

MY LITTLE PONY: EQUESTRIA GIRLS—DANCE MAGIC

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Note: This special and the two that follow it (“Movie Magic” and “Mirror Magic”) are the same length as a typical episode. Unlike the episodes, a title card is displayed immediately after the opening credits, followed by a dissolve to the first scene of Act One.

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of a bucket filled with soapy water and standing at the edge of a parking lot. Sunset Shimmer reaches down into view to soak a sponge in the contents, having shed her leather jacket.)

Pinkie Pie: *(from o.s., in rhythm)* To the right! To the right!
(Sunset dashes off; cut to the upper reaches of a side entrance to Canterlot High School, seen from ground level, and tilt down. Strung over the door is a banner depicting a squeaky-clean car amid a splash of soap, water, washing implements, and two horseshoes. It is daytime.)

To the left! To the left!

(She pops up into view.)

Now up! Now up!

Bring it down! Spin it around!

(Cut to the front end of a mud-encrusted pickup truck as Sunset darts in to ply her sponge and Applejack works on one side.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Wash that car like you mean it! Come on!

(Now Fluttershy lifts a garden hose with a sprayer nozzle attached and lets it rip toward the truck, prompting both washers to break for cover. Once she stops rinsing, Rarity steps up, twirls a hair dryer as if it were a six-shooter, and fires it up in the truck’s direction. After a few seconds, she switches it off and Pinkie comes to the line, both hands covered by mitts made of absorbent towel cloth. A few quick swipes here and there, a final touch-up on the front grille until it gleams, and the camera zooms out to frame the entire truck, whose driver’s-side window has been lowered to show Big Macintosh at the wheel. It has clearly seen better days, judging by the dented bumper and deteriorated paint job, but it is clean from one end to the other. The five who have taken part in getting the gunk off it are gathered around, as is Rainbow Dash, who takes the money Macintosh offers her.)

Rainbow: Hah. Thanks, Big Mac!

(He starts the engine and speeds away as she waves.)

Rainbow: Sweet! More cash to add to the stash! *(Pinkie pops up between her and Applejack, waving her mitts like pompoms.)*

Pinkie: Woo-hoo! *(Rarity wipes her forehead with a moan.)*

Rarity: How about a little break? All of this sunshine and suds are doing a number on my hair.

(She pats a curl in time with general agreement from the rest of the gang, who head for the grass. Fade to black, then in to them sitting/standing around a cooler and enjoying bottles of soda. Spike is now with them, lying face-up between Fluttershy and Pinkie, who has shed her drying mitts.)

Rainbow: Hey. Anybody seen Twilight lately?

(Twilight Sparkle jogs into view almost as soon as her name is said, approaching with her back to the camera and no longer wearing her Crystal Prep Academy uniform. This angle frames a dark purple skirt with violet lace at the hem and a scattering of lighter purple stars around a copy of her pony counterpart's cutie mark. A blue-violet belt and the hem of a deep pink vest are visible past the end of the ponytail she adopted in Legend of Everfree, and she wears purple Mary Janes with light blue knee socks.)

Twilight: I'm here!

(Head-on view, waist up as she continues. The vest has light pink collar trim and is over a short-sleeved, light blue blouse with white edging, and she wears a bow tie in the same shade of deep pink. Her hair is still bound in the six-pointed star scrunchie she wore in that earlier film, and a cash box is in her hands.)

Twilight: *(adjusting glasses)* I was just going over the numbers again.

Sunset: Have we raised enough to make all the repairs to Camp Everfree?

(A continuation of their short-notice fundraising efforts to keep the place running, no doubt.)

Twilight: We've only raised half. *(opening lid briefly, looking in)* I counted the money four times just to be sure. *(Spike sits up; all heads droop.)*

All others: Awwww...

Applejack: It's all right. We can just wash more cars. There's gotta be some we missed.

(Cut to her perspective, panning slowly across the lot. Except for their washing supplies and a stray tumbleweed, the place is totally barren of any signs of life. Back to her and Sunset, both properly thrown for a loop.)

Sunset: I, uh, think we're gonna have to come up with a new plan.

Rainbow: But we're running out of time! The camp fundraising deadline is next week! And Pinkie Pie's already hosted a bake sale...

(On this last sentence, pan quickly to Pinkie, who fishes a cookie from her hair and eats it. The camera then moves to Twilight, Fluttershy, and Spike, the last of whom gets a scratch under the chin from his owner. This shot frames the six-pointed pink/white overlaid star buckles on her shoes' straps.)

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* ...Twilight and Fluttershy had that doggie day care... *(Cut back to her and Sunset.)* ...and Sunset Shimmer and I planned this car wash.

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* Not to worry, darlings. *(Cut to her.)* It's my turn to devise a plan, and I already have something amazing in mind. It will be the most profitable of all of our fundraising events! *(twirling)* The *pièce de résistance!*

Applejack: *(removing/replacing hat)* Hee-yew! Now we're talkin'! What's your idea?

Rarity: Meet me in the music room later this afternoon, and I will explain everything.

Rainbow: *(walking past, touching her shoulder)* Uh-huh.

(The rest of the girls file out past her, Pinkie voicing a giddy little giggle; Spike hangs back as Rarity waves goodbye and lets her grin deflate into a look of pure anxiety.)

Spike: *(smugly)* You got nothing, huh? *(She sags on her feet.)*

Rarity: How did you know?

(Snap to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: dissolve from the title card to the interior of a shopping mall, the camera tilting down slowly from the upper level to frame shoppers roving here and there and a fountain near a set of escalators. This is the Canterlot Mall. From here, cut to a preoccupied Rarity walking past some of the storefronts.)

Rarity: Oh, rats! Three hours and still no ideas for a lucrative last-minute fundraiser. Usually window shopping inspires me.

(She stops upon hearing a male announcer's voice from an overhead display monitor.)

Announcer: Are you a musician? *(She turns to it...)*

Rarity: Hm? *(...and steps closer.)*

Announcer: Do you and your friends love to dance?

Rarity: *(hesitantly)* Yes?

(The monitor shows a plethora of question marks, which are quickly replaced by three panels that each contain a dancer's silhouette in various poses.)

Announcer: Are you unique, cool, stylish?

Rarity: *(more confidently)* Yes, yes, yes, and obviously.

Announcer: Do you want to win a cash prize?

Rarity: *(beaming)* Yes!

