

THE BEST NIGHT EVER

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Note: “WD” = wavering dissolve.

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to a patch of peaceful daytime sky, against which Pinkie Pie bounces into/out of view with a happy squeal.)

Pinkie: I...can't...believe...the Grand...Galloping...Gala...is...tonight!

(Zoom out on the end of this. She is jumping on a trampoline and distracting Twilight Sparkle, who sits on her haunches in the foreground with an open book in front of her. The Carousel Boutique stands behind them.)

Twilight: Pinkie, please stop shouting! I'm trying to concentrate! *(Rarity steps out.)*

Rarity: Pinkie Pie! *(crossing to trampoline)* Stop that right now! It's time to prepare for the Gala, and I refuse to let you put on your new dress if you're all sweaty.

(The jumper skids to a midair stop, hooves barely touching the trampoline, and hops down with a dirty look. Spike has joined the group, while Twilight is now levitating the book.)

Pinkie: *(to Spike)* What's Twilight doing?

Spike: She's got an awesome magic spell she's been working on for the Gala.

Rarity: Where *are* the others? It's getting late.

(Applejack and Fluttershy walk up, with Rainbow Dash flying overhead.)

Applejack: Hold your horses, girl. We're here. *(Close-up of Twilight; she closes the book and lets it drop.)*

Twilight: Perfect. I'm ready. *(Zoom out to frame the group.)*

Rainbow: For what? *(Spike brings her an apple.)*

Twilight: All right, Spike.

(Close-up of the fruit as he sets it on the grass.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* An apple! *(Cut to her and the onlookers.)* Are we having pie?

Spike: Shh! Watch.

(The versatile violet unicorn directs her glowing horn at the fruit, which begins to bulge and swell and finally turns into a carriage ready for a team of horses. It retains its apple shape, and an appropriately decorated pennant is attached to the stem on top. Cut back to the six ponies, five of whom express their admiration.)

Twilight: Thanks. But that's just the start. Fluttershy, did you bring your friends?

(Four small white mice peek out from the pink mane.)

Fluttershy: Yes. *(She puts her head down; they scamper to the grass.)* Will they be safe, Twilight?

(Pan slightly to frame the four critters in a close-up.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* You have my word.

(She hits them with a new spell that transforms them into a quartet of white stallions in full livery, with curly yellow manes and tails. However, their heads and faces retain a distinctly mouse-like character, complete with long whiskers.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Ta-da!

(The rest of the gang does its best to be amazed, but the effort quickly falls flat. Tilt down from the squeaking creatures to Twilight.)

Twilight: Neat, huh?

(Cut to a bush, where Rarity's cat Opalescence emerges and lets her eyes go wide.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* And don't worry. They'll be mice again at midnight. *(The white feline pounces.)*

Fluttershy: Opalescence, no!

(Too late; she has obeyed instinct and launched herself at what she regards as lunch. Her leap drops her neatly on the rump of one mouse/horse, throwing the entire team into a panic and sending them galloping over the hill. Opal gets dumped back onto the grass.)

Twilight: Wait! Come back! *(to the others)* Those horses were supposed to pull our carriage! How will we get to the Gala?

Rarity: *(overly dramatic, hoof to forehead)* Whatever shall we do?

(She tosses the hint of a calculating smile to her friends and approaches four stallions at a fence.)

One of them is Caramel, who had trouble keeping up with the grass seeds in “Winter Wrap Up.” Opal now sits among them, grooming herself.)

Rarity: *(clearing throat)* Uh, excuse me. Uh, would you boys mind pulling our carriage to the Gala?

(She gets a round of eager smiles in response from Caramel and another stallion, the two closest to her. Wipe to the septet of Gala attendees—six mares, one dragon—as the two steeds take the carriage for a short test pull.)

Twilight: Oh, yeah. Right.

(She manages an embarrassed little smile at having overlooked this obvious solution. Fade to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to Twilight, Applejack, and Fluttershy in a large changing room of the Carousel Boutique. They are sitting on their haunches, with the hoods of salon-style hair dryers lowered over their heads; Fluttershy is reading a magazine. Pan to the other side of the room, where a fourth dryer is set up and angled to point directly at Pinkie. She eyes the power switch, which lies on the floor.)

Pinkie: Oooh!

(As soon as she steps on it, the device puts out a gale-force blast that peels her lips back from her teeth and then throws her across the room. Outside, Spike pounds on the closed door with a groan.)

Spike: Come on, you guys! *(Inside; he is heard through the door.)* Let me in! *(Rainbow approaches, her mane wrapped in towels.)*

Rainbow: Sure thing, Spike! *(Rarity blocks the door; Applejack walks up.)*

Rarity: Heavens, no! We’re getting dressed!

Applejack: Dressed? Uh, beg pardon, Rarity, but, uh, we don’t normally wear clothes.

(The fussy unicorn lets off a loud groan and magically opens the door.)

Rarity: I’m sorry, Spike. Some of us *do* have standards. *(He follows her in.)*

Spike: I still can’t believe we’re going to be in Canterlot tonight! *(reaching Twilight; Pinkie is now under a dryer)* Our hometown, Twilight! And the best part is that we all get to hang out together all night long!

(Across the way, Rainbow now sits on a couch, on her belly.)

Rainbow: Uh—I don't know, Spike.

(Cut to a close-up of a set of false eyelashes and follow them as they are floated across to fit on one of Rarity's lids. She blinks to make sure they are firmly in place.)

Rarity: We'll just have to see.

(Now Applejack does a bit of spit-shining on one of Fluttershy's front hooves; the latter recoils a bit at the "spit" part, and the former has her mane wrapped up now.)

