**THE MYSTERIOUS MARE DO WELL**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the Cutie Mark Crusaders’ clubhouse in one of the Sweet Apple Acres orchards. It is daytime, and the outlines of a milling crowd can be seen through the windows and open door. Zoom in slowly to the sound of their hubbub.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from inside*) Attention, everypony! (*banging gavel*) ATTENTION!

(*Silence. Dissolve to a slow pan across the interior. Various pictures of Rainbow Dash have been taped up on the walls, and plenty of paraphernalia is in evidence among the spectators: wigs, flags, caps, headbands, and so forth.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s.*) The Official Rainbow Dash Fan Club will come to order.

(*On the end of this, the camera stops on the pegasus filly, wearing a wig of her own and addressing the group from a lectern. She will keep the accessory on until further notice.*)

**Scootaloo:** Let’s get right down to our first order of business. (*Cut to just behind her; Snips and Snails are present.*) I motion that Rainbow Dash be declared the most awesome pony in Ponyville.

**Snails:** I second the motion! And might I add that if you looked up the word “awesome” in the dictionary, there would be a picture of Rainbow Dash! (*Cheers/laughs/stomps from others.*)

**Snips:** I object! (*Surprised gasps; he walks to Scootaloo.*) I think the word “awesome” is played out. Rainbow Dash deserves better. I motion that we declare her the most stupendous pony!

**Scootaloo:** Stupendous? Is that the best you got? I motion that we declare her…wonderrific!

**Snips:** Astonishing!

**Scootaloo:** Breathtaking!

**Snips:** Astounding!

**Scootaloo:** Bedazzling!

**Rainbow Dash:** (*from o.s., slightly muffled*) What about super-ultra-extreme-awesomazing?

(*Both smile at this suggestion, and the rest of the meeting shares their reaction.*)

**Scootaloo:** All in favor of declaring Rainbow Dash the most super-ultra-extra…oh, whatever you said…pony in all of Ponyville, say aye!

**Crowd:** AYE!!

(*Flags are waved and cheers raised as the camera zooms out through an open window. Rainbow is out on the platform and staying clear of the ponies’ line of vision; her voice came in through the wall. She snickers to herself as the view fades to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a thick bank of fluffy white clouds, from which Rainbow bursts out to plunge into another stretch. Popping her head up, she blows out a mouthful of white vapor and starts to swim around with a contented sigh.*)

**Rainbow:** What a beautiful day! (*doing the backstroke*) There’s nothing like a dip in the clouds to make a pegasus feel super-relaxed.

**Filly 1:** (*from o.s. below, reverberating*) HEEELLLP! HEEELLLP!

(*Rainbow snaps to, her attention fixing on a well; zoom in on this. The boards covering it have been partially broken away, showing the speaker’s predicament.*)

**Filly 1:** (*from inside*) HEEELLLP! HEEELLLP!

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s. during previous*) Hmmm. (*Back to her; she stands up.*) Looks like my sky swim will have to wait!

(*A screaming dive takes her straight down the well and shatters the board remnants. Cut to her as she plunges deeper, her voice now reverberating as the filly’s did.*)

**Rainbow:** I’m Rainbow Dash, and I’m here to rescue you!

(*Up on the surface, Twilight Sparkle, Applejack, Fluttershy, and Pinkie Pie have gathered at the well, along with a couple of other spectators. Up comes Rainbow as if shot from a cannon, carrying a dirt-streaked earth pony filly on her back; she swoops high and touches down as the growing crowd cheers the rescue. Once the youngster is back on solid ground, Rainbow stands wonderingly as they gather closer.*)

**Rainbow:** Wow. What’s with this crowd? Uh…thanks, everypony. It was really no big deal.

**Filly 1:** To me it was. You’re my hero, Rainbow Dash!

(*Zoom out from her to frame the nearest knot of spectators, which includes Applejack; they give Rainbow another round of accolades as she smiles uneasily. After a few seconds, the smile becomes genuine, accompanied by a little blush, and she files away; down below, Scootaloo addresses Snips and Snails.*)

**Scootaloo:** That Rainbow Dash sure is something. (*Zoom in on the trio.*)

**Snips, Snails:** Something special!

(*Dissolve to the sun in a tranquil sky. The quiet mood goes bye-bye when a mare pops up with a blood-curdling scream, and a baby carriage rockets over the top of a steep ridge and barrels along a footpath that snakes down an uncomfortably high cliff. The carriage’s occupant is heard bawling in terror, surprising a few ponies in the town proper and bringing Rainbow out of the cloud in which she has been resting. Down the path she flies, the camera panning quickly ahead to show the cliff edge waiting at its end, then cut back to her. A kick of speed puts her close enough to clamp her teeth around the carriage’s push-bar; she then digs in her rear hooves, slowing the rig so that it stops with inches to spare before the cliff. She backs it up a bit, and the crowd below—which now includes Rarity in addition to the other members of the core group—breaks into cheers. Zoom out overhead to frame them in a very long shot and put Rainbow and the carriage in the fore; she gives them a big blushing smile and takes a bow. After a few seconds of basking, though, she gasps in shock and looks into the carriage.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh, no! There’s something wrong with the baby!

