All six cluster in around the headmare, shouting a cacophony of questions until she speaks. Daytime sky is visible through the windows.)

Twilight: I won't keep you in suspense any longer. We're bringing one of Ponyville's oldest traditions to our school—the Fetlock Fête! *(Close-up of a confused Smolder.)*

Smolder: *(scratching head)* The What-lock What? *(Zoom out to frame Ocellus and Sandbar on the next line.)*

Sandbar: It's a pony dance party. They're the best!

Ocellus: I'm ready!

(She proves it by transforming into a bucktoothed yellow earth pony filly and striking a pose.)

Twilight: *(laughing)* You don't need to do that, Ocellus. This year, the event's at school and open to everycreature. We're calling our dance the Amity Ball.

Ocellus: Even better! *(She reverts to her natural form; concern registers on Yona's face.)*

Yona: Yona not know Amity Ball dance. Yona only know traditional dance of Yakyakistan. Go like this!

(Namely: hurling herself back and forth through the corridor, shaking the entire building every time she lands and ending up a few yards down the way.)

Yona: Ball dance like that? *(She flops onto her belly and stands up dizzily.)*

Sandbar: *(laughing, crossing to her)* Not exactly. It isn't just one dance, it's a whole night of 'em! Plus an awesome party.

(Twilight moves toward a trophy cup in a display case—gold, topped by figurines of two ponies dancing with forelegs linked.)

Twilight: And we'll have all the old Fetlock Fête traditions. The Pony Pal Contest, the Lucky Pot Dinner—you'll love it! *(levitating notices)* So like this says, "Get your pony pal and come along!"

Smolder: *(to Gallus)* Want to go? I got nothing better to do.

Gallus: *(slyly, snapping talons)* You had me at "dinner."

(The dragon returns the gesture and adds a wink, prompting a giggle from Silverstream.)

Twilight: *(attaching a sheet to a wall)* Now who wants to help me hang more posters?

Silverstream: Meeee!

Ocellus: Sure!

(The crowd disperses to leave Yona pondering the trophy; Sandbar hesitates for the briefest of moments before stepping up behind her.)

Sandbar: Hey, Yona! *(blushing, bashfully)* Want to be my pony pal? We can enter the contest together.

Yona: But... Yona yak. Yona not pony.

Sandbar: So?

(She points ahead; cut to her perspective, indicating each figurine on the trophy and one notice in turn.)

Yona: Pony, pony, more pony. *(Back to the two.)*

Sandbar: Aw, that's just a poster. Come on! It'll be tons of fun together. Promise. *(Yona mulls it over, then smiles.)*

Yona: Okay. Yona go with Sandbar.

(The pale green colt is taken slightly aback at her ready acceptance of his offer and the hoof being extended toward him. Once his brain kicks back into gear, he beams and shakes it with enthusiasm.)

Sandbar: Oh, great! I'll get the tickets. *(backing away)* See you later!

(With a laugh and a merry click of his rear hooves, he trots off.)

Yona: *(waving after him)* Yona not let Sandbar down! Yak best at being pony pal! *(to herself)* But Yona not sure how, if she not pony.

(She is immediately bowled out of the way by a ruffled Rarity and the wheeled rack of dresses under her control. The unicorn has her reading glasses balanced on the bridge of her nose and a measuring tape draped across her shoulders. A longer shot puts Yona on the floor, the rack lodged across her humped back.)

Rarity: *(floating/rolling it away, moving with it)* Ooh! Oh, terribly sorry, Yona. All these dresses I'm sewing for the dance have me completely frazzled. *(Yona stands up.)*

Yona: Dress? *(suddenly panicked)* Yona need dress for dance? *(Zoom in slowly.)* Yona have lot to learn about being best pony pal.

(Fade to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to Rarity's upper-story workspace and living quarters within the Carousel Boutique. Her glasses still on, her measuring tape gone, and her mane now back in order, she sits running her sewing machine to stitch up a dress. A knock at the closed door startles her into a yelp and a break in the action, and the bottom half swings open so Yona can poke her head in from the hall.)

Yona: Yona interrupting?

Rarity: *(laughing nervously)* Oh! Well, not interrupting, exactly. *(floating up mis-stitched cloth)* More like blocking the flow—uh, stopping me from what I'm do—so, yes, i-i-interrupting. *(Toss it aside; compose herself.)* Now, what can I do for you, Yona?

Yona: *(opening top half of door, walking in)* Yona not know yak need special pony dress for dance. Yona no can wear what Yona always wear?

Rarity: *(crossing to her, levitating glasses away)* Yona could—I mean, you could. But the Fetlock Fête, or whatever Twilight is calling it—it's all about a tradition. There's a certain way to do everything at the dance.

Yona: *(enthusiastically, resting hoof on Rarity's chest)* Yes! That what Yona want to learn! How to do all the pony things, even if Yona has to wear dress.

Rarity: *(flustered)* Well, uh, y-y-yes, if that's what you really want.

Yona: *(nodding)* Mmm-hmm! *(Rarity brings the tape up in her aura and begins to take measurements.)* Yona be best pony pal for Sandbar.

(The edge of the blanket across her back is lifted for a close examination as the tape drifts away.)

Rarity: In that case, at an elegant affair like a pony dance, one must converse in a sophisticated fashion.

(She floats up a bowl of Brussels sprouts and balances them on a hoof.)

Rarity: Talking with Brussels sprouts in your mouth helps you to learn to articulate.

(This last word is over-enunciated as one of the vegetables rises free.)

Rarity: Take a mouthful— *(Two more come up; she rolls her next R.)*—and repeat after me.

