**LOOK BEFORE YOU SLEEP**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the sun shining in a clear blue sky. The view is short-lived, however, as a pegasus maneuvers a gray cloud into view to partially block the light. Tilt down to ground level as others do likewise; in the town square, the area is littered with fallen branches, which are being picked up and carried away. One pegasus is breaking a few out of a tree. Pan to Applejack as she applies her teeth to the end of a suspended rope; there is a snap, and the other end drops to the grass, tied around a tree limb.*)

(*Farther along, Rarity levitates a broken bough upward and re-attaches it at the point where it came loose. She eyes it with great concentration.*)

**Rarity:** Hmmm…hah!

(*A burst from her horn; cut to the bough, whose leaves instantly style themselves into a pair of rearing-filly topiaries.*)

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

(*Up comes Applejack’s lasso to snag the end and snap the whole thing loose again. It lands in front of Rarity, who aims a disbelieving gaze as Applejack spits out the rope end. The workhorse is not in good spirits.*)

**Applejack:** Just take the broken limbs down, Rarity. Don’t y’all care about nothin’ other than prettifyin’?

**Rarity:** Somepony has to. You are making an absolute mess of the town square, Applejack.

(*Cut to a close-up of the debris and zoom out/tilt up to frame the two on the next line.*)

**Applejack:** Yeah, well, the storm’s gonna make an even bigger mess if we don’t prune all these loose branches so they don’t tumble down on anypony.

**Rarity:** I simply cannot imagine—

(*Cut to the gloomy gray expanse and pan across as pegasi move more clouds in to plug the holes and block the last of the sun.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) —why the pegasus ponies would schedule a dreadful downpour this evening and ruin what could have been a glorious sunny day. (*Back to the pair.*)

**Applejack:** (*sighing*) Think more practical-like, will you? (*bucking the tree; more branches/leaves fall*) They accidentally skipped a scheduled sprinkle last week, so we need a doozy of a downpour to make up for it, is all.

(*The rain begins; pan to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, no! My wonderfully styled mane shall be ruined!

**Applejack:** You shoulda hurried up and finished the job already.

(*The prissy unicorn cries out and tries to duck every raindrop that comes her way.*)

**Rarity:** (*between yelps*) It’s coming down too fast! …Help me!

(*Applejack looks to each side for shelter; cut to her perspective.*)

**Applejack:** Uh… (*Stop on a picnic table.*) …there! Hunker down to your heart’s content whilst I finish things.

(*Back to Rarity, who gallops across the square and skids to a stop by the table, which has a sizable puddle underneath. Tilt down to frame this in close-up during the next line.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh! No, no, no! (*Longer shot; Applejack has joined her.*)

**Applejack:** What now?

**Rarity:** I’d prefer not to get my hooves muddy.

**Applejack:** (*grunting disgustedly*) There is just no pleasin’ you, is there? Everything’s gotta be just so.

**Rarity:** Well, and how does muddying my hooves serve any useful purpose?

**Applejack:** Y’all wouldn’t know useful if it came up and bit you.

**Rarity:** (*laughing*) That doesn’t even make any sense. (*Pan from one to the other in turn.*)

**Applejack:** Does so.

**Rarity:** Does not.

**Applejack:** Does so!

**Rarity:** Does not. (*Zoom out to frame both, head to head.*)

**Applejack:** Does so!

**Rarity:** Does not.

**Applejack:** Does so, infinity! Hah!

**Rarity:** Does not, infinity plus one.

(*Demure chuckle, followed by the two ponies looking daggers at each other for a long, tense moment.*)

**Rarity:** What say we go our separate ways before one of us says something she will regret?

**Applejack:** I reckon *y’all* are gonna say something *you’ll* regret first!

**Rarity:** On the contrary, I believe it shall most certainly be *you* who says something *you* will regret first.

**Applejack:** I’m not sayin’ anythin’!

**Rarity:** Nor am I!

**Applejack:** Y’all just be on your way, then!

**Rarity:** After you!

(*They slowly back up and o.s. in opposite directions, neither taking her eyes off the other the whole time. A sudden crack of lightning, and they are back where they started with a cry of fear, hugging each other tightly and shaking.*)

**Rarity:** Perhaps we should stick together for now and find some shelter.

**Applejack:** Uh-huh. Perhaps we should… (*Long shot, zooming out through the intensifying storm.*) …and fast!

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a stretch of thunderheads amid the downpour, then zoom out to frame the picnic table in a long shot. Applejack has taken shelter beneath it; cut to a close-up.*)

**Applejack:** Nice and dry under here… (*eyeing muddy hooves*) …sorta. (*Pan to Rarity, by the table.*)

**Rarity:** Ugh! Unacceptable!

**Twilight Sparkle:** (*from o.s., distant*) APPLEJACK! RARITY! (*Rarity looks toward the sound; Applejack soon emerges.*) APPLEJACK! RARITY!