(*Collective gasp. As she continues, she smiles and lifts the diaper-clad newborn into full view.*)

**Rainbow:** She’s not cheering for everypony’s favorite hero, Rainbow Dash!

(*More cheers as she carries the filly back to mother, the mare whose scream alerted her. Cameras click and flashes pop from o.s. during the meeting, cut to three photographers as they snap away from just below the top of the ridge. The baby is tossed back to mother, who catches the diaper in her teeth and walks off with a slightly dirty look as Rainbow poses for the cameras. Here come the other five mares, bewilderment settling in on their faces; Scootaloo gets in closer, admiration written all over hers.*)

**Scootaloo:** There just aren’t enough words in the dictionary to describe Rainbow Dash’s awesomeness!

(*During this line, the camera cuts to Rainbow, who strikes a few poses, then to Applejack as Twilight leans over to her.*)

**Twilight:** (*aside*) I can think of a few new words.

**Applejack:** And I bet “modest” is not one of ’em.

(*On the end of this, cut to the heroic pegasus, who rises clear of the crowd and blows a few kisses before zipping up a bit higher. Cheers rise after her as she traces out a lightning bolt with cloud contrails and cruises past.*)

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) No, but she is kinda awesome.

(*Wipe to a slow zoom in on a balcony on which three elderly ponies have gathered, two conversing mares and a stallion. Close-up of a second stallion as he emerges onto the balcony; a cracking noise from o.s. below stops him short. This is Mr. Waddle: light blue coat, red bow tie, blue-violet eyes behind round spectacles, a few last wisps of black mane/tail hair, liver-spotted forehead, cutie mark of a pipe emitting bubbles instead of smoke.*)

**Mr. Waddle:** Wha—?

(*A longer shot reveals that the entire platform is splitting across its width just behind him; confused mumblings turn into cries of panic as the whole thing shakes and worried onlookers gather below. The timbers give way partially, leaving the four ponies listing at a precarious angle.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Never fear… (*Tilt quickly up to her.*) …your friendly neighborhood Rainbow Dash is here!

(*Here she comes; the beams break apart completely; the balcony plunges away but is suddenly slowed down to land gently in the street. Jubilation from the spectators as the camera cuts to Rainbow in their midst and swivels around her.*)

**Mare voices:** We’d be lost without you!…You’re our hero, Rainbow Dash!

(*She lifts off while the group breaks into chanting her name, then cups a hoof to her ear.*)

**Rainbow:** I can’t hear you!

(*Which prompts them to add a decibel or twelve; meanwhile, she does a few celebratory moves in midair, enjoying every second of the adulation. Cut back to ground level and zoom out to frame Twilight and Applejack at a distance.*)

**Twilight:** Call me silly, but I think this whole hero thing might be going to Rainbow Dash’s head.

(*Head-on view on the end of this; Fluttershy and Rarity are here as well, and a pan frames Pinkie next to her.*)

**Pinkie:** You may be right…silly.

(*The violet unicorn grimaces at her friend’s ability to miss the glaringly obvious. Dissolve to a close-up of these two plus Applejack, all slightly bemused, on the shop floor of Sugarcube Corner. On the start of the next line, zoom out to put them at the back of a large gathering of enthusiastic fans. Rainbow struts into view, her favorite black sunglasses propped on her forehead, and Spike—dressed in a trenchcoat, fedora, shirt, and tie, with a press card sticking out of its band—takes notes.*)

**Rainbow:** And then, I zoomed into the well. I knew it would be dark and dangerous, but I didn’t let that stop me. Danger’s my middle name! Rainbow Danger Dash!

(*She lowers the shades; cut to Spike with pencil flying across his notebook pages.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Thinking back on it, I acted pretty awesomely heroic that day.

**Spike:** (*writing*) “…that…day.”

**Applejack:** (*disgustedly, to Twilight/Pinkie*) Awesomely heroic that day and awesomely arrogant ever since.

**Twilight, Pinkie:** Mmm-hmm.

(*Pinkie is eating a cupcake but has no time to offer a bite before Rainbow lays a foreleg across the workhorse’s shoulder. She finds herself yanked up onto her hind legs; Rainbow has taken off her sunglasses.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey, Applejack. How would you like to be immortalized as my friend? (*Applejack gets all four hooves down.*)

**Applejack:** Immorta-what?

(*Too late. One of the photogs from the baby rescue has crashed the party and begins taking shots of the pair. As Spike continues his note-taking, a skeptical Twilight leans don to him.*)

**Twilight:** Are you taking notes?

**Spike:** Yep. I’ve been hoof-picked by Rainbow Dash herself, to write her autobiography!

(*Across the floor, Applejack decides she has had enough of this and walks off; Rainbow keeps posing for the camera as Scootaloo watches.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Um, autobiographies are supposed to be written *by* the pony they are about!

**Rainbow:** Maybe for your normal run-of-the-mill ponies. (*Cut to Twilight and Applejack; she continues o.s.*) But I’m far too busy saving lives to stop and write. (*walking to Spike, patting his head*) That’s why I hired Spike as my ghostwriter.