Applejack: We're gonna be a mite busy.

(Pinkie's dryer hood lifts away, exposing a mane that has been completely straightened out.)

Pinkie: Busy having fun!

(The magenta hair instantly fluffs back up to its usual style, surprising her a bit.)

Spike: *(sulkily)* Oh. Okay. *(Twilight levitates a brush to apply makeup.)*

Twilight: Don't worry, Spike. We'll all get to spend some time together. *(Close-up of him.)*

Spike: Great!

(Around him, the background dissolves to the apple carriage under the night sky. He acquires a black tuxedo jacket with ruffled white shirt and red bow tie. Zoom out; he sits in the driver's seat, reins in hand.)

Spike: 'Cause I've planned out my insider's tour of Canterlot!

(A longer shot shows the vehicle in motion; the ponies' muffled, excited chatter is heard from within. Caramel and his buddy are tricked out in white shirt collars and black bow ties.)

Spike: I've gotta show Rarity the crown jewels, and Applejack the Princess's golden apple tree! *(addressing the window behind him)* And Pinkie, we gotta go to my favorite donut shop!

(Tilt down to the side door's heart-shaped window, through which silhouettes of the passengers can be seen, then back up to him.)

Spike: Then let's get moving! *(snapping reins)* Hyah! *(Caramel turns angrily to him.)*

Caramel: Excuse me?

Spike: Um...I...

Stallion: If you weren't friends with our neighbor Rarity...hmph!

(Still a bit miffed, the two stallions begin pulling as Spike wipes nervous sweat from his brow. The camera roves ahead of them to frame Canterlot, high on its mountainside, and dissolves to a closer shot of the resplendent white-and-gold city. All the trees are outfitted with lights, and ponies gather on the grass and make their way toward a drawbridge that leads over a waterfall and into the heart of the action. When the carriage pulls up among a line of arriving vehicles, Spike jumps down from his seat and opens the door with a bow.)

(The first hoof to step out is Rarity's, clad in a sparkling glass slipper. Cut to Spike, who holds his bow in the line of passing shadows; he pops one eye open for a peek, then suddenly snaps up to balance on his tail.)

Spike: Whoa!

(Cut to Twilight and zoom out to frame the other five mares. All are wearing the first-run dresses Rarity designed in "Suited for Success." Their manes are styled in the fashions seen at the end of that episode, and Rarity has added a deep magenta cape atop her outfit. The glass slippers adorn only her front hooves.)

Spike: *(from o.s.)* You all look... *(Back to him.)* ...amazing!

Lush, bright orchestral setting, moderate 4 (B major)
All crowd/ensemble lyrics are in square brackets

(Zoom out to put the six in the foreground; Fluttershy and Rainbow hover above the other four.)

Twilight: I can't believe we're finally here! *(Cut to the drawbridge and pan around the city; she continues o.s.)* With all that we've imagined, the reality of this night is sure to make this... *(Fireworks explode overhead.)* ...the best night ever!

Twilight: At the Gala [at the Gala]

(Fluttershy flies through a double line of stallions.)

Fluttershy: At the Gala, in the garden, I'm going to see them all
All the creatures, I'll befriend them at the Gala

(A wavering dissolve puts her in the gardens of Princess Celestia's palace, among assorted friendly critters and seen in soft focus.)

[At the Gala]

(A squirrel perches on her foreleg.)

All the birdies and the critters, they will love me, big and small

(She sets it down and flies up among the butterflies.)

We'll become good friends forever, right here at the Gala

(WD back to her, now marching ahead with a line of Gala guests.)

[All our dreams will come true, right here at the Gala

At the Gala]

(Applejack moves front and center. WD to a softly focused pan along a line of customers waiting their turn at her apple cart.)

Applejack: At the Gala [it's amazing] I will sell them [better hurry]
All my apple-tastic treats [yummy, yummy]
Hungry ponies [they'll be snacking] they will buy them [bring your money]
Caramel apples, apple sweets [gimme some]

(Cut to a huge pile of coins and tilt up to frame her atop it.)

And I'll earn a lot of money for the Apple family

(WD back to her; half a dozen unicorn stallions circle and form a double line as they sing.)

[All our dreams and our hopes from now until hereafter
All that we've been wishing for will happen at the Gala
At the Gala]

Gentle string/harpsichord melody

(A flat minor, then back to B major by the end of the next verse)

(Their lowered heads form a barrier of horns, but they lift these away to let Rarity promenade through the line. On the next line, a WD takes the action to a set of closed doors, which open so she can enter a magnificent hall within the palace. Soft focus again.)

Rarity: At the Gala, all the royals, they will meet fair Rarity

(She walks through the crowd, prompting surprised stares.)

They will see I'm just as regal at the Gala [at the Gala]

(The camera pans from her to the dark-blond unicorn stallion she saw in her fantasy during "The Ticket Master.")

I will find him, my Prince Charming, and how gallant he will be

(They touch horns lovingly. Dissolve to a long shot of the hall and tilt up toward the floor-to-ceiling stained-glass windows.)

He will treat me like a lady

(WD back to her; zoom out to frame the onlookers, who proceed toward the city.)

Tonight at the Gala

[This is what we've waited for, to have the best night ever

Each of us will live our dreams, tonight at the Gala

At the Gala]

Brass fanfare, then rock with strings; drums/electric guitar in

(A flat minor, then back to B major by the end of the next verse)

(The Wonderbolts soar over Rainbow. WD to her on the next line, suited up and flying with two of them. Soft focus.)