(All three are abruptly stuffed into Yona's mouth to bulge her cheeks, and the bowl is set down.)

*** *From here on in, all lines marked with an asterisk are delivered in a very refined, quasi-British accent.* ***

* **Rarity:** How kind of you to ask me to tea.

(The young bovid tries to mimic the delivery, but can do no better than an overstuffed mumble.)

* **Rarity:** May I offer you a glass of punch? *(More of the same; her field lifts and opens a parasol.)* The weather is quite agreeable today.

(After copying this line as best she can, Yona chews and swallows her freight of leafy greens. The ensuing belch sets the whole place shaking, blows the parasol out of Rarity's grip, and ejects a masticated fragment to stick on one white cheek. Irritated, she magically peels it away as Yona licks her chops and smiles.)

Yona: Yona like Brussels sprouts.

Rarity: *(dryly)* Let's move on.

(She turns away to lead her pupil across the floor, a rain of these vegetables tumbling down past the camera. Behind them, the view wipes to their images reflected in a mirror of the ground-floor showroom, Yona's broad face displaying more than a little trepidation.)

Rarity: *(levitating one looped braid)* We will need to do something about your hairstyle, but first...

(She releases her grip; cut to a longer shot. Yona is seated on a swivel chair before a vanity counter.)

Rarity: *(trotting across room, turning chair 180 degrees)* ...let's find the right dress.

(She returns, towing a rack of them, and begins sifting through the lot.)

Rarity: Now...purple taffeta...frosted chiffon... *(Gasp.)* ...gold brocade! One of my favorites.

Yona: Yona like brown.

Rarity: (*gagging, tongue lolling out in disgust*) Earth tones. They're so... (*Forced giggle.*)
...earthy, aren't they? (*trotting away, pushing rack in her field*) Don't worry. We shall find something to make you stand out. (*Yona jumps off her chair.*)

Yona: Yona not want to stand out. Yona want to fit in.

Quiet piano melody, moderate 4 (D major)

(*The designer returns, horn aglow to hold several strips of color samples not unlike those used to compare different shades of paint.*)

Rarity: Ah, quite. And by the time we're through, it'll be like you've been going to pony dances your whole life.

Closed hi-hat cymbal on every second beat

(*The strips drop to the floor.*)

Rarity: The more you know how things are done
The more confident you'll be

Acoustic guitar in

(*A green dress hovers under her control and sets itself in front of Yona's chest, drawing a grin.*)

There's more to a dance than just having fun
And there's no better teacher than me

Percussion/brass in with a flourish

(*She twirls across the showroom, clutching the garment.*)

Rarity: Rarity!

Strings, winds in

Yona: Oh, Yona see!

Rarity: When I'm finished with you...

(*She tosses the dress past the camera; being it, wipe to her using horn-power to apply makeup on the student's face.*)

Rarity: You'll start to fit right in
(*Zoom in to an extreme close-up of one ear, from which she peeks out.*)

Listen to me when I say, once you learn the pony way
(*Slide down the braid and launch off it to land amid a crowd of the Canterlot elite.*)

You'll start to fit right in
(*Yona peeks curiously through behind her, makeup off.*)

Yona: (*spoken in rhythm*) Right in!
(*The others drift away, leaving these two alone.*)

Rarity: No need to wait another day to be part of our smart *soiree*

Brass out; mandolin/bass guitar in; percussion drops back, but slowly builds

(A row of dresses materializes one at a time, leaving her in view but blocking out Yona; they are identical except for a brown one that switches to glittery purple at Rarity's touch.)

Rarity: The perfect dress, a color all the rage but still unique
(Yona peeks through; Rarity sends the lot away and spins around her, shifting the braided mane to a waterfall of purple curls and putting her in a green dress trimmed with white lace. The makeup is back on.)

Now lose the braids, try a style more *fantastique*
(File and buffer are applied to a horn; an electric shaver goes to work on the mane.)

Here's what we'll do, we'll hornicure and a de-frizz
(A burst of soap suds, and she is shampooing a sopping-wet, blanket-free Yona.)
We'll dry-shampoo this—whatever yak part this is

Brass sneaks in

(More suds, and a now-dry Yona sits before the vanity with her makeup off, blanket on, braids restored, and the rest of her mane puffed out into a curly brown mass. On each of the following adjectives, Rarity spins the yak's chair to change the coiffure in color and style.)

Rarity: Too curly, too blue
Too retro, too new
(Up next: a copy of Twilight's mane, followed by a mass of pale hair whose dangling end calls to mind an animal's fluffy tail.)

Too "Twilight," too furry
(This proves to be her cat Opalescence, who wakes up with a yawn and jumps away as Rarity pas Yona's hoof.)

We'll find one, don't you worry

Piano out

(She jumps past, the view wiping behind her waving tail to frame her holding up a full-length mirror to a standing Yona. The glass reflects a light brown earth pony mare who matches Yona for eye/mane/tail color, braids/bows, and blanket; by the time Rarity completes a half-circle, the student and her image have traded places.)

Rarity: Choose what you want to be and be it, picture you want to see and see it
(She throws the mirror aside and shakes Pony Yona's hoof; stars and a check mark frame her face as she winks for the camera.)

I'm the mare to guarantee it, you'll fit right in
(She slides out of view as the background dissolves to the other students save Ocellus on the School grounds. Gallus, Sandbar, and Smolder have donned various duds. All faces break into

surprised smiles as the camera cuts to Yona as a yak, now sporting a sun hat with a huge purple bow and carrying a matching parasol.)

