**GRIFFON THE BRUSH OFF**

**Written by Cindy Morrow**

**Produced by Sarah Wall**

**Story editing by Rob Renzetti**

**Supervising direction by Jayson Thiessen**

**Co-directed by James Wootton**

**Transcribed by Alan Back (**[**ajback@yahoo.com**](mailto:ajback@yahoo.com)**)**

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a stretch of park land on the outskirts of Ponyville during the day. Pan away from a small stream.*)

**Pinkie Pie:** (*from o.s., excitedly*) Hoof-biting action overload! She was like a stunt superstar—

(*Stop on a fountain, next to which she is jumping up and down, and a bench, on which Twilight Sparkle has settled down on her belly to read a book.*)

**Pinkie:** —flying higher and higher, and then Rainbow Dash swooped down, swoosh! (*She zips o.s., then hops back.*) And right before she hit the ground, shoom! (*floating, then landing on hooves*) She pulled up! Vroom!

**Twilight:** (*paying no attention*) Uh-huh.

**Pinkie:** And then she looped around and around, like woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo!

(*She mimics the action with her head, eventually becoming so dizzy that she collapses to the ground.*)

**Twilight:** Uh-huh.

(*The pink pony has wound up on her back, giving her a good view of Rainbow Dash soaring overhead; she bounds up and races after the blue flyer.*)

**Twilight:** Phew!

(*She flips a page, using her teeth rather than magic, and keeps reading. Cut to Rainbow in flight.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, Rainbow Dash!

(*Her eyes pop as she notices Pinkie trotting along the park trail below, and she voices an annoyed little groan.*)

**Rainbow:** Pinkie Pie? Not again!

(*She comes up with a burst of speed that prompts the earthbound admirer to follow suit.*)

**Pinkie:** Rainbow Dash!

**Rainbow:** Not now, Pinkie Pie! (*More speed; Pinkie matches her.*)

**Pinkie:** But—but, Rainbow Dash!

**Rainbow:** I’m in the middle of something!

**Pinkie:** But—

**Rainbow:** I said, not now!

(*Her mid-air wind sprint ends very suddenly when she plows face first into a sheer rock wall. Zoom out to expose it as part of a very tall cliff, from which she slides down after sticking to it for a moment. She winds up in a heap, in front of Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** I was gonna tell you to look out for that mountain.

(*A groan of mixed pain and frustration from Rainbow. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to an overhead view of the town square pavilion. Zoom in slowly as Pinkie crosses the open area, humming to herself, then cut to a close-up and tilt up into the sky. Here, Rainbow is napping on a cloud; the humming wakes her up, so she stuffs a wad of cloud into each ear—but even this is not enough to block out the sound. Down below, Pinkie stops to address three ponies at a produce cart.*)

**Pinkie:** Hi! I’m looking for Rainbow Dash. Have you seen her?

(*Rainbow snaps bolt upright in a panic upon hearing this, the clouds falling away from her ears, and starts burrowing in to hide herself.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Hi there! Have you seen Rainbow Dash?…Okay, thanks anyway. (*Ground level; she finds Twilight outside a bookshop.*) Twilight! Have you seen Rainbow Dash anywhere?

**Twilight:** (*pointing up*) Isn’t she right up there?

(*Tilt quickly up to the cloud, from which only Rainbow’s rear half now protrudes vertically.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., singsong*) Rainbow Dash!

(*Up comes the striped mane, a wisp of cloud adhering to it over a truly freaked-out face. She looks one way, then another, and takes off with enough speed to pulverize the rest of the cloud. Pinkie, completely unfazed, begins hopping along the road after her at a leisurely pace. Rainbow streaks through the sky, punching holes in several clouds and buzzing over Sweet Apple Acres, and takes cover behind one corner of the barn. A peek around it shows the coast to be clear.*)

**Rainbow:** Phew! That was close.

(*Or maybe not, as seen when the turns to leave and finds the pink wacko standing right in front of her.*)

**Pinkie:** Hi!

(*That one word is enough to get Rainbow flying again with a scream; this time, she rockets through the orchard, blowing a few apples loose—and here comes the equine pogo stick again. Rainbow makes a break for it through Ponyville proper and plunges into the tree branches of the library. This shot reveals the entire structure, including one top-floor detail not yet seen: the observatory platform attached to the highest limb is outfitted with a telescope.*)

(*After a quick peek through the leaves, Rainbow begins to catch her breath and relax—only to find a moment later that she is actually sitting on Pinkie’s head.*)

**Pinkie:** Hi again!

(*Another yell and high-speed bug-out, this one ranging over meadowlands and up a distant hill, and once again Pinkie takes her time following. High overhead, the unstrung pegasus tiptoes away from a cloud she had used as a hideout and descends to the shore of a small lake. All clear on land, but the water is a different story; up pops a magenta-maned pink head sporting a diving mask and a snorkel. Surfacing a bit farther to expose “floaties” and swim fins on her forelegs, Pinkie spits out the snorkel and props the mask on her forehead.*)

**Pinkie:** I need a favor, Rainbow Dash.

(*The escapee lets off a cry and rises into the air for her fourth flyaway, but stops herself.*)

**Rainbow:** (*resignedly*) Oh, forget it. (*She flops down.*)

**Pinkie:** I *totally* promise, it’ll be *totally* fun!

**Rainbow:** (*sighing*) Okay.

(*Dissolve to the uppermost portion of the pavilion, with Rainbow adjusting the position of a nearby cloud. Two pink hooves extend into view from above and below, framing the effort—this is Pinkie’s perspective, and the camera cuts to her after a moment. She works her hooves around through several angles, squinching her eyes as well; Rainbow makes adjustments as she calls them out. Pinkie has dried out and disposed of her swimming gear.*)

**Pinkie:** Over to the right!…No, no, a little to the left!…Oh, wait! Back to the right!

(*Close-up of Rainbow, whose patience is starting to wear thin; she tweaks the cloud right a bit.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Now, a little leftish while staying rightly.

