

A FLURRY OF EMOTIONS

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Note: _____ Sammie Crowley’s last name is misspelled as “Crowley” in the opening credits.

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to the uppermost spire of the Castle of Friendship during the day and tilt down to ground level. A mare’s voice speaks up.)

Mare voice: Oh, Princess Twilight...

(Overhead view of a corridor within; Twilight Sparkle and the speaker—Nurse Redheart—walk along its length, trailed by Spike with a quill and lengthy scroll at the ready.)

Redheart: ...everypony at the hospital is so excited for your visit today.

(Head-on view. The symbol on her white cap has changed slightly from her previous appearances; now it is a white cross with a red heart at its center and an additional heart tucked in at each outside corner.)

Twilight: I’m never too busy to visit sick foals. *(Close-up of the mares.)* I can’t believe a whole class just came down with the horsey hives.

Redheart: On school picture day, too.

(The close-up shows that Redheart’s cutie mark has also changed to match the new design on her cap. A camera flash changes the scene to a photo taken within the Ponyville schoolhouse. Two rows of students covered with red spots, only one foal grinning for the camera as the others itch and mope and cough, and Cheerilee trying to keep her distance from them at one end. A second flash returns the scene to the corridor; now Twilight, Redheart, and Spike have reached the entrance hall, and they stop on the following.)

Redheart: Oh, the poor dears really do need cheering up.

Twilight: We’ll do our best. We’ll bring snacks, I’ll read to them, and get them gifts!

Spike: Food and presents always cheer me up.

(Nods pass among the three heads, and they start off again. Cut to just outside the front doors as

Twilight's magic swings them open so Redheart can trot down the steps.)

Twilight: *(waving, with Spike)* We'll see you soon! *(Inside; the doors close again.)*

Spike: *(skimming scroll; it is a checklist)* Okay. If we want to be at the hospital by lunch, then we have three hours to buy get-well presents, borrow a book from the schoolhouse, and pick up treats.

Twilight: It's a lot, but if we stick to the schedule, I know we can get it all done.

Spike: *(not entirely convinced)* Yeah. Knock on wood.

(He reaches toward the doors to do so, but a knock from outside sounds off before the scaly knuckles can make contact. Twilight, equally flummoxed, let her field pull the doors open again and finds a patch of empty air beyond them. It is quickly filled by a badly disheveled and fatigued Princess Cadence and Shining Armor, who somehow manage to smile, and Flurry Heart pops up between them in a carriage under Cadence's control.)

Shining: Surprise!

(Flurry gurgles happily; Twilight gets out an openmouthed gasp of shock and Spike's jaw drops before they too break out in smiles.)

Twilight: Oh, my gosh!

(The royal family crosses the threshold and she leans down to nuzzle the baby.)

Twilight: How's my favorite niece? Oooh... *(Shining crouches down behind Flurry.)*

Shining: *(high-pitched, "speaking" for Flurry in baby talk)* I'm good. I was hoping my favowite aunt could watch me for a few hours.

Cadence: I hope you're not too busy.

Spike: *(pointing at checklist)* Actually, we kind of are— *(Twilight corks his mouth with a hoof.)*

Twilight: Busy? Pssh! Would the best aunt ever be too busy to spend time with this adorable little one?

(She grins as Spike holds up the document and points emphatically at one of the items on it.)

Twilight: *(smugly)* No.

(Fade to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Twilight planting kisses all over Flurry's cheek, to the

latter's great enjoyment, then floating her up to blow a raspberry on her belly. Zoom out to frame all five.)

Twilight: *(singsong)* Flurry, I've got a surprise for you.

(Settling Flurry on her back, she trots across the entrance hall and stops at a closed set of doors. Here the toddler is floated down to the floor, losing traction on the slick surface and ending up spreadeagle, but she is quick to get up and trot eagerly in place.)

Twilight: Just a couple of toys that reminded me of Flurry.

(As soon as she opens one door with her magic, an avalanche of wrapped gifts pours out to bury Flurry. Twilight gasps in fright and quickly levitates her up from the tumble, but the youngster just laughs it off as she is set down again so she can start poking at a box.)

Twilight: I'm excited to show you I've done some shopping for Flurry Heart.

Cadence: *(laughing)* You're so sweet! You didn't have to do all that. *(Close-up of Twilight.)*

Twilight: I know, but I can't help myself. Best aunt ever!

(Pan/tilt down to Flurry, who sets down the box she has been playing with as Twilight floats a different one to her and shakes it.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Open this one, Flurry.

(The lid is pulled off to reveal two teddy bears, one blue and one pink, and the recipient gleefully plucks up the blue one and gives a playful little snarl.)

Twilight: Exactly! *(floating the pink one up)* They're bears! *(winking)* You're one smart cookie.

(Pan to follow it in her hold across the entrance hall, then cut to a bookcase as it touches down on top. With her adding sound effects from o.s., it gracefully climbs and leaps among the tomes scattered up here. Back to Flurry, who applauds and giggles before exerting her magic over the blue one. It describes a rather less graceful journey across the top of the bookcase, which ends with it knocking a volume askew. Pink then cruises by to strike a final pose, followed by Blue hanging upside down and lazily spinning its way through. Flurry laughs as Twilight makes Pink touch down and bound away like a ballet dancer, then clumsily duplicates the move herself and follows Twilight across the hall.)

Shining: *(calling after them)* We'll just put Flurry's things over here, Twilie! *(Twilight returns on the end of this, floating Pink along.)*

Twilight: *(distracted)* Uh-huh. Totally.

(Blue drifts toward her, accompanied by laughter from the o.s. Flurry. Now the proud parents take turns levitating packages of the items they name.)

