

RARITY INVESTIGATES!

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Note: All lines marked with one asterisk (*) are delivered as a voice over.

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Canterlot Carousel, the shop Rarity opened in “Canterlot Boutique,” seen from across the street during the day. Zoom in slowly as a couple of ponies stroll past, then dissolve to the showroom inside. One mare is on her way out, and a second is completing a purchase with manager Sassy Saddles at the counter. Sassy waves goodbye to this one, a unicorn who heads for the door with a shopping bag in her magical grip. Cut to Rarity near the closed workroom door, floating three pony mannequins past behind herself. First: deep red trenchcoat with pink belt and neckline bow; deep purple, broad-brimmed hat with pink band. Second: loose, long-sleeved, pale blue gown with gold bands at sleeve cuffs and midsection, the latter positioned so that the sleeves pass through it. Third: long-sleeved, dark gray suit consisting of a jacket and skirt; pink fur stole; white dress shirt; black belt and ribbon tie; small, feathered, dark gray “fascinator” hat cocked on side of head with a short veil attached.)

Rarity: Oh, Sassy Saddles, don’t you just love my new Femme Mystique Chic line of gowns? *(She starts ahead on the end of this; cut to Sassy as they float past and she follows.)*

Sassy: *(gasping softly)* Sequins and sashes, Rarity, they’re exquisite! *(They are floated onto stands at the window; she steps out from the counter.)* Where in Equestria did you find the inspiration?

Rarity: Oh!

(Close-up of the blue gown, tilting down slowly from body to hooves.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* I modeled them after the adventures of Shadow Spade. *(The trenchcoat; tilt down.)* Her stories are always full of mystery and suspense, and best of all...

(She stands up into view on the end of this, after which the camera cuts to frame all three mannequins and zooms out quickly to frame both unicorns. Rarity has dropped to her haunches, with forelegs spread wide to show her enthusiasm.)

Rarity: ...fabulous costumes! (*Close-up of Sassy.*)

Sassy: They're perfect! (*suddenly puzzled*) What are you doing?

(*The answer: tweaking the position of the trenchcoat dummy ever so slightly while humming to herself.*)

Rarity: Oh, uh, just making some minor adjustments.

(*Exhaling onto the dark gray suit's stole, she fluffs it with a hoof; next she drops to her belly and nudges the base of its stand a tiny bit, squinting intently.*)

Rarity: Shadow Spade believes it all comes down to attention to detail, and so do I.

(*A bit of magic shifts the fascinator to a new angle on the head.*)

Rarity: There! Now it's perfect!

(*All is calm in the boutique for exactly as long as it takes the camera to cut to a close-up of the closed door and Rainbow Dash to fling it open with considerable force.*)

Rainbow: Hey, guys! (*The mannequins topple over.*) How's it—

(*The rest of the greeting dies in her throat once she sees the brand-new mess and hears the fearful whimpering from both o.s. unicorns. A shot of the entire room reveals that she has not only wiped out the display, but sent fabrics every which way and swept Rarity and Sassy off their hooves. Orange and blue eyes aim dirty looks toward the stunt flyer, who can only manage a weak chuckle.*)

Rainbow: My bad.

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of the denuded windowsill. A grunt from the o.s. Rainbow floats up before she rises into view, righting the trenchcoat mannequin. It has lost its hat.*)

Rainbow: Sorry I messed up your dress thingie.

(She brushes dust off the sleeves. A longer shot frames all three dummies standing again and both unicorns upright, Rarity doing a little telekinetic touch-up.)

Sassy: Nothing we can't fix in a stitch. *(floating up stacked fabrics, turning to counter)* What are you doing in Canterlot?

Rainbow: I'm here for Princess Celestia's Royal Garden opening tomorrow.

Sassy: *(setting stack on counter)* Oh, yes! Rumor has it the gardens are especially lush this season. I've heard that the Wonderbolts will be kicking things off with an aerial display.

(During the previous, she uses her aura to straighten out two sheets—a short one, which she sends away; and a longer one, which she pulls out to full length and lets curl above her head before propelling it off.)

Rarity: You heard right. And Rainbow Dash is here to fly with them! So exciting!

Rainbow: Well, kind of exciting. *(Close-up.)* Technically, I'm not flying. I'm just the lucky reserve who was called in to be the backup flyer in case a Wonderbolt can't perform.

(Recall that she qualified for the Wonderbolt Reserves in "Testing, Testing 1, 2, 3." Zoom out to frame Rarity on the start of the next line.)

Rarity: Oh, don't be so modest. Out of all the reserves, *you* were the one chosen.

Rainbow: *(slightly cocky)* It is pretty sweet. *(hovering around Rarity)* And I do get to stay in the castle, hang out with the Wonderbolts, *and* eat awesome food at the dinner tonight. *(A thought hits her.)* Speaking of the dinner—*(She flies back to look Rarity in the eye.)*—you're still coming, right?

Rarity: Heavens, yes!

(Cut to her; she gallops off to stroke/grip the hooves of the suited/gowned mannequins in turn.)

Rarity: A chance to dress up, be charming, and show off my newest *Femme Mystique couture?*

(Her field brings the trenchcoat dummy's missing hat over and settles it at a rakish angle on her head.)

Rarity: I wouldn't miss it for all of Equestria!

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Great! *(Cut to her at the door.)* See you tonight!

(The slam that marks her exit sets the mannequins shaking all over again as the camera pans to them, but Sassy is quick to wrap them all in her magic so that they remain standing. She and Rarity let their heads dip and their eyes close in silent relief at having averted a second disaster. However, it comes around again to the sound of the door being thrown open; this time, Sassy has no time to bring her horn into play and the displays crash to the floor. Rarity shoots a murderous glare toward the intruder from beneath the wide purple brim, but she instantly shifts into a big smile.)

Rarity: Ooh!

(She gallops to the door, where a pale green unicorn stallion holds a box on one front hoof. His blue shirt, shorts, and cap mark him as a package delivery employee, and his shorts display a box with wings and trailing dust cloud in the spot covering his cutie mark. Short, untidy, two-tone maroon mane/tail; bored brown eyes; a bit of stubble on the chin. Rarity gets the proffered parcel in her levitation.)

Rarity: The rhinestones I ordered!

(Plunking it on the floor, she undoes the flaps and extracts several wads of paper used for cushioning. A searching look within leads to a disappointed expression.)

