**A FRIEND IN DEED**

**Written by Amy Keating Rogers**

**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)**)**

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner during the day. Tilt up slowly to the upper stories and dissolve to Pinkie Pie’s bedroom. Bunches of balloons are tied to the headboard of the bed, which is unoccupied—but one bright pink hoof reaches up into view to set the needle on a phonograph. A synthesizer-heavy, 1980s-style tune blares from the speaker horn as the camera pans to a close-up of Pinkie’s determined smile.*)

(*She snaps turquoise/yellow-striped sweatbands onto both forelegs, pulls yellow leg warmers onto her hind limbs, and settles a turquoise headband over the narrowed blue eyes. Putting her forelegs together for a moment to cover her face, she continues her preparations; now clad in a yellow shirt and turquoise shorts, she buckles a belt around her midsection. Zoom out to frame all of her: This shot reveals that she has attached a couple of leaves to the headband, near one ear; the shirt collar and the lower ends of the leg warmers are edged in turquoise. The overall vibe is that of an ’80s aerobics instructor.*)

**Pinkie:** Let’s do this.

(*Wipe to a section of wall in another room; she bounds into view and runs in place on her hind legs, letting her tongue flap every which way. This is followed by an ear-to-ear grin, a little more tongue limbering, and a workout for the entire face that begins with a big smile.*)

**Pinkie:** Happy…sad…happy…sad…happy…sad.

(*On each word following the first “happy,” she passes a foreleg over her face and changes her expression and tone of voice accordingly. Next she leans toward the camera to give an extreme close-up of her eyes.*)

**Pinkie:** (*blinking, crossing eyes*) Open, shut, open, shut, open, shut, open, shut.

(*Longer shot; she stretches from one side to the other. This shot establishes that she is in the Cake twins’ nursery, as seen in “Baby Cakes.”*)

**Pinkie:** Yeeep, yep, yep, yep, yep, yep, yep, yep. (*reversing the move*) Nooope, nope, nope, nope, nope, nope, nope, nope.

(*She leans toward the camera and seems to shake it up and down, voicing a rising/falling whoop at the same time. However, a shot from a different angle puts the babies’ crib on the receiving end of her grab; she gives it a few more shakes and whoops, then blows an enthusiastic raspberry. As she stops to catch her breath, Pound and Pumpkin aim four slightly disgruntled eyes up at her, with a perplexed glance passing briefly between the two.*)

(*Pinkie wipes sweat from her forehead and lets her haunches drop to the floor for a moment’s rest, but the rump in the turquoise shorts lands squarely on a scatter of jacks. Her eyes pop in mingled pain and surprise, and she rockets up to the ceiling with a yelp. Only the whirling fan up here stops her from smashing a hole in the plaster with her head; vertical momentum turns into a dizzying blur of pink and magenta. Pinkie is flung loose to slam down in a corner of the nursery, scattering a pile of toys in all directions, and three of them land on her head to knock her silly.*)

(*Pumpkin proceeds to laugh herself stupid at the slapstick display, while Pound smiles hugely and gestures in imitation of it. Their go-to babysitter comes back to her senses with a smile, the last toy falling off her head as she pumps a front hoof.*)

**Pinkie:** Nailed it!

(*If this was an accident, she has played it off without a blink; if intentional, she has demonstrated a master’s touch for physical comedy. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a rooster perched on a fence post at the edge of Ponyville. It crows in response to the sun rising beyond the distant hills; in the street, a cow strolls lazily up to the open front door of Sugarcube Corner. Pinkie, no longer in her workout gear, pops her head out and gives the cow—Daisy Jo—a big smile.*)

**Pinkie:** Morning, Daisy Jo! You here to pick up some cookies to go with your milk?

**Daisy Jo:** (*Minnesota accent*) Oh, yah, Pinkie, dontcha know.

**Pinkie:** (*jumping out, bouncing off Daisy Jo’s back, walking off*) Well, Mrs. Cake just baked a fresh batch of your favorite oatmeal.

