**SWEET AND ELITE**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Canterlot during the day and zoom in slowly. The view dissolves to a closer shot of one particular tower in the distance, and as the camera zooms in on this, two minuscule figures on its balcony approach an entrance. Another dissolve brings the focus to just inside a set of double doors, which swing open to admit Princess Celestia, Rarity, and Rarity’s cat Opalescence. The haughty pet leads the way, while her owner gasps and goggles at the sight.*)

**Rarity:** Here?

(*Cut to frame more of the room, large and lavishly appointed.*)

**Rarity:** I get to stay *here?*

**Celestia:** (*as Rarity trots eagerly ahead*) Twilight Sparkle said you were coming to Canterlot for a visit—

(*During this line, cut to Opal, now on the bed and kneading the spread to soften it up.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s.*) —and asked if I might accommodate you.

**Rarity:** Thank you so much, Princess! (*Opal settles down; back to Celestia.*)

**Celestia:** You’re very welcome. (*Rarity zips over.*)

**Rarity:** (*with fervor*) No, really! This is so nice of you.

**Celestia:** It’s nothing, really.

(*A different camera angle reveals a pony mannequin and drawing board set up by a window.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, but it isn’t nothing, it’s everything! I-I just don’t know what to say but “thank you.” Thank you!

(*Decorum goes out the window as she throws herself at Celestia’s hooves and starts kissing one gold shoe.*)

**Rarity:** (*between kisses*) Thank you…thank you…thank you, thank you, thank you…

(*The camera briefly tilts up to the ruler’s slightly embarrassed smile during the previous line. She waits to speak until the smooches have petered out.*)

**Celestia:** You are very we— (*Rarity stands up suddenly.*)

**Rarity:** Thank you!

(*A shuddering groan from o.s. ends the groveling in a hurry; both look toward the door, and the camera cuts to a young unicorn colt porter whose back is piled high with luggage. Light gray, beady black eyes, face covered with either freckles or bad acne, two-tone orange mane, dressed in royal livery, and doing his best not to collapse under the load.*)

**Porter:** Your luggage, mademoiselle.

(*Zoom out to frame all three ponies. The stack is at least twice as tall as he would be if he could stand up straight.*)

**Celestia:** (*walking out*) I’ll leave you to get settled.

**Porter:** (*bowing*) Your Highness.

**Celestia:** Enjoy your stay.

(*Rarity smiles at this; cut to outside as she darts onto the balcony to call after Celestia, on her way down the winding staircase.*)

**Rarity:** Thank you! (*Close-up, panning to frame the porter on the next line.*)

**Porter:** Where would you like me to put these?

(*The battle against gravity ends with a rumble of luggage squashing him to the floor, and one hatbox rolls across to flop onto its side in front of Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** That’s perfect.

(*Cut to a long overhead shot of the room, zooming out slowly to the sound of the porter’s exhausted little whine, and fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a Canterlot street, with well-dressed ponies going about their business. The architecture is every bit as opulent as scenes from previous episodes would suggest, and every resident seen from here on in will be a unicorn unless otherwise noted. Dissolve to a long shot of Rarity and Opal seated at a table outside a café, on a cushion and stool respectively, and zoom in. Rarity wars a pink hat with a jeweled white ribbon and floppy wide brim, and a waiter brings her a cup of coffee while Opal laps a saucer of cream.*)

**Rarity:** Opal, do you know what I love about Canterlot? (*Sip.*) Ahhh…everything! I may have been born in Ponyville, but I am a Canterlot pony at heart. (*Sip.*) Now I know that we’re here to pick up some fabrics for the shop— (*Cut to Opal; she continues o.s.*) —but Twilight was such a dear to get me that suite at the castle— (*Back to her.*) —I simply *must* make her something to express my gratitude.

(*Cut to her perspective of the passersby. One mare’s lacy white outfit sports a train of starry blue-violet layered on pink/white, with shoes and plenty of ribbon to match, and the huge blue-violet hat has a swan perched at the brim.*)

**Rarity:** Hmmm… (*Zoom in; she gasps.*) Ooh! (*Back to her.*) An outfit for her birthday party this weekend! Perfect! (*levitating cup*) Don’t you just love it here, Opalescence?

(*In close-up, she takes another sip as two shadows cast themselves over her. A cut to her perspective frames the sources, a stallion and mare who regard her with a fair degree of skepticism. Back to her; she lowers the cup, realizes that it has left a dollop of foam on her nose, and wipes it away with an embarrassed smile. The two Canterlot locals are now seen from the chest forward. Stallion: light gray, curly dark gray mane/tail, blue eyes behind gold pince-nez spectacles, green golf shirt with white collar, white sweater knotted around shoulders. Mare: light yellow with slight brown tinge, lavender/white striped mane/tail, blue eyes with light blue-green shadow, pink pearl necklace and matching earrings, white blouse with pink sweater knotted around shoulders.*)

(*These two are Jet Set and Upper Crust, respectively, and each speaks with a “Long Island Lockjaw” accent often associated with the well-to-do in the northeastern United States.*)

**Jet:** Please excuse our interruption. I’m Jet Set and this is my wife, Upper Crust. We saw you from across the café and just *had* to find out…

**Upper:** …where *did* you get that simply marvelous *chapeau*? (*Rarity’s eyes pop.*)

**Rarity:** (*dismissively*) What, this old thing? Oh, it’s just something I—

**Male voice**: Rarity!

(*This one sounds like a genuine bumpkin. A drop of water hits the pink hat brim; she looks up with annoyance, the camera tilting up to frame a bucktoothed window-washer stallion a couple of stories up. He is a light tan earth pony, with two-tone brown mane/tail and green eyes, and is suspended by a harness around his midsection. A bucket and brush are slung around his neck, and he wears a dirty white T-shirt and green baseball cap, the latter marked with a turnip that matches the three of his cutie mark. This is Hayseed Turniptruck, who waves enthusiastically.*)

**Hayseed:** Hey, Rarity!

(*One harness rope gives way, dumping him out and sending the implements to the ground. He nearly follows them, but gets a hoof caught in the rig and ends up hanging upside down at her eye level. Conversation in the café comes to a grinding halt as all stare at the mortified unicorn.*)

**Hayseed:** It’s me, Hayseed Turniptruck! We met at the big hoedown at Ponyville last fall! (*To Jet and Upper.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Oh…yes. (*To her.*) Of course. How are you?