Rarity: Oh, my. Oh, there's been a mistake. *(She floats a couple of gems out of the box.)* I ordered dragon-cut stones, and these are hoof-polished.

Delivery stallion: *(floating up a clipboard)* Uh, I'm sorry, but I've got a full load of deliveries today. I'm not sure I have time to redo your order.

(The slighted customer stands up to full height, the blue eyes narrowed in the shadow of the hat brim and the mouth curled into a calculating smile. She floats the headwear away and tosses her mane back before crossing to him; in an instant, she sidles up and switches into damsel-in-distress mode. He is so startled that he lets the clipboard fall to the floor.)

Rarity: Oh, of course you don't. Your job is so difficult. *(laughing)* Honestly, I don't know how you keep all of those orders straight.

Delivery stallion: *(blushing, rubbing back of neck)* Oh, uh, i-it is pretty tough, what with the boxes all being... box-shaped. *(Chuckle.)*

(On the end of this, cut to a close-up of a wagon stacked with said items and zoom out to show it parked at the curb. The view then shifts to the front stoop of Canterlot Carousel, he now stands here, staring glumly out at the workload, and she is just inside the open doorway.)

Rarity: Oh, ye—ooh, yes. And I very much appreciate it. *(easing a bit closer)* But if there was any way you could squeeze in one more little delivery, I would be eternally grateful.

(On the second half of this line, cut to an extreme close-up of his chest as she gently lays a front hoof on the blue fabric, then zoom out to frame both. The faint blush and wide brown eyes tell of just how thoroughly his mind has locked up, and she adds a demure little laugh and a bat of her shining eyes to finish the job. He chuckles self-consciously, rubbing the back of his neck again.)

Delivery stallion: Well, for you, Rarity— *(floating box after himself)* —I'll see what I can do.

(Off he goes; she closes the door behind him, and the camera cuts to the showroom as she crosses to a most impressed Sassy.)

Sassy: Rarity, you could sweet-talk a filly out of candy.

Rarity: Oh! (*Laugh.*) It was nothing. (*trotting off*) Nopony minds a compliment.

(The other unicorn magically adjusts the trenchcoat collar; on the start of the next line, cut to Rarity peeking out from behind the curtains of the room's elevated platform.)

Rarity: Now you simply must help me pick out an outfit for tonight. (*ducking away*) Something from the new collection, of course!

(Her faithful manager smiles at this and starts across the room toward her. Dissolve to the ballroom of Canterlot Castle, festooned with streamers/banners/balloons and set out with tables of yummy stuff to bite on—the dinner Rainbow mentioned. There is even a table stacked with gifts near the windows, through which a darkening sunset sky is visible. Flight-suited Wonderbolts are all over the place: partaking of the refreshments, flying back and forth, talking with Princess Celestia as she stands on the stage at one end of the room. Cut to the section of wall immediately above the room's entrance and tilt down past the open doorway to floor level, where Rainbow and Rarity are entering. The unicorn has donned the gown from her latest fashion line, but in white rather than pale blue, while the flying pegasus has not bothered with any finery. Both stop short, Rainbow putting hooves to cheeks to frame a smile of giddy surprise, and Rarity flicks the end of her own forelock.)

Rainbow: Let's grab some grub!

(She flies off, Rarity following, and both waste no time in getting plates to load up. As Rainbow flies off with hers, Rarity stops and sniffs deeply of the air.)

Rarity: Mmm! Is that Juniper Phoenix I smell? (*Pan to Rainbow, hovering nearby with a now-full plate, on the start of the following.*)

Rainbow: No, it's broccoli!

(Not bothering to take some utensils or even land, she proceeds to gobble down the food she has piled up. Cut to an extreme close-up of Rarity; the sound of a suave, gravelly, deep male voice takes her by surprise, and the camera zooms out to frame the speaker on the start of the next line. It is Wind Rider, a sky-blue pegasus stallion with medium brown eyes and a short, wavy, two-tone dark gray mane/tail. He wears a dark gray bomber jacket with lighter sleeve cuffs and fur trim at hem and collar, and an off-white scarf is loosely knotted around his throat. Lines on his forehead and under his thick-browed eyes speak to his age; his cutie mark cannot be clearly seen at the moment due to the position of his wings. He has filled a plate from the buffet.)

Wind: Yeah, Juniper Phoenix is one of my favorite stallion colognes. (*Rainbow freezes in midair, cheeks bulging and eyes staring.*)

Rarity: Ooh, mine as well. It's masculine and yet soft, with the barest hint of floral notes, and it—

(During the previous, the gobsmacked flyer swallows her mouthful, drops her plate to smash on the floor, stares slack-jawed, lets her eyes widen with hooves clapped to mouth, and finally flies up alongside the other mare.)

Rainbow: *(whispering)* Rarity, don't you know who this is?

(She backs off as Rarity smiles politely in Wind's direction; cut to a close-up of him, tilting slowly up from hooves to head. He grins confidently, and the camera zooms out slightly as the designer eases closer.)

Rarity: A gentle-pony with fabulous taste in colognes and scarves? *(Rainbow inserts herself between them and frantically waves her off.)*

Rainbow: *(normal volume)* It's Wind Rider!

Rarity: Ohhhh! *(Rainbow smacks a hoof to her own forehead in disgust.)* So nice to meet you.

Rainbow: You didn't let me finish. *(Rarity's perspective of her.)* He's a living legend! *(backing up next to Wind, lifting his wing)* He holds the Wonderbolt record in the Mustang Marathon!

Wind: Well, that was a long time ago. *(She lets go and backs off; stars pop in her eyes.)*
Honestly, I can't believe I still hold the record.

Spitfire: *(from o.s.)* Wind Rider!

(She flies over to the gathering, goggles on forehead. Accompanying her is a second Wonderbolt, a cream-colored mare with a two-tone light blue mane/tail who has her goggles over her eyes. This is Misty Fly.)

Spitfire: I see you met Rainbow Dash. She's one of our most promising reserves. *(They land; her voice turns sly.)* She just might beat your record. *(Nudge, nudge.)*

Wind: *(to Rainbow)* Really now!

Rainbow: Oh... *(Nervous laugh.)* ...I'm nowhere near as good as you. *(Zoom in to a close-up.)*
I-I mean, I'm fast, but I-I don't have the endurance to go long distances.

Spitfire: *(from o.s.)* Aw, don't be modest. *(Cut to her and Misty.)* A little practice and you'll be beating records in no time.