**Daisy Jo:** (*mooing*) Sounds delightful!

(*As the happy pink pony trots down the street, she passes Rose at a display of flowers.*)

**Pinkie:** (*stopping*) Oh, Rose, your calla lilies look even better than last year. I bet you’ll take first prize in the flower show again.

**Rose:** Thanks, Pinkie. Would you like one?

**Pinkie:** Absolutely!

(*Rose plucks one with her teeth and tosses it over to Pinkie, who catches it in her mouth and eagerly chomps it down before going on her way. A jump, a click of her rear hooves, and she comes across old Mr. Waddle out for a stroll. He has traded his usual small red bow tie for a much larger one with white polka dots.*)

**Pinkie:** Looking fit as a fiddle, Mr. Waddle— (*winking*) —and you’re wearing my favorite tie!

**Mr. Waddle:** (*adjusting it*) Aw, shucks, Miss Pinkie. You flatterer, you.

**Pinkie:** (*addressing herself ahead*) Well, happy birthday, Cheerilee! (*The latter passes her.*)

**Cheerilee:** Thank you, Pinkie.

**Pinkie:** Happy day after your birthday, Zecora! (*The zebra passes her.*)

**Zecora:** What a lovely hi, Miss Pinkie Pie.

(*Her next words are directed at a brown female donkey who stands by Applejack’s apple cart. Brown curly mane, white lace blouse collar secured with a cameo brooch, blue earrings, very light blue eyes.*)

**Pinkie:** And, Miss Matilda, happy birthday to you!

(*Matilda aims a very puzzled look at her.*)

**Pinkie:** In one hundred and thirty-two days!

**Matilda:** (*smiling*) Pinkie Pie, how do you remember everything about everypony?

**Pinkie:** (*trotting on*) ’Cause everypony’s my friend, and I love to see my friends smile!

(*She cranks off one of her own, a gleam of reflected light from her spotless white teeth growing to fill the screen.*)

***Jaunty mandolin/acoustic guitar melody with tambourine, brisk 4, triplet feel (E flat major*)**

***Spoken asides are in square brackets***

(*The view clears to show Pinkie continuing down the street; she addresses passersby along the way.*)

**Pinkie:** My name is Pinkie Pie [Hello!] and I am here to say [How you doing?]

(*A sunbathing mare reclines glumly in shadow, but smiles as Pinkie uses her own weight to bend a nearby tree out of the way.*)

I’m gonna make you smile and I will brighten up your day

(*She spots two dejected fillies in front of a building.*)

It doesn’t matter now [What’s up?] if you are sad or blue [Howdy!]

(*She whisks them both away; a moment later they are both on her back.*)

’Cause cheering up my friends is just what Pinkie’s here to do

(*They slide down the rail of the front steps and land in a wagon stacked with hay bales, cheering the fillies considerably.*)

***Strings in***

**Pinkie:** ’Cause I love to make you smile, smile, smile, yes I do

(*Zoom out to frame Big Macintosh hitched to it; he rears up and gallops off. Cherry Berry beams at the sight.*)

It fills my heart with sunshine all the while, yes it does

’Cause all I really need’s a smile, smile, smile

(*The fillies give her a pair of them as she jumps out of the wagon.*)

From these happy friends of mine

(*Cut to a silhouette view of the party pony trotting across the countryside. The entire panorama is done in shades of pink under a blue sky, and it displays a pronounced curvature, as if Ponyville were on a very small planet. After a moment, zoom in quickly on her form and out again; the normal view has been restored, and she jumps rope as two fillies swing the ends. They and several onlookers, including Sweetie Belle, are on the front lawn of the schoolhouse.*)

***Drums in; strings out***

(*Scootaloo and another filly join her.*)

**Pinkie:** I’d like to see you grin [Awesome!] I would love to see you beam [Rock on!]

(*She gathers these two and the rope-swingers in for a group hug; all five start jumping together, the ends operating by themselves now.*)

The corners of your mouth turned up is always Pinkie’s dream [Hoof bump!]

