

## MY LITTLE PONY: WINTER WISHDAY

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Notes: Nearly all non-main characters wear cold-weather gear (hats, scarves, earmuffs, etc.) when seen outside. Sunny Starscout and company consistently wear theirs unless otherwise noted, both inside and out, with Pipp Petals' hat replacing her tiara.

While Sparky Sparkeroni's vocalizations in previous episodes have been typical infant babbling, many of the sounds he makes during this special are very close to being fully intelligible. Lines spoken in this manner are denoted by a pair of asterisks (\*\*) before and after the equivalent words.

The "Ponies" speaker tag refers exclusively to Sunny and her friends.

As in Chapter One, this transcript has been divided into three acts of roughly equal running time.

### Prologue

*Cheery carol played on strings/chimes/piano with jingle bell accents, brisk 4 (F major)*

*Vocal harmonies under lyrics*

*Background lyrics in square brackets*

*Any marked with exclamation points are shouted rather than sung*

*(Opening shot: fade in to an overcast daytime sky, against which "Netflix Presents" fades briefly into view and then disappears. The title card wipes into view.)*

**Female singer:** The nights are getting longer [longer]  
And there's a chill in the air  
And you feel a bit of magic  
Ooh, everywhere

*(It fades away as the camera tilts down slowly to follow a snowflake whirling on the breeze. The motion brings the Crystal Brighthouse into view, its Pris-Beam disappearing into the thick cloud cover, and the rest of Maretime Bay proper.)*

*Strings out; drums/brass in; swing rhythm; harmonies continue*

*(Cut to the sign above the front entrance of Hitch Trailblazer's office and tilt down to ground level as he emerges onto the street with Sparky Sparkeroni, who jumps onto his back. Holiday decorations have been liberally applied to the vicinity, and Kenneth flaps down to give a greeting card to the Sheriff, who passes it off to Sparky and nods to a passing pony.)*

**Singer:** It's a special time that we all hold dear  
So come on, everypony, time to spread the cheer [Yeah!]

*(Jazz Hooves and Posey exert their magic to grow a floral archway for the entrance to Mane Melody, and Rocky Riff flies down to hang a bow over the doors with a wink as Hitch/Sparky pass.)*

There's dancing and there's prancing 'round the Wishing Tree  
And a little bit of sparkle for you and me [Whooh!]

*(A snowflake rolls past the camera; behind it, the view wipes to a mug of tea being passed along a line of four ponies, the last two of whom are Windy and Sweets. More mugs are distributed from a stand until each has one of his/her own.)*

No, I just can't wait 'til it's Wishentine's Day [Yeah]

*(Two elderly ponies prance past, each toting a wreath; Hitch/Sparky bring up the rear. One is soon hung on the bridge over Mane Street, and Sprout Cloverleaf gives it an arcane jolt to set it blooming.)*

**Singer:** It's the twinkle in the eye of every pegasi [pegasi]  
And that feeling when you listen to the bells outside

*(Now Seashell coaxes an empty planter to erupt in flowers and marvels at a snowflake settling onto one broad petal.)*

The glisten of the snowflakes falling in your mane  
Yeah, come on, everypony, don't you feel the same?

*(Smiling up at the start of the wintry precipitation, she races off to join her friends Glory and Peach Fizz.)*

Every moment, every sound [oh]  
Every feeling, sing it loud  
No, I know, I know [no, I know, I know]

*(Tilt up into the sky...)*

No, I just can't wait [no, I can't]

*(...and down to frame the Brighthouse, also decorated for the season. Hitch and Sparky are coming up the front walk.)*

No, I just can't wait 'til it's Wishentine's Day

## Act One

*(The song takes on a muted, tinny sound as the view cuts to a close-up of the record player Izzy Moonbow "uni-cycled" at the end of "Izzy Does It." It is spinning the tune on a kitchen counter, amid a plethora of floral/light/seashell decorations. Sunny Starscout swivels into view.)*

***Song fades out; Sunny sings to the tune of "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" (G major)***

*(Picking up a shaker can, she dispenses its contents into the bowl of an electric mixer.)*

**Sunny:** We whisk you some tasty cookies  
We whisk you some frosted goodies  
*(Start it up, then peek in through the oven door at a half-dozen cookies in progress.)*  
We wish you a yummy Wishday  
And a Happy New Moon

*To the tune of “Deck the Halls” (F major)*

**Sunny:** Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la

### ***Song ends***

*(She cavorts across the entrance hall and o.s. on this last; zoom in on Pipp Petals and Zipp Storm on the couches near the fireplace. They sit facing each other, neither one kitted out for the cold, and Zipp lets go with a bone-rattling sigh before Pipp raises a conductor’s baton. The rest of the place is just as done up as the kitchen.)*

**Zipp:** *(trying to sing a scale, but badly off key and with cracking voice)*

Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi...

**Pipp:** You’re a little pitchy, Zipp. I mean, this is the Zephyr Heights Wishentine Royal Carousel Concert! *(Loud groan from Zipp.)*

**Zipp:** If it takes an hour to say the name, the show’s probably gonna last for a week!

**Pipp:** Even more reason to practice .From the top!

*(She rises to a hover while brandishing the baton, but a loud clatter from o.s. interrupts the rehearsal. Pan to follow their gaze toward its source, the closet near the fireplace.)*

**Voice of Izzy Moonbow:** *(straining)* Just...a little...closer...

*(Cut to a close-up of a box on a very high shelf inside during this line, wrapped in her magic aura, then to her trying to drag it loose. She too does not sport any winter gear.)*

**Izzy:** ...and I can get...these...

*(The container pops free at last, prompting a spooked gasp from the unicorn as it plunges toward her. She winds up with the box on her head and its contents—assorted holiday bric-a-brac—strewn across the floor. The box floats away under her control and is set aside, and she relaxes and smiles as the mess.)*

**Izzy:** ...ornaments.

*(Hitch, now inside and at the Critter Corner, looks over the card he received as Kenneth chirps impatiently. He has shed his protection against the cold, and Sparky is no longer with him; his “squad,” though, is now in attendance.)*

**Hitch:** It's from my Grandma Figgy!

*(Opening it, he finds a photo of said relative—a pale pink earth pony mare standing outside her house, in the snow, and holding a tray of baked goods. Her mane/tail have gone nearly white with age, a scarf in varied shades of red and deep pink is tied around her neck, and she wears eyeglasses whose frames are a lighter pink. She has no cutie mark, and her eye color cannot be immediately discerned. McSnips-a-Lot clicks his pincers in amusement, and the two birds snicker behind their wings. The next shot reveals that Sparky has shucked his warm clothes and joined the group.)*

**Hitch:** Not Piggy, you wise-crab. *(Cut to said crustacean; he continues o.s.)* Figgy.

*(He holds the card down at floor level for both Sparky and McSnips-a-Lot to see, the latter clicking a comment.)*

**Hitch:** Very funny. Anyway, Figgy writes... *(reading)* ...“My dearest grand-colt.” *(hugging card)* That's me! *(reading)* “I can't wait to see you on Winter Wishday.” *(The critters voice enthusiasm.)* “We're gonna have so much fun building the best cookie cottages. Love, your Gran.” *(hugging card again)* Oh, isn't she the best grandma in the whole world?

*(A cheeped reply from Kenneth gets him ever so slightly riled.)*

**Hitch:** Oh, you think your grandma's better? *(Kenneth concedes the point.)* That's what I thought.

*(Sparky and the other two get a laugh at the can-wearing avian's expense. Cut to a close-up of a platter of cookies being set out—the six Sunny was baking earlier, colored and iced as replicas of the five ponies and one dragon. Each pony takes his/her edible counterpart, and Hitch picks up the one for Sparky as well. They are gathered around a table near the fireplace.)*

***To the tune of “We Wish You a Merry Christmas” (G major)***

**Sunny:** We whisk you some tasty cookies  
We whisk you some frosted goodies  
*(Hitch gives Sparky his cookie, then shares his own with the squad.)*  
We wish you a yummy Wishday  
And a Happy New Moon

***Song ends***

*(Having watched the others dig into their treats, she laughs and gestures nervously with her own.)*

**Sunny:** Okay, okay. I-If I keep it in any longer, I'm going to explode!

**Zipp:** *(jokingly)* Hit the deck, everypony!

*(Hunch down; cover head with wings and laugh. The squad takes cover in various ways: two behind Hitch, the third—Kenneth—in a lampshade from which he peeks out with an apprehensive little tweet. Zipp sits upright again.)*

**Pipp:** What's got you buzzing, Sunny? *(The squad reforms on the floor; zoom in slowly on Sunny.)*

**Sunny:** Winter Wishday is just around the corner, and of course I can't wait to spend it with all of you! *(circling in place)* I have the perfect holiday plan for us, and it all ends with my favorite part—exchanging gifts under the Wishing Star! *(Squeal and giggle.)* There, I said it!

*(She takes a chomp from her cookie; cut to each speaker in turn, suddenly poleaxed.)*

**Hitch:** *(scratching back of neck)* Uh...

**Izzy:** Ooh... *(Pipp and Zipp trade silent, uneasy glances.)*

**Sunny:** What?

**Hitch:** Well, it's just that I promised my Grandma Figgy I'd celebrate Wishday with her, like we always do. *(Pan to Izzy on the next line.)*

**Izzy:** And I have to ring in the last night of Wishy Hoof— *(levitating a box)* —in Bridlewood with my hoof-made ornament! It's jinxie if I miss that.

**Pipp:** And we have to be home for the...

**Zipp:** *(woodenly)* ...Zephyr Heights Wishentine Royal Carousel Concert. *(Izzy pops up between them.)*

**Izzy:** Whoo-ee, that takes a long time to say.

**Pipp, Zipp:** Right?

**Hitch:** It seems like we've all got conflicting holiday plans.

**Sunny:** No! I-I mean...sorry. Yes, we do all have plans, but I think we can still make this happen.

**Hitch:** But how?

**Sunny:** *(pacing among others)* We'll stick together, that's how! We can definitely get to all of our holiday traditions *and* still make it back here in time to exchange gifts under the Wishing Star.

**Pipp:** Ah! Love that for us, but Zephyr Heights and Bridlewood are quite the journey.

*(Izzy wanders away from the other four and is soon joined by them, near the arts-and-crafts corner. On the start of the next line, cut to behind the group; they are looking out through a side window at a fresh round of snow flurries.)*

**Izzy:** And wow! Look at all that floaty snow!

**Sunny:** Huh? That's strange. It *never* snows here in Maretime Bay, like, ever. Right, Hitch?

**Hitch:** Nope, but I *have* been wishing for snow ever since I was little.

*(He grins, putting hooves to cheeks. Cut to an overhead view of them, seen from outside through the window.)*

**Sunny:** Me too. But...how are we going to get to Bridlewood and Zephyr Heights in *this*?

*(Inside; Zipp whips out her cell phone, sits, and unfolds it for a look at the screen.)*

**Zipp:** Mmm-hmm.

*(She points something out to Izzy, gets a laugh in response, and puts the device away before standing again.)*

**Izzy:** *(jumping in place)* Zipp and I have a surprise for you!

**Sunny:** Surprise?

**Sparky:** \*\* Surprise? \*\*

*(Setting his cookie down, he hops onto a glass ball lying nearby. He balances on it during a roll over to Izzy, does a quick twirl, and flops to the tiles at her hooves as it rolls away; she scoops him up into a hug.)*

**Izzy:** It could be the perfect “snow-lution” to our pickle. *(Snicker.)*

**Zipp:** It was supposed to wait until Wishday, but... *(fluttering wings)* ...oh, all right.

**Hitch:** So, what is it?

*(His only immediate response is a bit of distracted upward staring from the unicorn, which lasts for some seconds before Sparkp taps her foreleg to get her attention.)*

**Izzy:** Huh? Oh! Sorry, I zoned out there for a second. *(She puts Sparky down.)* Follow me.

*(Off she goes, Zipp taking wing to keep pace; the other three do as instructed, Hitch boosting Sparky onto his back. Tilt briefly up to the window, then cut to a tarp-covered bulk on a patio outside. Zipp arcs toward it while Izzy prances up, singing tunelessly to herself and carrying the Hope Lantern in her field. The unicorn laughs quietly and sets it down as the other three gather in.)*

[Continuity error: Sunny is briefly seen wearing a scarf in this sequence.]