My plan, my grand design, your friends will thrill to find

(Rarity pops up in the fore, wearing a violet top hat, as does a second, finery-free Yona.)

A new you that's too divine, yeah, you're gonna

Yona: Yona gonna

Piano in

(Both twirl toward the camera, the view fading to black and reassembling itself as a jigsaw puzzle that shows dozens of Ponyville residents, including Twilight and her friends. A second Rarity appears at one side of the screen, Yona in the opposite lower corner. Both have shed their accoutrements.)

Rarity, Yona: Fit right in

Yona: Right in

Rarity: Listen to me when I say, once you learn the pony way

(The puzzle splits vertically and slides apart to give an overhead shot of the pair twirling with forelegs joined. Zoom out to frame two concentric circles of ponies rotating in opposite directions. They are in a large chamber within the School.)

Rarity, Yona: You'll/I'll start to fit right in

Rarity: Right in

(Ground level: Yona gallops up and slides to a stop between one row of well-dressed stallions and a second of thoroughly primed mares. The ponies within each row are identical.)

Yona: Yak not waste another day to be part of your pony way

(Rarity sings the last word of this line with her, shifting into a higher vocal register; in a blink, Yona has pulled her to another part of the floor and both are up on their hind legs to do a dance step.)

Yona: Yak not waste another day to

Rarity, Yona: Fit right in

(The hairy would-be socialite tries to imitate a pirouette, but loses control of it and topples down a short flight of steps to land gracelessly on her belly in front of Rarity.)

Song ends in time with her impact

(Opal plops down squarely on the brown head, but jumps off in time with Rarity's sudden gasp.)

Rarity: I almost forgot! The most important part of the ball!

Yona: *(standing up, scoffing)* Oh, Yona already have pony pal.

Rarity: *(smiling)* Oh, not that, darling. The dancing! And I know precisely who can help.

(She tosses a wink and sets off, Yona following eagerly. Dissolve to the School gym, where they arrive to find Fluttershy and Rainbow Dash waiting for them. Also present are a crank-operated phonograph and Fluttershy's rabbit Angel.)

Yona: *(to Rarity)* Uh...Rainbow Dash and Fluttershy good at dancing? *(Rainbow flies over to them.)*

Rainbow: Don't be so surprised. I'm awesome at everything. *(Grin; continue sheepishly.)*
Except for baking. *(Fluttershy crosses to them.)*

Fluttershy: There are two traditional dances that everypony does at the Fête. After a few days of practicing with us, you'll know them both.

Yona: And fit right in!

Rarity: Absolutely. We'll start with the slow dance, the Pony Cotillion. That's Fluttershy's specialty. *(Yona grins.)*

Fluttershy: *(giggling, blushing)* Oh, I wouldn't say "specialty." It's just fun.

(Here comes Angel, struggling not to drop a wide roll of material.)

Fluttershy: Here, Yona. I made you a chart.

(Which the little fuzzball sets on the floor and pushes to start it unrolling. The "chart" proves to be dozens of yards long, packed with a multicolored tangle of paths and steps that would send any Twister enthusiast screaming for the hills. Cut to Yona, whose face projects her instant unease as she leans down to survey the stretch immediately in front of her.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* All you have to do is follow these dance steps. *(Zoom out to frame both as Yona straightens up.)* You'll learn them in no time.

(A nod across the gym is Angel's cue to kick the phonograph, causing the needle to drop onto a waiting record and start a light orchestral tune. Pegasus and yak step onto the chart.)

Fluttershy: Now just start walking. *(Both step onto the chart; Fluttershy indicates where Yona should place her front hooves.)* Step on whatever color I name. Let's begin.

(moving in time) Blue, red, step ahead.
Green, black, now step back.

Now you try.

Yona: *(clumsily copying her)* Blue, red, step a—
(out of time) Oop! No. Um, Yona start over.

Blue, red, green, black, yak step back?

Fluttershy: Good! Now...

(moving in time; Yona tries to keep up)

Black, green, red, and blue.
Red, black, hold one and two.
Red, blue, red once more.
Green, black, blue, red three and four.

(Yona cries out in distress and spins in place, ending up with all four legs snarled together.)

Yona: Yona feel like she have four front feet!

(Down she goes like a ton of bricks, ending up in a prime position to watch Angel execute his own version of the dance with a beady-eyed smirk. Rarity sighs heavily when the camera cuts to her and Fluttershy.)

Fluttershy: Ooh. Um...maybe we should try this again later.

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Don't worry, Yona. *(She flies past and pulls into a hover above the prone form.)* That was the hard one. Mine's way easier.

(At her winking nod, Angel scampers over to the phonograph and flips the record, switching the orchestral air to a lively guitar/piano boogie. On the next line, Rainbow touches down and Yona clammers up to all fours.)

Rainbow: A little dance called the Pony Prance! The key to this one is speed!

(After a quick back-and-forth pass to limber up, she lands back on the chart and does a couple of steps that get Yona grinning in a hurry.)

Rainbow: Come on, Yona, try it! Just get with the flow and let yourself go!

(The student proceeds to do exactly that, but her energy gets the better of her all too quickly. She knocks over a bin of balls, then a couple of pole-mounted buckball baskets and a rack of dumbbells, and her slide shreds the chart and launches the phonograph over the heads of Fluttershy and Rarity. The music stops abruptly.)

Rarity: Oh, my! *(Rainbow pops into a hover to avoid a beefy charge.)*

Rainbow: Whoa there! *(Yona stops to catch her breath.)*

Yona: YONA LIKE TO FLOW AND GO!!