(*She flattens the laws of physics and takes Scootaloo along for the ride on these last two words; one pink and one orange hoof reach into view and slap together for a high five. From here, wipe to a solitary Apple Bloom on the lawn, holding one end of a jump rope and morosely regarding the other on the grass. Pinkie spots her from behind the schoolhouse and trots over.*)

***Strings/electric guitar in***

**Pinkie:** But if you’re kind of worried and your face has made a frown

(*Suddenly hoisted on Pinkie’s head, the yellow filly brightens as Pinkie jumps rope.*)

I’ll work real hard and do my best to turn that sad frown upside down

***Electric guitar out***

(*Close-up of Bloom’s smiling countenance, the camera zooming in and rotating until it has reached an extreme close-up of her mouth. From here, cut to Pinkie on the move through the street; several other mares fall in behind her to either side.*)

**Pinkie:** ’Cause I love to make you grin, grin, grin, yes I do

(*Cut to an unenthused Applejack plying a paintbrush against a board wall and zoom out as Pinkie trots over. The wall is one side of the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres.*)

Bust it out from ear to ear, let it begin

(*She thinks hard, then snatches a spare brush in her teeth. Close-up of the boards as she uses it with gusto.*)

Just give me a joyful grin, grin, grin

(*Zoom out. She has painted the wall red to match the rest of the barn, and added her smiling face and an equally happy sun. Applejack’s sprits instantly rise.*)

And you fill me with good cheer

(*Fade to black.*)

***All instruments out except acoustic guitar; piano in (straight time)***

(*Fade in to a slow pan across Pinkie, now tinted blue against a black screen.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s true, some days are dark and lonely, and maybe you feel sad

(*She passes o.s.; fade in to her sitting dejectedly on her haunches under a gloomy sky. A second, normally tinted Pinkie pulls her up to a sunlit ridge; the muted color gives way to pink as well.*) But Pinkie will be there to show you that it isn’t that bad

***Drums/strings in; piano/acoustic guitar out (triplet drums, straight-time vocals*)**

(*Solo Pinkie moves on.*)

**Pinkie:** There is one thing that makes me happy and makes my whole life worthwhile

(*Pan from her to other ponies, who stand up to full height and smile broadly.*)

And that’s when I talk to my friends and get them to smile

(*The speed of the pan increases until the camera passes the sun, which flares to fill the screen with white. Fade in to Pinkie; she turns to a couple of groups of onlookers, who begin to follow her into the street.*)

***Acoustic/electric guitars, mandolin in; original triplet feel***

**Pinkie:** I really am so happy, your smile fills me with glee

I give a smile, I get a smile, and that’s so special to me

(*She gallops ahead and begins to leap from one rooftop to the next, the others following suit.*)

***Electric guitar out***

**Pinkie:** ’Cause I love to see you beam, beam, beam, yes I do

(*Ground level; she trots past a few of them, including Mayor Mare.*)

Tell me, what more can I say to make you see that I do?

(*Close-up; as she trots along, Twilight Sparkle and Fluttershy fall in. She gets lifted off the ground, to her surprise; zoom out to show Applejack now underneath her, with Rainbow Dash and Rarity in the formation.*)

It makes me happy when you beam, beam, beam

Yes, it always makes my day

(*Tilt up to the sun, then cut to the six as they proceed down the pony-lined street under a shower of confetti and streamers.*)

***All instruments out except strings; majestic feel (straight half-time 4)***

**Pinkie:** Come on, everypony, smile, smile, smile, fill my heart up with sunshine, sunshine

(*Overjoyed spectators join the impromptu parade.*)

All I really need’s a smile, smile, smile from these happy friends of mine

(*Windows open up and down the block so that house occupants can sing along with the ones on the ground.*)

***Drums in***

**Pinkie, Crowd:** Come on, everypony, smile, smile, smile, fill my heart up with

sunshine, sunshine

All I really need’s a smile, smile, smile from these happy friends of mine

***Electric guitar, horns in (E major)***

(*The crowd continues to sing the previous two lines under Pinkie’s counter-melody.*)

