**OWL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the library in late afternoon. Inside, a telescope rests on a table and is quickly snapped up by Spike, who tucks it into a small wagon that already holds a folded picnic blanket. He is in Twilight Sparkle’s room on the upper story, and the camera tilts up to frame her at the edge of her bedroom loft on the following line.*)

**Twilight:** This meteor shower tonight’s gonna be amazing! (*Spike jumps onto a hanging fruit basket in the kitchen.*)

**Spike:** Awesome!

(*He tosses three bananas over his shoulder, landing them neatly in the wagon.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) You know— (*Cut to her.*) —this shower only happens once every one hundred years. (*Back to Spike, juggling apples.*)

**Spike:** A centennial celebration!

(*They start to get away from him, so he lets them roll off his tail and into the wagon.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) We’d better get a move on.

**Spike:** (*running o.s.*) Don’t want to be late!

(*The next item he comes up with is a full punchbowl, which he has some trouble balancing.*)

**Spike:** Whoa…whoa…whooaa! (*He gets it on the pile.*) Ahhh. There! (*Tilt up to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Spike! Did you grab my quill and ink? (*He sweeps them up from a table.*)

**Spike:** Check! (*Cut to the wagon; she comes downstairs.*)

**Twilight:** Scrolls? (*They are thrown in as well.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Check!

(*Cut to him, now with a sprinkling of crumbs around his mouth.*)

**Spike:** (*ticking off on fingers*) I’ve also packed a telescope, apples, bananas, fruit punch, aaand… (*holding up a plate of cookies*) …my freshly baked, homemade triple-decker nut-crazy vanilla creme cookies!

**Twilight:** (*giggling*) I can see that.

(*Realizing the mess he has made of himself, the little dragon slurps up all the crumbs with his tongue and flashes a silly little smile. Twilight starts down toward the reading room.*)

**Twilight:** Once again you’ve read my mind, Spike. (*Close-up.*) And *that* is why you are my number-one assistant. (*Squeak of wagon wheels; cut to him, following/pulling.*)

**Spike:** I’m sorry, I didn’t hear you. (*They reach the ground floor.*)

**Twilight:** (*slightly louder and slower*) That is why you are my number-one assistant.

**Spike:** (*hand to ear*) Missed that. Huh?

**Twilight:** (*even louder*) I said…

(*She finally figures out the joke and cuts herself off with a laugh; now they have reached the front door.*)

**Twilight:** Come on, let’s get going. (*She stops short.*) Wait! I almost forgot! I want to bring *The Astronomical Astronomer’s Almanac to All Things Astronomy*!

**Spike:** The *Astronoma—loma—homana—*what?

**Twilight:** You know, that really old big blue book on stars, moons, planets, the universe?

**Spike:** Right! Check!

(*He runs off to an adjoining room in search of it, grabs a handy ladder, and is at the top shelf in no time. When he finds the book in question and brushes it off, a thick cloud of dust rises from the cover—apparently it has sat unused for some time—and sends him into the windup for a sneeze. It fails to come, so he sighs with relief and opens the book; now the sneeze bursts out of him, bringing a quick shot of green fire that leaves the pages a smoking, half-burned ruin. The cover is still in one piece though slightly singed, and he tilts it upright while fearing the worst. He gets it in spades; the pages disintegrate into streams of ashes that cascade to the floor.*)

**Twilight:** (*from main room*) Hey! What’s taking my number-one assistant so long?

(*He closes the cover in a panic, slips it back on the shelf, and climbs down. Zoom in on the destroyed book and fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a hilltop on which many ponies have gathered under the night sky. Fluttershy, Rainbow Dash, Rarity, and the Cutie Mark Crusaders stand in a group, and Applejack and Pinkie Pie are on their way to join them. Several others sit/stand in other spots. Pan to Twilight and Spike as they climb the hill; Spike is pulling the wagon.*)

**Twilight:** I was sure I put the *Astronomer’s Guide* back. The book would’ve helped me identify different planets and stars tonight.

**Spike:** Well…maybe someone borrowed it. Besides, you don’t need that book. You can already name all the planets and stars ’cause you’re super-smart and astronomically awesome. (*They stop; she smiles at him.*)

**Twilight:** Thanks, Spike. You’re such a flatterer.

**Spike:** Yeah, I’m a sweet-talker.

**Twilight:** And a number-one assistant! (*winking*) Right?

**Spike:** Check!

(*They have stopped on the hilltop, and he goes to work with alacrity: laying out the picnic blanket, setting out the fruit in a bowl, putting a scroll and apple within easy reach, arranging the punchbowl and cups. Rainbow is first to partake of the spread, snagging an apple in her teeth and taking a big bite.*)

**Rainbow:** Wow, Twilight!

(*Longer shot; Spike has also set up the telescope on a tripod. Scootaloo walks over to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** You’re lucky to have such a rad assistant. I wish I had someone to do whatever I told them.

