

## IT'S ABOUT TIME

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### Prologue

*(Opening shot: fade in to a pastel-tinted landscape during the day. Spike walks into view—smiling, out of breath, and leading Rarity along.)*

**Spike:** I made it for you, Rarity. *(Cut to just behind them as they stop on a rise.)* Why, yes.

*(On the start of the next line, tilt up to frame a small house standing at the end of a path. The walls are made of ice cream scoops, the candy roof is lined with gumdrops, and scoops and upended cones stand on either side of the path as landscaping.)*

**Spike:** It is an ice cream house. *(Close-up; zoom in.)* Chocolate fudge shingles...rocky-road garage...

*(The sound of clopping hooves begins to make itself heard on the end of this line; once the camera has reached an extreme close-up, his eyes pop wide open. Zoom out quickly to frame him lying in his basket next to Twilight Sparkle's bed, in the loft of their shared quarters on the library's upper story. His rest—and his dream—having been suitably disturbed, he sits up; the clopping continues.)*

**Spike:** Huh?

*(Cut to the reading room as he descends the stairs, rubbing his eyes. The violet unicorn is pacing down here.)*

**Spike:** Twilight?

**Twilight:** Oh. Hi, Spike. *(He gestures out the window; night sky, full moon.)*

**Spike:** It's the middle of the night! Why are you pacing like this?

*(Overhead shot of the room. Books are stacked on the center table, with others lying around it on the floor. She is crossing the floor.)*

**Twilight:** Frankly, I don't know how you can sleep at a time like this. *(He holds up a watch that shows...)*

**Spike:** (*testily*) Three AM?

(*He starts for the stairs, but Twilight teleports over to block his path.*)

**Twilight:** It's awful! It's horrible! It's tragic! (*She trots away.*)

**Spike:** Eh...I don't understand. What's wrong? (*A desk calendar is levitated over to him.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Here. (*Close-up of it, showing the date as the 4<sup>th</sup>.*) Now do you see what's wrong? (*Back to him.*)

**Spike:** (*puzzled*) We forgot to celebrate Arbor Day? (*Cut to her, eyeing a book.*)

**Twilight:** No. (*magically flipping pages*) The problem is, I just finished planning my schedule for the month— (*levitating another one over, flipping its pages*) —but I forgot to leave time to plan for *next* month!

(*She zips away, then back to Spike; now a full-size calendar floats under her control and he drops the little one.*)

**Twilight:** Don't you see? (*Close-up of it; she pushes it down o.s. to frame herself.*) There's no time in my schedule to put together another schedule! (*crossing to stairs*) I could move my meeting with the Ponyville Hay Board to the following Tuesday, but then I have to re-schedule my lunch with Pinkie Pie. And you know what a nightmare she is with scheduling.

(*Overhead view of the two, the camera pointing down the stairs; Spike stumps up them.*)

**Twilight:** This is an absolute disaster. My whole year could be thrown off!

**Spike:** (*grumpily*) And I woke up from an ice cream dream for this.

(*His approaching face gradually fills the screen and causes the view to fade to black.*)

## OPENING THEME

### Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a sunrise over Ponyville, seen from inside Twilight's bedroom window. Once a rooster's crow has sounded off, cut to her, hunched over a desk, and zoom in. Just as in the reading room, books are scattered all over the place; a close-up shows the fatigued bags that have settled in beneath her eyes. The insomniac unicorn is hard at work with quill, paper, and magic to jot down some notes, and she stops to run a surprised eye over the lot.*)

**Twilight:** Oh my gosh. I think I did it! If I can find a way to read *The Art of Invisibility Spells* and Thornhoof's *Brief History of Canterlot* at the same time, that could leave me a half-hour scheduling window!

(*She is so engrossed in her planning that she does not notice the sudden wind gusts that toy with*

*papers and book pages, as seen when the camera pans/cuts away from her for a moment during the previous. The line ends with a cut to floor level and tilt up from her tail as sparks begin to rain down around it. Only now does she notice the very freaky weather going on in her room.)*

**Twilight:** Huh?

*(She shields her face with a foreleg; now a white-glowing ball of energy takes form in the kitchen.)*

**Twilight:** *(backing away)* What's going on?

*(The apparition grows to fill nearly half the floor, shrinks to a single point, and then bursts to fill the room with blinding radiance. Once the glare subsides enough for Twilight to lower her foreleg, she finds the last of the energy receding into itself. Now, lying among the freshly tumbled books and papers, is a unicorn whose coat, mane, and tail are colored identically to hers. Sparks crackle over the collapsed form, which is clad in a badly torn, dark gray bodysuit that covers everything but the head and tail. The latter is disheveled, the mane cut crazily short and standing up, and a band of white cloth is wrapped around the head. As this second pony begins to straighten up, the camera cuts to extreme close-ups of the head, the body in its ripped clothing—and a patch covering the right eye—and a small scar or wound under the left. Zoom out from this last shot to frame the weary unicorn, now clearly identifiable as a dead ringer for Twilight, as the sparks die away. The genuine article cries out in surprise, while the other straightens up, shakes her head clear, and addresses her with the same serious-minded voice.)*

**Future TS:** Twilight... *(galloping to Twilight)* ...you've got to listen to me!

**Twilight:** Who are you? I mean, you're me, but I'm me too. How can there be two me's? It's not scientifically possible. *(poking hoof into Future TS's chest)* You are not scientifically possible!