Shining: Mashed peas. Her favorite.

Cadence: And diapers. Uh, extra diapers. Oh, and backup extra diapers.

Shining: Mashed peas. Her favorite. *(Pause.)* Wait. Did I say that already?

(Cut to a veritable rockslide of baby food jars and diaper packs, one of which shifts and falls away to expose Spike at the heart of the tumble. He no longer has the quill and checklist.)

Spike: *(dryly)* Uh-huh.

Shining: Oops.

Cadence: Oh! *(shifting a stuffed snail toy forward)* And this is the most important thing of all. Her whammy. *(It lands in Spike's hands.)*

Shining: I take it Flurry named it?

Cadence: Yep. If she gets fussy— *(Shining nods.)* —just give her the whammy and she'll calm right down.

Shining: You getting all this, Twilie?

(Who is currently occupied in helping her niece make the two bears dance.)

Twilight: Whammy. Got it. *(She floats Flurry onto her back and crosses to them.)* Where are you guys headed, anyway?

Shining: You remember my friend from the Royal Guard, Spearhead?

(A very confused look passes between the violet Princess and her number-one assistant.)

Spike: Honestly, all of your friends' names are very similar.

Shining: Well, he has a pop-up art show at the Ponyville Café, and we decided to go at the last minute.

Cadence: We're not exactly art enthusiasts, but we could really use a night out.

Spike: *(skeptically)* You mean "day"?

Cadence: *(hastily)* That's what I said. Isn't that what I said?

Spike: *(shaking head; Twilight nods hers)* Mmm...mm-mmm.

Cadence: *(to Twilight)* Either way, are you sure you can watch her?

(Twilight beams even as Flurry climbs up to chew on one ear.)

Spike: *(pulling out/tapping checklist)* Ah-ah-ah.

(His boss's dejected moan is no match for Flurry dropping down to nestle just above one wing.)

Twilight: *(smiling)* Have no fear. *(winking)* The best aunt ever has everything under control!

(As Spike scowls to himself, a reassured Cadence uses her aura to maneuver Flurry over so she and Shining can each kiss one cheek; she then releases her grip and the baby flies back.)

Shining: Thanks again, Twilie. *(He and Cadence exit; Flurry is on Twilight's back again.)*

Spike: (to Twilight) Okay, let's grab that warmy thing and go.

(One swift flash of Flurry's magic teleports her around for a look point-blank in her aunt's face. She shakes her head and growls while levitating the blue teddy bear up from the floor; Twilight has the pink one.)

Twilight: Ohhh, you want to pretend we're the bears. (Flurry nods.) I suppose we have time for a quick game.

(She moves off, Flurry landing to ride on her back; pan slightly to a vexed Spike holding the rolled-up checklist. He is no longer carrying the "whammy" snail toy by this point.)

Spike: Do we, though? (Flurry jumps off, dropping Blue; he drops the list.)

Twilight: Hey! All right... (Pretend roar; race off after her; drop Pink.) I'm gonna get you!

(The baby dragon starts after them, but steps on Pink and pitches face-first to the carpet. He props his chin on one palm with a resigned little moan—"this will not end well." By the time he regains his footing, the chase has taken to the air.)

Spike: You should catch her soon, 'cause we've got lots to do! (holding up list)

Horse-hives-covered foals counting on us, remember?

Twilight: Got it! (Another playful roar; she closes in on Flurry.) I'm catching up!

(The pursuit ranges closer to floor level, with a few more yips and growls added for effect. Twilight throws herself into a sharp climb, leaving Flurry at a loss as she keeps cruising. The resident Princess suddenly pulls up right in front of her, rears up, and delivers a more fearsome growl; she responds by wrapping both her voluminous wings and a spherical shield around herself. Both winged unicorns sink to the floor.)

Twilight: Uh-oh. Sorry, bug. Did that scare you?

(Tapping the shield to see just how solid it is, she hunches down for a closer look; close-up of her face, seen from inside. The barrier adds a reverberating quality to her next line.)

Twilight: It's okay. (smiling) It's just Auntie Twilie.

(She mashes first one cheek and then the other against it, putting her face through a few comical contortions as a result. Cut to her side; Flurry lowers her wings and dispels it with a smile, and she lets her tongue loll out goofily as Twilight stands again and hugs her.)

Twilight: You know, that was a very advanced spell for somepony your age. Looks like you're already taking after your Auntie Twilie.

(She tips Flurry a wink, which the youngster tries and fails to return, settling for a blink instead. Here comes Spike.)

Spike: All right, that was pretty adorable. *(holding up list)* But now...

Twilight: I know, Spike. We're leaving.

(Just as Flurry begins to reach up for a boost, her stomach emits a most prodigious rumble. She sits down to her haunches, both forelegs covering her belly.)

Twilight: *(floating a spoon and baby food jar into view)* I just have to feed her real quick.

(The lid is twisted off, and a load of mashed peas is dipped out and shifted down to the baby—who gives the lie to daddy dearest's assertion by steadfastly refusing to open her mouth for it. She counters by grabbing the spoon in her magic and flicking the legume puree back the way it came; Twilight ducks to avoid stopping it with her face, and it flies between her and Spike to hit the wall. Reptilian green eyes shoot a hard sidewise glare up at the purple ones, whose owner grins sheepishly at the mealtime malfunction. He has stowed his scroll by this point.)