**Scootaloo:** (*jumping excitedly*) Ooh, ooh! Me, me, me! I’ll do whatever you want, Rainbow Dash! (*Only the core of her apple is left now.*)

**Rainbow:** (*cocking an eyebrow*) Oh, yeah, pipsqueak? How about taking out the trash? (*She tosses the core down.*)

**Scootaloo:** Yes, ma’am!

(*The eager little filly snaps it up and gallops away as Rarity and Sweetie Belle come over. Zoom out to frame Twilight, Fluttershy, Pinkie, and Spike around the refreshments.*)

**Rarity:** Do we have Spike to thank *again* for this amazing spread? (*All cluster around him.*) Isn’t he simply amazing?

**Spike:** Aw, come on…

(*His eyes squeeze tightly shut while a giddy little smile plants itself beneath them, his finger unsubtly motioning for a kiss from the object of his affections. When it fails to arrive, he opens first one eye and then both.*)

**Spike:** (*grumpily*) I said, come on. (*Pinkie gives him a noogie.*)

**Pinkie:** Little Spikey-wikey! Who knew that big ferocious dragons started off so cutesy-wutesy?

**Rarity:** Spike, you are such a little star that I had to make this little bow tie for you.

(*As she speaks, she levitates this particular item into view: bright red and liberally studded with small gems of all colors. It secures itself around Spike’s neck, proving to be nearly as wide as his entire head.*)

**Spike:** (*bashfully*) Gosh, you guys are embarrassing me. Stop it! (*Pause.*) Twilight, your turn.

**Twilight:** (*playfully reproving*) Spike, that’s enough.

**Spike:** Uh, right. That’s enough.

(*Long shot of the hill; all six mares, all three fillies, and all one dragon are gathered around the snacks now. Scootaloo has disposed of the apple core.*)

**Sweetie:** Hey, everypony! The show is starting!

(*She nearly gets run over in the resulting stampede to the hilltop and quickly gallops over to jump on Rarity’s back. Apple Bloom has already climbed onto Applejack; Spike, having removed his tie, finds himself at the back of the group for the moment. Excited murmurs and comments rise from the crowd as brilliant white meteors begin to streak across the night sky; a pan across the group shows that Scootaloo has found a spot alongside Rainbow, while Spike is now on Twilight’s back. Stop on her end of the line.*)

**Twilight, Pinkie, Scootaloo, Spike:** Whoa…

(*The number-one assistant yawns expansively, but starts awake as another meteor’s radiance washes over him.*)

**Spike:** Huh?

(*He starts to doze off again. Cut to behind the group and zoom out from the hilltop as the meteor shower comes to an end, then dissolve to a pan across the excitedly talking group. As Fluttershy gets a cookie for herself, Pinkie finishes the one she is working on and taps the plate’s edge, flipping the last three neatly into her mouth. Crumbs are strewn across her cheeks.*)

**Pinkie:** Mmm… (*Swallow.*) …mmm, wow! These cookies are dee-lish!

**Twilight:** Spike made them. Speaking of… (*calling over shoulder*) Spike, can you bring us some punch? (*No response.*) Spike?

(*He is out like a light, snoring loudly with his head in the overturned, nearly empty punchbowl. Cut to Rarity and Twilight as they walk up on the start of the next line.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, poor little thing.

**Twilight:** Aw, he’s worked himself to the bone. (*Pinkie’s face is now clean.*)

**Pinkie:** (*smiling*) And now the punch has been… (*Close-up of him; she continues o.s.*) …Spiked!

(*Laughter from all. Dissolve to the exterior of the library and zoom in; the windows quickly go dark to the sound of his snoring. Close-up of him in his basket, on the floor of Twilight’s loft.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s., softly*) Good night, Spike.

(*She pulls the blanket up over him and laughs.*)

**Twilight:** (*softly*) Sweet dreams, number-one assistant.

(*Descending the stairs, she crosses to a candlelit table at the kitchen window, where a quill and scroll lie ready. She levitates the former with a contented sigh and begins to write.*)

**Twilight:** (*normal volume*) “The Study of Comets. Comets are small, irregularly shaped bodies that are made of non-volatile grains and frozen gases.” (*Creak.*) “They—”

(*When the noise refuses to sit down and shut up, the lets the quill drop and takes a cautious look around the room. She and the camera both focus on a screen door at the opposite wall; cut to just outside this as she nudges it open and steps out onto the balcony. Not another living thing is in sight.*)

**Twilight:** Hm.

(*She goes inside, the camera shifting back into the room, and the door swings to behind her but fails to engage its latch. Not noticing this, she resumes her writing.*)