*(Extreme close-up of one stretch of cloth being gripped in Izzy’s hoof, then cut to an overhead shot of the group as it is yanked away. The edge of a rusty brass railing peeks into view at some height above them, and a brightly colored conical structure topped with a blue tassel juts out below this. On the next line, cut to a head-on shot of it, being shown off by a standing Izzy and a hovering Zipp. What they have revealed is the disused trolley car Izzy found during “Have You Seen This Dragon?”, with a few modifications. The wheels are gone, and two stubby airplane wings have been attached to the sides; a second pair of feathered ones hangs over the conductor’s platform, and the cone sticks out from the roof above these and below the cupola whose top edge was just seen. Cooking pots and a washing machine have been attached on the front end to simulate headlights, two sporting a colored image of the Unity Crystals, and booster rockets are strapped low and rear on both sides. Izzy has set the Lantern down.)*

**Izzy:** Ta-daaaa!

*(The cone snaps off as soon as Zipp tries to prop a foreleg on it.)*

**Zipp:** *(picking it up, sticking it back on)* Okay, so it still needs a little work, but—pretty great, right? *(landing)* We've been working on it for weeks!

**Pipp:** Love it so much! One question, though—what is it?

**Izzy:** Well, originally it was that old broken tram car I found behind the factory. *(jumping on rear end)* Then it was a giant art installation. *(Off again; gasp.)* Then Zipp had a brilliant idea to uni-cycle it from art to... *(nudging trolley; it wobbles)* ...moving art!

*(Cut to Zipp on the following, now with the others.)*

**Zipp:** More like flying art! *(Izzy crosses to them.)*

**Izzy:** Yeah, so now it's that.

**Zipp:** I just wanted to find a way to show you ponies how awesome it is to fly too. *(Next three lines overlap.)*

**Hitch:** Whaaaat?

**Pipp:** *(gasp)* Wowie!

**Sunny:** No way! *(All move toward the craft.)*

**Izzy:** We can use it to travel to our hometown holiday celebrations and make it back here to the Brighthouse in time to see the Wishing Star together!

*(The two earth ponies' excitement gives way to healthy skepticism as they examine the rig. One of the makeshift "headlights" falls off at the slightest touch from Hitch's hoof.)*

**Hitch:** *(unnerved)* Pretty cool. But are you sure this thing can fly?

**Izzy:** Hmm... *(A wing starts to come loose.)* ...uhhh... *(Forced casual giggle.)* ...we think so. *(Zipp flies toward it.)* Never know until you try.

*(The white mare is just in time to catch the rattling wing and prop it up.)*

**Sunny:** What do you call it?

**Zipp:** No name yet, but I have a few ideas.

**Izzy:** Hmm... *(growling tone)* ...**THE MARESTREAM!!** *(normal tone)* I mean, that's an option I was thinking of. We totally don't have to use it or whatever. *(Weak giggle.)*

**Pipp:** It's perfection!

**Zipp:** Agreed. Now who wants to try it out?

**Izzy:** Wait, wait, wait!

*(She gallops across the patio and slides to a stop by the washing machine.)*

**Izzy:** Pre-flight check! *(Flip open its top hatch.)* Could somepony please shine a light?

**Zipp:** You got it!

*(A couple of flaps later, she is hovering and holding out the Lantern as Sunny crosses to them.)*

**Zipp:** Thanks for letting me keep an eye on your lantern, Sunny.

**Sunny:** I know it's in good hooves with Detective Zipp. Have you discovered anything new about its magic yet?

**Zipp:** *(setting it on platform, behind front rail)* Just that its Pris-Beam energy is powerful. *(Izzy gasps.)*

**Izzy:** Just like our friendship.

**Sunny:** Exactly! *(Squeal; spin in place and throw a foreleg across Pipp's back.)* I can't wait to see the Wishing Star with my best friends!

*(As the ponies share a laugh, their cutie marks flare up and emit streamers of light to match the wearers' coats. These feed into the Lantern for a second or two before shutting off, and twelve eyes stare in joyous awe as the thing flares up and emits a multicolored energy beam that expands to engulf the newly christened Marestream. In a series of extreme close-ups, one impromptu wing becomes a jointed metal one with sculpted feathers; a third, smaller wing projects from the rear end in the fashion of an airplane's tail; the front end acquires a heart-shaped headlight on either side of a central one shaped as the united Crystals. A two-tone violet/blue-green paint job and rainbow-colored trim can be seen in these shots, and a longer one discloses the fact that the jalopy has been transformed into a winged recreational vehicle, complete with a brand-new set of wheels and tires. A roomy cockpit with a wraparound windshield stands up front, with the Lantern on the dashboard. The next two lines overlap somewhat, as do the three following them.)*

**Hitch:** Whoa!

**Izzy:** Look at that!

**Sunny:** Wow!

**Pipp:** *(gasping)* Amazing!

**Zipp:** Cool!

**Izzy:** *(smugly, tapping front end)* Yep. I, uh, I guess it works.

*(Cut to its interior as a door slides open, just forward of the rear end, and she leads the group through it. A heart-shaped window is set in this.)*

**Izzy:** Ooh!

**Sunny, Hitch, Zipp:** Whoa!

**Pipp:** *(from o.s.)* Wow!

*(They have arrived in a cabin appointed with couches lining the walls, and even a small kitchen area with a fold-up table attached to the wall. A short ramp beyond this leads up to a door, which slides open to admit them into the cockpit. This section is laid out with a T-shaped platform whose crossbar is flush with the rear wall; the forward-projecting bar includes a small ramp descending to floor level. Four pads on the platform and two more on the floor suggest that the vehicle is intended to carry six passengers.)*

**Zipp:** No way! The Lantern is like a magic key for this thing?

**Hitch:** *(eyeing dashboard, mind blown)* Whoa.



*(A camera shift picks out the cause of this reaction—a blank screen built in just behind the Lantern. His touch brings it to life and generates a menu of icons; at the same time, the distinct sound of engines powering up asserts itself. Cut to outside, the camera circling around the Marestream as its three headlights blaze up and curtains of vapor billow from beneath its chassis; it slowly lifts off the patio and settles into a hover. At a screen tap from Izzy, it descends again and touches down on the concrete.)*

**Hitch:** *(to her, playfully)* Do you have a driver’s license for this vehicle?

*(Without a word, the expert crafter whips out a pair of scissors and sheets of construction paper in various colors. She needs less than a second to snip these into the shape of two cards, one showing her own rough likeness, the other that of Zipp amid crowns and cotton-ball clouds.)*

**Izzy:** Ta-daaaa! *(Hitch takes Zipp’s “license,” scrutinizes it, and smiles before passing it back.)*

**Hitch:** Yep, everything checks out here. *(Izzy shows them to Zipp.)*

**Pipp:** *(counting floor pads)* One, two, three, four, fi—six spots? But there’s only five of us.

**Izzy:** Um, no. Don’t forget...

*(She reaches around the doorway and yanks Señor Butterscotch into view—the dummy she used to hold her place in bed during her wee-hours trek for tea leaves in “Hoof Done It?”)*

**Izzy:** *(like a pirate)* ...Señor Butterscotch! *(She makes it “laugh” in this same tone; Pipp laughs.)*

**Zipp:** *(showing off her license)* All I know is, the captain’s seat—that’s for me.

*(A wing-assisted leap takes her to the driver’s position in the front left, where she finds a steering yoke; close-up of this.)*

**Zipp:** *(from o.s., turning it, laughing)* Whoa! *(Back to her.)* New theory. *(Glance at Lantern.)* Holiday magic even stronger than regular magic?

**Sunny:** Then it’s settled. First thing in the morning, we’ll head out to tour Equestria, and make it back to the Brighthouse in time to see the Wishing Star. Come on! There’s so much to do to get ready! *(Next four lines overlap.)*

**Hitch:** Great plan!

**Izzy:** Yes!

**Pipp:** Can’t wait!

**Zipp:** All right!

*[Continuity error: Sunny is briefly seen wearing a scarf in this sequence.]*

*(Overhead shot of the Manestream, zooming out slowly as the occupants exit; Sunny is carrying the Lantern. Now it can be seen to have a sunroof.)*

**Pipp:** What should I pack?

**Izzy:** Cookies?

*(The orange mare pauses for the briefest moment to cast a perplexed eye toward the skies, then follows the others toward the Brighthouse. Dissolve to a long shot of it at sunrise of the following morning; the snow is still falling, but the clouds have parted enough for the sun to come through bright and clear. A series of shots chronicles the progress being made in packing: cut to Sunny loading items into a wheeled suitcase and preparing to tow it away by the retractable handle...cut to Hitch packing a toy and pacifier into his case as Sparky jumps on an already-closed one lying nearby; Zipp walks past, dons a pair of sunglasses, and takes off...wipe to Pipp dragging a case of her own toward a pile of identical ones resting outside the door of the Marestream, as Sunny and Izzy regard her quizzically. All have donned warm hats in various styles, with Izzy's the most unconventional—a flower garland topped by a pair of ivy antlers decorated with miniature ornaments.)*

**Izzy:** *(emphatically, shaking head)* Mmm-mmm.

*(Clearly she does not approve of the sheer volume of luggage; the Princess glances despairingly at the stack, knowing she will have to ditch a good bit of it. Dissolve to the cockpit as Zipp ambles to the driver's position; this shot is close enough to pick out a tiny lightning bolt at the lower outer corner of one lens. Hitch is up here, with Sparky balanced on his head. Zipp laughs as she lowers her shades and all three glance off to one side, where Izzy has boarded and is exhaling onto the windshield. She is a bit surprised to find the moisture in her breath forming a rime of frost on the cooled surface, but then laughs at the sight of it. Now Pipp is in the cabin, and she, Hitch, and Zipp smile up at Sparky standing upright atop the Sheriff's skull. The little guy leaps down to plant a foot on the dashboard's touch screen, calling up the menu, and slaps a palm onto one icon. In response, the Lantern brightens.)*

**Zipp:** Thanks, my little co-pilot.

*(Headlights and rainbow trim glow brightly and the leading edges of the wings gleam with magic, but Zipp's face gives away a degree of grimness. Sunny has now joined the group in the cockpit.)*

**Zipp:** Hmmm...yep. Just as I suspected.

**Sunny:** *(panicked)* What is it?!? *(Zoom in quickly on the pegasus.)*

**Zipp:** *(smiling, pumping a hoof)* Still awesome! Everypony, hold on to your hooves. We're going flying! *(leaning toward Lantern)* Magic check?

**Other ponies:** Check!

**Zipp:** Door lock check? *(Hitch inspects the door; Sparky now on his back.)*

**Hitch:** Check-a-roo! *(Sparky gabbles in time with him; close-up of Zipp.)*

**Zipp:** Onboard snack check?

*(Comes now the sound of crunchy food being chewed; Izzy leans into view from behind her, gorging herself from a bag of chips.)*

**Izzy:** *(mouth full)* Check!

**Zipp:** Takeoff!

*(Once she pulls the steering yoke back toward herself, the Marestream lifts slowly away from its patio and describes an arc around the Brighthouse. It then rockets upward through the clouds above Maretime Bay, leaving a rainbow contrail to mark its ascent, and settles into a level cruising path.)*

**Zipp:** *(suavely)* This is your captain speaking. We are at a cruising altitude of...I don't actually know, and traveling at the speed of...magic! The current time is...

*(Her perspective, shifting from the yoke to the touch screen to the view through the windshield.)*

**Zipp:** ...this thing doesn't have a clock, but it's definitely morning.

*(Cut to Hitch passing a toy to Sparky as Pipp watches with a laugh.)*

**Zipp:** *(from o.s.)* We have an estimated arrival at Grandma Figgy's cottage at approximately...

**Pipp:** *(under previous, clapping)* Yes! *(Cut to Zipp.)*

**Zipp:** ...pretty soon. The seat belt sign is...well, we don't have one, but if we did, it would be off and you'd all be free to move around the cabin.

*(Cut to Sunny, Izzy, and Señor Butterscotch on the latter part of this line; the earth pony laughs and twirls on her pad.)*

**Zipp:** Now for a brief announcement from a member of our flight team. *(Pan to Izzy.)*

**Izzy:** Hello, this is your friendly in-flight entertainment coordinator, Izzy Moonbow. And I'm here to say— *(with sudden gusto)* —that it's time for a good old-fashioned sing-along! Okay?