(A new background slides into place to fill the screen, and a microphone superimposes itself over a star and two sets of eighth notes slide in.)

Announcer: Then enter the Canterlot Mall “Chance to Prance” Competition!

(The entire collage rotates 180 degrees around a vertical axis at its center, becoming a pair of silhouettes against a spiral of lightning bolts—one singing, the other dancing.)

Announcer: All you need is a music video of your own original song and dance. *(This dissolves to a close-up of a trophy bouncing into view.)* Then you could be prancing your way to first prize. *(rapid fire)* Sign up now at the booth near the Aunt Orange smoothie kiosk.

(Feet kick into gear, but skid almost immediately to a stop in front of a window displaying a sleeveless, sequined dress in layers of red and pink. Cut to just inside the glass, the camera tilting up slowly along the mannequin's length as Rarity boggles at the sheer opulence of the garment. Disbelief slowly shifts to an ear-to-ear smile of inspiration.)

Rarity: Oh, we're certain to win!

(She hurries off. Cut to a small booth decorated with microphones, stars, and notes and rigged with a monitor advertising the competition. It is set up not far from a counter whose orange-themed design scheme pegs it as the Aunt Orange kiosk. Rarity wastes no time in finding the booth; cut to a close-up as she plucks up an application form and takes a pen from her pocket. While she is filling it out, the camera pans slightly to frame Lemon Zest, Sour Sweet, Sugarcoat, and Sunny Flare—four of Twilight's former Crystal Prep classmates, as seen in Friendship Games—regarding her from a few yards back. Sugarcoat has a bag slung over one shoulder.)

Sour: *(as all four move closer)* Rarity! Oh, what a nice surprise! *(aside, softly and viciously)* Not. *(Rarity gasps happily.)*

Rarity: Sour Sweet! Sunny Flare! Why, it's been ages!

Sugarcoat: It's only been a few months since the Friendship Games.

Rarity: Is that all? Wow! *(Airy laugh.)* How is everything over at Crystal Prep Academy?

Sunny: Oh, things at CPA have never been better since Principal Cadence took over.

(The disdain she showed for Canterlot High in Friendship Games is here entirely absent—one of two key changes since then. The other is that Abacus Cinch has apparently been ousted as the principal of Crystal Prep.)

Sour: *(happily)* Yeah, she's going to let us have the Spring Dance on a yacht, if we raise the money.

Rarity: Ooh, sounds divine.

Zest: Are you signing up for the "Chance to Prance" contest too?

Rarity: I am!

(With a laugh, she picks up her form and drops it into a waiting box.)

Rarity: Are you girls here to sign up for the competition?

Sugarcoat: We definitely aren't here because we like standing in lines.

Sour: I assume you already have a video concept figured out? The competition's going to be pretty fierce.

Rarity: Yes! It came to me as soon as I saw that gorgeous red ruffled ensemble on the way over here.

(Close-up of Sour on the end of this; the blue-violet eyes pop wide open and the freckled face rearranges itself into a cunning smile.)

Sour: Oh! Tell me more. *(Pan to frame Sugarcoat and Sunny, who catch on to her vibe.)*

Rarity: *(fluffing a curl)* Oh, well, each member of the Rainbooms is going to dance in a different style, like flamenco, hip-hop, or street ballet, and we'll wear costumes to match each genre—designed by yours truly, of course. *(Laugh; cut to Sugarcoat and Sunny, deadpan again.)*

Sugarcoat: That sounds like a very good concept.

(Another smile flicks across her classmate's face as the camera pans to Sour, who thinks fast and decides to go with the dismissive route.)

Sour: Yeah, I guess it's okay... *(softly, smiling nastily)* ...if you're going for way too over-the-top.

Rarity: *(completely missing this last)* Thanks! So what's your concept?

Sugarcoat: Nothing. We don't have one yet.

(Sunny shoots her a panicked sidewise glance over this unexpected revelation; meanwhile, Sour slaps on a hasty grin.)

Sour: Oh, what she means is, it's a surprise. But it's amazing. It's so original.

Rarity: Oh, well, I can't wait to see it. *(walking off, waving)* Good luck!

Sour: *(waving)* You too!

(The green-shadowed lids half-lower over her eyes as soon as the fashionista is well out of earshot and visual range. Dissolve to one of the music practice rooms within Canterlot High,

where all seven Rainbooms and Spike have gathered. Pinkie sits behind a drum kit; Applejack and Rainbow, on the risers with the cash box between them; Fluttershy and Spike, on the floor; Twilight and Sunset stand near Pinkie; Rarity stands facing the group. Sunset has donned her jacket now. Pan slowly across the tableau.)

Rarity: See? It's a wonderful plan! We'll write some lyrics for our new song— *(Close-up.)* —and we'll choreograph some dance moves. Then our video will win the cash prize, and *voilà!* *(Fluttershy scratches Spike's chin.)*

Applejack: You make it sound simple as pie.

Rarity: That's because it is! The girls at Crystal Prep even agree. *(Pinkie's eyes pop.)* They're making a video too.

Twilight: They are?

Rarity: I-Is that a problem, darling? *(Close-up of Twilight.)*

Twilight: *(shaking head faintly, scratching back of it)* Oh! No, it's not. Just haven't heard much about my old school since I left, I guess.

Spike: *(from o.s.)* Well, if you ask me— *(Cut to him.)* —Crystal Prep has got nothing on CHS. I love it here!

(He gets a fresh round of chin scratches from Fluttershy and voices a blissful little shudder.)

Spike: See what I mean?

Rarity: Okay. Before we get started with the choreographing of our dance moves— *(Brief, unintelligible mumble.)* —there's just one tiny, teeny-weensy, little thing I forgot to mention.

Sunset: What's that?

Rarity: *(shuddering fearfully)* I would need to use our fundraiser money to buy costume materials for the video.

(She finishes this line in a cringe with one eye squinched tight shut, as if expecting any of the others to slug her in the other one. What she gets is a long, tense silence.)

Sunset: Hm. *(Close-up.)* How much is the grand prize worth? *(Rarity zips over to her, all smiles again.)*

Rarity: More than double what we need to fix up Camp Everfree.