(Dissolve to the exterior of the Ponyville Café, the restaurant seen at various times in past episodes. Locals mill among the tables set up out here before the camera cuts to inside; abstract paintings have been hung on the wall, and all the furniture has been cleared out so that patrons have room to move around and ponder them. Pan slowly to stop on a close-up of Cadence and Shining staring intently up past the camera; both are now properly groomed and rested. After a brief, confounded tilt of their heads to one side, the pink and white faces both break out in understanding smiles, which disappear just as quickly once they tilt their heads again. A longer shot behind them picks out the work they are contemplating: a conglomeration of shields and twisted spears balanced on a small pedestal.)

Shining: *(hesitantly)* Is this art or...a mistake?

Cadence: I have no idea.

(Behind them, a heavysset, deep tan pegasus stallion advances partway into view. Short, two-tone blue mane/tail; three-tone striped pink scarf with a snowflake pattern wound several times around his neck; medium blue eyes. This is Spearhead, who waves and addresses the couple in a surfer dude's voice after Cadence's next line.)

Cadence: But who cares? We're not changing diapers. *(Chuckle.)*

Spearhead: Shining Armor! *(He zips up between them.)* Cadence! How're the new 'rents? *(to Shining, holding up a front hoof)* Gimme some hoof.

(The two stallions trade a high five; when Spearhead makes the gesture to Cadence, she bemusedly taps a knee against his hoof instead.)

Spearhead: Oy, it is so— *(Grunt; pull them close.)* —good— *(Another, squeezing them even tighter.)* —to see you dudes! *(nudging Shining)* Hey, thanks for coming.

Shining: Of course! We're having a great time. *(gesturing vaguely)* Loving all the...art!

Spearhead: *(puzzled, pointing)* Uh, that's a trash can.

(This angle frames his cutie mark as a cluster of crossed spear heads. Cut to a close-up of the receptacle in question, a flip-top model overflowing with refuse, and zoom out to frame both Shining and Amethyst Star, the latter of whom drops an apple core into it from her mouth. Noticing the white stallion staring in her general direction, she lets her eyes pop open in surprise and cautiously backs away. On the wall above the trash can is a canvas whose every square inch has been painted a uniform gray only a shade or two away from full black.)

Shining: *(forcing a grin)* So it is! I knew that.

Spearhead: But hey, who's to say it's not art? Art can be anything that speaks to you. *(crossing floor)* It changed my world. *(Head-on view; he points ahead as the two gather behind him.)* This is my latest piece.

(Close-up: it is the monochrome dark canvas.)

Spearhead: *(from o.s.)* A Thousand Nights in a Hallway! *(Cut to behind all three regarding it.)*

Cadence: *(trying to sound enthusiastic)* Uh, wow! I guess nighttime in a hallway can be pretty dark. *(Head-on view of them.)*

Spearhead: *(solemnly)* There is none more dark.

Shining: Yeah. Totally.

(His loving wife gives him an odd look and rolls her eyes.)

Cadence: We're just so happy to be here. Usually we're covered in mashed peas by now.

(Cut to Twilight and Spike, both rather out of sorts and heavily slathered in that very foodstuff. The architecture behind them has fared no better.)

Spike: When they said mashed peas were her favorite...

(He takes another hit in the face. Cut to Flurry, who laughs merrily as she paces around on one of the dining room chairs—the feeding fracas has moved in here. Spike wipes one eye clear and spits out some of the peas as Flurry hovers a sizable glob in front of herself.)

Spike: ...did they mean her favorite thing to decorate a room with?

(She giggles and lets it rip, forcing both to dodge so that the gobbet nails the large window set in the back wall. It leaves silhouettes in the shape of both intended targets' heads. Up come a few new loads.)

Twilight: *(smiling)* Aw, come on, Spike. That wasn't too bad.

Spike: *(snarky)* Yeah, and we're only twenty minutes behind schedule.

Twilight: *(suddenly shocked)* Twenty minutes?!? *(She blows out a breath and composes herself.)* It's fine. We can totally do this.

(A new burst of farm-fresh goodness to the face forces her to rethink her assessment, but she gets out a weak little chuckle before the view fades to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to the interior of a large toy store. Twilight's magic opens the front doors from outside, and she walks in pushing Flurry in a shopping cart. Spike carries the checklist scroll, extended to full length. All three are clean now.)

Twilight: Okay. *(floating items off shelves into cart)* We just need to grab some toys, and we are outta here.

(As the acquisitions continue, the little passenger magically brings out her blue teddy bear and waves it toward Twilight with a little snarl.)

Twilight: *(chuckling)* You want to play, don't you? *(Spike taps her shoulder and points at the list with his quill.)* Well, I know a game that's even more fun! *(aside, to him)* And more efficient. *(Zoom out quickly.)* Playing race carts!

(Exerting her hold over the vehicle, she hooks both hind legs onto its rear to get them off the ground and starts rolling with a hearty laugh. The baby dragon hustles after them on foot. Cut briefly to an overhead view of the aisles, the cart and Spike doing a serpentine pattern through them as Flurry's gleeful squeals float up. Twilight's power yanks toy after toy into the cart, and the camera cuts to a profile of the two winged unicorns, the older one now relying on hind legs rather than magic to keep the charge going.)

Twilight: Woo-hoo!

(She and the cart screech to a stop at a checkout counter manned by a slightly bored mare, Spike sweating and out of breath once he catches up to them. The list is rolled up now.)

Spike: Hey-hey, nice thinking, Twilight! *(She starts levitating toys onto the counter.)*

Twilight: Best aunt ever! *(Flurry tugs on her tail for attention.)* Hang on, Flurry. *(pulling it loose with magic)* The race cart's taking a pit stop.