(*The assistant does her best to follow this one.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Stop! (*Back to her.*) Hmmm…maybe a few inches to the south!

(*The roof of the pavilion again.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Now a couple of centimeters north! (*Rainbow drags the cloud into view.*) Okay, one more smidge-a-meter to the—

**Rainbow:** *PINKIE PIE!!* (*Long shot of the pair.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh, I mean, perfect! Now, wait for my signal.

(*The cloud has ended up almost exactly above the front doors. Pinkie peeks through a window; inside, Spike is collecting an armload of scrolls from a cubbyhole rack and humming the original My Little Pony theme. He exits the pavilion, whereupon Pinkie throws a quick gesture skyward. Rainbow gives the cloud a swift buck, causing a sudden flash of lightning that frightens Spike into dropping his scrolls. As Pinkie leans intently toward him, he stands stock-still for a moment and then begins to hiccup. Rainbow smiles and Pinkie laughs as the cloud brings the former down to the ground. Spike’s next three lines are punctuated by hiccups.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, Rainbow Dash, we startled Spike into getting the hiccups! (*Rainbow and Spike laugh as well.*)

**Spike:** Good one, Pinkie Pie! (*Cut to her; he continues o.s.*) You’re always pulling a fast one on me.

(*He picks up one of the scrolls, but hiccups a lick of fire over it and yelps in surprise. It vanishes in a wisp of sparkling pink smoke—he has just sent a message to Princess Celestia by mistake.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, no! You’re not hurt, are you?

**Spike:** Nah. Don’t be silly. Dragons are fireproof.

(*Quick pan to Celestia, studying a document on a worktable in the bedchamber of her palace in Canterlot. A few books and scrolls lie on the floor, a low round bed stands behind her, and a fire is burning in the fireplace. The scroll Spike sent materializes and drops to the floor, surprising her considerably. Back to the pavilion.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh…okay. Good.

(*She and Rainbow trade a smile and start laughing fit to burst, while Spike has rounded up several other scrolls. Another incendiary hiccup burns the lot and leaves him staring haplessly after the inadvertent mass mailing.*)

**Spike:** I wish the same thing were true of scrolls.

(*Quick pan to Celestia, who now has the first scroll open before her and is not sure what to make of it. She is promptly pelted by all the others at once; in Ponyville, the two tricksters yuk it up as Spike goes after the last few. As soon as he grabs one, it falls victim to a hiccup.*)

**Pinkie:** Have you ever seen anything more hilarious? (*She falls back laughing.*)

**Rainbow:** (*smiling wickedly*) I can think of one thing.

(*Which is to kick the cloud for another lightning flash that scares a yelp out of Pinkie and leaves her with the hiccups as well. She starts alternating between these and giggles, and her next line is broken up by the former.*)

[*Animation goof: Pinkie’s cutie mark disappears during this shot.*]

**Rainbow:** I didn’t take you for a prankster, Pinkie Pie. (*She flies down; Pinkie has stood up.*)

**Pinkie:** Are you kidding? I love to pull pranks! It’s all in good fun, and Pinkie Pie *looooves* to have fun!

**Rainbow:** You know, Pinkie Pie, you’re not as annoying as I thought. You want to hang out?

**Pinkie:** (*zipping all about*) That’d be—I’d really—when do—I mean—when would you— (*Rainbow stops her with a hoof over the mouth.*)

**Rainbow:** A simple nod will do.

**Pinkie:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm.

(*Rainbow lowers her hoof so the two conspirators can smile at each other. Dissolve to the upper reaches of a structure whose roof is styled as a giant, multicolored court jester’s cap, complete with bells. Tilt down to ground level; the hanging sign, of a laughing pony’s head in jester attire and an “arrow through the head” gag, marks this as a joke/novelty shop. Pinkie and Rainbow exit with full baskets in their teeth. From here, cut to a close-up of the doorbell next to the Carousel Boutique’s door; Pinkie reaches into view to press it. The bell sounds as two phrases of the classic “Westminster Quarters” clock chime pattern. The next two lines are delivered in hushed tones.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Is she even home?

(*Long shot; she and Pinkie are hiding behind bushes a short distance away, having left something on the doorstep.*)

**Pinkie:** I don’t know. This is gonna be gold! (*Top half of door opens, exposing Rarity as both snicker.*) There she is!