**Pipp:** Ooh! Yes, yes!

**Izzy:** *(counting off rhythm)* And-a-one, and-a-two, a-one, two, three...

***Bright carol with chimes, acoustic guitar, jingle bells***  
***Brisk 4 (B major)***

**Izzy:** Over the crystals and through the woods  
To Grand-mare's tree we go

*(Next two lines are sung simultaneously.)*

**Sunny, Hitch:** Earth ponies play

**Pipp, Zipp:** Wings know the way

***Music winds to a stop as if on a slowing record player***

*(General confusion among the passengers.)*

**Hitch:** What was *that*?

**Pipp:** I don't know! I guess we all know the same basic melody, at least.

**Sunny:** *(smiling, as an idea strikes)* Each pony kind must have a different version of the lyrics!

**Pipp:** Fun! Okay, let's take it again, but alternate verses this time. Hit it, Sparky!

*(He squeaks the toy Hitch gave him. The next four lines are sung, each one held out under the ones after it and stacking up to form a seventh chord in F sharp major.)*

**Zipp:** Oh...  
**Hitch:** Oh...  
**Pipp:** Oh...  
**Sunny, Izzy:** Oh...

*Music resumes with added handclaps and light percussion; half-time feel*

**Pipp, Zipp:** Over the mountains and through the clouds  
**Ponies:** To Grand-mare's house we go  
**Pipp:** Earth ponies play  
**Pipp, Zipp:** To whinny and neigh

*(Izzy uses her magic to make Señor Butterscotch's head bob in rhythm; the Marestream waggles its wings as it zooms along.)*

**Ponies:** Through peppermint-candy snow

*Backing synthesizer chords in*

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

**Pipp:** When we get closer to Grand-mare's house

**Sunny:** The pretty lights let us know

**Sunny, Pipp:** And soon we'll see

**Ponies:** A special pony

Through her icing-frosted windows

*(Another waggle of the metal wings.)*

Oh, oh, oh, oh

*Synth/guitar out*

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

*Song ends*

*(The sing-along dissolves into a round of laughter as the craft continues to make good time. Two pegasi emerge from a bank of clouds and into its path, their attention wholly taken up by the phones they carry. Drawing in a horrified gasp, Zipp leans hard on the steering yoke and executes a barrel roll that sets all six passengers yelling in fright; it is a very near thing, but the pegasi come out of it without a scratch. Zipp pulls out of the roll and loops sharply back, positioning the Marestream so she can glare straight at them.)*

**Zipp:** *(removing sunglasses)* Eyes on the sky and not on your screens, fillies!

*[Continuity error: The Marestream's wheels switch between fully extended and retracted into the body during this sequence.]*

*(The shades go on as she steers back onto the original heading and hits the gas, the pegasi waving to acknowledge her admonishment. Cut to a long shot of the Marestream following an*

*erratic, corkscrewing path down toward a tree-edged lawn, to the tune of yells and shrieks from inside; after its tires thud to the grass, cut to the properly discombobulated group.)*

**Pipp:** Zipp!

**Zipp:** Hey, it's new!

*(Señor Butterscotch chooses this moment to topple over. Now a small house can be seen tucked in among the trees at one border, its color and window giving it away as Grandma Figgy's house as seen in the card Hitch received. Banners and lights have been strung up, and the white columns at either end of the front porch have been wrapped with red ribbon to simulate candy canes. The Marestream's wings fold up and out of the way.)*

**Hitch:** Trees? Those weren't there before. *(Izzy gasps.)*

**Izzy:** They look beautiful!

**Hitch:** But it doesn't even look like Grandma Figgy's house now!

*(He allows himself a dejected, disapproving little head shake. The door slides open and a short platform extends, which serves as a springboard for the group to jump off amid a round of happy chatter and giggling. Zipp has removed her sunglasses.)*

**Pipp:** Oh, my glitter.

*(Only Hitch remains silent, aiming a pensive stare across the turf. They head straight for the house, Zipp flying and humming to herself as the others gallop; Hitch stops short while Izzy telekinetically lifts the knocker on the front door.)*

**Hitch:** Wait, everypony!

*(All freeze; cut to Izzy, carefully lowering the knocker back to rest. Zipp has landed.)*

**Sunny:** *(from o.s.)* What is it now, Hitch? *(Pan to her, pulling out her phone.)* We can't waste any time. We're kind of on a tight schedule today.

*(Cut to its screen on the end of this: a graphic of the Brighthouse, toward whose Pris-Beam a shooting star—the Wishing Star—is moving along a dotted-line arc.)*

**Hitch:** I know, I know. I just wanted to warn you all first...look. My Grandma Figgy is great. She's probably *the* best gran of all time.

**Izzy:** *(awestruck)* Are you serious? Wow.

**Hitch:** Yep, she's the best, but she can be kinda, um...particular about Winter Wishday.

**Pipp:** Particular, how?

**Hitch:** She likes things to be just so.

**Pipp:** Just so, how?

**Zipp:** You're being just a little vague here. *(Pipp nods.)*

**Hitch:** We celebrate Winter Wishday together every single moon the exact same way. Her favorite holiday activity is building cookie cottages with me, and it's always been that way since

I was a little foal. *(Slow pan across the other four; he continues o.s.)* It's a big, big deal to her. It's gotta be perfect, so just keep that in mind. That's all. *(Back to him on this last.)*

**Sunny:** Oh, that's all? Of course we'll honor her earth pony traditions, just like she likes.

**Pipp:** *(hovering briefly)* Yeah, silly. We're going to be great guests.

**Izzy:** Guests who go with the flow in the snow.

**Hitch:** *(approaching door)* Thanks, everypony. I know it'll mean a lot to Grandma Figgy.

*(He plies the knocker three times and is immediately greeted by the sight of the door opening and Figgy herself there to greet him. This shot picks out the old mare's deep green eyes, not immediately visible in her greeting card photo.)*

**Figgy:** Hitchie!

**Hitch:** Granny! *(They fall into a cooing, laughing embrace; Zipp is hovering again.)* Cheery Wishday!

**Figgy:** Oh, it sure is. *(adjusting glasses)* And what a treat to have Hitchie's friends here too. *(picking up Sparky and cuddling him)* Oh, and this little adorable sweetheart, of course! Oh, come to Granny. *(Laugh.)*

**Sunny:** *(shivering, as Pipp wraps her forelegs around herself for warmth)* Thanks for having us.

**Figgy:** Oh, goodness! You must be cold! I haven't seen snow like this since, well...never! *(sputtering a bit, leading them inside)* Come in, come in and we'll warm those hoofsies right up.

*(This exchange and the accompanying movements reveal white coat coloration just above her blue-gray hooves and on her belly.)*

## Act Two

*(The travelers enter the house, finding it well and truly tricked out for the season. An antique record player is running an album of suitable music from its spot on a shelf, flanked by multiple framed photos of Hitch at various ages. In one corner is an invitingly blazing brick fireplace; the ponies make a beeline for this, Zipp walking and Sparky riding on Hitch's back, and sit around a table set with a plate of toasted giant marshmallows. On the next line, cut to Figgy approaching with a tray of steaming mugs.)*

**Figgy:** Who wants some hot cocoa? *(Sparky is now sitting at the table.)*

**Hitch:** *(grabbing it and three marshmallows)* Ah, bup-bup-bup-bup! Hold up! Three jumbo marshmallows per mug. No more, no less. Right, Granny?

**Figgy:** *(laughing)* That's right, Hitchie. Enough to stick out of the top—

**Hitch, Figgy:** —but not enough to overflow!

*(All laugh over the recitation and the sugary puffs go into one mug, which Hitch takes for himself. The tray is set on the table so the others can help themselves, and he loads up another one, blows to cool it a bit, and passes it off to Sparky. Izzy inhales deeply of the vapors rising from her own drink and utters a wondering little gasp.)*

**Izzy:** *(breathily)* This is scrumptious!

*(She gazes wide-eyed at her trio of melting marshmallows as Pipp takes a sip.)*

**Pipp:** Mmmm! Super-delish! And I love the decorations! So festive.

**Figgy:** Oh, thank you, dear.

**Hitch:** She puts them up every Wishday. *(fondly)* They look exactly the same as when I was a colt— *(sourly)* —except for all those trees out front. That’s different.

**Figgy:** *(raising a front hoof; it glows green)* I grew ’em with my very own glowin’ hooves— *(touching floor; magic spreads to a potted plant and makes it bloom)* —with this new-fangled earth pony magic. Pretty nifty stuff. Oh, I do love to change things up every chance I get, don’t you? It can be so boring to do the same thing over and over.

*(Cut to the group and back on this last sentence. After she finishes, Sparky takes a pull from his mug and winds up with a beard/mustache of brown foam.)*

**Hitch:** *(standing up)* Hold that thought. I’m gonna grab some napkins. *(He clears off.)*

**Izzy:** I couldn’t agree more, Figgy. *(holding up a marshmallow next to her mug)* Now what would you say to another cup of cocoa with *four* marshmallows?

*(The doting elder giggles and plops one more in; having put her extra aside, Izzy takes a slurp and is instantly transfixed.)*

**Izzy:** Oh...ah!

*(Dissolve to a slow zoom in on the exterior of the house under the continuing snowfall, which has now thickly blanketed the area, then cut to the group by the fire. A recliner has been moved over here for Figgy to sit in with a photo album open in her lap and the others gathered around. All have done away with their drinks, and Sparky’s face is clean of the residue from his. Zoom in slowly as Zipp pops up into a hover behind her, gasping in surprise at what she sees on one page, and cut to a close-up of this. Its picture takes up nearly the entire page and presents Hitch as a colt, dressed in a neckerchief and a cowboy hat adorned with a five-pointed star badge.)*

**Zipp:** *(from o.s., pointing at it)* Look at his tiny Sheriff costume! *(Cut to the group on the next line; zoom in slowly.)*

**Figgy:** It was all he wanted that Wishday. I sewed it by hoof. *(Zipp touches down.)* Oh, the badge too.

**Hitch:** *(aside, to Pipp)* Normally this would be embarrassing, but it’s a Wishday tradition. Granny would be upset if we didn’t do it.

**Pipp:** *(not buying it)* Riiiiight.

*(Figgy flips a page; cut to a close-up of its photo—a young Sunny and Hitch with Figgy and Sunny’s father, Argyle Starshine, in front of the fireplace.)*

**Sunny:** *(from o.s.)* I remember that Wishday! *(Cut to her as she continues.)* You and Hitch came over to watch the Wishing Star. We both wished for snow and thought it worked— *(laughing a bit)* —but it was just my dad blowing bubble suds from the top of the lighthouse.

*(The photo again, she and Figgy both reaching to caress it lovingly; cut back to them on the start of the next line.)*

**Figgy:** You foals wanted a snowy Wishday, so Argyle made it happen. Oh, it's very nice you're continuing you and your dad's tradition with all your friends. *(The photo, Sunny running a hoof over it; she continues o.s.)* He would love to see it.

*(A pang of sadness passes across Sunny's face, but Figgy is quick to lay a consoling hoof on her shoulders.)*

**Figgy:** *(pointing o.s.)* But look!

*(Cut to just behind the two, framing the window and white-layered lawn beyond it that she is indicating, and zoom in slowly.)*

**Figgy:** Your wish finally came true!

*(The orange mare's spirits lift considerably, as seen when the camera returns to her. Cut to Zipp on the following.)*

**Zipp:** So it really has never snowed in Maretime Bay before.

**Figgy:** Oh...n-no, not in my pony life. It's a beach town, after all. But snow was always in the best holiday stories. My favorite from when I was a filly was called *Fantastical Flurry Tales of Wishy Hoof*.

**Izzy:** Wishy Hoof?! *(gasping)* But that's our unicorn holiday!

*(Setting the album aside, Figgy crosses to a bookcase and retrieves one volume. Once ensconced in her recliner again, she blows some dust off the cover.)*

**Izzy:** *(pointing at it)* Oh! That looks just like the Wishing Tree!

*(Close-up of it during the previous. The central portion depicts a vast tree under whose boughs the silhouettes of three unicorns stand with horns extended toward it, against the backdrop of a snowy, starry night. Gilded figures fill the remainder of the cover: an ivy vine, the palace in Zephyr Heights, silhouettes of the heads of a unicorn stallion and mare. Cut to Zipp on the start of the next line.)*

**Zipp:** Do you mind if I take a closer look? *(The book is obligingly passed over; close-up of her.)*  
Hmmm...

**Hitch:** *(from o.s.)* Okay! Enough of story time. *(Cut to the group as he continues.)* Everypony to the Cookie Cottage Crafting Creation Corner!

**Figgy:** The what?

**Hitch:** *(deflated, sighing)* The kitchen.



*(He leads them in that general direction, but Zipp hangs back for a moment and lets the book slide back onto the chair. Thoughtful eyes turn toward the snowscape visible beyond the window; zoom in slowly on this.)*

**Zipp:** Hmmm...

*(Cut to a close-up of gingerbread sheets stacked on a table and zoom out slowly as Hitch positions them just so. He, Sparky, and Figgy are now in the kitchen, and icing bags are laid out and ready for use.)*

*[Continuity error: This shot reveals that Figgy has a cutie mark of white hearts and wrapped red candies, which were not visible in earlier scenes.]*

**Figgy:** So tidy. That's my Hitchie. *(Laugh.)*

*(Cut to Sunny and Izzy, also at the table and with materials in easy reach.)*

**Izzy:** *(reaching toward a bag)* Uh...can we start?

**Hitch:** *(from o.s., reaching into view to stop her)* No! *(Cut to him.)* Wait! I almost forgot! *(picking up a box)* I need to find the cute miniature lights to string up on the houses! *(walking off)* We can't start before I find the cute miniature lights to string up on the houses.

