**HEARTH’S WARMING EVE**

**Written by Merriwether Williams**

**Produced by Sarah Wall**

**Story editing by Rob Renzetti**

**Supervising direction by Jayson Thiessen**

**Directed by James Wootton**

**Transcribed by Alan Back (**[**ajback@yahoo.com**](mailto:ajback@yahoo.com)**)**

Note: All lines marked with one asterisk (\*) are delivered as a voice over.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Ponyville during the day. It is wintertime, and snow is falling steadily on the buildings and surrounding countryside. Zoom in on the mountain on which Canterlot stands as a train chugs upward from one tunnel to another, then cut to a close-up of it emerging onto a straight run. Unlike the train seen in “Over a Barrel,” this one relies on steam power rather than a pulling team. Twilight Sparkle, riding in the last car ahead of the caboose, has opened the rearmost of the three windows and is leaning out. Derpy Hooves and Mayor Mare can be seen in the front car, immediately behind the engine.*)

**Twilight:** (*giddily*) We’re getting closer! (*Middle one opens; Rainbow Dash looks out.*)

**Rainbow:** I can hardly wait! (*Front one opens; Fluttershy joins them.*)

**Fluttershy:** I’m so excited, I…I feel like shouting! (*barely audible*) Woo-hoo!

(*Pan to frame the next car up on the start of the next line; Applejack has her head out the rearmost window.*)

**Applejack:** Hoo-wee! (*pulling hat off*) Canterlot, here we come!

(*Middle window opens; Rarity pokes her head out, wearing a tall hat styled as a Christmas tree.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, I do hope I look festive enough.

(*The front window stays closed, but Pinkie Pie emerges from the hat’s upper section and points eagerly ahead.*)

**Pinkie:** There it is! (*The train rolls toward…*) Canterlot! (*…and out of sight around a bend.*)

**Ponies:** (*now o.s.*) Ooooh…

(*Dissolve to the Canterlot depot, where the train has stopped but soon rolls out.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, isn’t Canterlot wonderful this time of year?

(*Once it has gone, she and the others are revealed to have been standing behind it on the platform. Pinkie has climbed out of Rarity’s hat so she can hop alongside the other five as they head out; Mayor Mare has disembarked as well and starts in the opposite direction. The snow is falling here as in Ponyville, and wreaths and lights have been set up. Applejack has her hat on.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, I wish it was Hearth’s Warming Eve every day.

(*The Cutie Mark Crusaders run past the group during this line. Dissolve to the six proceeding along a street, also liberally decorated for the holiday season.*)

**Applejack:** There’s so much to look at! I feel like my dern eyes are gonna pop right outta my head!

**Twilight:** I have an idea. Let’s play “I Spy with My Little Eye” as we walk. I’ll go first. (*looking around*) I spy…

(*Cut to a candy-cane pole on the sidewalk. Scootaloo and another filly have unwisely stuck their tongues on it and have frozen them to the surface.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) …an eight-foot candy cane! (*Back to the group.*)

**Rainbow:** I spy a snow pony!

(*A pegasus mare has put one together on the sidewalk: scarf, top hat, coal eyes, broom tail.)*

**Pinkie:** (*hopping past others, pointing*) I spy somepony eating a gingerbread house!

(*She peels out; cut to one shop as the cash register inside rings up a sale. She zips out, carrying this very item, and chomps all but a tiny fragment of one corner in one cheek–bursting bite.*)

**Pinkie:** (*mouth full*) And it’s me!

(*The remains hit the ground and she starts chewing mightily while the other five have a laugh. Cut to an overhead view of them, zooming out slowly, and fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the city’s main gate, with a very large number of ponies crossing the bridge over the nearby waterfall to enter. The sun has begun to set. Zoom in slowly and dissolve to a shot of a packed hall within Canterlot Castle, seen from the back. Wreaths and garlands are strung up on the columns along both sides, stretching over the gold-armored unicorn guards on duty. A stage is set up at the front end of the hall, and the camera zooms in slowly toward its closed curtain as a few last stragglers look for a place to sit or stand.*)

(*Dissolve to the stage, which sports light strings, bells, and banners in addition to wreaths and garlands. An orchestra is heard warming up. As the camera zooms in slowly, Derpy peeks out through the curtain and waves happily to the crowd. Cut to behind it; an annoyed earth pony stallion taps her, prompting her to pull her head back in and slink away with head hung low. Pan through this area as pegasi fly sun and cloud props into place, and continue on past a backing curtain into the backstage area. Ponies are suiting up for assorted roles, including various of the six friends when the camera reaches them during the next line. Pinkie: brown/yellow tunic/dress with lace hem and pink sleeves, white collar ruff, tail tucked in, large pink bow over the haunches, hat styled as a dish of chocolate pudding. Applejack: brown Tyrolean hat with curly white feather, body hidden by a box she is rummaging in. Rarity: ornate silver crown set with a blue jewel, long purple robe trimmed in purple-spotted white fur, purple/silver jeweled collar. She levitates a powder puff in front of Twilight’s face, while Fluttershy eyes herself in a mirror and Rainbow looks at a dark gray, Roman-style military helmet with a two-tone crest in this color and brass accents. The blue pegasus hovers near a hanging mirror.*)

**Twilight:** I can’t believe that Princess Celestia chose us to put on the most important play of the season! Do you guys know what an honor this is— (*Close-up; Rarity plies the puff.*) —for all of us?

(*An uneasy moan from the o.s. Fluttershy; pan to her.*)

**Fluttershy:** I wish she hadn’t honored me quite so much. (*turning away from mirror, panicked*) I can’t go onstage! I don’t want everypony looking at me!

(*She dashes away and tries to burrow into a box full of props, leaving only her jittery rear half protruding.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Fluttershy, darling— (*Zoom out to frame her.*) —there’s nothing to feel nervous about. (*Fluttershy peeks out.*)

**Fluttershy:** No? (*Rarity pushes her back to the mirror.*)

**Rarity:** Of course not. (*brushing Fluttershy’s mane*) All across Equestria, ponies are preparing their own pageants for Hearth’s Warming Eve, in their own towns. It’s tradition.