(*They drop out of sight, and Rarity looks off to one side before noticing what is on the step.*)

**Rarity:** Hmmm!

(*In close-up, she sniffs at it—a bouquet of flowers—and comes up with a smudge of something on her nostrils. She begins to sneeze uncontrollably and throws a puzzled glance off toward the o.s. jokers’ giggling; quick pan to the pair, now clear of the bushes. Rainbow has a can balanced on her hoof, and a zoom on the picture label reveals it as sneezing powder. As Rarity glares toward them, Rainbow drops the can and gallops off, with the effect of causing Pinkie to sneeze herself o.s. as well when she gets a snootful. Rarity smiles at the comeuppance.*)

(*A sheet of paper is unrolled over the scene by Twilight; zoom out to show it as a scroll on a stand in the library’s reading room, with a quill and inkwell nearby. She has set up some flasks and test tubes on the central table, and she levitates one of these and the quill to do a report. The quill rapidly jots down several lines, which vanish from the page as soon as she turns away to mix some of her chemicals, which start to bubble. When she turns back, the sight of the blank paper causes her eyes to pop slightly.*)

**Twilight:** Hmm?

(*She eyes the mixture, now fuming, then the page—and from behind her come a flash, a few puffs of smoke, and the sounds of exploding chemicals and breaking glass. As she eyes the inkwell suspiciously, she catches the pair’s laughter; outside, Rainbow is holding up a bottle of disappearing ink, which they sneaked into the library. The snookered young scientist throws an “okay, you got me” smile through the window as Pinkie and Rainbow laugh themselves silly and Rainbow drops the bottle.*)

(*Dissolve to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres, zooming in slowly, then cut to Applejack as she begins to pull a cart out of the barn. The front wheels are barely halfway out before she stops with a sharp, shocked gasp; ahead of her is a tree whose apples look like multicolored Easter eggs. A pan across the orchard reveals that every tree in sight has been similarly affected.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Land sakes!

(*Back to her; she hears the blue goofball laughing and looks confusedly off to each side. Pinkie and Rainbow are nearby, each with a painter’s palette hooked over one hoof and a just-used brush in her teeth. They share a laugh before bailing out due to their own handiwork being thrown at them by one angry blond pony. One apple lands in a full water barrel, in which Applejack’s reflection appears as the paint washes away to leave the fruit undamaged. Realizing the joke they have played, Applejack chuckles to herself.*)

(*Dissolve to Fluttershy at a stream bend, watching several jumping fish and a few other water-dwellers that gather at the bank. In a close-up pan, one of them can be seen to be an obvious decoy of a turtle, with a long tube attached to its rear and trailing back across the stream. It squeaks a bit, and the camera follows the tube to where it disappears over a hill on the opposite bank. A telescope is extended up from behind; on the far side, Rainbow watches the scene through this while Pinkie jumps up and down. A rubber bulb in her teeth, attached to the other end of the tube, provides the noise.*)

**Pinkie:** Is someone over there? Who are we gonna squirt? Who are we gonna squirt?

**Rainbow:** (*snickering*) Fluttershy.

**Pinkie:** *What?!?* (*She spits out the bulb.*) No, no, no, no, no, no. We *can’t* prank Fluttershy. I mean, she’s so sensitive. It’ll hurt her feelings, even our most harmless prank. (*Rainbow backs up from the scope.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, you’re right. (*She blows a raspberry and turns to Pinkie.*) Huh. We need another victim who’s made of tougher stuff.

(*She has not noticed Pinkie’s struggle to contain a laugh, and now she puts her eye back to the scope for a moment. When she backs off again, a turn of the head tells all: her left eye has a ring of ink around it, left by the scope’s eyepiece.*)

**Rainbow:** So, who’s it gonna be?

**Pinkie:** Oh! (*giggling*) I’ve got someone in mind—the toughest around.

**Rainbow:** Oh, awesome! (*looking around*) Who, who? Do I know them?

(*Close-up of the water at the bank; Pinkie’s reflection pops into view, pointing.*)

**Pinkie:** (*giggling*) Oh, yes. (*Rainbow’s appears alongside.*) You’re very close.

[*Animation goof: Rainbow’s reflection shows her right eye inked instead of her left.*]

(*After the victim notices her eye, both have a good laugh over the double-cross.*)

**Rainbow:** Good one, Pinkie Pie!

(*She puts her hoof out for a high five, then yanks it back twice when Pinkie tries to slap it. Another laugh, and the camera tilts up to frame Fluttershy across from them; all the real animals have gone, leaving her with the decoy turtle. As the sun begins to set, she cautiously tries to pet it, only to see the head bounce back and forth on its spring, surprising her.*)

(*Dissolve to a stretch of land outside Ponyville proper, near Sweet Apple Acres. It is now sunrise of the following morning. Pinkie trots along, wearing a pair of joke glasses with a big red nose and droopy mustache attached and blowing on a noisemaker. She is also wearing the classic “arrow through the head” over her mane. When she skids to a stop, the camera zooms out to frame her looking up at a house built of clouds and rainbows, sporting a number of Greek-style columns and floating at a very low altitude. A stream of the variegated light spills over the edge as a waterfall.*)

**Pinkie:** Rise and shine, Rainbow Dash! (*Close-up of the door; she continues o.s.*) It’s a brand new day, and we got a lot of pranking to—

(*The head that pokes out is not Rainbow’s, but that of a bald eagle with feathers swept forward on top of the head. The tips of these are shaded a pale violet to match a few flecks on the throat and the coloration around the yellow eyes, one of which aims itself toward ground level in a puzzled and slightly hostile glare.*)

**Pinkie:** Ooh! (*Rainbow peeks out from the roof, the ink ring gone from her eye.*)

**Rainbow:** Mornin’, Pinks! (*She drops to ground level and addresses herself upward.*) Gilda, this is my gal pal Pinkie Pie.