*(With a jittery chuckle and sigh, he opens a closet door and begins to rummage around.)*

**Hitch:** Gran, where are the cute miniature lights we string up on the houses?

**Figgy:** Maybe we can do them without the lights this time.

**Hitch:** I see a Wishday box, but not a Wishday lights box.

*(On the end of this, cut to his four friends trading a round of perplexed glances.)*

**Hitch:** Uh...

**Figgy:** Let's try something new, dear. *(Hitch straightens up, holding a different box.)*

**Hitch:** Got 'em! Saved the day again. *(shutting closet)* Thank hoofness. Right, Grandma?

**Figgy:** Thank hoofness. *(to the others)* When it comes to Wishday, Hitchie has to have everything just so. *(Cut to Pipp and Zipp.)*

**Zipp:** *(chuckling)* We noticed. *(To the whole group on the following.)*

**Hitch:** Now it's cottage time!

*(He is slightly caught out by the others' laughter, accompanied by a cut to the exterior of the house and then a dissolve to a scale model of it on the kitchen table that Hitch has constructed from gingerbread and sweets and rigged with light strings. He and Figgy gaze proudly at it and are promptly joined by Sparky popping up between them to coo wonderingly at the creation. Hitch gives him a chimney-shaped cookie, which he tries to place at the right end of the roof only for the stallion to steer him over to the left instead. The dragon has a bit of trouble sorting out the quick change, but Hitch laughs and Figgy offers a humoring smile.)*

*[Continuity error: The chimney is already in place at the left when the model house is first seen, but suddenly disappears when Sparky moves to attach it.]*

*(Small, heart-shaped cookies shower past the camera, the view changing behind them to Izzy and an edible mock-up of her Bridlewood home—with a cookie to represent herself on its balcony. It too has been fitted with lights, which wind among the peppermint lollipops she has used to stand for the tree's expansive boughs. The little cookies are attached to these as well, and she sticks on one more. Zoom in on this and dissolve to a zoom out from a cookie shaped like the Star whose progress Sunny was tracking on her phone at the end of Act One. It is the topper for her light-equipped model of the Brighthouse; she runs a critical eye up and down its height, then straightens the cookie ever so slightly and smiles at the effect.)*

*(Across the way, Pipp is putting the finishing touches on a gingerbread Mane Melody, complete with lights. She finishes the job by placing cookie miniatures of Jazz and Rocky at the front doors, then shoots a mildly confused glance off to one side. Pan in that direction to frame Zipp, who has constructed a small house decorated with lights, flowers, and her signature lightning bolt—both on the roof and as the contour of the open doorway at one end. She is chewing on a mouthful of something, which proves to be a bite of one gingerbread panel that she lays flat on top to complete the roof. A muffled, chagrined giggle escapes her lips as Figgy sidles up with a camera at the ready; Hitch and Sparky laugh as she steadies it and Zipp pores over the old mare's photo album, now having swallowed.)*

**Zipp:** Hm.

*(The shots capture Hitch as a colt with a missing tooth...then a few years older...then as a full-grown stallion with sash and badge of office. He wears a party hat in the first two pictures, followed by the knit cap he has chosen for this trip in the third—but all three feature identical models of the house. A flash from Figgy's camera, and a snap of grandson and dragon with their effort—indistinguishable from the previous three—has been added to the pages. Zipp and Figgy snicker over the progression.)*

*(Cut to a table-level zoom in through the models toward Sunny's at the far end, to the sound of various appreciative words passing among the builders. Figgy gasps softly at the spread.)*

**Figgy:** Hoof-tastic. This is the best batch of cottages I've ever seen.

*(She is interrupted by a loud crunch; cut to Zipp chewing on a bite from an unused panel as Figgy turns to her.)*

**Figgy:** They must taste as good as they look. *(Laugh.)*

**Zipp:** *(innocently)* Do they? I wouldn't know.

*(She chuckles and polishes off the piece as Figgy beams. Now Sparky gains the tabletop and scampers across to snag a runaway gingerbread fragment; upon chomping it down, he burps up a tiny mote of fire that drifts toward a teapot. A burst of green smoke on impact, and it has become a small star-shaped pillow.)*

**Hitch:** *(panicked)* Oh, no, Gran! Your Wishday teapot! *(Sparky waddles over.)*

**Figgy:** That old thing? Oh, it's okay.

**Hitch:** Okay? But it's special! We've been drinking out of that teapot since before I could trot!

**Figgy:** That means it's definitely time for a new one, then.

*(She picks up the pillow and gives it to Sparky, who cuddles it joyfully to put Hitch more at ease.)*

**Ponies:** Awww...

**Izzy:** So cute. *(A thought strikes Sunny.)*

**Sunny:** Time? *(pulling out her phone)* Oh, yeah! Time! Uh, Grandma Figgy, this was a fantastic way to kick off our grand holiday tour, but—

**Pipp:** Huh?

**Sunny:** *(not noticing)* —if we want to hit all of our stops, we've gotta get a move on.

*(Her first line is punctuated by a brief cut to/from her perspective of the screen, on which the Star continues its trajectory toward the Brighthouse. Her second is marked by putting the thing away and trotting toward the door with a chuckle.)*

**Figgy:** Wait! You need treats for the trip.

*(Cut to the lawn as all emerge from the house. Hitch, with Sparky riding on his back, stops short with a yell of surprise when his grandmother pivots to kiss him on the forehead and cheek. She has donned a more substantial scarf and put a blanket across her back.)*

**Hitch:** *(annoyed)* Granny...

*(She pays no mind, laughing and picking the dragon away to plant one on his scaly pate. Cut to just inside the front window, where the five gingerbread houses stand lined up on the sill with lights aglow; Izzy peers at them through the panes.)*

**Izzy:** *(slightly muffled by glass)* Wow, look at that! *(Outside again: Sparky on Hitch's back.)*

**Hitch:** Not a true cookie cottage without tiny lights.

**Figgy:** A shining reminder of our perfect Winter Wishday tradition. *(Laugh; poke him playfully in the shoulder.)*

**Hitch:** Well, I know how you like everything to be just so, Grandma.

**Figgy:** Yes, Hitchie.

*(She tips a knowing wink to the four younger mares, who stifle their giggles at their friend's obliviousness. Close-up of Sunny.)*

**Sunny:** *(holding up a bowl)* Thanks for the Figgy pudding. *(Pan quickly to Zipp, now toting the storybook Figgy got from her shelves.)*

**Zipp:** And the book!

**Pipp:** And everything else.

**Figgy:** Oh, you're very welcome, everypony. (*Glance at the sky.*) My word! It's really coming down out here, huh?

**Zipp:** It sure is.

*(Hitch catches Figgy up in a goodbye hug before turning his steps toward the Marestream.)*

**Figgy:** (*calling after the group*) Stay warm! Fly safe!

**Ponies:** We will!

*(They hustle back into the vehicle by hoof and wing and are soon back in the cockpit. Señor Butterscotch has been set upright on his pad, and his creator taps the touch screen to power up all the systems and fully extend the wings.)*

**Ponies:** (*waving*) Bye! (*Liftoff; cut to just behind Sunny and Izzy.*)

**Zipp:** (*from o.s.*) Peace out!

*(Figgy returns the gesture, now ensconced within her house again and having procured a fresh mug of cocoa. It already contains three oversized marshmallows, but she wastes no time in adding a fourth and having a sip. The Marestream performs a midair U-turn and zooms away, leaving a rainbow contrail over the lawn during its ascent above the clouds. By the time it levels out, Zipp has put on her sunglasses and the wheels have retracted. Sunny blows out a contented breath.)*

**Sunny:** I just love the holidays.

**Pipp:** Me too! (*Close-up.*) Grandma Figgy is the sweetest. (*Zoom out to frame Hitch on the next line.*)

**Hitch:** Yes, she is, even if she is pretty particular about traditions. (*Laughter from the o.s. Zipp; cut to her.*)

**Zipp:** (*pointedly, removing shades*) Yeah, *she's* so set in her ways. (*They go back on.*)

**Sunny:** (*pulling phone from saddlebag*) Okay! So I know we spent a little longer there than we planned, but we'll definitely still make it back to the Brighthouse to see the Wishing Star together.

**Zipp:** We will if I have anything to say about it. Full speed ahead!

*(A tap at the controls gooses the Marestream up to higher gear and sends out its multi-hued exhaust—only for it to sputter out and the speed to drop back a moment later. It ends up going so slowly, in fact, that a couple of birds are able to overtake it with little effort.)*

**Zipp:** Okay, same speed ahead, I guess. Cool, cool, cool, cool, cool.

**Sunny:** So what holiday traditions do you have, Izzy?

**Izzy:** First, I have to place my ornament on the Wishing Tree. And then it's the final day of the Wishy Hoof crystal lighting ceremony!

**Pipp:** Ooh, I love ornaments!

**Hitch:** And I love ceremonies! (*A round of funny looks from the others.*) What? I do.

**Sparky:** \*\* Me too! \*\*

**Izzy:** Oh! Oh, oh! Can we pop by Villa Izzy first? I have to grab, but, uh...something...

**Zipp:** (*smirking*) Mysterious.

**Izzy:** It'll only take two shakes of a pony's tail. (*Bend down; flick hers twice.*) Ooh, ooh! (*Stand up; whisper to Sunny.*) That means "not very long." (*Wink.*)

**Sunny:** (*smiling weakly*) Heh. Of course, Izzy.

(*"Villa Izzy," recall, was the name Izzy gave to her home in A New Generation. Sunny's real feelings break through in the form of a deflated moan as she checks her phone, but the chipper unicorn pays no mind.*)

**Izzy:** Ha! Yes!

[*Continuity error: A scarf appears around Sunny's neck and disappears again during this exchange.*]

(*Close-up of the touch screen.*)

**Zipp:** (*from o.s., tapping a control*) Flying is my jam!

(*Her tap changes the display to a long shot of the entrance to Bridlewood—now looking considerably more inviting than when the group first ventured there in the earlier film. Cut to the enthused driver.*)

**Zipp:** To Bridlewood!

(*The Marestream dips into the clouds as she laughs and the others cheer, but a sudden worrisome thought grips her and prompts her to remove her sunglasses. Cut to her perspective of the book Figgy gave her, lying next to the Lantern on the dashboard.*)

**Zipp:** Hmmm.

(*Long shot of the machine descending out of the clouds and over an expanse of snow-topped trees. Wheels extend and lock into place, and the touchdown is much smoother than the one at Figgy's house. Having donned her shades again, Zipp props them on her forehead and slips the book into a pair of saddlebags she has also put on.*)

[*Continuity error: Zipp's sunglasses are suddenly gone for this last action.*]

(*Izzy, meanwhile, has ducked back into the cabin. Cut to just outside the heart-shaped window in the outside door as her cheery singing asserts itself and her face appears behind the glass. The door slides open to frame her in close-up and she bounds out with a giggle, followed closely by Hitch who voices an awed sigh with Sparky riding shotgun. Humming to herself, the unicorn hops through the open front door of her house and slams it shut; the residence is festooned with strings of glowing colored crystals, and a snow unicorn stands guard by the door. Sunny has joined Hitch outside the Marestream, while Pipp and Zipp stand at the doorway; all gaze raptly skyward, Sparky burbling a bit.*)

**Sunny:** Whoa... *(The sisters step out.)*

**Pipp:** Wow...that's a lot more than a few flakes.

*(As soon as she puts her tongue out to catch a few, gravity gets the better of an overloaded bough and its freight plunges down squarely on her head to bury her.)*

**Zipp:** *(as Pipp extricates herself and spits/shakes snow away)* Do you think all of this snow is unusual for Bridlewood too? *(She inspects a flake on her hoof.)*

**Pipp:** *(hovering)* No idea, but doesn't it look gorgeous?

*(The front door flies open and Izzy stands at the threshold, having kicked it open and wrapped a scarf around her throat. She holds a bundle in her front hooves.)*

**Izzy:** Surprise! *(She transfers it to her field, drops to all fours, and steps out.)* Hoof-knitted scarves for all of you!

