

## RAINBOW FALLS

**Written by Corey Powell**  
**Produced by Sarah Wall, Devon Cody**  
**Story editing by Meghan McCarthy**  
**Supervising direction by Jayson Thiessen**  
**Co-directed by Jim Miller**

**Transcribed by Alan Back ([ajback@yahoo.com](mailto:ajback@yahoo.com))**

Note: Unless otherwise noted, all mentions of ponies other than the six main characters refer to pegasi.

### Prologue

*(Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Ponyville during the day, seen from well outside the village proper. Zoom in slowly.)*

**Rainbow Dash:** *(voice over)* All right, ponies!

*(Cut to a spot on one of the paths leading through the outlying park land. She paces past Bulk Biceps, Fluttershy, and the latter's rabbit Angel, all standing at attention. This shot presents the first full-frontal view of Bulk to date in the series, picking out the two small gold earrings he wears, one per ear. Previous appearances have only shown one ear at a time.)*

**Rainbow:** Listen up! *(Close-up of Fluttershy.)*

**Fluttershy:** We're all ears. *(addressing herself o.s.)* Right, Bulk Biceps?

*(On the end of this, pan/tilt up to the beefy white pegasus, who has flexed one of his forelegs and is busily kissing its bulge of muscle. He stops, realizing that his attention is needed elsewhere, and proceeds to flex both forelegs while letting off three quick grunts.)*

**Bulk:** I'm all muscles! *(Balance on forelegs; do a few push-ups.)* YEAH!!

*(This last word is delivered directly into Fluttershy's face; he then drops back to all fours.)*

**Rainbow:** I like your attitude, Bulk Biceps. *(pacing)* But it's gonna take more than muscles and "yeah"s to get us to the Equestria Games. *(Overhead shot; Angel is now gone. She hovers before them.)* We are the aerial relay team. And it's up to the three of us to make sure that we qualify at the tryouts. And do I need to remind you how much I— *(catching herself)* —I mean, Ponyville—heh—wants to qualify and make it to the Games?

**Fluttershy:** I remember. I really, really, *really* want to qualify for you *and* Ponyville.

**Bulk:** *(into her ear)* BRING IT ON!!

*(He snorts out steam; now Pinkie Pie zips onto the scene. She is dressed in a yellow/blue cheerleader outfit with pink edging on the vest, and pink/gold-stripped ribbons are tied in her mane and tail. Small pompoms in these latter two colors are hung around her neck, as is a bullhorn, and she has large gold pompoms attached to her front hooves.)*

**Pinkie:** *(waving them)* Gimme a P for Ponyville! *(Fluttershy yelps and huddles down; she calls into the bullhorn.)* P, Ponyville!

*(The P aimed into the amplifier is held out as a cheerleader might do when performing a routine for a stadium crowd. By the time Pinkie finishes, Fluttershy is hunkered down far enough to crush herself into the grass.)*

**Bulk:** P!!

*(Pinkie is blown backward by this and lands upside down on her head; Fluttershy crosses to her.)*

**Fluttershy:** *(as Pinkie gets up)* Oh! Thanks, Pinkie Pie. That was a scary—I mean, great cheer. *(Pinkie smiles; Rainbow comes up behind her.)*

**Rainbow:** Just make sure you have one ready for when we *qualify* for the aerial relay.

**Bulk:** AND AFTER THAT, FOR WHEN WE WIN GOLD MEDALS AT THE EQUESTRIA GAMES!!

**Applejack:** *(from o.s.)* Not so fast!

*(Wheels are heard turning; cut to her, hauling in a cart stacked with pastries.)*

**Applejack:** If you're gonna be good, you're gonna be better with some of my apple brown bettys in you. They're perfect.

*(Fluttershy and Bulk eye the offering happily as she stops the cart in front of them. Before either one can move to taste then, Pinkie emerges from within, scattering the goods everywhere.)*

**Pinkie:** *(waving pompoms)* P is for perfect!

*(In close-up, the blue flyer manages to combine an eye roll, a head shake, and a hoof clapped to her face in one disgusted instant. Cut back to Applejack, Fluttershy, and Bulk, all of whom are eagerly chowing down on the spilled desserts.)*

**Rainbow:** *(from o.s.)* All right, team! *(The two pegasi fall into formation in front of her.)* Show me what you got! *(eyeing Fluttershy's legs)* Put some bend into those knees! *(Fluttershy does so; she shifts to Bulk's tiny wings.)* Flap those wings!

*(They start to buzz, and Fluttershy gets her own going as Rainbow circles back around to face her.)*

**Rainbow:** And I want to see all four hooves off the ground on the count of three!

*(Her two teammates brace for liftoff—then nothing but a sly smile from their coach/captain. After a long silence, she speaks again.)*

**Rainbow:** *(quickly)* One, two, three!

*(Both Fluttershy and Bulk flap mightily, the former rising slowly off the ground in fits and starts, the latter grunting and yelling for all he is worth as he ascends at an almost glacial pace.)*

**Rainbow:** Don't forget to breathe while you're up there!

*(The massive stallion lets out the breath he has been holding; this is enough to make him lose his lift and start dropping back to earth. He grabs Fluttershy's tail, prompting a cry from her as she gets dragged down as well. Rainbow covers her face, and the camera cuts to Applejack just in time for an o.s. impact that shakes her, the cart, and the scattered helpings of brown betty. Her blue and yellow friends have wound up pinned under Bulk's sheer poundage and are struggling weakly to extricate themselves; Pinkie stands up behind the pile.)*

**Pinkie:** *(waving pompoms)* P is for... *(Stop; Fluttershy goes limp.)* ...uh...pain?

*(Rainbow groans weakly and lets her chin thump onto the dirt. Fade to black.)*

## OPENING THEME

### Act One

*(Opening shot: fade in to a stretch of railroad tracks running between forest and mountains. The Ponyville-to-whenever train chugs over a rise; inside one of the cars, Rainbow watches the scenery scroll by a window. Zoom out to frame her on one of the padded benches, with Twilight Sparkle seated alongside; a two-tone-blond mare addresses them.)*

**Mare 1:** Good luck, Rainbow Dash.

*(Thunderlane—the dark gray stallion who came down with feather flu in “Hurricane Fluttershy”—comes up alongside her.)*

**Mare 1:** Sorry we couldn't fly with you on the aerial relay, but the air sprinters needed us too.

**Thunderlane:** Too bad we can only compete in one event. *(sighing; both walk on)* But rules are rules.

**Twilight:** *(waving after them; they go to the next car)* Good luck! *(to Rainbow)* It was nice of you to be part of the team that doesn't have...uh...