(*Cut to a close-up of the yellow pegasus on the second half of this line; she gets her eyelashes touched up, then flashes a reassured smile.*)

**Fluttershy:** So you’re saying they’ll be too busy to come to our play?

(*A pegasus adjusts Pinkie’s hat; now Twilight wears an old brown cape and magically flips its hood up.*)

**Rarity:** Well, no. We’re in the Canterlot pageant, the biggest, most important production in all of Equestria. (*floating puff toward Fluttershy*) A *lot* of ponies will come to watch us.

(*Cut to a close-up of the scared actress’s reflection on the end of this; the puff does its work.*)

**Fluttershy:** A lot?

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Hundreds. (*Touch-up.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*starting to freak out*) Hundreds? (*Cut to frame both.*)

**Rarity:** (*gasping happily*) Maybe even thousands!

(*This sends Fluttershy into a terrified gasp and dive back to the box. The unicorn throws a slightly fed-up look her way before a gust of frigid wind and snow rips through the place from somewhere o.s.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, my hair!

(*Cut to Applejack, sitting on her haunches and pulling on a white shirt and brown jacket with short puffed sleeves.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., pointing*) Applejack, be a dear and shut those windows, will you?

(*The workhorse throws a dirty look at her and crosses to an open window, through which the sky has gone a foreboding slate-gray. Rainbow’s hind legs and tail are hovering just into view, a hiss floating back into view to stand for a cheering crowd. Pan to frame her fully on the start of the next line; she has donned the helmet she found earlier and is still at the mirror. Neither the sight nor the sound improves Applejack’s mood.*)

**Rainbow:** (*chanting softly*) Rainbow Dash! Rainbow Dash! (*Another “cheer”; she continues at full voice.*) Thank you! Thank you!

**Applejack:** It’s a re-enactment of the founding of Equestria. (*Rainbow drops to her level.*) It’s not *The Rainbow Dash Show*.

**Rainbow:** Well, it should be *The Rainbow Dash Show*! I’m the star!

(*Twilight sits up into view, having shed her cape and started her horn; in a longer shot, she is trying to pull Fluttershy out of the prop box with telekinesis.*)

**Twilight:** Fluttershy, you’ve got to come out of there!

(*Spike peeks in through the curtain; he is dressed in a blue Elizabethan-era jacket with orange-plumed, blue/violet cap and white collar ruff.*)

**Spike:** Curtain in two minutes!

**Pinkie:** (*hopping past Rarity*) Twilight, let me handle this.

**Rarity:** My hair!

(*The pink goofball’s solution is to grab Twilight by the head and haul backward while the latter keeps her magic hold on Fluttershy’s tail.*)

**Twilight:** *PIIINKIIIEEE!!*

(*She snaps out of Pinkie’s grip and goes into the box along with Fluttershy, and Pinkie shivers in the cold as Applejack and Rainbow continue their face-off.*)

**Applejack:** The Hearth’s Warmin’ Eve pageant is about harmony and friendship!

**Twilight, Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rarity:** SHUT THE WINDOW!! (*Spike checks in, uneasily.*)

**Spike:** Um…

(*He ducks away again. Cut to the front of the audience; the lights dim and a spotlight flicks on the stage and the camera zooms in as a harpsichord plays. The curtain opens to frame the little dragon standing by a backdrop of a wreathed, lit fireplace. He turns to face the audience and begins to narrate, affecting a period-appropriate English accent for his lines. This shot frames a pair of striped yellow pantaloons that were not visible in his previous shots.*)

**Spike:** Once upon a time, long before the peaceful rule of Celestia, and before ponies discovered our beautiful land of Equestria, ponies did not know harmony. (*walking to stage edge*) It was a strange and dark time, a time when ponies were torn apart…by hatred!

(*A gasp from the audience, including the Crusaders in the front row.*)

**Spike:** (*aside to them, normal voice*) I know. Can you believe it? (*resuming character and accent*) During this frightful age, each of the three tribes…

(*Cut to a spot overhead; light comes up on three toga-clad pegasi hovering among suspended clouds.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) …the pegasi… (*Pan; light picks out three unicorns on a cliff.*) …the unicorns… (*Tilt down to stage; light on three exhausted earth ponies on a hillock.*) …and the earth ponies… (*Long shot of the entire stage.*) …cared not for what befell the other tribes… (*They turn their backs to each other as he moves to one side.*) …but only for their own welfare.

(*Curtain closes, leaving him alone in front of it.*)

**Spike:** In those troubled times, as now… (*Curtain opens; two pegasi shake a gray cloud, producing rain.*) …the pegasi were the stewards of the weather.

(*The cliff and hillock are still here, but the backdrop has changed to a blue sky with puffy white clouds. Close-up; one pushes the cloud away.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) But they demanded something in return.

(*The sun drops into view; zoom out to frame two toiling earth ponies on the stage as a farm field backdrop rolls down behind them. The cliff and hillock have been removed.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Food that could only be grown by the earth ponies.

(*The pegasi descend to the stage as Sweetie Belle whispers to Apple Bloom and Scootaloo. The two earth ponies grudgingly hand over stacks of vegetables to the pegasi, who lift off to make room for a pair of approaching unicorns.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) The unicorns demanded the same…

(*Which the earth ponies give over with the same reluctance, after which a backstage pegasus pulls a rope to hoist the sun away and lower a crescent moon in its place.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) …in return for magically bringing forth day and night. (*Stage lights dim to night; he approaches the edge.*) And so mistrust between the tribes festered, until one fateful day, it came to a boil. And what prompted the ponies to clash? (*Zoom in slowly; snow starts to fall again.*) ’Twas a mysterious blizzard that overtook the land— (*now o.s.*) —and toppled the tribes’ precarious peace.

