

IT AIN'T EASY BEING BREEZIES

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Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to a pennant streaming atop a high spire in a gentle breeze during the day. The rooftops of Ponyville are present in the distance, and the camera pans/tilts down to frame Twilight Sparkle and company, except Pinkie Pie, in a stretch of park land outside the village proper. Fluttershy paces past the other four, who have lined up side by side.)

Fluttershy: Okay, everypony. As you know— *(Close-up behind the four; she moves to Rainbow Dash's end.)* —the adorable fairy creatures known as Breezies are about to come through Ponyville. *(Pinkie swings down, hanging from a tree branch by her tail.)*

Pinkie: *(ecstatically)* Yes! *(drumming hooves on trunk)* Ooh, it's so exciting! Ah! *(grabbing Fluttershy's cheeks)* I can't wait for Rainbow Dash to make the breeze for them so I can see how cute they are up close!

Rainbow: I've never done it before. Not that I won't be totally awesome at it, because I totally will!

Fluttershy: And that breeze is very important. *(She hovers in front of the group.)* But so is cheering on those teeny tiny little things, so they have the confidence to ride that breeze to their native land. Did I mention how tiny they are?

(Close-up of a blade of grass; she leans over it as a ladybug crawls toward its tip.)

Fluttershy: *(giddily)* So tiny. *(She turns away; normal tone.)* I was thinking we could do a special Breezie cheer.

(Her tranquil little smile lasts for the split second it takes Pinkie to leap toward her.)

Pinkie: *I love cheers!*

Fluttershy: But these cheers should be quiet cheers. *(hoof briefly to Pinkie's mouth)* We don't want to startle them. They need to be able to concentrate. *(She takes a few steps away.)* Why don't we try it? "You can do it, Breezies!"

Other five: YOU CAN DO IT, BREEZIES!

(This response comes with enough oomph to blow her mane sideways.)

Fluttershy: Oh, my.

Applejack: Heh. Sorry, Fluttershy. I had no idea how hard it was to do a cheer quietly.

Fluttershy: Oh, it's okay. Quiet doesn't come naturally for everypony. Let's try it again.

Other five: *(only slightly less volume)* YOU CAN DO IT, BREEZIES!

Fluttershy: Perhaps just a *little* bit quieter.

Other five: You can do it, Breezies!

Fluttershy: Just a little quieter.

Other five: *(whispering)* You can do it, Breezies! *(Fluttershy shoots up into the air.)*

Fluttershy: *Perfect! (catching herself, dropping back)* Oh! Um, I mean... *(softly)* ...yay.

(She puts on a slightly embarrassed smile at her own outburst. Fade to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to a long overhead shot of Ponyville under the same sort of mild breeze that toyed with the pennant in the prologue. Tilt down to the town square, packed with ponies, and cut to a pan through it at ground level. A three-stallion mariachi band is playing near the town hall, and equines of all ages bustle back and forth. Stop on Rainbow, hovering and watching intently; she puts a front hoof in her mouth to wet it, then holds it up to gauge the wind speed. A critical look around and she addresses herself upwind, raising her voice slightly to be heard over the rushing air.)

Rainbow: That's too strong!

(Cut to Flitter and a dark gray pegasus stallion in another patch of sky; they are providing the breeze with their flapping wings. The stallion bears a strong resemblance to Thunderlane, but with different-colored eyes and mane/tail, and he wears wristbands on his forelegs and a headband to keep his mane out of his eyes. Rainbow flies up to them.)

Rainbow: We gotta slow this breeze down or we're gonna blow those Breezies apart!

(The two assistants grimace slightly and slow their wings. Pan/tilt down to the area in front of the town hall; a table of snacks has been set up here by Mr. and Mrs. Cake, and Fluttershy stands with them next to the spread.)

Mr. Cake: What I don't understand is why they need the pegasi to make a breeze for them.

Fluttershy: Well, you see, it's the breeze that activates the Breezies' magic, and that magic protects the pollen they're carrying from being destroyed.

Mr. Cake: So...no breeze means no magic, means the pollen goes bad?

Fluttershy: That's right! *(flapping wings briefly)* And they only have two days to get that pollen back before the portal to their home closes. That's why it's ever so important that we help them

make their way through Ponyville safely.

Mrs. Cake: We certainly wouldn't want to scare them and divert them from their path.

Fluttershy: Now you understand.

Mr. Cake: (*chuckling*) You certainly know a lot about them.

Fluttershy: Oh, thank you. I went to see them gathering their pollen in western Equestria.

(A reference to the trip she took in "Three's a Crowd," no doubt. The calm is broken up by an intense magenta glow that begins to emanate from a point behind her and o.s.; she turns partway toward it but quickly has to shield her eyes. Cut to a close-up of the source: a cloak worn by Rarity that sparkles almost brightly enough to require sunglasses for safe viewing. Zoom out to frame the nearby ponies, including Twilight, squinching their eyes shut against the glare. Fluttershy eases up to her, having put on a pair of shades for her own protection.)