**Hayseed:** Good! Real good!

(*The other rope snaps and down he goes, and an almost audible click marks the shift in the mode of Jet and Upper from intrigue to disapproval.*)

**Jet, Upper:** (*to each other*) Hmmm…

**Jet:** You’re from…Ponyville?

**Rarity:** Well, ye-yes, but, uh… (*Hayseed throws a foreleg around her shoulders.*)

**Hayseed:** She sure is! (*shaking her*) She’s a real big-time fancy-pants dressmaker there! (*giving her a noogie*) Prob’ly made that real purty thing she’s got on her head!

**Upper:** I thought it looked a little country. (*Cut to Rarity, then to the couple on the next line.*)

**Jet:** I told you it wasn’t something you could get here in Canterlot, dear.

(*With disdainful snorts and head tosses, they trot haughtily away from the café, leaving Rarity to fight back tears. Hayseed, though, is completely oblivious to her anguish and waves cheerfully.*)

**Hayseed:** Well, they seemed real nice.

(*The aspiring designer just sighs and slumps down a bit. Around her, the background dissolves to her suite in Celestia’s palace; she magically closes the doors, dimming the room, as the camera zooms in on her. Gloom gives way to a sullen glare and she starts across the floor.*)

**Rarity:** (*to herself*) Looked a little country.

(*Cut to her bed as the hat is levitated to fall on it, then pan to the mannequin and drawing board by the window. On the next line, the former is shifted a bit closer and a blank sheet is placed on the latter, while the curtains are opened to let daylight fall across it.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., louder*) Not something you can get here in Canterlot.

(*Back to her on the end of this. She gets her tinted reading glasses, the ones she used in “Suited for Success,” settled on her nose and brings up a charcoal stick.*)

**Rarity:** (*full voice, sketching quickly*) I’ll show you something worthy of Canterlot!

(*Cut to an extreme close-up of the stick tip, slashing curves and contours onto the page for a few seconds, then zoom out to reveal the entire drawing. Rarity has sketched a mare in a flowing dress with saddle, sporting a high collar secured with a ribbon tie; on the head is a hat that somewhat resembles a bishop’s mitre, accented with a spread of long curling plumes.*)

(*Dissolve to the unicorn, now trotting resolutely down a street and levitating several bags of supplies, with Opal slung in a carrier on her back. She has put away her glasses.*)

**Rarity:** (*panting*) I have to get started right away. This new design is very ambitious, and I’ve already written to Twilight to let her know she’ll have something beyond fabulous to wear to her party.

(*The clutter of parcels is so great that she does not realize another pony—a stallion, based on the cut of the suit jacket—is in her path until she has run smack into him. Once the rain of materials clears, the extent of the damage becomes clear. Both she and the stallion have been stunned and knocked back onto their haunches; he has wound up with a bag of feathers over his head, and Opal’s carrier has fallen to the ground. He is large, white, and dressed in a black morning coat; his tail and hoof tips are blue, and he has a cutie mark of three jeweled gold crowns. Standing next to him is a surprised white mare, very tall and slim, with a long mane/tail in two shades of light pink, violet eyes with dark lavender shadow, and a cutie mark of three fleur-de-lis crests—a gold one flanked by two smaller violet ones. These two are Fancypants and Fleur, respectively.*)

(*As Rarity regains her senses, Fleur pulls the bag off Fancypants’ head in close-up profile, revealing a short wavy mane, a pencil-thin mustache, and blue eyes above a charming smile. A white dress shirt can now be seen beneath the coat. Gasp from the o.s. Rarity; cut back to her.*)

**Rarity:** (*shuddery*) Fancypants…!

(*He stands up, exposing a light magenta bow tie, blue vest, and gold shirt studs, and Fleur brushes some dust off his shoulder while he sorts out a sleeve. His voice is very suave and cultured, with a British accent, and she begins to shift her stance every so often as if posing for a picture, occasionally using him as a support.*)

**Fancypants:** (*turning to Fleur, smiling*) I say, that’s one way to make an introduction.

(*A turn of the head reveals a monocle on the eye not seen in the profile shots of him.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, goodness. I am so sorry. I-I didn’t see you there. (*levitating bags*) I-I’ve just got so many bags, and I was trying to get back to my suite at the castle, and— (*Back to the couple on the end of this.*)

**Fancypants:** (*adjusting monocle, with slight disbelief*) You’re staying at the castle.

**Rarity:** (*stammering a bit*) The Princess invited me to stay in one of the suites.

**Fancypants:** You know the Princess? (*He glances at Fleur, who has levitated the feather bag.*)

**Fleur:** Mmm! A pony with expensive tastes, I see.

(*She too speaks with a British accent, and she floats the bag back to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Oh…it’s for an ensemble I’m making for a friend. (*Opal, now loose, gets hoisted over a bag.*) Her birthday’s in a few days. (*She goes in; Rarity starts off with the gear.*) Again, I am really sorry I bumped into you.

(*Cut to her, now hustling away.*)

**Fancypants:** (*from o.s.*) I’m not. (*She stops; pan to the pair as he chuckles.*) You are obviously somepony worth bumping into. (*She smiles.*) Listen. I have a VIP box reserved at the Wonderbolts Derby this afternoon. Would you…would you be so kind as to join me and a few of my companions there, hm?