(*By this point, the camera has zoomed far enough to put all the characters out of frame and focus on the hanging moon. The view dissolves to the actual moon in a gray night sky filled with blowing snow—a jump back in time to the actual events of this story—and the camera tilts down to a thickly blanketed settlement. Two shivering, raggedly clad earth ponies scratch at the frozen ground.*)

**\* Spike:** The normally industrious earth ponies were unable to farm their land.

(*One digs out a tiny plant, only to see it wither to dust when she picks it up. Her eyes water in the wind, which kicks up hard enough to blow her out of frame along with all the snow on the roof of the hut behind her. The roof itself is next to go, followed by the walls; inside is a huddled group of earth ponies, who watch their meager fire go out in the biting wind.*)

**\* Spike:** The earth ponies were freezing.

(*Pan/tilt up quickly to an elevated city that is home to the equally uncomfortable pegasi, and pan across the icicle-encrusted structures.*)

**\* Spike:** The home of the pegasi fared no better.

(*One stallion yanks his helmet off and starts eating its crest.*)

**\* Spike:** The pegasi were hungry.

(*He swallows with effort, clutching his stomach, and the camera pans quickly to a mountain castle.*)

**\* Spike:** And the unicorns were freezing *and* hungry.

(*On this line, cut to several of them around a table in a bare banquet hall; a ladle is levitated from the cooking pot and drops a single bean on one mare’s plate. She bites her lip, struggling not to lose control of her watering eyes, and looks off to one side in a panic. A few others have gathered near the great barred doors and are telekinetically straining to hold them closed; she joins their effort, but the doors start to bow inward.*)

**\* Spike:** Even the unicorns’ magic was powerless against the storm.

(*The doors give way, forcing the group to scatter and allowing the merciless blizzard to intrude on what has passed for dinner. Cut to a long shot of the castle and pan/tilt down quickly to one member of each race pulling at corners of a sack; on the next line, it rips open to spill out its cargo of a few vegetables.*)

**\* Spike:** Each tribe blamed the others for their suffering. (*They get up and grimace, one by one.*) And the angrier everypony grew… (*A three-way brawl breaks out; more snow piles up.*) …the worse the blizzard became.

(*Dissolve to a large meeting hall in the earth pony settlement, seen from a short distance as members of all three races converge on it.*)

**\* Spike:** And so it was decided that a grand summit would be held—

(*Dissolve to the interior, with a three-wall balcony that has been split into three sections with the tribes’ respective banners: winged pony head with stars, sun and fields, unicorn head with jewels. At ground level, a conference table has been set up and two pegasi and a unicorn keep watch at the doors.*)

**\* Spike:** —to figure out a way to cope with the blizzard. Each tribe sent their leaders.

(*Brass horns blow a fanfare at the unicorns’ balcony; tilt down as Rarity enters, followed by two servants and wearing her costume. The crown sits slightly askew to accommodate her mane.*)

**\* Spike:** Daughter of the unicorn king, Princess Platinum.

(*The horns blow a fanfare for the pegasi; tilt down as Rainbow flies in, wearing her crested helmet and a matching suit of armor marked with a lightning bolt. The two pegasi on this side have blocked the door with spears, but move them to allow her passage.*)

**\* Spike:** Ruler of the pegasi, Commander Hurricane.

(*The fanfare for the earth ponies is played on kazoos; tilt down to frame Pinkie in her dessert-themed outfit.*)

**\* Spike:** And lastly, leader of the earth ponies… (*She spits out confetti and hops in.*) …Chancellor Puddinghead.

(*Cut to balcony level as the helmet, hat, and crown are lifted into view, then tilt down to the table in time for them to be set on it.*)

**\* Spike:** Perhaps the three tribes could finally settle their differences and agree on a way to get through this disaster.

(*During this line, the three trade distrustful looks—first in a pan from one to the next, then in a vertically divided three-way split screen. The camera then zooms out, the splits disappearing; they knock their headwear off the table and instantly break into a full-volume argument that lasts for several seconds. Rainbow is first to speak once it dies down.*)

**Rainbow:** (*pounding table*) All I want to know is why the earth ponies are hogging all the food! (*Angry yells from the pegasi.*)

**Pinkie:** Us?! We’re not hogging all the food, you are!…Oh, wait. You’re right. It’s us…Well, it’s only ’cause you mean old pegasus-es-es-es are making it snow like crazy!

**Rainbow:** (*pounding table*) For the hundredth time, it’s not us! We’re not making it snow. It must be the unicorns! They’re doing it with their freaky magic! (*Zoom in on Rarity; shocked gasp.*)

**Rarity:** How dare you! Unlike you pegasi ruffians, we unicorns would never stoop to such a thing! Hum-a-phuh!

**Unicorns:** Hmph!

**Pinkie:** Well, if you non-earths aren’t gonna stop using your weirdo powers to freeze us all, then I’m just plumb out of ideas! (*She flops head and forelegs on the table.*)

**Rainbow:** What a shocker—an earth pony with no ideas! (*Cut to the offended earths above.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Commander Hurricane! (*Back to the table.*) Please cease with the insults! (*Rainbow flies into her face.*)

**Rainbow:** You’re not the boss of me, Your Royal Snootiness!

**Rarity:** I beg your pardon! (*levitating crown onto head upside down, walking off*) I am a princess! I won’t be spoken to that way! (*Rainbow, now helmeted, tries to pass.*)

**Rainbow:** Well, I’m leaving first!

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) No, I’m first!