**Twilight:** “—have body structures that are fragile and diverse—”

(*Another creak breaks her concentration. Cut to just outside the kitchen window; she pushes it open for a look, just missing a bird-shaped shadow that soars past the tree. Inside, a gust of wind blows her scroll off the table.*)

**Twilight:** Shoot!

(*Out on the balcony, the parchment sails out through the now-open screen door and over late-night Ponyville, leaving her unable to do anything but watch it go. She ducks back in as the shadow crosses the screen again. Inside, she trots nervously in place.*)

**Twilight:** Ohh, this is a job for Spike! If only he were awake!

(*An owl’s soft hoot barges in on the start of her panic attack; when she looks across the room, she finds a small brown one sitting on the kitchen table. In its beak is her rolled-up report draft, which it sets down before preparing to fly away. Twilight hurries across to it.*)

**Twilight:** Wait! Don’t go! (*Close-up of it; she continues o.s.*) Don’t be afraid.

(*The owl swivels its head 180 degrees to face her.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Thank you for returning my scroll.

(*It hoots in reply, turning its body around as well, and shivers as a sudden gust blows in and nearly extinguishes the candle.*)

**Twilight:** Gosh, it’s cold tonight. (*Close-up of it; she continues o.s.*) Say! Would you like to relax in here and keep me company while I work?

(*It jumps off the sill and waddles across the table with a few agreeable hoots, and Twilight regards the scroll again.*)

**Twilight:** Now where was I? (*Behind her; the owl has perched on a coat tree.*) Oh, yes. (*levitating quill and writing*) “—fragile and diverse, with a surrounding cloud of material called a coma, that grows in size and brightens as the comet approaches the sun.”

(*As she writes, the camera zooms in on the bird, and the view then slowly dissolves to a close-up of the sleeping dragon while Twilight’s voice fades away. A sunbeam across his face marks the arrival of morning and causes him to snap awake; he leaps out of his basket with a panicked yell and whips out an alarm clock. Close-up of this, which shows the time as a few minutes before 10:00.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) I overslept!

(*He pitches the clock across the loft and scrambles for the stairs.*)

**Spike:** I know it’s already ten, but I’m scaly-tailed and bright-eyed!

(*In the kitchen, Twilight levitates a book into the saddlebags on her back.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) I’m ready to work twice as fast! Oh, please don’t be upset, Twilight! What do you want for breakfast? (*Cut to him.*) Oatmeal? How about a sunflower smoothie? Grass pancakes?

**Twilight:** Spike! Don’t worry. (*She floats an apple off the table.*)

**Spike:** But—my morning chores!

**Twilight:** (*chuckling*) It’s okay. (*Apple into bag.*) Owlowiscious did them for you.

(*The reptilian green eyes pop wide in surprise.*)

**Spike:** Who? (*A scroll and a book go in next.*)

**Twilight:** He’s our new junior assistant. (*walking past him*) He’s gonna help out with your chores so you won’t be so tired all the time. (*He shakes his head clear and starts after her.*)

**Spike:** Wh—what do we need a junior assistant for? I’m not tired. I do fine on my own, I don’t need sleep, I—

**Twilight:** Spike, don’t worry. He’s just here to help out a little. (*Cut to him; she continues o.s.*) Now I have to go out— (*Zoom out to frame her.*) —so why don’t you introduce yourself to Owlowiscious? He’s in the library.

**Spike:** (*to himself, sweating profusely*) Worried? Do I look worried? I’m not worried. Who’s worried?

(*Cut to the base of the stairs leading down to the ground floor; he gets about halfway down and stops, taking a hesitant look around.*)

**Spike:** Hello? (*His perspective, panning across the reading room.*) Hel-*looo?*

(*Stop on the brown owl, Owlowiscious, perched on a book stand and facing the front door. In a close-up and zoom in, the lights dim ominously and the head swivels to face the camera, the pattern of light and shadow making the eyes seem to glow. Back to Spike, who starts in fear; the lights are normal now.*)

**Spike:** Whoa!…Dude, that’s creepy. (*He walks to the owl.*) Uh, hi there. I’m Spike. I’m sure Twilight has told you all about me.

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo.

**Spike:** Um, Spike. You know, assistant number one?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo?

(*He has misheard the hoots as the question “Who?” It starts to rub him the wrong way.*)

**Spike:** I’m Spike! And…who are you? *What* are you?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo.

**Spike:** Who?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo.

**Spike:** I thought your name was Owlowiscious!

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo?

**Spike:** Okay, Who, Owlowiscious, whatever! I’m Spike, okay? Look, all you need to know is that I’m number one and you’re number two! Got it!

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo?