(*They look toward the library, with Twilight standing at the open door and all the lights on.*)

**Applejack, Rarity:** Twilight?

**Twilight:** Come inside, girls, quick!

(*The two sodden ponies sprint across the open stretch of land. Rarity follows Twilight inside, but Applejack stops at the doorstep.*)

**Applejack:** Whoa, Nelly. Is inside a tree really the best place to be in a lightnin’ storm?

**Twilight:** It is if you have a magical lightning rod protecting your home, like I do. Come on in!

**Rarity:** (*sighing happily*) We are most grateful for your invitation.

(*She looks worriedly over her shoulder as Applejack steps in, muddy hooves and all.*)

**Applejack:** Thank you kindly for your hospitality.

(*Rarity stops her and points down, the camera zooming in on the four spattered appendages.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Uh… (*Back to the pair; she walks in.*) …do be a polite houseguest and go wash up, please, won’t you?

**Applejack:** (*snarling to herself*) If I gotta spend one more second with that fussbudget Rarity today, I can’t be held responsible for what I’m gonna do!

(*She steps out on the end of this line. Meanwhile, Twilight is in quite a perky mood.*)

**Twilight:** Some storm, huh? The pegasus ponies sure have outdone themselves this time. I hope you and Applejack don’t have any trouble getting home.

**Rarity:** It may indeed be a problem.

**Twilight:** Well, you’re welcome to stay if need be. Spike is away in Canterlot on royal business. I’m home all alone tonight. (*Happy gasp.*) You and Applejack should totally sleep over! (*clapping hooves*) We’ll have a slumber party! I’ve always wanted one of those.

(*The suggestion catches Rarity flat-hoofed for a second before she starts trying to put together something resembling a coherent response.*)

**Rarity:** Oh!…goodness, uh, I do believe I have another engagement scheduled for this evening that completely slipped my mind until just now. (*Fake chuckle.*) Oh, silly me, I can’t possibly stay here all night… (*under her breath*) …with Applejack.

(*Taking a quick look over the bookshelves, Twilight levitates one of the uppermost volumes from its resting place and down to her. The cover shows a couple of pillows. By the time it reaches the two unicorns and stops in front of Rarity, it has been opened.*)

**Rarity:** (*reading title*) *Slumber 101: All You’ve Ever Wanted to Know About Slumber Parties But Were Afraid to Ask*.

**Twilight:** (*proudly, happily*) My own personal copy. It’s a fantastic reference guide. You should see the table of contents. I’ve been waiting for a chance to use it, and today’s the day! This is gonna be so great!

**Rarity:** Yes, uh…great.

(*She manages the best polite laugh she can and cuts her eyes toward the front of the reading room. Quick pan to the window, through which Applejack can be seen wrestling with a garden hose; she eventually gets the water going only to have it spray her in the face and knock her hat off. Pan back to Rarity, who directs a pained look toward the ceiling, then dissolve to a close-up of Applejack’s sparkling-clean hooves crossing the room. However, she is now tracking water across the floor instead of mud. Tilt up to frame the rest of her as she stops and runs a satisfied eye over them, having recovered her hat. When she looks ahead, though, she pulls in a sharp gasp, her eyes going wide and her tail briefly standing up of its own accord.* *The scene has shifted to Twilight’s upper-story room, as evidenced by the top of the staircase visible behind her.*)

**Applejack:** What in tarnation?

(*Close-up of Twilight, who has a beauty treatment smeared on her face; Rarity reaches into view and slathers on some more. Pan to her, also with a faceful of the stuff, and zoom out to frame both. They are relaxing on pillows, and Applejack stands facing them in the foreground. During the next line, the camera shifts to frame a kitchen area behind the three.*)

**Applejack:** Now wait just a goldarn minute. You make me wash the mud off my hooves, but it’s okay for y’all to have mud all over your faces?