(Zoom out quickly on the end of this to frame the havoc she has wrought in the gym. Broken and tumbled equipment pieces litter nearly every square inch of the floor, nets and signs have been pulled down from the walls, and the stage behind her is a shambles. Dead silence reigns for a long second before a formerly suspended hoop thuds down at her hooves. The three mares trade looks of mixed concern, disappointment, and chagrin as the view fades to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to a stretch of the Sweet Apple Acres orchards. Big Macintosh rolls a barrel into the trees, while Apple Bloom and Granny Smith look through a tub of apples. Pan across the fields toward the main barn, where Rarity and Yona are making their way toward a waiting Applejack and Pinkie Pie.)

Applejack: Welcome to Sweet Apple Acres, Yona. Rarity tells us you need some help gettin' ready for the big dance.

Rarity: Some? Ha! *(catching herself)* Indeed. And we only have a few more days.

Pinkie: *(jumping in place)* Well, you've come to the right place! *(hopping/twirling around Yona)* Because if you asked me what my favorite part of the dance is, I'd say "everything about the dance"! But especially...

(A quick toss of her head allows her to produce a closed, cupcake-shaped basket that hangs from her forelock.)

Pinkie: ...this! The Fetlock Lucky Pot Dinner!

Applejack: It's part of the Ponyville dance tradition. Everypony brings a dish to share.

(The container is set down and a small apple basket is placed alongside, its lid shaped like that fruit.)

Applejack: And we swap 'em without knowin' whose is whose. *(Each mare picks up the other's basket.)* Although my lucky pot prob'ly gives me away. *(Chuckle; cut to Yona.)*

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* You can cook anything you want. *(She leans into view, no longer carrying Applejack's batch, and circles around as she continues.)* But can I suggest, oh, I don't know, maybe... *(leaning hard into Yona's face)* ...cupcakes?!?

Rarity: Uh, I already told Yona a little bit about that tradition. She's even brought her own lucky...bucket.

Yona: Yak buckets are best buckets! Yona think make traditional yak dish.

(From somewhere behind her bulk, she whips out a discolored wooden bucket—no lid, full to overflowing with an odoriferous mass of brownish slime and twigs. The sight and/or smell is enough to stun Pinkie speechless.)

Yona: Tree root stew!

(She places it proudly on the ground; close-up of it as Applejack and Pinkie regard it queasily and the buzzing of flies comes through loud and clear. Applejack no longer carries Pinkie's offering.)

Yona: *(from o.s.)* Extra fiber! Mmm! Ponies like? *(Applejack forces a grin; Pinkie offers a more innocent smile.)*

Pinkie: Hmm, I'm not sure. So, just in case...let's get baking!

(She hops in through the nearest open door, Rarity and Yona following; Applejack, on the other hand, grabs the bucket of stew by its handle in her teeth and hustles it away—perhaps to slop the hogs, fill a pothole, or throw into Ghastly Gorge. Cut to the other three in the kitchen, Pinkie visible as little more than a pink/magenta blur flashing around an utterly flabbergasted Rarity and Yona. Ingredients are procured and actions carried out as she names them.)

Pinkie: *(rapid fire)* Flour, milk, sugar, butter, eggs. Then we mix, and we beat, and we pour into pans, we bake...

(The oven timer dings a split-second later, and she whips out a tray of fully cooked muffins for Yona's puzzled perusal, using oven mitts to keep from burning her hooves. Both these and the brand-new baked goods are slung aside and replaced with an empty mixing bowl.)

Pinkie: ...and now you try it!

(She watches expectantly as the yak tentatively picks up a sack of flour and bites down on one corner. The fabric rips open to dump the stuff into the bowl, triggering a loud sneeze from Yona that fills the screen with opaque white clouds. The view slowly clears to show both her face and every inch of Pinkie liberally coated with flour, along with the walls, ceiling, and floor. Rarity, though, has come out without a speck on her.)

Pinkie: Whoa! That's one way to mix it. *(Applejack enters, carrying a basket of apples.)*

Applejack: Let's try somethin' a little simpler.

(She puts the fruit on the floor and nips one up to place it on the table.)

Applejack: I'm sure we can do somethin' with these.

(A bit of thought brings an inspired smile to Yona's face, in time with a raised hoof. Close-up of the apple as it takes a direct hit, splattering to mush as her savage yell rings out, then of Applejack and the faceful of pulp she is now wearing.)

Applejack: *(wiping herself clean)* Okay! Applesauce it is.

(Her grimace at having to let her prize crop be reduced to such an end is answered by the weary hoof that Rarity puts to her own face at the other end of the table. For their part, Pinkie and Yona grin obliviously. A hail of apples tumbles past the camera, the view wiping behind them to the School gym. Fluttershy has put her dance chart back together and unrolled it for another lesson with Yona, while Rarity has donned her glasses and fired up her horn to do a little tailoring work on the lacy green dress she suggested during her Act One song. Yona is now clean of flour, and the place has been put back in order from her Act One dancing disaster.)

Yona: *(following dance steps)* Blue, red, green—

(She rears up to her hind legs with a frightened yell, coming within an ace of keeling over backwards until Fluttershy hovers up to brace her with a hoof on the back. Down to all fours she goes.)

Yona: Blue...

(Pan quickly to a close-up of a basket of apples being dumped onto a chute by Applejack, then cut to a longer shot. She has just fed part of her load into the family's treadmill-operated cider press on the Sweet Apple Acres grounds; Macintosh is providing the hoof-power, and Granny changes out a freshly filled barrel for an empty. As Applejack carries the basket away, the camera pans to follow her and stops on Yona—standing in a large tub mounted on stilts and stomping merrily away at the contents. Pulp streams from a spigot low on one side and into a waiting barrel, and Applejack tips in the remainder of her basket to keep this end of the process going.)