Fluttershy: Um, Rarity? I, uh, hate to weigh in with you when it comes to fashion, but...

Rarity: (*eyeing herself*) Oh, there's too much purple on this, isn't there? I knew it!

(Cut to the winged unicorn at a lectern, organizing a set of levitated notes, and zoom out to put Rarity in the fore.)

Rarity: But Twilight refused to admit it!

Twilight: What?!? I—

Fluttershy: (*from o.s.*) Oh, no, no, no, no. (*Cut to her, stepping a bit closer.*) It's the perfect amount of purple. It's just that there's an awful lot of sequins on your jacket.

Rarity: (*stepping past her*) Oh, darling, please! (*Chuckle.*) One can never have too many sequins.

(She punctuates these words with a light giggle; Fluttershy moves over to her again.)

Fluttershy: (*increasingly worked up*) You can if they reflect the sun, and the light catches a group of Breezies right in their eyes, and blinds them long enough to get them off their course so they never get home! (*Terrified grimace; Rarity gets her point.*)

Rarity: I stand corrected. I suppose there is the rare instance when one can have too many sequins. (*Horn warms up.*) I'll just take off my jacket.

(As she finishes, the camera cuts to a close-up of the knotted cords at her throat holding the cloak on. These are magically untied and the garment is cast off to reveal a ruffled outfit underneath, which instantly begins to glow blinding white over every square inch of its fabric. Zoom out to frame all of her again; the glare is even stronger and harsher than that from the cloak, and Fluttershy and others have to shield their eyes all over again.)

Rarity: (*sheepishly*) I suppose this won't do either?

(Fluttershy shakes her head. Cut to Rainbow and her two wind-makers overhead. She shades her eyes, gazing intently toward the horizon, and catches sight of a darkish airborne smudge coming in past the mountains. Instantly her whole face lights up; down below, she leans in to whisper in

Twilight's ear. The violet mare breaks out in a huge grin and settles her notes onto the lectern. All lines are spoken in whispers until further notice.)

Twilight: Everypony, it's time. Please welcome...the Breezies!

(Pan/tilt up to follow her gesture and stop on Flitter and the stallion hovering above a nearby bridge. A swarm of tiny winged creatures makes its way into view past them, and a close-up reveals more details of the Breezies. They are roughly pony-like in body shape, but with insect-like antennae and translucent wings; in addition, their slender legs are greatly elongated and they have prominent eyelashes. Coats, manes, and tails show the same diversity of colors as the Ponyville locals, and each one has a pair of baskets slung across his/her back; these are loaded with the pollen Fluttershy mentioned in her talk with the Cakes. The crowd watches, enraptured, as the Breezies make their way through the placid airspace; pan to Applejack and Rarity among them on the start of the next line. The unicorn has shed her scintillating white getup.)

Applejack: They're as cute as Apple Bloom on the day she was born.

Rarity: And would you look at those adorable little packs they carry their pollen in!

(Cut back to the swarm on the end of this; here comes one grumpy-looking blue Breezie with a fluffy pink mane/tail and magenta eyes. This is Sea Breeze, who is dressed in a dark gray jumpsuit with white sleeve cuffs and white fur at the collar. He shouts angrily toward the ones in front of himself, using a gibberish that can only be the species' native tongue; however, the effect is somewhat blunted by the fact that he sounds like a very tiny Viking on helium.)

Pinkie: So cute! *(straining)* Can't...take...it!

(She claps a hoof over her mouth as her cheeks bulge out, fighting to contain a burst of jubilation. Spike scrambles here and there in search of a decent view through the ponies' heads and finally get a clear line of sight—but just as he starts to really enjoy the show, a mare steps to block him out. The little dragon snarls to himself and hurries over to Pinkie, who has lowered her hoof but still looks as if she might pop at any moment.)

Spike: Pinkie Pie! Can I hop on you so I can see the Breezies?

Pinkie: *(choked)* May...explode!

(She goes back to holding her breath as he backs warily away. A few more steps bring him to a tree, which he runs into with his back and then climbs so he can stand on a branch. The Breezies are gliding just over his head; watching intently, he runs out to the end and bounces happily in place. Zoom in on a cluster of leaves attached to the outermost twig; one of these drops away under the vibrations. Cut to a longer shot of the spectacle as the leaf begins to drift ahead, caught up in the pegasus-driven breeze, and sends Spike into a freak-out. Normal speaking volume resumes at this point.)

Spike: Oh, no!

(The errant bit of foliage drifts among the crowd, and Sea Breeze's eyes widen once he spots it coming up toward the swarm. Its looping trajectory stirs up enough of a wake to send the rearmost portion out of control; tiny voices yell in fear as the creatures are buffeted this way and that, cut off from the others. The crowd gasps in shock; among them, Fluttershy can now be seen without the sunglasses she used to ward off the glare from Rarity's outfit. Close-up of Rainbow.)

Rainbow: *(to the o.s. Flitter and stallion)* Slow down the breeze for the other group to catch up!
(Pan to frame them.)