Rainbow: *(from o.s.)* Heh. *(Pan quickly to her, Applejack, and Fluttershy; she stands up.)* Then of course you can use the money for costumes! *(Applejack smiles and blows out a breath.)*

Applejack: Oh, what the hay. *(standing)* Why not? *(She hoists the cash box as Fluttershy gets upright, holding Spike.)*

Rainbow: Sweet! *(Pinkie wheels over to Rarity.)*

Pinkie: Whee-hee!

(The pink arms wrap the pale girl up in a hug as Sunset gives her an “attagirl” gesture. Now Twilight brings a calculator to bear, scrutinizing the printout roll attached to it.)

Twilight: According to my calculations, if we lend Rarity the funds we've already raised, we stand to gain four times as much money as we have now.

(Cheers from all sides; as they die down, she adjusts her glasses for a second look.)

Twilight: But if we lose the video contest, we'll be completely back to square one at zero dollars.

(Cut to slow pans across three of her stunned friends at a time—first Applejack/Fluttershy/Rainbow, Fluttershy still holding Spike, then Pinkie/Rarity/Sunset.)

Twilight: *(from o.s.)* Anyone else think this is an awfully risky endeavor? *(Back to her.)* I mean, um— *(Chuckle.)* —me neither. *(Big grin.)*

Rarity: All right, girls. Who's ready to shoot our winning dance music video?

(A round of cheers, and she receives the cash box from Applejack and produces a bubbly giggle.)

Rarity: Looks like I have some fabric shopping to do!

(A hail of blue gems drifts across the screen. Behind them, the view wipes to a long shot of the stage in the Canterlot High gym and zooms in slowly. Balloons, streamers, lantern strings, and bunting in a riot of colors hang from walls and ceiling; a runway projects out from the stage; a disco ball and an enormous blue gem hang above the end of this; columns and potted palm trees stand to either side; and the stage itself is decorated with a rainbow/shooting-star backdrop. All the girls except Rarity are onstage, having changed into new outfits; the purple-haired teen sits facing them in a director's chair placed on the gym floor, flanked by Photo Finish with a video camera on a tripod. To one side of the stage is a DJ booth in which DJ P0N-3 has set up her gear. A large purple bow is attached to the chair's back rest, and Spike sits at its base; gold tassels and gem-marked panels can be seen hanging from the wooden sides.)

Rarity: Let's take it from the top one more time! *(Close-up.)* Rainbow Dash, don't forget your cue. It's when Fluttershy does her triple pirouette, okay?

(This shot picks out the chair's lace edging and the three blue gems that decorate the front surface of the back rest. She nods toward Photo, the camera zooming out to frame the shutterbug, who responds with a thumbs-up and presses a button on her camera. DJ P0N-3 puts her thumb up next and sets the needle in place on one turntable.)

Rarity: *(raising one arm)* Aaaand... *(lowering it quickly)* ...action!

(A bright dance beat starts up as Fluttershy and Sunset take the stage from opposite sides. Sunset: close-fitting, sleeveless red/yellow dress whose skirt flares out past her knees, matching high heels, gold bracelets, sunburst belt buckle, hair in a bun with a magenta rose. Fluttershy: ballet leotard/tutu/leggings in layered pink/gray/blue-green, with a short-sleeved crop top over the leotard; light green toe shoes; green/white wristbands; butterfly accents. Both start to dance in styles appropriate to their clothing—flamenco and ballet, respectively—but the result is thoroughly lacking in grace and artistry. Fluttershy's little yelps of fear tell this story all too

clearly.)

Fluttershy: Whoa!

(Accompanied by an attempted turn that only manages to kick Sunset in the back and send her stumbling away.)

Sunset: Whoa!

(She regains her balance and gestures toward Fluttershy with a grin; the yellow girl rises onto one foot and executes a pirouette. One turn later, Rainbow emerges onto the stage as a hip-hopper: magenta sneakers, sweat pants with white trim, and backwards baseball cap; sparkly blue T-shirt under a darker blue, gray-trimmed jacket with red/yellow/blue patches on both forearms and a matching lightning bolt on one lapel. She shows up in a crouching slide that barely misses Sunset, and as she stands up to dance, Rarity decides she has had quite enough.)

Rarity: CUT!! *(Needle scratch; the music stops.)*

Rainbow: Hey! What happened to the music?

(The aspiring director exerts a supreme effort to keep from using some entertainingly bad language and works her face around into a smile.)

Rarity: *(standing up, crossing to stage)* Fluttershy, it's supposed to be a *triple* pirouette. *(Spike yawns and stretches.)*

Fluttershy: I know. It's just that, um... *(stammering a bit)* ...I...I-I don't think I can do one of those!

Rarity: *(patting Fluttershy's hair down, hugging her)* Darling, of course you can, darling. I believe in you.

Spike: *(scratching, standing on hind legs with front paws spread)* How about you try jazz paws instead?

Sunset: *(patting her hair)* Heh. Thanks, Spike, but all these moves are pretty hard.

Rarity: Oh, I know. But if we want to win, we have to bring our A-game!

(Now Twilight stands alongside Sunset, seen from the knees up: one-shouldered two-tone dark gold dress reminiscent of a Roman toga; violet skirt dusted with yellow stars and trimmed in dark gold at the hem; her scrunchie accented by the addition of a second pink star trailing yellow/blue ribbons.)

Twilight: Crystal Prep certainly will. They're excellent dancers, and you know how they love to compete.

(Applejack steps up next to Rarity, also from the knees up. Red-dotted white shirt with rolled-up sleeves and an apple brooch at the dark red collar; blue/gray vest over this; denim skirt; brown belt with an apple buckle. The blonde rests a calming hand on her friend's shoulder.)

Applejack: How 'bout we forget about the other teams and get back to dancin'?

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Great idea, Applejack!

(Pan quickly to her, at the far end of the stage. Loose, sleeveless, knee-length yellow dress with a white collar; blue leggings that match the dress's belt; her trademark three balloons at the hem; pink, stacked-heeled shoes with blue trim; her usual blue bracelets. She is doing a dance that centers around planting each foot ahead of herself and sliding it back.)

Pinkie: It's really fun! I haven't stopped this whole time!

Rarity: *(slightly disgusted, leaving stage)* Let's take it from Rainbow's entrance!

(Photo restarts her camera, DJ P0N-3 adjusts a control, and Rarity—now back in her chair—sighs heavily.)

Rarity: *(raising a fist)* Aaaand...action!