(Pan quickly to an extreme close-up of one of Yona's hooves receiving a coat of green polish from a magically held brush. A marshmallow has been wedged into its cleft. Once the surface is lustrous enough to reflect Rarity's face, now bare of her glasses, the camera cuts to a longer shot. The two are in the ground-floor showroom of the Carousel Boutique, and Rarity manipulates the marshmallow and brush at the same time as a file floats away from one curved horn. She leans in to blow on the polish and thus dry it; Yona tries to lick it as if it were a toothsome sweet, but Rarity pushes her back with a shake of the head. From here, wipe to the upper-story workspace and living quarters; a plain green dress is maneuvered down and over Yona's head, but after a long bit of tugging and struggling, the cloth splits down the front from collar nearly to hemline. The creator of the freshly shredded frock claps a dismayed hoof to her mouth.)

(Pan quickly to Pinkie, cleaned up from the Sweet Apple Acres flour mishap and mixing up a batch of ingredients in the kitchen of Sugarcube Corner. A slower pan shifts the view to Yona at the other end of the counter, her dress and hoof polish gone; she licks at a spoonful of batter from her own bowl to the sound of a ringing oven timer and a rustle of pans. As she glances back toward Pinkie's end, the camera zooms out to show that the pink pony has just slid a full tray of freshly baked muffins onto a trolley to cool. It joins a dozen or more such loads on the racks, and she grins proudly at her gobsmacked student.)

(Pan quickly to the upper-story workspace/living quarters of the Carousel Boutique. Rarity has set up a table for formal tea, and Yona sits facing a pony-shaped mannequin, cup in hoof and Brussels sprouts in mouth. She voices a badly garbled sentence as part of this latest exercise in etiquette. Another quick pan shifts the view to the hot-tub room in the Ponyville Spa; Yona sits in the big tub, having shed her blanket and disposed of the food, and Rainbow and Rarity—both in full-body biohazard suits—are using levitated/hoof-held brushes to give her a thorough scrubbing. Pan quickly to the School gym; Rainbow hovers here, kitted out with a hockey helmet, stick, and goalie's padded mitt. Yona, now dry and blanketed, bounds into view and is stopped from knocking out any equipment by Rainbow's timely maneuvering to redirect her momentum.)

(Pan quickly to a close-up of her in the Carousel Boutique. She readily stuffs her mouth full of Brussels sprouts before the camera zooms out to frame her in Rarity's upstairs space. The dressmaker has stripped out of her suit, put on her glasses, and started up her sewing machine to repair the dress Yona tore up.)

Yona: *(only slightly garbled, to a mannequin)* How kind of you to ask me to tea.

(Pan quickly to the School gym; standing on the dance chart with her mouth now clear, she mirrors the steps Fluttershy is doing, then turns to get funky with a hovering Rainbow who has shed her hockey gear. Both instructors smile in approval. Dissolve to Twilight's five friends crashed out and snoring heartily in Rarity's space, accompanied by an equally zonked Angel; Rarity has shed her glasses. On the start of the next line, zoom out to show Yona practicing before a mirror—alternating dance and elocution.)

Yona: Blue, red, step ahead.

* How kind of you...

Green, black, Yona step back.

* ...to ask Yona to tea.

(Cut to the mares; she continues o.s. as Rarity slowly wakes up and nudges the others to full consciousness. They stare dumbstruck.)

Black, green, red, and blue.

Red, black, hold one and two.

(Long shot of the entire room, framing her.)

Red, blue, red once more.

Green, black, blue, red three and four.

Rainbow: Look! She's dancing!

Applejack: How 'bout that! And she's good! *(Rarity stands up to face Yona.)*

Rarity: Yona, if someone at the party tells you they are thirsty, you say...?

* **Yona:** May Yona...um, may I offer you a cup of punch?

Rarity: By Celestia, I think she's got it!

Pinkie: She's *really* got it!

Applejack: Yona, you did it!

Rainbow: You dance great! *(Angel now rides on Fluttershy's back.)*

Fluttershy: And are so well-spoken!

Pinkie: You'll be the hit of the ball!

Same melody/tempo/key as Act One song; piano, strings, light percussion that slowly builds

(Rarity ruffles Yona's mane.)

Rarity: You've mastered so many pony ways
And grown a lot in the past few days

(Take one cloven hoof; Yona rises to her hind legs.)

You've shown a turn that has earned our praise

Yona: And now I fit right in

(Rarity joins in for the last word of this line; now the other four gather in close.)

Brass/percussion flourish

Mares: You fit right in

Song ends with a stinger

(Yona grins from ear to ear at their appraisal of her efforts. Dissolve to the exterior of the School at night and zoom in slowly; students are moving toward the open front doors.)

Spike: *(voice over, amplified)* Hel-loooo, everycreature!

(Cut to a close-up of him, standing up into view within a DJ booth. He has decked himself out in a hooded sweatshirt of shiny gray fabric and an oversized helmet styled as a sparkly, darker-tinted version of his own head, with his face visible through the open mouth. He is holding a microphone.)

Spike: *(amplified)* I'm your DJ, Scales-and-Tail, spinning your favorite tunes all night long! So welcome to the Fetlock Fê—I mean—

(Long shot. The booth is set up at the end of the School's entrance hall, which is crowded with revelers and set up with decorations at every level from floor to ceiling. Twilight stands among them.)

Spike: *(amplified)* —the Amity Ball!