Stallion: They're too far back! We can't connect the breeze to both sets of Breezies!

Rainbow: What if we speed it up?

Flitter: Then the first group will be going too fast, and will get separated from each other!

(The boss winces at the no-win situation; meanwhile, the rear guard of the Breezie swarm is having no luck getting itself back on a level course. Cut to a close-up of Fluttershy, eyes constricting in terror and jaw falling open, and zoom in before the view snaps to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close of a spiraling, screaming Breezie and zoom out slowly as others careen in all directions. Sea Breeze, though, has managed to right himself and get into a stationary hover, and he yells a couple of orders to the others. Cut to a close-up of two linked limbs and zoom out; these Breezies struggle to keep their hold, but the wind force yanks them apart after a moment. Fluttershy gasps and takes to the air, hurtling toward one of the separated pair as Spike watches in silent horror. The yellow pegasus positions herself with her back to the breeze, creating a windbreak for the Breezie to settle into so she can grip it gently in her forelegs.)

(With this one secured, she zooms ahead. Cut to a close-up of Sea, who yells an order, then pan to Fluttershy a short distance back.)

Fluttershy: He's right! You must all gather as close as you possibly can!

(They do so, finding holds all over her body, and she swoops down to the cheers of the crowd. Once she lands near a relatively flat rock outcropping, they gather atop it and voice their own gratitude in close-up. Sea adds a query on top of this; zoom out to frame Fluttershy watching him from close range.)

Fluttershy: Oh! I understand the language of all kinds of creatures.

Sea: *(snarkily)* Ooh, you must be so proud.

Fluttershy: And you speak my language too?

Sea: *I can. (glancing at others)* This lot can only understand you. Clearly, they're not the brightest bunch around.

(Followed by a tumult of angry shouts from said bunch. Fluttershy smiles gently down at the rescued Breezies, only to be interrupted by the sudden arrival of an excited Pinkie.)

Pinkie: That...was... *(jumping in place)* ...amazing! *(Here come the other four.)*

Rainbow: I'm sorry we couldn't get a breeze going that would get them back to the others.

Fluttershy: Oh, it's not your fault.

Twilight: I, for one, am very proud of you, Fluttershy— *(Fluttershy blushes.)* —leaping into action like that.

Rarity: I feel like I should design you a special hero's gown! *(She chuckles; Applejack and Pinkie nod.)* Or a sash. At least a sash.

Spike: *(from o.s.)* Okay! Okay, okay! *(Longer shot as he continues, rushing up to the group.)* I know what you're all thinking! Why don't you just say it? *(sobbing, throwing himself at Fluttershy's hooves)* I'm sorry!

(Close-up of two puzzled mares—one yellow, one violet.)

Spike: *(from o.s.)* This is all my fault! *(Ground level; he stands up, tears in eyes.)* I'm so, so sorry! *(Another wave of sobs.)*

Fluttershy: Oh, Spike, it's okay. It could've happened to any one of us.

(The waterworks dry up, and he straightens up to give her a squeaky little grin.)

Spike: Okay. *(hugging her)* Thank you!

(The Breezies gathered on the rock start mouthing off at the dragon who got them marooned.)

Spike: *(backing up away from them)* Uh, I-I'm just gonna stay over here. *(They fall quiet.)*

Rainbow: So, Fluttershy, you want us to get the breeze going again so these little guys can get a move on? *(Now chattering fearfully, they flit over and gather on Fluttershy.)*

Fluttershy: Maybe we should wait just a moment or so. They've been through so much. *(Various puzzled glances among the other five.)*

Rainbow: Just gimme the word when you think they're ready.

(Cut to Fluttershy and zoom in past her to an extreme close-up of Sea, who has not left the rock and is quite worried about this turn of events. A dissolve shifts the view to the exterior of Fluttershy's cottage; zoom in slowly, then cut to a group of birds jammed wing to wing on a ledge inside and not looking too thrilled. A short pan tells the rest of the story: several Breezies have commandeered a nearby birdhouse for themselves. One, peeking out from the entrance hole, shoves another off the perch mounted below it. They, along with all other Breezies hanging out here, have shucked off their pollen baskets. On the floor, Fluttershy's rabbit Angel turns grumpily away from his basket, which a few others are using for a lounge chair. Fluttershy walks through, taking note of the tiny visitors at all heights; cut to a close-up of a shivering one.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* Oh, my, Twirly. *(She leans into view.)* You look like you need a blanket.

(A handy box of tissues provides the solution when she nips one away in her teeth and drapes it over Twirly, who expresses thanks.)

Fluttershy: Oh, no problem.

(Leaning down a bit farther, she finds another one holding up an empty thimble and voicing a request. Fluttershy stands up.)

Fluttershy: Oh! Did you need some more water?

(This time, she turns to an eyedropper resting in a half-full jar; catching its bulb in her teeth, she dispenses one drop that is enough to fill the thimble to the rim. The Breezie grins from ear to ear and starts to slurp it down, and Fluttershy puts the dropper away.)