(The music restarts, Rainbow does her sliding entrance to stop between Fluttershy and Sunset, and all three start into their respective styles. The performance goes off the rails when one of Sunset's heels rips a gash down the side of Rainbow's jacket. Rarity yelps in fright, and the music stops short as she dashes onto the stage to inspect the damage. It elicits a shocked gasp.)

Rarity: *(hand to forehead)* This is a disaster!

Sunset: Whoops. Sorry, Rarity.

Rarity: Oh...well, I can fix it. *(pulling Rainbow's jacket off)* But I'll have to run to the fabric store before it closes. Keep practicing while I'm gone!

(She runs for the wings with a cry of panic. This sequence frames Applejack's footwear as her usual boots and Twilight's as a pair of gold slippers with stacked heels/soles. Rainbow's blue shirt proves to be sleeveless. Sunset shrugs helplessly at the other five dancers as the view dissolves to a row of stores within the Canterlot Mall. Zoom in on one establishment loaded with rolls of fabric; Rarity sprints out from here, bags in tow.)

Rarity: Oh, thank goodness I budgeted for backup fabric.

(She freezes in her tracks; cut to her perspective of the fountain and zoom in. Sour, Sugarcoat, and Sunny have donned dance outfits of their own and are trying out a few steps for a video camera on a tripod. Sour: sleeveless, deep yellow dress with a short ruffled skirt over a sparkly knee-length second one in light blue; platform sandals that match the dress; wide blue-green bracelet on each wrist; yellow/pink accents and a heart on the dress's front lacings. Sugarcoat: sleeveless magenta top under a dark gray vest; short, deep pink skirt with darker stripes under a still-shorter purple layer with lighter edging, similar to a tutu; striped athletic socks with red sneakers; magenta/green wristbands. Sunny: sleeveless top striped in two shades of magenta; short, ruffled pink skirt with purple edging; pink leggings; blue-gray knee-high boots with stacked heels; broad silver bracelets. The first two are on the floor, the third on the fountain's edge. They have a rock-oriented groove playing, and Zest somersaults into view after a moment:

short-sleeved magenta sweater; two-tone yellow-green skirt with a blue under-layer and purple leggings; purple sneaker-styled boots with blue trim and stacked heels/soles. The four Shadowbolts strike a group pose, prompting Rarity to gasp and rub her eye in undiluted disbelief. Cut to her perspective of Sour, who gestures tauntingly.)

Rarity: Is that a disco-inspired look? (*Pan/tilt up to Sunny, then down to Sugarcoat.*) And a street ballet tutu?!? (*Back to her.*) I don't believe it. They stole my brilliant idea!

(Her mouth begins to wobble as the music ends and the view fades to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to Rarity working assiduously at a sewing machine to fix the tear in Rainbow's jacket. She is in her bedroom, whose overall décor is not unlike that of the upper-story workspace and living quarters in her pony self's Carousel Boutique. Zoom in slowly, then cut to a close-up that shows her wearing the reading glasses. A knock at the closed door is her cue to stop; she removes the spectacles just in time for the gang to throw it open, all back in their usual clothes. All but Pinkie and Sunset are immediately visible, and the former adds her presence by hanging her head into view from the top of the frame.)

Pinkie: (*singsong*) We're heeere! (*She retreats; the others enter, and Twilight holds up her cell phone.*)

Twilight: We got your text. (*Pinkie and Sunset follow them.*) You said it was an emergency?

Applejack: Everythin' all right, sugar cube? (*Rarity crosses the room...*)

Rarity: Well... (*...and sits on a couch.*) ...since you asked...

(She takes a moment to brush her skirt down, then completely loses her cool.)

Rarity: (*sobbing, draping herself on couch*) ...the answer is *no!*

(Fluttershy sits on the bed and begins to pet this world's version of Opalescence, Pony Rarity's cat. Spike sits alongside her.)

Fluttershy: Oh, no! What happened? (*Rarity raises her face, mascara running badly.*)

Rarity: (*between sobs*) Sour Sweet and the Crystal Prep girls stole our video concept! (*Cut to Twilight and Applejack; she continues o.s.*) I saw them filming at the mall. (*To the bed; Rainbow and Sunset have now sat here as well, and Sunset picks up Spike.*) They copied my design ideas and everything!

(Back to her, smiling despite her trashed makeup.)

Rarity: So of course, they looked absolutely fabulous. (*distraught again*) But the worst part is that they're all incredible dancers! (*Pinkie crosses to her with a gasp.*)

Pinkie: Major bummer in the summer! (*She holds up a...*) Tissue for your issue? (*Rarity takes it*

with a sniffle.)

Rarity: Ta.

(Pinkie backs off, and she proceeds to wipe her face clean and blow her nose with great force.)

Rarity: Everyone is counting on me, on the video to win us the prize money for the camp! *(Flop back onto the couch; a burst of anger takes hold.)* Oh, how could I have been such a fool? Of course those Crystal Preppers stole my concept. *(Sit up.)* I practically served it to them on a platter! *(Cut to Twilight.)*

Twilight: Don't be too hard on yourself. It's gonna take more than one Friendship Games for those Crystal Prep girls to learn that winning isn't everything. *(Zoom out to frame Applejack on the next line.)*

Applejack: Eh, maybe this was all for the best.

Rarity: Hm? W-What do you mean?

(Cut to the other six girls; Pinkie has fetched up on the floor by the bed.)

Applejack: Uh...your concept and costumes are really awesome, but, uh...our dancin'...

Sunset: Mmm—not so much.

Applejack: *(chuckling)* We could barely get in a two-step without trippin' over each other's boots!

(The other five have a laugh over this observation.)

Rarity: *(from o.s., indignantly)* Nonsense! *(Cut to her, standing up and no longer holding her tissue.)* You all looked great! *(Sigh.)* Okay, maybe not great, but...but... *(socking fist into palm)* ...uh, but it was getting there! *(pacing)* And the point is, we don't have to let them win. That is *our* video concept, and I am going straight to Crystal Prep to let them know that they have messed with the wrong girls! *(Snarl.)* Who's with me?

(Cut to the rest of the gang and pan slowly from one end of the bed to the other. Not one girl is ready to meet her eyes—least of all Twilight—and the camera cuts back to Rarity after quite a few seconds have passed. She snaps out of her righteous anger and clears her throat in a slightly embarrassed fashion.)

Rarity: Mmm—no, n-no, s-seriously, who is with me? I have no idea how to get to Crystal Prep.

