**BOAST BUSTERS**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Spike in the library. He is concentrating intently on something just o.s., and a mirror leans against the wall behind him.*)

**Spike:** Come on, Twilight. You can do it! (*Cut to Twilight Sparkle nearby.*)

**Twilight:** Okay. Here goes.

(*She squeezes her eyes shut and fires up her horn; as its glow builds, the radiance also starts to emerge around Spike’s nose and chin. In one quick pop, he has grown a bushy black mustache. This shot frames the top of the library staircase, indicating that they are in her upper-story room.*)

**Spike:** Ha-ha! You did it!

(*He turns to a checklist set up on an easel and ticks off an entry.*)

**Spike:** Growing magic. That’s number twenty-five. Twenty-five different types of tricks, and counting.

(*Back to Twilight on the end of this; she allows herself an embarrassed little smile and blush. Now the macho dragon looks himself over in the mirror.*)

**Spike:** And I think this is the best trick so far. Hel-*lo*, Rarity! (*eyes pop; stroking mustache*) What’s that? Aw, it’s nothin’, just my awesome mustache. (*Chuckle.*)

**Twilight:** Sorry, Romeo. As attractive and enticing as you look, it’s just for practice and it’s gotta go. (*Horn warms up on the end of this.*)

**Spike:** Wait!

(*Hands over the facial hair do nothing to stop the magic from erasing it.*)

**Spike:** Aw, rats.

(*Twilight laughs softly. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to Twilight and Spike walking down a busy Ponyville street during the day. Close-up of her during the following.*)

**Spike:** Twenty-five, Twilight. Twenty-five different kinds of tricks, and counting. (*Frame both again.*) I thought unicorns were only supposed to have a little magic that matches their special talents.

**Twilight:** True, for ponies whose talents are for things like cooking or singing or math. But what if a unicorn’s special talent *is* magic?

**Spike:** Like you, Twilight. And you know a *ton* of magic.

**Twilight:** (*laughing*) Oh, Spike, stop. I’m sure there are lots of ponies right here in Ponyville that know just as much magic as me.

**Spike:** (*as both stop*) Are you kiddin’? I don’t think there’s another unicorn in all of Equestria with your kind of ability, Twilight.

(*Cut to two young unicorn colts in full gallop. The shorter and chubbier of the two is bucktoothed and light blue-green, with a messy yellow-brown mane and tail and a pair of scissors as his cutie mark. The other, taller and thinner, is yellow-tan with birdcatcher spots near his eyes and an equally unkempt light green mane/tail that are slightly longer than those of his counterpart. His cutie mark is a snail. These two are Snips and Snails, respectively, and Snails does not sound particularly bright when he speaks. Both have beady black eyes; Snips sports thick brown eyebrows as well.*)

**Snails:** Gangway! (*Cut to Twilight and Spike; he continues o.s.*) Comin’ through!

(*The two barrel past with enough speed to blow Twilight’s mane/tail sideways, while Spike finds himself being bulldozed along on Snips’ head.*)

**Spike:** Snips! Snails! What’s going on? (*They skid to a stop, throwing him clear.*)

**Snails:** What, haven’t you heard?

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Whoa! (*Crash.*)

**Snails:** There is a new unicorn in town!

(*Now Snips chimes in, bouncing on his hooves and sounding as if he has had way too much caffeine this morning.*)

**Snips:** Yeah! They say that she’s got more magical powers than any other unicorn ever!

(*On the end of this, cut to Twilight approaching the pair. Spike also walks up, rubbing his head.*)

**Twilight:** Really?

**Spike:** Aw, no way. That honor goes to Twilight here. (*Cut to her on the end of this; she smiles and blushes.*)

**Twilight:** Where is this unicorn?

**Snails:** Oh, she’s in the town square. Come on! (*He gallops off.*)

**Snips:** Yeah! Come on!

(*He follows with an excited yell, and Twilight and Spike race after him a moment later. Wipe to a long shot of a wagon trailer that has been set up in front of the town square pavilion, presenting its side to the sizable crowd gathered before it. A female voice rings out over the scene, sounding very dramatic and over the top and occasionally rolling its R’s, as Twilight and Spike make their way to the front. Applejack, Rainbow Dash, and Rarity are up here, but Fluttershy and Pinkie Pie are absent.*)

**Voice:** Come one, come all! Come and witness the amazing magic of the Great and Powerful Trixie!

(*During this line, the trailer reconfigures itself as follows. One, the side wall flips down to become a stage backed by a dark blue curtain, and two wings fold out to extend its length. Two, the ends swing out, exposing three brass horns mounted on each. Three, the roof pops up and several bits of overhead scenery extend over the stage: rocket, planet and stars, spiral, stars and magic wand. Zoom in on the stage as a blast of glittering blue smoke goes off; when it clears, a bright blue mare stands smiling at the crowd. Her mane and tail are two lighter shades of blue, and she wears a blue-violet wizard’s hat and cape covered with stars. The cape is secured at the throat by a large, light blue jewel brooch. Her eyes are a vivid shade of violet, and her cutie mark is a star-tipped wand spreading stardust, revealed when her cape blows backward. Trixie has just made her grand arrival, prompting awed murmurs from the crowd.*)

**Trixie:** Watch in awe as the Great and Powerful Trixie performs the most spectacular feats of magic ever witnessed by pony eyes!