(The latter nods at these words; zoom out to put Wind in the foreground.)

Wind: *(chuckling, to Rainbow/Rarity)* Well, it's nice to meet you fillies. *(He walks off, leaving Rainbow to voice an awed little sigh.)*

Rainbow: *(saluting)* Not as nice as it is to meet you, sir.

(His departure fully exposes his cutie mark: an old-style leather aviator helmet and goggles, with wings mounted at the ears. Rainbow manages a shaky laugh, full of air, then drops into a bow during the next line.)

Rainbow: I can't believe I just met Wind Rider!

Misty: Yeah. He's coming out of retirement to take the spot of honor in the center of our Aerial Flower Formation tomorrow. *(Rainbow snaps up with a gasp and plants both front hooves on her chest.)*

Rainbow: Really? *(Another gasp.)* That's incredible!

(Calming down a notch, she takes her hooves away. Cut to a shot of Celestia, now down off the stage, and Wind kissing one of her front hooves; zoom in slightly on the stallion, then cut back to the four mares. Spitfire and Misty fly off, not seeing Rainbow's spirits drop into her hooves, and Rarity floats a cup to herself from a nearby table.)

Rainbow: Guess I'll just watch Wind Rider being awesome from the sidelines. *(Close-up.)* Practice tomorrow is gonna be so boring. *(Zoom out to frame Rarity on the next line.)*

Rarity: I don't suppose I could keep you company? *(Rainbow instantly brightens.)*

Rainbow: You could! *(hugging her; the cup falls)* They always let friends and family come watch practices!

(Punch ends up splashed all over the immaculate gown, as the flyer discovers when she backs away. The unicorn gets out a half-strangled noise of surprise that turns into a dismayed cry; cut to an extreme close-up of the cup sliding slowly down the white fabric.)

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Oop. *(Chuckle.)* Sorry about that. *(It drops free; she leans in close.)* Let me help clean that up.

(Her plan becomes abundantly and horrifyingly clear to Rarity when she snorts in a huge breath, raises a front hoof, and prepares to hock a loogie onto it.)

Rarity: *(hastily backing off)* Uh, no, no. *(Rainbow swallows.)* It's almost impossible to get stains out of silk.

(She uses her magic to slide a large trunk into view, stopping it in front of herself.)

Rarity: But not to worry.

(The lid flips open toward the camera, hiding her from view, and she ducks behind it for a split second. Just as quickly, the lid closes and the trunk is slid away to expose a completely new outfit: short-sleeved red-pink gown, short cape laid over it with a slightly different hue and secured by pink/red-pink sashes tied across the chest, small, matching feathered hair clip.)

Rarity: *(walking off)* I've come prepared!

(She completely misses the very funny look and eye roll that Rainbow sends her way. Dissolve to just outside the ballroom doors, from which Spitfire exits, followed by Rainbow and Rarity. Two pegasus guard stallions are on duty.)

Rarity: That dinner was absolutely divine. Thanks for inviting me.

(They move on to another corridor whose windows give a clear view of the darkened, star-filled night sky. Behind them, one side of the curtains adorning one window has come loose from its securing rope, which has fallen to the floor.)

Rarity: Ooh, you're staying in the east tower? Those rooms have the best view of Canterlot!
(Spitfire stops at one door.)

Spitfire: How lucky are we? *(opening it, walking in)* Well, we better get some shut-eye before practice. *(The door closes.)*

Rainbow: *(flying off)* See you tomorrow, Rarity!

Rarity: *(singsong, calling after her)* Good night!

(She heads back the way they all came in. Dissolve to the bright sun in a peaceful morning sky and pan/tilt down to the cliffside, cloud-built racetrack that served as the venue for the Wonderbolts Derby in "Sweet and Elite." As squad members zoom around the area, the camera cuts to the highest-tier box seats—from which Rarity watched that earlier race at the invitation of Fancy Pants—and tilts down to Rainbow and Rarity sitting on their haunches in the topmost row of the lower grandstand section. The fussy unicorn is no longer wearing her replacement gown and has brought along a bottle of sunscreen, which she is applying to her forelegs and face. Rainbow sighs contentedly.)

Rainbow: Thanks for keeping me company, Rarity. If you weren't here—*(Rarity floats the bottle up and squirts out a dollop; Rainbow scratches the back of her neck.)*—well, I don't know who I'd be talking to right now.

(She gets a little dab on the end of her nose for making this creaky joke. Both smile as Soarin' lands behind them.)

Soarin': Uh, you'd be talkin' to me. *(He tips his goggles onto his forehead. The sunscreen is now gone from Rainbow's nose.)* Rainbow Dash, Spitfire's mom sent a message that she was sick. She had to leave to take care of her. *(Rainbow gasps; he walks off.)*

Rainbow: Oh, no! I hope her mom's okay.

Soarin': Me too. *(Stop.)* In the meantime—*(turning to point at her)*—we need you to fly in her place.

(This request hits her like a cement block to the cranium. Cut to an extreme close-up of her constricted eyes.)

Rainbow: L...l-like... *(They go huge and shiny.)* ...in the actual show?

Soarin': Unless Spitfire comes back, yes. *(She stands up in a blink.)*

Rainbow: *(saluting)* I won't let you down, Soarin'!

(Professional poise goes down the garbage disposal perhaps a second later, when she takes off straight up with a yell of sheer joy and corkscrews upward.)

Rainbow: This is the best thing ever! Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh! (*strutting/dancing, singsong*) I'm gonna get to fly with Wind Rider and the Wonderbolts, 'cause I'm the bestest and I'm awesome and they know it—

(*Cut to Rarity and Soarin'; she continues under the next two lines with a string of "uh-huh" repetitions and a "yeah" or two mixed in.*)

Soarin': (*addressing himself upward*) Uh, Rainbow Dash?

Rarity: (*whispering*) Shh, shh. Let her have this, darling.

(*Zoom in to a close-up of her face as she lifts it toward the sky. Around her visage, the background dissolves to a different stretch of seating; zoom out to show her as one of several spectators now sitting in that top-tier box. Rainbow and Wind rocket upward, side by side, and return in a carefully coordinated double swerve past the pennant flying from the roof. A turn brings them around to open air, and Rainbow pulls ahead of Wind while waving in Rarity's general direction. Caught off guard at being outpaced even for this short moment, Wind hardens his expression and closes the gap.*)

(*In the box seats, Rarity returns the wave as a yellow-orange pegasus mare walks to her. Two-tone orange mane; purple sweater with lighter collar/cuff/hem trim; red-pink eyes with blue-violet shadow; pearl earrings and necklace; cutie mark of a rocket whose tail fins are two different shades of orange. This is Stormy Flare, whose lined face points to the age difference between the two of them as Wind's did. Rarity is a bit surprised at the new arrival, but quickly gives a welcoming smile.*)

Rarity: Hello there. (*Stormy sits on her haunches.*) Friend or family?