(Cheers erupt as the winged unicorn heads off through the throng. Cut to Applejack, polishing the gold Pony Pal trophy seen in the prologue; it stands on a table loaded with closed containers brought in for the Lucky Pot Dinner. As two mares eye the prize admiringly and a third adds to the accumulation of unknown foods, the camera pans to frame Yona's five friends hanging out off to one side. Ocellus and a hovering Silverstream have helped themselves to refreshments, a cup of punch and a plate of snacks respectively; Sandbar tugs nervously at the purple bow tie he has put on for the occasion and licks a hoof to slick down his mane; Gallus and Smolder just stand around looking bored.)

Gallus: I'm just glad I'm here with you guys. At least I'm not the only non-pony in the crowd.

Sandbar: You're not still worried about that, are you? Like Headmare Twilight said, this is a dance for everycreature. There's no pony pressure.

(Quizzical glances among Gallus/Ocellus/Smolder lead to a round of stifled giggles.)

Ocellus: You should've told Yona that.

Sandbar: Uh, what do you mean?

Silverstream: Didn't you hear? Our teachers have been helping her get ready for the dance! *(slyly)* She's been taking lessons.

(A potato chip gets chomped in time with a flick of the brows above the blue-violet eyes.)

Smolder: She's gone full pony for the dance.

Gallus: *(pulling Sandbar's tie)* All for you.

(When he lets go, the accessory snaps back like a rubber band and pitches the colt down to his haunches.)

Sandbar: For me? *(smiling)* Why?

(He pats his mane down as Yona's forelegs step into view behind him—now wearing the green dress trimmed in white lace with added pale green accents, and the edge of a two-tone purple mane-style hanging down into view. Her voice stops him cold.)

* **Yona:** How kind of you to ask me to this soiree, Sandbar.

(His jaw drops once he has swiveled his neck to get an eyeful. Cut a series of softly focused extreme close-up of the following. A pale green ribbon streaming from the end of one horn...a gem-studded, slightly irregular Lucky Pot basket hanging from one hoof...two lavender-shadowed green eyes gazing alluringly through layered, waving purple tresses, a light blue earring in one ear...and then all of her, a dark red-brown belt with a blue flower encircling her midsection and a layer of light blue under the greens at the hem of her dress. She tosses her head to let her new hair stream backward and show off matched pairs of earrings and horn ribbons; her braids are nowhere to be seen.)

(Normal focus resumes with a cut to the rest of the gang, Sandbar backing up toward the other four. The next three lines overlap somewhat.)

Gallus: Huh?

Smolder: Uh, what?

Ocellus: Uh...whoa.

Silverstream: *(making a goofy face, dumping snacks off her plate)* You look so...weird!

Sandbar: Yona?

* **Yona:** Quite. Oh, I do hope I make a good pony pal for you. *(Bat the eyelashes.)*

Sandbar: Uh...of course you do! But, Yona, you didn't need to do any of...*this*.

Smolder: And why are you talking so funny?

* **Yona:** I am not "talking funny," I'm fitting in.

Gallus: *(aside)* Could've fooled me.

(Rarity enters from the front doors, wearing a sleeveless magenta gown with pale pink collar trim; a light yellow puff accentuates the throat, and her mane is bound with a similarly colored clip.)

Rarity: Yona! *(Cross to her.)* You look absolutely scrumptious, darling.

(The two exchange kisses on both cheeks.)

Rarity: *(floating Yona's basket away)* Uh, why don't I get that for you?

(It comes to rest on the table with the others; Rarity crosses to it, followed by a mildly confounded Sandbar and his companion.)

Sandbar: You made a lucky pot?

* **Yona:** Precisely like ponies prepare.

(A whine of feedback curtails any further culinary ponderings. On the start of the next line, cut to a long shot of the hall that frames Twilight hovering above the crowd, Spike's microphone in her telekinetic hold.)

Twilight: *(amplified)* Welcome, everycreature, to our school's first annual Amity Ball! For those of you who've never attended a Fetlock Fête, we can't wait to show you some of our fun traditions on this special night.

(Gallus, Ocellus, Silverstream, and Smolder are the only attendees who fail to cheer and applaud at this pronouncement. Silverstream gulps down the remaining food on her plate; now Twilight flies over to Spike.)

Twilight: *(amplified)* So, Spike—

Spike: Uh, Scales-and-Tail?

Twilight: *(amplified)* Uh, right. Scales-and-Tail. Let's get this party started!

(She wings away, the mic settling into the dragon's clawed grip.)

Spike: *(amplified)* Oh, yeah, party ponies! It's time to raise the roof and stomp your hoof—*(picking up a record)*—for the traditional first dance of the night—the Pony Cotillion!

(Platter meets turntable, needle drops into the groove, and the light orchestral piece that Fluttershy used to teach Yona in Act One begins to play. The two ponies in each pair face each other, bow, and go into a stately dance. Sandbar and Yona watch from the sidelines, the latter's face lighting up after a few steps.)

Yona: Ah! Yona know this one!

Sandbar: You do?

* **Yona:** Indeed.

(doing steps) Green, black, then step back.

(bowing, extending a hoof) Shall we?

(Sandbar hooks it through one of his and leads her toward the dance, passing a table at which Rarity is levitating a dipper and cup to get some punch. She gasps at the sight of them, the drink forgotten, as the rest of Twilight's friends gather to watch. Pinkie giggles, Applejack chuckles, and soon the two students have found a clear patch of floor to carry off the entire sequence flawlessly.)

Sandbar: *(laughing)* Wow! How did you learn this?

* **Yona:** *(glancing toward Rarity and company)* I had good teachers. *(Wink.)*

(All goes well until one rear hoof treads on her lacy hem, causing her to stumble backwards.)