(*On the end of this, pan ahead to her at the door, having donned her pudding hat. She gets her front hooves to the handles as the other two charge up behind her. Cut to just outside the door, which bends outward to the sound of their arguing and then opens partway. The three leaders fight to push through; in a dissolve to a longer shot and zoom out, they make it all the way out and depart in different directions.*)

**\* Spike:** And the blizzard raged on.

(*The camera retreats up through a gap in the clouds. Beyond this are three gaunt stallion specters, outlined in glowing white and with eyes of the same color. They voice a screeching neigh, releasing fresh wind gusts from their mouths. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the stage. Pinkie, Rarity, and Rainbow look daggers at each other from ground, cliff, and clouds, respectively; Spike stands in front to continue the narration. The backing curtain stands exposed behind them.*)

**Spike:** So the summit of the tribes did not turn out as well as hoped. (*Exit the three, stage right/left/up.*) And the three leaders returned home to lick their wounds— (*A backdrop of snowflakes and night sky comes down.*) —and basically complain.

(*He delivers these last three words without the stage accent as a snarky aside. Zoom in until the backdrop fills the screen; the snowflakes begin to drift, marking a transition back to the past. Pan/tilt down to frame Fluttershy resting on a cloud, near a group of columns decorated with pegasus soldier statues; Rainbow flashes past, then stops to face her from the top of a flight of steps. The yellow flyer wears armor of her own and a less intricate helmet contoured to resemble a sun hat.*)

**Rainbow:** (*like a drill instructor*) Atten-shun!

(*Fluttershy snaps upright and salutes, then falls through the cloud to land at the base of the steps. The hit knocks her silly for a moment.*)

**Rainbow:** Well? Aren’t you curious about how it went?

**Fluttershy:** Oh! Uh…Commander Hurricane, sir! How did it go, sir? (*Rainbow knocks some snow off the steps.*)

**Rainbow:** Horribly! (*as Fluttershy comes up, snow on helmet*) Those other tribe leaders are so disrespectful! Don’t they realize that we are a mighty tribe of warriors and should not be crossed?

(*A gesture for emphasis knocks the snow loose again and leaves Fluttershy scrabbling for balance.*)

**Rainbow:** We have got to break ranks with those weak foals!

(*Fluttershy tumbles to the bottom, throwing up a screenful of snow when she lands. This slides away to frame the open doors of the unicorns’ castle, seen from inside. A shivering Rarity stumbles in, with her crown now on right-side up.*)

**Rarity:** Clover the Clever! I need you!

(*She pitches to the floor. Now Twilight walks up, dressed in the old brown cape and hood she was using backstage, and levitates a blanket over the princess.*)

**Twilight:** Yes, Your Majesty. (*as Rarity stands up*) Did the other pony tribes see reason as I predicted? (*She magically closes the doors.*)

**Rarity:** (*pacing*) Those other tribes are impossible! (*flopping onto a cushioned bench*) I, for one, can no longer bear to be anywhere those lowly creatures. (*Twilight floats a tub of water to her.*) The unicorns are noble and majestic. We will no longer consort with the likes of them!

(*She gets off the bench and plunks her front hooves in the tub, liberally splashing Twilight. Zoom in on the snow-filled window behind her and dissolve to a red field against which tiny black flakes are raining down. A zoom out frames this as the interior of a cold fireplace, the flakes are soot from the chimney, dislodged by Pinkie’s slide down it to land on the hearth. A longer shot of this area reveals it to be a bare room; Applejack stands by the closed doors, wearing her brown jacket and Tyrolean hat from backstage.*)

**Applejack:** (*pointing to door*) Wouldn’t it have been easier to use the door, Chancellor?

**Pinkie:** Maybe for you, Smart Cookie, but I am a chancellor. (*standing up on hind legs; Applejack approaches*) I was elected because I know how to think outside the box, which means…

(*She ducks back into the fireplace and shoves her head up the chimney, causing her next line to reverberate through stone and air.*)

**Pinkie:** …I can also think inside the chimney. (*Pause.*) Can *you* think inside a chimney?

**Applejack:** I…

**Pinkie:** (*walking past her, face covered in soot*) I didn’t think so.

(*Applejack rolls her eyes and groans wearily. The boss, facing away from the camera, stops in her tracks.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh my gosh… (*turning to camera; soot falls off face*) …hold on to your hooves. (*grinning hugely, eyes shining; zoom in*) I am just about to be brilliant!

**Applejack:** (*aside*) That’d be a first.

**Pinkie:** I have decided that the earth ponies are gonna go it alone!

**Applejack:** Aw, so you mean the other tribes didn’t come around? Shoot. I really thought we could get through to them if we— (*Pinkie gets in her face.*)

**Pinkie:** Don’t worry about them. (*resting forelegs on Applejack’s shoulders*) We’re the ones with all the food, right?

**Applejack:** Uh, actually, we’re all out. (*Pinkie backs off.*)

**Pinkie:** (*pacing to doors*) Fine! Then we’ll have to go somewhere new where we can grow some new food. (*opening them*) And with me as our fearless leader, what could go wrong?

(*She has not noticed the wall of snow built up just outside; it gets her attention by sliding in to bury her and half-block the entrance. The pudding hat ends up on top of the mass.*)

**Applejack:** (*sardonically*) Where should I start? (*Pinkie puts her head up.*)

**Pinkie:** The point is…

(*Her face becomes part of a three-way split screen, with Rarity and Rainbow in the other two sections.*)

**Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity:** …we must find a new land!

(*Snap to black.*)

(*Fade in to Rainbow flying through the brutal blizzard. After a few hundred yards, she stops in midair with a disgusted little groan and doubles back.*)

**Rainbow:** Come on, Private Pansy! (*She reaches a struggling Fluttershy.*) Let’s get a move on! Hut-one-hut-two!

(*A lightning strike sends the panicked subordinate into her CO’s hooves with a choked cry.*)

**Rainbow:** (*dropping her*) Get a hold of yourself, Private! We cannot let anything distract us from the mission at hand— (*pushing her ahead*) —to find, and if necessary, to conquer a new land!