Rainbow: Been dreamin', I've been waitin' to fly with those brave ponies
The Wonderbolts, their daring tricks, spinning 'round and having kicks

(They buzz past a packed grandstand, leaving disheveled and amazed spectators in their wake. Tilt down from a rain of diamonds to the trio; she stands with the other two in her Gala dress.)

Perform for crowds of thousands, they'll shower us with diamonds

(WD back to her.)

The Wonderbolts will see me right here at the Gala

Drums/electric guitar out

(Six Wonderbolts gain altitude overhead and sail through the fireworks.)

[All we've hoped for, all we've dreamed, our happy ever after
Finally will all come true right here at the Grand Gala
At the Gala]

Drums in; double-time feel

(Pinkie hops along toward the palace, bouncing well over the other attendees.)

Pinkie:

I am here at the Grand Gala, for it is the best party

But the one thing it was missing was a pony named Pinkie

(WD; she hops along past banners and cheerful ponies as confetti rains down on the softly focused grounds.)

For I am the best at parties, all the ponies will agree

(Quick pan to each attraction she names, with her taking part in each, then WD back to the excited pink pony.)

Ponies playing, ponies dancing with me at the Grand Gala

Drums out

[Happiness and laughter at the Gala, at the Gala]

Majestic feel (C major)

(Celestia flies through the night sky, the camera zooming out to frame the arc she describes between two clouds above the palace. Quick pan to Twilight.)

Twilight:

At the Gala [at the Gala] with the Princess [with the Princess]

Is where I'm going to be [she will be]

(WD to a huge hanging light fixture in the palace, then tilt down to Twilight and Celestia in the expansive, softly focused hall.)

We will talk all about magic and what I've learned and seen [she will see]

(Celestia and the background fade away to leave her standing in a red spotlight against a black field.)

It is going to be so special, as she takes time just for me

(The crowd fades into view around her.)

[This will be the best night ever]

D flat major

(WD back to her, marching ahead and followed by rank on rank of ponies. Normal focus resumes at this point.)

[Into the Gala we must go, we're ready now, we're all aglow
Into the Gala, let's go in and have the best night ever
Into the Gala, now's the time, we're ready and we look divine]

(Twilight and Fluttershy move to the fore; zoom out in steps to frame all six.)

Fluttershy: [Into the Gala] Meet new friends

Applejack: [Into the Gala] Sell some apples

Rarity: [Into the Gala] Find my prince

Rainbow: [Prove I'm great] As a Wonderbolt is

(Cut to each singer in turn, framed against an appropriate background; Pinkie is upside down.)

Fluttershy: To meet

Applejack: To sell

Rarity: To find

Rainbow: To prove

Pinkie: To whoop

Twilight: To talk

(Cut to all six and zoom out to frame the lines of guests behind them.)

[Into the Gala, into the Gala]

(Tilt up to the sky above Canterlot as two rockets sail up, their paths intertwining.)

[And we'll have the best night ever]

(Long shot of the city, the rockets bursting in one last brilliant display, then zoom in quickly to the six at the drawbridge.)

[At the Gala]

Song ends

(Snap to black, then fade in as Spike slides over to the group on his knees.)

Spike: Yeah! This *is* gonna be the best night ever! You know why? 'Cause we're all gonna spend time at the Gala to—

(They bug out in six different directions, setting him spinning and yelling from their wake; he ends up sitting on the red carpet by himself.)

Spike: —gether. *(dejectedly)* Or not.

(Fade to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to the palace's entrance hall, seen from one side. Ponies in various types of formal dress congregate in twos and threes around the floor, including two Wonderbolts at the far end. Twilight gallops in and straight to Celestia, who stands on the landing of the main staircase.)

Twilight: Princess Celestia!

Celestia: Twilight! It is so lovely to see my star student.

Twilight: Oh, I'm so excited to be here! We have so much to catch up on.

Celestia: Well, I want you right by my side the entire evening, so we'll have plenty of time together. *(Twilight does a lightning-fast 180 to face front next to her.)*

Twilight: That's just what I was hoping you'd say.

(As the purple eyes gaze admiringly up at her mentor, the camera pans away from the staircase to stop on Rarity, now at the far end of the room. She looks off to one side and jumps with a little gasp; cut to the white unicorn stallion from her fantasy. He gives her a sidelong glance from his light blue eyes while easing away from the crowd, and she shudders happily and charges after him.)

Rarity: *(to herself)* Hurry, Rarity! *(She slows to a walk.)* Oh, but not too fast. *(trotting)* I don't want to lose him. *(Stop.)* Wait! I have to play it cool. *(galloping)* Oh, but don't be cold!

(Cut to just behind her, staring out the open door at him on the grounds, and zoom in as she continues.)

Rarity: I can't lose him, I can't! He's everything I imagined!

(In a softly focused, white-edged close-up, he smiles and turns to the camera, a red rose held in his teeth, as a breeze toys with his blond mane. This dies down and he waggles his eyebrow; back to her, now advancing onto the grass.)

Rarity: *(seductively)* Even better than I imagined.

(A bird loops its way across the screen and past a stretch of bushes, where Fluttershy straightens up in to view and gazes after it.)

Fluttershy: Oh, my. A meadowlark!

(She hurries to follow, loses track of it, then hears a distant five-note whistling that perks her up into a happy gasp.)

Fluttershy: I think she's calling to me! It's exactly what I wished for!

(Vocalizing the five notes, she hears them in the distance again and starts to zero in on the source. Dissolve to Applejack, pushing a wheeled, apple-decorated cart with her head through the knots of guests on the lawn. She stops for a look around, the camera zooming out for a

moment to frame the sizable crowd, and delivers a solid buck to the cart. The top instantly folds outward to display an apple sign and expose rows of fruit inside, while both sides expand to show off bins and trays of other goodies. Each side is topped with an apple pennant.)