(*This last word spooks Pinkie away from the cake she has been chomping and brings a shriek.*)

**Pinkie:** Spike’s a ghost! (*She bails out. Brief silence.*)

**Rainbow:** (*pacing floor*) Anyway, Spike here writes down everything I say—don’t you, Spike?

**Spike:** (*writing*) “Don’t…you…Spike?” Got it!

**Rainbow:** This way, I can stay focused on performing those acts of bravery that nopony else has the guts to perform.

(*Cut to a shot of her as seen through a camera’s viewfinder.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, it takes guts. (*A filly runs up and hugs her.*) But it also takes brains.

(*A quick series of pictures is taken during the next line, with a different filly zipping up to pose with her in each.*)

**Rainbow:** And sometimes a big lunch and a nap. (*Slow pan across her four unimpressed friends; she continues o.s.*) Being a hero is surely not for everypony, but I’m up to the challenge.

(*Twilight and Applejack cut their eyes toward each other for a brief instant, as if either getting the same idea or wordlessly asking each other to throw something at the pegasus with the swelled head. Dissolve to a slow pan along a Ponyville street where a line of admirers has gathered. At its head, a filly with a sheet in her teeth walks up to Rainbow, who has a pencil in hers. A camera shift shows the document to be a black-and-white photo of Rainbow, who scribbles across it as an autograph before backing out of view.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) There you go! (*The filly tucks it in her saddlebags.*)

**Filly 2:** Someday I want to be just like you.

**Rainbow:** Aim high, kid, but don’t aim for the impossible.

(*Which makes sense in at least one respect, as the youngster is an earth pony rather than a pegasus. A mare’s distant scream surprises the entire group and causes the fans to gasp; cut to a punctured hot-air balloon coming down fast. The lone mare in its basket, Cherry Berry, wears an old-style leather aviator’s helmet and goggles.*)

**Cherry:** HEEELLLP! HEEELLLP!

**Snips:** (*to Rainbow; she keeps signing*) Uh, don’t you think you should go and help?

**Rainbow:** Yeah, yeah. I’ve got a good ten seconds to spare. Just a couple more.

(*Once she has finished scribbling on the latest photo, she takes off with great speed. In the air, however, she coasts upward on her back, not with any particular sense of urgency. Only after covering a few hundred yards does she flip over to approach the terrified Cherry.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s. below*) “The tension is unbearable!” (*Cut to him, writing at top speed.*) “Will Rainbow Dash make it on time?”

(*The passage of a shadow cast by something overhead stops his No. 2 cold on the page. Its source lands on a rooftop: a pony clad in a purple outfit that covers every square inch of skin, including eyes, mane, and tail. A long, darker purple cape billows behind the newcomer; it is the same shade as the hood that covers the head and the ribbon of the broad-brimmed fedora atop this. Wrappings over each hoof have this color as well. The hat itself and the collar of the cape are a match for the bodysuit. Nothing can be seen of the eyes except for two lavender panels that match the hue of the large M on the brooch securing the cape. When the figure stands upright, enough of the general facial contour becomes discernible to mark it as a mare.*)

(*She leaps from one rooftop to the next, as sure-footed as a mountain goat, and dives across open space to pull the plummeting Cherry out of the balloon. When Rainbow charges in, she gets nothing but a faceful of canvas and drops out of sight. A thud and a scatter of leaves mark her ungraceful touchdown; cut to the remains of the balloon, now tangled in and around a tree. Rainbow lifts one deflated fold and sees the unknown mare shake hands with Cherry in front of a cheering crowd before sprinting away.*)

**Mare voice 1:** Holy turnips! That pony came outta nowhere! (*Quick pan to Daisy.*)

**Daisy:** I’ve never seen such bravery in all my life! (*Mayor Mare speaks up.*)

**Mayor Mare:** That’s right. Ponyville has a new hero.

(*Long shot of the caped figure, seen in silhouette atop a mountain and backed by the sun. Zoom out to frame Mayor Mare on the next line as the mare gallops down the far side.*)

**Mayor Mare:** A mysterious mare that has done well by our fair city today. I dub this new masked hero…”The Mysterious Mare Do Well”! (*Cheers.*)

**Rainbow:** (*to herself, disgustedly*) Mare Do Well, huh? Well, that mare would do well to stay out of my way! Ponyville’s only got room for one hero, and that hero is me!