**Future TS:** Twilight, please! I have a very important message for you from the future!

**Twilight:** *(excitedly)* You're from the future?

**Future TS:** *(as Twilight paces behind her)* That's right, now listen.

**Twilight:** What happened to you? The future must be awful.

**Future TS:** Please! I don't have much time!

**Twilight:** Is there some sort of epic pony war in the distant future or something? *(Close-up of Future TS.)*

**Future TS:** Actually, I'm from next Tuesday morning. But that's not important right now! *(Cut to frame both on the start of the next line.)*

**Twilight:** I can't believe time travel is really possible! How did you—I mean, I—figure it out?

**Future TS:** The time spells are in the Canterlot Archives. But that's not—

**Twilight:** Really? Where? I've never seen them.

**Future TS:** They're in the Starswirl the Bearded Wing. Now you have to listen to—

**Twilight:** Is time travel fun, or does it hurt? *(Close-up.)* I have so many questions— *(Future TS shoves a hoof into her mouth; the sparks start flying again.)*

**Future TS:** *(from o.s.)* I have something extremely important to tell you about the future!

*(Cut to frame her on the end of this; the white energy begins to envelop her again, its hum*

*gradually drowning out her voice.)*

**Future TS:** And I only have a few seconds, so you've got to listen! Whatever you do, don't—

*(Before she can finish the warning, she vanishes with one last flash, leaving only a charred spot on the wooden floor.)*

**Twilight:** Future Twilight?...Oh, no! What was she trying to warn me about? Her clothes, her mane, that scar! Oh, what a mess she is...I mean, I am...or I *will* be.

*(Her eyes pop as she stifles a gasp; cut to the burned patch and zoom out as she eyes it.)*

**Twilight:** She must want me to prevent whatever horrible thing happens in the future!

*(Another bug-eyed gasp. Cut to a busy street and pan back to frame Pinkie Pie, a bunch of balloons tied around her midsection. The buoyancy is enough to lift her clear of the ground, but she is "walking" in midair and making forward progress.)*

**Pinkie:** *(looking back)* Come on, Fluttershy! The party can't start 'til the party supplies get there!

*(Another pan brings the yellow pegasus into view—so weighed down by bags of supplies that she can only crawl along the road.)*

**Fluttershy:** *(between gasps)* Happy to...help...but...can I carry... *(standing up)* ...the balloons next time?

*(She is immediately hit broadside by a violet/dark-blue streak, and both she and Twilight wind up sprawled out among a litter of candy, streamers, and noisemakers. A set of Groucho Marx joke glasses has ended up on Twilight's face, but this does not stop her from darting away to balance on a post at one end of a bridge over the stream bordering Ponyville. As she speaks, zoom out to frame several locals gathered around.)*

**Twilight:** Listen, everypony. I've got something really important to say!

*(A round of laughs from the crowd; once Twilight figures out the reason for it, she disgustedly yanks off the glasses and throws them aside.)*

**Twilight:** This is no laughing matter! We have a crisis on our hooves! *(Crowd gasps; Applejack and Rarity walk up.)* I've just been visited by myself from the future!

*(General puzzlement, then another hearty laugh that rubs Twilight exactly the wrong way.)*

**Twilight:** *(jumping down)* This isn't a joke! My future self tried to warn me about a horrible disaster, that's going to occur sometime before next Tuesday morning!

**Applejack:** What kinda disaster?

**Twilight:** I don't know! I got sucked back into the future before I could explain!

**Pinkie:** *(trying to "run" in midair)* RUN FOR YOUR LIIIIIIFE!! *(Cut to Twilight on the end of this; Rarity gallops up to her.)*

**Rarity:** Whatever should we do, Twilight? How do we stop the disaster if we don't know what it is?

**Twilight:** We'll just have to work together to make sure we're safe. *(addressing herself overhead)* Rainbow Dash!

*(Rainbow Dash flies into view and hovers overhead.)*

**Twilight:** You and the other pegasi spread out over Equestria, and look for any kind of problem that could lead to a disaster—and I mean anything.

**Rainbow:** You got it! *(She flies off; cut to the crowd.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* Everypony else... *(Pinkie "runs" and screams her way over to them, then stops.)*

**Pinkie:** Anypony else want to panic with me? *(Silence.)* No?

*(So she goes on her windmilling, high-decibel way.)*

**Twilight:** Everypony else... *(smiling determinedly)* ...time to disaster-proof Equestria!

*(“Iris in” to the dam that burst during “The Mysterious Mare Do Well.” Applejack, Rarity, and a bucket of cement are lowered along its height on a suspended plank platform, and the farmer seals a crack with the help of a trowel in her teeth. She has been thoroughly spattered with cement, some of which Rarity scrubs away with a levitated handkerchief, and Twilight descends into view on a second platform. A checklist and quill float alongside under her control, and she marks off one item.)*

*(Wipe to the water tower that figured prominently in “Boast Busters” and “Secret of My Excess.” Its top has been removed, and it is being filled from a hose that has been run up into it. A close-up at the top reveals that Mrs. Cake is directing the flow; she gets a surprise when Twilight teleports up here, checks the level, and marks another box on her list.)*

*(Wipe to a close-up of a metal reinforcing plate covering a crack in a wooden post. Pinkie leans into view, wrench in teeth, and tightens one of the nuts holding it on; a longer shot frames a cable wrapped around her midsection to hold her in midair, taking the place of her earlier balloons. The post and several others like it stand in water. She finishes wrenching and smiles upward, and a still-longer shot tells the whole story: the post is one of the supports for a bridge over the Ponyville stream, and Big Macintosh has the free end of the cable in his teeth. Twilight walks up to him, checklist at the ready; in close-up, he opens his mouth and lets go of the cable.)*

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

*(A splash from below o.s. leads to a sheepish grin from her and a look of pop-eyed surprise from him. Wipe to a close-up of some dirt on the ground; a cloth held in a light yellow hoof is applied*

*to this until the spot gleams, and the camera zooms out. The Cutie Mark Crusaders stand on a sidewalk, Apple Bloom having policed up the area, and Twilight marks off an item and trots away.)*