(*Spike’s eye twitches for a moment before he gets himself under control.*)

**Spike:** So, a man of mystery, huh? (*He stalks away, then zips back.*) I’m keeping my eye on you! (*walking off again, glancing back*) I’ve got eyes in the back of my head too, you know!

(*If he does, they do him little good at this point, as he walks flat into the front door and ends up dazed on its mat.*)

**Spike:** Ugh…well, not really, but… (*angrily, opening door*) …you know what I mean!

(*Exit one annoyed dragon, the door slamming behind him. Cut to him outside.*)

**Spike:** That bird is after my job. He wants to be number one! Well, I’ll prove to Twilight that *I* deserve to be number one, not Freaky Feathers over there. (*stomping away*) I won’t let him have my job, if it’s the last thing I do!

(*On the end of this, the camera zooms past him to the window by the front door. Owlowiscious’ silhouette can be seen through the glass, and two bright spots wink on to mark his opened eyes. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of an open book in Spike’s hands. The cover depicts a stylized owl. A longer shot frames him seated just outside the sill of an open library window. The sound of Pinkie’s voice causes him to look down toward ground level; on the next line, cut to her and Twilight. Owlowiscious is on the unicorn’s back.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, what a fantastical fluffalicious feathery little friend! I’m “hoo”-ked!

(*All six members of the core group have gathered here, and they laugh at the silly pun.*)

**Fluttershy:** He’s just wonderful! (*Zoom out overhead to frame an irritated Spike.*)

**Spike:** (*to himself, mimicking her*) He’s just wonderful!

(*A bit too loud, perhaps, as his mockery has drawn plenty of unwanted attention—so he does his best to sound sincere.*)

**Spike:** Uh, yes, wonderful. He is quite… (*through his teeth*) …the charmer. (*Ground level on the next line.*)

**Rarity:** And Owlowiscious is just such a star— (*levitating a jeweled bow tie*) —I just had to make this little bow for you.

(*It is identical to the one she gave Spike, and it settles neatly at the owl’s throat—a gesture that sends Spike’s face into the red and causes him to blow steam from his nose. He storms back into the library, slamming the window closed; zoom out to ground level, framing the mares.*)

**Applejack:** What’s *he* all saddle-sore about?

**Rainbow:** He’s probably just jealous of Owlowiscious.

**Fluttershy:** Maybe Spike feels threatened, or worried that Owlowiscious will replace him.

**Twilight:** Replace him? Hah! That’s crazy. (*Close-up of Owlowiscious; she continues o.s.*) Spike knows he can’t be replaced.

(*Wipe to Spike, on his way down the stairs and ready to barbecue whatever gets in his way.*)

**Spike:** They’re trying to replace me! I’d better step it up and make sure that Twilight *and* Owlowiscious know that *I’m* still number one.

(*The end of this line brings him to the ground floor, where he stops short upon seeing Owlowiscious ride on Twilight’s back—the spot he usually takes for himself. She stops at an open book on a stand and looks around briefly. The owl no longer wears his bow tie.*)

**Twilight:** Hey, Spike! Can you fetch me that book called *Two-Headed Myth*— (*Back to him on the end of this.*)

**Spike:** —*Mythological Mysteries*? (*running to ladder at shelves*) I know where it is.

(*The camera shifts to point out at him through a gap on one of the shelves. His hand reaches up to question the space and feel for what should be there, and his eyes come up after it to see if the hand has been jiving him. There really is nothing there. Cut to behind him; he has been checking the very highest shelf and has stacked several books on the ladder’s top rung for a height boost.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Thanks, Owlowiscious. (*Cut to her at the stand; he is on a perch, holding the book.*) Hey, Spike, no worries. Owlowiscious flew up and got the book for me. (*Spike glowers from his high post.*) Oh, and gee, I guess I need *Ferrets of Fairyland* too.

(*Before the hacked-off dragon can come up with a suitable obscene response, Owlowiscious nips in and yanks away one of the books in his stack.*)

**Spike:** Hey! (*He begins to totter back and forth; cut to Twilight, reading.*)

**Twilight:** Climb down from there before you fall.

(*A yell and crash tell her that the advice came too late; she turns to see Spike trying to dig himself out from the scrabble of tomes on the floor. Zoom in on him, a puff of steam issuing from his ears as he snarls in frustration.*)

(*Wipe to Twilight, now taking notes at the kitchen table upstairs; a loud snap stops her cold.*)

**Twilight:** Shoot! (*Spike pops up and salutes.*)

**Spike:** Yes, sir!

(*Close-up of the quill, whose tip now hangs by a splinter—the cause of the disturbance.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) My last writing quill. It’s broken. (*Back to Spike.*)