*(The next shot, in which she leans over to inspect Bulk's out-of-proportion plumage, establishes*

*that he is on the train as well. She comes back with a humoring smile.)*

**Twilight:** ...the strongest flyers.

**Rainbow:** Nothing nice about it. I know that I can pick up the slack for anypony. With me on the team, we'll qualify. *(Chuckle.)* I'm sure of it. *(Cut to just outside the car windows.)*

**Twilight:** Ponyville is very lucky to have you.

**Rainbow:** Yeah, I'm pretty awesome.

*(Close-up of Bulk, seated on a bench and framed from chest to knees. Fluttershy strains to drag herself out from beneath the behemoth; she is holding a pennant decorated with the fillies/heart design of the Ponyville flag, as seen in "Flight to the Finish." After several seconds with no forward progress, she gives up.)*

**Fluttershy:** I am so proud to be representing Ponyville. *(Another heave; still no good.)* Oh, it's such an honor to even try out for the Games. *(Longer shot; Twilight is watching them both.)* I just hope I don't let anypony down.

**Bulk:** WE'LL MAKE THEM PROUD!!

*(He is launched away by the sudden emergence of a pompom-waving Pinkie.)*

**Pinkie:** P is for proud! We're gonna be the best fans anypony has ever seen!

*(Up comes Rarity from behind the semi-vacated bench.)*

**Rarity:** Ooh...can't wait to see what everypony else is wearing— *(Close-up.)* —even though I am absolutely sure they won't be better than the Ponyville uniforms I'm designing for the Equestria Games. *(Pan to Applejack alongside.)*

**Applejack:** And we *will* make it to the Games once everypony carbo-loads on my apple brown bettys.

*(On the second half of this line, the view cuts to frame the entire Ponyville contingent. Bulk has ended up sprawled on the floor; and Fluttershy is up and sitting on her haunches, having dropped her pennant. Applejack holds up a piece of the sweet stuff before the camera cuts to a long overhead view of the tracks, partly obscured by a rock overhang.)*

**Pinkie:** *(voice over)* I can't wait!

*(The train emerges into view, the camera tilting up to follow its progress around the outskirts of a grassy plateau dotted with tents and athletic fields and into a tunnel. A rainbow-tinted waterfall pours down a stream that meanders along the far edge before disappearing over a cliff, and the tilt continues to frame a still-higher plateau from which it is issuing. Here stands Rainbow Falls, a village not too different from Ponyville; freshets of rainbow light cascade down from the clouds, some of them forming a small lake from which the stream is flowing toward the falls. The train rolls across one last bridge and hisses to a stop at a station adjacent to the lake; pan away from it to frame the locals swimming in the stream and going about their usual business. The*

*majority are pegasi, but a decent number of unicorns and earth ponies are mixed in. Rainbows figure prominently in the buildings' flags and decorations.)*

*(Dissolve to one torrent gushing down from above, bouncing off two clouds along the way, and tilt down to the sound of ponies' grunts of exertion. The tilt turns into a pan across the athletic fields once the camera reaches them; a plethora of ponies—and even a squad of griffons—are flying, stretching, lifting weights, trotting in place to get ready for the trials. Rainbow leads her friends and teammates through the tumult, a couple of ponies stopping to get a better look as they pass.)*

**Stallion:** There's Rainbow Dash! She's an awesome flyer!

**Mare 2:** I heard that she's flying the last third of the relay, which means everypony else is gonna have to be way ahead to beat her.

*(On the end of this, cut to the group setting up shop. The Ponyville flag has been run up on a pole, and Applejack/Fluttershy/Pinkie/Bulk stretch out the supports to hold up the corners of a large blanket as Rainbow and Rarity watch. Twilight is not among them. Just as they get the posts set in place, a great boom from above draws all six pairs of eyes; its source proves to be a trio of Wonderbolts zooming overhead. In close-up, the three are seen as Spitfire, Soarin', and Fleetfoot—the last of these being the white-maned mare who won the Wonderbolts Derby in "Sweet and Elite." Her coat is very nearly the same shade of blue as Rainbow's. They swoop downward, one by one, all clad in their blue/yellow flight suits and goggles.)*

**Stallion:** *(from o.s.)* Oh! The Wonderbolts!

**Mare 3:** *(from o.s.)* I hear they're flying for Cloudsdale. *(Ground level; Rainbow walks by, gazing upward.)*

**Mare 2:** Then Cloudsdale will definitely qualify. They're the best flyers ever!

*(They come in for a landing next to their biggest fan. A very light blue streak is seen on the trailing edge of Fleetfoot's mane now.)*

**Spitfire:** And the game is on.

**Soarin':** *(raising his goggles)* Heh! Nice to see there's some real competition here.

**Fleetfoot:** *(crossing to Rainbow, poking her in the chest)* Two more days of practice, then we'll see you in the air, Rainbow Dash... *(trotting away)* ...if you're lucky.

*(Her voice has a raspy quality not unlike Rainbow's, but is in a somewhat lower register and with a bit of a lisp. Her two teammates follow her off the field as Twilight walks up.)*

**Rainbow:** *(sighing contentedly)* The Wonderbolts know a winner when they see one. And we'll be winners just as soon as we practice. *(addressing herself o.s.)* Right, team?

*(Pan slightly to frame Fluttershy and Bulk now standing nearby.)*

**Fluttershy:** Right.

**Bulk:** YEAH!! *(Pinkie, out of nowhere, arrives in a burst of confetti/streamers.)*

**Pinkie:** Hooray!

*(She adds a hearty blow on a party favor for emphasis. Twilight lets her eyes flick uncertainly toward the two squad-mates, then back to Rainbow.)*

**Twilight:** And, um... *(forcing a smile)* ...I'm with her! Hooray!

**Mares:** *(from o.s., cheerleading voice)* Give us some Clouds!

*(Pan quickly to the speakers, two in number, dressed in blue-trimmed white/pink outfits and using pink pompoms. Their identically styled manes are tied back with blue/white-striped ribbons that sport rainbow-marked clips, and each mare's mane/tail sports streaks of white and a second color. One mare has a light blue coat and eyes, with a very light blue in her mane; the other has a light blue-green coat, light blue-violet eyes, and bright pink in her mane. A crowd has gathered to watch the display.)*

**Cheerleaders:** Give us some Dale!  
And what do you get?  
CLOUDSDALE!

*(First line: they gallop toward each other and stand on their front hooves. Second: they somersault forward, trading places, and come up standing on their hind legs. Third: wave the pompoms as confetti and streamers rain down. Cut to Twilight/Fluttershy/Pinkie as the pair's whoops and yells ring out from o.s.)*

**Pinkie:** *(gasping excitedly)* Where can I get pompoms like those?

*(This question earns her a couple of funny looks. Dissolve to Rainbow flying at the level of the flagpoles' tops. She stops and addresses herself toward ground level.)*

**Rainbow:** So, do I need to remind you of what our goal is here? *(Cut to just behind her; she is speaking to Fluttershy and Bulk.)*

**Bulk:** Uh...MAYBE?

**Rainbow:** We want to qualify. We need to be one of the first four teams to cross the finish line.

*(On the end of this, she moves aside slightly, exposing said finish line behind and above her. It consists of a flat rainbow ring whose interior is filled with cloud, and which has been marked with a black/white-checkered banner.)*

**Rainbow:** Bulk Biceps, you're the first flyer, so let me see you flap it!

*(The big guy throws his wings into top gear and rises slowly into an erratic flight, grunting and groaning with effort the whole way. Up above, just as he finally gets into something of a level course, a brown betty rockets into view from below and finds his chin with unerring accuracy. The hit flips him backward and sends him plummeting o.s., leading to a thud that shakes the*

camera as Rainbow stares down after him. Down on the grass, Applejack has parked her cart of snacks and piled a few of them alongside herself; one rests on the end of her tail and is swiftly whipped upward. It only misses Rainbow thanks to the latter's quick backward dodge, then starts to drop back to earth.)