(*Back to Rarity on the end of this; Opal peeks incredulously from the bag she was stuffed into.*)

**Rarity:** Me?

**Fancypants:** But of course, my dear.

**Rarity:** (*stammering*) Well…I…oh…ah…sure.

**Fancypants:** We’d love to see you there, uh…

**Rarity:** Rarity.

**Fancypants:** (*walking off*) Rarity.

(*Fleur, engrossed in fluffing her mane a bit, takes a moment to realize that he has left the scene. She hurries after him, leaving the starstruck visitor to gape and smile in the middle of the street. Dissolve to her suite as she trots in and begins to pace.*)

**Rarity:** Pro—seeing the Derby from a VIP box is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. (*eyeing the drawing board*) Con—going to the Derby cuts into the amount of time I have to finish Twilight’s outfit. (*turning away*) Pro—

(*Before her, a mental picture of a lawn filled with well-to-do ponies appears and the view zooms in on Fancypants and herself, wearing a pink hat with long matching feathers and pink/white flowers.*)

**Rarity:** —Fancypants is *the* most important pony in Canterlot. His stamp of approval could mean big things for me here. (*The picture fades; she turns back toward the board.*) Con—Twilight’s party might not be as sophisticated as the Derby, but that doesn’t mean I shouldn’t put all of my energy into creating her birthday ensemble.

(*Cut to the board and zoom in to a close-up of her sketch.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) My Ponyville friends will appreciate my hard work more than anypony. (*Back to her; zoom in slowly.*) I hate to let them down.

(*Cut to a slow zoom in on the bare mannequin, then back to her; making up her mind, she trots toward the door.*)

**Rarity:** And I won’t. (*now out of view*) Opal…

(*She leaps back through the doorway, wearing the hat from her mental picture.*)

**Rarity:** …I am going to the Wonderbolts Derby as a guest of Fancypants!

(*She lets off a squeal of delight and jitters in place while the cat just gives her a funny look from the bed and glances toward the dress sketch. Dissolve to a long shot of an oval racetrack defined by a stretch of open air between two cloud borders, and zoom out to frame the packed grandstand adjacent to this. The venue is set up on a cliff at the edge of the palace grounds. Dissolve to a mass of seated spectators; Rarity makes her way up the aisle.*)

**Rarity:** Pardon me…excuse me…excuse me…

(*She passes Jet and Upper, seated on the top row, and turns to follow the lengthwise aisle behind them as they glare after her. At a doorway leading to an upper story, a gold-armored unicorn guard is on door duty. A few coquettish blinks from Rarity have no effect on the stoic sentry, but Fancypants comes down the stairs to meet her.*)

**Fancypants:** Rarity! Jolly good to see you!

(*His mention of her name changes the guard’s attitude in a flash, and the velvet rope across the door is magically unhooked so she can enter.*)

**Fancypants:** So glad you could make it.

(*Quick pan back to Jet and Upper, who goggle at the ease with which this outsider made it in, then cut to Fancypants and Rarity as they reach the top of the stairs. They have reached an expansive skybox, and Rarity stops short at the approach of four other guests who are variously attired for a proper day at the races. Light brown stallion, blond mane/tail, blue eyes, silver pince-nez. Gray mare, solid purple mane, two-tone purple tail, brown eyes, gold pince-nez, feathered hat. Light yellow mare with tan tinge, light blue eyes, two-tone pink mane/tail, hat with a huge white swan. Light lavender mare, magenta eyes, two-tone blue mane/tail, flat-crowned cowboy hat. Of these four, only Brown’s cutie mark can be seen: a gavel.*)

(*Rarity finds herself on the fringe of the group as they gather around Fancypants, talking excitedly.*)

**Fancypants:** Everypony, this is Rarity. She’s staying at Canterlot Castle.

(*Bingo. Every pair of eyes turns directly to her and the conversation dies for a second; the guests then murmur uncertainly among themselves before a mare’s voice cuts in on the PA system.*)

**Mare on PA:** Fillies and gentle-colts! (*Long shot of the track; several Wonderbolts are at the line.*) Welcome to the Wonderbolts Derby! The competitors are taking their places as the starting line, and our race will begin momentarily! (*Back to Fancypants and the quartet.*)

**Fancypants:** I’ll be rooting for Rapidfire, of course. He’s sure to take home the grand prize.

**Quartet:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm.

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) I don’t think he has a chance against Fleetfoot.

(*Five sets of eyes turn her way; quick pan to her, a broad forced smile stretching across her face. Her eyes dart from side to side, as if trying to figure out if any tool can help her get her hoof out of her mouth, but the “Call to the Post” bugle call snaps her out of it. All six of them gather at the skybox railing, and a referee stallion’s checkered-flag wave and whistle blow set the Wonderbolts off at a thundering clip. He is an earth pony.*)

(*The racers barrel around the turns as Fancypants and company watch—Rarity eagerly, Fancypants smiling politely her way, the others seeming a bit jaded. A white-maned Wonderbolt is first across the line.*)

**Mare on PA:** And it’s Fleetfoot by a nose! (*Rarity whoops it up, to the others’ surprise.*)

**Fancypants:** Bravo, Rarity! I say, how did you know Fleetfoot would be victorious?

**Rarity:** My friend Rainbow Dash talks about her all the time. She says what Fleetfoot lacks in size, she makes up for in speed.

**Gray:** And who is this Rainbow Dash?

**Rarity:** (*flustered*) Uh…

(*Here comes that big nervous grin again as the five from Canterlot eye her warily; after a few interminable seconds, she swallows hard and finds her voice.*)

**Rarity:** Why…she’s…she’s the…the Wonderbolts’…trainer, of course.

(*Another tense pause, after which Fancypants smiles.*)

**Fancypants:** Staying at Canterlot Castle, *and* she knows the pegasus training the Wonderbolts! (*draping foreleg across her shoulder*) I told you all this was an important pony!

(*Close-up of Rarity as she wipes her face with a handkerchief, giving a relieved half-smile, and appreciative murmurs drift back.*)

**Fancypants:** (*from o.s., raising her hoof*) Three cheers for Rarity! (*Cut to frame him and the others.*) My new favorite party guest!

