**A DOG AND PONY SHOW**

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Note: “WD” = wavering dissolve.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the Carousel Boutique during the day. Zoom in slowly and cut to a close-up of a red gem being levitated by Rarity inside. She fits it onto one foreleg of a silhouetted pony form that rests within a curtained alcove in her ground-floor showroom, then brings a blue one up from an open chest on the floor. This is placed on the other foreleg with a surgeon’s precision.*)

**Rarity:** Perfect!

(*The bell above the front door rings to mark an incoming customer.*)

**Rarity:** (*magically closing curtain*) Coming! (*trotting across floor*) Welcome to Carousel Boutique, where every garment is chic, unique, and *magnifique*.

(*Aiming her eyes straight ahead, she sucks in a disbelieving gasp; cut to the hooves of the new arrival and tilt up. Long-legged earth pony mare, light yellow-brown coat, eyes a darker shade of this color, curly mane/tail striped in two shades of bright blue. She wears four purple shoes with light green jewels, a ruffled white blouse/dress trimmed with light blue/gold/purple accents and a white/light-blue powder puff over the tail, and a small white top hat with a purple ribbon. She smiles for the camera through lowered, lavender-shadowed eyelids.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., completely blowing her cool*) Sapphire Shores! The Pony of Pop!

(*Said pony walks smoothly over to Rarity, who might be mistaken for an openmouthed statue. Her manner of speaking makes “over the top” seem like an understatement.*)

**Sapphire Shores:** Good afternoon, Miss Rarity!

**Rarity:** (*stammering*) You know my name!

**Sapphire:** (*eyeing a rack of dresses*) Well, of course I do, darling. I make it a point to know all of the up-and-coming designers, and *Clothes Horse* magazine simply *raved* about you!

**Rarity:** (*softly, to herself*) Oh, my stars! If I’m dreaming, do not wake me up! (*to Sapphire*) How may I help you, Miss Shores? (*Pan to Sapphire.*)

**Sapphire:** Oh, please, call me Sapphire.

(*Pan back to Rarity; she giggles behind her hoof and composes herself.*)

**Rarity:** How may I help you…Sapphire?

**Sapphire:** Well, as I’m sure you know, I’ll be touring all of Equestria with my latest concert… (*She stands on her hind legs.*) …“Sapphire Shores’ Ziegfilly Follies”! So I need to look *sensational!* Ow!

(*She sings “sensational” at full voice, stretching it out for good measure.*)

**Rarity:** I have just what you need! (*crossing to curtain*) Sapphire Shores, prepare yourself for the *pièce de résistance de la haute couture!*

(*Cut to the skeptical pop star on the end of this, then the curtain as Rarity’s magic whisks it open. Behind it, now fully illuminated, is a mannequin dressed in the outfit she was working on at the start of this scene: a white, high-collared, two-piece jumpsuit trimmed with white ruffles at the gold jacket hem and over every red-ribboned sleeve/pant cuff. Clusters of jewels, large and small, cover nearly every square inch of fabric. Back to Sapphire, whose critical eye gives way to unmixed admiration on the next line.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) I used every last diamond I found on this one garment. (*Cut to the pair on the end of this; Sapphire gasps softly.*)

**Sapphire:** And it is spectacular! I’ll take it.

**Rarity:** Really?

**Sapphire:** Oh, yes. And five more, each done up in a different jewel.

**Rarity:** Beg pardon?

**Sapphire:** Costume changes.

(*She fails to notice the designer’s strangled little noise of panic or her glance at the now-empty jewel chest—but she certainly notices the moan and fainting spell that follows. Rarity winds up on her back, stiff as a board and with a bug-eyed grin frozen on her face.*)

**Sapphire:** (*laughing a bit, walking out*) Yes, I do have that effect on ponies.

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to Rarity, walking determinedly through a rocky stretch of land well outside Ponyville proper, her head down and her horn glowing. Zoom out slightly and pan to Spike, who is following her with a small wagon in tow.*)

**Spike:** Oh, my gosh! Sapphire Shores! The Pony of Pop! She is *awesome!* I mean, she’s gorgeous and talented and—

(*He trails off with a nervous chuckle as she throws an impatient glance his way.*)

**Spike:** …and not even half the pony you are. I mean, you’re ten times more gorgeous and talented and—

**Rarity:** Spike, a lady is never jealous.

**Spike:** Of course not. (*giddily*) But were you totally flipping out or what? (*Rarity stops; her horn cools down.*)

**Rarity:** Ladies do not flip out, Spike. However, I was quite in awe. (*Horn warms up; she aims it at the ground and paces.*) Oh, I need to find more jewels than ever before to decorate her costumes.

(*Stopping short, she swings her head one way and another, as if dowsing for water; finally she picks a certain spot, where a cluster of gems fades into view beneath the surface. This is the first displayed instance of her ability to locate such buried treasure.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh! Aha!

**Spike:** Did you find some? (*Horn off; image fades.*)

**Rarity:** (*pointing to the spot*) Yes, Spike! Right there!

(*In no time flat, he is clawing away the dirt and digging himself into a sizable hole. He straightens up after a few seconds, having uncovered the gems Rarity pinpointed, and his irises and pupils grow several sizes as he takes in the sight.*)

**Spike:** Ooooh… (*licking chops, drooling*) …you look…so…delicious!

(*With a remarkable burst of speed for such a young dragon, he dives in and brings up an armload, ready to chow down.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Spike! (*He stops short; cut to frame her by the hole.*) I promised I’d give you gems to snack on, but we need to collect more first or I’ll never be able to make these outfits for Sapphire.