(*Gilda descends with a shrill cry, revealing herself as a griffon—brown-furred lion’s body, tail, and hind legs; eagle’s head, wings, and talons on the forelegs. The wings are a darker brown than the body. All of Pinkie’s joke items drop to the ground when she gets a good look at the creature, whose female voice and body language practically scream “too hip for the room.”*)

**Gilda:** Hey, what’s up?

**Rainbow:** Pinkie, this is my griffon friend Gilda.

**Pinkie:** What’s a griffon?

(*Cut to Gilda, who spreads her wings in a crouch and jumps toward the camera.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) She’s half eagle, half lion. (*Cut to frame all three.*)

**Gilda:** (*throwing wing around Rainbow’s shoulders*) And all awesome!

(*After a playful snarl, she and Rainbow laugh and chatter while trading their particular version of a secret handshake, as the pink pony stares with some bewilderment.*)

**Rainbow:** Gilda’s my best friend from my days at Junior Speedster Flight Camp. (*to Gilda*) Hey, remember the chant?

**Gilda:** Sh’yah. They made us recite it every morning. I’ll never get that lame thing out of my head.

**Rainbow:** Sooo…?

(*The griffon meets her big smile with an unenthusiastic little groan.*)

**Gilda:** Only for you, Dash.

(*Both rise into the air to do the choreography for the chant—no points for guessing which one would rather be doing anything else.*)

**Rainbow,** **Gilda:** Junior Speedsters are our lives,

Sky-bound soars and daring dives.

(*landing*) Junior Speedsters, it’s our quest

To someday be the very best!

(*Pinkie’s response is to laugh and stomp one hoof on the ground, prompting both Speedster alumni to turn their heads away in embarrassment for a moment.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, that was awesome! And it gave me a great idea for a prank!

(*She shoves her head into the pile of novelties to put them all back in place.*)

**Pinkie:** Gilda, you game?

**Gilda:** Huh. Well, I groove on a good prank as much as the next griffon. (*elbowing Rainbow, spreading wings*) But, Dash, you promised me we’d get a flying session in this morning. (*She lifts off.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, uh, well…Pinkie Pie, you don’t mind, do you? (*hovering*) Gilda just got here. We’ll catch up with you later.

**Pinkie:** Oh! Um…well, sure, no problem. Have fun, you guys! (*as they zoom off*) I’ll, uh, just catch up with you…

(*She sighs dejectedly and sits back on her haunches.*)

**Pinkie:** …later.

(*The noisemaker in her mouth sounds off weakly. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a street in Ponyville, with clear sky overhead. Rainbow flies across, doing a loop-the-loop, and Gilda follows and overtakes the pegasus on a straight run. As Rainbow accelerates, the griffon takes a breather on a cloud, only to get bowled over when Rainbow plows into her. Both laugh and straighten up.*)

**Gilda:** Whoa! That was sweet, just like old times.

**Rainbow:** Yeah, only faster! (*They bump hoof and talons.*) So now what?

(*Pinkie’s head pops up between them, just in time for their second attempted bump to tap both sides of it. She has put away her joke wearables.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey there! (*She drops out of sight.*)

**Rainbow, Gilda:** Huh? (*Up again.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s later! (*Down, then up.*) And I caught up!

(*A ground-level shot reveals that she is bouncing on a trampoline to reach the cloud.*)

**Rainbow:** (*grinning*) Pinkie Pie, you are so random!

**Gilda:** (*pointing*) Hey, Dash, think you got enough gas left to beat me to that cloud?

**Rainbow:** A race? (*as both go into a crouch*) You are so on!

**Gilda:** One, two, three, go!

(*They take off, leaving the pink earth pony to find herself alone on the next bounce.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey!

(*Tilt up quickly to another cloud; the racers punch up through it at nearly the same instant and stop in midair.*)

**Rainbow:** I win!

**Gilda:** As if! I won, dude!

**Rainbow:** No way!

**Gilda:** Yes way.

**Rainbow:** Oh, come on! I was way ahead of you!

**Gilda:** I don’t think so.

**Rainbow:** Oh, geez, dream on!

**Gilda:** Remember back at camp? I—

**Rainbow:** There is no way you beat me!

**Gilda:** Whatever.

(*They are so absorbed in the argument that they do not notice Pinkie floating up behind them, thanks to the huge bunch of balloons tied around her midsection. Her words catch both off guard.*)

**Pinkie:** Wow, guys, that was really close! (*to Gilda*) But I think Rainbow Dash beat you by a teeny-weeny, itty-bitty hair—or a teeny-weeny, itty-bitty feather.

**Rainbow:** Hah! See? Good thing Pinkie Pie’s here to keep you honest, G.

(*On the end of this line, cut to a close-up of Gilda, who shoots her a rather nasty look before recovering her composure.*)

**Gilda:** Okay, Dash! (*pointing up*) Last one to that cloud up there is a gnarly dragon egg. Go!

(*They take off in a burst of cloud vapor; when it clears, Gilda is right where she started, having doubled back for a private talk with Pinkie. Her voice takes on a decidedly nasty edge.*)

**Gilda:** I think the high altitude is making you dizzy.

(*She starts popping one balloon after another with her talons; eventually Pinkie begins to sink and she flies off.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait! Guys!