**Fancypants, Quartet:** Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray!

(*During the cheers, the camera tilts down to a dumbstruck Jet and Upper, then cuts back to Rarity so she can tip a wink. Dissolve to a quiet street; she steps into view, accompanied by three of the hangers-on—all but Lavender.*)

**Rarity:** And then I said, “Puh-lease. That isn’t a hat, darling. That’s a natural disaster that somehow landed atop your head!” (*They laugh.*)

**Gray:** Oh, you are a delight, Rarity. An absolute delight! You simply *must* attend my art gallery opening this evening. (*Laugh.*)

**Rarity:** Oh! I…I’d love to, but I—

**Brown:** And let’s not forget my charity auction tomorrow morning.

**Rarity:** Oh, that sounds wonderful, but I—

**Yellow:** (*turning Rarity to face her*) And of course, there’s a seat for you at my dinner party tomorrow night.

**Rarity:** (*walking off*) I’m flattered, really. It’s just I have a project I really need to get started on and, uh— (*Gray intercepts her.*)

**Gray:** (*distraught*) Oh, but Rarity! I may as well close down the whole gallery if you can’t attend! (*Brown elbows in.*)

**Brown:** My auction is for charity, dear—for charity. (*Yellow shoves them both aside.*)

**Yellow:** And my dinner party will be a disaster if you don’t come.

(*Cut to a close-up of the indecisive unicorn and zoom out as all three nuzzle up to her with their most pathetic pouts firmly in place.*)

**Rarity:** (*managing a smile*) Of…course I’ll be there. (*Next three lines overlap.*)

**Gray:** Wonderful!

**Brown:** Oh, thank goodness!

**Yellow:** Disaster averted!

(*She just stands there, trying to adjust her smile enough so that the three do not catch any hint of her raging case of nerves. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to Rarity’s suite in Canterlot Castle, with Opal sitting on the bed. A length of pink fabric is levitated onto the pony mannequin and tied on for a scarf/sash; on the start of the next line, pan to frame her by the bed.*)

**Rarity:** Looks like we’ll be spending a few more days here, Opalescence.

(*She brings out a necklace from her jewelry box and floats it at neck level, inspecting herself in a mirror built into the box lid.*)

**Rarity:** Turns out bumping into Fancypants like that was the best thing that’s ever happened to me!

(*On the end of this, cut to Opal as she jumps down to the mannequin and strokes its forelegs. The camera then pans back to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Of course, finishing Twilight’s dress in time for her birthday party is still my top priority. (*levitating a tiara from the box*) But I can’t possibly disappoint the Canterlot elite by rejecting their invitations now, can I?

***Light synthesizer/percussion/acoustic guitar melody, brisk 4 (E flat major)***

(*The tiara flips end over end through the air, settling on her head, and she grooms herself and trots across the suite.*)

**Rarity:** I’ll be the toast of the town, the girl on the go

I’m the type of pony everypony, everypony should know

(*She pets Opal, who glares after her, and steps into the bathroom.*)

I’ll be the one to watch, the girl in the flow

I’m the type of pony everypony, everypony should know

(*As soon as she whips out of view around the doorframe, the screen goes blank and is swiftly tiled in with four images: close-ups of two black-sleeved hooves in matching shoes and of her cutie mark, then two images that show her in a black turtleneck and magenta beret. The black shoes are on all four hooves, and she has straightened her mane considerably while leaving her tail curled. From here, cut to an art gallery attended by a sizable crowd, with her at the center.*)

***Drums in***

**Rarity:** Becoming as popular as popular can be

(*Gray looks expectantly to her and gets a nod of approval, copied by the entire group—including Photo Finish.*)

Making my mark, making my mark in high society

(*A room in Canterlot Castle; Brown bangs a gavel in his teeth to start his charity auction, offering a piece of pottery. Rarity, now in the magenta/blue dress and hat she used at Fluttershy’s last fashion show during “Green Isn’t Your Color,” raises a hoof to bid.*)

I’m the belle of the ball, the star of the show, yeah

(*Zoom out as the other attendees take note and put in bids of their own; Brown is so surprised that the gavel drops from his mouth.*)

I’m the type of pony everypony, everypony should know

(*Now the screen tiles in with four new images: Rarity with mane piled high; a gold bow on a blue/purple dress fold; Rarity in this new outfit, which sports gold trim and shoes; close-up of these accessories. Cut to Yellow’s dinner party; she is the center of attention as two trays of hors d’oeuvres are brought out.*)

***Percussion/drums/guitar out; lush orchestral feel***

**Rarity:** See how they hang on every word that I speak

My approving glance is what they all seek

I’m the *crème de la crème*, not just another Jane Doe

(*She floats a morsel toward her plate; the others do likewise from the tray she chose.*)

I’m the type of pony everypony should know

(*Dissolve to a long shot of Canterlot and zoom in on one particular window. The screen then tiles itself with four vertical panels that depict her in the dress she wore to the Grand Galloping Gala in “The Best Night Ever.”*)

***Percussion/drums/guitar in***

(*Cut to her in a theater box, accompanied by Lavender, and zoom out to frame them watching an opera. The next cut and zoom out puts her on the deck of a vessel with Fancypants as captain and several other passengers. She has changed into the red/white/pink outfit she briefly wore at the spa during “Green Isn’t Your Color.” The taut lines running up from the deck suggest that this ship is actually airborne.*)

**Rarity:** At home, at the opera, on a fancy yacht

(*Cut to a close-up and back up in steps to put her at the center of a growing black/white checkerboard whose squares are filled with the city’s hotshots. Photo, Hoity Toity, and Sapphire Shores are here, as is Derpy Hooves—wearing a paper bag on her head and a pearl necklace.*)

Becoming the talk, the talk of all of Canterlot

(*A double line of ponies in Canterlot Castle. She enters a hall, wearing the rose-trimmed gold dress that appeared in her fantasy of the Gala during “The Ticket Master,” and followed by two mares, and makes the rounds.*)

I’m the *crème de la crème*, not just another Jane Doe, yeah

I’m the type of pony everypony, everypony should know

(*A quick camera shift puts her at a balcony, now undressed and holding a bottle with a rope tied around its neck in her teeth. She lets go in a longer shot; the bottle swings out and blows its cork when it hits the hull of a large vessel on a ramp to christen it. Prince Blueblood, the aristocratic jerk she met during the Gala, watches from behind her. The craft slides down and away, the camera zooming out to show it as a finned ship suspended from a huge, fish-shaped blimp. Rarity watches happily from the balcony as confetti rains down.*)