**Rarity:** Silly, this is called a mud *mask*. It’s to refresh and rejuvenate your complexion. (*Pan to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*giddily*) We’re giving each other makeovers! (*Giggle; she levitates the book past herself.*) We *have* to do it. It says so in the book. (*The open tome reaches Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** (*reading title*) *Slumber 101: Everything You—*

(*She cuts herself off with a sudden grimace, then recovers her composure.*)

**Applejack:** Oh, hey, heh. Would you look at the time? I gotta skedaddle on home quick, I’m powerful late for, uh, for somethin’…uh…good night!

(*She gallops o.s., but yelps and beats a hasty retreat when a fresh bolt of lightning cracks the sky. Saucer-eyed fear gives way to a shaky smile after a moment.*)

**Applejack:** Or maybe I’ll set here for a spell.

**Twilight:** (*clapping*) Hooray, slumber party!

(*The earth pony’s unease is interrupted when a hoof-load of mud mask is thrown onto her face and Rarity rubs it in.*)

**Applejack:** Blecch!

(*Now she gets a cucumber slice slapped onto each eye.*)

**Applejack:** What in the world is *this* for?

**Rarity:** (*sighing wearily*) To reduce the puffiness around one’s eyes, of course.

**Applejack:** Puffiness, schmuffiness! (*She pulls them into her mouth with her tongue and gulps them down.*) That’s good eatin’!

(*Rarity just aims a vexed stare her way as the sound of more chomping drifts back to her. Twilight’s giggle comes from the opposite direction; cut to her at a stand, reading from the guide.*)

**Twilight:** Isn’t this exciting? We’ll do everything by the book— (*clapping*) —and that will make my slumber party officially fun!

**Rarity:** (*pointedly*) Did you hear that, Applejack? (*Applejack is trying to scrape her face clean.*) *You* certainly would not want to do anything that would ruin Twilight’s very first slumber party, would you? (*Pan to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Of course not. And you wouldn’t either, I reckon. (*To Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** So do we have an agreement?

**Applejack:** You betcha.

(*She spits on one front hoof and offers it to shake.*)

**Rarity:** (*horrified*) Oh, gross! You know, there’s messy, and there’s just plain rude.

**Applejack:** You know, there’s fussy, and there’s just plain gettin’ on my nerves!

**Rarity:** Fortunately, *I* can get along with anypony, no matter how difficult *she* may be.

**Applejack:** Oh, yeah? Well, I’m the get-alongin’est pony you’re ever gonna meet!

**Rarity:** That’s not even a word. (*Twilight pops up between them.*)

**Twilight:** (*hugging them both*) This is gonna be the bestest slumber party ever! Yay!

**Applejack, Rarity:** (*woodenly*) Yay.

(*Zoom in as they give each other dirty looks from the corners of their eyes, then snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the library, with the camera tilted a few degrees off horizontal as if the wind has knocked it askew. It is now evening, and the storm has not let up one bit. Zoom in slowly, then dissolve to a close-up of Rarity in the kitchen. She has removed the mud mask from her face and put her mane up in curlers.*)

**Rarity:** Sooo…how are you getting along over there, Applejack?

(*Zoom out; Twilight and Applejack, in front of her, are also cleaned up and using their curlers. All three have them on tails as well as manes, and Applejack is not wearing her hat.*)

**Applejack:** (*wearily*) Just fine, Rarity.

**Twilight:** This is so awesome! (*Giggle.*)

(*She levitates the book and a quill over to herself.*)

**Twilight:** (*marking on page*) Makeovers, check.

(*All the curlers disappear in a flash, leaving the two guests to trade a thin smile; Applejack’s hat reappears in its usual place.*)

**Twilight:** Ooh! It says here we have to tell ghost stories! Who wants to go first?

**Applejack:** Me! (*hushed tone*) I’d like to tell y’all the terrifyin’ tale of the Prissy Ghost, who drove everypony crazy with her unnecessary neatness!

(*She aims a few of these words at Rarity, then waves her front hooves about while making ghostly moaning sounds for effect. The next line is directed straight at her opposite number.*)

**Applejack:** I’m sure *y’all* are familiar with that one? (*Pan to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Never heard of it. But I have a much better one. (*ominously*) It’s the horrifying story of the Messy Inconsiderate Ghost, who irritated everypony within a hundred miles!