(*Fireworks erupt from the stage, but Rarity is far from impressed.*)

**Rarity:** My, my, my. What boasting.

**Spike:** Come on. Nopony’s as magical as Twi…

(*He nearly has a fit upon realizing that he is speaking to the pony he wanted to impress with his mustache earlier.*)

**Spike:** Twi…Twi…oh! (*blushing a bit, clearing throat*) H-Hey, Rarity, I, uh…mustache! (*He runs off in a panic; Twilight takes his place.*)

**Twilight:** There’s nothing wrong with being talented, is there?

**Applejack:** Nothin’ at all… (*eyeing Trixie as she conjures up flowers*) …’ceptin’ when someone goes around showin’ it off like a school-filly with fancy new ribbons!

**Rarity:** Just because one has the ability to perform lots of magic does not make one better than the rest of us.

(*During this line, pan to Twilight, who hunches down and lets her ears droop sheepishly. Now Rainbow speaks up.*)

**Rainbow:** Especially when you got me around being better than the rest of us! (*Chuckle; Applejack glares daggers at her.*) Uh…I mean…yeah, uh, magic, schmagic! BOOOO!

(*Sidelong glance at the still-disapproving workhorse.*)

**Trixie:** Well, well, well. It seems we have some ne-e-eigh-sayers in the audience. (*Fluttershy now stands with the others in the front row.*) Who is so ignorant as to challenge the magical ability of the Great and Powerful Trixie?

(*Slow pan across Twilight and company, showing assorted reactions of disgust, annoyance, confusion, and awe—the last coming from Snips and Snails. Fluttershy and Pinkie are at opposite ends of the line—this is the former’s only appearance in the entire episode. Pinkie does not appear again unless specifically mentioned.*)

**Trixie:** (*from o.s.*) Do they not know that they’re in the presence of the most magical unicorn in all of Equestria?

**Rarity:** (*to Twilight*) Pffft! Just who does she think she is? (*Spike elbows up between them.*)

**Spike:** Yeah, since we all know that Twilight here is—

**Twilight:** Spike, shhh!

(*She pushes him well away from the spectacle for a private chat; both keep their voices down.*)

**Spike:** What? What’s wrong?

**Twilight:** You see the way they reacted to Trixie? I don’t want anyone thinking *I’m* a showoff.

(*Sounds from the stage draw their attention; the performer’s fireworks are going off again, more energetically than before. Rainbow is first to get fed up and fly onto the stage.*)

**Rainbow:** So, Great and Powerful Trixie, what makes you think you’re so awesome, anyway? (*Trixie puts a hoof to her face with a disdainful laugh.*)

**Trixie:** (*with mounting fervor*) Why, only the Great and Powerful Trixie has magic strong enough to vanquish…the dreaded Ursa Major!

(*Fireworks blast from the horns at one end of the stage, decorating the sky with the outline of a huge bear whose forehead is marked with a starburst. Its head and tail move as if this were a neon sign; gasps and murmurs all round.*)

**Snips:** What?!

**Snails:** No way!

**Trixie:** When all hope was lost, the ponies of Hoofington had no one to turn to.

(*Cut back to the Ursa Major pyrotechnic during this line. A Trixie figure then approaches, wand at the ready. As she continues, it stands pat before the beast’s swipes and casts a spell, causing it to fizzle out and disappear in a shower of sparks.*)

**Trixie:** (*from o.s.*) But the Great and Powerful Trixie stepped in, and with her awesome magic, vanquished the Ursa Major and sent it back to its cave… (*Back to her.*) …deep within the Everfree Forest!

**Snips,** **Snails:** Suh-weet!

**Snips:** That settles it!

(*Back to Trixie, standing proudly; zoom out to frame Snails gesturing to her as he speaks.*)

**Snails:** Trixie truly *is* the most talented, most magical, most awesome unicorn in Ponyville! (*Snips pops up next to him.*)

**Snips:** No! In all of Equestria! (*Twilight and Spike are back in the crowd.*)

**Spike:** How do *you* know? You didn’t see it! And besides, Twi—

(*She uses her magic to literally zip his mouth shut.*)

**Trixie:** (*laughing*) It’s true, my enthusiastic little admirers. Trixie is most certainly the best in Ponyville!

(*Dead silence from the crowd.*)

**Trixie:** Don’t believe the Great and Powerful Trixie? Well, then, I hereby challenge *you* Ponyvillians. Anything you can do, I can do better. (*Slow pan across the line, from Rainbow to Twilight; she continues o.s.*) Any takers? Anyone, hmm? (*Back to her as she continues.*) Or is Trixie destined to be the greatest equine who has ever lived?