*(Cut to the others on the end of this, faces brightening as the thing floats to them—the items as described. She approaches Sparky with one more under her control, sized to fit him.)*

**Izzy:** Even you, Sparky. *(Slow pan across the other four adults, now wearing the scarves.)*

**Zipp:** Thank you, Izzy!

**Pipp:** Stunning! *(Sparky jumps onto Hitch's back, wearing his.)*

**Hitch:** Thanks!

**Sunny:** Is this traditional Wishy Hoof winter wear? *(Cut to Izzy on the following.)*

**Izzy:** Sure is! *(winking)* Now bundle up, everypony. *(singsong, trotting off past them)* We don't want to be chilly fillies. *(All but Zipp follow.)*

**Zipp:** Is it always this chilly? *(Izzy pauses by the door and thinks hard.)*

**Izzy:** Huh. *(Zoom in slowly.)* Actually... *(Big smile.)* ...nope! Now come on! *(trotting away)* Wishy Hoof awaits!

*(The others fall in behind her. Dissolve to a slow zoom in through knots of unicorns talking and entertaining themselves in various ways near an immense, gnarled tree hung with loops of tiny glowing bulbs, then tilt up to frame the sheer size of this arboreal colossus in full. This is the Wishing Tree.)*

**Sunny:** *(from o.s.)* Wow. *(Cut to the group, Hitch/Pipp/Zipp gasping in wonder.)*

**Pipp:** Amazing!

*(The camera cuts here and there among the diversions—painting, gift-wrapping, snow pony construction, and so on—then back to them on the following.)*

**Pipp:** This looks so pretty, Izz! They really went all out.

**Izzy:** Yeah, it's a unicorn thing. *(bounding forward)* Wishy Hoof is a day of fun, friendship, and frolicking. *(Twirl on one hoof; then stop facing the others.)* We are very serious about our frolicking.

*(One mare magically passes an ornament to another, then waves as the latter walks off with it. Izzy leads the crew among the scattered stalls.)*

**Sunny:** Wow! This is really special, Izzy.

**Izzy:** Just you wait. The best is yet to come.

*(One after another, locals begin floating baubles up to hang on the trunk and lowest branches of the massive Tree.)*

**Izzy:** Ooh!

*(She levitates and opens a box, extracting a wooden plaque so that it faces away from the camera.)*

**Izzy:** I gotta get in line to place my ornament!

**Hitch:** *(peering at it)* Is that what I think it is? *(Zoom out to frame Pipp next to him on the following.)*

**Pipp:** I was about to ask the same question.

**Izzy:** If you're asking if my ornament for the Tree is the Tree...

*(Her perspective: its front surface presents an image of the Tree, covered with ornaments.)*

**Izzy:** *(floating it aside to frame both at once)* ...then yes! *(Back to her, re-boxing and stowing it.)* I'm gonna put the Tree on the Tree. *(Squeal.)* How funny is that? Now, to hang it up—*(Sharp gasp.)*—oh, wait, is that Alphabittle?

*(She has indeed spotted the stocky gray unicorn in question—the resident puzzle/game master at the Crystal Tea Room as seen in A New Generation. After draining a cup of tea from a vendor cart, he sets down the empty and goes on his way.)*

**Izzy:** *(loudly, trotting to him)* Alphabittle Blossomforth! *(He stops and turns her way, a broad smile splitting his face.)*

**Alphabittle:** Izzy Moonbow? You're back!

**Izzy:** Couldn't miss Wishy Hoof. Hey, do you still love games? *(Both lean toward each other.)*

**Alphabittle:** Whatcha thinkin'?

**Izzy:** Mmmm...charades? I'll bet you my ornament.

*(It is telekinetically brought up, now out of its box, and she throws him a calculating smirk.)*

**Alphabittle:** I don't think you want to do that, Izzy.

**Izzy:** Sounds like a dare. You're on!

*(Each line is accompanied by a close-up of its speaker, zooming in to an extreme close-up of the narrowed eyes as the view briefly contracts to a narrow slit focused on them. Izzy adds a cocky eyebrow waggle before the view expands again and Alphabittle holds up one front hoof.)*

**Izzy:** One word. (*Shake it off to one side, twice.*) First and only word.

*(The stallion goes into a series of gestures in close-up. Tap one front hoof against the other foreleg; scratch head; hunch down and hold both forelegs straight up; stand and beckon toward himself; extend and wave the forelegs.)*

**Izzy:** (*from o.s.*) Uh...gumdrops! Rainbow! (*Cut to her.*) Uh, single-cell organism? (*Laugh; he taps one hoof against the other.*) That's three words. Uh, caterpillar! Scrumbo!

**Alphabittle:** (*confusedly*) Hmmm?

**Izzy:** (*scoffing, to herself*) That's not even a word. (*Frustrated yell.*) I give up. What was it?

**Alphabittle:** It was my own name, Alphabittle. (*Chuckle.*) Now cough it up! (*holding out a front hoof*) Respectfully.

*(Izzy's face crumples into utter dejection, perhaps one hard sneeze away from a full-on crying jag, as her aura places the ornament on the upturned surface.)*

**Izzy:** (*trying to play it off*) Hmph. Enjoy it.

**Sunny:** Oh, no, Izzy! Your special ornament!

**Izzy:** (*smiling again*) Oh, it's okay. You know what they say—anything worth doing is worth doing twice.

*(And up comes a duplicate of the one she just lost, under her control.)*

**Alphabittle:** You made two? Why?

**Izzy:** (*putting away the spare*) Don't you always prepare for losing spontaneous games of charades?

**Alphabittle:** (*chuckling*) I don't need to prepare. I'm the best to ever do it. Frosty Shivers to you, Izzy. (*He departs.*)

**Izzy:** Frosty Shivers back at you, Alphabittle.

*(Each speaker's horn flares for a moment upon saying "Frosty Shivers." Zipp has pulled out her borrowed book for a quick read.)*

**Pipp:** (*wing-jumping over Izzy*) Izz, I'd really like to get to the Tree, even just to snap a few pics in portrait mode.

*(She brings out her trusty phone; a squeak from o.s., and Izzy looks past her and lets off a giddy squeal.)*

**Izzy:** O-M-cuties!

*(Her perspective on the end of this; she unceremoniously shoves the Princess aside to get a good look at a knot of rotund rabbits hopping her way, all sporting unicorn horns. Back to her on the next line, hunching down to address them.)*



**Izzy:** How are you? *(They chitter and wave their ears.)* Aw, look at you. You're freezing. I know what you need... *(She floats out a pair of knitting needles and a ball of yarn.)* ...some Wishy Hoof scarves!

*(She gets down to it, mumbling to herself as they hop over to Hitch and squeak at him.)*

**Izzy:** What did they say? *(Cut to Hitch.)*

**Hitch:** They said, "Thank you"... *(a touch puzzled)* ..."and Frosty Shivers"? *(The rabbits' horns glow.)* What does that even mean? *(Giggle from the o.s. Izzy; back to her.)*

**Izzy:** It's our Wishy Hoof greeting. Try it. *(Sunny turns to a few passers-by.)*

**Sunny:** *(to each in turn)* Frosty Shivers! Hey, Frosty Shivers! Oh, over here! Hi! Also, Frosty Shivers!

*(Each forehead appendage lights up as she says those two words. By the time Izzy finishes her emergency knitting session and disposes of the needles, every rabbit has had a tiny scarf knotted onto its horn. Close-up of them, hopping and chattering their gratitude, then cut to her on the next line.)*

**Izzy:** Enjoy those scarves and have a happy, happy Wishy Hoof! Okay, cuties? Frosty Shivers!

*(Now it is her horn that sparks up as she walks past the others, humming placidly; Sunny pulls out her phone and shoots it a worried glance. Izzy's reverie is interrupted when a mare plants herself in the path and clears her throat.)*

**Izzy:** Whoa!

*(She drops to her haunches and shakes her head clear, the camera shifting to frame the newcomer head-on. It is the poet who was performing in the Crystal Tea Room during A New Generation—Onyx, whose monotonic delivery has not changed one whit since then. Deep magenta beret, turtleneck collar, and brows, the first of these with a hole punched through its edge for her pale blue horn; lighter magenta eyes, the right one hidden behind the fall of her straight, collar-length purple mane; longer purple tail; light violet hooves; cutie mark of a quill pen tipped with a heart. Her coat color has changed from gray to grayish-blue since her initial appearance.)*

**Onyx:** Izzy!  
What it is...zy?

*(Zoom out. The bongo-playing stallion who accompanied her in that film is on the scene and hitting the skins. From here, cut to the other travelers; Sunny and Zipp have respectively packed away phone and book.)*

**Sunny:** *(to Hitch/Pipp/Zipp)* Oh, no. This is gonna take a while. *(Giggle from the o.s. Izzy; cut to frame the meeting.)*

**Izzy:** Hi, Onyx! Pretty snowy day, huh?

**Onyx:** It's far out. I haven't seen anything like this in...

*(Accompanist poises hooves over bongos, but Onyx offers no more words, leaving the whole group at a loss. After perhaps four seconds of dead silence, she draws a deep breath and the drums sound off.)*

**Onyx:** *(fading out)* ...ever, ever, ever.

**Izzy:** *(thoughtfully)* Neither have I.

**Onyx:** Do you want to hear my new Wishy Hoof poem? Wrote it just for today.

**Hitch:** *(hastily)* Nope! *(Clear throat.)* No way. Too slow.

**Onyx:** What's that? You want to hear it too? Okay. *(Zoom in slowly.)* I call this one...

*(Dissolve to an extreme close-up of her face, illuminated by bleak light and framed by flurries of snowflakes.)*

**Onyx:** ...“Requiem for the Falling Snow.”

*(Dissolve to an overhead shot of her standing in a spotlight; her voice echoes slightly in the empty space.)*

**Onyx:** What are these flakes my eyes do see?

*(To a slow pan across her face.)*

What is this chill coming over me?

*(To a slow tilt up from her into the darkened sky.)*

Is this some enchanted winter fan-ta-sy?

*(To a head-on view; translucent images of her audience and a floating snow pony behind her.)*

Snow pony, come and set me free, free, free.

*(Cut to a close-up of the bongos being played, then back to her.)*

The flakes fall down, the trees don't wither.

*(Dissolve to an extreme close-up of her exposed eye and zoom in.)*

Colts and mares, I wish you Frosty Shivers.

*(A snowflake sails from her dilated pupil toward the camera, covering the lens with frost on impact. The action cuts back to the here and now, the stallion plays one last flourish and raises his hooves, and Onyx proudly lifts her head and smiles to mark the end of the poem. Light kindles in both their horns; across the way, the six out-of-towners are too stunned to offer an immediate response. Pipp is the first to find her tongue.)*

**Pipp:** I... *(Close-up; she hitches in a breath.)* ...I don't know what to say. *(Pan to Hitch, with Sparky on his back.)*

**Hitch:** I don't remember life before that poem.

**Sparky:** \*\* Weird. \*\* *(Cut to Izzy on the next line.)*

**Izzy:** I loved it! Kinda felt a bit short, though. *(To Onyx on the next.)*

**Onyx:** Well, I'm workshoping more verses at the open mic in a minute. You should come.

**Sunny:** *(hastily)* We'd love to! But we have, um, a previous obligation. *(Giggle; wave.)* Bye, Onyx! *(to Izzy)* You've got a date with a tree, buddy.

*(A quick step, and she is in position to nudge her friend into motion with her head.)*

**Izzy:** *(laughing)* All right! I'm coming, I'm coming!

*(Cut to the upper reaches of the Tree and tilt down to frame the queue of those waiting to add their ornaments to it. Sunny and company approach the tail end; cut to them on the next line.)*

**Sunny:** So what makes this tree so special? *(All stop.)*

**Izzy:** It just always has been. Many unicorns believe it has mystical properties. *(Pipp gasps.)*

**Pipp:** Like what?

**Izzy:** It's said that the Wishing Tree can get rid of the jinxies. I don't know if it's true— *(trotting toward Tree)*—but this tree is definitely one of a kind. *(Her aura brings up her contribution.)* Here I go...

*(It is tucked in at the base; in short order, a unicorn spectator passes one each to Pipp and Zipp and they fly up to place these on a high branch. Almost as soon as they touch down in the snow, a gong strike rings out and their benefactor projects the one he still carries onto a wrapped gift box. Izzy utters an anticipatory little gasp, but the others are caught very much off guard.)*

**Zipp:** What does that mean? *(Izzy gives an ecstatic squeal and jumps/spins in place.)*

**Izzy:** The final crystal lighting ceremony's about to begin!

*(As she finishes, cut to a group of large crystal formations that jut from the ground near the Tree, within a perimeter ringed off by a string of lights. Unicorns approach the edge in a body, and an elderly stallion and mare ignite their horns and lower them until the points are nearly touching the snow. Rivulets of pale blue energy race across the frigid surface and into the nearest cluster, causing them to glow an inviting blue and bringing awed gasps from the onlookers.)*

**Spectators:** Whoa... *(The flow cuts off and the two unicorns stand up.)*

**Elderly mare:** Happy Wishy Hoof, everypony!

**Elderly stallion:** Frosty Shivers to all!

**Spectator stallion:** *(to those around him)* Frosty Shivers! Frosty Shivers to you! *(Gasp.)* Frosty Shivers to you! Frosty Shivers to everypony!