Fluttershy: *(holding up a front hoof; something is on it)* Now, who else needed a hoof-knitted sweater?

(An extreme close-up picks out the minuscule garment resting on it, which is quickly plucked away by a hovering Breezie. The whole bunch cheers vigorously before the camera zooms out slightly to the sound of the front door opening. Applejack puts her head in.)

Applejack: Hey there! *(Cut to inside the door; Twilight peeks past her.)* Can we come in?

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* Oh, of course! *(They enter; she whisks up to stop them.)* But watch your step!

(All three glance down toward the floor; cut to a close-up of Applejack's front hooves, one of which has come within an ace of treading on a terrified, shivering Breezie.)

Applejack: *(from o.s.)* Oop. Sorry 'bout that, little one.

(Cut to frame all three on the end of this; the critter crawls up Fluttershy's mane.)

Twilight: We just wanted to see if you thought the Breezies were ready to give it another try.

Fluttershy: Has it been an hour already? *(She glances at the climber.)* Oh, my goodness!

(Cut to just outside one window; she steps up to it.)

Fluttershy: Time flies when you're making sure little creatures don't feel that you're abandoning them to the cruel world.

(On the second half of this, cut to a slow pan across the land surrounding the cottage. "The cruel world" is its usual peaceful self, with a passing butterfly as the only immediate peril. The edge of the Everfree Forest is not far away. Back to inside; Twilight crosses to Fluttershy.)

Twilight: But they're not going to a cruel world, right? They're going home.

(One small face after another trains big, slightly scared eyes toward the benefactor.)

Fluttershy: Oh, yes! That's right!

(Here they come, shouting and beseeching and instantly causing her concern.)

Fluttershy: On second thought, I don't think they're quite ready.

(The conference is broken up by an exasperated tirade from the o.s. Sea; cut to a long shot of him on the couch and zoom in quickly as he escalates his rhetoric. Its effect is to leave Fluttershy absolutely gobsmacked.)

Applejack: Uh, what did he say?

Fluttershy: *(blushing)* I'd...rather not say.

Applejack: Okay, well, I'm sure you know what you're doin'.

(Twilight nods her agreement. Cut to just outside the closed door, which opens so the two visitors can exit.)

Applejack: No one knows rare magical creatures like you do.

Twilight: We'll just wait for your word.

Fluttershy: Thank you. *(Door half-closes.)* I'll be in touch very soon.

(It closes the rest of the way; inside, the Breezies have now gathered on the floor around her. On the start of the next line, zoom out across the room to put Sea in the fore.)

Sea: We need to go now, or we will never get home! I wish we did not need that stupid breeze to activate our magic, or I would just force you all to fly home right now!

(The second half of this line is accompanied by a cut to the other Breezies and a tilt up to Fluttershy; their stunned response to this chewing-out is matched by her own. The one clinging to the pink mane has let go now. Back to Sea.)

Sea: Why do we have to need magic to keep our pollen safe? *(Zoom out slightly on the next line; Fluttershy leans down to him.)*

Fluttershy: N-Now, Sea Breeze—

Sea: Why are you giving in to these wimps? If they had not been so scared in the first place, this never would have happened! *(Fluttershy straightens up; they are now on her head and back.)*

Fluttershy: Well, that is just not true, Sea Breeze. It was because of a leaf! And you know that. *(He darts up to her eye level.)*

Sea: Oh, puh-lease! They have no idea what they are doing out there! Like you said, we need as much time as we can get— *(turning away, descending to couch)* —because *they* are so incompetent!

Fluttershy: *(hesitantly)* Well, I didn't say that exactly, now, did I? *(The boss Breezie crosses his forelegs.)*

Sea: Hmph!

Fluttershy: Oh! Well, maybe a snack will lighten the mood.

(Eager chatters of assent from the crowd. Dissolve to a close-up of a cookie on the floor, being energetically gnawed at by four of them, then cut to another chomping down a grape bite by bite. A cut to another patch of the rug frames one eating a cupcake and others lounging amid half-eaten bits of food. From here, tilt up to Fluttershy on the couch, sitting on her belly and warmly regarding the ones drowsing on her back after over-indulging. One lets go with a burp and says something that must surely mean "excuse me" in Breezie.)

Fluttershy: You're excused.

(Using her tail, she carefully scoops the layabouts off her back; cut to a close-up of the couch cushion as they gather in.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* Well, my Breezies... *(Cut to her.)* ...I think we can all agree that now that you've eaten and you have a little energy going in your Breezie bodies, you're strong enough to face the breeze. *(She leans down to them.)* I've loved having you here, and I hope I've made you all feel loved and special— *(straightening up, gesturing toward door)* —but you have to go. No pony here will deny that—

Sea: *(from o.s.)* There is nothing special about these losers! *(Couch level; he flies to the front of the group.)* They cannot handle a simple breeze home! *(Up to Fluttershy's eyes.)* If they could just stick with the program and listen to me, we would be safe at home!

(He lets his whole body sag dejectedly in midair; when he next raises his face, his eyes are filling with tears.)