(*Another fusillade of fireworks, the most elaborate so far, after which Spike unzips his lip and throws himself at Twilight’s hooves.*)

**Spike:** (*sobbing*) Please! She’s unbearable! You gotta show her! You just gotta!

**Twilight:** (*softly*) There’s no way I’m gonna use my magic now, Spike, especially since— (*Back to the stage.*)

**Trixie:** (*scanning the crowd*) Hmmm…how about… (*pointing*) …*you?*

(*Cut to Twilight and zoom in as she swallows hard and the background behind her dims. Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to Trixie, striding confidently toward the edge of the stage.*)

**Trixie:** Well, how about it, hmmm? Is there anything you can do that the Great and Powerful Trixie can’t? (*Cut to a flustered Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** I, uh, I… (*Pan to Applejack.*)

**Trixie:** (*from o.s.*) Well, little hayseed?

**Applejack:** That’s it! I can’t stand for no more of this!

**Spike:** You show her, AJ!

(*Close-up profile of the blue unicorn.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Can your magical powers do *this?*

(*Cut to her, now on the stage and twirling a lasso around herself at floor level with her tail. She hoists the loop clear of the boards, then works it forward and backward.*)

**Crowd:** (*from o.s.*) Ooooh!

(*An expert flick of the blond tail sends the lasso flying to snag an apple off a tree; the rope loosens on the return trip so that the fruit lands squarely in her mouth. After a quick chew and swallow, the crowd voices its approval.*)

**Applejack:** Top *that*, missy!

(*Trixie’s hat begins to glow due to the magic of her horn underneath.*)

**Trixie:** Oh, ye of little talent.

(*It lifts clear of her head, fully exposing a mane that is a shorter version of Fluttershy’s.*)

**Trixie:** Watch and be amazed at the magic of Trixie!

(*A gleam from the appendage brings the now-untied rope under her control; one end rises sinuously off the stage as if it were a snake being charmed. It sways back and forth before Applejack’s face, hypnotizing her into mimicking its movements, and the other end pulls a second apple from the tree. The first end lashes toward Applejack’s hooves and hogties her, briefly lifting her upside down off the stage before dropping her on her back.*)

**Applejack:** What—oof!

(*Once she thuds down, the apple is stuffed whole into her mouth; the crowd laughs and cheers as she hobble-hops away.*)

**Trixie:** Once again, the Great and Powerful Trixie prevails. (*Rainbow flies to the stage.*)

**Rainbow:** There’s no need to go strutting around and showing off like that!

**Trixie:** Oh?

**Rainbow:** That’s *my* job.

(*She goes into a speeding charge and sets a windmill spinning at insanely high RPM’s as she grabs one vane. The machine pitches her skyward when she lets go; punching neat holes through a long row of clouds, the self-assured aviator hovers briefly before the sun so that it silhouettes her form. Her next move is a screaming dive that carries her through the holes she punched and down to the same windmill, a few droplets of moisture following her from the clouds. When she repeats the grab/release maneuver, the vanes fling her straight back to the stage, where she skids to a stop and lets the trailing droplets scatter off her back. A small rainbow forms over her head.*)

**Rainbow:** They don’t call me “Rainbow” and “Dash” for nothing.

(*Once again the crowd cheers the display; Trixie seems unperturbed.*)

**Trixie:** When Trixie is through, the only thing they’ll call *you* is “loser”!

(*A beam from her horn causes the rainbow to wrap its creator up in a little tornado and carry her yelling into the sky. The cyclone veers madly in all directions before hitting the ground upside down and flying away. Rainbow winds up lying on her face in the dirt, her eyes jittering and her body bent upward as if sprawled against an invisible wall.*)

**Rainbow:** (*woozily*) I think I’m gonna be sick.

**Trixie:** Seems like anypony with a *dash* of good sense would think twice before tussling with the Great Trixie.

(*On the end of this, she throws another burst from her horn and the camera cuts to Rainbow, who has gotten upright and fumbled her way back to a now-untied Applejack and the crowd. A black cloud appears overhead and zaps her in the rump with a lightning bolt.*)

**Rainbow:** Yow! (*Laughter from all.*)

**Spike:** What we need is another unicorn to challenge her! (*elbowing Twilight’s leg*) Someone with some magic of her own?

**Rainbow:** Yeah! A unicorn to show *this* unicorn who’s boss!

**Applejack:** A real unicorn-to-unicorn tussle! (*Spike eyes Twilight expectantly.*)

**Twilight:** Uh… (*Rarity steps up.*)

**Rarity:** Enough. Enough, all of you. I take your hint, but Rarity is above such nonsense. Rainbow Dash and Applejack may behave like ruffians, but Rarity conducts herself with beauty and grace.