(*Having crossed to the wagon during this, he moans sadly.*)

**Spike:** (*to the gems*) I will miss you, my sweets. (*Rarity trots by.*)

**Rarity:** Come along, Spike! We have many jewels to find! (*He tosses the load in the wagon.*)

**Spike:** (*bowing*) At your service, my lady!

(*He follows her, grabbing the wagon’s handle to pull it along. Wipe to a close-up of the four-legged treasure hunter, whose horn is cranked up, and cut to a long shot as Spike runs up toward the new deposit she has located. She cools off just in time for him to start digging away; this time, he comes up with the booty in his mouth, but spits it into the wagon when she gives him a very hairy eyeball. She heads o.s., homing in on another batch.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Spike?

(*Sure enough, she has picked a new spot, and he uses the end of his tail as a shovel to do the excavation this time. After he gets this lot in the wagon, wipe to Rarity’s horn doing its thing yet again; now wearing a hard hat, he jackhammers his way into the earth using his tail. When the dust clears, the view has shifted to the wagon, now piled high with jewels of all shapes and colors. His happy little shudder is heard from o.s.; pan slightly to frame him, again salivating and licking his chops at what, for him, is an all-you-can-eat buffet. He has done away with the hard hat. Rarity’s hoof pats him on the head; cut to frame both of them.*)

**Rarity:** You’ve been very patient today, Spike, and for that— (*levitating a large blue jewel*) —you get the finest reward.

(*Close-up of it, floating down toward Spike’s eager, open mouth.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) This is from me to you.

(*These words stop the binge before it can start; instead, he catches the offering in his hands and looks back her way. Close-up of the gently smiling unicorn.*)

**Rarity:** Is something wrong, Spike? (*Back to him.*)

**Spike:** (*half-dazed*) No. (*Zoom out to frame her.*) It’s perfect.

(*The mood breaks when her horn flares up and seems to pull her along of its own free will for a moment.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh! (*getting control, trotting o.s.*) Bring the cart, Spike! There are more over here!

**Spike:** (*hugging jewel*) For me. (*irises/pupils grow*) From Rarity.

(*His thumping heartbeat comes through loud and clear. Dissolve to a screenful of bushes, which are pulled aside by a gray-furred paw to frame a long shot of Spike pulling the wagon through the clearing. Two male voices—the first hissing and grating, the second lower-pitched and rougher—speak up.*)

**Voice 1:** Yes! Gems! Gems! (*Zoom in.*)

**Voice 2:** Where?

**Voice 1:** Precious gems! He is the gem hunter. With him, we can have all those gems and more!

(*Back to the bushes. Now three paws—the original gray, a lighter gray, and a brown—are holding the foliage back.*)

**Voice 1:** Let’s get the… (*All three let go.*) …dragon!

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Spike! Where are you? (*Dark gray pulls the bushes back quickly.*)

**Voice 1:** Wait! Who is that? (*Quick pan to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** You know, it’s terrible to keep a lady waiting.

(*Dark gray pulls other bushes aside to scope them both out; she in turn locates a fresh underground lode.*)

**Spike:** Coming! (*He starts digging it out by hand.*)

**Rarity:** I think we’re really going to strike gold this time—so to speak. (*Demure laugh; Spike hauls up a huge stash.*)

**Spike:** Jackpot! (*Zoom in to a close-up.*)

**Voice 1:** Ohhh! It’s not the dragon we want… (*Pan to Rarity.*) …it’s the pony!

(*Behind the bush; once again all three paws are holding the line of sight clear, but let go and back away on the next line. A third male voice joins the other two, higher-pitched than both.*)

**Voices:** Yah, pony… (*Cut to Rarity and Spike; he loads the giant find into the cart.*)

**Rarity:** Well, Spike, I think that’s all we can do for today. And these will certainly get me well on my way with Sapphire’s outfits. Why don’t we start headi— (*Her horn blazes white.*) —ooh! What’s this? (*turning head to side*) Another jewel! (*following her horn*) Oh…ooh, strange. It’s in the trees.

(*A close-up of one patch of leaves exposes a yellow gem tucked in among them. Rarity goes in for a closer look, her horn flashing and going out.*)

**Rarity:** Ooooh…

(*Zoom out slightly as the head of the dark gray paw’s owner pushes through: a canine whose narrowed, red reptilian eyes have yellow whites. The gem is attached to a diamond-studded black collar, above which is a wide, leering, crooked smile. This is Rover.*)

**Rarity:** Ewww! (*backing up*) Uh, uh…good day, gentle, uh…fellow. Uh, I am Rarity, and this is my friend Spike. (*Who manages a timid laugh and wave.*) And you are…?

(*Rover jumps down from his treetop and lands on his hind legs, facing away from the camera so that only his short, warty tail can be seen dangling between them. In a head-on shot, he advances menacingly, standing on his hind legs, with front paws lifted and red eyes fully open. He wears a red vest whose pockets are stuffed with gems, and his voice is the first one heard in the bushes.*)

**Rover:** A Diamond Dog!

(*A longer shot fully frames him; his forelegs are much longer and more muscular than the hind ones, similar to those of a gorilla, and he might stand twice as tall as Rarity if he straightened up all the way. Rarity and Spike keep backing up before his steps, and her nerves start to run away from her during the next line.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, really? (*Cut to his rear paws, then her hooves; she continues o.s.*) Oh, well, that explains your fine taste in jewelry. (*Back to her.*) I-I mean, I-I-I know that diamonds are a girl’s best friend, and now I know that they’re a dog’s best friend too. (*Forced giggle.*) So, um— (*clearing throat*) —you’re out hunting for gems as well?