(*Aimed at Applejack, of course, and now she adds her own sound effects.*)

**Applejack:** That’s not a real story. You made it up!

**Rarity:** It is a ghost story. They’re *all* made up!

(*A lightning strike takes out all the lights, leaving the screen black and eliciting a triple gasp of fright. A moment later, a light snaps on from just below the bottom edge of the screen, illuminating the three faces hunched around it.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve got one. (*Zoom in slowly.*) This story is called… (*hushed*) …“The Legend of the Headless Horse.”

(*Cut to the window; more lightning tears through the night.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) It was a dark and stormy night…

(*Long shot of the three. The light is coming from a lantern set in the center of the floor, filled with fireflies.*)

**Twilight:** …just like this one. And three ponies were having a slumber party…just like this one.

(*The library exterior is seen, followed by a dissolve to a visibly unnerved Rarity—evidently Twilight’s story has gone to work on her. Cut to Applejack on the next line; she is doing no better.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) And just when the last pony thought she was safe… (*Shift to frame all three; zoom in slowly.*) …there, standing right behind her, just inches away, was… (*Zoom out quickly.*) …THE HEADLESS HORSE!

[*Animation goof: When the camera zooms out, the lantern is gone.*]

(*A lightning strike, and she has reared up before them with a blanket covering her head. Applejack and Rarity scream in terror and clutch at each other, falling quiet only when Twilight peeks out with a “gotcha” smile. She tosses the cover away and gallops over to a stand where her slumber party guide sits open, along with her quill; the lights come back on.*)

**Twilight:** (*levitating quill to mark page*) Ghost story, check.

(*Now that the danger is past, the other two draw apart from each other with suspicious glances. Twilight pops up between them, still completely unaware of any enmity.*)

**Twilight:** Now, who wants s’mores?

(*Dissolve to Applejack at the kitchen fireplace, toasting three marshmallows at once. Zoom out and pan across the area during the next line.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Then you place one marshmallow on the top of the chocolate—

(*On the end of this, the camera reaches Rarity at a table, addressing Twilight. Plates of graham crackers and chocolate squares are laid out. Rarity has a nearly-completed s’more on a saucer before her, missing only its top cracker; she is levitating both that piece and all the parts for a second.*)

**Rarity:** —and be sure it’s centered, that’s critical, and then carefully put another perfectly square graham cracker on the top.

(*On the second half of this, cut to a close-up of the saucer; she floats the second cracker down and squishes it gently into place.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) And…done!

(*Zoom out to frame all three at the table. Applejack is less than enthused at her meticulous explanation.*)

**Rarity:** Ta-da! (*Soft laugh.*)

**Twilight:** Ooooh!

**Applejack:** Nah, you just eat ’em!

(*She does so, scarfing the whole thing in one cheek-bulging mouthful and chewing noisily with her mouth open. Pan from her to Rarity, who reacts to this display of bad table manners and the loud burp that follows it with a disgusted groan.*)

**Rarity:** You could at least say, “Excuse me.”

**Applejack:** I *was* just about to, but you interrupted me. Pardon.

(*The fastidious unicorn is not exactly thrilled by this.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) S’mores… (*Quick pan to her, marking off in her book.*) …check. Now the next item of fun we have to do is…truth or dare!

**Rarity:** I dare Applejack to do something carefully and neatly for a change.

**Applejack:** Oh, yeah? Well, I dare Rarity to lighten up and stop obsessin’ over every last little detail, for a change.

**Rarity:** I think the *truth* of the matter is that *somepony* could stand to pay a little more attention to detail. (*Zoom out on this; Twilight watches with mild shock.*)

**Applejack:** And *I* think the truth is, somepony oughta quit with her fussin’ so the rest of us can get things done!

(*Cut from them to Twilight and back during the previous line. The slightly bewildered slumber party host then turns back to her guide and flips pages quickly with her magic.*)

**Twilight:** Um, I don’t think this is how the game’s supposed to work. You have to give an honest answer to any question, or do whatever anypony dares you to do.