**Trixie:** Ooh, what’s the matter? Afraid you’ll get a hair out of place in that rat’s nest you call a mane?

(*The “beauty and grace” drop out of the contender’s voice in an instant.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, it is *on!*

(*Now onstage and circling Trixie, the aspiring designer regains the bulk of her composure.*)

**Rarity:** You may think you’re tough with all of your so-called powers, but there is more to magic than your brutish ways. A unicorn needs to be more than just muscle.

(*She lets her horn speak for her; cut to the curtain, which comes off its rod under her charm.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) A unicorn needs to have style.

(*Back to her on the end of this, the cloth wraps itself into a tight whirl around her body, and a flash clears it away to show the results: she now wears a blue gown trimmed in gold, complete with saddle, that leaves her forelegs bare, and her mane has been styled into a tall bouffant.*)

**Rarity:** (*over crowd’s “Ooooh!”*) A unicorn is not a unicorn without grace and beauty.

(*The other unicorn just smirks and gets ready to throw a spell. Cut to Spike.*)

**Spike:** Rarity won’t let Trixie get the best of her! (*lovestruck*) She’s strong, she’s beautiful… (*Flash from o.s.; his eyes widen*) …she’s…

(*His jaw drops, the crowd mirroring his sentiments in face and voice, and the camera zooms out to stop just behind Rarity, her head cut off by the top of the screen. Now her composure is totally out the window.*)

**Rarity:** QUICK!! I NEED A MIRROR!! GET ME A MIRROR!!

(*Extreme close-up of her panicked countenance.*)

**Rarity:** What did she do to my hair? I know she did something terrible to my hair! (*Cut to Twilight, trying not to laugh.*)

**Twilight:** Nothing. (*Quick pan to Rainbow; ditto.*)

**Rainbow:** It’s fine. (*To Applejack, unsettled.*)

**Applejack:** It’s gorgeous! (*To Spike, stunned.*)

**Spike:** It’s green. (*The other three glare at him.*) What?

(*Close-up of the horrified unicorn’s face. The few strands of mane that can be seen have indeed gone two different shades of green, and she gasps as the camera zooms out to frame the piled-up mess that now sits on her head. A twig and a few berries are caught in it, and a couple of tails protrude from the uppermost reaches. Evidently Trixie decided to act on that “rat’s nest” crack.*)

**Rarity:** No! Green hair! Not green hair! (*She dashes through the crowd, shuddering.*) Such an awful, awful color!

(*As she sobs and gallops o.s., she passes Carrot Top, whose mane and tail are now green rather than the shade of orange seen in “The Ticket Master.”*)

**Carrot:** (*offended*) Well, I never!

**Spike:** Well, Twilight, I guess it’s up to you.

(*Cut to the stage; Trixie blows a bit of dust off one hoof.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Come on. Show her what you’re made of. (*Back to her amid the intent crowd.*)

**Twilight:** (*smiling nervously*) What do you mean? I’m nothing special.

**Spike:** Yes, you are! You’re better than her!

**Twilight:** I’m not better than anyone!

**Trixie:** Ha! (*approaching edge of stage*) You think you’re better than the Great and Powerful Trixie? You think you have more magical talent?

(*She is now close enough to glower over the boards at the frightened challenger and the defiant little dragon.*)

**Trixie:** Well, come on. (*Zoom in on Twilight; she continues o.s.*) Show Trixie what you’ve got. (*Back to her; extreme close-up.*) Show us all.

(*The full weight of the crowd’s gaze bears down on Twilight for a moment.*)

**Twilight:** Who, me? (*trying to play it off*) I’m just your run-of-the-mill citizen of Ponyville. No powerful magic here. I, uh…I think I hear my laundry calling. Sorry, gotta go.

(*Her sudden gallop away from the scene leaves a bunch of very confused ponies and one disappointed assistant.*)

**Spike:** Twilight…? (*Trixie sucks in a disdainful gasp.*)

**Trixie:** Once again, the Great and Powerful Trixie has proven herself— (*Slow pan from the crowd to her.*) —to be the most amazing unicorn in all of Equestria. (*sighing smugly, turning/walking off*) Was there ever any doubt?

(*As the onlookers disperse, Spike aims a glare toward her that would melt sheet metal, if anyone were to place some in front of his face at this moment. Dissolve to a long shot of the trailer, with the stage and all its effects packed away. Trixie has propped a mirror against the side and is standing before it, using a levitated hairbrush to comb out her mane. Zoom in slightly, then cut to a close-up as Snips’ rump pops into view; a tray with a beverage is balanced on it.*)

**Snips:** Here’s your smoothie you asked for— (*Longer shot; Snails is with him.*) —with extra hay, just how you like it.