**Rover:** Yes! We hunt!

**Rarity:** Uh, “we”?

**Rover:** (*holding up his collar gem*) We hunt for gems—but you are a better hunter!

(*Close-up of her retreating hooves, panning backward on the next line to frame a couple of spots where something is tunneling up to break the surface.*)

**Rover:** (*from o.s.*) So now *we* hunt… (*Close-up.*) …for *you!*

(*Two more Diamond Dogs, the owners of the other two paws seen in the bushes, pop out of the holes. Like Rover, they wear vests whose pockets bulge with gems and have diamond-studded black collars; however, the vests are dark gray and the collars have no colored gem. The light gray one is Fido, the biggest of the three, while Spot, brown, is the smallest. Spike has backed onto Fido’s hole and is thrown backward when he emerges. Both of them have black eyes instead of red, and their overall build is similar to Rover’s.*)

(*Rarity screams, ducking a grab by Fido, and Spike does his jackhammer impression on the end of Spot’s tail. The runt takes a graceless dive overhead while clutching at his hindquarters; next Spike bulldozes the giant away.*)

**Spike:** Run, Rarity! Run!

(*He gets no further before Fido mashes him to the ground with one finger. The unicorn takes his advice, and the half-buried dragon seizes one of Fido’s hind legs to trip him up when he tries to run. As he falls and yells, one forepaw slaps squarely down on Spot’s tail, causing him to hit the deck face first.*)

**Rarity:** Spike! Come on! Hurry! (*Rover jumps up from a hole behind her.*)

**Rover:** Gotcha!

(*She screams as his hulking shadow falls across her; cut to Spike, still clutching Fido’s hind legs.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., shrilly*) Spike!

**Spike:** Got him, Rarity! I got him!

(*Pan ahead to Fido’s face during this line, after which he yanks those two limbs up with enough force to throw Spike straight up into the tree branches overhead, where his head spines get him stuck in the wood. Fido speaks with the low-pitched voice heard earlier.*)

**Fido:** Ha-ha! Nope! (*He and Spot get up.*)

**Spot:** Yeah! Got sorry, scaly one! (*Highest pitch of the three Dogs. He and Fido bail out.*)

**Spike:** Wait! Rarity?

(*With Rarity tucked under one meaty foreleg, Rover leads the Dogs back toward one of their holes.*)

**Rarity:** Unhand me this instant, you ruffians! (*They jump in; she is heard from below.*) Stop! Put me down, you scum! You brutes!

(*Spike pulls himself down from the tree on the end of this and claps both hands over his mouth with a gasp as the camera zooms in. It takes a moment for his brain to persuade his legs to run after her.*)

**Spike:** Rarity! (*His perspective; she has clawed halfway up.*)

**Rarity:** Spike!

(*Her attempt to escape goes bad when she notices dirt on one hoof and cries out in revulsion.*)

**Rarity:** Dirt!

(*Three paws reach up and grab various body parts, prompting an ear-splitting scream as they drag her under again.*)

**Rarity:** (*from below ground, shrilly*) SPIKE!!

(*The besmirched hoof is the last thing to disappear into the hole; he runs up, unable to do more than babble incoherently for a moment, and peers into the depths.*)

**Rarity:** (*from below ground, echoing*) *SAVE ME!!*

(*Snap to black, which resolves into the interior of his mouth as the camera zooms out to a long overhead shot of the anguished baby dragon.*)

**Spike:** *NOOOOOOOOOO!!*

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to Twilight Sparkle and her other four friends going full tilt across the rocky expanse where Rarity was searching for gems. Spike is on Twilight’s back, hyperventilating into a paper bag, and all hoofing it save the airborne Rainbow Dash.*)

**Twilight:** Spike! Can you breathe now? (*He lifts his face from the bag.*)

**Spike:** Yes… (*panting*) …I think so. (*Close-up of Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Good. Now tell us what you know. (*Zoom out; Rainbow has caught up.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, ’cause all you said earlier was…

(*The screen flashes white and clears to frame the Ponyville town square pavilion. Twilight, Applejack, Fluttershy, and Pinkie Pie stand around doing not much of anything, and Rainbow hovers nearby, until a panicked Spike runs up with a yell.*)

**Spike:** (*waving his arms*) Rarity, woods, jewels, dogs, hole, taken, SAVE HER!!

(*Flash back to the present; the group charges through the tree-lined barrens.*)

**Applejack:** Not a whole lot to go on there, sport.

**Spike:** Sorry. Rarity and I were in the woods looking for jewels, when these creepy guys showed up.

**Twilight:** Creepy guys?

**Spike:** They called themselves the Diamond Dogs. They grabbed Rarity and disappeared down a hole in the ground!

**Applejack:** Well, this sounds mighty easy. Just take us to that there hole and we’ll save Rarity!

(*They arrive at an empty patch of woods, stopping short with a round of gasps, and the camera zooms out. The ponies and dragon have stopped on a ridge that overlooks a wide stretch of earth pocked with dozens of holes. Cut to Applejack, Fluttershy, and Pinkie during the next line.*)