(*She tries to take a step forward, but ends up on her face due to a rigging line snagged around one foreleg. Instead, she props her head on that leg and sits there sulking before the view snaps to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade into a side view close-up of a carriage styled to resemble a typical city bus, filled with screaming tourist ponies and hurtling down a slope at high speed. A pan ahead to the front end reveals two snapped-off shafts and a total lack of any pulling team. The vehicle drops over the top of the ridge that the baby carriage went down in Act One, its passengers yelling at the top of their lungs, as Rainbow flashes in to pull even with the rear end.*)

**Rainbow:** (*clearing throat*) Never fear. Your friendly neighborhood Rainbow—

**Tourist stallion 1:** Excuse me! Uh, do you think you could skip your catchphrase and just hurry up and save us?

(*On these last five words, cut to a close-up of the blue speedster, who rolls her eyes and groans at having her intro ruined so in such a thoughtless manner.*)

**Rainbow:** Fine. (*somersaulting to the front end*) Picky, picky.

(*Seizing the broken shafts, she digs in her rear hooves…*)

**Rainbow:** Whoa!

(*…but finds that she cannot get enough traction to stop the carriage on the steep downgrade. She trails off into a panicked yell as it breaks loose again and tosses her aside, and she can do no more than stare while the rig barrels toward the cliff at the end of this road. However, Mare Do Well leaps into view, plants herself to face over the edge, and lifts her rear legs so that she is standing on her front hooves. The front end of the carriage makes contact, plowing her ahead; she digs in against the ground, keeping her rear legs tensed, and gradually brings everything to a stop. Her front hooves end up so close to the edge that a few clods of dirt kicked up by them clatter over it. Cheers from the passengers, one of whom jumps out to kiss the ground.*)

**Tourist stallion 2:** Oh, thank you, Mare Do…

(*He trails off in surprise as the camera cuts to a longer shot of him—and of Mare Do Well, who is already bounding away across the mountaintops. Rainbow, now upright, watches from the spot where she wiped out quite a way back.*)

**Rainbow:** I can’t believe it! Mare Do Well is stronger than me? (*angrily*) Well, a hero is more than just muscle— (*walking away*) —and she’s gonna learn that the hard way.

(*Wipe to the upper stories of a new building’s wood framework under construction. Heavy equipment is heard being used as the camera tilts down to ground level, where the crew is hard at work and a crane snags a beam to hoist it. The operator tries to move one of the levers but finds it jammed; when he tries to force it, he is rewarded with sparks and smoke from the overloaded mechanism. The breakdown prompts him into a surprised grunt; out of control, the arm swings wildly in a circle as Rainbow flies overhead.*)

**Rainbow:** Huh?

(*She zooms in as the ropes holding the beam to the crane’s hook begin to snap.*)

**Rainbow:** Never fear! Your friendly neighbor— (*The beam comes flying at her; she dodges.*) —whoa!

(*It smashes into the lowest section of the framework, shaking other pieces loose, and a mare on the crew gallops for dear life as Rainbow keeps pace in midair. Her next line is broken up by frequents stops and dodges.*)

**Rainbow:** Never fear…I’m coming…hold on!

**Worker stallion 1:** (*pointing upward*) LOOK!!

(*Tilt quickly upward to frame the crane’s full height, with Mare Do Well standing on its pulley, then zoom in on her. She jumps down.*)

**Crane stallion:** (*smiling, pumping a hoof*) Hey!

(*The masked rescuer nimbly dodges falling junk, balances on a trio of rolling barrels, and jumps clear to run a slalom across the site. One upstaged pegasus glares daggers at her from above, but another worker is very grateful to be lifted onto the purple back and carried to safety as Rainbow’s jaw drops. The latter’s rancor turns to shock when she notices a pallet loaded with bricks toppling off the highest level of the framework. She dives in toward a stallion who has found himself in the load’s growing shadow and plows him away, an instant before it crashes to the ground. As he uncovers his eyes in close-up with a strangled cry, the camera zooms out to frame him on Rainbow’s back; she is galloping through the hail of debris for all she is worth. The next line is punctuated by plenty of dodges and yells from both.*)

**Worker stallion 2:** Look out for the…Watch out for falling…On your left!…Your other left! (*They reach the edge of the site.*)

**Rainbow:** Here you go. (*He jumps off.*) Safe and sound.

(*The framework is another story, though, as it proceeds to come down with a deafening roar, a great belch of dust, and a camera-shaking tremor. The stallion Rainbow just rescued moans weakly and goes over in a dead faint. Cut to Mare Do Well and several other crew members on a safe patch of grass, and zoom out to frame Rainbow addressing them from the trashed construction site.*)

**Rainbow:** Well, Mare Do Well—or should I call you Mare Do Slow? You’re gonna have to pick up the pace if you want to compete with me, ’cause I move like lightning!

**Worker stallion 3:** Actually, she saved all of us. We owe her our lives.

(*The cocky blue face goes slack with shock as the red-violet eyes constrict to points, and she drops to the ground alongside the one she saved on her own. Mare Do Well leads the rest of the cheering crew in a stampede away from the area, and this stallion walks after them to leave a poleaxed Rainbow on the dirt. In due time, the face rearranges itself into a furious growl.*)

**Rainbow:** Okay. She’s strong, fast, and somehow knows what’s gonna happen ahead of time. (*standing up, flying off*) I gotta step up my game.