*(The multiple repetitions set horns aglow as before. On the last, tilt up into the snowy sky; a burst of mist briefly whites out the screen, and the camera then tilts down past a different stretch of trees to frame Sunny and company, lost in the moment. She is the first to fully return to her senses, whipping her phone out for a quick glance and then returning it to her saddlebag.)*

**Sunny:** Oh, I hate to leave, but it's time. To the Marestream, crew! *(All head out save Izzy, whose attention is drawn in another direction.)*

**Izzy:** Oh! Why, it's the kindly mayor's secretary who always—

**Sunny:** *(now o.s.)* GRAB HER!! *(Zipp doubles back to drag her off.)*

**Izzy:** I was only gonna say a quick hello.

*(Tilt up toward the treetops and dissolve to the Marestream bursting past them into clear sky. The craft bobbles wildly about, leaving its rainbow contrail and scattering snow from roof and wings as panicked yells emanate from within. Cut to Zipp at the controls, the others in the cabin; the vibrations nearly shake the steering yoke out of the ace flyer's grip.)*

**Zipp:** Hold on to your holiday hats, everypony! *(Pipp tries to keep her balance...)* Let's see how fast this thing can go. *(...and fails, toppling into the cockpit.)*

**Pipp:** Whoooooaa!

*(Ice and frost build up on the wings and front end as she strains to hold even a faint semblance of a level course. In the cabin, Sunny and Izzy shiver fearfully as Sparky finds himself being bounced along the wall couches and toward Hitch.)*

**Hitch:** Wha—?

*(He throws himself across to catch the little dragon and comes up, having succeeded.)*

**Hitch:** Whooh!

*(Up in the cockpit, Pipp pulls herself up with support from the dashboard.)*

**Pipp:** Hey, Zipper, can you see okay? *(Izzy is jolted off her hooves; the snowfall has thickened greatly.)* All I see is a wall of white.

**Sunny:** The snow is too thick! *(Cut to Zipp.)*

**Zipp:** Freaking out isn't going to help! *(calmly)* We gotta stay chill. *(Zoom out to frame Pipp on the next line, pointing to Zipp's left.)*

**Pipp:** How can we stay chill?! Look at all that ice!

*(The driver cuts her eyes that way and is met with the sight of a frozen layer spreading rapidly over the wing. The added weight and stiffness on both of them sends the vehicle lurching through the air. Inside, Izzy throws aside the teapot she is holding in the cabin's kitchen area and gasps.)*

**Izzy:** I know how to calm us down! *(Scramble across to Sunny/Hitch/Sparky.)* We just have to think calm thoughts and try as hard as we can to concentrate on what we want to happen! So, uh, think about a safe landing in Zephyr Heights!

**Sunny:** *(skeptically)* And this works.

**Izzy:** It's an old unicorn trick. *(laughing)* Worth a shot, am I right? *(scared)* I mean, am I? I'm making this up as I go along.

**Zipp:** It's all we've got! So...yeah!

**Izzy:** *(front hooves to temples)* Everypony, visualize the fancy-schmancy royal gates of Zephyr Heights!

*(Cut to Sunny on this last word. She squinches her eyes shut, groaning with the mental effort; Hitch sets Sparky down and both do the same, putting hooves/hands to temples as Izzy did. Up in the cockpit, Pipp has copied the gestures.)*

**Pipp:** Palace sweet palace... *(She opens her eyes and relaxes.)* ...oh! Oh, do you think the decorations will be sparkly?

**Sunny:** CONCENTRATE!!

*(Caught out at this chiding, the pegasus performer claps hooves to cranium with a yelp, slams her eyes shut, and groans under the strain. Brain cells kick into top gear.)*

**Izzy:** *(moaning)* Hang on tight!

**Zipp:** Come on, come on, come on!

*(The Lantern becomes suffused with a bright purple glow, which quickly spreads to envelop the whole of the Marestream—but that does not prevent it from juddering to a near-stop in midair. Undaunted, Zipp presses on and punches through the cloud cover, met by the vision of the Zephyr Heights palace standing tall and proud on its peak.)*

**Zipp:** Zephyr Heights! Oh, we're gonna make it!

*(They arc toward the sweeping structure and land, neatly and gently, on a broad balcony. It takes those in the cabin a moment to fully realize that they have been neither shaken to pieces nor frozen solid.)*

**Sunny:** *(jumping in place)* Woo-hoo! *(Laugh; next Pipp snaps back to reality.)*

**Pipp:** Oh! Oh! Oh! How's my hair?

**Zipp:** Yeah! Nailed it!

**Hitch:** *(over Izzy's laughter)* I can't believe that worked!

**Sunny:** *(rapid fire, darting across cabin)* Me neither, but there's no time to celebrate here.

*(By the time Hitch has settled Sparky on his back, she is already galloping into the cockpit and Pipp/Zipp are on their way back from it.)*

**Pipp:** Right. We've gotta window-shop with Mom, pronto, in-and-out job, lickety split.

*(Cut to Sunny retrieving the Lantern from the dashboard, then back to the sisters on the next line.)*

**Zipp:** And then we gotta get ready for the—

**Pipp** *(excitedly)*, **Zipp** *(woodenly)* —Zephyr Heights Wishentine Royal Carousel Concert.

**Izzy:** Wow, that still takes a long time to say.

**Sparky:** \*\* Uh-huh! \*\*

**Sunny:** What should we do in the meantime?

**Pipp:** Treat yourselves, of course.

*(She produces a stack of tickets printed on gilded card stock; close-up of these as she fans them like a poker hand—four in all.)*

**Zipp:** *(from o.s.)* VIP royal luxury box tickets to the concert! *(Back to her and Pipp on the end of this.)* You can relax— *(sullenly, under her breath)* —while we get ready.

**Hitch:** Aw, I don't want to just sit around and—

**Pipp:** —help yourselves to the complimentary gourmet food?

**Hitch:** *(smiling, taking tickets from her)* You had me at “food.”

*(Sparky swipes one, takes an experimental nibble, and makes a disgusted face. Hitch keeps another for himself and passes a third to Izzy, who floats the last over to Sunny.)*

**Sunny:** Let's go, ponies! We've still got a star to wish on later!

*(Cut to a point between the five, each extending a foreleg into view and piling up hooves; back to Izzy and then the whole group on the next line.)*

**Izzy:** One, two, three...

**Ponies:** *(raising forelegs)* ... Wishentine!

### Act Three

*(Dissolve to a long shot of the cloud-wreathed city, zooming in slowly, then to a fountain on one street that has been shut off to keep it from freezing over. Both it and the surrounding architecture are abundantly decorated for the holiday, and two young pegasi fly away from it and down the block as the camera pans to frame a bend in the road. Pipp, Zipp, and Queen Haven are out for a stroll, while Cloudpuff hovers in front of a store window with his nose nearly mashed up against the glass. Close-up of him, seen from behind.)*

**Haven:** *(from o.s., semi-baby talk)* Come, Cloudpuff.

*(He barks and flies toward her voice, exposing a small cap with slits cut for his ears.)*

**Haven:** *(from o.s.)* Pick up those precious paws. *(Pan to frame her; he settles on her back.)* Don't dawdle.

*(She walks ahead and o.s. Zipp shoots a questioning glance to Pipp; cut to frame all three on the next line, Haven having stopped at the next storefront.)*

**Haven:** Oh! Darlings, come look at this! Crandall's has outdone themselves!

*(All three look through the pane at a mockup of three ponies around a blazing fireplace—one laying garland along the mantel, a second enjoying the warmth, a third popping out of a giant gift box. Dissolve from this tableau to a close-up of a very bored Zipp, seen through the window from inside; she quickly gins up a bit of enthusiasm.)*

**Zipp:** Wow, Mom, that was amazing. Very festive, yep, so incredible. I don't think it can be outdone. *(trying to push Haven along)* Why bother looking at anything else? *(Pipp pops up on the Queen's other side, brimming with energy.)*

**Pipp:** What's next? Ooh, they're doing a maple syrup tasting at Outingdale's! *(Cut to the group outside on this line.)*

**Zipp:** Dibs on first sample!

*(In just slightly more time than it takes Haven to adopt a popeyed stare, the sisters have flown across the street and touched down facing another display window.)*

**Zipp:** Come on, Mom! Get your syrup on!

**Pipp:** Hurry!

**Haven:** *(out of breath)* Oh, my, girls! Slow down! Shopping isn't a race, it's a marathon.

**Pipp:** Oh! Uh, well, um, uh, we, uh...

**Zipp:** ...we just want to make the most of our Wishentine with you.

**Pipp:** *(catching on)* Yeah! We'd rather spend less time at more places than more time at less places.

*(As she speaks, cut to Haven, whose cocked eyebrow betrays just how hard this line of reasoning is for her to sort out. Two palace guards are plodding past behind her, straining to stay upright under the weight of the parcels stacked to an absurd height across their backs.)*

**Haven:** Well, I suppose that makes sense. *(Gasp.)* Oh, my hoofness! Look!

*(The two pivot to follow her pointing hoof and find themselves staring at a display of the three royal pegasi, rendered in cardboard and standing amid open gift boxes.)*

**Haven:** It's us!

*(The sisters move toward the window—Pipp voicing an eager squeal, Zipp a weary little groan as she trudges in. Behind them, one of the hapless guards collapses to the sidewalk amid a shower of boxes. Zipp finds her attention drawn toward the upper portion of the display.)*

**Zipp:** Hmmm?

*(What she has focused on is one of several giant snowflakes suspended from the ceiling. Cut from them to her.)*

**Zipp:** Hey, Mom, do you know any Wishentine pony tales about snow?

**Haven:** *(from o.s., wrapping a wing around her)* Oh, girls, come.

*(Zoom out to frame all three, she is dragged closer and Haven has her phone out, aimed at herself and them.)*

**Haven:** We simply must take a selfie with our-selfies!

*(The young sleuth forces a grin onto her face as the camera clicks. From here, cut to the interior of an immense concert hall, seen in a long overhead shot. Gold and marble dominate the walls and columns, while the stage and floor are upholstered in pale violet carpeting. The stage is set only slightly higher than the floor and is accessible from it by a shallow ramp at either end; a small raised platform stands at each rear corner, backed by a set of white/gold/purple curtains. A gold panel stretches above it from end to end, displaying a stylized tiara and set of wings on which a large, pink eight-pointed star stands out in relief. The floor makes up one of three available seating levels; the other two are balcony boxes with gold curtains, only one of which is open at the moment. A smaller box, with a protruding curved balcony and a row of three seats, is at floor level—clearly intended for the royal family.)*

*(A few ponies mill about on the floor as the camera swivels to the open balcony box and cuts to Sunny/Hitch/Izzy/Sparky inside. Gold-trimmed white carpeting; purple-upholstered chairs and couch drawn up around a table stacked with gift boxes; strings of crystals hung from the ceiling to form a combination chandelier and art piece. The four have taken seats, Sunny and Izzy sitting on the couch with the Lantern between them and Hitch/Sparky in a chair. Thunder and Zoom carry trays of appetizers. The next two lines overlap as the camera zooms in slowly.)*

**Sunny:** Whoa!

**Izzy:** Ooh! *(Thunder proffers his tray to Hitch.)*

**Thunder:** Fizzy-wick sandwiches?

*(Sparky is only too eager to snatch one and start wolfing it down; pan to Izzy and Zoom on the next line.)*

**Izzy:** Whoa, what are those?

**Zoom:** That's just what Thunder calls cucumber sandwiches.

**Izzy:** Oh, that's creative.

*(Now she hoists one off Zoom's tray with her magic and chomps it down in one bite.)*

**Sunny:** *(giddily, tapping Izzy's shoulder)* Oh, Izzy, look! *(She approaches the table; zoom in slowly.)* There's even presents for us? Wow, it's so unexpected! *(Cut to Hitch/Sparky; she continues o.s.)* Hitch!

**Hitch:** Huh?

**Sunny:** *(from o.s.)* Get in on this!

*(The dragon wastes no time biting into the fresh sandwich his caretaker is holding. Snap to black, against which a circular ring of light appears—the interior of one box being opened. The lid is pulled away by Sunny and she peers expectantly within, only for her face to fall in disappointment.)*

**Sunny:** Huh. *(Izzy does likewise.)*

**Izzy:** Oh. *(Close-up of the box—a whole lot of nothing; she continues o.s.)* They're empty. *(The two guards spot their confusion.)*

**Zoom:** Uh...



**Thunder:** Oh, those are just, uh, uh... *(Cut to the three crestfallen ponies; he continues o.s.)*  
...uh, um, well... *(Back to him and Zoom.)* ...you see...