*(Wipe to a rather drained-looking Spike, applying a paintbrush to one wall in the library's reading room. The unicorn watches him work for a moment before ticking another box. Another wipe frames a close-up of Pinkie in the Carousel Boutique. A bit of magic stretches out her forelock and brings a pair of scissors over to snip an errant strand; once it snaps back, a longer shot frames Twilight and Rarity in the main changing room. Pinkie sits on her haunches in one of the chairs, a barber's neck cloth wrapped around her, and Rarity has donned a smock whose pockets are filled with styling implements to do this touch-up. The earth pony grins and waves to Twilight, who checks yet one more box.)*

*(Wipe to the fully unfurled checklist, which stretches several yards along a street, and pan back to frame Twilight and Fluttershy looking at it on the start of the next line.)*

**Twilight:** *(marking an item)* Done, and done, and done.

*(Applejack and Rarity walk up. The former no longer has any splotches of cement on her, but does have a few leaves caught in her mane and tail; Rarity magically picks these out, having put away her smock.)*

**Twilight:** Applejack, what about the Everfree Forest?

**Applejack:** The perimeter's clear. *(Rainbow and two other pegasi hover overhead.)*

**Twilight:** Great.

**Rainbow:** And my team gave the all-clear from Fillydelphia to Las Pegasus.

**Twilight:** *(marking)* Excellent. Well, we've done everything on the list. *(worried)* But still... Future Twilight looked like she'd been through a horrible ordeal. *(rolling/tucking list away, trotting off)* I just have this nagging feeling we should be looking for something bigger than loose bolts and leaky pipes.

*(A deafening roar brings her back to the scene, pronto, and the source—a colossal, three-headed black bulldog—leaps into view from behind the joke shop. Studded collars are fastened around all three necks, and six beady red eyes with yellowed whites glare at the crowd. After a second roar, Pinkie trots into view, having disposed of her neck cloth.)*

**Pinkie:** *(pointing)* Okay, everypony, follow my lead!

*(Her eardrum-shredding scream and Olympic-speed dash prompt all the other onlookers to do the same and take cover wherever they can find it. Cut to Spike as he runs up.)*

**Spike:** What is that thing? *(Zoom out; Twilight steps up next to him.)*

**Twilight:** That's Cerberus! He's supposed to be guarding the gates of Tartarus!

[Note: Tartarus is a realm in Greek mythology. It served as a prison for beings who posed a real

*danger to the gods, and also as a place of punishment for those who committed particularly evil acts.]*

*(Back to Cerberus, whose mouths are now eagerly sucking at the fruit ornaments mounted on the roof of a nearby ice cream shop.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* But if he's here, then all the ancient evil creatures that have been imprisoned there can escape and destroy Equestria!

*(Cut to her and Spike on the second half of this line; she smiles knowingly as she finishes.)*

**Spike:** Destroy Equestria?

**Twilight:** Yeah! Isn't it great?

*(The next shot frames the black behemoth, lifting a hind leg in preparation to relieve himself on the ice cream shop—there being no fire hydrants within sight.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* Hey, Cerberus! You look like you could use some obedience training! *(Back to her; horn warms up.)* Magic obedience training!

*(He takes a step toward her and unleashes a triple full-force roar; back to Twilight, tongue clamped in teeth and ready to let fly. Instead, she cools down and lets her eyes pop in surprise.)*

**Twilight:** Huh?

*(Now Cerberus lies on his back, panting happily and letting his hind legs piston in the air. Fluttershy has moved in to rub his belly.)*

**Fluttershy:** Who's the cute wittle three-headed dog? *(Twilight walks up.)*

**Twilight:** Wow. I knew you were good with animals, but this is amazing!

**Fluttershy:** Aw, he's just a big furry guy who got out of his yard, that's all. Right, Cerberus? Who's a good boy? Who's a good boy?

*(Zoom out slightly as Pinkie's latest scream rips the air and she gallops past.)*

**Twilight:** Pinkie! *(She ducks back into view, now calm.)*

**Pinkie:** Yes, Twilight?

**Twilight:** Do you have a ball I can borrow?

*(The party organizer whips over to a tree and shoves a front hoof into a large knothole.)*

**Pinkie:** I have balls stashed all over Ponyville... *(She fishes one out.)* ...in case of ball emergency. *(She returns; Twilight floats it up.)*

**Twilight:** *(singsong)* Hey, Cerberus!

*(Cut to across the way; all three heads pop up and the toy is levitated above them.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* Look what I have!

*(A bit of bob-and-weave gets their eager attention, and she gallops off, floating the ball ahead of herself to lead the massive canine along.)*

**Twilight:** I'll be back as soon as I've returned him to the gates of Tartarus. Once he's back at home, there'll be no disaster.

*(Pinkie and Spike smile at each other. Dissolve to a Ponyville sunrise, seen from Twilight's bedroom window, as a rooster sounds off—a new day has come. Tilt down to frame a drowsy, freshly awake Spike in his basket by her empty bed; he sits up with a yawn and stretch.)*

**Spike:** I wish Twilight would go on epic adventures more often. Best night's sleep I've had in weeks.

*(The front door is heard opening and closing. Down in the reading room, the unicorn librarian walks in, her mane/tail in disarray and her coat muddy and scuffed. Spike crosses to her.)*

**Spike:** Hey, Twilight. How'd it go with Cerberus?

**Twilight:** Great. I got him back before any of the evil creatures could escape.

*(Instead of smiling, the baby dragon begins to retch and his cheeks bulge out; this quickly turns into a blast of fire that solidifies into a scroll. It bounces off her face; she yelps and touches a hoof to the spot with sudden worry.)*

**Twilight:** Oh, no!

*(She races off; Spike reads it, rolls it up, and walks after her.)*

**Spike:** What's the big deal? It's just a "lost dog" flyer.

*(He reaches Twilight, who has stopped by the stairs and is goggling at her reflection in a handy full-length mirror.)*

**Spike:** I guess the Princess hasn't heard we found Cerberus yet.

**Twilight:** It's not that... *(Close-up; she turns to him.)* ...it's this!

*(One hoof points out a small, fresh wound under her left eye.)*

**Spike:** *(dryly)* A paper cut? Come on, Twilight, you really need to toughen up. *(walking away)* Just clean it out and you'll be fine. *(Close-up of her reflection.)*

**Twilight:** The cut's in the exact same spot as the scar on Future Twilight's cheek! We haven't changed the future at all! *(Extreme close-up of her quivering eyes.)* The disaster is still coming!