(*Dissolve to her darkened suite as she pushes the doors open from outside and enters. The place is filled with memorabilia from her society outings: statue, painting, ship model, flags, confetti and streamers all over the floor. Her drawing board and dress sketch stand off to one side.*)

***Percussion/drums/guitar out; gentle feel (slow 4)***

(*A closer shot reveals that she is now wearing the blue/gold outfit she whipped up to meet Trixie’s challenge in “Boast Busters.” The slight disarray of her mane matches the tired tone of her voice. As she walks past the board, Opal—perched atop it—taps the drawing impatiently to get her attention, with no success.*)

**Rarity:** Because I’m the type of pony, yes, I’m the type of pony

(*She floats a stretch of pale yellow cloth onto the mannequin and fixes it up into a simple sundress with white edging at cuffs and hem.*)

Yes, I’m the type of pony everypony should know

(*On the end of this, she levitates a high, light blue collar onto the neck and holds up a piece of the material, but leans her head wearily against the mannequin and lets both drop. Zoom out and dissolve to a long shot of this tower under the night sky and crescent moon, the camera motion continuing.*)

***Song ends***

(*The sky lightens into the next morning; cut to a close-up of her—now properly groomed and undressed—hauling a bag in her teeth across the suite. This is set down next to a pile of her other luggage.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, I hope I haven’t forgotten anything.

(*Longer shot. The porter who dragged this lot in during the prologue has it piled on his back again.*)

**Porter:** (*with great effort*) Me…too. (*Cut to Opal asleep on the bed.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., magically pulling her and the blanket off*) We’d better get going.

(*Back to her, now with the cat carrier on her back; Opal and the blanket are tucked in alongside.*)

**Rarity:** I must get back to Ponyville with enough time to finish Twilight’s *ensemble*.

(*On the end of this, pan to the straining unicorn—no doubt wishing he had put in for a safer job such as manticore feeding. A letter falls in through the door’s mail slot and flutters to Rarity’s feet.*)

**Rarity:** For me? (*trotting back, reading it; Opal/carrier/blanket float overhead*) “Dearest Rarity: Your presence is requested at the Canterlot Garden Party tomorrow afternoon.”

(*During this line, she settles the items back on the pile.*)

**Rarity:** “Yours, Jet Set and Upper Crust.” (*gasping, breathlessly*) The Canterlot Garden Party! (*turning to porter*) Why, next to the Galloping Gala, that is *the* premier event in Canterlot!

(*She lets off a giddy little squeal, but quickly cuts it off and eyes the sketch resting on the mountain of luggage.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh…but if I go, I’ll miss Twilight’s birthday. (*floating the sketch down*) But if I *don’t* go, my new reputation in Canterlot as a Very Important Pony might be ruined! I might never be invited to another high-society event again! (*eyeing each paper in turn*) Friend’s birthday…Very Important Pony.

(*The strain of making the decision turns her face bright pink as she holds her breath and the camera zooms in. When her mental teakettle is about to blow its top, she comes out of it as the zoom reverses itself.*)

**Rarity:** (*resolutely*) It’s just too important.

(*Cut to a long shot of the tower, her silhouette visible through the window as she brings up a quill and scroll to write, then cut to her. After a deep breath, she starts in.*)

**Rarity:** (*writing*) “My dear Twilight…” (*Overhead view, zooming out slowly.*) “I am afraid I won’t be able to make it to your birthday party tomorrow…” (*Back to her.*) “…because…”

(*After a bit of hard thought, she really goes over the top.*)

**Rarity:** “…because poor Opal is quite ill!”

(*This is news to Opal, who is still sitting among the bags and looking in excellent health.*)

**Rarity:** “And she is in no condition to make the long journey back to Ponyville.” (*calming down*) “I do hope you understand. Your friend, Rarity.”

(*Her confidence returns full force as she finishes the letter, but a groan from the o.s. porter catches her off guard. Pan quickly to him on the start of the next line.*)

**Porter:** I suppose this means you don’t need me to bring down your bags?

**Rarity:** No. (*Cut to him; she continues o.s.*) But… (*Back to her.*) …I will need some help unpacking them.

(*Down he goes, to the tune of a crash of parcels and a yowl from the o.s. Opal. Dissolve to a patch of floor as she trots across and o.s.: loose, light yellow dress with flowers in her tail, jeweled brooch at the neckline.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) What do you think? (*Cut to her; Opal is back on the bed.*) Too much?

(*The cat offers no opinion, but goes to cleaning herself.*)

**Rarity:** You’re right. (*levitating a huge flowered hat*) Too little. (*She settles it on her head.*) Garden Party, here I come!

(*Before she can reach the doors, they burst open to reveal a beaming Twilight Sparkle on the balcony. She is swiftly joined by Applejack, Fluttershy, Pinkie Pie, and Rainbow Dash.*)

**Other five:** SURPRISE!!

(*Rarity recoils with a terrified gasp and topples over in a faint. Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: the black screen parts as if an eye were opening, giving a close-up of Pinkie’s face as her voice reverberates a bit. The background is a bit fuzzy, but focuses itself on a blink to frame the five arrivals very clearly.*)

**Pinkie:** —and swoosh! Then right before she hit the ground, shoom! She—

(*Cut to Rarity, lying in the doorway and coming around.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., normal tone*) Hi again! (*Cut to frame all six; Rarity stands up.*)

**Rarity:** W—what are you—how did y—why are you—

**Applejack:** Listen to her. She’s so excited to see us, she can hardly talk.

**Rarity:** What I mean to say is, what are you all doing here?

**Twilight:** When I got your letter saying you were stuck in Canterlot— (*gesturing to Pinkie, who nods*) —I asked Pinkie Pie if it wouldn’t be too much trouble to move my birthday party here, so you wouldn’t have to miss it.