Twilight: I'll go. *(Pinkie stands up in the background.)* Maybe I can try to reason with them. We were classmates once. *(Rarity bounds over to her.)*

Rarity: That's the spirit! *(seizing her wrist, dragging her out)* Come on!

(All eyes turn toward the door and the departing duo, broadcasting the silent query of “what the heck just happened?” Cut to the upper reaches of the exterior of Crystal Prep and tilt down to ground level. Knots of students stand talking on and around the front steps. From here, cut to one corner of the building as Twilight and Rarity peek cautiously into view around it. The fashion-conscious student has wrapped a deep purple scarf around her hair to conceal as much

of it as possible, and sunglasses with purple lenses obscure her eyes. They slip around the corner and in through the nearest door without being noticed. Inside, they inch along one wall, avoiding detection once more, and Rarity takes point to come around a corner and plaster herself against a row of lockers.)

Rarity: *(whispering, removing shades)* Okay! Where's the dance studio? *(Twilight puts her head into view.)*

Twilight: *(whispering)* There's a dance studio?

Rarity: *(normal volume, vexed)* Didn't you go to this school?

Twilight: *(normal volume)* Well, I can show you where the library is.

(Her silly little grin proves helpful in calming her fellow spy's ire, but here comes the same beat to which the Shadowbolts were dancing at the Canterlot Mall.)

Rarity: Wait! Shh! That's their music!

(Cut to just behind them, facing a partly open door at a T-junction that is the source of the beat.)

Rarity: Bingo!

(She gets moving. Cut to within this room at ground level, framing Sugarcoat's sneaker-clad legs going through a dance routine. The visible walls are covered with floor-to-ceiling mirrors, and a "barre" railing runs along the one directly behind her, in which the door is set. Once she leaps out of view, Twilight and Rarity lean in around opposite sides of the frame and are just in time to get an eyeful of Zest somersaulting across. Sour, Sugarcoat, and Sunny strike poses in line at the far wall, which is not mirrored, and Zest comes to rest in a crouch before them as the music ends. They have a full view of both not-so-covert operatives, one of whom—no points for guessing which—just stares with eyes shrunken to pinpricks and jaw hanging almost to the point of falling free. These two are now inside the studio.)

Sour: Hey, girls! *(Zest stands up.)* So what did you think of our routine? *(softly, menacingly)* Scared yet?

Rarity: Don't change the subject, Sour Sweet!

Sugarcoat: But you didn't bring up a subject. *(Rarity leans into her face.)*

Rarity: You either! *(Back off.)*

Sour: *(rolling eyes)* Ooo-kay.

Rarity: You know why we're here. You stole my—our—music video idea. Now...change your concept, or...else!

Sour: *(chuckling)* Uh, sorry, but we can't.

(The quartet can, however, deliver a round of derisive laughter.)

Twilight: And why is that?

Sunny: Because we care about winning. Duh!

(So much for that brighter tone she exhibited in Act One, then.)

Sour: And we will— *(smiling evilly)* —because we’re just about to submit our video.

(More malicious mirth, which brings a tiny gasp from the purple-haired interloper.)

Rarity: You’re what? *(sputtering indignantly)* It doesn’t matter, because we are still doing our video the way we planned!

Sour: *(smugly)* Go ahead. But there’s just one flaw in your little plan.

Sunny: By the time you submit yours, it’ll just look like *you* copied *us*.

Sugarcoat: Except a worse version.

(Rarity opens her mouth to deliver a real crusher, but finds herself at a total loss for words as Zest starts a portable stereo playing on a side table. The Shadowbolts strike their final pose as the last chords ring out and Rarity steams silently under the scarf that has done her no good whatsoever. Dissolve to the Canterlot High practice room that she and her friends used for a strategy meeting in Act One. All but Pinkie are sitting/standing on the risers, Fluttershy holding Spike, and Rarity stands facing them. She has done away with her disguise.)

Rarity: Oh, this is all my fault! All the money we raised is gone, and now we have no music video! I should never have convinced you all that we could pull this off in so little time!

Rainbow: Are you crazy? We’re *great* at doing stuff super-fast! *(laughing a bit)* I mean, look at Pinkie Pie. *(gesturing across room)* She just built that castle made entirely out of chocolate bars while we were talking.

(Cut to a close-up of the missing party expert, who is setting an eight-pointed star fashioned from chocolate at the peak of a roof made of this same sweet and sporting white icing trim. Zoom out quickly to frame all of this structure, which stands to perhaps three-fourths of the ceiling height and bears more than a passing resemblance to the Castle of Friendship in Ponyville. Assorted cakes, cookies, and candies have been used for every inch of the thing, and she has had to stand on the room’s piano to get the star in place. After a moment’s careful appraisal, she rips a chunk from the nearest eave and starts biting.)

Pinkie: Want some?

Rarity: What I want is a new video concept.

Pinkie: *(shrugging)* Eh. *(Another chomp.)*

Rainbow: So let’s create one!

Rarity: *(brightening)* Really? *(A babel of assents.)*

Sunset: I’m sure if we all put our heads together, we’ll come up with something even better than before.

Rarity: Okay. I suppose it’s worth a try.

(In ones and twos, the six at/near the risers are hauled bodily away by a pair of lightning-fast pink arms. Cut to ground level, the camera pointing up at all their faces jammed together in a seven-way huddle; Fluttershy is no longer holding Spike, and Pinkie has ditched her candy bar.)

Pinkie: *(whispering loudly)* I think it's working!

Applejack: Yeah! I-I got somethin'! Okay, so we're in home ec class...

(A flash of white, and the view has shifted to this particular classroom as seen in the "Pinkie on the One" short. Ovens, sinks, kitchen cabinets, mixers, and the like. A cluster of flashes deposits all seven girls here, now kitted out in various Western-themed outfits that all include cowboy hats. Spike arrives with them, but has been spared the instant makeover. Rarity takes one look at the scruffy overalls allotted to her and shrieks in terror.)

Applejack: ...bakin' some apple fritters...

(A pie tin appears in Twilight's hands and a tray of finished goods in Sunset's, the latter also receiving oven mitts for safety. Pinkie winds up with a mixing bowl as Rarity gets her own tray and mitts, not entirely sure what to make of all this.)

Applejack: ...and then a fresh batch comes out of the oven...