**Spike:** Never fear—Spike, your number-one assistant, is here!

(*He zips across the room and begins to rummage in a desk drawer.*)

**Spike:** Quill, quill…where is it? Not here…

(*During this line, he fishes out a horseshoe, an apple, and a lace-trimmed saddle blanket. Each is thrown aside, the blanket flying toward the camera and briefly blacking out the screen. The camera shifts to point at him from a pantry shelf in the kitchen of Sugarcube Corner.*)

**Spike:** (*tossing things out*) Quill…hmm… (*Camera shift: now he ransacks a drawer.*) …ugh…quill, where is it?

(*A bowl is tossed at the camera, filling the screen; when it clears, he checks under a bed, then pulls aside a shower curtain. Owlowiscious is behind it, sitting on a perch over a full bathtub and wearing a shower cap, a sight that catches the quill-seeker off guard.*)

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo.

(*Spike whips the curtain closed again and peeks inside a sandwich on a counter in the library.*)

**Spike:** Where am I gonna get a quill?

(*Outside, he opens the bottom half of the front door and sets off as the camera tilts up to Twilight at the hanging-lantern window.*)

**Twilight:** Spike, wait! Wait!

(*Wipe to a sign that displays a quill, a plus sign, and a couch and zoom out on the next line. It hangs over the front door of a store Spike is visiting. Davenport, the shopkeeper, stands in the open entrance: tan earth pony stallion, slicked-back dark brown mane/tail, green eyes, cutie mark of a quill and sofa. He wears a white shirt and blue cardigan.*)

**Spike:** But the store is called Quills and Sofas! You only sell two things!

**Davenport:** Sorry, Junior. All out of quills until Monday. Need a sofa?

(*Spike lets off a load groan and runs o.s.; cut to a long shot of him at Sugarcube Corner’s side door and zoom in. Pinkie regards him through the open top half.*)

**Pinkie:** I swore I had one here somewhere. (*She ducks down and clatters about.*) Ah, here it is!

(*Something decidedly not quill-shaped comes sailing out to hit the ground.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from behind door*) A quince! (*She pops back up.*)

**Spike:** (*kicking it away*) Not a quince, a quill!

**Pinkie:** Right! (*Duck down.*) A quail…a quilt…a quesadilla?

(*Each item is tossed out as she names it. Spike bats the quail away and ends up with the quilt draped over him; the quesadilla—whose first syllable Pinkie pronounces with a “kw” sound to match the others—splats on the walk. He groans wearily.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from behind door*) Aha! (*She throws out…*) A quiche!

(*Same pronunciation quirk as for the quesadilla. He catches this item, which has a fork already stuck in it, and eyes Pinkie disgustedly across the door’s bottom half. The camera has shifted to her side of it.*)

**Spike:** Not a quiche, a quill! (*Zoom in slowly on him.*)

**Pinkie:** Nope, sorry. (*now o.s.*) All out of quills.

**Spike:** Aw, shoot.

(*He takes a big bite to console himself. Wipe to a henhouse on the grounds of Sweet Apple Acres; a squawking chicken scurries across the fenced-in yard, with Spike in hot pursuit.*)

**Spike:** Come on, chicken! Here, chicky-chicky-chicky! (*chasing it into house*) Here, chick-chick-chick-chicky! Come here!

(*The bird leaps out through a window at the far end, but he takes a more direct approach by simply knocking it down. More back-and-forth follows.*)

**Spike:** Come here!

(*Finding herself alone on the dirt, the chicken looks around confusedly before Spike falls on top of her. A huge brawl begins on the spot, with his assorted mutterings and punching limbs emerging from it until the chicken sneaks away. Zoom in on one badly battered baby dragon as the dust clears; one white feather drifts down, and he catches it on the fly and grins.*)

(*Wipe to Twilight, studying a book in the library’s reading room while Owlowiscious perches nearby. The front door behind them opens, exposing Spike.*)

**Spike:** (*woozily, tottering*) Spike… (*Close-up.*) …to the rescue.

(*Face first on the mat, holding up the chicken feather.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, Spike! (*Back to her.*) I was calling out for you when you were turning this place upside down. (*levitating a new quill; zoom in on it*) Owlowiscious gave me one of his feathers to use as a quill.

(*Spike stands up, his eyes narrowing in mingled frustration and hatred, and the feather in his hand spontaneously combusts to leave only a charred shaft that crumbles to ash. Sarcasm drenches every syllable of his next two lines.*)

**Spike:** That’s just great! Perfect! (*slamming door, crossing room; now cleaned up*) Sweet! I think I’ll just…uh…finish up the rest of my chores! (*Cut to Twilight; he continues o.s.*) Or did Owlowiscious already do them?