**Rainbow:** What the—? (*Splat next to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Sorry! (*looking over her shoulder*) Got the idea from them, but...

(*Pan in that direction and stop on two mares a short distance away. Wearing white chef's toques, they stand in front of separate miniature seesaws, with small cakes loaded onto the low ends opposite them. More of these items are piled behind them.*)

**Bakers:** (*calling overhead, stomping high ends*) Hooves down! Cakes up!

(*The snacks are launched upward toward an airborne Spitfire and Fleetfoot, who have changed out of their Wonderbolt suits but still have their goggles on. They do a quick loop-the-loop and come out of it just as the cakes reach their mouths, and the mares chomp these down without the slightest interruption in their flight—or even having to lift a hoof to catch them. Fleetfoot's cutie mark can be discerned as a shimmering red/gold bird in flight.*)

**Applejack:** ...it looks like they got better aim. (*Rainbow turns away from the scene.*)

**Rainbow:** Okay.

(*She holds up a horseshoe with a sun/cloud silhouette worked into the interior of its crook.*)

**Rainbow:** The passing of the baton needs to be seamless. (*Bulk rises toward her.*) You shouldn't miss a wing beat—(*eyeing him point-blank; their foreheads thump together*)—or drop a hair in altitude. (*She grabs one of his forelegs.*) And whatever you do, don't let go of it.

(*The baton is slapped onto his hoof; she backs off as Fluttershy flies up to him.*)

**Fluttershy:** Are you really, really, *really* sure you're ready? I mean, I don't want to take it if you're not super-sure.

**Bulk:** READY!!

(*The coach watches intently as mare and stallion gingerly extend a front hoof toward each other for the pass. A touch, a clank, and Fluttershy has it on hers; Rainbow smiles, and Fluttershy backs away with an expression of happy surprise. She has barely gotten clear of Bulk, though, when she loses her grip and drops the baton; it bangs to the grass just in front of Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** (*floating it up, trotting off*) Ponyville can do so much better. I'll be back with a freshly painted one in no time.

**Rainbow:** (*crossly, calling down from overhead*) *We were using that!* And it's not like anypony else has color-coordinated horseshoes or anything!

*(She is just in time to watch Spitfire pass a baton to Fleetfoot; same design, but the horseshoe is gold and the sun/cloud piece is silver. Both fly off together, leaving the sky-blue daredevil to stare disbelievingly after them. She sighs wearily and settles to the ground near Twilight.)*

*[Animation goof: In this shot, Fleetfoot's cutie mark appears as a blue horseshoe inside the arc of a yellow shock wave.]*

**Rainbow:** I guess some ponies do.

**Twilight:** Some ponies do what?

**Rainbow:** *(sighing, hanging head)* Have a better chance of qualifying and going to the Equestria Games than others.

*(She clumps away, leaving her Princess friend to mull things over. Dissolve to an overhead shot of the fields, the Ponyville trio watching a pair of tents being used by Cloudsdale. Spitfire lies underneath one of them, getting a massage, and three support crew members are on duty out front. She has put on the deeply tinted sunglasses she used in "Wonderbolts Academy." The crew is dressed in full-body jumpsuits, boots, and cloud-marked baseball caps, along with headset microphones. A series of hoof signals from one of them brings Soarin' down for a low pass; like Spitfire and Fleetfoot, he wears only his goggles, not his flight suit.)*

**Rainbow:** Watch and learn. *(He loops above the Ponyville team.)* The Cloudsdales are Wonderbolts, and Wonderbolts are the best flyers there are—and my personal heroes. *(leaning into Fluttershy's, Bulk's faces)* So maybe you can learn something.

*(Glancing upward at the sound of his flight, she sees the light blue stallion maneuver deftly around and through a line of floating rainbow hoops. A hoof goes under each teammate's chin to lift their eyes toward the spectacle.)*

**Rainbow:** *Please* learn something?

*(Fleetfoot steps out, having changed into a track suit—light blue-green front half, white rear half—and traded her goggles for mirrored sunglasses.)*

**Fleetfoot:** *(calling overhead)* Come on, Soarin', pick up the pace! You can do better than that!

**Spitfire:** I sure hope so.

*(On the start of the next line, cut to the two cheerleaders doing a routine in the field. They have traded their pink pompoms in for dark blue ones.)*

**Cheerleaders:** Practice! Practice! Yaaay, practice!

*(Tilt up into the sky as they finish. Soarin' nudges his goggles up so he can get a clear view of the two mares, taking his eyes off the road. When he looks ahead again, his face goes slack with shock and he catches a wing on the edge of a pole-mounted hoop while passing through it. The hoop bends under his weight...)*



**Soarin’:** Whoa!

*(...and then snaps back, catapulting him toward the ground. Spitfire and Fleetfoot hurry closer, the former now in a track suit like Fleetfoot’s and the latter pulling off her shades to reveal wide violet eyes, and the Ponyville team voices a collective gasp of fright. Cut to ground level, the camera pointing straight up at the nose-diving flyer.)*

**Soarin’:** WHOOOOAAAAA!!

*(Fade to black as his open mouth fills the screen.)*

*[Animation goof: In this sequence, his cutie mark appears as a lightning bolt superimposed on a blue-gray storm cloud, instead of the winged bolt seen at the end of “A Canterlot Wedding.”]*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Soarin’, hurtling toward the ground and yelling every inch of the way. As eyes bug out and jaws drop, Rainbow is first to move; with only feet to go before impact, she arcs across and plucks him away. Spitfire has removed her shades.)*

**Rainbow:** Gotcha!

*(A gentle touchdown lets him get back on his own hooves, but the wing he nicked proves to be in slightly ugly shape when he works it around a bit. Within moments, the rest of the Ponyville and Cloudsdale teams are gathered around, joined by Twilight, and all are talking excitedly. Soarin’ has propped his goggles on his forehead.)*

**Fleetfoot:** Awesome! *(Close-up of Rainbow and Spitfire.)*

**Spitfire:** As good as any Wonderbolt.

**Fluttershy:** *(from o.s.)* Oh... *(Pan slightly to frame her coming up behind Rainbow.)* ...Rainbow Dash, I’m just so proud of you. You scooped Soarin’ out of the sky and brought him down to the ground, and now...now he’s okay. At least, I hope he’s okay. *(turning to him)* Are you okay?