(The little one turns two forlorn blue eyes elsewhere, but her deflated mood lasts only a moment before she splutters with laughter and fires up her horn. The wheels of the cart begin to vibrate under her control, and a bit more fierce concentration starts the whole thing rolling away from the counter. It swerves this way and that, barely missing Carrot Top and a pegasus counterpart of Cherry Berry, and homes in on a stacked display. The camera rides along with the cart on this home stretch, and the screen fills with scattered toys on impact.)

(The view clears to give an overhead shot of the area; the display has been stripped completely clean by the hit, and the merchandise now covers quite a bit of the floor. Customers goggle at the

instant mess as Twilight, Spike, and the cashier hurry across to it; he has put the checklist away.)

Spike: I'm not a detective—

(Close-up of one doll, behind which the tips of a white horn and ear can be seen.)

Spike: *(pulling it away to expose Flurry)* —but I think we got a suspect.

Twilight: Huh?

(She narrows her eyes at her niece, whose face falls, and her own does the same with a sigh once Spike points out the checklist.)

Twilight: Well, we better get to cleaning. *(floating Flurry onto her back)* We've got no time to waste.

(The dolls float up, filling the screen for a moment, and in no time flat the display has been restocked in a considerably different fashion from before. The cashier's next words stop Twilight in her tracks as she starts to leave.)

Cashier: Thanks, but they were organized by color.

(The Princess lets off an irritated huff and sigh and gets back to the job, replacing all the dolls of one type before moving on to the next. One floats up past the camera, filling the screen; behind it, wipe to Twilight magically propelling Flurry in her carriage down a road in Ponyville proper and towing a cart piled with playthings at a full gallop. Both vehicles slam on the brakes as they pull up in front of the schoolhouse, the chasing Spike lost in the clouds of dust that they throw up. As the view clears and he closes the last few feet, again sweaty of face and short of breath, Twilight levitates a pocket watch up for a critical look, smiles, and tucks it away. He has again packed away his scroll by now.)

Twilight: Yes! We gained back a whole five minutes from running here!

Spike: Yeah, but if you add that to the forty minutes we were already behind, we're still fifty-five minutes behind! *(Hard look from Twilight; he relents.)* I mean... *(Weak chuckle.)* ...yay, team?

Twilight: *(smiling, nodding)* Mmm-hmm.

(She gets hooves and horn in gear to pull the lot toward the door, Spike following. Cut to the classroom, where Cheerilee rolls a book cart toward her and Flurry with her head. Meanwhile, Spike pulls himself up over a loaded shelf in the fore to have a quick look.)

Twilight: Thanks for helping us out, Cheerilee. Sorry we were late.

Cheerilee: Oh, no problem. But I gotta say, I'm surprised you came to me for a book. Don't you have a huge collection? *(Flurry starts bouncing and laughing in the carriage.)*

Twilight: Yes, but... *(She holds the baby aloft in her field.)* ...sorry, one second.

(Being set back on the cushions is not what Flurry had in mind, if her fussing and reaching for Twilight is any indication. Spike pitches in by clambering up the side of the carriage and fishing out the whammy, which Twilight takes in her aura with a smile. It drops into the carriage, instantly brightening Flurry's mood as she cuddles it.)

Twilight: *(to Cheerilee)* I didn't think the foals would be interested in *The Unabridged History of Amulets* in Pony Latin.

Cheerilee: Yeah. It was good you came to me. How about *The Complete Collection of Ponyville Fables and Stables*?

(A quick duck behind the cart, and this one is dropped onto an open display stand on the top shelf.)

Twilight: Mmm—too long. *(Cheerilee brings up another.)*

Cheerilee: *Alien Alicorns versus Space Pirates*?

Twilight: Well, the science there is preposterous. *(Now Spike holds one up in front of his face, its cover depicting a fierce dragon flexing his muscles.)*

Spike: How about *Burnferno, Warrior from Within*? *(Lower it.)* It's about a handsome dragon warrior who slays evildoers with his breath—and his snappy comebacks.

Twilight: *(giggling)* Let's borrow that for you and keep looking.

Spike: Eh. *(He sits on the floor and starts reading.)*

Twilight: *(to Cheerilee)* What else?

(In a fit of pique, Flurry throws the whammy over the side of the carriage. She continues to be ignored as Cheerilee brings up another book, which Twilight rejects, and gurgles brightly upon spotting the filled blackboard at the front of the room. Teleporting over to it, she goes into a hover and levitates up a piece of chalk. Cut back to Twilight, Cheerilee, and Spike.)

Cheerilee: Uh, how about *Gusty the Great*?

Twilight: Ooh, that was one of my favorites when I was a filly! We'll take it!

(Close-up of the teacher, whose face suddenly rearranges itself into one of brain-paralyzing shock as she raises a trembling front hoof to point toward the front of the room.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Um, should I go with something more current?

(Pan from her to Twilight, who turns her head to follow the gesture and sucks in a sharp gasp, then cut to her perspective and zoom in. Flurry has erased most of the board's notes and replaced them with stick-figure drawings, three of which represent herself, Twilight, and Spike. She makes a "ta-da" gesture and vocalization, after which the camera cuts back to Twilight.)

Twilight: Cheerilee, I am so, so sorry. I didn't even hear her leave!

(A quick burst of power brings the little scamp back and settles her in the carriage, and the beleaguered aunt crosses to the board and telekinetically puts an eraser to work. Flurry

whimpers a bit as her masterwork goes bye-bye; a second later the surface is completely bare.)

Twilight: There. All clean. *(Cheerilee steps up.)*

Cheerilee: Great. Now I'll just write it up again... *(wearily, chalk in teeth)* ...with my mouth.

(The Princess makes a sheepish sound that might translate as "sorry, I did my best" and exits as Cheerilee sets to the task of replicating all those notes. Wipe to Cadence, Shining, and Spearhead in the Ponyville Café, the camera placed just below their eye level within an enclosure of velvet ropes.)