**Twilight:** Oh, no, no. There are quite a lot of ’em. (*He is now on the stairs.*)

**Spike:** Well, that’s fine— (*sitting*) —because I can just stay up all night and finish—

(*In the split second that it takes him to say the last syllable, he completely zonks out and flops backward onto the step, snoring heartily.*)

**Twilight:** Poor Spike. He’ll come around. He’s genuinely a good little guy.

(*Cut to an overhead view of him on the end of this, zooming in slowly, then fade to black.*)

(*Snap to him as the book he accidentally burned in the prologue is flung down, waking him.*)

**Spike:** Huh?

**Twilight:** (*from o.s., sternly*) Spike, what is this? You said this book was missing. (*Cut to her.*) Well, Owlowiscious found it right where it belongs— (*Close-up of it; she continues o.s.*) —but like this! How did it get this way? (*Tilt up slowly to him.*)

**Spike:** (*nervously*) Uh…well, um…you see, I…I just didn’t want to disappoint you and, uh…have you ever seen a dragon sneeze? (*Cut to her.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve seen a dragon *lie*. I’m very disappointed in you, Spike.

(*She turns away and walks off, leaving one resentful dragon to glare at one unruffled owl.*)

**Spike:** You set me up! Well, two can play that game!

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo.

**Spike:** Not who, *two!*

(*He groans loudly and storms off. Cut to him in the street.*)

**Spike:** Owlowiscious is out to take my place. I just know it! I’ve gotta stop him. But how?

(*He stops short, slightly startled by something, and a camera shift reveals that he is looking at a small white mouse outside a house. As it scampers away, he begins to get an inspiration.*)

**Spike:** (*smiling*) Ahhhhh!

(*Ducking into the nearest shop—which happens to be the joke/novelty shop from “Griffon the Brush Off,” based on the wall coloration—he comes out in the stereotypical bad-guy outfit. That is, black top hat and cape with matching mustache. He takes it one step further by wrapping the cape around himself, twirling the mustache, and voicing a sinister laugh.*)

(*Wipe to a long shot of the Carousel Boutique; he peeks toward it from behind a tree. Zoom in on the door, which opens to let both Rarity and her cat Opalescence out.*)

**Rarity:** Come along, Opal. Let’s hurry up and get to Fluttershy’s tea party.

(*Once they have closed it and passed the tree, Spike emerges and makes a run for the door. Cut to inside; the bottom half opens, and he dives in and slams it shut. The camera roves about the place; ball of yarn, bolts of fabric, a toy mouse next to Opal’s water dish. It zooms in on this last and Spike picks it up by the tail; close-up of the plaything.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s., menacingly*) So lifelike. (*Back to him.*) And when Twilight discovers it shredded up on her floor, she’ll think mouse-eating Owlowiscious is to blame—and I’ll be number one again!

(*Again with the cape wrap and evil laugh. Outside, he opens the front door, looks all around, and tiptoes away. Wipe to an extreme close-up of him, back in the library; a pull at one thread undoes a patch on the mouse’s back and allows the stuffing to protrude. The whiskers are yanked askew next, and a quick rub at the face leaves one button eye on the verge of falling off. The nefarious baby villain scatters bits of stuffing near the front door and throws the rest of the “carcass” down among them, then tiptoes off.*)

(*Upstairs, he produces a bottle of ketchup from a cabinet in the kitchen; close-up of this as he chuckles nastily o.s. Back at the ersatz crime scene, he laughs exultantly while slopping the condiment all over the fabric body as a stand-in for blood. Once he has enough gore in place, he throws the bottle aside and bails out. His next target is the pillow from Twilight’s bed, which he tears in half at the foot of the stairs leading up from the reading room. Red footprints are now visible on the stairs, and he leaves more while backing up with a chuckle and scattering feathers. The staging ends very abruptly when he passes Twilight; zoom out to frame one very cross pony at the door, with Owlowiscious on her back. After a very long and uncomfortable pause, he zips away and instantly returns without his villain getup.*)

**Spike:** (*melodramatically*) That poor little field mouse! (*Cut to the toy on the floor; he continues o.s.*) Torn to pieces! (*Back to him.*) It must have been Owlowiscious! (*normal* tone) You know, since owls eat, you know, mice. (*Full drama mode.*) What a terrible, terrible bird! He must be punished! (*normal tone*) Right?

(*Pan to a thoroughly unconvinced Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Spike, I don’t know what upsets me more—that you deliberately tried to set up Owlowiscious, or that you actually thought this pathetic attempt would work. You’ve let your jealousy get the best of you, Spike. (*Zoom in on him.*) I am truly disappointed. (*now o.s.*) This is *not* the Spike I know and love!