Yona: Whoa!

(Cut to the five mares. She wipes out the punchbowl, Fluttershy, and Rarity, bringing a collective shocked gasp from all present, and comes up wearing the container right side up on her head. The music stops.)

Sandbar: *(from o.s.)* Yona! *(Cut to him, crossing to her.)* Are you all right? *(He extends a hoof.)*

Yona: *(blushing sheepishly)* Yona never practiced dance with dress on. *(catching herself)* Uh, I mean...

(A demure laugh, and she shifts linguistic gears and stands up, holding an empty cup out to him as he withdraws his limb confusedly.)

* **Yona:** ...may I offer you a cup of punch?

(She fills it by tipping her head forward to pour from the bowl still on her head, not spilling a single drop. A squeal of feedback yanks their attention away from the awkward moment.)

Spike: *(from o.s., amplified)* Time to shake things up a little! *(Cut to him.)* That's right, everycreature! It's the Pony Prance!

(The push of a slider control brings up the boogie track that served as accompaniment for Rainbow's lessons on this one, but transposed up a half-step.)

Sandbar: *(as Yona slides cup/punchbowl back onto table)* Uh, maybe we should sit this one out.

* **Yona:** *(panicked)* No! *(She grabs his foreleg and composes herself.)* I do so love the Pony Prance.

(He can do nothing but utter a surprised cry as she drags him bodily into the thick of it. The energetic groove spreads from one dancer to another, and soon Sandbar and Yona are letting it guide their steps and hops. Everything goes swimmingly until her purple hair comes loose—actually a wig—and slides down over her eyes to let her braids fall loose from underneath. Her yelling flails propel her into Sandbar so that he plows into two others. All three ponies go to the floor as Twilight swoops frantically toward them, but the calamity only builds when Yona's thundering passage topples Applejack and Fluttershy; only a lightning-fast grab by Rainbow saves the punchbowl. The entire place begins to shake, causing the needle to slide off Spike's record with a loud scratch, and he falls forward over his turntables and rolls across the floor, losing his microphone. Rarity accentuates the rising panic with an earsplitting scream, and partygoers flee every which way to stay clear of the blindly stampeding yak. Gallus, Ocellus, Silverstream, and Smolder look up in fright from an ongoing card game, Silverstream having had

time to reload and clear her plate if her bulging cheeks are any indication; she tosses it aside and swallows, and all four get it in gear, abandoning the cards.)

Yona: Whooooaaa...

Sandbar: It's okay, Yona!

Smolder: Just stop bouncing!

Gallus: We got you!

(What they actually get is one hit after another upside the head from the thick, lashing braids before she thunders away in a random direction.)

Yona: Wig, come off! *(It finally does.)* Ah?

(Relief turns to an affrighted gasp as she finds herself bearing down on the accumulation of lucky pots. She slams on the brakes, but is too late to avoid a head-on collision that sends them and their contents splattering everywhere. Twilight, now hovering and holding Spike, drops him and conjures up a shield to protect him, herself, and her friends from the barrage. The last thing to hit the floor is the trophy, which topples to its side at Sandbar's besmirched hooves. A few drops of nameless goop splash onto it as the camera tilts up to his dumbstruck visage. Reality sets in after a moment, prompting a horrified gasp as he takes in the extent of the devastation. The only ones to survive unscathed are Twilight and those behind her shield, which she dispels to let the mess caked on it fall away.)

Rarity: What a calamitous yak-cident! *(Yona huddles miserably at the center of it all.)*

Sandbar: Yona!

Ocellus: What happened?

Silverstream: Are you all right?

(Cut to Yona on the end of this; she whirls to face them, eyes full of tears and makeup running.)

Yona: No! Yona not all right! *(sobbing, galloping toward front doors)* Yona want to be alone!

(She breaks down the rest of the way as she exits and Sandbar reaches helplessly after her. The partygoers can only stare in mixed confusion and sadness at the wreckage at all levels from floor to ceiling as the camera zooms out slowly. An overhead banner adds a final insult by choosing this moment to come loose and slither to the floor. Fade to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of a bird perched on a bough of crystalline leaves and tilting its head inquisitively. On the start of the next line, zoom out slightly to frame a brokenhearted Yona slumped at a balcony railing of the crystal treehouse that sprang from the shattered Tree of Harmony in "Uprooted." She has shed her ruined dress and trappings and cleaned away her makeup/food residue, her blanket is on her back, and her braids are looped behind her ears.)

Yona: *(singing tunelessly)* Yona sad, Yona sing sad song, sad Yona

(The bird chirps a bit and flies away.)

Yona: Yona no blame bird. Yona no want to be around Yona either.

(She rests her head disconsolately on her forelegs; long shot of the treehouse.)

Yona: Yona sad, Yona sing sad song

(Sandbar steps into view in the fore on the end of this; cut to the balcony, framing him at a distance. He too has had a chance to clean himself off.)

Sandbar: Yona?

(She spots him, yelps, and dives out of sight; climbing to her level, he finds one young female yak sniffing and huddled miserably on the glimmering floor. He sits on his haunches alongside her as a few tears begin to spill down the hairy brown face.)

Yona: How Sandbar find Yona?

Sandbar: I know you pretty well by now. I figured you'd come here. Besides, it's where I'd go if something like that happened to me.

Yona: *(angrily, standing/stomping; the whole place shakes and he is jolted upright)* Sandbar mean something awful and embarrassing! So awful, Yona cannot come down from treehouse ever!

(In a Pinkie Pie-level display of dexterity, she produces a rope from nowhere and proceeds to lash herself to a support column.)