(It materializes on her upraised palm, as does a mitt, and she breathes deeply of the rising steam and sighs contentedly. Zoom out from her, Fluttershy now holding Spike.)

Applejack: ...and everybody's havin' a great time.

(Which they do. Pinkie plucks a fritter from Applejack's tray and bites into it. Rarity prepares to do likewise with one of her own, but stops short with a distrustful glare that halts the merriment in its tracks.)

Rarity: Wait. *(Sigh.)* So, basically we are eating pastries at school in our music video.

(Pinkie leans in to swipe the uneaten fritter on the end of this.)

Applejack: *(chuckling sheepishly, scratching back of head)* Uh...I guess I'm just kinda hungry.

Rarity: *(viciously)* Anyone have another idea? *(Close-up of Rainbow.)*

Rainbow: *(waving hand)* Oh, oh! I do! So, we're in the middle of the jungle...

(A flash shifts the scene to a heavily overgrown tract and changes her clothing to that of an explorer: bush shirt, shorts, pith helmet. She begins to run; during the next line, the camera zooms out to frame the other girls, who have had their attire changed out to better suit the dense forest that surrounds them. Fluttershy is still carrying a rather confused Spike along, and the shouts of hostile pursuers drift after the gang as arrows strike the trees.)

Rainbow: ...and we're being chased by headsmen who are shooting poisoned arrows at us!
(Screams up and down the line.) When suddenly...

(She skids to a stop, Twilight/Applejack/Fluttershy thudding into her from behind.)

Rainbow: ...out of nowhere, the shadow of a giant beast appears!

(Said shadow casts itself over a rock wall directly in front of her, accompanied by a screeching roar. Its overall contours are strikingly similar to Ahuizotl, one of Daring Do's archenemies back in Equestria.)

Twilight: Wait a second! Isn't this a scene from the latest Daring Do book?

Rainbow: *(laughing sheepishly, scratching back of head)* Oh, yeah. That's why it seemed so cool. Never mind.

Pinkie: Okay, I've got it!

(She nonchalantly ducks an incoming arrow, which embeds itself in the tree trunk behind her and sets Rarity to shuddering.)

Rarity: *(unnerved)* Please, do tell.

Pinkie: We'll start out on...

(Reaching up past the top edge of the screen, she pulls down a new scene in front of herself as if it were a windowshade: a simplistic marker drawing of a cratered moonscape in outer space.)

Pinkie: *(voice over)* ...the moon! And we'll be wearing really sparkly costumes!

(Seven quick flashes deposit the entire membership of the Rainbooms up here with their instruments and a microphone for Twilight. All are rendered in the same art style as the backdrop, and are back in their usual outfits. The drawn-in Pinkie takes over from here.)

Pinkie: No, wait! We'll be in spacesuits!

(Another round of flashes puts a transparent domed helmet on every head. Applejack's hat winds up perched on top of hers, and Twilight taps the mic against her own, unsure of how to use it in light of the equipment change. Throughout the rest of this sequence, all spoken lines reverberate slightly within the helmets. Cheese wheels float up past the group, with wedges cut away to expose mouthfuls of sharp teeth, the camera tilting up to follow.)

Pinkie: We're surrounded by Gorgonzola cheese! *(She drifts past.)* But then a space doggie walks over—

(Or floats over, in this case—it is Spike, with a helmet and drawn like the others.)

Pinkie: *(moving o.s.)* —and starts to eat the cheese! *(He does so, unhindered by the dome.)*

Spike: Mmm! Rich with buttery undertones.

(Down below, the girls have shed their instruments. Six of them laugh it up at being freed from the bonds of Earth's gravity while the seventh scowls below them and finally boils over. Close-up

of her.)

Rarity: *Stop!*

(A flash transports her back to the practice room, laughter floating around her.)

Rarity: *This will never work!*

(Zoom out to frame the others, paying no mind; they only put a sock in it once she trains an infuriated growl in their direction.)

Pinkie: Aww, why not?

Rarity: *(growling softly)* Because the contest is for dance music videos! And not one of your ideas included dancing at all!

Pinkie: But they were pretty funny, huh? *(Giggle.)* I liked yours, Rainbow Dash.

Rainbow: Thanks, Pinkie.

(The budding impresario gives voice to a snarl of unadulterated rage, but bites it off before it has a chance to turn into language that would make a sailor blush.)

Fluttershy: Are you okay?

Rarity: *(about to blow her top)* Okay? No, I am not okay! The contest deadline is tomorrow, and we have just been wasting time!

(She storms out, the camera cutting to a slow pan across her dumbfounded friends. Fade to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of a building, the camera angled to point up from ground level toward its upper stories. A neon sign advertising a diner hangs out front, and a slow tilt down frames this establishment on the ground floor. Cut to inside; Octavia and Sandalwood cross the floor with their orders, giving a clear view of Rarity sitting in a booth near the windows. An ice cream sundae of some magnitude sits on the table before her, but even from this distance, the streaks of mascara on her cheeks tell all of her despondent mood. In close-up, she sobs over the frozen treat in between bouts of plying her spoon against it. After a couple of cycles, she gets snapped out of her self-pity by a familiar voice.)

Sunny: *(from o.s.)* It's no use, Sour Sweet. Why are we even still trying?

(Rarity glances back over the edge of her seat. Pan quickly to another booth, this one occupied by the Shadowbolts with varied refreshments. Sour and Zest sit facing Sugarcoat and Sunny, and all are back in their school uniforms.)

Sour: Because the deadline hasn't passed. We can still come up with an original song to replace the Sapphire Shores one we've been practicing our choreography with.

Sugarcoat: That's highly unlikely.

Zest: Why did we tell Rarity that we already submitted our video?

Sour: So that we can still use her concept. Rarity is creative. (*Cut to Rarity, wiping her face clean; Sour continues o.s.*) She'll come up with something else. (*Back to the other booth.*) But if we don't, we have nothing. And imagine what our classmates would say.

(She covers her face with her hands. Sugarcoat and Sunny glance at her, then each other, then sullenly away, realizing that she has just hit it dead on. Zest is the one to break the silence.)

Zest: They'll say it's our fault the Spring Dance had to be held in the boring old auditorium, instead of on a yacht like we promised.

Sour: Exactly.

(Cut back to Rarity, who ducks away from the edge and puts a surprised hand to her mouth.)