(*That gets him in the moneymaker. He reaches out toward her, but gets no response as she trots solemnly out the door and Owlowiscious swivels his head to look back. Zoom out to frame the incredulous dragon as the door telekinetically slams shut.*)

**Spike:** (*eyes growing/tearing up*) She…she doesn’t love me anymore.

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to Spike, trudging through the Everfree Forest with a bindle on a stick slung over his shoulder.*)

**Spike:** Twilight hates me. I’m cold, hungry, tired, and lonely. Could it get any worse?

(*A sudden flash of lightning and a few raindrops remind the little runaway that this is the one question no one of any species should ever, ever ask. The sprinkle turns into an instant storm.*)

**Spike:** I guess that’s a yes.

(*Looking around, he spots a not-too-distant cave and heads for it; cut to just inside its mouth as he peeks in.*)

**Spike:** Hello? (*louder; zoom out into cave*) Hel-*looo?*

(*The lightning illuminates the outline of some indistinct thing farther back in the cave, and Spike squints for a better look, having stashed his gear out of sight.*)

**Spike:** What is *that?*

(*Once the glare has died down, the camera shifts to point at him over this new thing, which is revealed in full light to be an enormous mound of gems. This batch would put to shame even the load that Rarity and company took from the Diamond Dogs in “A Dog and Pony Show.” Spike approaches, his eyes snapping greedily back and forth; tilt up from him to the stash.*)

**Spike:** Oh… (*now o.s.*) …if this is what running away is all about… (*Back to him, eyes reflecting the pile.*) …I never want to go home! (*He dives in.*) Gems! Mmm! Woo-hoo! (*He gets a good mouthful and crunches away.*) Mmm!

(*Dissolve to frame him at the base of the pile. A pat on his overstuffed belly brings up a hiccup that takes his good spirits with it, and he groans in a discontented way.*)

**Spike:** Even if my tummy’s full, the rest of me is still empty. I miss Twilight and the pony gang—but she doesn’t love me anymore. (*picking up a half-eaten gem*) So I’m better off here—all by myself.

(*As he begins to suck on the stone like a lollipop, wisps of steam float toward him from o.s. and set him sweating. He soon has to stop and fan himself with his hand.*)

**Spike:** Wow. Seems to be getting warmer.

(*More sucking; more steam; more sweat.*)

**Spike:** This steam is great for my complexion, but it’s sure getting hot in here.

(*He tries to resume snacking, but a fresh gush of steam and a hollow roaring sound change his mind. As he glances fearfully toward the source, zoom out to frame it: the gargantuan head of a rather annoyed green dragon Yellow-green head spines and ridges above eyes; pale yellow hide running down the throat and on the bat-wing ears; yellow-orange eyes with pale yellow whites. Its voice is low, gravelly, and full of malice.*)

**Dragon:** What are you doing in my cave? And why are you eating *my* gems? (*Spike spits out the one he was sucking on.*)

**Spike:** Uh…heya, bro. I didn’t know this was your cave. And I didn’t know these were your gems, but…we’re cool, right?

(*The snarling snout pushed into his face answers that one in a hurry.*)

**Spike:** Whoa, whoa! Hey, uh…we’re like brothers, you know? I mean, you’re a dragon, I’m a dragon, it’s us against the world, right?

(*Wrong again; a roar and belch of steam throw him against the pile. He lands upside down, shudders, then gets up ready for a fight.*)

**Spike:** You don’t scare me. So you’re big.

(*The adversary growls, prompting his eyes to grow very large and frightened, and the camera zooms out to show just how big. In length, the head and neck alone stretch to at least ten times Spike’s height.*)

**Spike:** Really big.

(*Cut to one forelimb, whose digits extend a set of very nasty claws.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) And your claws are super-sharp. (*Back to him.*) Tail… (*It extends its spines.*) …extra-spiky. But, uh… (*fiercely*) …you don’t scare me! Hah!

(*He gathers himself and spits out the best flame jet he can manage—which is far from intimidating.*)

**Spike:** How’d you like *that?*

(*He promptly has to duck under a huge stream of fire that very nearly burns him to a crisp. It does, in fact, singe the tips of his own head spines and take all the fight out of him again.*)

**Spike:** Uh, I’d love to stay, but…gotta go! See you! (*running off*) Wouldn’t want to be you!

(*His escape takes him between the dragon’s legs; it blows a new burst at his former position, and he dives behind a rock an instant before the tail smashes it to gravel. Off he goes again, barely staying ahead of the stomping feet and gnashing teeth, but a dead-end wall leaves him nowhere to go. The beast’s shadow falls over him as it warms up to incinerate him. Zoom in on the cringing little guy.*)

**Owlowiscious:** (*from o.s.*) Hoo-hoo!

(*Spike looks up in happy surprise; sure enough, here comes the brown owl, staying clear of the dragon’s claws and bopping it on the snout. Two swings of the tail hit nothing but air, and the third—aimed straight at Owlowiscious—instead comes down on the massive green head when he sidesteps at the last moment.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s., distant*) Spike! (*Cut to point out of the cave; she is at the mouth.*) Over here!