*(They pop wide on the end of this, and the view snaps to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: a patch of library floor. Her pacing shadow casts itself into view.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* If the disaster wasn't caused by Cerberus getting loose, then what could it possibly be?

*(Tilt up to frame Spike at one wall; he stifles a laugh.)*

**Spike:** I don't know, but maybe you oughta give the pacing a rest.

*(Cut to frame the two, in the reading room. She is going around the center table as in the prologue, but now the floor has a circular groove worn into it as deep as her knees/hocks. She has cleaned herself up after the trek to get Cerberus home.)*

**Spike:** You've worn a groove into the floor!

**Twilight:** *(stopping briefly, then resuming)* I don't have time for another one of your lectures, Spike! This is serious!

**Spike:** *(puzzled)* My lectures?

**Twilight:** I did everything I could think of to change the future, but it didn't work. So maybe it's not what I do... *(Stop.)* ...maybe it's what I *don't* do! *(She teleports out of the rut...)*

**Spike:** Huh? *(...and over next to the wall.)*

**Twilight:** If I stand right here and don't move a muscle until next Tuesday, I can't possibly do whatever it is that Future Twilight wanted to warn me not to do!

*(Every inch of the violet body goes rigid; close-up of the impassive face.)*

**Spike:** *(from o.s.)* Really? *(Longer shot; he circles to stop behind her.)* So...no matter what happens, you're not gonna move a muscle, huh?

*(A cocky little smirk has settled onto his face by the end of this.)*

**Spike:** Then maybe you won't mind if I... *(He darts away and returns with a carton of ice cream.)* ...eat an entire tub of ice cream!

*(The purple eyes swivel back in his direction for a split second, then aim themselves straight ahead again as Spike starts to dig in. Sweat trickles down Twilight's frozen face; Spike holds his spoon tauntingly out toward her, then gobbles its load.)*

**Spike:** *(mouth full)* Mmm!

*(Swallow; satisfied grunt; extreme close-up of the unicorn's streaming face.)*

**Spike:** *(from o.s.)* So good! *(She growls softly; cut to frame both.)*

**Twilight:** *(through teeth, sighing angrily)* Spike, stop! Think of the stomachache!

**Spike:** *(laughing)* Stomachache, huh? That's Future Spike's problem.

*(Another gulp, and he leans contentedly against her flank. A knock at the door startles her; Rainbow lets herself in.)*

**Rainbow:** Hey, Twilight! Another pegasus just got back from Baltimore with an all-clear and—

*(She stops short upon finding the equine statue and the scaly, four-legged garbage disposal, then files over with a snicker.)*

**Rainbow:** What's going on? *(to Twilight)* Aren't you gonna stop him?

**Spike:** She sure isn't. *(Close-up of the scrunched violet face; he continues o.s.)* In fact, she's not gonna move 'til next Tuesday! *(Back to him and Rainbow.)* She thinks it'll prevent the disaster from happening!

**Rainbow:** *(chuckling)* Oh, this is too rich. *(suddenly scared, pointing ahead with a gasp)* Hey, Twilight! There's a mouse right behind you!

*(Twilight flinches in place, her bottom lip caught in her teeth, and Rainbow and Spike have a good belly laugh over this prank. He grabs a quill off a desk.)*

**Spike:** Wait! Wait, wait! Let me try!

*(The non-business end is applied to every part of her body he can reach, causing her cheeks to bulge with suppressed laughter for several seconds. When she has had more than enough of this tickle-torture idiocy, she magically slings him into the wall, back first; the hit knocks a flaming belch out of him that rockets toward her head. The screen flares greenish-white on impact, then clears to show the half-dazed dragon collapsed against the wall. Zoom out to frame Rainbow standing alongside; all four eyes pop in shock.)*

**Rainbow:** Oh, no! *(Spike stands up.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s., icily)* What happened?

**Spike:** I'm so sorry! *(Embarrassed grin from Rainbow.)* I didn't mean to! It was a total accident! *(Extreme close-up of Twilight.)*

**Twilight:** Show me.

**Rainbow:** *(from o.s.)* Uh... *(Cut to her, hovering near the ceiling.)* I'm not so sure that's a—

**Twilight:** Show me!

*(Realizing that there is nothing for it, Spike picks up a hand mirror and carries it at arm's length as if it were a live grenade. When Twilight's reflection comes into view, most of her mane has been burned off and the remnants left standing haphazardly on her head and neck. A few wisps of smoke rise from her tail and what hair she has left up top.)*

**Twilight:** Oh, no! This is the same mane cut as Future Twilight!

*(She turns away, showing that her tail is in the same mess as her later counterpart.)*

**Rainbow:** You know, it really doesn't look *too* bad.

**Twilight:** I don't care how it looks! It's just another sign that the future hasn't changed! *(pacing)* Not doing anything didn't work, either! Oh, I wish there was a way to know what was going to happen so I could stop it!