**Pinkie:** Holy moley, that’s a lotta holeys! (*Twilight and Spike pass them.*)

**Twilight:** Come on, girls. Let’s get started.

(*Cut to just inside one of the holes, the camera pointing straight up at the sky, as she peeks in. A zoom out reveals just how deep it has been dug.*)

**Twilight:** (*echoing*) Hellooooo?

(*The surface; all six are checking out others. Deep in the one Twilight is inspecting, a pair of reptilian eyes opens in the darkness, accompanied by a hissing growl. She has time for one quick gasp before a geyser of earth spews up into her face, covering it and leaving the shaft blocked. The same happens to Rainbow, Pinkie, Fluttershy, and Spike in turn, and a long shot shows that Applejack has not been left out. As one hole after another fills in the same way, Twilight shakes herself clean in close-up.*)

**Twilight:** Quick! We gotta get down one before they’re all filled up!

(*Fluttershy, now also clean, zeroes in on an open tunnel that promptly blocks itself off.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh! Oh, my! (*Others do the same.*) Oh! Oh!

(*The next to try is Pinkie, dirt-free, who hops cheerfully into an opening only to be hoisted by the upwelling of soil from it. Applejack has cleaned her own face and charges at one with head lowered; when it goes off, she tries to bulldoze her way through the soil splattering out. She gets as far as pushing her face into the hole before the force throws her clear, and she comes up without her hat but with a fresh faceful of muck.*)

**Applejack:** We can’t muscle through it!

**Rainbow:** (*flying past*) We’ll see about that.

(*She too has scrubbed herself clean, and she goes into a screaming vertical dive straight toward the last open hole. The camera cuts alternately to her and her perspective of the excavation, then finally to a long shot of the latter as it too gets filled in. Rainbow hits the brakes just short of the fresh dirt pile and ends up lying atop it on her belly before rising off it with a winded gasp. Cut to Applejack, who has cleaned up again and donned her hat.*)

**Applejack:** Whoo! Heavens to Betsy! Now I’m used to pickin’ myself up and dustin’ myself off, but Rarity won’t even *touch* mud ’less it’s imported. (*All look up worriedly; tilt up toward the sky.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, Rarity…

(*The view undergoes a wavering dissolve to a dungeon corridor. The soft focus and the white ring around the image marks this as Twilight’s imagined scenario. Rarity, in one of the cells, casts an uncertain eye over her surroundings and puts a hoof to her forehead in the classic damsel-in-distress style. Her voice plays into the mood, with an overly exaggerated English accent to boot.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, woe is me! Whatever shall I do?

(*Pacing the floor, she steps on a clod of loose earth and is horrified to find its dust on her hoof and floating around her. An appropriate shriek follows as she backs up.*)

**Rarity:** Dirt! Dirt! Get away, dirt! (*Hit the wall; more settles on her.*) Oh, make it stop! (*racing off*) Make it stop!

(*She gets another dose of filth upon running into a stalactite, cries out, and backs off.*)

**Rarity:** Filthy, disgusting dirt! It stings! It burns! Help! Oh, somepony save me! Save me!

(*WD back to the present bit of sky, and tilt down to the group.*)

**Applejack:** We gotta save her!

**Fluttershy:** But they blocked up all the holes! (*Applejack jumps onto a dirt pile.*)

**Applejack:** Don’t mean we can’t dig ’em out! Come on!

(*She starts into it, as do Fluttershy and Pinkie; behind the pink pony, though, Spot pops up, pulls her tail out straight, and lets it snap back.*)

**Pinkie:** Ow!

(*She falls off the pile; now Fido surfaces and lifts Fluttershy by the rump, then drops her so that she falls o.s. Her grunt accompanies the sound of her impact. Spike rushes to help, but goes to the ground when Fido sticks a leg out and trips him. Fido and Spot come up just behind Twilight; Rainbow looks up from her own digging, and the two ponies stop and realize that they have these Dogs bracketed.*)

**Rainbow:** Get ’em!

(*They charge on hoof and wing, but the enemies plunge away just in time. Twilight and Rainbow slam squarely into each other and tumble down. As Applejack digs furiously away, Rover comes up for a look; she throws him a glare and stretches out one foreleg to hit him. He ducks down and pops up in a hill behind her, so she swings across to hit that one instead—still no good. This happens twice more, after which Applejack glances to one side and voices a surprised gasp. Fido drops out of sight but grabs Pinkie’s tail, dragging her away to slam into an earth pile.*)

**Pinkie:** Whooaa!

(*All three Dogs now wreak havoc on the posse of rescuers: tripping Fluttershy and Rainbow, diving to avoid being stomped, yanking Twilight by the tail. The sequence ends with five sprawled-out, exhausted ponies and one tired dragon lying among the blocked holes, but they are soon up again.*)

**Fluttershy:** All those scary monsters popping up everywhere! Oh, poor Rarity must be terrified!

(*Twilight moans as the camera tilts up into the sky and the view undergoes a WD to a softly focused shot of Rarity standing outside the dungeon cells. Spot zips up and menaces her.*)