**Pinkie:** Yes, a perfect gift for me is a smile as wide as a mile

To make me happy as can be

**Pinkie, Crowd:** Smile, smile, smile, smile, smile

***Half-time feel ends***

(*Overhead view of Pinkie, zooming out.*)

**Pinkie, Crowd:** Come on and smile

**Pinkie:** Come on and smile

(*Back to her on the last word, which is sung a cappella.*)

***Song ends with a stinger***

(*The final note puts her face to face with a rather sour-faced, old gray-brown donkey with limp, drooping ears. He sports light blue eyes and a short, carefully styled dark gray mane that would be right at home on Ronald Reagan’s head. Zoom out slightly to show a harness buckled around his midsection. This is Cranky Doodle Donkey, whose voice is a perfect match for both his age and facial expression.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ve never seen *you* before.

**Cranky:** (*pulling wagon past her*) Kid, you’re smarter than you look.

**Pinkie:** Thanks! I’m Pinkie Pie. What’s your name?

(*The wagon is piled high with an assortment of items both useful and frivolous. Cranky just hauls it past without a word; Pinkie stares uncomprehendingly after him, but soon smiles again and trots to catch up to the rear end.*)

**Pinkie:** (*eyeing a board closely*) “Property of C.D.D.” I’m guessing that last D is for Donkey.

**Cranky:** Quick as a whip, kid.

**Pinkie:** Now how about that C? Hmmm… (*popping up around him from all angles; rapid fire*) Calvin? Calhoun? Caleb? Carl? Carmine? Carlo? Charlie? Chester? Chico? Claudio? Cletus? Clifford? Conroy? Cornelius? Cortez? Craig? Cristo? Culpepper?

(*During this string of guesses, the camera zooms in slowly on his increasingly fed-up expression, putting her o.s. It then zooms out to show her directly in front of him; he stops.*)

**Cranky:** Cranky! It’s Cranky, all right?

**Pinkie:** And your middle name?

(*In close-up, he responds with a barely audible mumble .Pan to her.*)

**Pinkie:** I’m sorry?

(*Pan to him; he mumbles louder, then back to her.*)

**Pinkie:** (*cupping hoof to ear*) One more time? (*To him again.*)

**Cranky:** (*groaning*) Doodle.

(*Zoom out to frame both again; she ponders this, then gasps loudly and bugs her eyes out toward him with a smile.*)

**Pinkie:** So you’re a Cranky Doodle Donkey?

***Light acoustic guitar/synthesizer line, to the tune of “Yankee Doodle,” fast 4 (G flat major*)**

**Pinkie:** (*hopping around Cranky, wagon*) You’re a Cranky Doodle Donkey guy

A Cranky Doodle Donkey

(*pulling his ears*) I’ve never met you, but you’re my new friend

And I’m your best friend, Pinkie Pie

***Song ends***

(*He is not amused.*)

**Pinkie:** Come on now, Doodle! (*pulling corners of his mouth up*) Give a smile!

(*It does not take—if anything, he ends up in an even worse mood once his face gets itself sorted out.*)

**Cranky:** (*with building rage*) Nopony calls me Doodle!

(*That unsettles the normally perky Pinkie so much that her hind legs buckle and she ends up sitting on her haunches. Cranky trundles his cart away.*)

**Pinkie:** What just happened?

(*Zoom in quickly on one widened pupil until the screen has gone totally black. Within it, a new scene zooms up, styled as if created from pieces cut out of felt or construction paper. Pinkie hops over to Cranky. They are against a light blue backdrop.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) Meet somepony new… (*A big green check mark appears.*) …check.

(*It vanishes; now they shake hooves.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) Introduce myself… (*Another one.*) …check. (*Vanish; she sings with notes issuing from her mouth.*) Sing random song out of nowhere… (*Another one.*) …check.