**Snails:** Mmm, hay.

(*She floats it off the tray and begins to sip, noticing after a moment that the two yo-yos are staring at her with unmitigated adulation. Her response is one of impatience.*)

**Trixie:** Yes?

**Snips:** Oh, tell us another story, Great and Powerful Trixie.

**Snails:** Yeah. Tell us about how you vanquished the Ursa Major!

(*Regarding them with thinly veiled contempt for a moment, she tosses her head with a little sigh of disdain.*)

**Trixie:** Trixie is far too exhausted from performing feats beyond imagination. Begone with you until morning. (*Snips and Snails bow and back away.*)

**Snails:** Oh, of course, Great and Powerful Trixie.

**Snips:** Anything you say. We are at your beck and call.

(*Another noise of mild disgust from her; cut to a close-up of the pair. Spike’s voice is enough to halt them and straighten them up.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) What are you two doing? (*Zoom out to frame him.*)

**Snips:** Just bringin’ the G-and-P-T a—

**Spike:** The what?

**Snips:** The Great and Powerful Trixie!

**Spike:** Sheesh.

**Snips:** Just bringin’ her a smoothie.

**Spike:** How can you fall for her lameness? She’s just a showoff, unlike Twilight, who— (*Snips leans angrily into his face.*)

**Snips:** The Great and Powerful Trixie vanquished an Ursa Major! Can your Twilight claim that? (*He ducks back.*)

**Spike:** Oh, really? Were you guys actually there?

**Snips:** Well, uh, uh…no, but—

**Spike:** But nothing! The proof is in the pudding.

**Snails:** (*laughing*) I like pudding.

(*The reptilian voice of reason looks as if he would like to send Snails to the glue factory here and now, but eventually finds some words.*)

**Spike:** Look. Unless an Ursa Major comes waltzing up the street for Trixie to vanquish, I am not gonna believe a word she says! And neither should you! (*Close-up of Snips.*)

**Snips:** (*smiling*) Hmm…an Ursa walkin’ up the street, hey? Snails! (*Pan to Snails; he continues o.s.*) You thinkin’ what I’m thinkin’?

**Snails:** Why is it they call it a flea market when they don’t really sell fleas?

**Snips:** Yeah, uh… (*catching himself*) …oh, come on!

(*The two unicorns take their leave of the unimpressed Spike. Zoom in to a close-up and dissolve to him standing in the library with the same pose. He directs a worried look toward the camera as it zooms out to frame Twilight on the receiving end, reading a book propped on a stand. The magic checklist from the prologue is still on its easel, but the two have moved it downstairs to the reading room.*)

**Spike:** Twilight, would you put down that book and just listen to me?

**Twilight:** Didn’t you see how they hated Trixie’s bragging, Spike? If I go out there and show off my magic, I run the risk of losing them as friends.

**Spike:** It’s not the same thing, Twilight! You’d be using your magic to stand up for your friends.

**Twilight:** No, Spike, it’s exactly the same.

**Spike:** (*gesturing to list*) Come on, Twilight. Any one of these tricks, even the teeniest, would be enough to show up Trixie.

**Twilight:** I don’t want to be seen as a bragger like Trixie.

(*She conjures up an open door in front of Spike, complete with frame, and slams it shut; he reopens it immediately with a groan to continue the discussion. Cut to a close-up of Twilight on the next line.*)

**Spike:** But you’re the best!

**Twilight:** (*groaning*) Please, Spike, I said no!

**Spike:** (*sighing*) If that’s the way you want to be, then fine!

(*This time, he is the one to slam the door. After a long “you’ve got to be kidding me” glare from her, he opens it again and walks across the room without looking her in the eye. Once he has passed, she drops her head in silent confusion.*)

(*Dissolve to Snips and Snails in one of the gloomier areas of the Everfree Forest. It is evening. They timidly work their way through the overgrowth, the sound of insects and hooting owls unnerving them even further, and enter a cave wide and high enough to fit several of them comfortably either way. Cut to inside; as they proceed further, the light fades away to leave nothing but their four eyes gleaming in the blackness.*)

**Snips:** Oh! How are we gonna find an Ursa Major when I can’t even see my own hoof in front of my face?

**Snails:** Hold on!

(*He strains to get a light going on his horn, accompanied by the sound of an engine turning over; the first two tries fizzle out, but his third attempt holds. Behind the pair, a couple of clawed toes attached to an enormous, twinkling blue body can be seen.*)

**Snips:** Oh! That’s better.

(*Zoom out as both unicorns go bug-eyed with surprise. The body is that of a gargantuan bear creature which begins to wake up from a sleep or hibernation, exposing red eyes with orange whites. It slowly stands up to full height with a threatening growl, not appreciating the disturbance one bit, and leans down to bare its teeth in the pair’s faces. The starburst on its head identifies it as an Ursa, and the radius of Snails’ light is barely sufficient to illuminate its front half.*)