(*The equine bulldozer goes back to it.*)

**Fluttershy:** Conquer, sir? (*They stop.*)

**Rainbow:** (*looking around/over/under Fluttershy*) You never know where enemies might be lurking.

**Fluttershy:** Uh, I don’t see any enemies, Commander. Just snow.

**Rainbow:** (*pointing ahead*) Aha!

(*A short pan frames the object of her attention: a black cloud with the vague outline of a winged, horse-like beast. She throws herself at it.*)

**Rainbow:** Who’s that?

(*While she assiduously delivers a pummeling to the phantasm, Fluttershy catches sight of a tiny black cloud floating right next to her. She lets off a yelp and dives back into Rainbow’s hooves.*)

**Rainbow:** Okay, this is getting old.

(*She drops Fluttershy again. Wipe to a snowy patch of forest; Twilight and Rarity pick their way through the bushes, and the latter moans her discontent.*)

**Rarity:** This is simply taking forever! My hooves are killing me! How long have we been walking for?

**Twilight:** About five minutes, Your Highness.

(*As she says this, she pushes some branches aside to expose the unicorns’ castle a very short distance behind them.*)

**Rarity:** (*groaning, moving ahead*) I never imagined finding a new land would be so hard! But it’ll all be worth it—don’t you agree?

**Twilight:** I actually think that the three tribes could’ve tried harder. (*Rarity stops short.*)

**Rarity:** STOOOOOOP!! (*Twilight gallops up.*)

**Twilight:** What’s wrong?

**Rarity:** (*pointing ahead*) *That* is what’s wrong!

(*Cut to a close-up of “that.” It appears to be a river filled with dangerous rocks, flowing mightily in a deep gorge, but a longer shot with Twilight and Rarity at the edge exposes it as a small stream with stepping stones.*)

**Twilight:** (*walking ahead*) Your Highness, it’s just a stream. (*She steps across.*) We can cross it easily.

**Rarity:** I refuse to get my gown wet. I have no intention of arriving at my new land looking like a bedraggled earth pony— (*Twilight rolls her eyes.*) —or worse yet, a rough-and-tumble pegasus. I, for one, have no intention of stooping down to their level. (*Pause.*) On the other hand, I have no trouble watching *you* stoop down.

(*Another eye roll from the violet unicorn, accompanied by a frustrated groan. Dissolve to a close-up of her rather fed-up expression; a rope bridle has been fitted up, and Rarity holds the reins and sits on her back. Zoom out as the “mount” starts across the stream.*)

**Rarity:** And do watch the gown, darling. It’s worth more than all of the books in your library.

(*Wipe to Applejack and Pinkie traveling along a clifftop path. Pinkie has attached a map to her hat brim so that it covers her face, with holes torn out for her eyes and mouth. In close-up, they pace back and forth for a few seconds; behind them, an exposed rock wall shows a multitude of embedded gems.*)

**Pinkie:** Yes, yes. (*Stop; she points.*) This is definitely the right direction.

**Applejack:** It feels like we’re goin’ in circles.

(*A longer shot of the pair proves that they have been doing exactly that—with the circle being only a few feet wide to boot.*)

**Pinkie:** But that’s impossible! Are you suggesting that I’m reading the map wrong?

**Applejack:** Absolutely not, Your Chancellor-ness. It’s just that there are holes in the map, and—

**Pinkie:** Of course! (*walking toward edge*) How else could I see where I was going?

**Applejack:** Yeah, uh—

**Pinkie:** Or talk? (*The snow underneath her starts to crumble.*) I need to be able to talk. I mean, how would we survive if I just suddenly shut up? (*She has backed off the edge by now.*)

**Applejack:** (*wearily*) Heaven forbid that should happen, Your Chancellorship. Heh. (*rolling map briefly off Pinkie’s face*) It’s just that the map is also upside down.

**Pinkie:** I got a news flash for you, Cookie. (*whispering*) The Earth is round. There is no up or down. (*She walks off.*)

**Applejack:** (*feigning agreement*) You’re right! It’s such a relief to me that you’re in charge of this map. (*Pinkie stops short.*)

**Pinkie:** Relief? (*She backs up quickly.*) You don’t need relief! If anypony needs relief around here, it’s me! I’m a chancellor! I’m a big shot! You’re just my, uh…mmm…my…wha—

**Applejack:** Secretary.

**Pinkie:** Whatever!

(*She sucks the whole map into her mouth and chews a bit; close-up of the irked second banana’s face as the spit-soaked document is stuck onto it.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) *You* take the map, while *I* enjoy some relief.

(*Cut to frame both on the end of this, she walks toward the same spot that nearly gave out on her earlier. This time, she goes straight over the edge as Applejack pulls the map loose.*)

**Applejack:** (*wearily*) Yes, Chancellor Puddin’head.

(*Said chancellor pokes her head back up with a big stupid grin before the curtain comes down. When it rises again, Spike stands alone on the cleared stage, under a spotlight.*)

**Spike:** And so… (*crossing to one side*) …each leader encountered obstacles along the way. But eventually, they all arrived in a new and wondrous land.

(*The backing curtain opens to reveal a scenery flat being lowered into place: tall mountains and clouds above a lush green meadowland. Zoom in on this as Spike continues.*)

**Spike:** Nopony had ever seen paradise before.

(*Dissolve to an actual mountain—the past again. The sky here is a clear blue, dotted by only a few fluffy clouds, and Rainbow flies around the peak while Fluttershy hangs back at lower altitude.*)

**Rainbow:** (*somersaulting off clouds*) This is the new land we’ve been searching for!

**Fluttershy:** What a view! (*pointing down*) I can see my future house from here!

**Rainbow:** I proclaim this new land to be…

(*Ducking away, she produces a banner with the pegasus tribe’s crest on a long pole in her teeth. Close-up of its spike being driven into a cloud, then cut to a longer shot: the emblem now flying alongside Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** …Pegasopolis!