Stormy: Family. (*Close-up.*) My daughter's a Wonderbolt. (*shading eyes, gazing skyward*) But I don't see her up there. Do you know Spitfire? (*Pan to Rarity.*)

Rarity: Ooh, you're Spitfire's mum? (*puzzled*) But I thought you were sick.

Stormy: What?

Rarity: Well, Spitfire got a note from you saying you weren't feeling well, and...she went home to take care of you.

Stormy: I didn't send a note. (*Zoom out to a long shot of the box; Soarin' whooshes past, goggles over eyes.*)

Rarity: (*softly, hard-edged*) That's so strange. (*He doubles back to get a good look at them.*)

Soarin': Stormy Flare? (*Goggles up.*) Aren't you supposed to be sick? (*Misty and two other Wonderbolts gather in for a look.*) 'Kay, what's happening?

Stormy: I don't know. (*They pull in near the box.*) But I do know I didn't send my daughter a note.

Rarity: Could somepony have sent Spitfire a fake note?

Misty: Who would do such a thing?

Soarin': (*crossing forelegs*) Somepony who wanted her out of the show, I suppose. (*Rainbow rises to their level.*)

Rainbow: Why would anypony want that?

Wind: (*flying into view behind her*) Maybe so they could take her spot.

(In less time than it takes to say “call my lawyer,” the backup stunt flyer finds herself on the wrong end of distrustful glares from one retired and five current Wonderbolts. Cut to an incredulous Rarity and Stormy, the camera zooming in slowly on the former, and snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of a patch of closed curtains within Canterlot Castle. Rainbow rises into a hover before this, putting one front hoof to her chest.)

Rainbow: Me?

(A longer shot reveals that she is in a dressing room, backed up against the curtains by no fewer than seven Wonderbolts. Among the group is Soarin', his goggles still up. Stormy stands behind them, looking more surprised than angry.)

Rainbow: I-I would never do that to Spitfire! Why would you think it was me?

(One of the performers, Blaze, gets in her face. Mare; light yellow coat; short, swept-back orange mane; goggles over eyes.)

Blaze: I did see you and Spitfire leave the dinner together.

Rainbow: We were room neighbors in the castle! *(Here comes Misty on her other side.)*

Misty: And you did say you would do anything to fly with Wind Rider.

Rainbow: Yeah, but I didn't mean *anything!* *(Close-up of Soarin'.)*

Soarin': Spitfire came by my room and told me she had to go see her mom at around midnight. Where were you then? *(Pan to Rainbow and Misty on the end of this.)*

Rainbow: I was asleep at midnight— *(A thought bubble forms above her head; tilt up toward it.)*—having this totally amazing dream.

(The bubble, which now fills the screen, shows a clear sky above the waving roof pennant of the racetrack's top box. Cheers float up from the imaginary ground level as four flyers, including a fully suited-up Rainbow and Wind, hurtle across. The view is ringed with white to clearly mark this as a dream.)

* **Rainbow:** *(with growing fervor)* There I was, at the arena— *(She does a flip/roll to cruise upside down above Wind.)*—flying with Wind Rider and the Wonderbolts— *(Pull out a camera; aim it at him.)*—like I've always wanted to—

(The flash clears away to frame her in the here and now, realizing that her description may not be doing her any favors. Her voice catches in her throat for a moment.)

Rainbow: Uh, never mind. *(hoof to face)* Not helping.

(A round of urgent whispers floats across to her; cut to frame the entire room. The Wonderbolts have huddled in for a quick sotto-voce conference; Soarin' is the first to break out and address her.)

Soarin': Rainbow Dash, if you can prove that somepony else is behind Spitfire's disappearance before the start of the show, then you can still fly with us. In the meantime...Misty Fly, Blaze. *(These two step up and salute with a wing.)* Head over to Stormy Flare's house, and try to find Spitfire and bring her back. *(Take off; he steps toward Rainbow, now deadly serious.)* I have to warn you—if you sent that letter, the bylaws are clear. I'd have no choice but to ban you from the Wonderbolts forever. Understand?

Rainbow: *(sighing heavily)* I understand. *(He turns back to the others.)* But how am I gonna prove I didn't send a letter that I didn't send?

(Cut to a black silhouette of a mare standing against a dark gray background. A broad-brimmed hat covers the head, tilted low over the eyes, and a coat collar is turned up, but the voice instantly gives away the identity.)

Rarity: With me!

(Wonderbolt eyes turn toward her, and the unicorn steps out from behind a column. She has put on the trenchcoat and hat from her collection.)

Rarity: Detective Rarity is on the case, and we are going to get to the bottom of this faster than my costume change!

Rainbow: Yeah, what's with the getup?

Rarity: Obviously I am channeling Shadow Spade through these gorgeous garments. *(Close-up of Rainbow, rolling eyes wearily; she continues o.s.)* And she would say that the best way to prove that you didn't send the letter is to find out whoever did!

(She leans hard toward Rainbow on the end of this, giving a gimlet-eyed glare. Extreme close-up of one white front hoof being raised into the air.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* First stop... *(Tilt down to follow it, framing the entire group; she points ahead.)* ...the scene of the crime!

(A column drifts past the screen; behind it, the view wipes to a black-and-white shot of the two friends making their way slowly along a corridor. Rainbow flies and Rarity walks as a slow, melancholy jazz tune begins—piano, drums, bass, muted trumpet. The night sky shows through the windows behind them. The edges of the screen are slightly washed out, as if the scene were being played from an old film reel.)

* **Rarity**: We had a long road ahead of us, Rainbow Dash and I. *(Another column passes; wipe to a close-up of her.)* Well, not too long because we didn't have much time, but the point is—

(The camera tracks quickly around to frame her in a head-on shot.)

* **Rarity:** —I was up for the challenge.

(Snap to black and tilt down into one of the castle's bedrooms. Rainbow has pulled open a desk drawer and is looking through it; after a moment, she slides it closed and flies over to sit on the bed, where she opens a drawer of the nightstand. In the foreground, Rarity stands up into view, levitating and peering through a large magnifying glass.)