(*Wipe to a long shot of Ponyville proper and pan/tilt up to a high, broad waterfall on a nearby cliff. The river is held back by a large dam, but a close-up of one section points up a fresh crack with water dripping through it. Rainbow cruises past and doubles back with a gasp, having noticed the fracture.*)

**Rainbow:** If the dam breaks, the whole town’ll be flooded! Looks like Ponyville needs a hero!

(*The crack continues to drip; a blue hoof is plunked over it, the camera zooming out to frame its beaming owner.*)

**Rainbow:** Easy-peasy. My game is officially back on. If only somepony were here to pat me on the back.

(*During this line, the break grows a bit without her noticing. She then removes her hoof from it to give herself the pat.*)

**Rainbow:** Heh. Guess I’ll have to do it myself.

(*The dam chooses this moment to give out, releasing a torrent that washes her away and turns whatever she was going to say into a series of waterlogged yelps and cries. She ends up floating down the waterway toward the falls and screaming at top volume.*)

**Rainbow:** HEEELLLP!!

(*The sheer mass of water submerges her for a moment; she surfaces with a fish in her mouth and spits it out.*)

**Rainbow:** HEEELLLP!!

(*But she can do nothing to stop her forward motion or get out of the current—that is, until she fetches up on a log extending into view from somewhere o.s. Her mouth opens in wordless disbelief, and a longer shot reveals why: the log has been placed by Mare Do Well, who stands on the bank.*)

**Rainbow:** *You?!?* (*Cut to Mare Do Well; she continues o.s.*) Huh. I suppose you want me to thank—

(*A toss of the purple head sends the fedora gliding away. Underneath it is a unicorn’s glowing horn, covered by the material of the hood. Rainbow gapes as the shattered pieces of the dam are levitated back toward it and fitted neatly into place.*)

**Rainbow:** (*climbing onto log*) You gotta be kidding me!

(*Two last fragments are slotted home, leaving the dam good as new, and the camera cuts to a long shot and tilts down to frame Mare Do Well now on a high perch. She floats her hat back onto her head as several ponies cheer her from the riverbank, then gives an acknowledging wave and darts away. The soaked Technicolor pegasus, meanwhile, has made it back to the bank and is shaking herself dry.*)

**Rainbow:** Let me get this straight. She’s strong, she’s agile, *and* she’s magic?

(*Letting go with a loud, frustrated groan, she flops backward onto the grass.*)

**Rainbow:** How do I compete with *that?*

(*An idea begins to form under the vivid mane; she stands up.*)

**Rainbow:** Wait a minute. (*smiling*) I *do* have a leg up on her. And that leg is… (*She takes off, leaving a rainbow contrail.*) …wings!

(*She darts here and there for a second, then hits the gas straight ahead.*)

**Rainbow:** Hah! Take that, Mare Do Well!

(*Instead, she is the one who has to take it, in the form of a purple blur that flashes past to stop her cold and leave her spinning. When she glares after the interloper, the camera cuts to a close-up that reveals a pair of wings on the costumed flanks—previously covered by the folds of the cape. Mare Do Well soars over the whooping crowd by the dam and is gone before Rainbow can make it back to the site.*)

**Rainbow:** (*disgustedly*) Oh, for the love of Pete.

(*Dissolve to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner and zoom in slowly.*)

**Applejack:** (*from inside*) Gotta hand it to the girl.

(*Inside on the shop floor, she adds a candy cane to a plate of treats on her back. Fluttershy can be seen sitting at a table near the stairs, while Rainbow lounges grumpily on the landing.*)

**Applejack:** (*walking across room*) That Mare Do Well sure can pull off some pretty heroic feats.

(*The camera pans slightly to follow her, framing Twilight at the table as well.*)

**Twilight:** I must say— (*Close-up of Rainbow; she continues o.s.*) —I was impressed by that spell she used to fix the dam. (*Back to her.*) Seems like something like that would take quite a bit of study.

(*The vexed pegasus groans through her teeth and flops down on the stairs.*)

**Fluttershy:** She really cares about everypony’s safety. (*Rarity crosses to them, levitating a teacup.*)

**Rarity:** Have you seen her costume? It is to die for! If you ask me, she’s a hero of fashion. (*Zoom out slightly to frame Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** *And* she’s modest and humble. (*Back to Rainbow; she continues o.s.*) She lets her actions speak for themselves. You got to admire that.

(*That tears it.*)

**Rainbow:** I don’t have to admire that! I don’t think she’s all that great! (*Cut to Spike, across the room, on the end of this.*)

**Spike:** (*writing*) “She’s great.” (*She zips over.*)

**Rainbow:** I didn’t say that!

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Sounds like somepony’s jealous.

**Rainbow:** Who, me?

**Spike:** (*writing*) “Rainbow Dash is jealous.”

**Rainbow:** Don’t write that, Spike!

(*Laughter from the four o.s. ponies hits her blindside as the camera zooms out to frame them.*)

**Spike:** (*writing*) “Correction: Rainbow Dash is very jealous.”

**Rainbow:** Fine! (*She hovers over the group.*) Laugh all you want! But I’ll be the one laughing when I prove to you all that I’m just as good—no, that I’m a *better* hero than Mare Do Well!

(*She flies out the door, leaving Rarity to shrug noncommittally and the other three to glance worriedly after her. Cut to her in flight, then to a rooftop overlooking a busy street as she lights here for a moment. Disappointed sigh.*)

**Rainbow:** No sign of trouble here. (*zipping away*) Darn it.

(*Cut to the same steep road on which disaster has been staved off twice this episode. Nothing going down here as she flies in.*)

**Rainbow:** Buses and baby carriages are *always* careening down this hill. Where is an out-of-control vehicle when you need one?