**Spike:** You want to see the future? *(knowingly)* I might know somepony who can help.

*(Wipe to the unicorn and dragon as they approach a deep purple tent trimmed in gold, with an awning flap extended over the entrance. A steaming caldron, a lit candle, and a sign board depicting a crystal ball, star, and horseshoe are set up on either side; the entire affair sits at the end of a street.)*

**Twilight:** What's this?

**Spike:** It's Madame Pinkie's place.

**Twilight:** *(puzzled)* Madame Pinkie?

*(Cut to just inside the curtained entrance; Spike pushes his way in, followed by Twilight. Pinkie's voice is heard from within, doing an exaggerated gypsy/fortune-teller impression.)*

**Pinkie:** *(from o.s.)* Come! Enter the chamber of Madame Pinkie Pie!

*(Extreme close-up of a glowing crystal ball on a table; she is visible, seated behind it, and the pair's reflections move into view on its surface. As Pinkie speaks, the camera slowly tilts up to frame her front hooves gliding over it, as well as the jeweled purple turban covering most of her mane. A crescent-moon earring hangs from one ear.)*

**Pinkie:** For the answers you seek, let us consult the Mystical Orb of Fate's Destiny!

*(Cut to frame the entire interior; the two mares haunch-sit on cushions, facing each other across the table, and Spike sits on his own cushion next to Twilight. Behind Pinkie, various knickknacks are set up and hung about: beads, horseshoe, dreamcatcher, shelves with books and bottles, trunk, oil lamp, among others. When she lowers her hooves, a purple scarf with gold fringe is seen wrapped around her neck, and the turban bears a long blue feather. She continues in her normal cheerful voice.)*

**Pinkie:** Do you like my Mystical Orb of Fate's Destiny? I just got it. Cool, huh?

**Twilight:** *(unconvincingly)* Yeah, uh...best one I've seen.

**Pinkie:** *(gypsy mode)* Look deep into the crystal ball... *(leaning to peer across through it; zoom in slowly)* ...for soon it will reveal all! *(Longer shot.)* Ah, yes. I see something. It is a vision of the future. I see... *(pointing)* ...you, Twilight!

*(Cut to Twilight and zoom in slowly as her pupils grow saucer-wide with disbelief.)*

**Pinkie:** *(from o.s.)* You will get... *(Back to her.)* ...a really cool birthday present next year!

**Twilight:** *(eagerly)* Yes, and?

**Pinkie:** *(normal tone)* That's it.

**Twilight:** Are you sure? *(Pinkie leans back.)*

**Pinkie:** Yep. Cool birthday present.

**Twilight:** *(irritated)* Pinkie, I need your Pinkie Sense to tell me what the impending disaster is that Future Twilight was trying to warn me about!

*(During the previous line, the camera cuts briefly to the nonchalant amateur fortune-teller and back to Twilight's side of the table.)*

**Pinkie:** *(smiling, as Spike walks to her)* Oh, my fortune-telling has nothing to do with my Pinkie Sense, silly. It's only good for vague and immediate events.

*(And it chooses to sound off right about now, causing her tail to jitter so hard that she lifts clear of her cushion for a moment. The falling-object warning instantly comes true when a flowerpot drops from nowhere onto Twilight's head; close-up.)*

**Pinkie:** *(from o.s.)* Like that. See? *(Back to her and Spike.)* Where did that even come from?

*(Dissolve to the exterior of the library, now seen under the late-afternoon sky. Pinkie hops merrily into view, singing to herself and out of her gypsy garb, and makes her way toward the front door.)*

**Pinkie:** *(slowing to a walk)* Gosh, I haven't seen Twilight since the flowerpot incident. Hope she still isn't mad.

*(Cut to the top of the stairs, just inside the entrance to Twilight's living quarters, as the happy pink pony climbs up. She stops in her tracks, total confusion spray-painting itself across the big blue eyes.)*

**Pinkie:** Uhhhh...

*(A shot of the entire area frames the cause of her bafflement on the end of this. Huge telescopes have been set up at the windows, other pieces of equipment stand around the floor, and notes and graphs are stacked/displayed/scattered across nearly every square inch of remaining space. Twilight darts to one telescope—the remains of the flowerpot gone from her head, dark circles under her eyes, and a fresh white bandage wrapped around her head. Spike, meanwhile, sits on the stairs leading to the loft and eats ice cream, paying no mind to his friend or her half-crazed tone of voice.)*

**Twilight:** Off by point-zero-two from yesterday. *(She races to a graph.)* Carry the fifteen... *(Take notes.)* ...negative azimuth on the fourteenth moon... *(Rush here and there.)*

**Spike:** (*mouth full*) Hey, Pinkie.

**Pinkie:** Twilight's really serious about finding out about that cool birthday present, isn't she?

**Spike:** Who cares? As long as I can keep eating ice cream. Sorry, Future Spike.

*(He chomps down another spoonful; now Pinkie eases over as Twilight scribbles more notes.)*

**Pinkie:** Are you okay? (*Twilight floats her quill down.*)

**Twilight:** Ah, Pinkie. I'm glad you're here. (*pulling her up to a scope*) Can you help me recalibrate the apertures on the nine-and-quarter catadioptric telescopes?

**Pinkie:** Sure! (*Twilight ducks out of view.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) So I was thinking...after I came to see Madame Pinkie— (*Back to her.*) —and the flowerpot landed on my head—see the bandage? Just like the bandage from the future.

**Pinkie:** Nice!

**Twilight:** (*crossing to a graph*) I had an epiphany after that flowerpot. Doing things didn't work. *Not* doing things didn't work. And I couldn't predict the future either. So I only had one other choice. (*She zips away; extreme close-up.*) Monitor everything.

*(This last word is accompanied by a lean toward the camera, close enough to fully expose the bloodshot whites of her eyes. A different angle shows that she is now nose to nose with a rather unsettled Pinkie.)*

**Pinkie:** Makes sense to me. (*Nervous grin; Twilight darts back to a scope.*)

**Twilight:** (*peering through eyepiece*) That way, no matter what happens in the future, I'll be ready.

*(Pan/tilt up to a close-up of the lens at the other end, through which her eye is greatly magnified, on the start of the next line. If she sounded half-crazed before, her voice now begins to suggest that her mind is one good shove away from vacating her skull for good.)*

**Twilight:** I thought I saw something last night in the Horsehead Nebula. (*now o.s.*) But after staring at it for three straight hours— (*Cut to her; she trots away.*) —I realized I was wrong.