*(If the gloomy set of his face were not enough to tell the story, the groan and loud crackle when he holds up the bum wing drives the point home.)*

**Soarin’:** Well, my wing hurts. *(Spitfire and Fleetfoot start in surprise.)* But, uh, uh, I’m sure it’ll be okay by the competition.

*(The sound of an emergency vehicle’s siren cuts him off, and here comes an ambulance wagon. It has no side or rear rails, its floor is a thick padded mat, and a box at the head end is marked with a rainbow and the same cross/four-heart logo seen at the Ponyville hospital in previous episodes. Pulling it is an earth pony stallion in a light blue shirt and a dark blue cap emblazoned*

*with the medical logo; a small first-aid kit is slung on a strap around his neck. The wagon stops in front of the group, its siren dying off, and Soarin' climbs on to lie on his belly.)*

**Soarin':** *(smiling weakly)* You're the best, Rainbow Dash. *(He lowers his head with a groan.)*

**Rainbow:** Aw, it was nothing. But if you feel about talking about how great I am— *(Chuckle; ambulance pulls away as siren starts.)* —don't let me stop you. *(Bulk rushes up to hunker over her.)*

**Bulk:** P IS FOR RAINBOW DASH!! *(Fluttershy flies up to his head level.)*

**Fluttershy:** *(whispering in his ear)* Um, "Rainbow Dash" actually starts with an R.

*(The big lunk chews his lower lip in a very embarrassed fashion for a moment.)*

**Bulk:** NEVER MIND!!

**Rainbow:** *(to Spitfire, Fleetfoot)* Tough break to lose a teammate right before the tryouts.

*(The two Wonderbolts trade a cocked-eyebrow smile, then put their sunglasses on. This shot, the first head-on view of them, picks out the cloud/rainbow logo on the breast of each suit and the gold Wonderbolt-logo pin on each collar.)*

**Fleetfoot:** You know... *(stepping a little closer)*...you grew up in Cloudsdale.

**Spitfire:** *(ditto)* So that means you *could* fly with us.

*(From behind the lenses, four calculating eyes bore into the two red-violet ones during a long pause.)*

**Rainbow:** Fly? *(The two throw each other a quick smile, then turn to her.)*

**Fleetfoot:** Uh, we mean practice. You could practice with us until Soarin's better.

**Spitfire:** What do you say? *(Cut to just behind the pair.)* Want to be our third?

*(Zoom in slowly on the indecisive pegasus, putting them out of view.)*

**Rainbow:** Uh, I don't know. *(looking to Fluttershy/Bulk; he flexes as she covers a smile)* My team really needs me to be at my best in order to qualify. *(facing front)* Don't want to be too worn out by the time the race comes around.

**Spitfire:** We put you through some pretty intense workouts at the Wonderbolt Academy, and you handled those just fine.

**Rainbow:** *(smiling, chuckling)* I *did* kick some major tail at the Academy. *(Her face falls.)* But...I don't know how my teammates will feel about me practicing with the competition. *(Fleetfoot steps in close.)*

**Fleetfoot:** Who says they need to know? *(She grabs Rainbow's cheeks...)* Think about it, Rainbow Dash. *(...and turns her head to look toward the finish line.)* This is your chance to fly with the winners.

*(The Ponyville ace turns her eyes toward Bulk's showboating and the butterfly that has captured Fluttershy's focus, then back skyward. Her eyebrows lower slightly over the faintest hint of a*

*scowl, the only outward sign of the struggle going on in her mind; after a few long seconds, she faces Spitfire and Fleetfoot again and breaks out in a smile.)*

**Rainbow:** All right, I'll do it! *(Exit Fleetfoot.)*

**Spitfire:** *(chuckling softly; she and Rainbow follow)* Wise decision, Rainbow Dash.

*(Their new partner casts a worried glance back behind herself, one ear drooping. Dissolve to a line of hoops on poles being swung back and forth; some are rainbow-striped, others unmarked, and they are set up to form one long aerial tunnel. Rainbow and Fleetfoot rise into view at opposite ends of the row, Rainbow carrying a Cloudsdale baton and Fleetfoot wearing only her goggles. Eyeing the item, the multicolored-maned flyer smiles fiercely and charges in. Cut to her perspective, approaching the rings, then back to her as she threads the needle, doing a loop-the-loop along the way for good measure. By the time she emerges from the run, Fleetfoot is already flying ahead; Rainbow catches up and claps the baton onto the front hoof extended back toward her for a seamless pass.)*

**Fleetfoot:** Awesome!

*(She flies o.s. and Rainbow stops, the cheerleaders zipping up on either side.)*

**Cheerleaders:**       Whinny, ponies, whinny!  
                          Fly on, fly on, fly on!

*(On the second line, they tap their rear hooves together underneath her, then touch heads above, and wave their pompoms as confetti and streamers rain down. Zoom out to ground level as she blasts past Twilight, who has acquired a spare set of Pinkie's gold pompoms and is eyeing them as if they were alien life forms. The winged unicorn looks up after her friend, purple eyes broadcasting her puzzlement over what, to her, is a most unusual turn of events.)*

*(Dissolve to Bulk, carrying a baton and fighting to gain whatever scrap of altitude he can in the sky. Rainbow flies up behind him.)*

**Rainbow:** Come on, Bulk Biceps! *(He starts to tumble forward.)* You can do it!

*(Having rolled 90 degrees, so that his back is facing in the direction of travel, he comes to a hoop and manages to wedge himself firmly inside. Both the hoop and its support pole creak loudly under the strain as Fluttershy flies up in front of him.)*

**Fluttershy:** Um, I'm ready to take the horseshoe...if you want me to.

*(As soon as the two hooves make contact, sandwiching the baton between them, the pole snaps upright and hurls both Bulk and Fluttershy back the way he came. Their screams quickly fade away into the distance as Rainbow shades her eyes to squint after them; a crash, and the camera cuts to the big doofus peeling himself up from a fresh hole in the base of a cliff. He glances around with sudden panic, not realizing that Fluttershy is wedged into the broad muscles of his*

*back, and Rainbow claps a hoof to her face with an exasperated little groan.)*

*(Dissolve to a close-up of three Cloudsdale crew members rising and falling near ground level. One of them is Spitfire's masseur from the end of Act One; zoom out to frame her doing wing push-ups with him on her back. The other two are standing on the backs of Rainbow and Fleetfoot as they perform the exercise; like Fleetfoot, Spitfire wears only her goggles now. The next dissolve frames Fluttershy standing in an unoccupied stretch of field, her wings extended downward to make contact with the ground. When she lifts her forelegs clear, her face betrays the amount of strain on the feathered appendages in trying to support her weight; soon they give way and she thumps spreadeagle to the grass. Pan from her to Bulk, stretched out on his belly and realizing—to his chagrin—that he has no chance of being able to do wing push-ups. This does not stop him from trying, though, and Rainbow watches from a short distance off.)*