(*Off she goes with a groan, making her way above Ponyville proper again.*)

**Rainbow:** There are absolutely no freak natural disasters going on anywhere! How am I supposed to prove myself when everything’s so normal and safe?

(*She catches sight of Granny Smith’s slow turn around a street corner; zoom in briefly on the senior-citizen mare and the purse in her teeth, putting Rainbow out of view. A gasp from the o.s. pegasus, then cut to ground level as she lands in front of Granny and her creaky joints.*)

**Rainbow:** Hold it right there, Granny Smith! You don’t have to pretend with me. (*zipping behind her*) I can see that you’re in *way* over your head here.

**Granny:** (*mumbling, deploying an ear trumpet*) What’s that?

**Rainbow:** You’re putting on a brave face. I get it. But you don’t have to anymore. I’ll help you cross the street!

(*She gets her head behind Granny’s rump and starts bulldozing, prompting the latter to grunt angrily and dig in her hooves.*)

**Granny:** Actually, I can cross the street just fine!

**Rainbow:** (*with effort*) Don’t worry. You’re in extremely capable hooves!

(*On the last two words, cut to a close-up of the resisting green hooves and the dirt being plowed up by them. Granny takes it up a notch by plunking her haunches down on the roadbed, so Rainbow resorts to pushing with forelegs and gets her moving.*)

**Granny:** Back off, you silly…

(*This plea comes in the middle of a string of panicked yelps and cries, after which Rainbow gets her to the other side of the street.*)

**Rainbow:** (*panting*) Here we are, safe and sound. (*standing up; close-up*) A good and heroic citizen deserves a little recognition— (*raising voice*) —don’t you think?

(*Her smug little smile is met with a swing of Granny’s purse that connects solidly with her jaw.*)

**Granny:** I didn’t want to cross the street in the first place!

(*And with that, she hobbles creakily back the way she came, grumbling on every step. Rainbow is left deflated, but the sound of distant grunting brings her back to the job at hand with a gasp.*)

**Rainbow:** Somepony’s in trouble!

(*She looks off to one side. Cut to a pair of unicorns, a mare and filly, in the park for a picnic. The mare is trying to use her magic to open an obstinate jar of peanut butter. Light violet-pink coat, two-tone mane in violet and blue-violet, cutie mark of three jewels. This is Amethyst Star, the older member of one of the teams that ran the race in “Sisterhooves Social.” Her eyes cannot be seen due to the fact that she has squeezed them shut from the effort. As she stops to rest, the camera cuts to a close-up of the floating jar and zooms out to frame Rainbow on the scene. Amethyst has now opened her eyes, showing them to be bright violet, and is surprised to find this do-gooder here.*)

**Rainbow:** Better let me handle this, ma’am. For your own safety, I must ask you to stand back!

**Amethyst:** (*wearily*) Oh, brother.

(*Snapping her head from side to side to loosen up her neck, she stares the jar down and grabs it. Teeth come into play against the jammed lid, but several seconds of effort only get her a disgusted look from Amethyst and a confused one from the filly. The jar is levitated out of her mouth, tapped against the edge of a nearby fountain, and presented to her again. Now the sheepishly grinning pegasus is able to pop the lid off effortlessly.*)

**Rainbow:** Ta-da! (*Amethyst floats it back to herself.*)

**Amethyst:** (*spreading on bread*) Uh…thanks.

**Rainbow:** How would you describe what I just did? Would you say I was amazing?

**Amethyst:** Aren’t you milking this a bit?

**Rainbow:** Please, just answer the question. Was I or was I not amazing?

**Amethyst:** No, you’re amazing, all right. An amazingly—

**Rainbow:** (*pointing excitedly*) Oh, look!

(*She flies to an idle push-style or “cylinder” lawnmower and goes to it with great fervor, mowing crazily in all directions until the entire area has been neatly trimmed.*)

**Rainbow:** Another great feat of heroism! (*A groundskeeper stallion walks up.*) I have just saved that grass!

**Groundskeeper:** From what? (*She crouches to eye it closely.*)

**Rainbow:** From weeds! Weeds that were attempting to eat this lawn!

(*Overhead view; several other unimpressed ponies have gathered around her. After an expectant silence, the filly who was picnicking with Amethyst sighs and speaks up.*)

**Filly 3:** Lame.

(*The group disperses with a collective grumble as the camera zooms in on Rainbow, who hunches despondently until her face is almost in the dirt.*)

**Rainbow:** (*sighing*) Who am I kidding?

(*Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Rainbow lying on a rumbling thunderhead whose gloomy appearance perfectly matches her spirits. She angrily flops onto her back.*)

**Rainbow:** All anypony talks about is “Mare Do Well, this” and “Mare Do Well, that.” (*She sits up.*) What about me?

(*Cut to an overhead view of three fillies who have donned Mare Do Well costume parts, and zoom out on the start of the next line to frame Rainbow staring down at them while lying on the cloud.*)