Sea: Home, where every Breezie is like us.

(He flies slowly past Fluttershy, his spirits down at the ends of his overly long legs, and looks out the peephole of the closed front door with a heavy sigh.)

Fluttershy: *(slightly confused)* Okay. Well, a confusing pep talk, but nonetheless. *(to others)* I do know that if you don't leave soon, you may never make it back, and that would be terrible.

(They look up at her with big round eyes for a long, silent moment—and then one of them lets go with a loud sneeze. Its pathetic-sounding comment to her is perhaps undercut by the glare and nudge it gives to its neighbor, who winks knowingly and lets go with a nice loud cough. This one also says something pitiful.)

Fluttershy: I had no idea you all have colds! *(leaning closer)* Really? All of you?

(They give her a chorus of coughs and sneezes, bamboozling her completely.)

Fluttershy: Oh, dear. I can't let you go out there sick. *(They perch on her foreleg.)* What kind of a friend would I be if I made you go now?

(Cut to a close-up of the instantly cheered-up Breezies as she lifts them up for a nuzzle, then pan to an irate Sea hovering near a birdhouse. Unleashing a stream of untranslatable obscenities, he retreats into the shelter; his words reverberate slightly from within as he keeps voicing his opinion, freely and loudly.)

(Dissolve to the exterior of the cottage. Rainbow and her two breeze-makers fly toward the front door; cut to an extreme close-up of it as she knocks. It opens slightly to reveal a sliver of Fluttershy's worried countenance; the sounds of a lively party emanate from behind her.)

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Hey, Fluttershy. *(Fluttershy's perspective of the three.)* Just wondering if the Breezies are ready to go yet. *(Outside again.)* Clock's kinda ticking for them to make it back before the door closes on their home.

Fluttershy: *(smiling)* Oh, yes. *(Face falls.)* I mean...not quite, um...maybe just a few more minutes? *(Door closes.)*

Rainbow: Uh...all right.

Flitter: We wait too much longer, we'll have to create such a strong breeze, it may be more than they can handle. *(Rainbow lifts off; the other two follow.)*

Rainbow: We just have to trust Fluttershy. She must know what she's doing.

(Neither she nor the others put much stock in this assertion, judging from the uncertain looks that take hold on their faces. Wipe to an extreme close-up of two thimble tumblers being clinked together inside—now full of grape juice rather than water—and zoom out quickly. The Breezies holding them proceed to gulp down the contents; elsewhere, others are dancing, twirling, using a strip of cloth draped onto the fireplace hearth as a slide. A pan brings Fluttershy into view, dancing at the center of the revelry as a musically inclined Breezie plays a saxophone solo. The groove comes to a sudden end when Sea zips over, yanks the horn away, and throws it down to smash on the floor.)

Breezies: Awwww...

Sea: Why are you spending your time on this? I will never get home! *(Fluttershy gathers herself.)*

Fluttershy: Breezies, I must say, Sea Breeze has a point. I think it's time for me to get Rainbow Dash and her friends so they can create the breeze for you to get home.

(She steps cautiously across the room on the end of this; the partiers grab the end of her tail and pull to arrest her motion, calling up beseechingly.)

Fluttershy: Ooh...you're all awfully anxious. *(turning/hunching to them)* Oh...I don't want you to feel abandoned, or that I wasn't the most kind host I could possibly be. *(One Breezie speaks up.)* Oh, yes. That does make sense. *(addressing herself o.s.)* Sea Breeze, do you think you could wait just a couple more hou—

(Cut to a vacant patch of rug as she finishes—Sea is nowhere in sight—and pan to the other Breezies staring in surprise toward the spot. Fluttershy stands up to her full height.)

Fluttershy: Sea Breeze?...Sea Breeze?

(Her first thought is to check the bottom of one hoof just in case she has stepped on him; nothing there. Her second is to address the floor.)

Fluttershy: Has anypony seen Sea Breeze?

(A general shrug is all she gets. Cut to a head-on close-up of her panicked, grimacing face; the blue-green eyes pop wide as the camera shifts slightly to frame both her and the front door. The latter is out of focus, but the peephole has been pulled open as if it were a ship's porthole. She throws it a sidewise glance, and the camera zooms in quickly to an extreme close-up of it to mark Sea's exit route.)

(Fluttershy gallops over and stands up on her hind legs so she can put an eye to the opening. Outside, the lone traveler is riding a breeze toward Sweet Apple Acres; inside, she gasps in fright.)

Fluttershy: Where's he going? *(She turns around and puts her back against the door with another gasp.)* There's no way he can handle being out there on his own!