* **Rarity:** There I was, surveying the crime scene— *(Seeing her reflection in the surface, she pauses to admire herself.)* —and looking très chic while doing it.

(The patch of floor at her hooves gets a bit of scrutiny; next she lets her eyes widen in surprise, and the camera zooms out slightly to frame the case. Lying a few feet away on the tiles is an envelope; close-up of it as her magic lifts it away.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* This must be the envelope for the letter Spitfire got!

(So this is the Wonderbolt's quarters, then. She sniffs deeply at the bit of stationery, opens the flap, and inverts it. Out comes a small tuft of rainbow-striped hair—seen not in black and white, but in muted color—to drift down onto her upraised hoof.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* Hmm. *(Cut to frame both.)* These look like hairs from a rainbow mane!

(The wearer of the mane in question lets her jaw drop to full length, absolutely floored by the discovery, and swallows hard.)

Rainbow: That's not good.

(She slumps in midair and flies lackadaisically away, the camera zooming in to an extreme close-up of the sleuth's eyes as the light narrows to a horizontal band that highlights them.)

* **Rarity:** Rainbow Dash was getting antsy. *(Normal light resumes; she crosses the room and adjusts her hat brim.)* But I had faith I could clear her name and find the real culprit.

Rainbow: What are you doing?

(In an instant, the jazz stops and full color restores itself to the scene. A change in the camera angle picks out the fact that Rarity has stopped to admire her image in the room's full-length mirror.)

Rarity: *(flustered)* Huh? Uh, what? O-Oh, just thinking thoughts.

(The accused flies through an open door into an adjoining room. Once she is gone, the black-and-white re-establishes itself and the jazz resumes; she begins to pace the floor in a profile close-up.)

* **Rarity:** Rainbow Dash was right. In order to solve the mystery, we had to be focused. Driven. One hundred percent in the—

(Full color; jazz stops; zoom out quickly. She has reached the half-undone curtains outside Spitfire's room.)

Rarity: *(excitedly)* Ooooh! *(stroking fabric)* The damask pattern on these curtains is exquisite! *(eyeing the still-fastened side)* Oh, and this velvet rope holder! Oh, it's just— *(Zoom out slightly; Rainbow hovers just behind her.)*

Rainbow: *(groaning, hoof to face)* We don't have time to look at the décor! *(Close-up.)* They're gonna kick me out of the Wonderbolts unless we solve this thing!

Rarity: *(from o.s., dramatically)* I know, Rainbow. *(Cut to frame both.)* And I am on this case like a charm on a bracelet. *(pacing)* Here's what I'm thinking. *(Rainbow catches up.)* Somepony had to bring Spitfire that letter, which means— *(Both stop.)* —somepony must have seen them!

(On the end of this, she points ahead with a smile and the camera cuts to a long shot of the closed double doors at the far end of the corridor before her. It is the same one that served as the ballroom exit for the previous night's dinner. Zoom in quickly; the two pegasus guards who were on duty have been joined by a third, and all are enjoying a moment of levity. One has a red helmet crest and tail, one blue, one purple.)

(Black and white resumes, as does the jazz: the three guards sit side by side behind a table in a room with bare stone walls, fidgeting under the glare of a single ceiling light.)

Rarity: *(stepping into view)* I just have a few questions for you, and I'm sure once we get some things cleared up, we'll—

(Color fades into the scene and the jazz winds to a stop, as if coming from a record player that has been shut off. A zoom out on the start of the next line frames an irritated Rainbow addressing her.)

Rainbow: Come on, Rarity, we don't have all day! *(She leans into the red-crested guard's face.)* Where were you on the night of last night at midnight?

Red: We were here, guarding the hallway entrance like we were supposed to. *(Rainbow now leans against the table, supporting herself with one bent foreleg.)*

Rainbow: A likely story.

Red: I'm telling you, we were there all night, and no one went in or out of that hallway. *(The blue-crested one thinks for a moment, then speaks.)*

Blue: 'Cept for you. *(Rainbow leans into his face.)*

Rainbow: What are you trying to say?

Blue: Just that there are only two rooms in the northwest wing, yours and Spitfire's. So the only other pony who had access to that wing was you.

[Continuity error: This contradicts Rarity's Act One comment about being given quarters in the castle's east tower.]

(His assertion throws a goodly amount of sand into Rainbow's mental gears, and she backs away from the table without taking her front hooves off it. Black and white view, jazz resumes: Rainbow settles to all fours as Rarity watches from across the room.)

* **Rarity:** The waters were getting choppy. Rainbow Dash's tactics were, well...horrid. *(Extreme close-up: she opens her eyes to gaze levelly ahead.)* It was time for another approach.

(Back to the table.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* Perhaps I should take it from here?

(The pegasus under suspicion grimaces mightily upon glancing back toward her, and a cut to the gumshoe tells the story. Rarity has changed into the dark gray suit and fascinator she designed and draped herself fetchingly across a couch that was not there before. A moment later, she is crossing past a gobsmacked Rainbow to stop near one end of the table, having adopted her best come-hither attitude.)

Rarity: You castle guards have... *(circling behind Red, stroking his shoulders)* ...such a difficult job. I'm guessing that at times it can be rather... *(Extreme close-up; she speaks softly into his ear.)* ...boring.

Red: It is. I've counted all three hundred and forty-five bolts in the ceiling tiles two hundred and ninety-three times.

Rarity: *(pacing behind the three)* And of course, being a castle guard can be thankless work. *(Close-up: she stops behind Blue.)* I'm not saying you did— *(touching one of his front hooves)* —but *if* you took a break, you more than deserved it.

Red: *(from o.s.)* Ah, you're right. *(Pan to him.)* We don't get a lot of recognition for what we do. *(Longer shot, framing all five ponies.)*

Blue: Except for last night, when somepony was nice enough to leave a cake for us. So we did take one little break when we ate that cake.

(Rainbow's pleading look gets cut off when Rarity shoves her aside, having instantly switched back to her trenchcoat and hat and gone all business.)

Rarity: What kind of cake was it?

Blue: Cherry with a custard filling. *(Profile close-up: she climbs onto the table to watch him even more closely.)*

Rarity: Was the frosting vanilla or chocolate?

Red: *(from o.s.)* Chocolate. *(Zoom out to frame him; she scrambles to his end.)*

Rarity: Was the base of the cake decorated with buttercream rosettes?