**Rainbow:** How could everypony forget about me so easily? (*She sits up.*) I mean, have I changed? Same sleek body…same flowing mane…same spectacular hooves…

(*The camera cuts/pans to each body part as she names it and shows it off, then shifts to frame all of her as she jumps happily into midair.*)

**Rainbow:** Nope, I’m still awesome. (*pointing toward ground*) *They’re* wrong!

(*The newfound confidence quickly evaporates, leaving her slumped over.*)

**Rainbow:** But… (*Long shot of her, above the cloud, and the empty ground.*) …then…why am I all alone?

(*Close-up; she sinks back onto the cloud.*)

**Rainbow:** I hate being all alone.

(*She pouts for a moment before a familiar voice shakes her out of the deep blue funk.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s.*) Hey, Rainbow Dash! (*She sits up.*)

**Rainbow:** I knew it!

(*In less time than it takes to say “malignant narcissism,” she is down at ground level and hovering in front of her number-one fan. Scootaloo has finally removed her rainbow-striped wig.*)

**Rainbow:** No need to apologize, squirt. (*giving her a noogie*) Anypony can make a mistake.

**Scootaloo:** Mistake? What mistake? (*Rainbow puts her down.*)

**Rainbow:** Wait a minute. Why are you here?

**Scootaloo:** To invite you to join us! We’re heading off to the thank-you parade for Ponyville’s greatest hero, Mare Do Well! (*Huge grin.*)

**Rainbow:** No! No way! Can’t you see I—I want to be alone? (*flying away*) I love being alone!

(*She stops with her back turned several yards above the path, where two fillies in Mare Do Well garb are watching with Scootaloo.*)

**Scootaloo:** Hm. Oh, okay. See you later, then. (*They start away; zoom in on Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** (*to herself*) Yeah, right. Like I’m gonna thank *her.* (*sarcastically*) Oh, thank you, Mare Do Well, whoever you are, for ruining ev—

(*Dead stop due to a brainstorm; she then calls after the distant Scootaloo.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey, squirt! (*flying toward her*) Wait up!

(*Wipe to a stage that has been set up in the park, liberally festooned with balloons, purple flags, and banners showing Mare Do Well’s symbol and likeness. Mayor Mare, standing at a lectern, taps a hoof against it to bring the crowd to order.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Welcome to Ponyville’s first, but surely not last, thank-you parade in honor of our city’s greatest hero, the Mysterious Mare Do Well!

(*In time with the name, the disguised savior bursts through the banner that serves as the stage’s backdrop, prompting cheers from the sign- and banner-waving spectators. Rainbow stands among them, disgust spray-painted all over her face, and soon flies up to get in the purple-covered one.*)

**Rainbow:** The Mysterious Mare Do Well, huh? (*A round of gasps.*) So what are you hiding? (*Close-up of the masked face; she continues o.s.*) Let’s see how mysterious you are without that mask!

(*She lunges in with a snap of her teeth, intending to rip it off, but Mare Do Well backs out of reach, leaps off the stage, and breaks into a gallop as Rainbow chases from the air. The pursuit moves into the back alleys of Ponyville, with Mare Do Well racing ahead and Rainbow taking a side path to cut her off. No good; the caped pony slips by in a parallel track before her rival corrects course. To be exact, she overcorrects and flies past the street on which Mare Do Well has broken into the open, but reverses to pick up the trail. Two sharp turns take the incognito pony out of view—but as Rainbow darts toward the last known location, Mare Do Well gallops past the camera, having apparently circled the building in less than one second.*)

(*The properly vexed pegasus starts to double back after her, missing her sprint across the far end of the alley. As Rainbow tries to follow this move, Mare Do Well passes the camera again, using wings rather than hooves this time. Rainbow’s flight after her is interrupted by a sharp whistle from somewhere behind her, and Mare Do Well again gallops across the far end of the block.*)

**Rainbow:** What the hay?

(*She flies back down the alley and finds herself facing a dead end formed by high stone walls. The camera tilts up from her to frame Mare Do Well standing atop these for a moment before she dives out of view. Rainbow snarls to herself; cut to the purple-clad enigma galloping down a flight of steps that lead down from street level and into a tunnel. As Rainbow hits the gas to keep after her, both emerge in a new alley; after she has galloped o.s., another whistle diverts Rainbow’s attention to the end behind her. Sure enough, here comes Mare Do Well from this area, having somehow gone around the entire block in a split second.*)

(*When Rainbow looks ahead of herself, she sees another dead end; before she can figure out how Mare Do Well got away this time, the latter bails out to leave Rainbow growling in frustration. A fresh burst of wing-power puts her back in the chase, but she skids to a stop and eyes a ladder on the side of a building she has just passed. An instant later she is up on the rooftop and eyeing Mare Do Well, who proceeds cautiously along a street.*)

**Rainbow:** I got you now!

(*She dives, plowing into Mare Do Well from behind, and both tumble o.s. A crash marks their final stop; cut to the dust cloud thrown up by the impact. Rainbow now has Mare Do Well pinned on her back.*)

**Rainbow:** All right, Miss Mysterious! (*Close-up.*) Mystery…

(*She ducks down and comes up with the mask in her teeth, tossing it aside.*)

**Rainbow:** …solved!

(*Gloating turns to slack-jawed shock in a tick, and Rainbow lets off an inarticulate cry of surprise before the camera cuts to a close-up of the unmasked heroine, who smiles sheepishly and has lost her hat. The sight of this particular face throws Rainbow into a stuttering fit.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Pinkie?!? (*Back to her.*) Huh?!?