(A Wonderbolt stallion walks up to the freshly opened concession stand, goggles on forehead. His coat is light blue, his swept-back mane and tail dark blue, and his eyes are light green—this is Soarin’.)

Applejack: Howdy, partner. You hungry?

Soarin’: As a horse!

Applejack: Well, what you hankerin’ for? *(pointing out items)* Caramel apple? Apple pie? Apple fritter? Apple fries?

Soarin’: *(excitedly, pointing)* I’ll take that big apple pie!

(Close-up of a bucket; he drops a couple of coins in from his teeth and receives the pie.)

Applejack: *(from o.s.)* Well, thank you kindly, sir. *(Longer shot; she rears up happily)* Yee-haa! In the first minute, I made my first sale, just like I expected!

(She beams at this development. Dissolve to an area set up with several tables, playing host to the Wonderbolts and a few other guests, and zoom out. This space is roped off and marked as a VIP area, with two unicorns standing watch at the entrance; many other ponies mill around outside the ropes. Here comes Soarin’, the pie held in his teeth by its edge, and down comes Spitfire, the yellow-orange Wonderbolt mare who thanked Rainbow for saving the day in “Sonic Rainboom.” Unlike that episode, her goggles are now up, revealing her eyes as deep orange-brown.)

Spitfire: Always hungry after a show, eh, Soarin’?

Soarin’: Heh! Yeah!

(He inadvertently opens his mouth on this last word, leaving the pie to start its free fall toward the red carpet. His shocked gasp is followed by Rainbow’s bug-eyed look of surprise; cut to the slowly tumbling dessert.)

Soarin’: *(from o.s., normal speed)* MY PIE!!

(The rainbow-gowned pegasus hurls herself in and catches the pie with inches to spare.)

Soarin’: *(awestruck)* You saved it. Thanks. *(He takes it in his teeth and trots off.)*

Rainbow: Hey, no prob.

Spitfire: Hey, I know you. You’re the pony that saved us in Cloudsdale and won the Best Flyer Competition.

Rainbow: Hey, yeah! Name’s Rainbow Dash.

Spitfire: Well, Rainbow Dash, looks like your skills saved us again—oh, well, at least they saved Soarin’s apple pie.

(Quick pan to her teammate, who has set the pie on the ground and is hungrily chomping into it with little regard for proper table manners. A muffled “yeah” is the only intelligible word to come out of his mouth during this. Back to Rainbow, now surrounded by all the others.)

Spitfire: Want to come hang out with us?

Rainbow: *(casually)* Sure, why not?

(As the Wonderbolts pass to the VIP area, she trots after them but stops at the entrance that has been left open for her. The excitement she squelched a moment ago breaks through full force.)

Rainbow: I’m...hanging...with the...Wonderbolts!

(She lets go with a squeal and giggle—probably an inch away from a giddy-schoolgirl screaming fit—and follows them in. Wipe to a doorway leading from one palace gallery to a ballroom; Pinkie hops into view and makes a tiny funny happy noise in the back of her throat. Pan quickly to each item as she names it with growing excitement.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* The shiny dance floor...the pretty party ponies...ooh, the fancy band!

(This last is a classical quartet: piano, cello, tuba, harp. Now the camera cuts directly to each again, with particular focus on the cellist mare. This is Octavia—earth pony; gray coat; long, straight, dark gray mane/tail; cutie mark of a violet treble clef; white shirt collar and pink bow tie. She is standing on her hind legs to play with eyes closed.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Shiny!...Pretty!...Fancy!

(Back to the psyched-up pink party pony, who has worked herself up so far that her teeth start chattering.)

Pinkie: Gotta dance!

Tune of “For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow,” fast 4 (C major)

(She zips into the room, hopping and capering around the guests and taking absolutely no notice of their horrified stares.)

Pinkie: I’m at the Grand Galloping Gala, I’m at the Grand Galloping Gala

I’m at the Grand Galloping Gala

(jumping on a pedestal that holds a winged unicorn statue)

It’s all I ever dreamed

(zipping to stage, disrupting the quartet)

It’s all I ever dreamed, woo-hoo! It’s all I ever dreamed, yippee!

(getting two guests in a headlock)

I’m at the Grand Galloping Gala

(As she holds this last note out, working her way up through its accompanying chord, the camera zooms in on her wide-open mouth in steps until the screen is filled with its interior. The next shot is a long one of her, with every other pony in the place glaring her way.)

Song ends

(Dead silence. Finally she realizes the economy-size faux pas she has committed and lets go of the two guests, who join all the others in indignantly walking away from her.)

Pinkie: *(softly, half-singing)* It's all I've ever...dreamed?

(Dissolve to a close-up of a rose on a bush outside and zoom out as Rarity leans down to sniff it.)

Male voice: Well, hello.

(The voice is very suave and self-assured. She looks up, startled, and finds the white unicorn from the entrance hall—Prince Blueblood—walking straight up to her.)

Blueblood: I am Prince Blueblood. *(Charming smile.)*

Rarity: *(demurely)* I am Rarity. Oh, my, what a lovely rose.

Blueblood: You mean...

(He plucks it in his teeth; cut to a close-up of the lovestruck unicorn as it is held out to her.)

Blueblood: *(from o.s.)* ...this rose?

(It is swiftly yanked back to her great surprise; a quick chomp, and he has bitten the stem short enough to tuck the flower into his own lapel.)