**Zoom:** They're full of air! Um, uh... *(The trio again; she continues o.s.)* ...air from clouds.  
*(Faces light up with a three-way gasp.)* Special clouds. *(Cut from the opened box to her and Thunder on the next line.)*

**Thunder:** *(thinking fast)* That's right. Uh, clouds. It's a traditional pegasus gift.

*(Cut to Sunny and Izzy on the start of the next line.)*

**Sunny:** How fascinating! And clever! *(She picks up the box for a closer look inside; Izzy circles to others.)* What kind of clouds? Nimbus? Cumulonimbus? Cirrus? Rain cloud?

**Izzy:** Aw, that doesn't make sense.

*(Behind her, both guards' faces go slack with shock and all four eyes bug out.)*

**Izzy:** The box would leak. *(Relief; she and Sunny laugh.)*

**Sunny:** What's your favorite kind of cloud?

**Izzy:** Good question.

*(Cut to put the trio in the background and pan away from them on the next line, putting them o.s. and Thunder/Zoom in the fore.)*

**Izzy:** *(fading out)* Well, I want to say "fluffy" because I really like fluffy things... *(She continues under the following exchange.)*

**Zoom:** That was a really good cover.

**Thunder:** Aw, you too. I just rolled with it.

**Zoom:** I don't know why we didn't just tell them these were decorations.

**Thunder:** Well, they seemed so excited.

**Zoom:** They really did.

*(They glance back toward the group, the camera panning to frame them again as Izzy falls silent.)*

**Sunny:** *(to Hitch)* Oh, what do you got there?

**Hitch:** *(opening another box)* Look! More clouds!

*(Cut to Pipp and Zipp in flight down one street, barely slowing down at each window they pass.)*

**Zipp:** Mom! Look at that! And that! Wow!

*(They sail on as a thoroughly winded Haven trots in a fruitless attempt to keep pace, Cloudpuff still riding on her back. She stops for the briefest moment to catch her breath and then sets off again, followed by her two guards who are back on porter duty with their entire freight.)*

**Pipp:** Yeah, it's even more impressive if you look at it while flying by it at top speed.

*(She and her sister streak ahead; Haven stops as the pooch barks up at them.)*

**Haven:** All right, that's enough ganders, girls! I can hardly keep up!

*(She shifts her focus to a nearby billboard that shows the two in flight, as the voice of an announcer stallion is broadcast over the street.)*

**Announcer voice:** Later this evening on ZBS, the Zephyr Heights Royal Wishentine Carousel Concert!

*(The picture shrinks into one upper corner of what is actually a giant display screen, with the speaker visible alongside.)*

**Announcer:** Featuring Princesses Pipp and Zipp and the Royal Chamber Choir!

*(Cut to Haven on the end of this; she squeals and trots ecstatically in place while Cloudpuff describes a barking midair circle and lands on her back again.)*

**Haven:** Come along, my dears! *(Pipp and Zipp land by her.)* It's time to head to the concert hall. *(walking off)* We need extra rehearsal time.

**Zipp:** *(uneasily)* Why?

**Haven:** *(turning back to them)* I pulled some strings. You've got several more numbers in the concert, which means... *(excitedly, spreading wings, rearing up)* ...the show is twice as long as usual!

*(A wide-eyed "uh-oh" glance passes between the siblings before a thick stack of sheet music is thrust into each one's forelegs. Pipp can only work up a weak chuckle as a counterpart to Zipp's groan.)*

*(Cut to a slow pan through their friends' luxury box at the concert hall, starting at Izzy crashed out in a chair. Thunder has traded his tray of "fizzy-wick" sandwiches for one of small sweets.)*

**Izzy:** Ooh!

*(She scoops one up and eats. Sunny and Sparky are working on some of their own, sitting on the couch before a now-cleared table; Thunder turns to the mare.)*

**Sunny:** Wow!

*(She copies Izzy's move. Hitch has a chair to himself and is sipping contentedly at a cup of tea.)*

**Hitch:** Mmmm. I gotta say, this is the life. *(He folds a foreleg behind his head.)*

**Sparky:** \*\* Wow! \*\*

*(The lights abruptly dim, cueing both Thunder and Zoom to rush to the balcony, set their trays on the floor—Zoom's now also loaded with desserts—and snap to attention with a double salute.)*

*Cut to the skylight-domed ceiling and tilt down to the stage, before which a capacity crowd has gathered on the floor. A spotlight flicks on, bringing cheers and stomps of applause, and Haven steps to center stage, her winter wear traded for royal clothing and regalia.)*

*[Continuity error: A different camera angle shows the table stacked with boxes again.]*

**Haven:** *(flaring wings briefly)* Thank you, thank you! Thank you all so much for braving the snow to attend our joyous and wonderful, wondrous and joyful Zephyr Heights Wishentine Royal Carousel Concert!

*(Cut here and there among the spectators as she speaks, then to a long shot of the stage on her last words. The two side platforms are now each occupied by four ponies in choir robes. Cheers break out from both the floor and the luxury box.)*

**Haven:** *(flaring wings briefly)* You're in for a treat. Tonight's show will be extra-special. We will be taking you through the entire history of Wishentines of yester-moon. Now...

*(During this last, cut to one group of choir ponies, one of whom has a piece of sheet music pinned under a hoof; she raises it for a quick refresher but puts it down again after a pointed throat-clearing and nudge by one of her neighbors. From here, cut to Sunny enjoying some tea of her own.)*

**Haven:** *(from o.s.)* ...we will begin with Act One of six. *(Flabbergasted, the earth pony spits out her mouthful.)*

**Sunny:** *Six?!? (The word echoes over the crowd.)*

**Haven:** Yes, six! Now it is my pleasure to introduce our very own Royal Orchestra Chamber Choir— *(Spotlights hit both platforms at this mention.)* —and my talented daughters, Princesses Pipp Petals and Zephyrina Storm!

*(The figures of these two can are now partly visible, facing each other at the curtain and obscured by her form. She backs off to one side so that they can be seen in full profile. Both are wearing gold bracelets on every leg—a single thick one for Zipp, a thin/thick pair for Pipp. They are clad in close-fitting purple capes trimmed in gold; a fringed gold over-layer has been added to Pipp's. They have shed their winter hats and scarves; Pipp wears her usual tiara, while Zipp sports one contoured to fit the hairline of her mane and has ditched her saddlebags.)*

**Gentle orchestral melody with piano, strings, jingle bells; moderate 4 (C major)**

*(The lights come up as the two advance to the front, twirling separately and around each other and stopping with one wing extended apiece to cover the bottom half of each face. From here, they rise into a series of graceful loops and maneuvers under a shower of glittery fake snow. Spotlights follow their moves, merging as they come together.)*

**Pipp, Zipp:**  
The fire is glowing  
Friendship is flowing  
It's the feeling of knowing

It will soon be Wishentine

*(The three ponies and one dragon in the luxury box are entranced.)*

**Pipp, Zipp, Choir:** Hooves on the rooftop, the ringing of the bells  
Lights shining bright on the carousel

*(Each sister flies down to one of the choir platforms, after which they reunite above center stage.)*

Joyous, joyous Wishentine

Joyous, joyous Wishentine

*(A few audience members begin to nod off; Posey nudges Mayflower awake.)*

The twinkling Wishing Star that shines

*(Cut to Sunny and Izzy, relishing every note...)*

A joyous, joyous Wishentine

*(...and then dissolve to the latter conked out and snoring like a buzzsaw, while the former fights like mad to keep her own eyes open.)*

### ***Choir vocalizes harmony under lyrics***

*(At center stage, Pipp and Zipp are now balanced on the backs of three choir ponies, who in turn stand on the shoulders of four others. Each sister has extended one foreleg off to her respective side and raised the other, creating a platform for Cloudpuff to perch on with a happy bark. He has shed his hat.)*

**Pipp, Zipp:** Sleigh bells are ringing  
Young ponies singing

*(Boredom and weariness continue to manifest themselves among the audience.)*

**Pipp, Zipp, Choir:** The season is bringing  
The joy of Wishentine

*(All have returned to stage level and Cloudpuff is gone. Pipp and Zipp lift off and fly a slow circle, facing each other across its center.)*

**Pipp, Zipp, Choir:** The gifts that we share as our hearts all swell  
As we go 'round and 'round on the carousel

***Crescendo into final line***

A joyous, joyous Wishentine

*(One adult and one foal have gone to sleep, leaning against each other, but they snap awake at the sound of cheers/applause and hastily join in.)*

### ***Song ends***

*(The four civilian occupants of the box come to with an assortment of incoherent splutters, Izzy having a teacup stuck to her nose, and voice the most convincing positive reactions their sleep-addled minds can drum up. In the royal box, Haven sits in the middle seat of the row,*

*Cloudpuff sleeping soundly on one end. She applauds with fervor as her daughters swoop in to perch on either side.)*

**Zipp:** *(hastily, hugging her)* Love you, Mom! This was, uh... amazing! Yeah, just great. *(She dives behind the seats, waking the dog; bracelets clatter to the floor.)*

**Pipp:** *(ditto)* Yes. So glad we could celebrate Wishentine with you. Kisses! *(She copies her sister's move.)*

**Haven:** *(irked)* Excuse me! *(standing on seat, turning toward box doors)* Where do you two think you're going in this snowfall?

*(Cut to the Princesses about to make their exit. Both have switched out their tiaras and capes for hats and scarves; Zipp has also strapped up her saddlebags.)*

**Pipp:** Maretime Bay, to see the Wishing Star! *(She knocks the doors open and is off at a gallop.)*

**Zipp:** We promised Sunny!

*(Away she goes as well, leaving Haven to aim a befuddled stare after them until her voice and her smile start working again.)*

**Haven:** Joyous Wishentine, my darlings.

**Thunder:** *(chuckling; he and Zoom land behind her)* Thank you, Highness!

*(The sovereign just groans and rolls her eyes at his obtuseness. Cut to an upper-story window of the tower outside which the Marestream landed, seen from behind, and tilt down to frame Sunny/Hitch/Izzy waiting on the balcony. Sparky is on Hitch's back, and Izzy has successfully extricated her nose from the teacup. Night has fallen, and the profusely falling snow is blown every which way by the relentless wind. Deep drifts have buried every square inch of horizontal concrete. The doors burst open to let the galloping Pipp and Zipp out.)*

**Zipp:** We're here, we're here! *(Sunny turns to them, holding the Lantern.)*

**Pipp:** *(out of breath)* Sorry that took so long, Sunny! *(softly)* We had no idea it would be... *(Hard swallow.)* ...six acts.

**Sunny:** It's okay. You two sang beautifully. *(Cut to Hitch and Sparky on the following.)*

**Hitch:** *(laughing)* Oh, yeah! Zephyr Heights really knows how to put on a show!

**Izzy:** *(rising to hind legs, twirling in place)* The part where you all flew around in a circle like an actual carousel? *(Topple to the snow, then straighten up and whisper.)* I'm still dizzy.

**Zipp:** Thank you all, *but* we have to hurry!

**Izzy:** And the snow is...

*(She trails off into a perplexed grunt as the camera zooms out quickly to frame the massive drifts in every direction.)*

**Izzy:** What is this?

**Zipp:** It's a blizzard!

**Izzy:** Whoa! It is! I can't be-lizzle it's be-lizzarding right now. *(A quick laugh; then the gravity of the moment sinks in.)* Oh, no. *(to Sunny)* Are we gonna miss the Star?

**Sunny:** (*shivering*) Not if we hurry!

**Zipp:** We just have to get to the Marestream. (*She looks around.*) Just one question.

(*Her perspective, panning slowly across the seemingly identical masses of piled-up snow.*)

**Zipp:** Where is it? (*Back to the group.*)

**Sunny:** (*setting Lantern down*) I wanted so badly for us to get back in time to view the Wishing Star together! And now we're stranded in Zephyr Heights on Wishday, Wishy Hoof, Wishentine, whatever you call it!