**Applejack:** (*to Rarity*) I dares *you* to step outside and let your precious tidy mane get ruined again.

(*The owner of said mane shudders in fright.*)

**Twilight:** You have to. It’s the rule.

**Applejack:** Ha!

**Rarity:** Fine!

(*She skulks out, Applejack grinning wickedly after her. From o.s. come the sounds of the door opening, rain pouring down, and Rarity yelping in barely contained panic. Applejack puts a hoof to her mouth to stifle a guffaw. When the door closes again, there stands one very soggy pony, her mane and tail having lost all semblance of their usual elegant curl. Applejack has a laugh as Rarity squishes back into the room, but clams up and has to start backing away before her steady advance.*)

**Rarity:** Okay. I dare Applejack to play dress-up, in a frou-frou, glittery, lacy outfit!

(*Now Applejack is the one to react badly, sucking in a sharp gasp. She throws Rarity a dirty look and walks off; a quick rustle of clothing, and she returns to the kitchen. Her light blue outfit is that of a typical fairy-tale princess, complete with earrings and necklace, pink ribbons on her hooves, a tall pointed hat, and a full-length gown with a pink saddle trimmed in yellow and white. Her mane has been curled and flowers put into it. Needless to say, she is not the slightest bit pleased at having to do this.*)

**Applejack:** Happy?

**Rarity:** Very. (*Chuckle; cut to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Um…do I ever get a turn?

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) I dare you to enter the next rodeo when it comes to town! (*Cut to frame all three; she has addressed Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** I dare you *not* to enter the next rodeo that comes to town!

**Applejack:** I dare you to not comb your mane a hundred times before bed!

**Rarity:** And I dare you to comb yours just once!

**Twilight:** (*smiling nervously*) I, uh, I think we should check off truth or dare and move on. (*levitating book*) Let’s see what our next fun-fun-fun thing is, shall we?

(*She eyes the pages for a long moment, puzzled.*)

**Twilight:** Hmmm, what does this mean? “Pillow fight”? (*Cut to Rarity, now properly dried and styled.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, please. I am not at all interested in participating in something so crude.

(*She promptly catches a flying pillow with her face and spits out a few loose feathers, changing her attitude in a heartbeat.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh! (*Zoom in to an extreme close-up.*) *It is on!*

(*One quick nip and head snap send the pillow flying across the room into Applejack’s face. Shaking the feathers away, the latter bucks three from the pile in front of her, having changed out of the dress-up outfit, put her hat back on, and tied her mane/tail back the way she likes them. A triple bullseye; now the unicorn kicks the pillows back across the room, missing with each one. The camera shifts back to Applejack, who has cinched several in a lasso and is twirling them overhead. She whips them loose—a salvo of three—but Rarity uses her magic to bring them to a hovering rest on either side of her. Another spell hurls them back across the room. Now pillows go flying in both directions as Twilight stands up into view with a look of sudden understanding.*)

**Twilight:** Ohhh, I get it! Pillow…fight! Fun!

(*The two that slam into the side of her head tell her that she should have been more careful about getting into the crossfire. Their combined impact drops her to the floor and knocks her silly.*)

**Twilight:** (*very woozy*) Uh, girls, maybe we should take it down a notch? (*Applejack throws and dodges.*)

**Applejack:** I will if she will!

**Rarity:** (*dodging*) She started it!

(*Now a sizable pile of pillows has collected in the center of the floor, burying Twilight. After the last few land on it, she pokes her head up—lifting one on top of it—and spits out feathers.*)

**Twilight:** (*sadly*) Maybe we should just call it a night and get some sleep?

(*Dissolve to her bedroom loft, the lights out. A second bed has been set up, foot to foot with her own, and Applejack and Rarity are lying back to back in it. Applejack, facing the camera, is awake and has removed her hat. Zoom in as Twilight stirs in her sleep, then cut to an overhead view of Rarity, also awake. She and Applejack keep their voices down through the following.*)

**Rarity:** Keep your muddy hooves on your side of the bed! (*Pan to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** My hooves ain’t muddy! (*Back to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** They were. There might still be a little on them.

**Applejack:** There ain’t! (*showing one*) See?

**Rarity:** Ewww!

(*She grips the blanket in her teeth and yanks all of it to her side.*)

**Applejack:** Now who’s bein’ inconsiderate?

(*She yanks the blanket off Rarity, who glares over her shoulder and then gets out of bed.*)

**Rarity:** I have to make the bed again so the blanket will be right! (*butting Applejack off*) Get up!

**Applejack:** (*now o.s.*) Hey!

(*Rarity uses a bit of magic to tuck the blanket’s corners neatly over the mattress and smooth out all the folds, leaving a perfectly made bed that does not placate Applejack in the slightest. The latter angles her head down to get her teeth on the edge, but Rarity waves her back.*)