Blueblood: Thank you. It goes with my eyes.

(Rarity utters a soft, disappointed moan at his lack of chivalry. Wipe to Fluttershy, walking through the palace gardens and vocalizing the whistled five-note phrase she heard earlier. Upon hearing it again in reply, she gallops eagerly down the path and gasps.)

Fluttershy: My little meadowlark is right around this bend!

(At said bend, she skids to a stop and looks ahead, her face shifting gears from anticipation to total disbelief without even touching the clutch. When the camera shifts to behind her and zooms in, the source of both the whistling and her reaction is seen clearly. Here stands an old brown stallion, up on his hind legs and leaning on a rake, with a ragged blanket draped over his back so that his cutie mark—if he has one—cannot be seen. A tall, battered hat covers his head, leaving a few unkempt gray locks of mane to hang down from under its brim. His tail is equally ragged, and he has a long wisp of beard as well and chews on a stalk of wheat. She has just met

a palace gardener, Mr. Greenhooves, whose hat is large enough to cover his horn if he happens to be a unicorn.)

Fluttershy: Was that you? *(He opens his eyes, revealing pale blue irises.)*

Mr. Greenhooves: Yep. I love whistlin' while I work. *(He does so while going back to his raking.)*

Fluttershy: *(voice trembling)* Oh, yes, well, excuse me.

(She walks off, crushed, but a clatter of genuine animal sounds brings her spirits back up.)

Fluttershy: Oh! *(Behind her; animals play in/near the trees in a clearing.)* I see a toco toucan, and a spider monkey! *(gasping, flying toward them)* And oh! Is that a wallaroo?

(By the time she reaches the open area, though, every last animal has dived for cover.)

Fluttershy: *(sadly)* Oh, Fluttershy. You're such a loudmouth.

(Wipe to a suitably crowded gallery inside the palace and cut to a close-up of Soarin', chatting up a well-dressed mare—the action has shifted to an indoor VIP area. Pan to Spitfire, also working the crowd a bit; at the back wall, Rainbow jumps up and down, trying furiously to get a view of her heroes over the crush. A moment later, she shoves her head between the hind legs of two mares, then launches all of herself across the floor to stop by Spitfire. There is a steady loud buzz of conversation in the room.)

Rainbow: *(voice raised)* Hey, Spitfire! You ever done a raincloud double backflip?

(She has absolutely no success in getting the pro's attention over the noise, so she turns around to try her luck with Soarin'.)

Rainbow: *(voice raised)* You ever soared past lightning? It's awesome!

(She is left dumbstruck and then quite irked by his sudden departure. Wipe to the entrance hall staircase; Twilight still stands alongside Celestia as new arrivals climb up.)

Celestia: *(to a guest)* Welcome to the Grand Galloping Gala. *(They bow to each other.)*

Twilight: Princess, I've been so excited to spend time with you and—

Celestia: Yes, me too, Twi— *(to a guest)* Oh, good evening! Welcome to the Gala. *(Bow.)* Which is why I— *(to two guests)* Ladies! *(Bow.)* Lovely to see you again.

(The studious unicorn sighs disappointedly, and the camera pans away from her and down the staircase, highlighting a very long line of attendees. And it is still growing.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Looks like getting a chance to talk to the Princess is gonna be a magic trick in itself.

(Wipe to Applejack behind her mobile snack cart outside. The shelves and bins are still fully loaded, except for the pie Soarin' bought, and none of the passing ponies even glance her way.)

Applejack: *(smiling)* First minute, first sale.

(Cut to her: same position, same full inventory, same passing ponies—but now she is quite far down in the dumps. This transition occurs three more times on the next line with each successive number she states.)

Applejack: Second...fourth...sixth...sixtieth minute, no sales. *(Zoom in; she sighs heavily and lets her head drop.)* This ain't what I expected a-tall.

(Wipe to a long shot of Pinkie, standing half-slumped by herself at a table near the ballroom wall as other ponies talk amongst themselves. She is, for lack of a better term, totally bummed out.)

Pinkie: *(singing listlessly)* I'm at the Grand Galloping Gala... *(Zoom in quickly; she speaks the next words.)* ...and it's not what I dreamed.

(Wipe to an outdoor area, where several guests have put down cushions to rest their haunches. Rarity and Blueblood stand among them, the latter tugging a fresh cushion into place. When he gets it placed just so, both move to sit on it at the same time, but Blueblood gets his rump down first. Zoom in to a close-up of Rarity, whose indignance yields to disappointment.)

Rarity: This isn't at all what I imagined.

(Wipe to Twilight and Celestia, still greeting the seemingly endless procession of guests with appropriate murmured words and bows. Zoom in on the young unicorn.)

Twilight: This isn't what I hoped.

(Wipe to the VIP area and zoom in on a crestfallen Rainbow, who has found herself back outside the velvet rope.)

Rainbow: This isn't hanging out.

(Wipe to the garden; Fluttershy scurries to a tree, only to see all the birds in its branches take skittish flight. Zoom in on her.)

Fluttershy: This isn't what I wished for.

(Cut to a close-up of each speaker in turn, with an appropriate backdrop for each in synch with her dress.)

Twilight: No!

Rarity: I've waited all my life—

Fluttershy: —for this moment—

Pinkie: —and I'm not going to—

Applejack: —let it slip by.

Rainbow: If it's the last thing I do—

Twilight: —I'm gonna make this—

(Zoom out to put her in one section of a radially divided six-way split screen. Clockwise from top left: Twilight, Rarity, Fluttershy, Pinkie, Applejack, Rainbow.)

All: —the best night ever!