**Pinkie:** Three hours? But when did you sleep? (*Twilight plots with map and compass.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, I didn't sleep. I haven't slept since Future Twilight was here. (*ducking to take notes at floor level*) There are only three days left until next Tuesday. I can sleep all I want after that! (*Cut to Spike, opening a new tub of ice cream.*)

**Spike:** You've been awake too long, Twilight. (*He eats; pan to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah. Tuesday's not three days from now, Tuesday's tomorrow!

*(Zoom out to frame Twilight, who gasps and teleports up to a window telescope.)*

**Twilight:** (*looking through eyepiece*) Pinkie, did you finish recalibrating the apertures on the nine-and-quarter-inch catadioptric telescopes? (*Cut to Pinkie on the second half of this line.*)

**Pinkie:** (*cheerfully*) I have no idea.

*(The paranoid unicorn adjusts the angle a bit, and the view cuts to her perspective through the*

*lens as the instrument swings upward. Once it reaches the sun, the rays blaze up and fill the screen with their blinding white aura. Cut back to her, a hoof clapped over her stinging, watering right eye.)*

**Twilight:** Ow! My eye!

*(The negligent telescope adjuster races over to the kitchen fireplace and roots around in it.)*

**Pinkie:** Don't worry, Twilight. I have eyepatches stashed all over Ponyville, in case of eyepatch emergency.

*(Cut back to Twilight during this line; Pinkie zips to her, ties one in place, and darts away again.)*

**Pinkie:** *(now o.s.)* There! Now you look like a pirate...

*(Zoom out on the end of this to frame her pushing a full-length mirror over to Twilight.)*

**Pinkie:** ...a sleepy pirate with a really weird mane cut.

*(Close-up of the glass on the end of this; she gets it placed just so to catch Twilight's reflection. The exposed purple eye contracts almost to a point.)*

**Twilight:** *(softly, horrified)* The eyepatch... *(Gasp.)* ...another sign!

*(She gallops away; cut to her, levitating a sheet out of a scatter of books, and zoom out slightly.)*

**Twilight:** Nearly all the signs have come true! *(Zoom out again; she throws materials everywhere.)* I haven't done a thing to prevent the catastrophe! *(Gallop to a board chalked with equations.)* If Tuesday's tomorrow, and the disaster happens by Tuesday morning, then there's only one solution!

*(On the end of this, zoom in to an extreme close-up of a large question mark at one end of the board.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* I'll just have to... *(Extreme close-up; she stands to full height.)* ...stop time!

*(Snap to black.)*

### Act Three

*(Opening shot: fade in to the upper reaches of the Canterlot train station at night. A train has pulled in at the platform, and the camera tilts down slightly to frame all of it just before it rolls*

*out. The departure exposes Twilight, Pinkie, and Spike, all dressed in dark gray bodysuits; of the three, only Twilight has not pulled the hood up over her head. She gallops off, Spike runs, and Pinkie hops along as always, and they stop in an empty intersection. The gluttonous little dragon has obtained an ice cream cone by the time they reach this point. Until further notice, Twilight keeps her voice down when speaking.)*

**Twilight:** *(pointing)* Okay. The Canterlot Archives are right over there. *(tiptoeing ahead)* Let's move!

*(Her fellow conspirators continue with their preferred modes of locomotion. Cut to a stone fixture in a garden, from which Twilight puts her head out for a peek; she somersaults over to land behind a tree and then charges ahead. The other two carry on.)*

**Spike:** Uh, I don't think we need to sneak around, Twilight. *(Close-up.)* It's not illegal to walk around Canterlot.

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* Guard!

*(He and his cone freeze in their tracks, and she leaps up onto a pedestal to strike a pose next to a unicorn statue.)*

**Twilight:** Come on, you guys!

*(The earth pony does a quick, pirouette and freezes in mid-spin, while the little guy holds out his cone as if it were a microphone and goes stock-still. Here comes a gray-coated unicorn stallion in gold/dark gray armor, with a two-tone, light gray mane/tail; he walks past the implausible new statuary without even batting an eye. After he has moved on with his patrol, all three relax and Twilight lets out her held breath.)*

**Twilight:** That was close. *(Cut to Spike.)*

**Spike:** *(pulling at his suit)* I don't know why we have to wear *these* things either! *(Pinkie leans down to him.)*

**Pinkie:** Aren't we wearing them for fun?

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* No... *(Cut to frame all three.)* ...there's nothing fun about this! *(She walks off.)*

**Pinkie:** Oh...are you sure? *(Twilight gets in her face.)*

**Twilight:** Focus, guys! The only way to prevent this disaster is to stop time!

*(Cut to a close-up of a sunburst ornament atop a spire, then zoom out to frame it on the roof of a tower during the next line.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* Time spells are kept in the Starswirl the Bearded Wing— *(Tilt down to ground level; two guards stand at the closed doors.)* —the most secure section of the Archives! *(Back to her and Pinkie.)* That's why we're sneaking around!

**Pinkie:** Awesome! That sounds fun!

**Twilight:** *(walking ahead)* No! It's not fun!

**Pinkie:** *(ears drooping)* Awww...

*(The stealthy unicorn dives into a bush and rushes ahead from it as the other two stroll unhurriedly along the path. In her haste, she gets a piece of her suit caught and ripped away on a protruding branch.)*

**Pinkie:** I still don't understand how sneaking into the Archives is gonna help her find out about her birthday present.