**Rainbow:** You, uh, keep doing your wing-ups. I'm just gonna go get some, uh, water.

*(She zooms away, Twilight taking note of the abrupt departure and now looking very unsettled. From here, dissolve to a close-up of Rainbow in flight, her favorite black shades over her eyes and a Cloudsdale feedbag slung around her neck. She takes a bite from it as Spitfire and Fleetfoot pull in on either side, wearing their own bags and sunglasses. All three chow down before rolling off into a dive to one side that takes them down through the clouds.)*

*(Wipe to a close-up of a brown betty held aloft on Fluttershy's hoof. She leans into view and takes a bite; in a longer shot, she, Applejack, Rainbow, and Bulk sit on a picnic blanket around a plateful of the treats. Rainbow has put away her shades and feedbag. Bulk greedily shovels all but one into his mouth, laughs stupidly around the mass of food, and swallows it down. He picks up the last one and offers it to Rainbow with a "want it?" grunt; she thinks hard about it and waves him off, rubbing her belly to indicate a full stomach. He shrugs and starts bouncing the betty from one foreleg to the other by flexing his muscles. Applejack and Fluttershy laugh at the display, and Rainbow uses this distraction to back quietly away from the scene and bug out.)*

*(Cut to just outside the Cloudsdale tent and zoom out slowly as the three team members zip up to stand in a line—Fleetfoot, then Rainbow, then Spitfire. All three now wear goggles and no feedbags. Crew members scurry to perform maintenance: cleaning Rainbow's goggles, buffing her hooves to a shine, blow-drying Spitfire's tail, taking measurements of all three. Rainbow smiles at the attention just before a sheet of light blue-green fabric is laid over the view. A pair of scissors cuts through this, and the pieces shift aside to frame the mares decked out in form-fitting suits of this color with white collar trim. The garments leave their heads, wings, and tails exposed; a white lightning bolt runs around each hoof, with lighter blue-green sparks flying backward from each. The chest/belly region is decorated with white dots, with a cloud spiral to either side of this just below the collar. Rainbow looks herself over with a very appreciative eye, and all three face proudly forward.)*

*(Wipe to a close-up of Bulk, seen only from the neck up. A flower is magically tucked in next to his ear, matching the one already on the other side of his head, and a few more are already worked into his mane. Around his neck is a lacy blue ruff; he laughs heartily, and the camera*

*cuts to a longer shot of him and Fluttershy. Both pegasi are clad in loose-fitting, patterned light blue outfits trimmed in white; his is like a Greek tunic, hers a dress. Fluttershy wears a garland of flowers around her forehead and has others at her throat and hooves; Bulk has some tied into his tail and wears pink fuzzy ruffs around his hooves. He laughs as both trot in place.)*

**Bulk:** YEAH!!

*(Zoom out to frame Rainbow and Rarity watching the impromptu fashion show. The unicorn has her reading glasses on and a few lengths of cloth draped over one foreleg—she has just come off a design session to put these rigs together. Rainbow is out of her new suit and goggles.)*

**Rarity:** *(laughing, to Rainbow)* Too much?

*(To which the onlooker can only muster up a cringing little smile. Dissolve to her, fully kitted out and flying through a hoop as Spitfire and Fleetfoot rocket upward behind her. Waving to them, she comes in for a smooth landing and turns it into a trot that carries her behind a tree; the sound of a zipper being unfastened is heard, and she emerges from the other side without her gear. The red-violet eyes flick furtively back toward her new teammates, and the blue hooves carry her to a stream so she can scoop up some water. Close-up of her hunkered down at the bank; Twilight's hooves step into view, and the camera tilts up to frame both of them on the start of the next line.)*

**Twilight:** *(pointedly)* It's not easy practicing with two teams, is it?

*(Rainbow nearly chokes on her mouthful at these words, then spits it out and leans into Twilight's face.)*

**Rainbow:** You...know? Does anypony else?

**Twilight:** *(smiling, pointing across fields)* No. They're too busy practicing to wonder why you keep disappearing.

**Rainbow:** Well, I've seen the other teams practicing, and we're still gonna qualify. *(She rises defiantly above the stream.)* I can fly fast enough to make up the distance.

**Twilight:** It just seems like one of the teams you're practicing with needs a little more help than the other one. *(Rainbow descends toward her.)*

**Rainbow:** But it's so much more fun working out with the winners than...um...the...non-winners. Besides, Ponyville will still qualify.

**Spitfire:** *(from o.s.)* Rainbow Dash!

*(She turns to find the two Wonderbolt mares flying leisurely across the fields toward her, in their track suits and sunglasses.)*

**Spitfire:** You got a minute?

**Rainbow:** Uh, sure. *(She flies over to them.)*

**Fleetfoot:** You could really be an asset to our team, so... *(Brief, knowing glance toward Spitfire.)* ...we want you to join the Cloudsdale team—*permanently.*

*(The recruit sucks in a few dozen bushels of air in an ecstatic gasp and claps hooves to mouth, missing Twilight's surprised blink coming from behind. Spitfire steps in close.)*

**Spitfire:** It looks like Soarin's wing won't heal in time for the trials. *(hoof over shoulders; Rainbow grins)* We want you to fly with us. *(Fleetfoot comes up on the other side.)*

**Fleetfoot:** Of course, this means you won't be able to fly for Ponyville. *(smiling)* But let's face it.

*(Cut to Fluttershy and Bulk, practicing a baton pass in front of the town's blanket tent. Fluttershy has it, but tentatively pokes it toward her teammate and ends up jabbing it into his face during the next line. They have stripped off their Rarity-designed competition outfits.)*

**Fleetfoot:** *(from o.s.)* Even with you on their team, their chances of qualifying for the Games are pretty slim.

**Bulk:** *(under previous, after getting hit)* Ow!

*(He goes spreadeagle to the ground, then aims a pair of teary red eyes up at her and gets up so he can trot away whimpering. She flies off after him, still holding the baton; back to Rainbow and company.)*

**Spitfire:** *(smirking a bit)* So, what's it gonna be?

*(Zoom in slowly on the flyer with the multi-hued mane, who now finds two pairs of lenses trained on her at very close range.)*

**Rainbow:** Well...I... *(Zoom out quickly to frame all three again.)*

**Spitfire:** *(lifting off with Fleetfoot)* Take some time to think about it.

*(A very concerned Twilight walks over just in time for her very excited friend to do a very tight loop around her.)*

**Rainbow:** They want me to fly with them! *(floating down on her back)* It's like a dream come true.

**Twilight:** If you fly for Cloudsdale, Pinkie Pie won't have anypony to cheer for. Rarity's uniforms will never be seen. And Applejack will have slaved over those apple brown bettys for nothing.