(*The banner waves across the screen in close-up; behind its edge, the view wipes to Rarity hunched down and happily eyeing a pile of gems on the ground.*)

**Rarity:** I’ve never seen such jewels! (*floating a large one free*) This ruby is dazzling.

(*Zoom out quickly to frame her and Twilight on a mountain path. Every exposed rock face in this area is studded with exposed precious stones, just as the ones in the area Applejack and Pinkie were reconnoitering. Twilight no longer wears the bridle from the stream crossing, and Rarity stands up.*)

**Rarity:** This whole land is dazzling! (*rearing up*) I’m double-dazzled!

(*She squeals delightedly and drapes herself over the pile.*)

**Rarity:** In the name of the unicorns, I hereby dub this land…Unicornia!

(*On the end of this, she magically plants a pole with the unicorn tribe’s banner. It floats across the screen in close-up; behind the trailing edge, wipe to a blissful Pinkie’s head rising against a clear sky—she is jumping.*)

**Pinkie:** The air! (*She peeks out of a tree’s high boughs.*) The trees!

(*Next she lands on a spot of earth, throwing clods everywhere; zoom out to frame herself on a small hill and Applejack standing nearby.*)

**Pinkie:** The dirt! (*lying on belly, spreading it around*) This dirt is the dirtiest dirt in the whole dirt world! (*Applejack picks up a clump.*)

**Applejack:** And fertile, too!

(*A brand-new shoot pokes up from this, right on cue.*)

**Applejack:** Perfect for growin’ food. (*It grows a bit; back to Pinkie, now up, on the next line.*)

**Pinkie:** In the name of the earth ponies, I think I’m gonna call this new place…uh…Dirtville!

**Applejack:** (*unimpressed*) How ’bout Earth? (*Pause.*)

**Pinkie:** (*beaming*) Earth! (*flipping hat off head*) Congratulations to me for thinking of it.

(*The silly thing has landed brim up, and a banner with the earth ponies’ crest instantly springs up on a pole. It floats up past the camera; behind its lower trailing edge, a three-way split screen of the leaders assembles itself.*)

**Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity:** We’ve found our new home!

(*Pink, blue, and white faces register wide-eyed surprise all at once, and the camera zooms out as the splits disappear. All three expeditions have staked their claims within just a few yards of each other.*)

**Rainbow:** I planted my flag first!

**Rarity:** Did not!

**Rainbow:** Did too!  
**Pinkie:** I planted mine earlier than first. (*It falls over.*)

**Rarity:** All of you riffraff are trespassing in Unicornia!

**Rainbow:** The name is Pegasopolis!

**Pinkie:** Earth!

**Rainbow:** Pegasopolis!

**Rarity:** Unicornia!

**Rainbow:** I say we fight for the land. (*She flies over to Rarity.*) May the best pony win!

(*A strong wind begins to blow through the temperate land.*)

**Rarity:** That’s barbaric. (*She levitates Twilight up front.*) Clover the Clever, throw that brute into the dungeon!

**Twilight:** What dungeon?! (*The wind stops.*) Look. (*Cut to her.*) Perhaps if we all calm down…

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) I agree. (*Cut to her.*) Let’s all calm down.

**Fluttershy:** I vote for calm. (*Rainbow rounds on her; flurries start flying.*)

**Rainbow:** I’ll have you court-martialed for insubordination, Private! We settle this on the battlefield!

(*A snowball is flung into view, catching her square in the mush and provoking a good laugh from Rarity. The merriment ends when she gets hit next; she shakes herself clean, grimaces, and glares up at the chortling multicolored flyer.*)

**Rarity:** Who dares throw a snowball at royalty?!?

(*On the end of this, cut to Pinkie; the pile of snowballs next to her, and the one she has ready to throw, mark her as the culprit. She nervously drops this one, then regards the snow with consternation.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait a minute…where’d all this snow come from, anyway? (*Zoom out to a long shot of all six ponies; wind kicks up.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh, no. Not again!

(*The camera movement continues, more slowly this time, up through a hole in the overhanging gray clouds. Just as at the end of Act One, the three ghostly stallions are present here; now, though, they are galloping in a tight circle to swirl the clouds. Their screeching calls cut through the wind noise before the view snaps to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the stage. The curtain is closed, and Spike stands alone in a spotlight.*)

**Spike:** And so the paradise that the ponies had found was soon lost— (*Close-up; he paces.*) —buried beneath a thick blanket of snow and hard feelings. (*with growing melodrama*) Instead of beautiful, it was blizzard-y. Instead of wonderful, it was wintry! Instead of spectacular, it was snow-tacular! Instead of— (*A mare in the audience stands up.*)

**Mare:** We get it! Move on!

(*The little narrator voices an embarrassed laugh, clears his throat, and gets back in character.*)

**Spike:** Everypony was forced to seek shelter. They searched high and low— (*Curtain opens, showing a snowy path to a cave; zoom in.*) —but the only shelter for miles was a cold and desolate cave.

(*The zoom puts him out of frame as he finishes, after which the view dissolves to just outside the actual cave and zooms in. All three pairs of explorers have gathered inside and done away with their various headwear.*)

**\* Spike:** And of course, the three tribes had to share it. (*Close-up pan; the leaders glare at each other.*) And nopony was too happy about that.

**Rarity:** Please, Commander Hothead.

**Rainbow:** It’s Commander Hurricane.

**Rarity:** (*clearing throat, more politely*) Please, Commander, could you just stand back and give me my royal space?

**Rainbow:** (*planting a hoof near Rarity*) You mean like *this*, Your Highness?

**Rarity:** Indeed not. (*She pushes it back and points at the ground.*) You see this invisible line?

**Rainbow:** (*to Fluttershy*) Private, outline our territory for everypony to see.

(*The timid soldier flies to a spot of clear ground on this line, then hesitantly begins to scratch a marking into the dirt. To speed the process along, Rainbow lifts her by the hindquarters and drags her sideways to draw out the boundary all the way to the cave’s back wall.*)

**Rainbow:** See this real, *non*-invisible line? No unicorns or earth ponies are allowed to cross it. (*She sets Fluttershy down on “their” side.*) This is the sovereign territory of Pegasopolis. (*Close-up of Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Clover the Clever?