Red: It was.

Rainbow: *(groaning loudly, settling down from hover)* Who cares how it was decorated?!?

(Extreme close-up of the grayed-out blue eyes, looking sidelong at the room from under the hat.)

* **Rarity:** Rainbow Dash was questioning my methods. But I knew what I was doing.

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Do you?

(Those eyes go very wide as the jazz winds to a stop, and the camera zooms out as normal color re-establishes itself.)

Rarity: Oh! Oh, ooh. *(stammering a bit.)* Did I say that one out loud?

Rainbow: *(panicky)* I mean, even I think I'm guilty at this point! *(dropping to haunches, pawing at Rarity's coat front)* I really did want to fly in that show! *(Close-up.)* What if I wrote that note when I was asleep? Do you know what I do when I sleep? Because I sure don't! *(Tilt up to Rarity's serene face.)*

Rarity: Oh, calm down, Rainbow Dash. We'll get to the bottom of this. *(Rainbow backs off; she turns toward the table.)* There's only one bakery in Canterlot that makes a chocolate cherry cake with custard filling and buttercream frosting rosettes, and that's...

(Black and white, with jazz: the upper story of a building, tilting down slowly to a long overhead shot of the street on which it stands. Rainbow and Rarity pass a few sidewalk tables on their way to the front door, the latter having changed into yet another outfit whose details cannot be completely discerned at the moment due to the camera position.)

* **Rarity:** ...Cinnamon Chai's tea and cake shop!

(Cut to a close-up of a unicorn mare standing at one table: apron; dark eyes with shadow on lids; long, dark, well-coiffed two-tone mane/tail. This is Cinnamon Chai, whose voice carries an even more exaggerated version of Rarity's cultured accent. On the start of the next line, zoom out to frame both Ponyville mares and the details of Rarity's new threads. Long, light-colored skirt with a dark under-layer and a short, polka-dotted over-layer; two-tone belt at midsection; sleeveless, high-collared, light-colored blouse with a large, dark ribbon tie; dark buttoned shoes on the forelegs. She has tied her mane back in a curling ponytail. Cinnamon turns as she speaks, showing a cutie mark of a bowl of cake batter with a cinnamon stick half-submerged in it.)

Cinnamon: Hello. How can I help you?

Rarity: I've heard you have the best chocolate cherry custard cake with buttercream frosting rosettes in town. *(Cinnamon voices a short, high laugh.)*

Cinnamon: You travel in the right circles. *(floating up a dirty cup, wiping it with a cloth)* We have the *only* chocolate cherry custard cake with buttercream frosting rosettes in town.

(Pan quickly from her to the shop's front window, where a multitude of sweet goods are on display—as is one conspicuously bare doily. Zoom in on this.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* Oh, no! But somepony's already bought it. *(Zoom out to frame her and Rainbow.)* Who was the lucky pony? *(Cut to Cinnamon, who thinks hard before responding.)*

Cinnamon: I can't even say.

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* Why? *(She steps in close.)* Because it was somepony famous?

Cinnamon: No, because it was hard to tell.

(She ponders again, a thought bubble forming overhead and a pony mannequin appearing within. Each named item appears on the dummy in turn, along with a broad-brimmed hat.)

Cinnamon: She was wearing a trenchcoat, sunglasses, and a scarf around her head that covered most of her face. But I do remember she had a really deep, raspy voice.

Mannequin: *(Rainbow's voice)* What do you mean, raspy? *(The bubble poofs away.)*

Cinnamon: Well, kind of like yours.

(Cut to Rainbow. This is exactly what she did not want to hear, if her staring eyes and the hard swallow she forces down tell an accurate story. Zoom out to frame Rarity on the start of the next line.)

Rarity: If there's anything else you can remember, dish. *(She steps closer to Cinnamon.)*

Cinnamon: Well, have I got a story for you! *(Both lean over the table toward each other; zoom in slowly.)* The pony who bought the cake threw a big fit when she accidentally got chocolate ganache on her scarf.

Rarity: That's terrible! *(She props her chin on her hooves.)* What color was the scarf?

Cinnamon: White! *(Pause.)* No...maybe more of an ivory. *(Extreme close-up of Rarity's face.)*

Rarity: You don't say!

(Zoom out quickly to frame Rainbow behind her as color returns and jazz stops. The new dress: white blouse/skirt; pink over-skirt dotted with two darker hues; deep magenta/pink belt, deep magenta ribbon tie/shoes/under-skirt; pink buttons and bows on the shoes.)

Rainbow: I can't believe you're talking fashion at a time like this!

(Cut to her, approaching the table, and pan to bring Rarity into view on the start of the following.)

Rarity: Rainbow, don't panic. I need you to trust me.

Rainbow: Trust you? You've spent more time changing clothes than trying to help me!

(Overhead shot of the table. Now Cinnamon's colors become clear: pale brown coat, reddish-brown mane/tail, deep purple eyes.)

Rainbow: *(hovering)* I'm doomed!

Rarity: No, you're not. *(walking off)* Come on!

(Her face radiating the deepest level of uncertainty about the amateur detective's competence, Rainbow swivels in midair to follow. Dissolve to a black-and-white view of an apartment building's window that gives onto a fire escape. Rain pours down as the jazz resumes, but now the source of at least part of it becomes apparent: a stallion garbed in trenchcoat and hat, sitting on the windowsill and playing a muted trumpet. Tilt down to an overhead shot of the sidewalk; Rarity, back in her own coat and hat and with her mane in its usual style, walks along while

levitating an umbrella to keep the rain off herself. Rainbow flies slowly alongside, getting thoroughly soaked.)

*** Rarity:** Rainbow Dash was obviously upset. *(Ground level; three ducklings walk past and down the street.)* But I had all my ducks in a row. Except... *(A fourth scurries to catch up.)* ...one.

(It topples into a puddle. Cut to a close-up of the disaffected pegasus.)

*** Rarity:** She was not going to like it. *(Zoom out; Rarity glances back from the corner of her eye.)* But there was only one way to find out if my suspicions were correct.

(Jazz ends; cut to a full-color long shot of the racetrack and zoom in slowly on the adjoining castle tower as Blaze and Misty fly into view toward it. Another cut shifts the view into the dressing room seen at the start of this act; the door opens and the two mares enter. Soarin' sits on his belly, eating a pie; Fleetfoot hovers restlessly near the curtains; Wind sits on a stool off to one side, next to Stormy.)