**Rarity:** Ah-ah-ah! You’ll ruin it. You have to do it like this.

(*From a haunch-sitting position on her pillow, she eases her hindquarters under the blanket without turning it down, and eventually winds up lying on her back.*)

**Rarity:** Ahhh…

**Applejack:** Yeah, that’s not gonna happen. (*jumping up o.s., full volume*) GERONIMO!!

(*She lands on the bed with enough force to throw both Rarity and pillow out of view; the suddenly vacant half of the blanket settles over her.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., full volume*) Hey! (*Thud.*)

**Applejack:** Ahhh… (*Rarity gets up.*)

**Rarity:** You did that on purpose.

**Applejack:** (*sarcastically*) Um…yeah.

**Rarity:** Get up so I can fix it again!

**Applejack:** Can’t hear you. I’m asleep.

(*She gives a few loud fake snores as Rarity fumes quietly for a moment, after which the irate unicorn whips the blanket off the bed with her teeth.*)

**Applejack:** I ain’t budgin’.

**Rarity:** (*through teeth*) You will if you want any blanket!

(*It is swiftly yanked away by Applejack, leading to a tug-of war.*)

**Applejack:** Give it back!

**Rarity:** I will not!

**Applejack:** Yes, you will!

**Rarity:** Won’t!

**Applejack:** Will!

**Rarity:** Won’t!

**Applejack:** Will!

**Rarity:** Won’t!

**Applejack:** Will! (*Twilight sits up in bed.*)

**Twilight:** ENOUGH!!

(*Back to the two combatants, who slacken their pull on the blanket as the book, open, is levitated up for them to read.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) It says right here that the number-one thing you’re supposed to do at a slumber party is have fun. (*Book slams shut and drops o.s.*) And thanks to you two, I can’t check that off! (*Applejack drops her end.*)

**Applejack:** I’ve been tryin’ my darnedest to get along! (*Rarity drops hers.*)

**Rarity:** No, it is I who have been trying *my* best.

**Applejack:** No, it was me.

**Rarity:** No, it was I.

**Applejack:** Me!

**Rarity:** I!

(*Now they try to bulldoze each other away, but Twilight’s next words bring them up short.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) *I* hope you’re happy… (*Cut to her.*) …both of you! You’ve ruined my very first slumber party! The makeover, the s’mores, truth or dare, the pillow fight—I mean, is there anything else that could possibly go wrong?!

(*Lightning strike; cut to outside. A nearby tree has been hit, weakening the trunk so that its upper section begins to lean precariously toward the house next door. In the loft, Twilight huddles down under her blanket, leaving only her forelegs, eyes, and bangs visible.*)

**Twilight:** (*small voice*) Sorry I asked.

(*Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the library, framed a couple of degrees off-kilter as at the start of Act Two. The lightning strike is shown again; inside, all three ponies are out of bed and have turned on the lights. Hurrying to the window, they look out and gasp in unison, seeing the tree’s upper section start to topple over.*)

**Applejack:** (*to Rarity*) You see? *That’s* why we needed to take down all those loose branches in town— (*Cut to a chastened Rarity; she continues o.s.*) —not spiffy ’em up!

**Rarity:** But I— (*Zoom out to frame Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Out of my way, missy! (*dashing to window*) Time’s a-wastin’!

(*One hoof pushes it open and the lasso spins in midair.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Wait! Stop! (*crossing toward Applejack*) *Don’t!*

**Applejack:** No waitin’, no stoppin’, doin’!

(*With that, she lets the rope fly and catches the loose section at its top.*)

**Applejack:** (*rope no longer in teeth*) And that, my friends, is what we call “gettin’ ’er done.”

(*She bites down on the end and gives one good heave; Rarity cries out in panic, then Twilight—and the entire leafy expanse of the snapped-off piece tumbles squarely through the window. The foliage is expansive enough to nearly fill the loft, and Applejack winds up hanging over the balcony by the rope still in her teeth. Rarity’s cries are heard from o.s. as the camera pans from the wind-blown mess to her at the bookshelves, which have been reduced to a scramble of open volumes, torn-out pages, and broken junk. She is holding an open book over her head to shelter herself.*)

**Rarity:** I tried to tell you it would come crashing down in here! (*Applejack climbs up.*)

**Applejack:** Well, you shoulda tried harder!

(*Her eyes pop upon seeing that Rarity is trying to gather up the bits of furniture; at the other end of the fallen timber, Twilight pokes her head up dizzily and shakes it clear. Cut to Applejack and zoom out to frame Twilight as she speaks.*)

**Applejack:** I’m mighty sorry, Twilight.

**Twilight:** It’s…well…it’s not okay! There’s a giant tree branch in the middle of my bedroom! (*pulling out book*) And the book doesn’t say anything about having a giant tree branch at your slumber party! (*magically flipping pages*) Or at least I haven’t found that answer yet!