Spearhead: *(pointing downward)* Feast your eyes. This one's called...

(Overhead shot of the enclosure, putting all three out of view. The ropes surround a large patch of floor covering marked with horseshoe prints.)

Spearhead: *(from o.s.)* ...*A Kitchen Guard's Journey!* *(The group again, from a distance.)*

Cadence: *(trying to sound enthused)* Ahhh!

Shining: *(chuckling warmly)* This reminds me of the time Flurry got into the chocolate pudding, and we found little chocolate hoofprints all over the carpet.

Cadence: *(laughing)* That took forever to clean up! But remember how cute her little face looked when we caught her.

Shining: Yeah. She was like... *(big sad eyes, baby talk)* ..."uh-oh!" *(Both laugh over the memory.)*

Spearhead: Whoa! Art is so evocative! I wasn't even going for that memory! Score!

(Wipe to a quiet stretch of road within the town. Twilight and Spike barrel around a corner and into view, the former still towing her cart—now with the borrowed books tucked in among the toys—and using horn-power to push Flurry in her carriage.)

Spike: Honestly, Twilight, I don't even want to tell you how late we are. Should I just cancel our visit to the hospital?

Twilight: *What?!?* Cancel? We can't cancel, Spike! The sick foals are counting on us! And the BAE would never throw in the towel like that.

Spike: *(puzzled)* BAE?

Twilight: "Best Aunt Ever"? Besides, this errand is gonna be different.

Spike: Well, how do you figure that?

Twilight: Because Flurry can play with the Cake twins and stay out of trouble. Best aunt ever!

(She pulls ahead, leaving one thoroughly unconvinced dragon in her wake. Wipe to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner, the cart and carriage parked out front. Zoom in slowly, then cut to an overhead shot of the shop floor as Twilight and Spike walk in, Flurry being levitated alongside. Pinkie Pie stands at the cash register, and twins Pound and Pumpkin Cake sit on the floor near a display case, playing with toys. Twilight's field shifts Flurry down to the floor alongside them in close-up; a moment's skeptical glance from the local tots swiftly yields to a round of happy burbling and sharing among the three. Zoom out on the start of the next line to frame Twilight

and Spike.)

Twilight: Wonderful! They're friends already!

Spike: Huh. I shouldn't have doubted you.

Twilight: Thanks! *(His words sink in after a moment.)* Wait. You doubted me?

(He is quick to offer up a placating little shrug.)

Twilight: Spike, you watch Flurry. I'll take care of everything else.

(Now he flips her a smart salute and the two move out, Twilight crossing to Pinkie.)

Twilight: *(rapid fire)* Hi, Pinkie, how's it going? I need to pick up the cupcakes for the foals at the hospital, and can you do apology treats?

Pinkie: I'm good. *(pulling out a full box)* Here they are. Of course I can!

Twilight: *(normal speed)* Do you still have a giant file of everypony's favorite treat?

Pinkie: In my secret party-planning cave.

(Recall that the rest of the gang found said cave by accident in "Party Pooped." Pinkie hits a key on the cash register, triggering a small hatch in the floor to open and a lever to protrude upward from it.)

Pinkie: BRB!

(Short for "be right back." One yank opens a trapdoor directly beneath her, and she plunges out of sight only to re-emerge in a blink with a colossal stack of documents. Twilight lets off a giddy little laugh at the sight of it; when set on the counter, it reaches nearly to the ceiling.)

Twilight: Remind me to tell you later how amazing you are. Cheerilee?

Pinkie: Eh, I am pretty awesome.

(Casting a practiced eye toward the mass of paperwork, she nips one sheet out in her teeth and transfers it to her hooves for a bit of perusal.)

Pinkie: Cherry oatmeal cookies with yellow sprinkles.

Twilight: Great! Can you write "sorry" on them?

Pinkie: I've got a stamp for that.

(She ducks behind the counter, produces a rubber stamp, and applies it to Twilight's forehead. It leaves behind a red ink imprint of a sad pony's face with droopy ears. As Twilight gives her a slightly hairy eyeball, the camera cuts to the three toddlers playing happily and the one baby dragon eyeing his checklist with growing unease. There begins a tussle between Pound and Pumpkin over a hot-air balloon toy; Flurry, playing with blocks, tries to get Spike's attention and finally succeeds by throwing one and hitting him. He sets his list aside and stands up.)

Spike: Hey, you guys, no need to fight. *(They ignore him.)* Uh...hang on, I-I'm sure there's another one!

(A few steps carry him to a toybox near the door, and he plunges in and starts rooting around.)

Spike: Ah, no, not this one... *(Back to the twins; panning to Flurry; he continues o.s.)* ...that's cute...

(As playthings sail overhead and both Twilight and Pinkie continue their discussion, the royal tyke has a brainstorm. Her magic floats the balloon out of both contenders' grips and drifts it across the room so that it thumps against the back of Twilight's head. She has cleaned the mark from her forehead.)

Twilight: *(not turning around)* Hold on, sweetie. We'll play in a second.

(Not the answer that Flurry was hoping to get, but a new inspiration strikes in short order. She lets her magic tear the balloon's canopy away from the basket and give one portion to each of the twins, who have degenerated into lusty bawling by this point. Perplexed brown and blue eyes flick from the ruined toy to Flurry, who coos hopefully; the eyes go back to the pieces, then each other, and they throw the offerings aside with sudden anger. Flurry has just enough time for one fearful, wide-eyed stare before Pound and Pumpkin charge at her; she creates a shield around herself and hastily flaps away to stay ahead of them. Spike continues to ransack the toybox and Twilight carries on with Pinkie and her gargantuan file.)