(*Snap to black, which fills in with a radially divided three-way split screen: Snails screaming with mane standing on end and light out, Snips doing likewise, and the Ursa roaring in fury. Snap to black again.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a ground-level pan of a rock being kicked along by Spike. Cut to his downcast face as he shuffles through the park; the reverie breaks when Snips races screaming past him.*)

**Spike:** Hey, guys. (*Snails dashes by.*) Where are you going?

**Snips:** Can’t talk now!

**Snails:** Got a major problem! (*Back to Spike.*)

**Snips:** (*from o.s.*) Yeah! Ursa Major, to be exact!

(*The beast’s not-so-distant roar shakes Spike almost off his feet; he looks in its direction, eyes widening and jaw going slack.*)

**Spike:** Huh?

(*He gets moving just in time to avoid being turned into a manhole cover by one gigantic paw.*)

**Snips, Snails:** TRIXIE!!

**Spike:** TWILIGHT!!

(*Cut to a treetop-level view of the woodlands outside Ponyville. One after another, the trees topple over to mark the Ursa’s rampage and birds scatter into the night. The two half-pint nitwits reach the door of Trixie’s trailer, its top half open, and pound frantically on it; the next two lines are delivered together.*)

**Snips:** Trixie, help! You gotta help us!

**Snails:** Trixie! Come out! Trixie!

(*She finally appears, putting her head out through the open top half and looking very cross. For the first time, she is seen with neither hat nor cape.*)

**Trixie:** Trixie thought she said the Great and Powerful Trixie did not want to be disturbed! (*Cut to Snips.*)

**Snips:** (*laughing nervously*) W-We…we have a…a tiny problem. (*Pan to Snails.*)

**Snails:** Actually, it’s a big one.

**Trixie:** What is so important that you cannot wait until morning to disturb Trixie?!

(*The Ursa’s bellow answers her in a heart-stopping instant; quick pan to an empty street, where it is approaching fast. Down on all fours, it stands as tall as the houses on either side. One hearty roar is enough to make her fling the bottom half of the door open, knocking away the two grinning idiots, and send her off in a screaming panic. Once Snips and Snails get up, they do likewise just before one mighty paw stomps the trailer into kindling wood. It roars again.*)

(*Cut to Twilight as she tranquilly reads in the library. Spike skids into view, ruining her mood.*)

**Spike:** Twilight! You’ve gotta come! Quick!

**Twilight:** (*testily*) I’ve already told you, Spike, I don’t want to show up Trixie.

**Spike:** No, you don’t understand! It’s—

(*—the Ursa, as evidenced by yet another roar that shakes the building.*)

**Twilight:** (*nervously*) Uh, is that what I think it is?

**Spike:** Majorly.

(*Quick pan to a long overhead view of Trixie, Snips, and Snails standing in the town square before the monster’s slow advance.*)

**Snips:** Great and Powerful Trixie! (*Close-up of him and her.*) You’ve got to vanquish the Ursa! (*Slight pan; Snails is on her other side.*)

**Snails:** Yeah, vanquish so we can watch!

(*Close-up of the menacing ursine visage, saliva dripping from its jaws.*)

**Snips:** (*from o.s.*) It took a lot of trouble to get that thing here! (*Tilt down to frame her.*)

**Trixie:** (*shocked*) Wait! *You* brought this here? (*Gasp.*) Are you out of your little pony minds?!

**Snips:** But…you’re the Great and Powerful Trixie!

**Snails:** Yeah, remember? You defeated an Ursa Major!

(*It chooses that moment to unload a roar that nearly blows them all bald.*)

**Trixie:** Uh…okay. (*Gulp.*) Stand back!

(*A spell from her horn causes the rope she turned against Applejack to rise out of a vase. Close-up of this as it wraps around part of the Ursa’s body, then back to the trio. Trixie voices a relieved sigh and smiles thinly.*)

**Trixie:** Piece of cake.

(*Or maybe not, as she has only bound two of the digits on one forepaw. The Ursa snaps them loose without trouble, causing her two fans to lose some of their ardor.*)

**Snips:** Aw, come on, Trixie!

**Snails:** Stop goofin’ around and vanquish it, eh?

(*A shudder, another gulp, and she has another go at it. This time, her magic calls up a storm cloud that cracks out lightning—but only over the Ursa’s tail. No effect.*)

**Snails:** Well, that was a dud.

**Snips:** Yeah! Pfft! Come on! Where’s all the cool explosions and smoke and stuff like earlier, you know?

(*Lightning strikes the beast squarely on the rump, leaving a charred patch of fur and doing very little to improve its disposition. Snap to black, which resolves into a view from within its mouth as it opens the slavering jaws wide toward the three unicorns.*)