Blaze: We looked everywhere, but Spitfire wasn't at her mom's house.

(Close-up of Stormy and Wind. The latter's scarf is tied differently from the dinner in Act One.)

Stormy: Where could she be?

(Sound of the door behind flung open; pan quickly to Rarity at the threshold, having ditched her umbrella, with a fully dry Rainbow right behind. A flash of lightning turns the view to black and white and starts the jazz anew.)

Rarity: *(pointing ahead)* I've found the culprit!

(Soarin' trades an apprehensive look with Fleetfoot and swallows hard, Blaze and Misty glance uneasily at each other, and Rarity paces slowly past the two eldest pegasi in the room.)

Rarity: Somepony sent Spitfire away and framed Rainbow Dash for it. *(Close-up.)* And that pony was none other than... *(Stop; point back the way she came.)* ...Wind Rider!

(On the end of this, pan quickly back to the stallion, whose expression hardens as lightning cracks the sky again. Gasps and murmurs from the o.s. Wonderbolts; cut to Rainbow, who slaps a hoof to her face in disbelief—"has she completely lost her mind?" Snap to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to an empty stretch of the dressing room, against which a shocked Rainbow stands up into view. Full color has been restored, and the jazz has stopped.)

Rainbow: Rarity! I can't believe you would accuse Wind Rider of framing me! *(She flies over to the two.)* He's a living legend, for pony's sake!

Rarity: All the evidence points to him.

Rainbow: *(scoffing)* What evidence could you possibly have? *(Slide to the snack table.)* All you did was ask about cake— *(Fly up to the curtains.)* —admire décor— *(Knock Rarity's hat off.)* —and change outfits a gazillion times!

(The fashion-conscious investigator maintains complete calm.)

Rarity: Let me explain. *(pacing)* I never believed you would send Spitfire away. *(Cut to Rainbow and Wind; Rainbow lands as she continues o.s.)* And when we found the rainbow hairs in Spitfire's room—

(Close-up of her coat pocket, zooming out as she floats a small plastic bag up from it. Inside is the bit of multicolored hair she found while she and Rainbow were searching the place.)

Rarity: —I could tell they didn't fall out. They were cut!

(Zoom in to a close-up of the bag on the end of this, showing that the ends have an appearance consistent with being snipped straight across. Cut to a slow pan across Stormy with Blaze/Fleetfoot/Misty/Soarin', all well and truly puzzled by this revelation.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* No pony loses hair in a chunk. *(Back to her, floating the bag up.)* And look at the ends. It's a straight line! *(Back it up.)* They were clearly cut with shears! *(pacing)* Which means some pony planted it!

(Cut to a black-and-white shot of Rainbow and Rarity in Spitfire's room. The former has her hat back on and is floating the envelope from the faked note at eye level to scrutinize it, while the latter sits sullenly on her haunches atop the bed and lets her hind legs dangle over the side. The jazz starts up.)

* **Rarity:** Then, when we were examining Spitfire's room— *(Extreme close-up; she sniffs the item.)* —I smelled something on the envelope. *(Eyes pop.)* Juniper Phoenix! *(Fierce smile.)* Wind Rider's cologne of choice!

(Outside in the hallway; she advances toward the main doors as Rainbow stands on her hind legs, lounging against a column with forelegs crossed impatiently.)

* **Rarity:** Then, in the castle hallway— *(Stop to inspect the curtains.)* —I noticed some of the damask curtains fell out of their velvet rope holder— *(Think, stroking chin.)* —indicating that some pony had been hiding behind them!

(The present: she now faces Wind down at close range. Full color; no jazz.)

Rarity: Perhaps *after* they dropped off the fake letter?

Wind: Juniper Phoenix is a very popular fragrance, and anypony could've moved those curtains.

Rarity: Precisely why I questioned the castle guards.

(Black and white, jazz on: overhead shot of two guards on duty at the ballroom doors.)

* **Rarity:** They were at their posts, at the entrance to the hallway, all night. *(The third guard approaches.)* Except for a small window of time when somepony brought them cake!

(He holds up the item in question—stacked high and liberally decorated with frosting and sprinkles—and the other two smile broadly at the sight of it. Back to the present, full color, jazz off; Rarity sidesteps her way across the dressing room.)

Rarity: A cake that was ordered by a girl pony with a raspy voice!

(Black and white, jazz on: just outside the door to Cinnamon's shop. A pegasus flies out, almost completely hidden behind trenchcoat/hat/sunglasses/scarf and carrying the cake. This pony is nearly bowled over twice—first by a well-dressed unicorn stallion who gallops past, then by two stallions—earth pony and unicorn—giving chase.)

* **Rarity:** Whoever ordered the cake got a chocolate stain on their ivory scarf.

(Extreme close-up of that article of clothing, clearly showing a smudge of frosting on its knot. Zoom out slowly.)

* **Rarity:** And I couldn't help but notice that Wind Rider's scarf is tied in a tight Windsor knot—

(On the end of this line, the view dissolves to a close-up of the former flying ace in the present, full color, and the jazz fades away.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)*—instead of its usual loose slipknot! *(She steps into view at one side.)* And why is that? *(magically grabbing scarf end)* Is it to hide...

(Extreme close-up of his chest. The knot is nimbly untied and the two ends left to fall loose; one of them is mottled with brown.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* ...the chocolate stain?!?

(A round of gasps from the four Wonderbolt onlookers and Stormy.)

Wind: *(jumping off stool to face them)* Ah, this is preposterous. Wonderbolts! You don't believe a word of this, right? *(Close-up of his anxiously smiling face.)*

Rarity: *(from "o.s.")* Just admit it! *(He steps aside, exposing her just behind and stepping up.)* You're just as guilty of framing Rainbow Dash as you are of ruining that ivory scarf!

(Any degree of suavity he has left disintegrates into an air of resentful admission.)

Wind: Ugh, fine! You caught me! I did it!

Rainbow: *(flabbergasted)* But...why, Wind Rider? Is it because I took the last broccoli at the dinner, and you really, really wanted it?

(Cut to him on the end of this. He opens his mouth, preparing to either fumble his way past this question or deliver a really scathing comeback, but Rarity zips over to cut him off.)

Rarity: No! It was because he was afraid that you would break his long-distance Wonderbolt record.

(Black and white, jazz resumes: she and Rainbow talk with Wind at the dinner. She is in her original white/gold gown, prior to getting punch dumped onto it.)