(Snap to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of an upside-down box on the grass, with one end propped on a stick that has a rope tied to it. Fluttershy ducks into view and places a carrot under the box as bait for the makeshift animal trap, then backs out of sight.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* I just have to be more bold, like Twilight says.

(Pan to her on the end of this, she has the free rope end in her teeth and is standing a good distance off. Now she addresses herself to the treetops in a loud, slightly stilted voice.)

Fluttershy: I'm so sorry to have scared you, my friends. But I'm leaving now, so you can all come out!

(She zips out through an arch and hides behind the bushes, risking one quick peek to make sure everything is still go. Cut to her side; upon hearing the crunch of a bite on the carrot, she pulls the rope. The box is heard thudding down, and she puts her head up over the bushes.)

Fluttershy: Gotcha! *(trotting back in)* It's okay. I promise not to hurt you, I just want to be your...

(She stops short as the camera cuts to the box and zooms in. Instead of a cute little bird or squirrel or wallaroo, she has snagged Mr. Greenhooves. He stands up, the box still on his forehead.)

Fluttershy: *(from o.s.)* ...friend?

Mr. Greenhooves: Mmm! Sounds good to me!

(But not to her, if the annoyed set of her mouth is any indication. Wipe to a slow pan through the VIP area and stop on a determined Rainbow watching Spitfire and Soarin' from close by.)

Rainbow: *(to herself, tapping head with hoof)* Come on, Rainbow. If they don't notice you, you gotta *make* 'em notice you.

(Her eyes pop with surprise after a quick look around, the camera zooming out to frame a stallion with a drink in hoof. Now she gets an idea and crosses the floor, whistling innocently, until she gets within striking distance. A lightning-fast upward thrust of her head launches the stallion toward the ceiling, his drink and top hat parting ways with him, and she flashes across the floor to catch him on her back. The smug young pegasus looks over toward Spitfire to see what accolades might come her way, but the yellow-orange flyer has paid no attention whatsoever. Annoyed, Rainbow bucks her victim off her back and stalks away, passing Rarity and Blueblood as they go in the opposite direction.)

Rarity: *(to herself)* Just give him a chance, Rarity. His princely side is sure to come out if you're just patient. *(He throws out a hoof to stop her.)*

Blueblood: Miss Rarity, stop!

(She looks toward the floor; zoom out to show the stallion's drink spilled in front of the pair.)

Rarity: Hm? Oh, Prince Blueblood! How chivalrous.

Blueblood: One would hate to slip.

Rarity: Yes, one certainly would. *(Soft laugh.)*

Blueblood: One's cloak should take care of the problem.

Rarity: Oh, of course it will.

(The two lock eyes for rather longer than might be expected, neither making a move to cover the puddle. Cut to a close-up of it; a magenta cloth is dropped over the spot, and Blueblood's hooves are first to cross. Zoom out to frame a severely hacked-off Rarity following him and no longer wearing the cape over her dress—since it has been used to sop up the liquid. She furiously snaps the sodden item up in her teeth and flops it onto her back.)

(Wipe to the ballroom and pan to the still-unhappy Pinkie near the stage. Something suddenly flashes through her mind and prompts her into a delighted gasp; she races to the stage and whispers to all four members of the quartet. Octavia cracks her eyes open with disdain, revealing bright violet irises. They break off the piece they were performing as she zips to the stage edge and taps a microphone to test it, generating a small feedback whine. It is in working order, allowing her words to be heard loud and clear from front wall to back.)

Pinkie: Come on, everypony! I know what'll make you shake those groove thangs!

(Cut briefly to her perspective of the puzzled crowd on the end of this, then back to her as she flips a signal to the quartet.)

Light tune very similar to "The Hokey Pokey," brisk 4 (D flat major)

(Cut to Twilight and Celestia, still greeting guests as they come up the entrance hall staircase.)

Twilight shakes hooves with each newcomer.)

Pinkie: You reach your right hoof in, you reach your right hoof out
You reach your right hoof in, and you shake it all about
(She receives a particularly vigorous shake that rattles her whole body and leaves her hoof throbbing. The guests keep on coming; she grimaces in pain on the next shake.)
You do the Pony Pokey, meeting lots of folks with clout
That's what I'm talking about

D major

(Quick pan to Applejack's snack cart, the camera pointing from one end toward an oncoming stallion and mare. Applejack kicks it, dumping apples to the ground.)

Pinkie: You step your left hoof in, you pull it right back out
(The stallion hits the apples and goes sprawling on the grass.)
You step your left hoof in, but you better help him out
(Applejack helps him up and points out her wares; he angrily shakes his head and trots off.)
You do the Pony Pokey, but you'd find a different route
That's what it's all about

E flat major

(Cut to Spitfire and Soarin', conversing by a table in the VIP area, and pan to Rainbow on the other side. A drink rests on the table.)

Pinkie: You kick your back left in, you pull your back left out
(She bucks the table, sending the cup flying, and catches it on a rear hoof.)
You reach your back left in, just be brave and have no doubt
(The two pegasi are impressed at the catch, but get yanked away before they can say anything.)
You do the Pony Pokey, feeling like you're gonna pout
(Rainbow gapes incredulously across the room as they get their pictures taken, then scowls.)
That's what I'm singing about

E major

(Cut to Rarity and Blueblood approaching a closed door. He inclines his head toward it; she does likewise.)

Pinkie: You tilt your head in, you tilt your head out
(They do the same again, more vigorously.)
You tilt your head in, then you shake it all about
(He turns his head stubbornly away; she gnashes her teeth at this latest display of bad manners.)
You do the Pony Pokey, even though your date's a lout
(On the other side, she opens the door and he goes through first; it slams shut and knocks her

through the doorway.)