**Pinkie:** Balloons are super-easy to pack.

(*She proceeds to demonstrate by opening a small case and releasing a profusion of fully inflated balloons in assorted shapes and sizes. As they fly in all directions and some deflate, one hisses itself out in front of Rarity and settles to the balcony.*)

**Rarity:** (*touched*) Wow…first you get me a suite at Canterlot Castle, and now this. I don’t know what to say, Twilight. (*Rainbow flies into her face.*)

**Rainbow:** How about you start by saying what you’re doing in that fancy getup?

**Rarity:** This? Uh… (*Her perspective of the others.*) …well, I… (*Back to her, thinking fast.*) I always put on something a little fancy when…Opal’s feeling under the weather. (*laughing*) Cheers her right up.

(*She forces up another giggle and flicks her eyes evasively, but Fluttershy seems to accept it.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, poor Opal. Where is the sick darling?

**Rarity:** Oh, uh…she’s…hold on a minute.

(*Retreat inside and slam the doors, leaving a quintet of confounded friends.*)

**All others except Rainbow:** Huh?

(*Inside, Opal’s kneading of the mattress turns into a surprised yowl when the unicorn’s telekinesis yanks her and the blanket off the bed.*)

**Rarity:** (*trotting into bathroom, floating Opal/blanket along*) I am so sorry about this.

(*A splash, a loud angry yowl, and she emerges with one sodden cat and blanket levitating ahead of her. Back on the bed they go; now Rarity opens the doors.*)

**Rarity:** She’s resting on the bed. (*Fluttershy zips in and cradles Opal in her front hooves.*)

**Fluttershy:** Poor baby. (*Pan to the others, entering, as she continues.*) She looks awful.

(*Said “baby” snarls at her owner, who grimaces and turns to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*quizzically, moving to mannequin*) Is that my dress?

**Rarity:** (*uncertainly*) Yes.

**Twilight:** It’s so simple. So practical.

(*The “designer” sweats a bit, wondering just how bad a chewing out she is about to receive.*)

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) So me! It’s the perfect dress for my birthday party! (*hugging Rarity*) I love it!

(*Rarity voices a relieved sigh at having skidded around calamity on two wheels.*)

**Rarity:** You don’t know how glad I am to hear you say that!

(*Pan to the sketch still on the drawing board; a flick of the tail sends it drifting into a nearby trash can. Zoom in on this, then dissolve to a long shot of the tower in early evening and tilt down to frame more of Canterlot Castle.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) When I told the Princess that I was moving the party to Canterlot—

(*Cut to the six walking down a covered walkway; Twilight now wears her new dress and the pink scarf/sash to go with it.*)

**Twilight:** —she was kind enough to offer us the Canterlot Castle ballroom!

(*They have reached a set of doors, which swing open to reveal the room that served as the setting for the final debacle of the previous Gala. The columns Rainbow knocked over that night, and the winged unicorn statue that bit the dust in the process, have all been replaced, and streamers, banners, and confetti are present in abundance. Ditto treats and presents.*)

**Pinkie:** Isn’t it fancy-pants?

**Rarity:** (*shocked*) Fancypants! (*She dives behind Rainbow.*) Where? (*catching herself, stepping out*) I…mean, uh… (*to Pinkie*) …where did you find the time to put up all these decorations? (*Chuckle.*)

**Pinkie:** (*pulling a cannon into view*) Oh, I never leave home without my party cannon!

(*The metal of its barrel is light blue, and each wheel has a flower painted on it. Although it has a standard fuse at the breech, the insanely well-prepared party planner simply pushes it like a button to set the cannon off. Cut to a table on the other side of the room; the blast throws a cloth and party hat onto it and sends up balloons and showers of confetti. Pan to a flabbergasted Rarity.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Ta-da! (*Rarity glares back toward her.*)

**Twilight:** (*crossing room*) I thought about having my birthday outside. (*Cut to just outside a window; she looks out as Rarity brushes off confetti.*) But they’re having another party on the castle grounds today.

(*That observation sends Rarity into a panicked dive out of sight; she then peeks back around the frame. Out on the lawn, the Garden Party is in full swing; Jet and Upper talk with some of the guests, and croquet wickets have been set up. Rarity gazes longingly through the glass as Pinkie slowly rises into view next to her and a thumping swing beat starts up.*)

**Pinkie:** Let’s PARTY!

(*She yanks Rarity back from the window as the music kicks in, provided by a phonograph whose wildly vibrating speaker horn might shoot across the room at any moment. The ecstatic birthday mare gets tossed in the air a few times by her friends, then telekinetically uses a knife to cut the cake while Pinkie chows down. This slice goes to Applejack, who starts eating alongside Fluttershy; both of them suddenly get cake thrown into their faces, Twilight stares aghast, and the camera pans to the culprit—a madly laughing and pointing Rainbow. Zoom out slightly as all the others but Rarity close in with wicked smiles and hunks of cake poised for retaliation. The blue pegasus slaps on her best placating grin, but a cut to Rarity—and the bits of cake that fly past and splatter her—tell the rest of the story. Rarity cringes a bit, but ends up smiling with cake on her chin and hat brim.*)

(*The other five have a hearty laugh over the mess, after which they begin a six-pony conga line. Rarity, at the end and cleaned up, takes a quick glance out the window at the Garden Party.*)

**Rarity:** (*to herself*) Hmm—no reason I can’t at least make an appearance.

(*By the time the line doubles back, she has slipped outside and begun to scope out the crowd. Cut to a close-up of a cello in use, then cut to a longer shot of the area. A classical quartet is providing music for the Garden Party—cello, harp, two violins. The first two of these players previously appeared as part of the quartet that performed at the Gala. Rarity trots proudly out of the ballroom.*)

**Rarity:** (*singsong*) I’m here!

(*Upper walks up. Her sweater and blouse have shifted far enough to allow the first clear view of her cutie mark: a dollar sign.*)

**Upper:** Darling, I’m so glad you made it. (*Here comes Fancypants.*)

**Fancypants:** Rarity! So happy to see you here.

**Rarity:** I wouldn’t have missed this for the world. (*Fancypants sniffs the air.*)

**Fancypants:** I say, what is that scent you’re wearing? It smells like… (*Sniff.*) …is that…cake frosting?

(*The vivid blue irises constrict briefly until she can think of an answer.*)

**Rarity:** Yes, I always dab a little frosting behind my ears before I go out.

(*The two locals aim very puzzled looks her way; she produces the most casual laugh she can.*)

**Rarity:** After all, who doesn’t like the smell of cake frosting? (*Cut to Fancypants.*)

**Fancypants:** (*smiling*) I know I do. (*Pan to Upper.*)

**Upper:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm.

(*Cut to Rarity, who voices a relieved sigh, then zoom out to frame all three.*)

**Rarity:** Well, all this talk about cake has made me hungry. Think I’ll go and see what’s on the *hors d’oeuvres* table. If you’ll excuse me.