*(Spike just takes another lick at his ice cream. Wipe to a window, which Twilight opens from outside for a look-see; the encounter with the bush has left various rents in her clothing. Cut to her perspective of the immediate area, panning from side to side.)*

**Twilight:** The coast is clear. *(Back to her.)* Now slowly lift me into the window so we can—

*(“Slowly,” in this case, consists of Pinkie heaving her through in one swift push so that she lands flat on a rug with a yell. Dragon and earth pony pass her at their own paces.)*

**Spike:** *(groaning impatiently)* Let's get this over with.

*(Wipe to a dimly lit spot just around a corner as Twilight plasters herself against the wall and risks a peek. A circle of light makes its way toward her; she pulls her head back, now joined by Pinkie and Spike. A longer shot frames a guard on patrol, using his horn to cast a flashlight beam, but he cuts it off an instant before it can reach the trio. All three hurry out and behind a pair of stationary guards; when the scoop falls of Spike's cone, he stops and slurps up most of it in one quick move. His bliss lasts only long enough for Twilight to gallop back and drag him ahead by a fold of his suit.)*

*(Now the two ponies hang on to the uppermost sections of the banners on two adjacent support columns. A passing guard sees neither of them and just misses Spike when he peeks out from a third banner; the other two slide down to ground level, but he drops like a cinderblock. Cut to a close-up of a hunched-over Twilight as she slinks down the hallway.)*

**Twilight:** Okay. If my calculations are correct, the Starswirl the Bearded Wing should be right... *(Zoom out slightly; she stops and straightens up.)* ...here!

*(She has reached a closed door and open window.)*

**Spike:** *(from o.s.)* Uh, Twilight? *(Pan to frame him behind her.)*

**Twilight:** What is it, Spike?

**Spike:** *(gesturing to window)* Isn't this where we came in? *(Pinkie pops up outside it; Twilight paces.)*

**Pinkie:** Cool! Can we climb in the window again? That was super-fun.

**Twilight:** I don't understand. It's supposed to be right here. How are we supposed to find it now?

**Pinkie:** *(gesturing ahead)* Maybe we should ask somepony in the Starswirl the Bearded Wing.



*(The flummoxed unicorn and the bemused dragon aim their gazes in this direction, and the camera cuts to a shot of the entire hallway. They are looking at a locked gate directly across from them; shelves of literature are visible through the grid of metal bars, and a large star decorates the wall above it.)*

**Twilight:** Huh. How'd I miss that?

*(Cut to within this wing and zoom out slowly through the gate. Every shelf is stuffed with books and scrolls, and a massive hourglass stands on a pedestal in the central rotunda.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* Look at all those priceless magic scrolls. There are more than I ever imagined! *(Cut to her and Pinkie.)*

**Pinkie:** *(tapping Twilight's shoulder)* Twilight! The guard!

*(The shadow of one begins to grow on the far wall, marking his approach from the connecting passageway. Twilight gasps softly; she and Pinkie start to panic as Spike seems to care not a whit.)*

**Twilight:** What do we do, what do we do?

*(She hits the deck just before a set of gray-armored hooves advances along the carpet. They stop right in front of her shaking, huddled form, and Twilight can do nothing but uncover one eye and look up into the guard's stolid face. He stares her down impassively for a long second, then breaks into a smile.)*

**Guard:** Hey, Twilight! Haven't seen you in a while. *(horn glowing)* Let me open that for you.

*(He does so as she gets to her hooves, and the other two head in. Now she returns to her normal speaking volume.)*

**Twilight:** *(laughing sheepishly)* Thanks.

*(Wipe to her and Spike proceeding cautiously down one aisle; she stops short.)*

**Twilight:** Oh, no!

*(Spike runs into her from behind and Pinkie slams into them both. A strangled cry and burst of speed take her over to a full-length mirror; close-up of her reflection.)*

**Twilight:** *(about to panic)* Look! I look just like Future Twilight. The last sign has come true!

**Pinkie:** And that's bad, right?

**Twilight:** *(galloping away)* Come on!

*(Pinkie follows her, Spike slapping a fresh scoop on his cone and bringing up the rear.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* It's almost Tuesday morning!

*(Cut to a window and zoom in slowly; daylight is beginning to brighten the sky.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* The disaster could happen at any moment! *(Back to the trio.)*

**Spike:** But how do we find the time-stopping spell? There must be a million scrolls here!  
*(Close-up of Twilight.)*

**Twilight:** I...don't...know!

*(On each of the last two words, the camera cuts to a closer shot of her face, ending with an extreme close-up of her two eyes and one panic-constricted pupil. She then races to the nearest shelves and starts pawing through the haphazard masses of documents. A quick tilt up to ceiling level shows Pinkie rooting through scrolls while perched on top of the stacks. As the sunlight continues to lighten the sky, Spike begins to nod off from his position on the floor. He snaps awake and resumes his frantic search through the books piled around him. Pinkie, now also at ground level, keeps checking scrolls; pan quickly to Twilight as she hunts madly among the shelves.)*

*(Now the morning rays advance across the floor, touching the exhausted little dragon's form. He jumps up and runs to the window.)*

**Spike:** Twilight! It's over!

*(Elsewhere, she keeps racing here and there, levitating documents and reading on the fly with a strangled moan.)*

**Spike:** *(from o.s.)* It's officially Tuesday morning! *(She joins him at the window.)*

**Twilight:** *(moaning)* No!

*(Cut to the rising sun outside; a rooster's crowing rings out over the scene.)*

**Twilight:** *(from o.s.)* Tuesday morning—the disaster! *(Back to the pair.)* INCOMING!!

*(She shoves Spike well away from the window and hits the deck, fully prepared for the world to end here and now. Close-up.)*

**Spike:** *(from o.s., prodding her)* I don't know, Twilight. *(She peeks out.)* I don't see any disasters. *(Pan to him, lowering his hood.)* It looks like a pretty nice day.