(She grimaces as the camera zooms in slightly, and the view snaps to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to the wooded stretch surrounding the cottage. Sea's flight has turned into a corkscrewing trajectory that has only a semblance of control to it, and his yelps of fear underscore just how far in he is over his head. Rose and Doctor Whooves trot cheerfully past, the latter sporting a pair of red/blue 3-D glasses in addition to a white shirt collar and blue necktie, and pay him not a particle of attention. Sea gets himself more or less upright with a few more grumbles, but a series of falling acorns very nearly takes him out and sends him veering wildly away. Cut to his spinning perspective, on a direct course toward a busy beehive, then back to him. He squeezes his eyes shut and throws both forelegs up to shield his face before slamming into the side; the impact leaves him stuck in the wall with only his rear half hanging out.)

(Snap to black, then immediately fade in to a close-up of the scuffed blue face protruding from the honeycombs inside. The light is cast from the tips of his antennae; he is knocked out, but soon comes around and lifts his head. A zoom out shows that he is only illuminating a small portion of the chamber—and that many, many of the wall cells are occupied by rather puzzled bees. Sea starts in surprise as quite a few more buzz into view to give him a dirty look; outside, he struggles to pull loose, his grunts and cries muffled by the hive wall, and drops to a lower branch

after a few moments. His antennae lights are out now, and his face is clean. As he totters dizzily backward toward the end, the denizens come pouring out through the fresh hole and straight toward him.)

(The solo Breezie tiptoes back, only to get a nasty surprise when he finds himself at the end of the branch. He drops down onto his belly, wrapping all four limbs around the wood, and the camera zooms out to frame all the buzzing defenders bearing down on him. Out come the stingers, looking as big as swords to the little guy, but a voice cuts in before they can start diving.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* Excuse me, bees?

(They look toward the sound, as does Sea, and a longer shot frames her hovering just past him.)

Fluttershy: Can you please back off my Breezie friend? He didn't mean any harm. It was just an accident.

(Back to the bees; the oil-black eyes train themselves on Sea and the brows come down in fresh anger, but again her words stop them short.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* I'm working on a bee-type dance and was hoping you could help me?

(Cut to frame her again. She has donned a round black cap that covers only the top of her head and has two protruding antennae, and a yellow/black striped piece with a stinger is on her haunch and rump.)

Fluttershy: *(wiggling rump)* Does this bring to mind any images for you? Perhaps a bee?

(For the second time, a close-up of the swarm tells that she is having not the first bit of luck. The stingers are brought into position—and once again her voice halts their strike. Now, though, she is plenty riled up.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* Excuse me! *(Longer shot, framing her; she is out of the bee getup.)* I have done nothing but be kind, but I guess that is *not* working!

(She leans toward them on the word “not” and gets them to recoil slightly. Cut to them; she leans into view on the start of the next line, slowly backing them up.)

Fluttershy: You bees know better than to hurt a helpless Breezie! I demand that you go away now, or you'll have to answer to me!

(The stare-down drags out for a long second or two—and then the bees turn around and fly back into the hive through the hole Sea punched. They even close it up with the piece he knocked loose. He stands up, saying a few relieved words in his own language, then switches over as he turns to face Fluttershy.)

Sea: Thank you! (*Close-up.*) Thank you so much! Thank you for coming after me.

Fluttershy: (*from o.s.*) Of course. (*Cut to frame both.*) You could have gotten seriously hurt out there. Ponyville is much too dangerous for you. One tiny acorn is a threat.

Sea: Yah, I know! (*grumpily*) That is one reason why I have been trying to get us to go from the beginning!

(*Now the well-intentioned pegasus starts to get it.*)

Fluttershy: Oh, my goodness. I was just trying not to hurt any creature's feelings. My displays of kindness may have cost you everything. (*She snaps her head up with a gasp.*) Time is running out, and you may never make it home! (*Close-up of him.*)

Sea: That is exactly what I have been telling all of them, but they do not listen to me! No Breezie ever listens to me!

(*He turns despondently away from her.*)

Fluttershy: (*from o.s.*) Sea Breeze? (*Pan to her as she continues.*) I understand your feelings are hurt, but it's hard for them to hear you when you're shouting and being mean. (*smiling*) The message doesn't get across.

Sea: (*turning to her, gesturing at hive*) But what about those bees? You were not nice to them, and that was the only way they listened.

Fluttershy: Yes, but they *had* to go, and they wouldn't listen to me any other way.

(*Something clicks inside the pink-maned cranium and a now-familiar shimmer of rainbow light plays across one of Sea's wings, answered by a brief matching flare from Fluttershy's irises. Her mouth falls open in stunned realization, then snaps shut into a firm line.*)

Fluttershy: We need to go—now!

(*The Breezie jumps onto her proffered hoof; a moment later she is flying straight and true over the meadows, with him hanging onto her mane. The turbulent swirling air stirred up by her passage has him holding on for dear life and peels his lips back from his teeth. Taking notice of Sea's distress, Fluttershy screeches to a midair halt and resumes her flight at a more sedate pace.*)

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the cottage and zoom in slowly.*)

Fluttershy: (*from inside, assertively*) My dear Breezies...

(*Cut to her inside, addressing the group; Sea hovers by her shoulder. The peephole in the front door has been closed.*)

Fluttershy: ...I had to rescue Sea Breeze from serious harm. And now I know more than ever that you *must* leave before it's too late.