*(Each assertion lowers her friend's spirits a notch, to the point that Rainbow rolls over to face Twilight with a frustrated sigh.)*

**Rainbow:** But I really want to fly with the best team. *(She lifts off, slumped over, and flaps across to Twilight.)* What would you do?

**Twilight:** *(turning, walking off)* I think this is a decision you have to make on your own. The race is tomorrow, so you'd better make it soon.

*(The conflicted pegasus settles down onto her haunches and stares moodily at the ground, letting her head drop until her forelock almost brushes the grass. Fade to black.)*

### Act Three

*(Opening shot: fade in to an overhead shot of the practice fields. A few contenders are flying laps; cut to Spitfire and Fleetfoot going flat out, wearing their flight suits and goggles. They rocket past a couple of crew members outside the Cloudsdale tent, setting a fan-style anemometer—the same design used in “Hurricane Fluttershy”—to spin wildly and blowing the cap and headset off one of them. A grunt and moan from the o.s. Rainbow are heard as the camera zooms out to frame a third crew member and Spitfire/Fleetfoot double back. It gets the attention of Fluttershy and Bulk in the middle of their workout—Fluttershy lifting a flower, Bulk a barbell. Cut to the blue flyer, heavily bandaged and pushing herself across the grass in a wheelchair.)*

**Rainbow:** *(wailing, hoof to forehead)* Woe is me!

*(She launches into a hearty groan as several ponies of all races gather around, murmuring concernedly; among them are Carrot Top, Daisy, and Minuette. Fluttershy and Bulk are her side in a blink, as are Spitfire and Fleetfoot, now in their track suits and sunglasses; the yellow pegasus gasps.)*

**Fluttershy:** What’s happened?

**Rainbow:** *(voice shaking, groaning, holding up a foreleg)* I’ve hurt my hoof.

*(Cut to Twilight, Pinkie, and Rarity, the last two of whom gasp in shock as the first fails to be convinced. Pinkie now wears only the skirt from her cheerleader outfit, has traded the bullhorn around her neck for a small bundle of party horns, and is wearing a rainbow-striped wig tied into two bunches of ringlets. In addition, the pleats in her skirt have changed from yellow to multicolored. Rarity has put away the glasses and fabric swatches she used while showing off her uniform designs. Spitfire squats down and trains her eyes on the four wrapped hooves.)*

**Spitfire:** All of them? *(She straightens up.)*

**Rainbow:** I, uh...tripped on a...a foam hoof and landed on a...uh... *(mumbling quickly under her breath, behind a hoof)* ...pokey stick coming out of the ground.

*(The one-pony cheering section lets go with an infuriated growl through gritted teeth; now the pompoms on her front hooves are seen to be rainbow-striped instead of pink.)*

**Pinkie:** If I get my hooves on that... *(copying Rainbow’s mumble)* ...pokey stick coming out of the ground... *(full voice)* ...it’ll be in *big trouble!*

**Rainbow:** *(on verge of tears)* There is no way I can fly now.

**Fluttershy:** Do you think you’ll be better by tryouts? *(Rainbow wails and flops over one arm of her chair.)*

**Rainbow:** *(hooves to face)* I'll be lucky if I ever fly again.

*(Pink and white faces take on a gloomy cast, but the light violet one is really not buying it. Close-up of the patient.)*

**Rainbow:** *(sighing)* I just need a little rest. *(Fluttershy reaches into view.)*

**Fluttershy:** *(from o.s., pulling her up)* Oh... *(Cut to frame both; she settles Rainbow back in the chair.)* ...don't worry, Rainbow Dash. We'll take care of you, or...at least somepony will, like... *(Zoom in slowly on the blue face; Fluttershy starts to push her along.)* ...a medic, or...or a doctor, or a nurse.

*(That puts a scare into Rainbow, suggesting that she has been playing up her injuries. Dissolve to a close-up of a beeping heart monitor; Twilight steps up to inspect the signal, which appears to be quite normal, and turns to look off to the side. A longer shot of the area frames it as a hospital room, in whose bed Rainbow is laid out with all four limbs in slings running up to the ceiling. All of her friends save Fluttershy are in her with her; Pinkie is turned away from the bed, sitting glumly on her haunches, and Rarity is wearing her saddlebags. A closed curtain cuts off the rear half of the room.)*

**Twilight:** *(dryly)* So, the medic pony isn't sure what's wrong with you.

**Rainbow:** *(hamming it up)* Everything! Absolutely everything! *(Applejack steps up, a brown betty balanced on one hoof...)*

**Applejack:** This'll cure everythin' that ails you.

*(...and stuffs it whole into Rainbow's mouth. The pegasus has no choice but to chew it over.)*

**Rainbow:** *(mouth full)* Thank you. I couldn't have done that on my own.

*(Close-up of Twilight as she uncorks a weary sigh, then pan to Rarity.)*

**Rarity:** *(magically opening bag, floating out a sparkly length of cloth)* Nothing says "get better" like a little medical pizzazz. Silk slings and a glitter bandage?

**Rainbow:** *(mouth empty)* That might help.

*(The piece is looped around her foreleg and tied in a bow, to which she smiles gratefully. Next comes the sound of an opening door; cut to Fluttershy walking in, with Bulk ducking to miss the top of the frame behind her.)*

**Fluttershy:** And how is our patient doing?

*(The huge stallion gets his hindquarters stuck, pulls for a moment, and comes loose to tumble into the room. He stands up with a big grin and sheepish little neigh.)*

**Rainbow:** *(sighing)* I've been better. *(Close-up of Fluttershy and Bulk.)*

**Fluttershy:** We just wanted to let you know that we're so sorry you're hurt, but you shouldn't



worry a bit about not being able to be in the tryouts. *(Bulk nods on the end of this.)* We'll be all right. *(Both glance toward the door.)* We even have a replacement.

*(Pan quickly back to the door, where said replacement steps in—it is Derpy Hooves, who produces a Ponyville pennant and waves it with a big smile. The revelation throws a fair-sized monkey wrench into Rainbow's mental machinery.)*

**Fluttershy:** We're so, so sorry that you can't compete. We all know how much you love to fly, and we promise...

**Bulk:** CROSS OUR HEARTS!! *(The yell startles Derpy into dropping her pennant.)*

**Fluttershy:** ...that if we qualify and make it to the Equestria Games and all win gold medals... *(Cut to Rainbow and zoom in slowly; she continues o.s.)* ...you can have ours, because we know how much a gold medal means to you.