*(And who should choose this moment to stroll through but Princess Celestia, casual as anything.)*

**Celestia:** Good morning, Twilight. Love the new hairstyle. Well, happy Tuesday.

*(A rather perplexed look takes hold of the young unicorn's face, and she stands up.)*

**Twilight:** Why isn't anypony surprised to see me sneaking around in here?

*(Cut to outside the window and zoom in slowly as a bird flits past.)*

**Twilight:** *(standing up into view)* Is it possible there never was a disaster? *(Spike puts his head up.)* That I've just been making myself frantic over nothing? *(Inside, he leads her from the window.)*

**Spike:** I don't get it. If Future Twilight wasn't warning you about a disaster, then what was she trying to tell you?

*(After stopping and looking herself over, Twilight smiles and laughs softly—something has finally clicked in her head.)*

**Twilight:** I don't know, but I do know one thing. I look ridiculous! *(Both have a good laugh.)*

**Spike:** Yeah, you do!

**Twilight:** And it's all because I couldn't stop worrying and let the future handle itself. *(walking past him)* Well, not anymore. From now on, I'm gonna solve problems as they come, and stop worrying about every little thing.

**Spike:** That's great! Does that mean there won't be any more late-night pacing? *(She has reached the giant hourglass.)*

**Twilight:** No more late-night pacing. If only I had learned this lesson a week ago, we wouldn't have had to go through all this. *(Pinkie sticks her head out from one aisle, her hood now down.)*

**Pinkie:** Twilight, Twilight! *(holding up a scroll)* I found something!

*(Twilight levitates it away; cut to her as she gives it a read.)*

**Pinkie:** *(from o.s.)* It doesn't stop time, but it lets you go back in time! It says you can go back once—*(trotting to Spike; he licks his cone)*—and it only lasts for a few moments. *(Back to Twilight; she continues o.s.)* Does that help? *(Roll up scroll; float away.)*

**Twilight:** Pinkie! You're a genius!

**Pinkie:** *(jumping in place)* Woo-hoo!

**Twilight:** Now I can go back and tell Past Twilight that she doesn't need to go berserk with worry about a disaster that's never gonna come!

*(Cut to a close-up of her hooves as she plants them for a solid balance, then tilt up to her face. Every muscle scrunches in fierce concentration as the horn above the white bandage flares up: Pinkie and Spike watch, shocked into silence, as papers and books swirl around them. A sudden flash of white fills the screen, from which the view fades in to a close-up of Twilight now back at home base. She stands up, shakes her head clear, and addresses herself across the room. The following exchange plays out in her upper-story living quarters, exactly as it did in Act One, but that "Future TS" is now Twilight and that "Twilight" is now "Past TS.")*

**Twilight:** Twilight... *(galloping to Past TS)* ...you've got to listen to me!

**Past TS:** Who are you? I mean, you're me, but I'm me too. How can there be two me's? It's not

scientifically possible. (*poking hoof into Twilight's chest*) You are not scientifically possible!

**Twilight:** Twilight, please! I have a very important message for you from the future!

**Past TS:** (*excitedly*) You're from the future?

**Twilight:** (*as Past TS paces behind her*) That's right, now listen.

**Past TS:** What happened to you? The future must be awful.

**Twilight:** Please! I don't have much time!

**Past TS:** Is there some sort of epic pony war in the distant future or something? (*Close-up of Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Actually, I'm from next Tuesday morning. But that's not important right now! (*Cut to frame both on the start of the next line.*)

**Past TS:** I can't believe time travel is really possible! How did you—I mean, I—figure it out?

**Twilight:** The time spells are in the Canterlot Archives. But that's not—

**Past TS:** Really? Where? I've never seen them.

**Twilight:** They're in the Starswirl the Bearded Wing. Now you have to listen to—

**Past TS:** Is time travel fun, or does it hurt? (*Close-up.*) I have so many questions— (*Twilight shoves a hoof into her mouth; the sparks start flying again to mark her impending departure.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) I have something extremely important to tell you about the future!

(*Cut to frame her on the end of this; the white energy begins to envelop her again, its hum gradually drowning out her voice.*)

**Twilight:** And I only have a few seconds, so you've got to listen! Whatever you do, don't—

(*Before she can finish the warning, she vanishes with one last flash; the view clears to show her back in the Canterlot Archives as Pinkie and Spike shade their eyes.*)

**Twilight:** (*losing steam*) —waste your time...worrying...about... (*Groan; she puts a hoof to her good eye.*) I can't believe I just did that!

**Pinkie:** (*walking to her*) Did you tell her about the cool birthday present?

**Twilight:** Remember last week when Future Twilight came to warn me about something? (*Cut to Spike, now eating from a carton; she continues o.s.*) That was me, trying to warn myself not to worry so much! (*Back to her and Pinkie.*) Now I'm gonna spend the next week freaking out about a disaster that doesn't even exist! (*She sits on her haunches with another groan.*)

**Pinkie:** Aw, don't worry about it. (*rubbing Twilight's back*) It's Past Twilight's problem now.

**Twilight:** (*laughing*) Ah, I guess you're right, Pinkie.

(*The o.s. Spike's pained moan and stomach rumble interrupt her happy reverie. Cut to him, clutching his gut and standing up.*)

**Spike:** (*weakly*) My stomach!

(*He topples onto his back; cut to the concerned mares.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) I...I think it's all that ice cream. (*Back to him.*) I thought the stomachache would be Future Spike's problem...but now I *am* Future Spike.

*(Moan and rumble; Twilight and Pinkie trade a worried look, then break out in a fit of the giggles at his failure to grasp the idea of cause and effect.)*

**Twilight:** *(trotting to him; Pinkie hops away)* Come on, Future Spike. *(She levitates him onto her back.)* Let's get you home.

*(She walks off as the camera pans back to frame the hourglass. Fade to black.)*