(*She lets off a bewildered little moan as she scans the text and Rarity begins putting books back on the shelves.*)

**Applejack:** What in tarnation are y’all doin’ over there? (*Close-up of Rarity as she finishes.*)

**Rarity:** Cleaning up this mess *somepony* made! Who was that again? Oh, right, that’s *you!*

(*Applejack grimaces for a moment, pulls her head into the leaves, and puts it up behind Twilight.*)

**Applejack:** We gotta do somethin’!

**Twilight:** (*reading*) Baking, BFF’s, brothers…there’s nothing in here about branches!

(*The farmer uses her rope to pull on one section, then bucks at it and stomps before diving back in. A moment later she looks out across the room.*)

**Applejack:** Rarity, for pony’s sake! (*Pan to Rarity during this, putting her o.s.*) Stop sweatin’ the small stuff and help me get rid of this thing! (*Back to her; Rarity continues shelving.*) I said, hustle over here and help me!

(*Again no response for a few seconds, during which Applejack strains against the trunk’s weight and/or her own attitude. When she speaks next, her voice has lost some of its angry edge.*)

**Applejack:** Look. I’m sorry, all right?

**Rarity:** What was that?

**Applejack:** I said, I’m sorry! I shoulda listened to you when you noticed where this here branch would end up. Your annoyin’ attention to detail woulda saved us from this whole mess. But right now, you need to stop bein’ so dang fussy pickin’ up all those little things and help me move the one *big* thing in here that actually matters! (*No immediate response.*) Please!

(*That word gets Rarity’s attention, but she eyes her hooves with a couple of worried little grunts.*)

**Rarity:** But I’ll get all icky!

**Applejack:** Consarn it! (*catching herself*) What the…you…I mean, yes. Ickiness is often a side effect of hard work. But y’all need to get over it, on account of I just can’t fix this mess I made myself. I need your help.

(*Taking a long moment to think, Rarity tosses her head to get the book off it and moans uncertainly—before a determined smile comes over her face.*)

**Rarity:** Let’s do this!

(*She wades in. Both heads pop up behind Twilight and discuss strategy, their voices inaudible, as she goes right on consulting her slumber party guide.*)

**Twilight:** Well, they do have a section about backyard slumber parties. Is that what we’re doing right now? Does this count as camping?

(*They have paid no heed to her and ducked under again. Now Rarity is back at the bookshelves; as the wind plays havoc with her mane and tail, she concentrates deeply and unleashes a scintillating burst from her horn. In two swift flashes, the leafy limbs become topiaries similar to the ones she made in the prologue, but with a wider assortment of shapes. They float before her in the wind and settle gently into the suddenly cleared floor space.*)

(*At the window, one stub of trunk still hangs on the sill. Applejack—having finally put her hat back on—is set to buck it out, but a stern look from Rarity changes her mind. Both ponies are now filthy with twigs and tree sap. Instead of using leg-power, Applejack catches a small side branch in her teeth and gently heaves the wood over the side. Rarity smiles approvingly as her fellow guest pulls the window shut, then gets a full look at the splatters that have ruined her own impeccable grooming.*)

**Rarity:** (*shuddering*) Oh…I look awful.

(*Close-up of Applejack, who thinks hard for a moment before getting a brainstorm. She walks o.s., followed by the sound of squishing, then backs up into view.*)

**Applejack:** Better?

(*A cut to Rarity reveals that Applejack has put cucumber slices on her eyes. She smiles and laughs softly.*)

**Rarity:** Thanks.

(*She reaches forward blindly with a hoof, trying to touch Applejack’s cheek. The latter leans forward to put herself in the right place, and the two share a standing hug—nuzzling each other’s cheek while draping a foreleg around the neck.*)

(*Cut to Twilight, still reading, and zoom out as she finally takes note of the topiaries Rarity has made.*)