**Spot:** Give me the baubles! (*She cries out; Fido takes his place.*)

**Fido:** Give me the beads! (*Another cry; Rover moves in from overhead.*)

**Rover:** Where are the trinkets? (*Another; now all three close in.*)

**Dogs:** Where is the treasure?

(*The luckless unicorn moans weakly and faints. WD back to the sky; tilt down to the group.*)

**Twilight:** Poor Rarity! (*Spike moves to the fore.*) What are we gonna do?

(*The reptilian green eyes flick to one side; cut to his perspective—a pan across the heaps of topsoil to frame a single unfilled hole. Zoom in on this.*)

**Spike:** I got it!

(*Back to him, digging in a pocket—unusual, since he is not wearing any clothes—and producing the jewel Rarity gave him for his earlier help.*)

**Spike:** I’ll save you, my sweet! (*He runs off; zoom in on the five ponies.*)

**All:** Huh?

(*Cut to a section of the underground shaft and tilt up as the gem is lowered into view on the end of a fishing line. At the surface, the camera pans from the end of a rod to its handle; Spike, at the hole’s edge, works the reel while Twilight watches.*)

**Twilight:** Spike, it is very noble of you—

**Spike:** Shhh!

**Twilight:** (*whispering*) —to sacrifice the gem Rarity gave you.

**Spike:** (*smiling dreamily*) Oh, Lady Rarity, my damsel in distress.

(*Another WD to a softly focused view, this one a close-up of an adult, heavily muscled Spike’s face. The detail around his shoulders indicates that he is wearing a red cape.*)

**Adult Spike:** I shall save you!

(*Zoom out; he stands in the dungeon, wearing armor plating on his arms and belt, dark gray leggings with red boots, and the cape. One hand grips a lance.*)

**Adult Spike:** Show yourselves, you dogs! You curs!

(*Cut to the glowing-eyed, roaring silhouettes of the three Dogs, rising to face him.*)

**Adult Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Ah. There you are— (*Back to him.*) —you mangy mutts! (*Now they are fully lit.*)

**Rover:** Who are you calling mutts?! Unleash the hounds!

(*He pulls out a dog whistle and blows a blast so high-pitched as to be nearly inaudible. Pan quickly down the way, where three large canines clad in armor step forth with a loud growl. The chivalrous dragon does not stir a scale as these and many more barrel toward him in a howling, gibbering mass. It takes them nearly ten seconds to get to his end of the cavern; when they do, the view shifts into slow motion as he lifts his lance for a mighty strike. Yelping dogs go flying backward as normal motion resumes and he gets his tail swinging to knock a few others out; now he merely flicks the lance back and forth, effortlessly batting more away. As a fresh wave comes at him, he casually lets go with a blast of fire aimed straight at them; a last-second duck lets them keep their heads but singes their tails to a crisp.*)

(*A quick bit of side-to-side flamethrower action clears the place out in a hurry, and a burst of fire washes across the screen. When it clears, the view has shifted to frame the three Dogs on the wrong end of the big dragon’s lance.*)

**Adult Spike:** Now, where is Lady Rarity?

(*Three paws point in unison, sending Spike into a run that ends with him smashing a cell door off its hinges. Here he finds Rarity, standing in a single gold/blue/violet striped shaft of light and dressed in a fairy-tale princess outfit in these three colors. Blue body, violet shoulders/chest, blue shoes and pointed cap, plenty of lace around the hem, gold trim. She gasps happily.*)

**Rarity:** Spike! I knew you would save me!

**Adult Spike:** Nothing could stop me, my lady.

**Rarity:** (*voice trembling a bit*) Oh, Spike, you are my hero.

(*She bats her eyelashes at him and puckers up for a kiss. He leans down and does likewise, the two faces inching ever closer to lip contact. Just as they are about to touch, the view undergoes a WD back to the real world. Spike is about to plant a big wet one on a very perturbed Applejack, who smiles once he realizes that the dream is over.*)

**Applejack:** Ho-ho there, loverboy.

(*Something below the surface threatens to rip the fishing pole out of his hands.*)

**Spike:** Huh? (*trying to haul it in*) Whoa! (*dragged toward hole*) Wh—whoa, whoa, whoa-whoa-whoa! I got a bite! I got a bite! (*Applejack grabs his tail in her teeth.*)

**Applejack:** Hold on there, little fella! (*Both of them are hauled down.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Applejack! (*She rushes in and gets a mouthful of tail hair.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Twilight! (*She does the same as Twilight goes down; Fluttershy moves in.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh my goodness, oh my goodness!

(*She bites onto Rainbow’s tail as the latter gets yanked into the hole; now Pinkie hops merrily over to the site of this very weird tug-of-war.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait for me!