**Rainbow:** *(floored)* Thanks.

*(The sound of Twilight's clearing throat cuts in sharply; cut to frame the entire room.)*

**Twilight:** I think Rainbow Dash might need to rest some more.

*(The other visitors head for the door, calling back assorted words of comfort and encouragement. After they have gone, Twilight approaches Rainbow's bedside.)*

**Twilight:** *(quietly)* You know, choosing not to choose isn't really a decision.

*(Out she goes; a moment later, the curtain is reeled most of the way back by the occupant of the bed in the room's other half. Here is Soarin', sitting up in bed with his bum wing tightly wrapped.)*

**Soarin':** You sure have nice friends. *(He pushes the curtain the rest of the way and his face falls.)* No pony's been by to visit me. *(forcing a smile)* Uh, too busy practicing, I guess.

**Rainbow:** Well, hopefully your wing will be better soon.

**Soarin':** Oh, it's fine. *(flapping it a bit)* I-I'm just keeping it warm in case my team wants me back.

**Rainbow:** What do you mean, "wants you back"? Spitfire and Fleetfoot told me that you were still too injured to fly.

**Soarin':** *(surprised)* And they told me that they were worried I wouldn't be one hundred percent by the tryouts, so they were going with somepony else.

**Rainbow:** *(really shocked)* That somepony else was me! *(eyeing her bandages)* Until, uh, well...until I got hurt, that is.

**Soarin':** So... *(He lies down with a sigh.)* ...I guess we're all outta luck. Cloudsdale won't qualify without three flyers, and Ponyville won't qualify without you. *(He pulls up his blanket and turns away.)* Too bad.

*(Cut to Rainbow and pan slowly toward her nightstand as she dispiritedly turns this conversation over in her mind. A shaft of sunlight hits the pitcher of water set out here, spreading out into a*

*spectrum due to refraction. This stretches slowly across the floor and touches Derpy's dropped pennant, and the vivid colors briefly shine forth from Rainbow's irises in extreme close-up—just as they did from Rarity's in "Rarity Takes Manehattan." One last flash radiates out from her face as she puts on a determined smile and lifts off out of her bed.)*

*(She pulls the blanket along with her; behind its trailing edge, the view wipes to an overhead shot of the rest of the Ponyville contingent seated dejectedly near their tent. Applejack's cart stands behind her, and one of Rarity's outfits lies on the grass.)*

**Twilight:** Even with Rainbow Dash's replacement— *(Close-up of her, Applejack, and Rarity.)*  
—I don't think we're gonna qualify. *(addressing herself o.s.)* No offense.

*(Pan across the clearing to Fluttershy, Bulk, and Derpy; the cross-eyed pegasus plays it off with a casual smile and shrug. Pinkie, meanwhile, yanks off her wig with an angry grunt and gestures toward a huge pile of pompoms in all manner of vivid colors; she does not have any on her hooves.)*

**Pinkie:** What am I gonna do with all these now?!? *(Cut to Applejack/Rarity; the former has a plate of brown bettys before her.)*

**Applejack:** Uh, what were you gonna do with them before?

*(Rarity sighs heavily and floats her design and a couple of flowers up over Twilight's head.)*

**Rarity:** Maybe my Equestria Games uniforms will still be in style next year. *(She lets the lot drop over the violet pony.)* I mean, I *am* pretty fashion-forward.

*(Twilight shucks off the raiment as Pinkie hunches miserably down on the grass—and then Rainbow steps into view just in front of the camera. The purple eyes are the first to register her arrival.)*

**Twilight:** Is that Rainbow Dash...

*(The others catch on; cut to the sky-blue invalid, treading stolidly across the field without any hint of a limp or hitch in her gait. Also gone is the glitter bandage Rarity put on her foreleg.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* ...walking?

*(Zoom out slightly as Soarin' tops the rise a few steps behind her, then cut to Spitfire and Fleetfoot standing under one of the Cloudsdale tents. The captain is drinking a bottle of water, but lets it drop when her jaw falls open in undiluted surprise, and both pairs of eyes stare over the tops of their sunglasses. Zoom out to put Rainbow in the fore.)*

**Fleetfoot:** *(puzzled)* Does this mean you're feeling better?

*(Cut to the two discharged patients; now Soarin' has both of his wings stretched out, showing*

*that his injured wing is unwrapped and in working order.)*

**Rainbow:** I feel great because...

*(Close-up of one wing being spread to throw off its bandages, then cut back to her on the start of the next line.)*

**Rainbow:** ...I was never hurt in the first place.

*(She pulls off more of the gauze. The Wonderbolts and crew gasp, as does the reconstituted Ponyville team—with a shrill scream from Bulk mixed in for good measure. By the time the camera cuts back to Rainbow, she has discarded all of her bandages and turned her eyes toward the ground.)*

**Rainbow:** I faked my injuries so that I wouldn't have to choose between flying for Ponyville or Cloudsdale. I wanted to fly with you both, and the decision was too hard.

**Fluttershy:** *(crossing to her)* Oh, Rainbow Dash, you don't have to choose us. I know you love to win— *(Close-up of Rainbow; she continues o.s.)*—and you should go with the team that surely will.

*(The conflicted athlete smiles warmly on the end of this.)*

**Rainbow:** I know now who I should have been loyal to.

**Spitfire:** Good choice. *(nudging Fleetfoot)* Always stick with the winners. *(Rainbow points to...)*

**Rainbow:** Ponyville.

*(The two pros are taken aback by her decision, but Rainbow pays them no mind and walks over to her friends.)*

**Rainbow:** Because it's not just where I live, but it's where my friends are. *(Slow pan across the group.)* The ponies who really care about me—whether I can help them win a race or not.

*(The camera movement puts her o.s. as she finishes, and she gets a round of laughter and cheers afterward. Soarin' has even joined in on the merriment.)*

**Spitfire:** Are you sure that's the right decision? *(An irate Rainbow leans into her face.)*

**Rainbow:** You lied to me about Soarin's wing— *(gesturing to him)*—just so you could get a better flyer! *(He crosses his forelegs angrily.)* You may be a winning team, but you're still not the kind of team I want to be a part of.