**Twilight:** Ooh, pretty! Where did these come from? (*checking pages*) They’re not in the book either.

(*Dissolve to the trio sitting on their bellies and laughing on the floor of Twilight’s room and zoom in slightly. Twilight and Rarity have their curlers in, and Rarity has taken the cucumbers off her eyes; she and Applejack are properly cleaned up.*)

**Applejack:** Is it bigger than a barn?

**Twilight:** (*giggling*) Nope.

**Rarity:** Is it smaller than a saddle?

**Twilight:** (*giggling again*) No. Only three of your twenty questions left.

**Applejack:** (*sighing*) We’re never gonna guess what you’re thinkin’ of! It could be anything!

**Rarity:** Are we getting warmer?

**Twilight:** Why? Is it too cold in here for you? I can turn up the heat.

**Applejack:** She means, are we gettin’ any closer with our guesses? (*Cut to Twilight on the end of this.*)

**Twilight:** Oh!…No. And that technically counted as a question, so only two more left. (*Both think very hard.*)

**Applejack:** Is it… (*rapid fire*) …a six-legged pony with a purple polka-dotted mane and shootin’ stars comin’ out of his eyes…

**Rarity:** (*likewise*) …who flies through the air all over the world to hide magic sparkly eggs?

**Twilight:** That’s it!

**Applejack, Rarity:** It is?

**Twilight:** No. (*Embarrassed laugh.*)

(*Cut to the two bad guessers, still smiling, as she puts a hoof into view to point upward.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) It’s that.

(*They follow her gesture and find that she has picked out the telescope at her bedroom window. The view through the glass shows that the rain has stopped.*)

**Twilight:** But it was just so nice to see you two finally getting along, I wanted you to be able to win together. (*Applejack and Rarity laugh.*) See? We could’ve been having fun like this all along.

**Applejack:** If only *somepony* hadn’t been so persnickety.

**Rarity:** Well, maybe she wouldn’t have been if *somepony* else hadn’t been so sloppy.

(*They trade sidelong, riled-up glances for a moment, then smile again.*)

**Applejack:** Sorry for bein’ such a pain in the patootie.

**Rarity:** Oh, no, I’m sure I was much worse.

**Applejack:** That’s kind of you to say, but I’m the one who’s sorry.

**Rarity:** Oh, I’m much more sorry than you are.

**Applejack:** (*sighing*) Are not.

**Rarity:** Are too.

**Applejack:** Are not.

**Rarity:** Are too.

**Applejack:** (*smiling*) Are not.

**Rarity:** (*smiling*) Are too.

(*Both laugh, and Twilight pops up between them; the curlers are gone from her mane.*)

**Twilight:** I declare my first slumber party a success!

**Applejack, Rarity:** (*high-fiving*) Yeah! (*Laugh again; Twilight levitates her book.*)

**Twilight:** Have fun, check! (*Another round of laughter as it closes.*)

(*Dissolve to a stretch of floor stacked with books and pillows placed behind these. The area is otherwise back in order, and some of the topiaries have been placed near the bookshelves.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Now take two steps to your left.

(*Applejack moves into view during this line, her motions hampered by the cucumber slices on her eyes.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Uh, no, my left. (*Applejack tries to correct herself.*)

**Applejack:** Well, which is it? (*She stumbles into the books.*) Whoa!

(*When she stands up from the collapse, she has lost the slices but gained a pillow on her head.*)

**Applejack:** (*smiling, as Rarity walks to her, curlers out*) That mess is *your* fault, not mine. (*Both laugh.*)

**Rarity:** Sorry.

(*She has taken out her curlers now. Pan to Twilight, composing a report at a worktable.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Dear Princess Celestia: It’s hard to believe that two ponies who seem to have so little in common could ever get along. But I found out that if you embrace each other’s differences, you just might be surprised to discover a way to be friends after all.”

(*She floats the quill away from the scroll and addresses herself across the room.*)

**Twilight:** So… (*Cut to the pair, Applejack no longer wearing the pillow; she continues o.s.*) …who’s up for another slumber party tomorrow night?

(*They trade calculating smiles and promptly send a pair of pillows into her grinning face.*)

**Twilight:** How about a week from Thursday?

(*Cut to the library exterior and tilt up toward the cloudy sky, leaving only the observatory in view.*)

**Twilight:** (*from inside*) Oh! How about two weeks from Saturday? (*Laughter.*) A month from now?

(*The clouds part at long last to let the sun shine through in a clear morning sky, accompanied by birdsong and more laughter. Fade to black.*)