(*Her teeth lock onto the long pink tail just as it plunges out of sight, taking her with it.*)

**Pinkie:** (*now below ground*) Whee!

(*Somewhere below the surface, the would-be angler and his five would-be rescuers are dragged screaming through a tunnel at ludicrous speed.*)

**Pinkie:** Whee!

(*Instantly shifting her position to sit on Fluttershy’s back, she laughs as the chain sails out the end of this path, across a wide chasm, and neatly into a second tunnel on the other side. Here, a vertical shaft cut into the floor of this passage sends them in a whole new direction; cut to somewhere beneath it as they drop through and end up sprawled every which way in the dirt. Spike is first to get up.*)

**Spike:** Ha-ha! It worked! We’re in! Now we can finally save Rarity! (*Others peek up.*)

**Twilight:** Um…which way do we go?

(*Zoom out to illustrate the reason for her confusion: a myriad of tunnels that branch out from the walls and ceiling at all manner of strange angles. Cut to an extreme close-up of Spike’s upraised, anguished face and zoom out through the ceiling tunnel to frame him and the ponies.*)

**Spike:** *NOOOOOOOOOO!!*

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a slow zoom through the crazy labyrinth.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) All these tunnels…how are we ever gonna find Rarity? (*Cut to the ponies, moving slowly ahead.*)

**Applejack:** Guess we’re just gonna have to start goin’ down them one by one.

**Rainbow:** That could take forever! There’s gotta be a way to narrow it down.

**Spike:** (*from o.s., lifting a finger into view*) I know! (*Cut to him.*) I bet they’ve taken Rarity down the tunnel with the most gems!

**Twilight:** But, Spike, Rarity’s the only one who knows how to find gems.

**Spike:** No, Twilight, *you* can! You can copy Rarity’s gem-finding spell! (*Something dawns on her in an instant.*)

**Twilight:** Oh my gosh. You’re right! (*stepping ahead*) Rarity showed me how she did it a while back! If I can just remember…

(*After a bit of very hard concentration, her horn throws off a quick burst and then glows steadily. In a pan across the nearest stretch of tunnels, images of buried jewels wink into view on the walls and floors.*)

**Spike:** (*now o.s.*) That’s it. (*Back to the group.*) You did it, Twilight! Come on!

(*He jumps on her back, and she rears up and leads the others in a charge.*)

**Spike:** We’re coming, Rarity! (*now o.s.*) We’ll save you! Just hold on!

(*Wipe to a very scared white unicorn as she backs up toward a tunnel wall and the Dogs close in on her.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, please, Diamond Dogs…please let me go!

**Spot:** No!

**Fido:** You’re our precious little pony!

**Rover:** Forever! (*Mad cackle.*)

**Rarity:** But whatever do you want from me? (*Close-up of Rover.*)

**Rover:** Gems! (*Pan to Spot.*)

**Spot:** Yes! The gems! The jewels! (*To Fido.*)

**Fido:** Find them! (*Back to Rarity; he continues o.s.*) Find them all!

(*Her trepidation vanishes in less time than it takes to say “cubic zirconia,” and she actually begins to smile.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, is that all?

(*Putting her horn to work, she quickly scouts out a deposit buried in the floor. On the next line, she levitates a stick and uses it to scratch an X at this spot.*)

**Rarity:** There! A lovely couple of jewels are right there. Now if you’d be so kind as to show me the exit—

(*Her casual manner gets a rude interruption in the form of a spear thrust toward her head. Zoom out to frame it in the hand of one of the armored canines from Spike’s imagination.*)

**Rover:** Good! (*laughing*) Now, dig them up, pony!

**Rarity:** (*slightly vexed*) What? But you said you wanted me to *find* the gems.

**Spot:** Yes! Find, and then dig!

**Rarity:** Dig?

**Fido:** Yes, dig!

(*With the spear-carrier at her back, she plods reluctantly toward the three Dogs, who all point down at the X. A long pause follows, broken by a moan from Rarity; in a ground-level close-up, she uses a front hoof to scratch away bits of earth from the spot. Each touch is accompanied by a little cry of disgust. The six reptilian eyes watch expectantly as she continues to scrape away tiny fragments, but Fido soon loses his patience and glowers over her.*)

**Fido:** What are you doing? We said “dig”!

**Rarity:** (*haughtily*) Forgive me, but prior to you so rudely dragging me into your dirt pit, I had a pony pedi, and I am not about to chip a hoof because you dislike my style of digging.

(*She goes back to work exactly as before; now Rover is the one who gets fed up, clapping both front paws over his face.*)

**Rover:** Oh, for goodness—fine! Just stop. Stop!

(*She does so; he points down at the X.*)

**Rover:** Dig, Dogs!

(*Tilt up to the ceiling, where three armored Diamond Dogs hang ready at an opening.*)

**Rover:** (*from o.s.*) Dig! (*They drop through.*) And fast!

(*Down below, they scrabble at the earth in a cacophony of barking as the three ringleaders look on and Rarity smiles to herself at getting out of the grunt work. With a sound of disgust, Fido holds up an empty cart and Spot hoists a large, dirty harness chained to it.*)

**Fido:** She won’t dig? (*Both advance.*) She pulls! (*Rarity backs up.*)

**Rarity:** I beg your pardon, but what, pray tell, are you doing?

**Fido:** Others will dig. You will haul the wagon. (*She hits a dead end.*)

**Spot:** (*lifting harness*) Precious pony pedi will be preserved.

(*On the end of this, cut to a close-up of the heavy metal as it is clamped onto her midsection. The two Dogs then check the rig, much to Rarity’s disgust.*)

**Rarity:** Well, somebody certainly needs proper nail care! When was the last time you two had a manicure?

(*A close-up of their front paws makes the point all too clear: they are callused and filthy, and the nails are broken and overgrown.*)

**Rarity:** You’re scratching up my coat with those jagged things! (*Rover moves in.*)

**Rover:** Please, be quiet!

**Rarity:** Good heavens, what *is* that smell?

**Rover:** (*drawn-out*) Smell?

(*That word sends a plume of green vapor from his mouth directly into her face; she struggles to keep from throwing up until it passes, then smiles smugly.*)

**Rarity:** Ah, mystery solved. It’s your breath.

(*Caught off balance by this crack, he turns away, exhales onto a front paw, and sniffs at it. His frustrated sigh and drooping ears show that the odor is just as disagreeable to him as it was to her. After a moment, he realizes that he has just been had and loses his temper.*)

**Rover:** ENOUGH! (*pointing ahead*) Search, pony! (*She starts ahead, most unwillingly.*)

**Rarity:** Well, since you insist…but I must say, the working conditions in here are simply dreadful. Musty and damp, it’s going to wreak havoc on my mane. And this air is stifling, suffocating! And when I try to get a deep breath, the stench of all you Dogs makes me nauseated.