(*Rainbow reaches the cloud and looks around for Gilda, who arrives a moment later. The quiet is broken by the growing sound of chugging machinery and Pinkie’s voice.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Wow! You guys almost got away from me that time!

(*Longer shot. A jerry-built, pedal-powered helicopter is keeping her aloft now. Gilda throws an irritated glance her way, then turns to Rainbow.*)

**Gilda:** So, Dash, got any new moves in your trick-tionary, or are you one hundred percent old-school?

**Rainbow:** New moves? (*hovering off* cloud) Hah. Sit back, G. (*flying o.s.*) This is gonna take a while.

(*After she has gone, the griffon turns back to the interloper.*)

**Gilda:** Hey, Pinkie. (*beckoning*) Come here. (*Pinkie maneuvers in.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah?

(*Gilda flies up and grabs the rotor shaft so she can get in the unnerved pilot’s face.*)

**Gilda:** Don’t you know how to take “get lost” for an answer? Dash doesn’t need to hang with a dweeb like you now that I’m around. You’re dorkin’ up the sky, Stinkie Pie, so make like a bee and BUZZ OFF!

(*Letting go of the shaft, she seizes the rotor itself to stop it cold and start the whole body spinning instead. Panicked yells from the whirling pink blur in the driver’s seat; when Gilda lets go, the whole rig veers crazily back and forth and spirals down toward the fields.*)

**Rainbow:** (*returning to cloud*) Try matching *that!*…Hey! Where’s Pinkie Pie and her crazy contraption?

**Gilda:** Eh, she left. Something about being as busy as a bee.

(*Down on the ground, Pinkie and her machine have wiped out hard. Once she gets her wits about her, she stands up among the wreckage.*)

**Pinkie:** Hmph!

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the library.*)

**Twilight:** (*from inside*) So, Pinkie Pie…

(*Cut to her, looking over a book in the reading room. She flips pages with her magic.*)

**Twilight:** …are you sure that this friend of Rainbow Dash is really so mean? (*Pinkie comes up.*)

**Pinkie:** Um, yeah! (*pacing*) She keeps stealing Rainbow Dash away, she popped my balloons, and she told me to buzz off! I’ve never met a griffon this mean! Well, actually, I’ve never met a griffon at all.

(*Longer shot; Spike sits on the stairs, reading.*)

**Pinkie:** But I bet if I had, she wouldn’t have been as mean and grumpy as Gilda!

**Twilight:** You know what I think, Pinkie Pie?

**Pinkie:** Hmm?

**Twilight:** Well, I think…you’re jealous.

**Pinkie:** Jealous?!?

**Spike:** Green with envy…well, in your case, pink with envy.

**Twilight:** Well, yes, jealous. Listen, Pinkie. I don’t want to upset you— (*Pan slowly to a crushed Pinkie, putting her o.s.*) —but just because Rainbow Dash has another friend doesn’t make Gilda a grump. I mean, perhaps it’s you, Pinkie— (*Longer shot, framing both.*) —who needs to improve *her* attitude.

(*This idea seems to sit very badly in the brain under the fluffy magenta mane.*)

**Pinkie:** Improve *my* attitude? (*stammering*) But I—but it’s Gilda that—are you seri—

(*She gives up on the discussion with a frustrated yell and stalks out, slamming the library door hard enough to shake the whole building. Twilight sighs as she and Spike trade a very worried glance.*)

(*Cut to Pinkie, walking through the park and thinking very hard.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe Twilight is right. Maybe Gilda isn’t a big mean grumpy mean meanie-pants. Maybe *I’m* just a big jealous judgmental jealous jealousy-pants. (*Sigh.*)

(*Dissolve to a profile close-up of the down-in-the-dumps pony as she sips an ice cream soda, then zoom out to frame her standing at a table outside Sugarcube Corner. The sound of an overhead flight and two unmistakable laughing voices causes her to nearly upset both the table and her drink.*)

**Gilda:** (*from o.s.*) That was sweet!

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Ugh. (*Zoom out quickly; she and Gilda fly among the rooftops.*) I gotta take care of a few weather jobs around here. Shouldn’t take long. (*They land.*) Just, uh, hang out in town and I’ll come find you.

**Gilda:** That’s cool, I guess. I’m gonna go chow down.

**Rainbow:** Later!

(*After she has flown away, Gilda runs an eye over the scene and notices a produce cart at which Granny Smith is checking out ears of corn. Zoom in on this; Gilda’s tail pops up from the display, prompting a terrified scream from the old mare.*)

**Granny:** A rattler! A rattler! Run for the hills! Everybody run, save yourselves!

(*She flees as quickly as her creaky joints will allow—that is, not very—and Gilda puts her head up behind the display to see her handiwork. The pegasus in charge of the cart gives her a puzzled look.*)

**Gilda:** (*walking o.s.*) This stuff ain’t fresh, dude. (*Pinkie, at her table, has seen the whole thing.*)

**Pinkie:** Aw, poor Granny Smith! She didn’t know it was a joke. How mean!…No, no. I can’t misjudge her. (*Cut to Gilda passing the cart; she continues o.s.*) It *was* kind of a funny prank…I guess?