**Trixie:** Uh-oh.

(*Outside again; it bellows in rage and all three bail out, galloping through its legs. Lights go on in windows all over Ponyville as the noise and tremors ruin a good night’s sleep. As an unsettled crowd gathers, the Ursa chomps into a roof, sending them into a panicked stampede. Twilight, with Spike on her back, meets them coming the other way; after she has galloped through them, she hits the brakes and shifts direction. A moment later, she finds Snips and Snails.*)

**Twilight:** What’s going on?

**Snips:** (*laughing*) We brought an Ursa to town!

**Twilight:** You *what?!?*

**Snails:** Don’t worry, the Great and Powerful Trixie’ll vanquish it!

(*On the start of this line, zoom out to frame Trixie not far away—and wishing she had never brought her show to Ponyville in the first place. She hangs her head sadly.*)

**Trixie:** I can’t.

**Snips, Snails:** What?!

**Trixie:** I can’t, I never have. No one can vanquish an Ursa Major. I just made the whole story up to make me look better.

**Snips, Snails:** *Made it up?!*

(*Tilt up from the five as the behemoth towers over a nearby house to perhaps twice its height, blocking out the moon. Twilight’s eyes grow to saucer-size and she grits her teeth to the breaking point; the forepaws come up and the roar comes loud enough to shake all Equestria. Panic from all spectators, including Applejack, Rainbow, and Rarity; the last’s mane has resumed its usual sleek appearance, and she has removed the outfit she improvised for herself during her face-off with Trixie. Spike gives Twilight an elbow in the ribs and gestures toward the impending destruction as if to say, “Like it or not, you’re up to bat.” She gives him an uncertain look, then closes her eyes and swallows hard.*)

[*Note: Carrot appears among the observers, but her mane and tail have reverted to their normal orange.*]

(*When she opens them again, steely resolve has written itself across the purple irises. She takes measured steps toward the Ursa and stops just short of the massive chest, hooves planted wide to brace herself. Her eyes and jaw squeezed tight, she summons a wind that starts to wave flags on roofs and boughs on trees. As the air circulates through a patch of cattails, it generates a soft, humming melody similar to that a person might produce by running a finger around the edges of water-filled crystal goblets. The notes literally float in one of the Ursa’s ears and out the other, causing it to fall silent as its eyelids start to droop. It begins to totter drowsily from side to side.*)

**Spike:** (*softly, giving thumbs-up*) Nice use of number sixteen!

(*The glow from Twilight’s horn intensifies; the wind stops, and she takes hold of a water tower’s tank and hoists it clear of the support framework. The top unscrews itself and the water is dumped out, and the two sections float over a tract of farmland and toward an open barn. Here, the tank body goes in while the top continues past; the sound of cows being milked is heard, along with their surprised exclamations.*)

**Cow:** (*from inside, Minnesota accent*) Golly, dontcha know.

(*The body emerges, brimming with milk, and the top aligns itself to fit back in place.*)

**Spike:** That’s new.

(*Now the top clangs back onto the tank body. The Ursa, meanwhile, begins to topple over in Trixie’s direction—but with inches to spare, Twilight gets it under her control and hauls it back up. Rays have begun to shoot from her horn in all directions due to the strain. The now-placid Ursa hovers quietly just off the ground, then floats up several yards onto its back and receives the improvised baby bottle. As locals watch speechlessly, the colossal creature drifts slowly out of town and back into its cave, nursing all the while.*)

(*Once it is completely out of sight, Twilight lets her powers wind down and half-collapses, gasping for breath. The sound of cheering brings her back upright; pan toward the crowd that has gathered behind her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Unbelievable! (*She hovers above them.*)

**Spike:** That was amazing!

**Applejack:** Heavens to Betsy! We knew you had ability, but not *that* much!

**Twilight:** (*fearfully*) I’m sorry. Please, please don’t hate me.

**Applejack, Rainbow, Rarity:** Hate you?

**Rarity:** Why, whatever do you mean, darling?

**Twilight:** Well…I know how much you all hated Trixie’s showing off with her magic tricks, and I just thought—

**Rainbow:** Whoa, whoa, whoa. Magic’s got nothing to do with it. Trixie’s just a loudmouth.

**Rarity:** Most unpleasant.

**Applejack:** All hat and no cattle.

**Twilight:** So…you don’t mind my magic tricks?

**Applejack:** Your magic is a part of who you are, sugar cube, and we like who you are. We’re proud to have such a powerful talented unicorn as our friend.

**Rainbow:** And after whuppin’ that Ursa’s hindquarters, we’re even prouder.

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) You are? (*Pan across the three.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh-huh.

**Applejack:** Mmm-hmm.

**Rarity:** Mmm-hmm. (*Pan/zoom in on Spike.*)

**Spike:** Wow, Twilight! How’d you know what to do with that Ursa Major?

**Twilight:** That’s what I was doing when you came looking for me. I was so intrigued by Trixie’s bragging that I was compelled to do a little reading up on them.