**Hitch:** We'll find our way back, Sunny.

**Izzy:** (*sidling up*) Yeah! I'm not giving up yet!

(*Levitating the Lantern, she sets off across the snow.*)

**Izzy:** Hel-looooo? Marestream? Come out, wherever you are!

(*The others fall into line behind her, straining to keep their forward momentum going in the face of the brutal winds. Hitch, in the rear, takes note of Sparky's shivering and offers a nuzzle to warm him, small as the effect may be. Sunny and Zipp begin digging at the drifts and are soon joined by Hitch, while a most downhearted Izzy continues her patrol with the Lantern.*)

**Izzy:** Oh. Frosty Shivers to us, I guess.

(*Her horn flares up as it did in Bridlewood. Zipp, now hovering, gets hit in the face with a particularly strong gust of flakes and frigid air.*)

**Zipp:** Huh? (*Cut to Izzy on her next words.*)

**Izzy:** I just wish we could just find the Marestream and get home in time to see the Star together.

(*As if in response to this plea, the Lantern intensifies its brightness and sails away on its own, leaving a trail of rainbow light and sparkles and prompting a gasp from the unicorn. In seconds it has pulled up above the peak of one drift in particular; cut to the group, Zipp now back on the ground.*)

**Ponies:** Whoa...

(*Now the light source plunges into the mounded snow and flashes of light in assorted colors begin to play from within, illuminating it along the entire height. These grow and form shafts that punch their way through the snow as if it were tissue paper.*)

**Ponies:** Whoa...

(*Finally the entire drift disintegrates as the Marestream launches itself off the balcony and into full view, spinning in midair with wings fully extended. Not one crystal of frost can be seen anywhere on them or the bodywork, and it touches down neatly before them. Izzy gasps in delight.*)

**Izzy:** It's magical! (*Close-up of Sunny.*)

**Sunny:** It's a miracle! (*Pan quickly to Zipp.*)

**Zipp:** It's a magical miracle! (*A thought strikes.*) No. It's not!

(*She reaches for one saddlebag; close-up of Figgy's book as she pulls it out.*)

**Zipp:** (*from o.s.*) It's a wish! (*Back to her on this last word.*) Just like in the book!

(*A series of dissolves shifts the view to flashbacks from their journey to Bridlewood, with the colors somewhat muted and the screen edged in white First up: a unicorn colt gallops past two adults whose horns are glowing.*)

**Colt:** Frosty Shivers!

(*His own horn lights up. Second: the snow falling from an overhead bough to bury Pipp. Third: Onyx's bongo player addresses a mare.*)

**Bongo player:** Frosty Shivers!

**Mare 1:** Frosty Shivers!

(*And their horns kick up as well. Fourth: the ice-encrusted Marestream struggling through the snowy gusts on its way to Zephyr Heights. Fifth: the spectator who dispensed well-wishing to those around him in Bridlewood.*)

**Spectator stallion:** Frosty Shivers!

(*His horn ignites. Normal color returns with one last dissolve to the present, in which all have taken shelter in the cabin of the Marestream; Zipp is showing them the book.*)

**Zipp:** In Grandma Figgy's book, *Fantastical Flurry Tales of Wishy Hoof*...

(*She shows off two pictures as she continues—first a star gleaming above the silhouette of a distant high castle, then a two-page spread that shows a multitude of unicorns aiming their glowing horns at an intensely bright star in front of the Tree.*)

**Zipp:** ...whenever the unicorns wanted snowy weather, they would try to recite a spell for it. But it's been ages since unicorns in Equestria could harness that ability.

(*Page flip; now three ponies, one per tribe, stand/hover facing each other across gaps too wide to bridge.*)

**Zipp:** Because magic was lost! Now that it's back... (*Izzy gasps, stunned.*)

**Izzy:** ...the unicorns have been doing spells?

**Zipp:** Without even realizing it! (*Turn another page; a lone unicorn gallops under falling snow.*) "Frosty Shivers" isn't just a greeting...

**Hitch:** ...it's a really, really old snow spell?

**Zipp:** *(from o.s.)* Uh-huh! *(Back to her, closing/bagging the book.)* Exactly! That's why we're having this snowstorm!

*(There follows a long, dumbfounded silence.)*

**Sparky:** \*\* Wow. \*\*

**Sunny:** Detective Zipp does it again!

**Izzy:** But the unicorns don't know they're doing spells!

**Sunny:** You're right. I think we should make one more stop before we head to Maretime Bay.

*(The Marestream lifts off from the balcony and soars into the night. Cut to the upper reaches of the Tree and tilt down to two unicorns in the surrounding clearing. One is the tea vendor stallion from whom Alphabittle obtained a cup before playing charades against Izzy; the other is a mare rubbing her front hooves together in an attempt to warm them up. Both are shivering badly, as heard in their voices.)*

**Tea vendor:** Frosty Shivers.

**Mare 2:** Frosty Shivers.

*(Each speaker's horn lights in turn. He tries to levitate a cup to her, but it becomes encased in ice during the maneuver and clunks uselessly to the ground. As the Marestream comes in for a landing and folds up its wings, Onyx and a stallion address each other, horns firing off in turn; both they and her bongo player are also caught in a severe shivering fit.)*

**Bongo player:** Frosty Shivers.

**Stallion:** Frosty Shivers. *(His horn lights.)*

**Izzy:** *(from o.s.)* WAIT!!

*[Animation goof: Onyx's mouth moves and her horn lights up on the first line of these three.]*

*(They turn toward the craft and find her standing in its open doorway.)*

**Izzy:** Everypony! *(Zoom in on her.)* Stop saying that! Stop saying that! *(The three unicorns, now joined by Alphabittle; she continues o.s.)* It's jinxie!

*(She gallops across to them, Zipp close behind; Sunny stands at the doorway.)*

*[Continuity error: The Marestream's wings are now fully extended.]*

**Izzy:** It's causing the snowstorm! *(Long pause.)*

**Onyx:** Whaaaaat? *(Cut to Zipp; Sunny steps over; Hitch at the doorway.)*

**Zipp:** You're all casting an ancient unicorn spell!

**Izzy:** *(from o.s.)* Yeah! *(Pan quickly to her.)* So don't say "Frosty Shivers"—



*(She trails off into a panicked gasp as her own magic asserts itself and a mass of snow falls from above to drop her like a ton of bricks. Up she comes with a fair bit of it caked onto her head.)*

**Izzy:** See? *(She shakes herself clean.)*

**Stallion:** *(scratching head)* Well, then, what *should* we say?

**Izzy:** Uh, how about, um, uh... “Warm Wishy Hoof”? *(Accompanied by a few steps in place.)*

**Stallion:** *(tentatively following suit)* Warm Wishy Hoof. *(The bongo player summons his instrument and begins to tap a beat.)*

**Onyx:** *(copying him)* Uh, Warm Wishy Hoof. *(Overhead shot of the clearing, tilting slowly up toward the far end.)*

**Various mares:** Warm Wishy Hoof to you!... Warm Wishy Hoof to you!

*(Every one of these repetitions causes the speaker’s horn to gleam a comforting orange, including Izzy’s. Blue-tinted crystal formations all over the place suddenly change color to match.)*

**Sunny:** It’s working! Keep saying it, everypony! *(Slow pan through the area; the effect spreads.)*

**Various spectators:** Warm Wishy Hoof! Warm Wishy Hoof to you!... Warm Wishy Hoof!... Warm Wishy Hoof to you!

*(Cheers and laughter ring out in time with a slow tilt up the height of the Tree, seen in a long shot as the snow finally comes to an end, followed by a cut to Alphabittle.)*

**Alphabittle:** Phew. I was startin’ to think I was gonna break my snow shovel— *(stretching; vertebrae crackle along his spine)* —or my back. *(All the travelers are out now.)*

**Izzy:** Yeah! We did it! *(hustling back to Marestream)* We’ve gotta get back to Maretime Bay!

**Sunny:** *(as she and others follow)* Yeah, so we can celebrate!

*(As soon as they have all boarded, it lifts out of the clearing and is gone in a streak of rainbow light. Cut to a long shot of the Brighthouse and zoom out slowly as it executes a circling descent and lands on its patio. The Star inches closer through a sky now free from its blanket of gloomy clouds, and the lawn is clear of snow. The wings fold away, the door slides open, and the whole crew piles out to see the celestial body continue along its path. Sunny leads them toward the Brighthouse; cut to a long shot of the uppermost Crystal Room and zoom in slowly as they ride up to it on the lift platform, Sparky on Hitch’s back. In a closer shot, they gather at the balcony and gaze skyward.)*

**Sunny:** I can’t believe we’re here.

**Pipp:** What a great idea, Sunny. And we had time to do everything. *(Despairing gasp from Izzy.)*

**Izzy:** I didn’t have time to do *everything*.

**Hitch:** What do you mean, Izz?

**Izzy:** *(groaning)* I didn’t have time to get you presents! I’m probably the only one that’s empty-hoofed. *(Soft gasp from Pipp.)*

**Pipp:** I also forgot!

**Zipp:** *(glumly)* Ditto, sis.

**Hitch:** Oh, no! I did too!

**Sparky:** \*\* Me too. \*\* *(Cut to frame the whole group on the next line.)*

**Sunny:** Oh, it's okay. We don't need to exchange gifts— *(touching forelegs of Izzy/Zipp, standing to either side)* —because we have each other.

**Hitch:** *(scoffing)* That doesn't really count, though.

**Sunny:** Sure it does! *(Cut to him on the following, putting her o.s.)* Hitch shared his special family tradition... *(Zoom out to frame a giggling Izzy.)* ...Izzy showed us the mystical Wishing Tree all lit up... *(Cut to Pipp/Zipp.)* ...and Pipp and Zipp gave us the gift of music.

**Zipp:** *(wearily, slumping against rail)* So much music. *(The group again.)*

**Sunny:** But the best part is, we got to experience the holiday together, which is all I really wanted anyway. A magical time spent with all of you.

**Other ponies:** Awww...

**Zipp:** *(laughing)* What's your gift, Sunny?

**Sunny:** Glad you asked. *(She deploys her phone.)* Wait for it... *(drawn-out)* ...wait for it...

*(On the second repetition, cut briefly to and from the screen, on which the Star is about to cross the Pris-Beam issuing from the Brighthouse.)*

**Sunny:** ...continue to wait for another second, aaaand...

*(The screen again on this last, the connection made, then back to her.)*

**Sunny:** *(whispering)* ...now.

*(Long shot of the Brighthouse. The real Star, still some degrees away from intersecting the Pris-Beam, loses its contrail, stops its motion, and flares into yellow-tinged brilliance with a rainbow corona. Ooh's and ahh's float up from the balcony as the camera cuts to the six observers; behind them, the midair Crystals send out a pulse that resolves into the ponies' cutie marks, each projected against the night sky as a black image on a circle of light in a long shot of the Brighthouse. Orange for Sunny, deep pink for Zipp, violet for Izzy, lighter pink for Pipp, yellow for Hitch.)*

**Sunny:** *(from balcony)* Our cutie marks! *(The group again.)*

**Zipp:** Whoa. That was pretty cool.

**Hitch:** So what did you wish for, Sunny?

**Sunny:** It already came true.

*(Cut to a long shot of the Brighthouse again, the five marks shining against their starry backdrop, then dissolve to a zoom out from the fireplace inside and stop on the group seated around a board game in progress on the floor. Zipp has shucked off her saddlebags. Izzy sits up in the midst of pondering her next move.)*

**Izzy:** Wait! I just remembered, I *did* get you ponies something else!

*(She dives behind the nearest couch, singing to herself and rummaging about; the other three mares trade hopelessly bewildered glances before she pops back up into view. Five wrapped gifts hover in her aura.)*

**Izzy:** Ta-daaaa! *(floating one to Sunny, Pipp, Zipp in turn)* For you, and you, aaaand you... *(She quickly supplies Hitch and Sparky with the last two.)*

**Hitch:** *(from o.s.)* Thanks! *(She quickly supplies him and Sparky with the last two.)*

**Sunny:** Thank you, Izzy!

**Zipp:** Thank you, Izzy!

*(Some begin unwrapping, while others shake theirs in order to discern the contents. Pipp is first to get hers open in close-up, but finds it empty.)*

**Izzy:** *(from o.s.)* Surprise! *(Cut to her; Hitch has the same result.)* Nimbostratuses!

**Pipp:** Ohhhh! *(puzzled)* Wait, what?

**Izzy:** You know, air from the clouds? *(crossing to Pipp)* Zoom and Thunder said those were your favorite kind.

*(An uneasy laugh from the pink Princess blossoms into a round of genuine mirth on all five ponies' part, remembering the "gifts" in the luxury box at the concert hall. Sparky, meanwhile, manages to fall into one of the empties.)*

**Pipp:** I love it.

**Sunny:** Thank you all for the perfect holiday. *(Cut to Hitch.)*

**Hitch:** Awww, Cheery Wishday, everypony. *(Sparky babbles his own greeting; to Pipp/Zipp.)*

**Pipp, Zipp:** Joyous Wishentine! *(To Izzy on the start of the following.)*

**Izzy:** And Frosty Shivers! *(Her horn flares.)*

**Other ponies:** *(playfully needling tone)* Izzy...

**Izzy:** *(giggling)* Oops. *(stepping in place)* And a Warm Wishy Hoof to all ponies.

*(The glow switches to orange in keeping with the new spell, and the little dragon toddles across the floor and falls on his back while playing with the star-shaped pillow his fire turned Figgy's teapot into during Act Two. Cut to a long shot of the Brighthouse, the stationary Star, and the five cutie marks standing out in the sky between them and zoom out slowly.)*