(*The screen splits vertically as a panel displaying Pinkie slides in.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh, Smart Cookie! (*Both underlings trudge by.*)

**Applejack:** I know, I know.

(*Snap to black, which tiles in with three diagonal panels that frame one violet, one yellow, and one orange-tan hoof drawing lines in the dirt. In a fullscreen view, the hooves of Twilight and Applejack run smack into each other; tilt up to their surprised faces, then cut to frame all three. As these two draw in other directions, Fluttershy finds a rock in her path and starts to trace a detour, putting the rock outside “Pegasopolis.” This sits very badly with the commander.*)

**Rainbow:** What are you doing? (*She flies to Fluttershy.*) Don’t go around the rock, go over it! I’m not giving up an inch of territory to the enemy! (*Rarity zips over.*)

**Rarity:** That rock is clearly on the Unicornia side of the cave, and it belongs to us! (*aside, to Twilight; zoom in on the pair*) Who knows? There could be jewels inside.

(*An o.s. kick and grunt; now Rainbow has knocked it loose and into pegasus territory.*)

**Rainbow:** I claim this rock for Pegasopolis!

**Rarity:** Unhand that rock this instant, you scoundrel! (*Pinkie zips over to Rainbow.*)

**Pinkie:** (*smiling*) Oh, look, you found my rock! I’ve been looking for it everywhere.

(*She nips it in her teeth and dashes away, leaving four perplexed ponies in her wake.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey!

(*Cut to a corner of the cave near the entrance; Pinkie sets the rock down within a traced-out enclosure.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) You invaded our territory!

**Pinkie:** (*tauntingly*) Finders keepers, losers weepers! (*Back to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** That’s the last straw!

(*Tilt down to ground level as she defiantly steps over the border; Pinkie eyes her quizzically, having picked up the bit of stone in her mouth.*)

**Rarity:** Give me my rock!

(*No dice. The flipped-out pink chancellor gallops away, the camera cutting to an extreme close-up of the spot where all three frontiers meet. She and her two rivals gallop back and forth, yelling all the while, and Twilight puts an exasperated hoof to her face. Pinkie stops next to her and makes a silly face as the wind begins to blow within the cave. Rarity and Rainbow stomp and shout, watched by a confused Fluttershy and an irked Applejack, respectively. In a long shot of the cave interior and zoom out, the winter storm is revealed to be actually raging inside the cave, clouds and all. This time, though, sheets of ice are slowly spreading down the walls from the ceiling.*)

**Twilight:** (*pointing*) Look, everypony! The entrance!

(*Cut to just outside it. The ice slowly expands to completely cover it over, stopping the argument for a moment; back to the trio inside.*)

**Rainbow:** (*walking off; Pinkie does the same*) Great! Now there’s no way out! We’re trapped!

**Rarity:** You two deserve this horrible fate! You’ve done nothing but argue and fight with each other! (*Pan to Fluttershy and Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** You’ve been fighting too, Your Highness!

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Yeah!

(*Cut to a close-up of her hooves and zoom out slowly. The ice has worked its way across the floor and is starting to spread upward over her as Applejack watches incredulously.*)

**Pinkie:** Worse! I haven’t been fighting nearly as much as you!

**Rarity:** How ridiculous! (*It starts to cover her as well.*) A unicorn never stoops to fighting! (*Twilight backs off.*)

(*On the start of the next line, cut to Rainbow, who is getting the same treatment before Fluttershy’s disbelieving eyes.*)

**Rainbow:** That’s just ’cause you wimpy unicorns know you’d never win! (*Fluttershy backs off.*) Earth ponies are numbskulls!

**Rarity:** Pegasi are brutes!

**Pinkie:** Unicorns are snobs!

(*As soon as each insult is delivered, the ice completely seals off its hurler’s face; all three are now frozen head to hoof in motionless hostility, as seen in a pan from Pinkie to Rarity to Rainbow. The three seconds stare at the encroaching freeze line, their backs to each other, then retreat toward the common junction of their three borders. Upon colliding, they whirl to face each other with a drawn-out cry of surprise, then sigh with relief. However, the unearthly stallions’ neighs send the relaxation packing in a heartbeat; they clutch at each other with a triple scream. A glance overhead shows the three figures circling amid the swirling clouds.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*shivering*) What is that thing?

**Twilight:** They must be… (*Pupils constrict; ears droop.*) …windigos!

**Applejack:** **Fluttershy:** W-W-Windigos? (*All three back off.*)

**Twilight:** My mentor, Starswirl the Bearded, taught me about them. They’re winter spirits that feed off fighting and hatred. (*Cut to the windigos; she continues o.s.*) The more hate the spirit feels, the colder things become.

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Then…this is our fault. (*Back to the three.*) We three tribes…we brought this blizzard to our home by fightin’ and not trustin’ each other. (*glancing at the ice*) Now it’s destroyin’ this land too.

(*The frozen edge has advanced to just behind Twilight’s rear hooves, she takes a step to get ahead of it.*)

**Twilight:** And now our bodies will become as cold as our hearts— (*They huddle together.*) —all because we were foolish enough to hate.

(*Long, shivering pause.*)

**Fluttershy:** Well, I don’t hate *you*. (*glancing at Rainbow*) I actually hate Commander Hurricane a lot more than I hate you guys.

(*Twilight and Applejack laugh, Fluttershy smiles in return, and one of the windigos backs up with a puzzled little neigh. This does not stop the ice from advancing up the yellow private’s legs.*)

**Fluttershy:** Actually, I don’t really hate her. (*as all three start to freeze*) I just really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really dislike her.

(*All three laugh as the camera tilts up to the circulating windigos; cut back to them after a moment. The ice is working its way up their necks now.*)

**Applejack:** Well, I don’t hate you guys either.

**Twilight:** Nor do I.

(*Cut to the specters, who whinny in shock and increase their speed.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) No matter what our differences… (*Back to the three.*) …we’re all ponies.