Twilight: The sales-pony at the toy store.

Pinkie: Apple strudel cupcake with caramel drizzle!

(Figuring out that hooves alone may not be enough to bring down the interloper, Pound and Pumpkin shift to anti-aircraft artillery in the form of hurled cupcakes. Flurry darts aside so that they hit a wall instead, but the twins fire off another salvo that arcs jut over the airborne filly. Cut back to Twilight and Pinkie just in time for the sound of splattering dessert to come through loud and clear; Pinkie has retrieved yet another sheet from her file, but inadvertently rips it in half as her eyes pop nearly out of her head and she whinnies in sudden shock. This is followed by a pair of drooping pink ears that clue Twilight in to something being not quite right.)

Twilight: Oh, no. You're making the same face Cheerilee made!

(She swivels her head to follow the blue-eyed gaze and lets her mouth fall open at the sight of cupcakes smashed against walls, display cases, and floorboards—and even a dollop dripping from a ceiling light fixture. Incredibly, Spike has avoided taking even a single hit and is still searching through the toybox.)

Twilight: Pinkie, remind me what your favorite treat is?

Pinkie: *(glumly)* Hmm...the sampler platter.

Twilight: We'll take three of those.

(Down comes Flurry, her shield gone and also not having even a crumb on her. The “best” aunt ever gives her a decidedly annoyed sidewise look as Spike finally pulls himself out, holding an intact balloon toy.)

Spike: Aha! Told you I’d find another one.

(It instantly pops in his hand, startling a yelp out of him, and zooms crazily around the room. The flight lasts just long enough for him to get out one embarrassed chuckle, and ends with him being hit upside the head with it. A cupcake connects with his brain bucket as a final insult.)

(Wipe to the trio charging through the park land outside Ponyville as if at least one of their tails was on fire. Twilight pulls the cartload of toys and pushes Flurry in the carriage with her magic; the baby drinks from a bottle; Spike holds on to the canopy now folded out to give a little shade. He has cleaned himself up.)

Spike: Uh, Twilight?

Twilight: Out of the question! We are not canceling! *(Cut to him and Flurry; she continues o.s.)*
It’s gonna be okay. It has to be okay!

(One set of clawed fingers grasps the bottle; back to the borderline-unhinged mare.)

Twilight: It’s been so terrible so far that it can’t possibly end up—

(A spray of milk into her face causes her to trail off into a splutter and pitiful little moan.)

Spike: Uh, sorry. *(She shakes herself off and sighs.)*

Twilight: No, I needed it.

Spike: I was just gonna say, we’re here!

(She slams on the brakes for herself and the carriage, propelling him ahead o.s. and leaving the bottle to drop neatly back into Flurry’s hold. They have indeed arrived at Ponyville General, Spike lying flat on his back in the grass.)

Spike: *(standing up)* And we’re only four and a half minutes late.

Twilight: *(suddenly panicked)* Four and a half?!?

(She sprints ahead, taking the carriage along and sweeping Spike up in the bargain. Cut to a slow pan across a hospital ward and stop on Twilight at the far end on the next line. Several colts and fillies from Cheerilee’s class photo in the prologue are gathered around to listen to her read from the book floating before her, while others pay attention from their beds. Most have cupcakes from the batch she picked up at Sugarcube Corner, and one has a stuffed doll. Spike stands off to one side of Twilight, and Flurry sits on the other, her carriage resting nearby.)

Twilight: *(reading)* “And while nopony had ever tried to reach Cloudsdale on hoof, Gusty the

Great was not deterred. She and her unicorn warriors marched up the hill.”

(A shot from behind her picks out the newly delivered toys that some of the patients are enjoying.)

Twilight: *(reading)* “But suddenly they encountered...” *(Spike gasps in fear.)*

Spike: What? What was it? *(He scarfs down a cupcake; close-up of Twilight.)*

Twilight: *(reading)* “It was the treacherous Grogar! And Gusty could tell he was ready for battle. Gusty called out to the unicorn warriors.”

(During this last, Flurry voices her displeasure from o.s. and the camera pans/tilts down to her. Even though she has her whammy, it is doing little to bolster her spirits, and she moves on to a hearty yank at Twilight’s tail.)

Twilight: Ow! *(aside, bending over to her)* Not right now, Flurry. These foals really want to hear this.

(Enough and too much for the infant, whose face slowly darkens to an unsettling shade of deep pink as a teakettle sings its rising warning note in her head. When she finally blows her top, it comes in the form of a full-scale tantrum and a kick that launches the whammy for distance.)

Twilight: *(reading)* “We can fight Grogar together!” And the unicorn warriors shot magical beams into the clouds that wove into one! The beam, stronger than a thousand armies, shined down. It wrapped around Grogar and pulled him to the ground. “Don’t let him escape!” yelled Gusty.

(Accompanied by the following. A brief cut to the floor crowd, the toy sailing over their heads. A cut back to Twilight and the whole group. The whammy bouncing out the door and landing on a cart pushed by a passing unicorn orderly. Flurry recovering from her outburst and frantically starting to look for it: under a blanket, teleporting into her carriage to check under and inside her bottle, then zapping herself under a filly’s pillow and levering her up, away again and emerging from a nightstand drawer.)

(After Twilight finishes this bit of the tale, Flurry takes wing toward the door and disappears in a flash. Cut to an examination room elsewhere in the hospital; a unicorn doctor has levitated a rubber mallet and poised it before an elderly patient sitting on the end of the table. Before he can tap a hock, though, the wayward baby rematerializes under the hammer, peeks down the oldster’s shirt collar and around the place, and is gone again. Cut to a different room; here Redheart faces a down-in-the-mouth stallion.)