(*Not sticking around for an answer, she bugs out. Next two lines overlap.*)

**Fancypants:** I must say, you do look like—

**Upper:** (*chuckling*) Oh, yes, darling—

(*Rarity slows to a walk as she passes a croquet game in progress, then breaks into a gallop once clear of it. A stallion swings a mallet in his teeth, knocking his ball ahead and eliciting polite stomping applause from the spectators. Dissolve to just outside one ballroom window, through which the rest of the Ponyville crew can be seen blindfolded and ready to go at several hanging piñatas with the sticks held in their teeth. Zoom in through the window as the swing music starts again; the other four start getting in some good licks, but Twilight keeps hitting a whole lot of zilch. A quick pan across the room shows that Rarity has come back in to play as well, but she quickly sheds her blindfold and stick and backs out of the room.*)

(*Cut to Fancypants and Upper, whose words again overlap and are punctuated by chuckles.*)

**Fancypants:** You look like the height of fashion. Of course, I would expect nothing less.

**Upper:** Oh, I really— (*to a waiter approaching with hors d’oeuvres*) Thank you. How delightful.

(*Close-up of the tray on the end of this; they each float one of the three morsels free, with Rarity taking the third as she flicks a furtive glance toward the ballroom. Inside, Twilight, Pinkie, and Rainbow stand around a bowl of chocolate fondue; Twilight dunks an apple slice, Rainbow a strawberry, Pinkie a lollipop held by its stick in her teeth—shoving her whole face in. The raucous music continues as Rarity walks in, her appetizer floating in and past her as she glances back out. A moment’s inattention causes her to dip it in the bowl, leading to a very nasty surprise when she eats it. After a spasm of gagging, she manages to choke it down but gets a round of funny looks from the trio at the table. A smile and point is enough to distract them.*)

(*Cut to Fancypants and Upper outside as she zips up to them.*)

**Rarity:** I think I left the bathwater running in my suite.

(*Inside, she finds Twilight and Rainbow dancing up a storm.*)

**Rarity:** I really should go check on Opal.

(*Outside again; she points off into the distance.*)

**Rarity:** Is that Princess Celestia?

(*Inside, she leans close toward Twilight, who keeps dancing and blowing on a party favor.*)

**Rarity:** (*whispering*) I need to use the little fillies’ room.

(*Outside again.*)

**Rarity:** Can I get anypony more punch?

(*Inside again; now the back-and-forth scramble is taking its toll on her mane, face, and voice.*)

**Rarity:** (*out of breath, tired*) I…have to go to…do the… (*Outside.*) …thing with the stuff, you know, uh…

(*Close-up of Rainbow inside.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, what’s with the croquet mallet?

(*A cut to the frazzled unicorn reveals that she has one in her teeth, having brought it in with her. She has also put her face and mane back in order.*)

**Rarity:** What croquet mallet? (*The record winds to a stop as the others stare; Pinkie has cleaned the chocolate off her face.*)

**Rainbow:** Duh! The one in your mouth?

(*Realizing her king-size blunder, Rarity lets the implement clatter to the floor and lets off an unsettled giggle as the others slowly gather around.*)

**Rarity:** Oh! *That* croquet mallet! I…well, I, you know, the truth is…the truth is…

(*Her words run dry in close-up; pan to frame Twilight alongside on the next line.*)

**Twilight:** Were you at that other party in the garden?

**Rarity:** Uh…I… (*She trails off into stammers.*)

**Twilight:** Rarity! I’m surprised at you. (*Rarity throws herself at Twilight’s hooves.*)

**Rarity:** Twilight, let me explain! I—

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) I hadn’t realized you were such a savvy business-pony!

**Rarity:** You must understand! I— (*The words sink in.*)

**Twilight:** (*as Rarity stands up*) All of those ponies look so posh.

(*Zoom out quickly to beyond the window, framing several of said ponies on the lawn.*)

**Twilight:** And with the Grand Galloping Gala coming up— (*Back to her as she continues.*) —I bet you could totally get some of them to buy your dresses. Very smart.

**Rarity:** (*gradually getting her tongue in gear*) W…w…why, yes! I-I didn’t want you to think I was being rude, so that’s exactly the reason I didn’t tell you. The…one and only reason. (*Laugh.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, well, you didn’t have to do that. You should totally go over there and mingle.

**Rarity:** (*surprised, smiling*) Twilight, you really are the best friend a pony could ever ask for. (*They hug.*) I don’t know why I ever thought you wouldn’t understand.

**Twilight:** Understand what?

**Rarity:** (*hastily*) Nothing. (*She backs off.*) See you girls later! (*Off she goes.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey! Wait up! (*Rarity stops; she flies up.*) We’re your friends. I’m sure they won’t mind if we check out the party too. (*calling to the others*) Come on, you guys! Let’s show ’em how to party Ponyville style!