* **Rarity:** I heard him when Spitfire said you were close to breaking his record. He said, and I quote— *(Wind walks off, mouth moving in time with the following.)* —“Heh-heh.”

(Here and now; full color, jazz stops.)

Rarity: *(pacing)* That’s the polite but disingenuous laugh you make when you want to seem happy, but really you’re not. *(Cut to Wind.)*

Wind: I thought if I could get Rainbow Dash kicked out of the Wonderbolts forever, my record would be preserved. *(Rainbow crosses to him.)*

Rainbow: Really? That is *so* not cool. And I thought you were the coolest Wonderbolt ever—until now.

Wind: *(hovering)* I did what I had to do to protect my record! Sometimes you gotta play dirty to be the best! *(He lands.)*

Rainbow: That’s not what being a Wonderbolt is all about.

Soarin’: *(from o.s.)* She’s right!

(The lined blue face turns toward his voice; cut to just behind Wind, facing all the present professional flyers and the absent one’s mother.)

Soarin’: Wonderbolts look out for each other! *(face hardening)* Which reminds me...where is Spitfire?

Wind: *(smirking)* I sent her the letter pretending to be Stormy Flare. I told her I had pegasitis, and the only cure is the Ice Iris in the Crystal Mountains. *(Zoom in on Rarity and Rainbow.)*

Rainbow: No wonder she’s been gone so long! Ice Irises are almost impossible to find in spring!

Soarin’: *(pacing, hovering)* The Crystal Mountains are too far for anypony to make it there and back before the Royal Garden opening! Rainbow Dash, we need you to fly in Spitfire’s place.

Rainbow: But Spitfire shouldn’t have to miss this. I’m gonna get her.

Soarin’: Well, you’ll never make it in time!

(The red-violet eyes narrow intently as she turns to stare across the room. Cut to a long shot of the racetrack, the storm not having let up one bit.)

Rainbow: *(flying out and away)* Then there's no time to lose!

(Dissolve to a slow pan across the dressing room. Soarin' and Stormy talk worriedly; Blaze gazes out the window; Rarity busies herself keeping a steely glare on Wind as he sits on his stool again. The rain has now stopped.)

Blaze: Rainbow Dash is still gone!

Rarity: *(crossing to her)* Oh, don't panic. If I know Rainbow Dash, she'll come through.

(The disgraced stallion rolls his eyes wearily, just before the sound of the door opening cuts in. It swings open to expose Rainbow and Spitfire, the latter considerably more winded than the former. As Rainbow enters the room, Spitfire puts her goggles up and an overjoyed Soarin' steps over to her.)

Soarin': Spitfire! You're back! I can't believe you made it!

Spitfire: *(sighing)* I wouldn't have— *(Cut to Rainbow/Rarity/Wind; she continues o.s.)*—if Rainbow hadn't found me so fast. Gave me enough time to fly back.

Rainbow: *(hovering)* Rare, I couldn't have done it without you. And I'm sorry I doubted you. *(She touches down.)* But why didn't you tell me what you were doing?

Rarity: Well, I didn't want to get your hopes up until I was sure. And I couldn't be sure until I saw that chocolate stain.

Rainbow: *(touching Rarity's chest)* Thank you for believing in me—even when I was doubting you. *(head drooping)* I'm some friend, huh?

Rarity: *(touching Rainbow's shoulder)* Actually, you're quite a good friend.

(Cut to Spitfire, Soarin', and Stormy, all hovering and looking down with gentle, proud smiles.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* You went to get Spitfire, even though it meant you couldn't fly today. *(Back to Rainbow.)*

Rainbow: *(sighing, smiling)* I'll get my chance one day. *(Spitfire zooms over to Wind, now off the stool.)*

Spitfire: Or today! How'd you like Wind Rider's spot in the show?

(He is so taken aback by this offer that his pupils and irises shrink away to almost nothing.)

Wind: Uh...w-w-what? Y-You can't do this to me! I-I'm one of the greatest Wonderbolts there ever was!

Spitfire: Not anymore. For attempting to frame Rainbow Dash, I hereby strip you of your Wonderbolt status!

(On the end of this, cut to an extreme close-up of his jacket front; she reaches into view and tears a gold pin away from it—the winged lightning bolt that serves as the team’s insignia. Zoom out and tilt up to frame his angry glare before he gets walked out by a flying Fleetfoot.)

Soarin’: *(to Rainbow)* So, would you like to fly with us?

Rainbow: Would I! *(She hurtles up to the ceiling.)* Woo-hoo!

(Just as when she got the news of Spitfire’s absence in Act One, she goes into a goofy celebratory dance accompanied by a liberal dose of both “uh-huh” and “yeah.” Zoom out on the start of the next line to show Rarity, Spitfire, and Soarin’ watching.)

Soarin’: Uh...Rainbow Dash?

(She stops cold and gives him a big, squeaky, thoroughly embarrassed grin. Cut to floor level; the three spectators head for the door.)

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Coming!

(She zooms out past Rarity, who brings up the rear. Dissolve to a black-and-white stretch of clear daytime sky, the jazz starting up. Spitfire, Misty, and Soarin’ swoop down from above and fly toward/past the camera, goggles all on eyes, after which two trios of Wonderbolts approach from opposite sides and gain altitude, their paths interweaving before they split up. Next three pairs approach a central point and cut tight turns around it, leaving smoke trails in six different monochrome shades to form a gigantic floral bloom—the Aerial Flower Formation Misty mentioned—before zooming off again.)

* **Rarity:** So my friend got her moment in the sun—

(The display is broken up when Rainbow punches through its center, suited up in the goggles and sleeveless tunic she and the other cadets wore in “Wonderbolts Academy.”)

* **Rarity:** —or the center of an Aerial Flower, as the case may be.

(Cut to an extreme close-up of Rarity’s eyes, tilted up to watch the high-altitude spectacle.)

* **Rarity:** And as for me? *(She looks around.)* I got a chance to show off my Femme Mystique Chic collection.

* **Stormy:** That’s nice, dear.

(The eyes widen in surprise; zoom out quickly as full color resumes and the jazz winds to a stop. She and Stormy sit side by side in the racetrack grandstand seats, surrounded by other spectators.)

Rarity: Oh. Did I say that out loud?

(Fade to black.)

(The usual closing theme does not accompany the credits. In its place is the subdued melody played by the jazz combo during the black-and-white scenes.)