You're better off without

F major

(Cut to the garden; ducklings and a rabbit scatter at Fluttershy's attempts to belly-flop onto them.)

Pinkie: You stomp your whole self in, you stomp your whole self out
(She tries to run down some squirrels, but they are quick for her. The full-contact wrangling has left her mane, coat, and clothing in disarray. She pounds the grass in frustration.)

You stomp your whole self in, and you stomp yourself about
(The animals are cowering in the trees)

You do the Pony Pokey, and you give a little shout

Fluttershy: *COME OUT!!*

(Overhead shot; zooming out; she is dangerously close to going stark raving mad.)

Pinkie: That's what I'm talking about

(Back to the ballroom stage. The singer now gets a bit too enthusiastic, banging against the quartet members and knocking out every part except the piano.)

Pinkie: You do the Pony Pokey, you do the Pony Pokey
You do the Pony Pokey, and that's what it's all about
Yeah!

Song ends

Mare: Young lady, this is not *that* kind of party! *(Shock from Pinkie.)*

Pinkie: Ohhhhh! They don't want a party... *(beaming)* ...these ponies want a *par-tay!*

(Wipe to a now-totally-disaffected Applejack, still standing at her cart with her head propped on one foreleg. Her face brightens as the camera zooms out on the start of the next line to frame Rarity facing her.)

Rarity: Two apple fritters, please. *(Cut to her and Blueblood.)*

Applejack: *(from o.s.)* Two apple fritters comin' right up!

(Back to her on the end of this; she ducks down and sets out a tray with this order ready to go.)

Applejack: That'll be four bits.

(Head-on view of the not-so-happy couple. Rarity glances toward Blueblood and clears her throat softly, expecting him to pay, but he just does the same right back to her. The sequence repeats itself, but louder, and she realizes where this is going with a disgusted little grunt.)

Rarity: (*icily*) I'm going to have to pay, aren't I?

(*To which he just smirks—this unicorn is not just a cad, but a cheapskate to boot—so she starts to dig in a pocket for the money.*)

Applejack: (*from o.s.*) It's okay, Rarity. (*Cut to her.*) I gotcha covered. (*She lifts the tray with her teeth.*)

Rarity: Thank you, Applejack. (*pointedly*) At least *somepony* here has good manners.

(*Pan from her to Blueblood, who takes the first bite himself. A sudden spasm of disgust wracks his face, and he spits out the mouthful, dropping the snack and scrubbing at his tongue.*)

Blueblood: Ugh!

(*Cut/pan to each food item as he names it.*)

Blueblood: (*from o.s.*) Fritters! Dumplings! Caramel apples! (*Back to him.*) My royal lips have touched common carnival fare! (*walking away*) I'm going to the buffet for some *hors d'oeuvres*. (*Both mares glare after him; Rarity follows.*)

Applejack: Well, no wonder nopony wants my food. They're fillin' up on all those fancy-schmancy vittles! Well, my down-home apples are plenty good enough for this crowd! (*bulldozing cart away*) I'll just dress 'em up a bit and prove it to 'em.

(*Wipe to Fluttershy in the garden. She has spread a net on the ground and run a line from each corner to the end of an overhead pole as a new animal snare.*)

Fluttershy: (*increasingly unhinged*) I'll catch you yet, my pretties. Oh, yes, as soon as one of you little *birds* or *monkeys* or *bears* touches this net, you'll be mine! MINE!

(*She rears up with the series' scariest, most insane laughter to date as lightning cracks behind her, but then loses her balance and topples forward with a cry. The fall drops her onto her own net, which sweeps her up into a hanging bundle just as designed. A rabbit looks incuriously at the foiled pegasus.*)

(*Wipe to the ballroom stage, where Pinkie is spinning tunes at a DJ turntable. The classical quartet has—perhaps wisely—vacated the area.*)

Pinkie: Come on, everypony! (*She jumps down to the floor.*) You wanted a par-tay? Now let's *par-tay!*

(*Another leap drives her up against a partygoer's rump.*)

Pinkie: Yeah! Uh! (*getting two in a headlock*) Now that's a beat! Yeah!

(*A long shot of the crowd; she is not visible, but the ponies getting bounced into the air give her*

position away well enough.)

Pinkie: *(from behind crowd)* Uh! Come on, dance! *(She forces a couple apart.)* Yeah! Woo-hoo!

(Quick pan to a set of closed doors, which open to admit Applejack and the eight-tiered, apple-topped cake she is wheeling in on her folded-up cart.)

Applejack: Okay, all you high-class ponies. Here's a highfalutin apple cake for all your hoity-toity taste buds!

Pinkie: *(now back on stage)* STAGE DIVE!!

(The hyperactive earth pony flings herself out into space, missing all the guests who scoot out of her way but nailing the edge of Applejack's cart. That impact catapults the cake across the ballroom; cut to a resentful Rarity holding the door so Blueblood can enter. Both cry out in fear as the huge dessert arcs down toward them on a collision course, and Rarity finds herself being used as an equine shield. The masterpiece dress she designed, and that her friends worked so hard to finish, becomes a bedraggled ruin in one terrible instant. The turntables wind to a stop, and Rarity rounds on her companion with a feral snarl as her face goes crimson.)

Rarity: *(backing Blueblood up to wall)* You, sir, are the most un-charming prince I have ever met! In fact, the only thing royal about you is that you are a royal pain!

Blueblood: *(cowering)* Ewww! Stay back! I just had myself groomed!