(*She has taken absolutely no notice of the social-climbing unicorn’s disbelieving facial expression. The five are out the door in no time, Pinkie wheeling her party cannon along.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, *no!*

(*As she bolts for the exit and the camera zooms out from her at the edge of the lawn, the others have resumed their conga line. Pinkie is at the front, pushing her heavy artillery along and setting it off before the stunned guests, and Twilight is at the back and carrying the phonograph. Quick pan to the croquet game, where Rainbow is setting up a shot; she swings, letting the mallet fly out of her mouth and setting herself spinning in midair. The errant sports equipment whisks a mare’s mane clean off her head, but she does not notice or even break off talking while her stallion companion gestures toward her head and bails out.*)

(*Quick pan to Lavender and two other ponies, who cough and spit out confetti and feathers raining down from the tree branches above them. A cacophony of twittering is heard as the camera tilts quickly up to a blissful Fluttershy, seated on a limb with birds perched all around and on her front hooves and head. Back to a gobsmacked Rarity, then pan quickly to a stallion eating a cupcake. Behind him, an unsuspecting cake gets an all-too-familiar pink face slammed into it; pan to frame all of her, sweet stuff smeared all over her countenance. She gives the stallion a big grin, but he walks away disgustedly.*)

(*The camera now quickly pans to two other party-goers who back uneasily away from a shower of dirt and grass being slung toward them. The reason turns out to be Applejack, who has stripped all the greenery from a nearby patch of the lawn, with dirt streaking her face and tail and covering her hooves.*)

**Applejack:** How come y’all aren’t doin’ any gardenin’? This is a garden party, isn’t it?

(*Quick pan to a close-up of Twilight’s thrashing, wildly happy face and zoom out to show that she is dancing alongside the phonograph. The herky-jerk nature of her gyrations only serves to scare the nearest spectators away and send Rarity to chug down a cup of punch; Jet and Upper back over to her. This shot is close enough to reveal a white airplane as part of Jet’s cutie mark.*)

**Jet:** Can you believe what that pony is wearing?

(*He is, of course, referring to Twilight; cut to her.*)

**Upper:** (*from o.s.*) It’s just so plain.

**Rarity:** (*laughing nervously*) Yeah.

(*Now Fancypants approaches the dancing queen, who finally lets her hooves take five.*)

**Fancypants:** Excuse me. (*magically adjusting monocle*) Might I ask where you got your ensemble?

**Twilight:** (*proudly*) Why, yes. Yes, you may. A very, very close friend of mine from Ponyville made it for me.

(*Said friend has started on a new cup of punch, but is so surprised that she spits out her mouthful and gallops off. A pan in that direction reveals that Jet and Upper have taken it in the face.*)

**Fancypants:** (*a bit taken aback*) Ponyville. You don’t say.

**Twilight:** I do say. Her name is— (*Rarity hurries over.*)

**Rarity:** Fancypants! Come with me! I’d like to show you…this, uh, thing that’s over there…on the other side of the room!

**Fancypants:** In a moment, my dear. (*as crowd gathers around*) This lovely filly from Ponyville was just about to tell me who made her charming dress. (*Cut to him and Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** (*hastily*) That dress? Oh, come now, who cares? It’s just a plain old— (*Zoom out to frame Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, don’t be so modest. This dress you made is beautiful!

(*The ensuing round of gasps from the crowd brings this get-together to a screeching halt, and Rarity chews her lower lip fearfully in a close-up. Zoom out to frame every eye trained on her, with Twilight’s face displaying the only smile of the bunch.*)

**Twilight:** (*as the other four gather with her*) We all think so.

**Fancypants:** (*to Rarity*) You know these ponies?

(*As the elegant young unicorn glances and chews even harder, she sees and hears the rest of the guests starting to mutter among themselves. Her friends’ smiles turn to worried looks after a moment, and she drops her head and walks toward the smiling representatives of the top echelon she has been longing to join. Jet and Upper have dried themselves off. The five faces drop a bit farther, while the sixth hardens.*)

**Rarity:** Yes. Yes, I do know them. (*Cut to some gasping guests; she continues o.s.*) They may not be as sophisticated as some of you Canterlot ponies— (*Back to her, now smiling.*) —but they are my best friends. And they are, without a doubt, the most important ponies I know.

(*Cut to them on the end of this, the smiles returning to their faces, then back to her and pan to Jet and Upper.*)

**Jet:** Important ponies? These ruffians?

**Upper:** Don’t make me laugh!

(*Both do so, annoying/puzzling the quintet, but Fancypants trains his monocle on them and soon smiles.*)

**Fancypants:** I, for one, find them charmingly rustic.

(*That shuts the hecklers up in a hurry and brings a fresh round of gasps.*)

**Fancypants:** (*walking to the five*) And I think the dress you made for your friend is lovely. (*Rarity cannot believe this; he chuckles.*) I daresay every mare in Canterlot will be wanting one.

(*She breaks into a grateful smile, but gets interrupted by Upper leaning over to her, the latter’s contempt has given way to instant fawning approval.*)

**Upper:** Oh, I’d like to place my order right now! (*Jet sidles up on Rarity’s other side.*)

**Jet:** I think you should get two, hmm?

(*The sandwiched designer is less than impressed by their change of attitude and drops out, letting their heads knock together, so she can move back over to Fancypants.*)

**Fancypants:** Uh, yes, now, then. How about you introduce me to your friends?

**Rarity:** (*smiling*) With pleasure.

(*Dissolve to a long shot of the tower that houses her suite and zoom in slowly. It is now the following day.*)

**Rarity:** (*from inside, dictating*) “Dear Princess Celestia…”

(*Dissolve to her inside, at the suite’s drawing board and levitating a quill to write this report.*)

**Rarity:** “I wanted to tell you about the important lesson I learned during my visit.”

(*The intended recipient’s billowing, pastel-striped mane waves into view behind her as she gets this line down.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s.*) Now that… (*Surprise; pan to frame her.*) …I would like to hear.

(*Rarity begins to pace as the camera zooms out through the suite’s window.*)

**Rarity:** I learned that no matter where you go in life…

(*Cut to a very long shot of Ponyville, seen from Canterlot’s elevated vantage point, and zoom in slightly.*)

**Rarity:** (*voice over*) …you should never forget that you are the product of your home and your friends. (*Back to her and Celestia.*) And that is something always to be proud of, no matter what.

**Celestia:** (*chuckling softly*) A very valuable lesson to have learned.

**Porter:** (*from o.s., with effort*) It certainly is!

(*Cut to him on the other side of the suite. For the third time, he has every last piece of Rarity’s luggage stacked up on his back and is about to go flat on the floor.*)

**Porter:** But might I ask that we hurry things up a bit? (*collapsing*) Oh, *no!*

(*Unicorn and sovereign stare wide-eyed, then trade sheepish smiles before the view fades to black.*)