**Spike:** So it *is* possible to vanquish an Ursa Major all by yourself?

**Twilight:** That wasn’t an Ursa Major. It was a baby, an Ursa *Minor*.

**Trixie:** *That* was just a baby?

**Twilight:** And it wasn’t rampaging. It was just cranky because *someone* woke it up.

(*Snips and Snails suddenly find themselves on the wrong end of several angry glares.*)

**Snips,** **Snails:** Awww…

(*Pan to Spike, passing Pinkie in the crowd for an instant.*)

**Spike:** Well, if that was an Ursa *Minor*, then… (*borderline panic*) …what’s an Ursa *Major* like?

(*Twilight cuts her eyes away, having been struck by a very unsettling thought. Dissolve to a close-up of the Ursa Minor as it keeps nursing, cradled by something of the same general body style. Zoom out to frame the Ursa Major in the cave, sitting up on its haunches and showing the same starburst on its forehead. The teeth and claws are much longer, and the star-sprinkled fur is purple and shaggy; the relative size difference is about the same as that between a full-grown human and a newborn.*)

(*Dissolve back to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** You don’t want to know. (*Trixie crosses to her, bravado restored.*)

**Trixie:** Hah! You may have vanquished an Ursa *Minor*— (*rearing up*) —but you will never have the amazing show-stopping ability of the Great and Powerful Trixie!

(*A burst of smoke hides her from view; when it clears, she can be seen galloping away from the camera and out of town. Cut to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** Why, that little—

(*She takes off, intending to pursue, but stops at the next words.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Just let her go. (*Long shot of the fleeing unicorn; zoom out to frame Rainbow watching.*) Maybe someday she’ll learn her lesson.

(*The two boneheads who started this mess begin to sneak away, but freeze when they find Twilight standing right in their path.*)

**Twilight:** Now, about you two.

**Snips:** (*laughing nervously*) Uh, we’re sorry that we woke up the Ursa Minor.

**Snails:** We just wanted to see some awesome magic!

**Snips:** Yeah! And the way you vanquished that Ursa Minor was *awesome!*

(*She gives them a searching look; they prostrate themselves before her.*)

**Snails:** We deserve whatever punishment you give us. (*Cut to her on the end of this.*)

**Twilight:** (*looking to one side*) For starters—

(*Cut to the smashed remains of Trixie’s trailer.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) —you can clean up this mess. (*Back to her and Spike, both smiling slyly.*) And…what do you think, Spike? Should I give them number twenty-five?

**Spike:** Ohhh, twenty-five! Yes—and I think I deserve it, too.

**Snips, Snails:** (*scared*) Huh?

**Twilight:** I think you’re right.

(*Her horn flares brightly, giving the two scrubs a serious case of the jitters; zoom out to frame Spike alongside them. Being the only one who knows what is coming, he pushes his face as close to her as he can from where he stands. All three noses and chins glow, and the view snaps to black. It is immediately tiled in with images to form a radially divided three-way split screen, with Snips at top left, Snails at top right, and Spike at bottom center. The dragon has his black mustache again, while the other two smile at their brown ones in different styles.*)

**Spike, Snips, Snails:** Sweet!

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the library and zoom in slowly. It is now the following morning.*)

**Twilight:** (*from inside, dictating*) “Dear Princess Celestia: I have learned a very valuable lesson about friendship.”

(*Cut to a slow pan across her room and stop on her at a cluttered desk, on which a scroll is spread out. She is levitating a quill to write this report herself.*)

**Twilight:** “I was so afraid of being thought of as a showoff that I was hiding a part of who I am.” (*Extreme close-up of her glowing horn; zoom out slowly.*) “My friends helped me realize that it’s okay to be proud of your talents, and there are times when it’s appropriate to show them off—especially when you’re standing up for your friends.”

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) So… (*Pan to frame him behind her.*) …you finally admit that you’re the most talented unicorn in all of Ponyville?

**Twilight:** Well… (*smiling*) …yeah. But it’s nothing to brag about. So, uh, how did it go with Rarity? (*Cut to him.*)

**Spike:** (*with a groan, fingering facial hair*) She didn’t go for the mustache. (*Zoom out as she walks over.*)

**Twilight:** You know, Spike, that mustache has nothing to do with who you really are. Maybe you should just try being yourself.

**Spike:** Or…maybe the mustache wasn’t enough. Maybe if I had a mustache *and* a beard.

**Twilight:** (*groaning*) Not this again!

(*Cut to the library exterior and zoom out slowly.*)

**Spike:** (*from inside, fading out*) Okay. Imagine me with a nice long Fu Manchu-type beard. Or maybe a goatee…oh, no, a soul patch!

(*The rest of his words become inaudible as the view fades to black.*)