(*During this line, she levitates a stick and the camera alternates between her and spots that she marks out for the diggers to do their work. The last one is at the base of a natural column; the diggers quickly carve this away and expose a hoard of gems, but the upper portion promptly collapses on top of them. Now Rarity hauls the filled cart past a couple of others.*)

**Rarity:** You look and smell like you haven’t bathed in weeks. (*One sniffs under a foreleg as she passes o.s.*) Have you never heard of soap?

(*This one gets a whiff of his buddy; one eye on each face pops wide open in shock.*)

**Rarity:** (*now o.s.*) You could all do with a good round of soap and water.

(*Both of them keel over; close-up of her.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh, water, water—I’m terribly thirsty. Could I please have some water?

(*Zoom out to frame the three leaders around her. Spot struggles to maintain his composure and loses in short order, pulling at his ears.*)

**Spot:** Good gracious, I can’t take this anymore! BE QUIET, PONY!! (*Zoom in slowly on her.*)

**Rarity:** And that’s another thing. I would appreciate it if you’d stop calling me “pony”! I am a lady, and I wish to be addressed as such. (*Cut to the dumbfounded Rover and Spot; she continues o.s.*) So you may call me “miss” or Rarity— (*Rover covers his ears.*) —or Miss Rarity.

**Rover:** ENOUGH! (*pulling at his ears*) Your whining—it hurts! (*She moves to face them.*)

**Rarity:** Whining?! I am not whining, I am complaining. Do you want to hear whining?

(*Cut to the two Dogs, who cringe at the sound of her next words—full whine mode: shrill, drawn-out, strident, and two decibels away from being able to strip paint off a Sherman tank.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) *This* is whining! (*Back to her.*) Ooh, this harness is too tight! It’s going to chafe! Can’t you loosen it? Ooh, it hurts and it’s so rusty! Why didn’t you clean it first? It’s gonna leave a stain! The wagon’s getting heavy! Why do I have to pull it?!?

(*As she hits maximum overdrive during the preceding line, Fido dives into the load of gems to get away from it, and his two partners in crime clap paws to ears. Spot is the first to break with an agonized yell.*)

**Spot:** Make it stop!

**Rover:** Stop whining!

**Rarity:** But I thought you wanted whining! (*That sends him to the floor.*)

**Rover:** We’ll do anything, pony!

(*Bad choice of words, judging from the hostile huff and blue-eyed glare she throws down to him.*)

**Rover:** (*quieter*) Oh, uh, ah, we’ll do anything, Miss Rarity. (*Placating little laugh; Rarity drops out of whine mode.*)

**Rarity:** Anything?

(*Dissolve to the upper reaches of a stone column, where one of the diggers is tying up the end of a yellow ribbon sash. A zoom out shows more of these strung about the cavern, along with a fancy banner hanging from the ceiling. Underneath its low end stands Rarity, being fanned by two of the grunts as the three leaders each pull a loaded cart. No longer hooked to one of her own, she sips water from a gold goblet on a small natural pillar and sighs discontentedly.*)

**Rarity:** This water is hardly sparkling, but I suppose it will have to do. (*An idea hits Rover.*)

**Rover:** (*to Fido, Spot*) Wait! Why are *we* doing this?

**Spot:** To stop the awful noises from the pony’s mouth, remember?

(*He imitates her earlier whining, but gets it cut off by Rover’s paw slapped over his mouth.*)

**Rover:** Yes, yes, I know! This is ridiculous! Letting a pony order *us* around! What are we? (*His perspective of the other two.*) Mice or dogs? (*They trade a puzzled look.*)

**Fido:** Mi—

**Fido, Spot:** —dogs? (*Back to all three; Rover stares them down.*)

**Rover:** Dogs do not pull! Ponies pull! Let her make the awful noises!

(*Extreme close-up of her supremely satisfied face. She does not immediately notice the harness being fixed back onto her midsection; zoom out to frame Rover adjusting it as she gasps.*)

**Rarity:** What are you doing? (*He knocks over her water goblet.*) Hey! You spilled my drink! Oh! (*whine mode*) Not so tight!