Yona: Will Sandbar bring Yona food and water? *(Big shiny pleading eyes.)*

Sandbar: You know, it really wasn't that bad. I don't think anycreature hardly even noticed.

(His hopeful grin is met by a very funny look—no sale.)

Sandbar: Well, maybe one or two didn't—if they happened to be in Canterlot for the day. *(brightly)* But anyway, it's all over now, so...will you come back to the dance with me?

(Yona slides glumly down the column, the bindings instantly snapping from the stress imposed by her sheer bulk, and turns to stare out over the balcony railing.)

Yona: Yona disappoint Sandbar. Yona not make very good pony. *(He joins her.)*

Sandbar: Why would you think you disappointed me? And who said anything about having to be a good pony?

Yona: Yona just want to do all the right pony things and fit in at dance! Then maybe Sandbar and Yona win Best Pony Pals Contest. (*bitterly, turning away*) Instead, Yona win Worst Pony Ever.

(*The nearest column becomes the target of a frustrated head thump that sets off a mild tremor.*)

Sandbar: That's not true.

Yona: (*accusingly, poking him in the chest*) Really? Sandbar, name two ponies worse than Yona.

Sandbar: (*smiling confidently*) Cozy Glow and Sombra.

(*The promptness of his answer throws her for a loop, but does make her chuckle.*)

Yona: Okay, Sandbar right. They worse.

Sandbar: Yona, it doesn't really matter if you're a great pony or a horrible pony. (*taking her hoof*) You're the best Yona I know. (*blushing, ruffling his mane*) That's why I asked you to the dance.

Yona: (*blushing*) Really?

Sandbar: I never wanted you to be anything other than what you are—my friend, Yona, the yak.

(*He finds himself on the receiving end of a bone-crushing, lung-squeezing hug, and blushes a bit after it ends.*)

Sandbar: So, what do you say? Let's go back to the dance?

(*Her cheeks tint to match his as her mouth stretches in a surprised little smile. Dissolve to a slow pan through the School's entrance hall, where cleanup efforts are well underway by ponies who are clean in face/body but severely deficient in party spirit. Stop on the other four out-of-town students around a table—Silverstream hovering and eating popcorn from a bag, Gallus and Ocellus sitting slumped over, Smolder with chair tilted back and feet propped up. Rarity trudges past, sighing heavily and towing a bucket of cleaning supplies in her magic, and joins Twilight and company at their varied tasks. The sound of an opening door elicits a round of gasps, Pinkie dropping the broom handle in her teeth; cut to a long shot of the front doors, where Sandbar and Yona have just returned.*)

Sandbar: (*to her, whispering, patting her shoulder*) Don't worry. I'm with you.

(*Almost as soon as they step over the threshold, the rest of the gang is hovering to greet them, Silverstream having disposed of her snack.*)

Gallus: We all are. (*Group hug.*)

Pinkie: (*from o.s.*) Yona! (*Cut to her and the other mares approaching.*) Are you all right?

Fluttershy: We were so worried when you disappeared like that.

Yona: Yona fine. But Yona sorry. Not mean to make such a mess and ruin the pony dance.

Applejack: (*doffing hat*) It's not your fault, sugar cube.

Rainbow: It's the opposite. If anything, we should be apologizing.

Pinkie: I thought we were just teaching you how to have fun at the dance. (*Close-up: Rarity crosses to Yona.*)

Rarity: We never meant to try to turn you into something you're not.

Yona: Is okay. (*gesturing to Sandbar*) Friend helped Yona feed better.

Twilight: (*from o.s.*) And that's why we're giving you this.

(*Cut to her in midair, the glow of her horn bringing in the trophy—fully cleaned and polished, and with a slight alteration. Namely: one of the two dancing-pony figurines is now covered in brown fur and sports a pair of horns.*)

Sandbar, Yona: Huh?

Sandbar: No way! The Pony Pal Prize! (*Applejack has her hat back on.*)

Twilight: From now on, it's the Annual Amity Ball Award for Friendship.

Applejack: No pony-ness required.

Rainbow: (*grabbing/flying it to the pair*) We all decided that you and Yona totally earned this.

(*She hooks it onto one of Yona's horns, from which Rarity floats it down with her power.*)

Rarity: Your actions tonight exemplified the true meaning of friendship.

(*Colt and yak each grip one handle and smile at one another over the figurines.*)

Twilight: Congratulations, you two!

(*All those present echo the sentiment for some seconds before Spike scrambles to the front of the crowd, his helmet having tilted forward to cover his face.*)

Spike: Yona! (*He rights it.*) I'm glad you're back! Everypony wants to learn that crazy dance you did! (*Nods all around.*)

Yona: Yak dance? Is easy! Yona teach— (*glancing at her friends*) —if everycreature want to learn?

Rarity: It would be an honor.

(*In less time than it takes to say "pon de replay," Spike has clambered back up to his post in the DJ booth and fished up his microphone.*)

Spike: (*amplified*) You asked for it, and DJ Scales-and-Tail is gonna deliver! (*slamming a record onto the turntable*) Everycreature join Yona for the Yakyakistan Stomp!

(*A slow, ponderous beat kicks up, incorporating a Russian-influenced stringed instrument melody over heavy percussion. A couple of hoof taps are all that Yona needs to start grooving in her particular fashion, throwing her weight this way and that as the crowd gives her plenty of space. She and Sandbar have put their trophy aside. He is first to join in, and soon every living being in the joint is following suit regardless of age or species and having a laughing, grinning, grunting, room-shaking good time. Fade to black.*)