(*Cut to a long shot of the pair, seen from the far end of the alley. A second set of purple-clad legs stands near the camera, which shifts to just behind Rainbow. They belong to a second Mare Do Well, who pushes her own mask up to expose herself as…*)

**Rainbow:** Twilight?!?

(*Soft steps are heard behind her; she turns to find a third Mare Do Well emerging from a side path. Zoom in to put Rainbow out of view as this one unmasks.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Applejack?!?

(*Overhead view of the quartet; the two extras approach slowly.*)

**Rainbow:** There were three of you? (*Street level.*)

**Twilight:** Yep. We all played Mare Do Well at different times.

**Applejack:** I stopped the carriage bus with these babies…

(*She glances toward her own rump on the end of this; cut to a close-up of her rear legs.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s., lifting one at a time*) …Bucky McGillicuddy and Kicks McGee. (*Pinkie gets up.*)

**Pinkie:** I saved the construction workers with my Pinkie Sense.

(*The first mention of this particular ability since “Feeling Pinkie Keen.” She has barely finished the sentence before her tail begins to twitch uncontrollably, and she quickly pushes Rainbow aside just in time to avoid a flowerpot that crashes to the ground where they were standing. Both look up; cut to a contrite Cherry at an upper-story window.*)

**Cherry:** Sorry!

**Pinkie:** It’s all right.

**Twilight:** (*to Rainbow, levitating her hat off*) And I used my magic to fix the dam. (*Fluttershy skids in.*)

**Fluttershy:** Ooh, ooh! And I did the fly-by afterwards. (*Rarity arrives.*)

**Rarity:** I made the costumes. Fabulous, if I do say so myself.

(*She and Fluttershy are not dressed in Mare Do Well costumes. The string of revelations prompts Rainbow to pace the alley uncertainly.*)

**Rainbow:** I don’t understand. (*Cut to her.*) Why? (*Zoom out to frame the others.*) Don’t you want me to be a hero? (*Cut to Twilight and Fluttershy.*)

**Twilight:** Of course we want you to be a hero. (*Pan to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** (*winking*) But a real hero doesn’t brag. (*Cut to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh…I guess I did start to brag a little. (*Zoom out to frame all six.*)

**Other five:** A LITTLE?!?

(*The combined force of their retort throws her back so that she ends up sitting on her haunches.*)

**Rainbow:** (*as Twilight walks to her*) Okay, a lot.

**Twilight:** Celebrating your accomplishments is natural, but… (*Applejack zips up.*)

**Applejack:** …rubbin’ them in everypony’s face is not.

**Pinkie:** Yeah. The only thing that should be rubbed in anypony’s face is chocolate cake.

(*She proceeds to lick one front hoof and her face with great enthusiasm, as if they were smeared with this very dessert, and pays no heed to the five bewildered ponies looking on. Rainbow stands up.*)

**Applejack:** I think we’re gettin’ off topic here.

**Twilight:** What we’re trying to say is, it’s great to be really good at something, but it’s important to act with grace and humility.

(*The message does not seem to sink in until Applejack lays a foreleg warmly across Rainbow’s shoulders.*)

**Rainbow:** Ohhhh! That makes loads more sense! (*She flies up and hovers at roof level.*) Yeah. You’re right. And I guess I should also act with grace and humility when others outshine me… (*Overhead view of the others; she continues o.s.*) …like Mare Do Well.

**Twilight:** (*winking*) Sounds like you’ve got a letter to write to Princess Celestia.

(*She and Applejack glance to one side as Spike makes himself heard from that direction; on the start of the next line, pan to frame him, just arrived in the alley.*)

**Spike:** Already got it covered. (*He pulls a scroll from inside his trenchcoat and addresses Rainbow.*) As your ghostwriter, I’ve already penned a letter to the Princess.

**Rainbow:** That’s nice of you, Spike, but I really want to write this letter myself. (*She lands next to him.*)

**Spike:** Aw, come on!

(*Cut to her as he holds the open parchment into view.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) I wrote the whole thing already!

**Rainbow:** Okay, let’s hear it. (*Back to him.*)

**Spike:** (*clearing throat, reading*) “Dear Princess Ce—”

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Look out! (*Cut to her; pointing urgently.*) It’s a real ghost!

(*Spike and Pinkie each look in that direction with a cry of fear and bail out while the other five have a good laugh at the joke. A quill and fresh scroll are levitated up to Rainbow, and Twilight aims an expectant smile upward as the laughter dies down. Catching on, the blue pegasus takes the quill in her teeth and tips a wink to the camera before the view “irises out” to black, staying focused on her face.*)