*(Now the two ace flyers are struck dumb for a moment; only after Spitfire removes her shades can she come up with a response.)*

**Spitfire:** Huh. Rainbow Dash, you are something.

*(A smile passes between her and Fleetfoot.)*

**Spitfire:** Saw it at the Academy, seeing it again here. We could learn a lot from a competitor like you.

**Fleetfoot:** Think we already have. *(Spitfire steps out past her and addresses herself o.s.)*

**Spitfire:** Ready to fly? *(Cut to Soarin'; his eyes pop.)*

**Soarin':** Really?

**Spitfire:** Never should've lied and tried to replace you to begin with. *(Overhead view of the area.)*

**Soarin':** *(laughing, taking off)* Go, Cloudsdale!

*(The other two members of the reunited team zoom up after him; cut to Rainbow.)*

**Rainbow:** Come on, Ponyville relay team! *(She hovers above the group.)* We've got a race to get ready for!

*(Off she goes like a rocket, Fluttershy following and Bulk managing to get himself aloft with rather less effort than before.)*

**Bulk:** YEAH!!

*(He sets off after the other two. Wipe to the midair finish line; Spitfire and Soarin', in flight suits and goggles, stand on its rainbow border across from a sweater/shirt/tie-clad unicorn stallion minding a large clock. Her goggles are on her eyes, his on his forehead. Something bursts upward through the cloud center—it can only be Fleetfoot—and the timekeeper hits a button on the clock's housing to stop it. A close-up shows that it is designed somewhat like a stopwatch, with the last stretch before the 12:00 position marked in red. The ticking hand has stopped well short of this; the timekeeper nods, and Fleetfoot lands on the rainbow to trade a high five with Spitfire.)*

**Soarin':** *(calling down toward ground)* Come on, Ponyville! *(Tilt down.)* You can do it!

*(Stop on a long overhead shot of the practice fields, with Bulk visible as a large white speck moving slowly through the air. In close-up, he carries the baton toward a pole-mounted hoop, heaves himself backward, and goes through it hind legs first—without getting stuck. He faces front again once he is in the clear; cut to the running clock, then back to him. Fluttershy is waiting at a checkpoint just ahead; when he reaches her and passes the baton, she bobbles but does not drop it. As she starts her leg of the race, Bulk lets off an exhausted breath and hits the ground like five tons of bricks.)*

*(Cut to a knot of spectators, with Applejack, Pinkie, and Rarity out front. Pinkie has donned her rainbow wig, and Twilight is quick to get into the act as well. Her wig is similarly varicolored, but straight with prominent bangs, and she has donned a full cheerleader outfit similar to Pinkie's original, but with the rainbow-colored pleats. In addition, she waves multi-hued pompoms on her front hooves and has a bundle of small horns around her neck to match*

*Pinkie's.)*

**Twilight:** Go, Fluttershy! *(Cut to Fluttershy clearing a couple of hoops; she continues o.s.)*  
Woo-hoo!

*(Topside: the clock ticks on, now almost down to the 6:00 position. The yellow pegasus flaps for all she is worth, extending the baton as far as her foreleg will reach, and slams it onto the hoof of the waiting Rainbow. The latter wastes no time in going from zero to ridiculous speed, and the two Cloudsdale cheerleaders go into a bit of pompom/tail-waving.)*

**Cheerleaders:** Qualify, Ponyville! Qualify, Ponyville!

**Pinkie:** *(bounding up onto their front hooves)* Woo-hoo! Go, Rainbow Dash!

*(On this line, they lift her into the air and she throws a load of confetti and streamers, waving her rainbow-colored pompoms. The object of said encouragement is busy flying through an ascending zigzag run of floating hoops. The clock ticks on toward the red zone...she clears one last hoop...the hand is even closer now...and down below, Applejack nervously chomps into a bit of her own cooking as the crowd stares upward, on the edge of its collective seat.)*

*(Now Rainbow hurtles upward like a runaway freight train as the clock ticks past the final hash mark before the red zone. Her face all supreme confidence, she pushes herself into one last kick of speed and punches through the cloud at the finish line. The timekeeper punches the button to stop the clock—exactly at the edge of the red, but not beyond.)*

**Timekeeper:** Ponyville qualifies!

*(Wild cheers drift up from below as Fluttershy and Bulk fly over to lay a monster hug on Rainbow. Those cheers are coming from both the Ponyville and Cloudsdale sides, as well as every single other onlooker in the place. None of the three can believe their eyes or ears at their success.)*

*(Dissolve to a long shot of the rainbow waterfall coming down the mountainside toward the fields, and tilt down to the sound of sustained cheering. Five teams stand on a line of separate platforms facing the crowd; the three Wonderbolts are at far right with goggles firmly in place, the griffon squad one position to the left, the Ponyville trio at far left. The timekeeper makes his way down the line, levitating a stack of medals behind himself and floating them to rest around the necks of these fifteen competitors.)*

*[Continuity error: This scene contradicts Rainbow's Act One statement that only the four fastest times would qualify.]*

*(Zoom in slowly, then cut to a close-up of the last platform as he gives Rainbow and company their medals. These consist of a white disc wrapped with a rainbow ribbon and set with a pair of gold wings, hung from a red cord. One of the Wonderbolts reaches into view and taps Rainbow on the shoulder; cut to Spitfire standing nearby. The gold pin from the collar of her track suit is*

*now occupying the same position on her flight suit, but she picks it loose with her teeth. Extreme close-up of Rainbow's medal as she affixes the pin to it, then zoom out to frame both. Gratitude shines from the red-violet eyes, and even though Spitfire's are hidden behind her goggles, the level of respect she has for the pegasus facing her is impossible to miss. Spitfire nods to her and lifts off, followed by Soarin' and Fleetfoot; Rainbow glances at Fluttershy, who passes the look to Bulk.)*

**Bulk:** YEAH!!

**Twilight, Applejack, Pinkie, Rarity:** YEAH!! *(All but Pinkie head across to the team.)*

**Pinkie:** Woo-hoo!

*(Twilight puts a foreleg around Rainbow's shoulders and gives her a proud grin, getting a warm smile in return. Cut to just behind the team's heads; the timekeeper has set up an old-style camera with "bellows" lens, ready to take their picture.)*

**Twilight:** Equestria Games...

*(Head-on shot of the platform, now crowded with Bulk and all mares except Pinkie.)*

**Twilight:** ...here we come!

*(The missing pink one leaps into view and latches onto the side of Bulk's head, and Derpy pops up behind him to wave her Ponyville pennant. A camera flash freezes the tableau.)*

**Rainbow:** *(voice over; dictating; excited little squeak)* "I can't deny it."

*(Zoom out slowly to show that the image is now a photo mounted on a page. Rainbow is writing below it—an entry in the group's shared journal—and wearing her medal. The gold pin has been moved onto its cord.)*

**Rainbow:** *(voice over)* "I love to win! But if I ever gotta choose between winning and being loyal to my friends..."

*(Camera shift: the book rests on a stand in the library's reading room. The front door stands open behind Rainbow.)*

**Rainbow:** *(voice over)* "...I'm always gonna choose my friends."

*(Pinkie gallops past outside, with Twilight in playful pursuit; both are out of their cheerleader outfits.)*

**Rainbow:** *(voice over)* "'Cause as much as I love winning..."

*(She stops writing and acknowledges Pinkie's return; the pink mare sprints off, keeping ahead of Twilight.)*

**Rainbow:** *(voice over)* "...I love them waaaaay more."

*(She spits her pencil aside, removes her medal, and hangs it on the corner of the stand as Rarity gallops past to get in on the fun. A few flaps take her out the door after the three, and the camera zooms in to a close-up of the pin. A gleam of rainbow-hued light plays briefly across its surface, just as it did on Rarity's new spool of thread at the end of "Rarity Takes Manehattan," and the view snaps to black.)*