(*A look back and forth, and she filches an apple using her tail without being noticed; one fast chomp disposes of the evidence as she continues on. Back to Pinkie, who gasps angrily.*)

**Pinkie:** I *did* misjudge her! She’s not only a meanie mean-pants, she’s also a thief!…No, no, no, no, no. She might give it back. (*Zoom out slightly.*) It’s just a joke.

(*Fluttershy backs across the view in front of her, her eyes fixed on a family of ducks she is escorting down the street.*)

**Fluttershy:** All right, little ones. This way, this way. Mama Duck, you’re free and clear.

(*She does not notice Gilda’s approach from the opposite direction until her rump collides with the white-feathered crest.*)

**Gilda:** Hey!

**Fluttershy:** Please excuse me.

**Gilda:** I’m walkin’ here!

**Fluttershy:** (*backing up, scared*) Oh…um…I’m sorry…I-I-I was just trying to— (*Cut to Gilda on the end of this.*)

**Gilda:** (*mimicking Fluttershy’s tone*) “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” (*viciously, advancing; ducks scatter*) Why don’t you just watch where you’re going, doofus?

**Fluttershy:** But…b-b-but…I…I…

(*The griffon sucks in a double lungful of air and lets it out as a deafening roar directly into the meek pegasus’ face. Dead silence except for a sheep’s bleat, which gives way to Fluttershy’s sobbing as she flees the scene first on hooves and then by wings. Pinkie sees it all, including Gilda’s run up to make sure she is gone.*)

**Gilda:** Ugh! Please. All these lame ponies are driving me buggy. I gotta bail. (*She flies off.*)

**Pinkie:** She’s a grump *and* a thief *and* a bully! The meanest kind of mean meanie-pants there is! I can take it, but no one treats Fluttershy like that—*no one!* This calls for extreme measures…

(*Zoom in to an extreme close-up as a fierce smile crosses her face.*)

**Pinkie:** …Pinkie Pie style!

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of Pinkie, still sporting that same fierce smile. It softens after a moment, and the camera zooms out to show her now standing just inside the front door of Sugarcube Corner, where a full-on shindig is in progress on the shop floor. A pony enters.*)

**Pinkie:** Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! (*Pan to Applejack and Rarity at the other side of the room.*)

**Applejack:** Who’s this Gilda I’ve heard nothin’ about?

**Rarity:** I hear she’s an old friend of Rainbow Dash, a griffon. So rare.

(*They walk off on the end of this, revealing Twilight and Fluttershy behind them.*)

**Twilight:** You’ve met Gilda, right? What’s she like?

**Fluttershy:** Oh…um, well…I’ll tell you later, Twilight. (*She approaches Pinkie as more guests arrive.*)

**Pinkie:** (*to guests*) Welcome! Welcome!

**Fluttershy:** Um, Pinkie Pie, about this party for Gilda—um, do you really think it’s a good idea? I mean—

**Pinkie:** Don’t worry your pretty little head about mean old Gilda. (*knocking her on the head*) Your auntie Pinkie Pie’s got it all taken care of.

(*She does not notice that her response has left Fluttershy rather vexed, and she turns back toward the door without bothering to hear the next line.*)

**Fluttershy:** I’m a year older than you.

**Pinkie:** (*now o.s.*) Gilda! (*Quick pan to her just inside; Pinkie jumps over.*) I’m so honored to throw you one of my signature Pinkie Pie parties! (*holding out hoof to shake*) And I really, truly, sincerely hope you feel welcome here amongst all us pony folk.

(*She ends this line with a big grin as Gilda reluctantly shakes. What follows is a full-body electric shock that sends the griffon tottering to the floor—and puts an even bigger grin on the pink pony’s face. A turn of the hoof reveals a joy buzzer attached to it; she laughs over the stunt as Gilda gets upright with a scowl. Rainbow’s laughter is heard from o.s., and she trots over to the pair.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh, Pinkie Pie! The old hoof-shake buzzer! You are a scream! (*Gilda forces a smile.*)

**Gilda:** Yeah. (*Chuckle.*) Uh, good one, Pinkie Pie.

**Rainbow:** (*trotting off*) Come on, G. I’ll introduce you to some of my other friends.

**Gilda:** Right behind you, Dash! (*to Pinkie, menacingly*) I know what you’re up to.

**Pinkie:** (*still smiling*) Great!

**Gilda:** (*exasperated groan*) I know what you’re planning!

**Pinkie:** (*giggling*) Well, I hope so. This wasn’t supposed to be a surprise party.

**Gilda:** I mean, I’ve got my eye on you. (*Pinkie leans directly into her face.*)

**Pinkie:** And *I* got my eye on *you*.

(*She bulges her eyes out comically on this line, then backs off o.s. to leave one rather bemused bad girl standing alone.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Everyone… (*Cut to her amid the crowd.*) …I’d like you all to meet Gilda— (*Back to Gilda; she continues o.s.*) —a long-time, dear friend of Rainbow Dash. (*hugging her*) Let’s honor her and welcome her to Ponyville.