(Cut to a slow pan across the chastened ranks on the end of this, then back to her.)

Fluttershy: You would never survive in Ponyville.

(The boss regards his kind sternly; cut to floor level as they hurry over, grabbing Fluttershy's hooves and begging mightily, then tilt up to her and Sea.)

Fluttershy: I can't help you anymore. In fact, I wasn't helping you at all by being nice. *(Sigh.)* But the truth of the matter is that I must be firm.

(They back off, one sliding down her hoof, and she crosses to the door and grabs its handle.)

Fluttershy: You must go... *(opening it, pointing out)* ...now!

(When one last plaintive stare fails to change her mind, the whole bunch of tiny houseguests/freeloaders lifts off and slowly exits the cottage. Sea, bringing up the rear, stops briefly to give her one final look and then follows them out. Tears fill the blue-green eyes and spill down the yellow cheeks as she closes the door, sniffing and sobbing quietly, and sits on her haunches.)

(Dissolve to Rainbow and her two assistants, hovering in midair above the meadows and flapping to stir up a breeze. A few leaves on a nearby branch rattle back and forth on their stems.)

Rainbow: It's too strong! *(She glances toward Flitter.)*

Flitter: I can't do it any lighter! *(Close-up of the stallion's wing; pan to his face.)*

Stallion: Neither can I!

Rainbow: Fly back! *(They do so.)* I'm gonna try and see if I can slow it down.

(By adjusting the position of her body and her flapping rate, she is able to get the leaves to stop altogether. However, this result does not satisfy her either.)

Rainbow: Now it's too light! Oh, this will never get them home!

(Pan back to her partners, who exchange befuddled glances, then tilt down to the other five mares on the ground. They are all looking apprehensively upward, and the Breezies have gathered around Fluttershy's hooves, having slung up their loads of pollen.)

Fluttershy: Oh, my. Maybe it's because there are too few of them. When they started their journey, there was *[sic]* more of them to face the breeze together.

Twilight: *(crossing to her, hunching down toward them)* I've been studying an old spell book from the Castle of the Two Sisters. There's a spell that I think could help us.

(Doubtless this is another way of referring to the Castle of the Royal Pony Sisters. She stands up again and turns toward the group.)

Twilight: This is probably gonna feel a little funny at first, but you're gonna have to trust me.

(Dipping her head, she channels magic into her horn as Fluttershy moves toward the others. Rainbow lands next to Applejack, and Pinkie bounds across to sit on her haunches.)

Pinkie: I love new ideas that make me feel funny at first!

(The energy builds into a magenta/white discharge that washes over the clearing. Cut to Fluttershy and Rainbow, who both gasp as they find themselves floating off the turf in its grip; now Twilight fires a beam from her horn and strikes the yellow flyer squarely in the chest. Identical beams hit the other four, now also floating, in a pan down the line, and a sixth lances into the knot of Breezies behind her. This last is cut off after a moment, leaving bands of magical energy swirling around them, and one more burst in the beams pouring into her friends causes the screen to flash white.)

(The radiance recedes to give a close-up of Applejack, whose hat turns into a pair of antennae. Another flash, and Rarity gains wings and antennae; delight turns to a loud gasp of shock as one foreleg shrinks down to match the Breezies' limbs in circumference. Flash: now Pinkie giggles at her own wings and antennae, just before her body undergoes quite a bit of shrinkage. Flash: extreme close-up of Rarity's face, now showing the same contours as those of the itty-bitty travelers, and zoom out to a slow pan through the group. Twilight's spell has faded away. All six have become Breezies, with their manes/tails grown out to many times their original length, and their cutie marks are still intact. Twilight and Rarity still have their horns, and the wings of Twilight, Fluttershy, and Rainbow have turned into the translucent ones possessed by Breezies. Assorted exclamations of delight—in the Breezies' mother tongue rather than their own—and the real McCoys give them a round of smiles after a moment to fully regain their senses. Fluttershy moves between the two groups, says something to her friends in Breezie that they thoroughly fail to understand, then catches herself. Her words take on the same helium-pitched tone as the swarm, as will those of the other five when they speak; in addition, her foreign statement is delivered in the Breezies' funky accent.)

Fluttershy: Um, I mean, let's go!

(She flies off. Dissolve to Flitter and her partner, hovering and working their wings slowly, and pan ahead of them to frame the Breezies on the move. At the head of the formation are Fluttershy's five friends, led by the yellow caretaker herself and Sea. The camera tracks their progress; as they pass behind a tree, the view wipes behind its trailing edge to a snowy winter landscape. A second such transition puts them in a barren desert, and a third—this one involving a cactus—gives a close-up of a fatigued, flagging yellow Breezie. Zoom out to frame a second, mushroom-capped one nearby, who lunges to catch the first when it begins to tumble out of line. Fluttershy and Sea look worriedly toward them, and Sea flits back away from his position. Mushroom offers words of encouragement to Yellow, but the response indicates that they have done no good. Sea approaches, putting real contrition into his voice.)