**Rover:** Ha! Make the noises all you want, but move while you make them! (*slapping her rump*) Hi-yah, mule!

(*If she disliked being called “pony” before, “mule” puts her within an inch of blowing at least three gaskets. She turns back to Rover and fights to keep it together.*)

**Rarity:** Did you just call me a… (*Cut to him; she continues o.s.*) …*mule?* (*Very long pause.*)

**Rover:** Uh….

(*Her eyes fill with tears as her voice edges toward a full nuclear meltdown.*)

**Rarity:** Mules are ugly. Are you saying that I too am ugly?

(*The waterworks kick into top gear and she throws herself down.*)

**Spot:** What are *these* noises?

**Rarity:** He called me ugly!

**Rover:** No! “Mule”! I said “mule”!

**Rarity:** An old, ugly mule! And it’s true! (*stretching forelegs briefly toward camera*) Just look at me! I used to be beautiful, but—but now…

**Fido:** No, no! You’re still beautiful, po—uh, Miss Rarity!

**Rarity:** You’re just saying that!

**Spot:** No! You’re still pretty and, and…

**Rover:** Oh, uh, uh, nice! Yeah.

**Rarity:** I don’t believe you! You never liked me!

(*Her crying goes into redline territory, forcing all three Dogs to cover their ears; zoom in on Rover.*)

**Rover:** Oh, I’ve had just about enough of this!

(*Cut to an empty stretch of tunnel whose walls soon light up with images of embedded jewels—Twilight’s spell still at work. She gallops ahead, with Spike riding, to lead the group.*)

**Twilight:** We’re getting close. I can feel it. (*The sound of Rarity’s sobbing drifts into earshot.*)

**Spike:** (*pointing*) It’s coming from down here! Come on!

(*All hit the brakes, finding no unicorn but hearing her through the rock wall to their left.*)

**Rainbow:** She must be in there! Let’s go!

(*Before they can shift directions, five of the Dogs’ front-line grunts get the drop on them, one per pony. Close-up of the one on Fluttershy’s back.*)

**Grunt:** More workhorses!

(*He slaps a rope bridle on her snout. Pan across Pinkie and stop on Applejack; each gets the same treatment.*)

**Applejack:** Ho, doggies. If you can take this bull by the horns, you better be ready for a ride! (*leaping and bucking*) Come on, ponies! Kick ’em up, kick ’em out! (*Cut to Rainbow; pan to Fluttershy and Pinkie as she continues o.s.*) Buck ’em up, buck ’em down!

(*The canines get a very rough ride indeed, and in short order all five have been slung out of the saddle and sent into a retreat. All five have been fitted with bridles, and all but Twilight lose these when their riders get the heave-ho.*)

**Applejack:** Yee-haa! Get along, little doggies!

(*A loud clattering from o.s. surprises her; it is coming from behind a barred door to one side. Breaking a stalactite loose from the ceiling, Spike brandishes it as a lance.*)

**Spike:** I’m coming for you, my lady! Hi-ho, Twilight, away!

(*The Lone Ranger bit gets him nowhere but does earn him a dirty look from the noble steed.*)

**Twilight:** And just what do you think *you’re* doing?

**Spike:** Please, Twilight. Just give me this?

**Twilight:** (*groaning loudly*) Fine.

(*She rears up with a neigh and charges ahead; the door is reduced to scrap metal in an instant, and she stops.*)

**Spike:** Lady Rarity, I’m here to save you!

(*The green and purple eyes pop in surprise as all three talking Dogs run to them, shouting a babel of pleas and importunings. They wind up huddled in front of all five ponies and the little dragon knight.*)

**Twilight:** Excuse me? (*Rarity approaches from behind, serenely pulling a cart.*)

**Spot:** So picky!

**Fido:** And critical!

**Spot:** She won’t stop talking!

**Fido:** And crying!

**Rover:** We, uh…give her back! Yes! (*Spike jumps down.*)

**Spike:** Rarity! (*hugging her*) You’re safe!

**Rarity:** Why, yes. Hello, girls. You arrived just in time to assist me.

**Applejack:** Assist you with what?

**Rarity:** (*looking over shoulder*) With those.

(*She is referring to the half-dozen enormous carts parked down the way, each piled with jewels to at least twice its height. None of the six rescuers can believe their eyes.*)

**Spike:** You’re letting her leave? With all these… (*eyes widening greedily*) …jewels?

**Rover:** Yes! Take them, and her with them!

**Spot:** Please!

(*A knowing look passes between Applejack, Fluttershy, and Rainbow; a moment later, Rarity is pulling her cartload out the door, leaving the trio to sigh and whimper over their loss. Dissolve to an overhead shot of the rocky woodland where all this silliness began. Each pony is pulling a cart, and Twilight has done away with her rope bridle.*)

**Pinkie:** I can’t believe you found all these gems! (*Ground level.*)

**Rainbow:** Heh. I can’t believe you tricked all those Dogs!

**Rarity:** Just because I’m a lady, doesn’t mean I cannot handle myself in a sticky situation. I had them wrapped around my hoof the entire time.

**Twilight:** I can’t wait to write to Princess Celestia to tell her what you taught me today.

**Rarity:** (*surprised*) Me? What did I teach you?

**Twilight:** Just because somepony is ladylike, doesn’t make her weak. (*Long shot of the group; zoom in slowly.*) In fact, by using her wits, a seemingly defenseless pony can be the one who outsmarts and outshines them all.

(*Back to the two on the end of this, then cut to Spike riding in one cart and munching on a gem.*)

**Spike:** (*mouth full*) Mmm…“outshines” is right. Now you have enough gems to cover Sapphire Shores’s costumes. (*Zoom out; he is in Rarity’s cart.*)

**Rarity:** (*smiling*) Not if you eat them all, Spike.

(*A quick bit of telekinesis whisks the half-eaten stone from his hand and teeth, and all six ponies laugh as the camera zooms out from them. Fade to black.*)