Rarity: (*to herself*) Oh! They just don't want to disappoint their classmates! (*The Shadowbolts again.*)

Sugarcoat: But the Rainbooms have a band. They'll surely have a killer original song, and we don't.

Sour: Yet.

Sunny: Face it, Sour. We're doomed!

(The collective deep blue funk is interrupted by a throat-clearing from the o.s. Rarity; pan slightly to frame her now standing alongside, all smiles again.)

Rarity: Excuse me, girls. (*Zest and Sour stop drinking, shocked.*)

Sour: (*forced casual tone*) R-Rarity! Uh, how long have you been over there?

Rarity: Long enough to hear that you have no original song. (*Cut to the table.*)

Sugarcoat: Like I said, doomed. (*Rarity laughs from o.s.; back to her.*)

Rarity: (*stammering a bit*) Maybe you're not.

(She eases in next to Sunny, who slides toward Sugarcoat to make room.)

Rarity: Look, I know our teams haven't been getting along too well lately— (*These two smile.*) —but I think I have a solution where everybody wins. (*All four focus on her.*)

Sour: We're listening.

(Dissolve to a long shot of Canterlot High during the day, zooming in slowly, then cut to the Rainbooms walking into the gym. Fluttershy is carrying Spike.)

Applejack: (*to Rarity*) So what's the big plan you were excited about?

(The mastermind just cuts her eyes toward the stage, bringing gasps from the others—some

happy, some incredulous. A long shot and slow zoom out discloses the extensive redesign of the stage and gym floor; the columns and overhead balloons/bunting are still in place, but the single large blue gem and disco ball have been replaced by clusters of smaller jewels. Blue crystal facets line both ends of the stage, whose runway has been removed, and the edges of a dance floor divided into multicolored light-up squares. A set of steps leads down to this from the stage, and a rainbow backdrop arcs from one end to the other, lined with clouds and small gems.)

Rainbow: Whoa!

Pinkie: Whee!

(Awed murmurs from various other girls are mixed in, and continue as the camera cuts to a slow pan across the Rainbooms.)

Sunset: Aren't the Crystal Prep girls using this video idea now? *(Rainbow zips closer to the stage with a nonchalant shrug.)*

Rarity: They are, yes—but so are we! *(calling o.s.)* Girls! You can come out now!

(She turns to the stage as four very chastened rivals step out onto it and are met with a round of incredibly confused stares.)

Rarity: I know it's hard to believe, but the Crystal Preppers here helped me to realize that competing against one another was getting us nowhere.

Zest: And Rarity helped show us that winning was the only thing driving us. *(slumping)* We didn't even care if we had to steal to accomplish it.

Sour: But that's not who we are...anymore.

(Rarity gestures at them from the base of the steps as the rest of her friends approach.)

Rarity: The Crystal Prep Academy girls have offered to help with dance moves if we'll help them with an original song.

Sugarcoat: *(smiling)* Combining our talents is the most logical thing to do.

Sunny: We'll make one epic music video together.

Rarity: *(nervously)* So? What do you guys think? Are you in?

(Cut to a slow pan across the other six Rainbooms, all of whom mutter indecisively with the exception of Pinkie, on whom the camera stops. Enthusiasm is written in foot-high letters all over the pink face. As she speaks, the camera cuts closer in three steps, ending in an extreme close-up of her mug.)

Pinkie: *Best music video idea ever!*

(As at the start of the Act One rehearsal, a mass of blue gems floats across the screen. Behind it, wipe to a slow pan across the stage and dance floor. The girls from both schools are in their dance outfits and are chattering happily among themselves; Rainbow's jacket has been repaired, and Spike is being petted by Sunset on the stage. Fluttershy carries a sheaf of pages to Sunny.)

Fluttershy: *(handing her a page; it is sheet music)* We can start by teaching you the words to our song.

Sunny: But—this is just about the Rainbooms. There's nothing about us in the lyrics.

Fluttershy: *(knowingly)* Yet. *(holding up a pen)* Want to help me make some changes?

(Cut to Rarity. From the waist up: sleeveless yellow/light-blue dress with a flared skirt, pale blue hair band with a purple gem print, dark purple belt, her usual gold bracelets. A gap in the skirt front exposes a pale yellow under-layer marked with purple stars.)

Rarity: Anybody else care to work on some music? *(Sour slides over to her.)*

Sour: We'll get to it after I teach you some dance moves. *(Rarity recoils a bit, then puts a hand on her shoulder.)*

Rarity: Music first. *(Sour shakes it off.)*

Sour: Dance first.

Rarity: *(needled)* Music first!

Sour: *(ditto)* Dance first!

Rarity: Music first!

Sour: Dance first!

Sugarcoat: *(from o.s.)* The order is irrelevant.

(The impasse breaks; cut to her and Pinkie, the violet eyes behind the lenses and the cocked eyebrow above them broadcasting disgust loud and clear. Once Rarity and Sour recover from that glare, both smile sheepishly and Sour scratches at the back of her head.)

Rarity: Oh, yeah.

(Both laugh, then sigh wearily and slump on their feet. The gloom lasts only a moment, though, as they are quick to throw knowing smiles at each other. Snap to black.)

Voice of Rarity: Lights!

(Two spotlights flick on, giving a close-up of them suspended up near the top of the stage's rainbow backdrop.)

Sour: *(from o.s.)* Camera!

(A video camera is lifted into view, and one of the spots aims itself at the screen, flooding the view with a blinding glare.)

Rarity: *(from o.s.)* Action!

Same dance beat that the Rainbooms used for practice in Act One
Energetic staccato synthesizer line with backing electric guitar, fast 4 (B flat major)
Percussion in on fourth bar

Background lyrics in square brackets; any marked with exclamation points are shouted

(A blue-green gem appears, the screen around it clock-wiping in segments to fill with a starburst of two-tone rays from it. The lot disappears in like manner to give an extreme close-up of Rarity pulling on a pair of ankle-length yellow boots with blue gems up the front and purple soles and high heels. Three similar transitions in purple, pink, and violet shift the focus to Sunset pulling on gold wrist bracers, Sour donning large hoop earrings, and Twilight fitting a six-pointed pink star clip to the waistline of her dress. She now wears a broad band of gold material on each upper arm, matching the upper portion of her dress. The star spins out toward the camera to fill the screen with its color, and a white copy of it spins out from the center as rays in the Rainbooms' colors spill out to fill the surrounding space. Twilight has ponied up in this sequence, and the same will be true of all her friends when they are seen next; furthermore, touches of sparkles and individualized accessories have been added here and there on the two groups' outfits as later noted.)