Sea: You can do this! I am sorry for how I treated you before. It was not right that I called you names. I did not even really believe those things I said. I was worried we would never get back to our home, and I lashed out.

(He glances ahead to Fluttershy, who gives him a “you’re doing great” grin, and smiles at the faltering pair.)

Sea: I know you can do this! I believe in you! *(He maneuvers in between them.)* Hold on to me. *(Each links a foreleg with his.)* Let us join the group.

(Their six wings begin to propel them ahead. Dissolve to the augmented swarm as it approaches a natural tunnel in one wall of a cliff over which a waterfall is pouring. Once they have entered it, cut to within the passage; Sea, now flying solo and back up at the vanguard position with Fluttershy, points toward the exit. Its edge shimmers slightly in the shaft of light shining in from beyond, and it is very slowly contracting. Cut to just outside this end as the two emerge. Right behind them are the other five pony-Breezies, who stop short and gasp in delight; cut to their perspective of a mass of flowering shrubs and tilt up. Behind the greenery is a miniature settlement, the perfect scale for the Breezies flitting about to live in comfortably. Back to the five.)

Rainbow: Holy mini-sized paradise!

(Cut to the upper reaches of one stretch of buildings and tilt down slowly as a few flutter here and there.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* This is simply beautiful! *(Cut to her.)* So much inspiration. Where is my sketch pad when I need it?

Pinkie: *So—stinking—cute!*

(There follows a round of joyful reunions, and Sea eagerly darts forward to one who holds a sleeping baby as her eyes glimmer with tears. The child wakes up from its nap, and Sea gently takes it to cradle in his forelegs; his mate soon joins the embrace. Pan/tilt down to the six out-of-towners, watching from the ground; Fluttershy is tearing up a bit as well.)

Applejack: You okay, Fluttershy?

Fluttershy: I’m just... *(wiping her eyes, letting tears run)* ...so very happy they got to be reunited with their family.

(Her voice catches a bit on this last word, and the camera cuts to a pan through the celebrating Breezies before shifting to Rarity. She eyes the shimmering gateway intently for a moment before turning to Twilight, Pinkie, and Rainbow.)

Rarity: We’d better get going before the entrance—well, exit for us—closes.

(Applejack leaves Fluttershy’s side to join the others; the yellow flyer rises to face Sea and the

others.)

Fluttershy: Goodbye, Breezies. I must go now.

(Turning away, she halts upon catching sight of a flower being held out to her by the little guy. It has a yellow center and blue-green petals.)

Sea: To remember us by. *(He tucks it into her mane.)*

Fluttershy: *(sighing, tearing up)* Thank you. I'll miss you. I'll miss all of you.

(The two share an embrace, and she then takes her leave with her friends as the others wave. The next two lines, comprising an entry in the shared journal, are delivered in her normal voice.)

Fluttershy: *(voice over; dictating)* "My experiences with the Breezies have helped me to see that kindness can take many forms." *(All but Fluttershy enter the portal, now shrinking faster than before; she hangs back.)* "And sometimes being too kind can actually keep a friend from doing what they need to do."

(Her over-shoulder glance is met by a confident wink from Sea.)

Fluttershy: *(voice over)* "Pushing them away may seem cruel—" *(She grins and enters the portal just before it contracts to nothing.)* "—but it's sometimes the kindest thing you can do."

(Cut to the tunnel end that the group first entered; all but Fluttershy fly out and o.s. into the clear air of sunset. Stay on the yellow caretaker as she emerges, then zoom out.)

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Whoa! *(now in view)* That was a close one! *(Pan to Applejack and Rarity.)*

Applejack, Rarity: Mmm-hmm!/Yes! *(Pinkie descends to them.)*

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Okay. *(Cut to her, floating near a passing ladybug.)* Gather 'round.

(A lowered horn, a magenta/white flash of magic, and the screen clears to leave the insect in the same place—now walking past a set of full-sized violet hooves. A zoom out frames all but Fluttershy now back to their pony selves; Twilight watches the ladybug fly past before Rainbow eases up to her. All remaining lines are spoken in normal tones.)

Rainbow: So, uh...I've always kinda wondered what it would be like to be a griffon. *(Funny look from Twilight, then a cocked-eyebrow smile.)*

Twilight: Not a chance.

(She walks off as the daredevil's spirits deflate. A longer shot frames Fluttershy with the group, also restored and still wearing Sea's flower—now full-sized—in her mane. Rainbow barely misses a beat before smiling hopefully again and addressing herself after Twilight.)

Rainbow: You sure? *(galloping off)* Uh, what about a dragon? *(Applejack/Pinkie/Rarity follow at a leisurely pace.)* No? It doesn't have to shoot fire!

(Fluttershy, now standing by herself, looks up at the blue-green bloom nestled among the long pink strands, and the camera zooms in on it. The familiar rainbow shimmer works its way from one side to the other, as it did for the items given to Rarity, Rainbow, and Pinkie in previous episodes. “Iris out” to black, centered on the flower.)