(*The sky above her shows that night has fallen. With Owlowiscious keeping the big dragon busy, the little one makes a run for it.*)

**Spike:** Am I glad to see you!

**Twilight:** Hurry! Hop on!

(*He does so, and she gallops out of the cave with Owlowiscious following, just before the dragon’s fire blasts out after them. When Spike looks back, he sees the green behemoth chasing them through the dim forest, with Owlowiscious nowhere in sight.*)

**Twilight:** It’s too dark! I can’t see! (*The owl catches up.*)

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo! Hoo-hoo!

(*Facing front, he takes up a position perhaps two feet from her face and leads the way through the natural obstacles of the terrain thanks to his night vision. The dragon tries to keep up, but finds its own path blocked by fallen trees and cannot pursue its prey any farther. In a long shot of the treetops, it puts its head up into clear sky and blows frustrated fire jets in various directions as the trio races to clearer ground. Spike breathes a sigh of relief, and in short order the three have cleared the forest. Twilight stops near a tree, and Spike dismounts while Owlowiscious perches on a branch.*)

**Twilight:** (*catching her breath*) Spike! We were so worried about you! *I* was so worried about you! Why did you run away?

**Spike:** I thought you didn’t need me anymore, and that you didn’t love me anymore.

**Twilight:** (*taken slightly aback, but smiling*) Spike! Sure, I was disappointed, but you are my number-one assistant and friend, and you always will be. It’s just that sometimes I need some help at night. I can’t ask you to stay up late. You’re a *baby* dragon, and you need your rest. Owls are nocturnal, so I asked Owlowiscious to help, but not to take your place. No one could ever replace you, Spike— (*Cut to his downcast face; she continues o.s.*) —not even when you *are* being a jealous numbskull.

(*On the end of this, she gives him a gentle noogie that gets him to smile and hug her.*)

**Spike:** I’m sorry, Twilight. I never should have been so jealous.

**Twilight:** And I’m sorry too, Spike. I should have been more sensitive. (*He turns to the tree.*)

**Spike:** And, Owlowiscious, I know now that you weren’t out to take my job. Forgive me?

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo?

**Spike:** Me. Forgive me, Spike.

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo.

(*The confounded dragon turns away and shrugs helplessly at Twilight, who laughs softly.*)

**Twilight:** He forgives you, Spike.

**Spike:** Hey! How did you guys know where I was?

**Twilight:** It was your ketchup-covered feet.

(*Cut to Spike, who looks toward the ground. On the next line, tilt down to his feet; he lifts one and sees the tomato residue still on the sole.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Owlowiscious discovered your footprints and we followed them all the way to the cave.

**Spike:** Oh, yeah, the ketchup. It looked pretty real, though, didn’t it?

(*To which she only gives him a quizzical look.*)

**Spike:** Uh… (*Nervous laugh.*)

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the library, every window lit, and cut to Twilight’s room. The three are in the kitchen: she near the fireplace, Owlowiscious on a perch, Spike standing on a stack of books to put him level with the table. He has a quill and scroll handy.*)

**Twilight:** I know Princess Celestia will want to read about what happened today.

**Spike:** I’m ready when you are.

(*She poises herself to begin dictating, then has a better idea.*)

**Twilight:** Hey, Spike! Why don’t *you* write to Princess Celestia and tell her what *you’ve* learned?

**Spike:** Really? Why, that’s a big responsibility!

**Twilight:** I know— (*Cut to him; she continues o.s.*) —but nothing my number-one assistant can’t handle.

**Spike:** (*writing*) “Dear Princess Celestia: This is Spike, writing to you about my adventures. This week, I learned that being jealous and telling lies gets you nowhere in friendship. I also learned—” (*Cut to Twilight and Owlowiscious; he continues o.s.*) “—that there’s plenty of love for every friend to share.” (*with mounting fervor*) “So from here on out, I promise that I, Spike, will—”

(*A sudden break, thud, and snore catch Twilight off guard, but she smiles gently as the camera zooms out. The little fellow has once again gone out like a light, head on table and murmuring in his sleep.*)

**Twilight:** (*shaking her head a bit*) Oh, Spike.

**Owlowiscious:** Hoo?

**Twilight:** Who? Spike. You kn— (*catching herself*) Ohhhh!

(*She walks away, laughing to herself at having finally caught on to the reason for Spike’s confusion in all of his “conversations” with Owlowiscious. The nocturnal bird swivels his head to face the camera and winks, and the view fades to black.*)