(One last flash shifts the view to Sunset moving onto the stage.)

Sunset: I feel it stirring deep down inside my soul
(clicking toes against boards, gesturing to one side)
The rhythm's taking hold and it's about to roll

Bass in

(Pan quickly to Twilight on the dance floor. Her glasses, not seen in the intro, have been traded for a spangled pair with larger, rounder violet lenses, and pink stars have been added to her shoes.)

Twilight: A million sparkles falling across the floor
So, DJ, give it more, it's what we're looking for

Percussion drops back to time-keeping cymbal

(Spotlights flick on to pick out various sub-groups of the eleven teens: Fluttershy and Sugarcoat, Twilight/Rarity/Sour/Sunny, Rainbow and Zest, Applejack/Pinkie/Sunset, and finally Rarity and a winking Sour. Further additions to the Rainbooms' outfits are as follows. Fluttershy: jeweled butterfly hair clip. Twilight: pink stars on shoes. Rarity: jeweled gold hair band replacing the printed blue one; purple gem on a gold belt. Rainbow: medallion around neck, gold hoop earrings set with lightning bolts. Applejack: darker brown hat with an apple on the band, short, fringed, apple-marked brown boots. Pinkie: jeweled balloon belt buckle, fluffy blue warmers on shoulders, multiple bracelets on each wrist. Sunny's pink leggings have been replaced by broad, sparkly, blue-green coverings from knee to ankle, their cut resembling a pair of bell-bottom pants, and she has added shoulder pads to her collar and a belt marked with heart-shaped horseshoes. Zest has donned broad blue-violet bracelets on each wrist.)

Rainbooms: Dance [dance] the night away
All our friends right by our side

Full percussion in

(Zoom out from these last two to put them in line with Pinkie and Rainbow on the stage. Pair

after pair of clasped hands are raised, and all leap joyfully toward the ceiling, the camera cutting from one to the next in time with an accelerating drum fill. A jeweled balloon clip is now seen in Pinkie's hair.)

It doesn't matter what style you bring
We're about to go on that ride [Hey!]

(Pinkie dances by herself, while the others pair off: Applejack and Sunset, Fluttershy and Sugarcoat, Rainbow and Zest, Rarity and Sour, Twilight and Sunny.)

It's dance magic, once you have it
Let your body move, step into the music
It's dance magic, and it's electric
Let your body move to the music

Rap; guitar out

(A gem cluster swings to fill the screen, then disappears to present Pinkie as a rapper in front of a graffiti-marked brick wall. Backwards baseball cap and pants, hooded sweatshirt, athletic jersey, sunglasses with louvered lenses. She moves aside, exposing the artwork fully as a design that incorporates the Rainbooms' cutie marks.)

Pinkie: Doesn't matter what style you got, just keep dancing on that spot
(The other ten girls slide into view behind her, and three vertical panels slide up one by one to tile the screen: Sour, Twilight, Rarity.)

Your friends like you for who you are, dance queen, on the scene,
superstar

(They are pulled away to show the Shadowbolts doing their thing; next Rainbow breakdances for her friends.)

Crystal Prep, you've got the moves, Rainboom bringing all the
grooves

(Solo dance.)

Put it together and make it fit, Crystal Rainbooms, dance magic

(The mural drifts past, the view wiping behind it to the collective onstage; Pinkie is back in her dance outfit now.)

Rap ends; guitar in; percussion drops back to time-keeping cymbal

Rainbooms: Dance [dance] the night away
All our friends right by our side

Full percussion in

(Rarity puts an arm around Sour's shoulders.)

It doesn't matter what style you bring

(A segmented clock wipe as in the intro shifts the view to a quick series of individual freeze frames, the tempo matching an accelerating drum fill.)

We're about to go on that ride [Hey!]

(A wink from Sour, and Pinkie leads into the same sequence of pairs as in the first chorus.)

It's dance magic, once you have it
Let your body move, step into the music
It's dance magic, and it's electric
Let your body move to the music

Bass out

(A gem cluster swings down to fill the screen; from here, cut to a new, slowly rotating disco ball suspended from the ceiling. It bears silhouettes of the Rainbooms and throws gleams all over the gym. Zoom out from this to floor level; the girls dance in front of the stage. Rainbow slides in, wearing her cap the right way around to show a lightning bolt, and flips the bill up.)

Rainbooms: Crystal Rainbooms got a style that's all our own
(Applejack, then Fluttershy, then Pinkie/Zest advance out from the spotlights.)
Dancing nonstop, body moving in the zone

Bass in

(Cut to a close-up of Applejack's toe-tapping boots and tilt up to frame all of her; Rarity and Sour come up from either side, and the rest quickly gather in.)

Bring whatever style you got
'Cause the party is going on [Hey!]
(Rarity dances solo, soon joined by Sour, and the camera zooms out slowly to frame all.)
It's dance magic, and it's electric
Let your body move to the music

Hold last word, then song ends on a stinger

(The zoom reveals that this entire performance has been playing on an overhead monitor in the Canterlot Mall. The Rainbooms and Shadowbolts have been watching it, all back in their everyday clothes, and the Rainbooms' equine features have subsided.)

Applejack: Yee-hoo! We got enough to make Camp Everfree look just like new!
Zest: We're having the Spring Dance on a yacht! *(They trade a high five.)*
Pinkie: *(throwing arms around their shoulders)* Who's up for a celebratory Aunt Orange smoothie?

(The response is swift, unanimous, and quite enthusiastic, and nine girls start off to get their drink on. Rarity and Sour stay put; the former thinks for a moment, then gasps deeply and waves the latter back from following with a shuddery exclamation.)

Rarity: I have just had the most brilliant idea! Maybe Crystal Prep could use an award-winning band to play at their Spring Dance? It'd be the perfect way to show off your new dance moves.

Sour: That would be amazing! Of course, then we'd have a new dilemma to deal with.

Rarity: Oh, no! What?

Sour: *(beaming)* Figuring out what we're all gonna wear.

Rarity: Oh, I already have some ideas that I'd be willing to share. *(They walk off.)*

Sour: Me too!

(The former rivals giggle as they hurry to catch up to the others. Fade to black.)