Redheart: Say “ahhhh.”

Patient: Ahhhh...

(She nips a tongue depressor from a container in her teeth, but before she can put it to use, Flurry pops in and it drops from her teeth. The stallion trails off into a yell of fear as the winged

intruder pries his jaws farther apart for a searching look down his throat. Nothing there, so she clears out again.)

(Out in the hall; she veers from room to room, then telekinetically slings two supply carts toward the ceiling and teleports away. They crash to the floor, one upside down and one on its side, and a couple of orderlies, one doctor, and another cart end up hovering once she winks back into view and flies past. In the foals' ward, the camera pans away from Twilight and company to one side as she continues the story.)

Twilight: *(reading)* “Grogar was strong, for fear gave him power.” *(now o.s.; Flurry reappears and magically lifts a bed)* “And he broke through the bonds.”

(Nothing doing beneath, so the discomfited filly sends up other patients and their bunks in quick succession, prompting assorted cries of fear and surprise. Twilight is next to rise in close-up, but she completely fails to notice the change in elevation.)

Twilight: *(laughing)* I know! So good, right?

Spike: *(from o.s.)* Twilight, look up! *(She does so.)*

Twilight: Spike, you're floating. *(Her eyes pop once the words sink in.)* You're floating!

(Cut to just behind her, framing him up near the ceiling thanks to Flurry's magic. Foals, food, and fun things are doing likewise around him.)

Spike: So are you!

(Now she sees the full extent of the mayhem her niece has caused: every single thing, living and otherwise, that had formerly been in contact with the floor is now above it—with the exception of the carpet. Flurry teleports here and there, still hunting fruitlessly for her whammy and peeking under a loose blanket along the way.)

Twilight: *(coaxingly)* Flurry, honey, you need to stop this. Put us down, please.

Spike: *(pointing ahead)* Twilight, look out!

(The adult Princess finds a bed and its occupant coming straight at her and gasps in undiluted terror; Spike's expression a silent mirror for her own. Snap to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of Twilight and Spike, now both screaming as the bed bears down on them. She exerts her magic over it, overriding Flurry's grip, and sets it down. A second hapless patient and his rack are next to meet the floor again, but the first goes right back up.)

Twilight: Nopony panic! Everything's gonna be okay!

(Two more are put down, but one immediately rises again under Flurry's control as she pops into view beneath it and then out again. Twilight sets it back on place, but the whole sequence plays out again with the other bed. Turning away from these two foals, a horrified Twilight sees yet another unwilling rider headed for the ceiling and wrests control from Flurry to bring her and her bed down safely. The juggling/searching continues a bit longer, and a zoom out reveals that Flurry has managed to outmatch Twilight and get everything floating again. The toddler keeps popping here and about in the great whammy hunt, and Twilight shudders in fear and uncertainty.)

Twilight: I can't keep up with her! *(Spike spots the carriage and gets an idea.)*

Spike: Oh yeah! Where's her snoozle?

Twilight: Her what?

Spike: *(sighing)* You know, her wacky, whompy thing, the snail? *(looking in carriage)* Where is it? Cadence said it calms her down!

Twilight: I don't see it!

(A fresh cry of alarm draws their eyes toward the other end of the ward, where one filly's bed is slung up as Flurry appears beneath it. This time, though, she is not so careful about keeping an even keel and the whole thing lists badly to one side, dumping the patient out. The pillow hits the tiles first, the filly thumping down onto it as her doll lands alongside. Redheart enters, notices the craziness, and gets literally swept up into it as Flurry swoops across. After a long, tense moment of watching the magical maelstrom rage on, Twilight's very last good nerve finally gives way.)

Twilight: *Flurry Heart, put us all down this instant!*

(Hearing that stern a tone throws a real fright into Flurry and brings tears to the big blue eyes. She lets her magic wink out, sending ponies and furnishings plunging amid a cacophony of screams. Twilight gets her wings working to make a safe landing, Spike drops into the carriage, and a quick application of magic brings all the others down without incident.)

Twilight: Is everypony okay?

(Pan across them, accompanied by various nods, smiles, and affirmative responses; Redheart, sitting on her haunches among them, holds her composure for a moment and then flops onto her back in a faint. A stray pillow keeps her from cracking the back of her head on the tiles.)

Twilight: *(crossing to Flurry)* Flurry, that was very, very bad! You could've hurt somepony!

(That does it. The little winged unicorn bursts out crying, creates a shield around herself, and floats away from her caretaker, whose face instantly shifts into regret at having gone too far. Twilight kneels down to Flurry, who has turned her back and half-spread her wings as a secondary defense.)

Twilight: Oh, Flurry, I didn't mean to...

(Flurry shifts herself a little farther away. Close-up; Twilight smiles and moves closer.)

Twilight: Sweetie, you don't have to be scared. *(bending closer; voice reverberates through shield)* It's just me. *(mashing a cheek against it)* See?

(The silly face may have worked in Act One, but not here; Flurry gabbles disconsolately and slides a few more feet away to huddle miserably against the wall. Twilight stands up, recognition coming to her.)

Twilight: You're scared of me—because I yelled at you. Like a big scary bear. *(slowly crossing floor)* Flurry, I'm so sorry. I've been a terrible aunt today. *(sitting down on her belly)* All you wanted to do was play, and I've barely been able to pay attention to you. None of this is your fault. It's mine. So much for being the best aunt ever. *(smiling, reaching toward Flurry)* But I hope you know how much I love you.