Rarity: Afraid to get DIRTY?!?

(A good full-body shake throws fragments of cake and frosting all over the unlikable royal heir, who falls back and knocks himself out against a pedestal. Not just any pedestal, but the one holding the winged unicorn statue Pinkie danced around when she first entered the ballroom. As the sculpture begins to topple, the camera cuts to Rainbow.)

Rainbow: This is my chance!

(The ambitious pegasus rockets past the Wonderbolts and out of the VIP area, just in time to catch the statue and hold it off the ground.)

Rainbow: Yes! *(She loses her balance.)* Whoa!

(The weight shift sends her tottering crazily to and fro, with the result that the statue thumps against the column at one end of a semicircle behind the pedestal. It goes over, the topmost section falling loose, and bangs into the next one in line as the crowd watches aghast. One by one, all the columns crash down like dominoes and fill the screen with dust from their impact. The view clears to a close-up of Rainbow and zooms out to show the surrounding rubble and spectators; the statue is still intact on her back, but it too quickly falls apart around her.)

(Now, and only now, does Twilight enter the ballroom with Celestia. Eyes go wide and mouths go slack at the sight of all this chaos, the camera shifting to their perspective and panning across

four disheveled and discombobulated friends. Back to Twilight.)

Twilight: *(small voice)* Well, it can't get any worse.

(A tremor shakes the entire room, scaring every guest with hooves to feel it, and another set of doors bursts open. The cause is a stampede of animals big and small, on the run from a scuffed-up, panting yellow pegasus who has now completely lost her mind.)

Fluttershy: You're... going to *LOVE ME!!*

(Implausible as it may seem, she delivers this line with enough force to set the camera shaking again. Those words, and the fleeing critters, set the guests into a full-scale stampede.)

Twilight: Um, um, uh... *(Strangled little gasp.)*

Celestia: Run!

(Having had enough of both greeter duty and this general silliness, Twilight whistles to her friends and waves them toward the door. There follows a general retreat, during which one of Rarity's glass slippers falls loose on the stairs. Pinkie stops next to it.)

Pinkie: Ooh! Rarity, your glass slipper! Now your prince is sure to find you!

(The thought of the old Cinderella story having any validity to it scares the bejesus out of Rarity. She races up the stairs with a panicked shriek and stomps the slipper into splinters.)

Rarity: Let's go!

(Pinkie eyes the remains with some puzzlement for a moment before Rarity yanks her bodily down the rest of the stairs. Wipe to a close-up of some donut crumbs on a counter, with enough violet and pale yellow-green hide visible behind them to tab Spike as the eater. A mug and a fist slam down alongside as the camera zooms out to frame the little dragon—out of his tux and in the depths of sullen self-pity. The marshmallow in the mug indicates that he has been drinking cocoa. Behind him is a table set up on a checkerboard floor.)

Spike: Hey, Pony Joe. Another donut.

(Cut to behind him. He is sitting at the counter of a donut shop, no doubt his favorite as mentioned to Pinkie in Act One. Behind the counter is Pony Joe: light tan unicorn stallion, brown mane/tail, dark green eyes. His cutie mark is a frosted donut, and he wears a white shirt, apron, and paper cap.)

Joe: Don't you think you've had enough?

Spike: *(slamming mug, splashing cocoa)* Another donut! Extra sprinkles!

(Joe regards him with great concern as he rests his head in his hands, elbows on the counter. The

jingling of the o.s. door's bell perks them both up.)

Joe: Twilight Sparkle!

(Chuckle; cut to the six friends, who have just come in with trashed dresses and downcast faces. Fluttershy has herself under control again.)

Joe: *(from o.s.)* Long time no see! *(Spike runs to them.)*

Spike: Hey, how was the Gala? How was your best night ever?

(Dissolve to a close-up of the two, now at a table set with a plate of donuts. Twilight's mood is improving now.)

Spike: That sounds like the worst night ever! *(Longer shot; all stand around this table.)*

Ponies: It was! *(Raucous laughter all around.)*

Twilight: *(sadly)* I just hope Princess Celestia isn't upset with us for ruining the Gala.

Celestia: *(from o.s.)* That was the best Grand Galloping Gala ever!

(Popping eyes are soon joined by a round of smiles; cut to the regal pony's hooves and tilt up to the rest of her.)

Ponies, Spike: *(from o.s.)* Princess Celestia! *(Back to the table; she joins them.)*

Twilight: Pardon me, Princess, but tonight was just...awful!

Celestia: *(chuckling a bit)* Oh, Twilight, the Grand Galloping Gala is *always* awful.

Twilight: It is?

Celestia: That is why I was thrilled you were all attending. I was hoping you could liven things up a bit. And while the evening may not have gone as you planned, I'm sure you'll agree that in the end, it didn't turn out so bad for this group of friends.

Twilight: You're right, Princess. *(Cut to Fluttershy and Rainbow, who smile as she continues o.s.)* Friends have a way of making even the worst of times into something pretty great.

Rainbow: Yeah! Hanging out with friends!

Fluttershy: Talking! *(Pan to Pinkie.)*

Pinkie: Laughing! *(Cut to Twilight and Spike.)*

Spike: You mean doing exactly what *I* wanted to do the whole time?

Twilight: Yes, Spike. You were right.

(Zoom out to frame the whole table; the group gathers around it.)

Applejack: As horrible as our night was...

Rarity: ...being together here has made it all better. *(Close-up of Pinkie.)*

Pinkie: In fact, it's made it... *(Zoom out again.)*

Ponies, Spike: ...the best night ever!

(Celestia joins in their laughter as the view fades to black.)