(*She zips away; Gilda shoots a hairy eyeball after her, but quickly trades it in for a smile as the other guests cheer and Rainbow throws a hoof around her shoulders.*)

**Pinkie:** Please help yourself.

(*Close-up of a bowl of candy, with Gilda standing behind.*)

**Gilda:** Vanilla lemon drops! (*Zoom out.*) Don’t mind if I do.

(*Tossing one into her mouth, she instantly squinches her entire face up in pain as steam sings out in her head and sweat sprays from her face. She promptly lets go with a fiery belch that would give Spike a run for his money. Pinkie picks up a stick in her teeth so she can roast the marshmallow impaled on it in the flames before they die down.*)

**Gilda:** HOT!!

**Rainbow:** G! The punch!

(*Gilda races past; extreme close-up of a full glass as she grabs it, then of her tight-shut eye as she gulps hastily. Liquid is heard running, but when her eye opens in surprise, the camera zooms out to show that the punch is in fact leaking out of a hole in the glass. Laughter from o.s.*)

**Gilda:** Huh? (*Overhead shot; several onlookers are getting their yuks in.*)

**Pinkie:** Well, what do you know? Pepper in the vanilla lemon drops, and the punch served in a dribble glass!

**Rainbow:** (*chuckling*) Priceless. Priceless!

(*She laughs as Gilda zips across the room and successfully downs another glass, gasping for breath.*)

**Gilda:** (*sarcastically*) Yeah. Hilarious.

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Hey, G! (*Cut to her by a table stacked with gifts.*) Look! Presents!

(*Greed brings the griffon over in a trice. She grabs one and pulls its ribbon with her beak, only to have a mass of toy snakes pop out in her face—the old “snake can” trick, which leaves her dazed and disheveled. More laughter.*)

**Applejack:** (*to Rarity*) Spittin’ snakes! (*laughing*) Somepony pulled that prank on me last month.

**Gilda:** Ha, ha. I bet I know who *that* was. (*Quick pan to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** You do?

(*Dissolve to another area of the room, where Fluttershy has a group of birds lined up on a ledge and is directing them in a song. Pan across the lively gathering, then cut to Pinkie at a cake loaded with lit candles.*)

**Pinkie:** Cake time, everypony!

(*Zoom out; she is pushing the cake on a wheeled platform to the center of the floor. Spike is now seen among the guests.*)

**Spike:** Hey! Can I blow out the candles?

**Twilight:** Why don’t we let Gilda blow out the candles, Spike? She *is* the guest of honor, after all. (*Gilda flashes over, elbowing Spike away. Her feathers are back in order.*)

**Gilda:** Exactly!

(*She takes a deep breath, blows out all the candles—and then is greatly perplexed to see them all relight themselves. Another try leaves her slightly winded and earns a round of laughs when the wicks blaze back up. Several more attempts get the same result.*)

**Spike:** (*laughing*) Relighting birthday candles! I love that prank! What a classic!

**Pinkie:** Now I wonder who could’ve done that?

**Gilda:** (*very snarky*) Yeah. I wonder.

(*The sound of Spike’s o.s. gobbling draws her attention; at ground level, he has tunneled so far into the cake that his tail disappears into the hole.*)

**Spike:** (*muffled by cake*) Who cares? This cake is amazing!

(*He pops out through the top on the end of this, scattering frosting and candles everywhere.*)

**Twilight:** Spike!

**Spike:** What? It’s great! Try some.

(*This bit of gluttony starts to work Gilda’s last good nerve as Rainbow comes over.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey, G, you’re not upset about some silly candles, are you? (*Gilda composes herself.*)

**Gilda:** No way, Dash. Like I said, I’m down with a good prank.

**Rainbow:** (*zipping to cake*) Come on, then. Let’s have some cake.

(*The beaked jerk’s mood goes sour again and does not improve when Pinkie starts chomping into the cake. A set of talons wraps itself around her neck and drags her behind for an uncomfortably close sidebar.*)

**Gilda:** Hey, I’m watching you like a hawk.

**Pinkie:** Why? Can’t you watch me like a griffon?

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Hey, y’all! (*Both pop up, grinning broadly; Gilda looking rather strained.*) It’s Pin the Tail on the Pony!

(*Overhead view of the group; she is near the door, a paper pony tail lies before her, and a drawing of the tailless animal is tacked up on the wall.*)

**Applejack:** Let’s play!

**Rarity:** Oh, my favorite game! Can I go first? Can I have the purple tail? (*Gilda leaps over and snatches it up.*)

**Gilda:** Well, *I* am the guest of honor, and *I’ll* have the purple tail. (*Cut to Pinkie and Spike.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah! Gilda should definitely go first. (*Spike produces a blindfold and walks over.*) Let’s get you blindfolded.

**Gilda:** (*from o.s.*) Hey!

(*Back to her; Spike ties the cloth over her eyes and jumps off her back.*)

**Gilda:** What are you doing?

(*A snarl; Pinkie grabs hold and gives a heave that sets her spinning, then backs out of view.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) We’re spinning you around and around, and then you can pin the tail on the pony.

(*On the second half of this, cut to the picture. Back to Pinkie, now guiding Gilda toward it.*)

**Pinkie:** Now just walk straight ahead and pin the tail.

**Gilda:** (*mockingly*) “Now just walk straight ahead and pin the tail.” (*normal voice; snort*) Yeah, right. This is another prank, isn’t it? (*walking away from wall*) I’m going *this* way.