(That does it. The filly turns to face her, eyes instantly drying and face shifting into a beam, and she dispels the bubble with a cheerful gurgle and launches herself up to hug as much of the violet chest as her stubby legs can reach.)

Twilight: Oh, I take it you forgive me? *(Flurry mashes her nose against one cheek.)* Thanks, Flurry. How about we head home?

(A white foreleg gestures past her with mild trepidation.)

Twilight: After we find your whammy, of course.

(Rather than leave a tender moment alone, the o.s. Redheart butts in by clearing her throat. A floor-level shot frames one impatiently tapping white hoof in the fore as Twilight straightens up and magically sets Flurry on her back. What she finds waiting for her are a great many ill foals staring at her with some hesitation, and two doctors, one nurse, and one baby dragon all glaring at her with open hostility among a tumble of upended beds and furniture.)

Twilight: *(smiling sheepishly)* And clean up. *(Chuckle.)*

(Wipe to a close-up of a painting of a cake with blue/violet frosting and topped by a yellow cherry, and zoom out on the start of the next line. The action has shifted back to the Ponyville Café, and Cadence and Shining stand gazing sopfully at this artwork.)

Cadence: *(voice breaking)* This one kind of reminds me of Flurry's hair.

Shining: *(ditto)* Uh-huh.

(They turn in Spearhead's general direction, focusing on a small shield-shaped medallion that rests on a pedestal and is turned away from the camera. Tears spill down the royals' cheeks.)

Shining: And this one reminds me of Flurry too.

Spearhead: How so?

Shining: It's small, like her! *(He and Cadence lean their heads together.)* I...I can't do this anymore! Spearhead, this has been great, but—

Spearhead: Say no more.

(Close-up of both him and the medallion, which depicts a heart on its face.)

Spearhead: My art has always spoken to me about what I love. But knowing that it spoke to you about what *you* love speaks to me. *(Zoom out to frame all three.)*

Shining: What?

Spearhead: Go to her.

(They bail out of the joint. Dissolve to a corridor within the Castle as Twilight chases after a joyfully blabbering Flurry, both on wing. A quick turn and teleport put the quarry out of sight of her pursuer, who touches down in the entrance hall for only a moment before lifting off again. Next she enters the library and drops back to her hooves to pace the floor; a muffled squeal brings her up short, and she spots Flurry partially exposed under the edge of a rug. Twilight levitates the fabric away, shifts Flurry onto her back, and breaks into a laughing gallop. Cut to just inside the front doors, one of which opens under Cadence's control; the carriage is parked nearby, next to the piled-up spare supplies. She and Shining walk in, the hubby in a panic.)

Shining: Flurry? Where's our little foal?

(The answer, disclosed by an upward glance: getting a high-looping ride from her aunt, who comes in for a landing in front of them. Shining chokes out a noise of relief, and Cadence floats Flurry over so both of them can hug her.)

Shining: Oh, we missed you so much!

Cadence: Ohhh...

(Shining sighs blissfully, but Flurry slips out of their hooves and plants herself right back in her riding spot to hug Twilight. The sight instantly deflates both parents in close-up and brings up a double sigh. The doors behind them are closed now.)

Cadence: But it looks like you had a great time without us.

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Actually, not so much. *(Cadence's eyes widen; cut to frame all four.)* Flurry got into some mischief. *(smiling)* But it wasn't her fault. I shouldn't have agreed to watch her with such a jam-packed schedule. It was too much to juggle, but Flurry taught me an important lesson today.

(Long overhead shot of them, framing the missing whammy now back in the carriage. Pan slowly toward the doors.)

Twilight: It turns out being the best aunt ever isn't about spending the most time with your niece, but spending quality time with her. (*Close-up; Cadence's magic floats Flurry away.*) And she taught me a really cool bear game, so I guess I learned two things.

(The Prince and Princess from up north laugh as their daughter settles into her carriage.)

Shining: Well, we definitely should've given you more of a heads-up.

Cadence: Yes. From now on, we'll give you plenty of notice.

Twilight: Ohhh...that would be great.

Cadence: Hey, what are you doing next Tuesday?

(Twilight's face goes slack, eyes widening, and she lets off a scared little whinny.)

Cadence: For dinner, not to babysit.

Twilight: (*laughing*) I'll have to check with Spike, but I think we're free.

Cadence: Where is Spike, anyway?

(Cut to an extreme close-up of a book in the little guy's hands—the one he picked out at the schoolhouse in Act Two. On the start of the next line, zoom out to frame him reading to several foals on the floor of the ward at Ponyville General, all hanging on his every word.)

Spike: (*reading*) “The dashing dragon warrior breathed a scorching flame from his snout—”

(Behind him; the others are in or on their beds, Redheart sitting with one of them, and they too are deep into the story. An empty supply cart sits nearby.)

Spike: (*reading*) “—then chuckled to himself as he flew into the sunset.” (*Jump onto the cart in close-up; flex muscles.*) “ ‘If you can't stand the heat, don't fight a dragon.’ ”

Filly: (*from o.s., pointing*) Hey, you kinda look like him! (*He turns to face her.*)

Spike: Thank you! (*Drop book.*) Okay. Now who wants more cake?

Foals: Yaaay! Hooray!

(During this and further jubilation, the camera cuts to an overhead shot of a second cart, this one bearing a three-tier cake that has had a chunk cut out of it from top to bottom. The topmost tier has been decorated with a scaled-up copy of the sad-face “sorry” stamp that Pinkie demonstrated for Twilight at Sugarcube Corner. Forks and loaded plates, some fresh and some used, are scattered around the hefty dessert along with a few crumbs. Twilight's apology to the foals, in the form of a fresh treat and storytime with Spike, has clearly gone over very well. Fade to black.)