(*Smiling tranquilly, they close their eyes and rest their heads against each other as the ice finishes its inexorable advance to leave them entombed like the others. The tip of Twilight’s horn is left exposed, and it comes to life with a glow tipped by a blinding white spark. In one swift flash, the three-pony iceberg has thawed itself out; brilliant pink fire pours upward from the horn as its owner’s eyes burn pure white. She floats slightly off the ground while the blaze gushes toward the windigos; Fluttershy backs up, Applejack ditto, and within seconds the clouds and ghosts have dissipated.*)

(*Her energy spent, Twilight drops into a haunch-sitting position while the fire shapes itself into a flaming, floating, throbbing heart layered in multiple shades of pink.*)

**Fluttershy:** What was that?

**Applejack:** I didn’t know unicorns could do that. (*Twilight straightens up.*)

**Twilight:** I didn’t either. (*as Applejack, Fluttershy gather close to her*) Nothing like this has ever happened before. (*smiling*) But I know it couldn’t have been just me. (*Zoom out slowly.*) It came from all three of us, joined together in friendship.

(*Close-up of one extended foreleg on this last word. Fluttershy lays one of her own on top, followed by Applejack. Dissolve to a slow pan across the cave; the three leaders remain frozen, while their flunkies talk and laugh.*)

**\* Spike:** All through the night, the three ponies kept the fire of friendship alive, by telling stories to one another—

(*Dissolve to them, singing, and tilt up toward the ceiling and the fiery heart that floats overhead. The place has begun to defrost.*)

**\* Spike:** —and by singing songs, which of course became the winter carols that we all still sing today.

(*Ground level, panning from these three to Rainbow, whose ice covering begins to melt as well.*)

**\* Spike:** Eventually, the warmth of the fire and singing and laughing reached the leaders—

(*The Technicolor-maned head shakes itself back to consciousness; next the princess approaches room temperature.*)

**\* Spike:** —and their bodies began to thaw.

(*Applejack drags a fully-thawed Pinkie up by the collar; a shake to dry herself out, and Pinkie grabs Applejack up in a hug.*)

**\* Spike:** And it even began to melt their hearts.

(*All six are now dry, warm, and in good spirits. A rumble brings their eyes around to the entrance, where the ice sheet locking them in is also breaking down to let the sunlight in. The entire screen flashes white, then clears to show them standing outside the cave and back in their respective hats/helmets/etc. Zoom out to show that the blizzard has ended, leaving blue sky and birdsong; only some snow in the trees remains as evidence of the subzero ordeal.*)

(*Cut to pan across the cheerful six, then to a close-up of a pole being rammed into the ground. Rainbow hits its top end with a rock to drive it in, then winks.*)

**\* Spike:** The three leaders agreed to share the beautiful land—

(*Pinkie and Rarity pull on a rope in their teeth, hauling up a banner, as the three underlings watch. It depicts a sky-blue field with white stars, against which the stylized figures of Celestia and Princess Luna circle around a sun and crescent moon. In this shot, the background looks more like a scenery flat than the actual landscape.*)

**\* Spike:** —and live in harmony forever afterwards. (*Zoom out to frame the ponies.*) And together, they named their new land…

(*The zoom reveals that the action has in fact shifted back to the stage.*)

**Ponies:** …EQUESTRIA!

(*Wild applause from the crowd as the curtain closes. It reopens after several seconds, showing the six actresses standing in a line and without their hats. Zoom out slightly as Spike runs up to joins them; all seven take a bow, and confetti and streamers explode from the proscenium while the bells on the wreaths ring.*)

***Celebratory hymn with full orchestra, majestic 4 (D major)***

(*Every voice in the hall, on and off the stage, joins the song to create a choral harmony.*)

**All:** The fire of friendship lives in our hearts

As long as it burns, we cannot drift apart

(*Dissolve to the Crusaders.*)

Though quarrels arise, their numbers are few

(*Dissolve to a pan across the stage and three embraces: Pinkie/Rainbow, Twilight/Rarity, Applejack/Fluttershy—with Spike singing alongside the last of these pairs.*)

Laughter and singing will see us through [will see us through]

(*The view shifts in two dissolve/zoom-out cycles to frame first the stage, then the entire hall.*)

**All:** We are a circle of pony friends

A circle of friends we’ll be to the very end

***Song ends***

(*The curtain closes to the sound of enthusiastic applause. Cut to just outside the Canterlot city gate, the crowd’s approval ringing through a sky that has deepened into night, then dissolve to a pan across the backstage area. Ponies are relaxing back here, now out of costume; Applejack goes to stretch her legs as the camera reaches the other five on the start of the next line.*)

**Twilight:** We should be so honored that Princess Celestia chose *us!*

(*Pinkie throws a foreleg around Rarity’s shoulders and gives her a silly, tongue-hanging smile.*)

**Twilight:** She must really think we exemplify what good friends are.

(*A snowy blast of wind lances through here, leaving only Rarity upright. Cut to the windows—either blown open again or never closed before the show began—and pan to frame Applejack, with Rarity looking on from the foreground.*)

**Rarity:** Applejack? (*Applejack turns to her.*) I thought you closed all the windows.

**Applejack:** (*incensed*) Don’t blame me. (*gesturing to Rainbow*) Rainbow Dash should’ve flown up there and shut it. After all, she’s got wings.

**Rainbow:** Why do I always have to do all the high-up chores? (*flying down to Twilight*) Why can’t Twilight use her magic for a change?

(*Zoom out slowly as Fluttershy and Pinkie walk back over to these four and a lively argument breaks out. It comes to an abrupt end when a windigo’s sepulchral neigh asserts itself loud and clear along with the arctic gusts.*)

**Rainbow:** (*smiling*) You know what? I got it.

(*Her flight o.s. is followed by the sound of the window being closed and laughter from the other five. Dissolve to a long shot of Canterlot and zoom out to frame the multi-layered pink heart—first kindled by the three unlikely friends so many years ago, now stoked again by these six—floating among the stars above. Fade to black.*)