**Pinkie:** Wait! The poster is this—

(*One taloned foot comes down in a splotch of frosting to send her skidding and yelling across the room, straight through the batwing doors leading into the kitchen. The resulting crash shakes the entire bakery, and as clouds of flour puff out, she emerges a weary, bleary wreck, smeared with cake and various other sweet stuff; The blindfold is off, and the tail hangs across her beak like a mustache.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Uh, Gilda? You pinned the tail on the wrong end.

(*The ensuing round of laughter is the very last straw for the luckless griffon, who throws off all the gunk with a bellowing roar and hovers above the crowd.*)

**Gilda:** This is your idea of a good time? I’ve never met a lamer bunch of dweebs in all my life! And Pinkie Pie…*you!* (*pointing in Pinkie’s face, then leaning to her*) You are Queen Lame-o with your weak little party pranks! Did you really think you could make me lose my cool? (*sliding to Rainbow*) Well, Dash and I have ten times as much cool as the rest of you put together! (*Rainbow’s face hardens.*) Come on, Dash. (*walking to door*) We’re bailing on this pathetic scene.

(*The pegasus does not stir a hoof even as her old friend stops at the door.*)

**Gilda:** Come on, Rainbow Dash! I said, we’re leaving!

(*Not a single face is smiling anymore, even Pinkie.*)

**Rainbow:** You know, Gilda, *I* was the one who set up all those “weak” pranks at this party. (*Direct hit.*)

**Gilda:** *What?!*

**Pinkie:** Ooh!

**Rainbow:** So I guess *I’m* Queen Lame-o.

**Gilda:** Come on, Dash! You’re joshing me!

**Rainbow:** They weren’t all meant for you specifically. It was just dumb luck that you set them all off.

**Pinkie:** (*smiling, to Spike*) I shoulda known! That dribble cup had Rainbow Dash written all over it.

**Gilda:** No way! I-It was Pinkie Pie! She set up this party to trip me up, to make a fool of me!

**Pinkie:** (*surprised*) Me? I threw this party to improve your attitude. (*turning her head until her face is upside down*) I thought a good party might turn that frown upside down.

**Rainbow:** And you sure didn’t need any help making a fool of yourself. You know, this is not how I thought my *old* friends would treat my *new* friends. If being cool is all you care about… (*Close-up of Gilda; zoom in as she continues o.s.*) …maybe you should go find some new cool friends someplace else.

(*The recipient of this tongue lashing snarls to herself and spreads her wings.*)

**Gilda:** Yeah? Well…you…you…you are such an…a flip-flop! Cool one minute and lame the next. (*walking out*) When *you* decide not to be lame anymore, give me a call.

(*The door slams and her shrill cry is heard to mark her departure.*)

**Rainbow:** *Not* cool.

**Spike:** Wow. Talk about a party-pooper. (*General murmurs of agreement.*)

**Rainbow:** I’m sorry, everypony, for bringing Gilda here. I didn’t know how rude she was. And, Pinkie Pie, I’m *really* sorry she ruined that awesome party you put on for her.

**Pinkie:** (*smiling*) Hey, if you want to hang out with party-poopers, that’s your business.

**Rainbow:** I’d rather hang out with you. (*holding out hoof to shake*) No hard feelings?

**Pinkie:** No hard feelings.

(*When they shake, both of them get a jolt that starts the whole crowd laughing—and they join in, turning over their hooves to reveal a joy buzzer on each.*)

**Twilight:** Hey, Pinkie. Sorry I accused you of misjudging Gilda. Looks like I’m the one who misjudged you. (*Pinkie puts a foreleg around her shoulders.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s okay, Twilight. Even you can’t be a super-smart smarty smart-pants all the time. (*to the crowd, rearing/jumping excitedly*) Come on, everypony! There’s still a whole lotta party to finish!

(*Laughter and cheers as the camera cuts to a close-up and zoom in on Twilight, who smiles thoughtfully.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Dearest Princess Celestia: …” (*Slow pan through the party.*) “Today I learned that it’s hard to accept when somepony you like wants to spend time with somepony who’s not so nice.”

(*Dissolve to Celestia’s bedchamber, near the fireplace, and pan toward her bed. A wisp of smoke flows in through an air vent and forms into a scroll, which unrolls in midair to reveal both Twilight’s message and a bottle of ink. These settle down to float in front of Celestia, who is sitting atop the bed on her belly.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) “Though it’s impossible to control who your friends hang out with, it *is* possible to control your own behavior. Just continue to be a good friend. In the end, the difference between a false friend and one who is true will surely come to light.”

(*The scroll rolls up and floats away, and a blank one takes its place as a quill floats over.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) “Your faithful student, Twilight Sparkle.” (*It dips in the ink and starts writing.*)

**Celestia:** (*voice over*) “Dear Twilight Sparkle, my most faithful student: …”

(*A close-up of the parchment reveals that the writing is quickly fading away. Zoom in on the bottle, whose label peels off to expose it as the same disappearing ink that Pinkie and Rainbow used on Twilight earlier.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s.*) Oh! (*Laugh; cut to frame her.*) Wrong ink.

(*She sighs contentedly and chuckles, levitating another inkwell over to herself and starting the letter again. Zoom out slowly and fade to black.*)