(*This time, when the check mark disappears, the view changes to a close-up of a cheerful Pinkie and Cranky.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) Become instant best friends! (*A big red X appears.*) Un-check!

(*Zoom out quickly through her pupil and stop on the real-life Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** I don’t get it. How can somepony not become instant best friends with me? Was it something I said? Was it something I sang?

(*She wraps both forelegs around her head to contain her sudden inner panic, but quickly gets herself under control.*)

**Pinkie:** This is no time for the blame game, Pinkie! (*standing up*) There’s somepony new in town, and you need to win him over! (*writing on a notepad*) “Try everything you can to make Cranky smile and be your friend.”

(*Lowering the pad and quill, she raises the green check mark from her mental playback.*)

**Pinkie:** Check!

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to Cranky hauling his wagon down a street. After he has passed an alley, Pinkie sticks her head out for a look.*)

**Pinkie:** All right, Pinkie. (*She ducks back in.*) If you’re gonna win Cranky’s friendship, you’re gonna have to bring your A-game! (*Extreme close-up.*) Let’s do this!

(*Back to the taciturn donkey. A pink blur whisks ahead and resolves into the bouncy pony as she backs up, hopping, to match his pace.*)

**Pinkie:** Howdy doody, Cranky Doodle!

(*His refusal to acknowledge her takes away some of her bounce, but she recovers it and is back out front in short order. In fact, she is now walking backwards to look him in the face, as seen in a close-up.*)

**Pinkie:** So, uh, are you moving to Ponyville, Cranky?

**Cranky:** What gave you the hint there, kid? (*Zoom out to frame the wagon; both stop.*) The cart full of stuff, maybe?

**Pinkie:** (*throwing a foreleg over his shoulders*) Well, I’d be happy to show you around.

(*Cut to her perspective, panning across this bit of the block as she gestures to it.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s the least a new friend can do. (*Back to them; he grimaces and pulls loose.*)

**Cranky:** Listen, kid. I traveled around Equestria my entire life. I’ve made many friends. I don’t need any more.

**Pinkie:** Gosh. I could never have too many friends.

**Cranky:** Well, why don’t *you* go and make some more?

**Pinkie:** But I don’t need to *go*… (*tying his ears in a bow*) …when I can *stay* and make friends with *you!*

(*They pop loose and sag on either side of his head as he lets off an exasperated little bray.*)

**Cranky:** Look, kid. You—

**Pinkie:** Oh, Cranky, you can call me Pinkie. All of my *friends* do.

**Cranky:** Look…*kid*. I came to Ponyville for some peace and quiet and privacy, to be alone with my memories. (*She hops o.s. toward the wagon; he does not notice.*) All I want is to get to my new home and unpack my stuff. (*Loud clatter from behind him.*)

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

(*Cut to her, now plunked amid the assorted cargo and holding up a Christmas tree ornament.*)

**Pinkie:** What does *this* bauble do? (*She gives it a good shake…*)

**Cranky:** Don’t touch that! (*…then throws it aside and grabs a top on a stick.*)

**Pinkie:** Oooooh, what’s this?

(*A quick bit of hoofwork gets the top spinning; she balances it upright on the stick and it promptly lifts off.*)

**Cranky:** Please don’t!

**Pinkie:** (*pulling out wind chimes*) Ohhh, look at these!

(*She runs a hoof across, jingling them, and giggles wildly. Cranky slaps them away rounds on her so fiercely that she slowly backs away with a placating smile.*)

**Cranky:** PINKIE! (*levelly*) Keep your hooves off my wagon! (*Longer shot; she has climbed down.*)

**Pinkie:** (*softly*) Okay, Cranky.

(*She walks slowly away with lowered head, only for a humdinger of an idea to flash through her brain after a few paces. A gigantic, ecstatic gasp and hoof-flailing jump come next, after which she vacates the scene at ludicrous speed. As Cranky hauls his belongings, he gets an irritating surprise when she passes him, pulling a second wagon.*)

**Pinkie:** (*rapid fire, turning to cut him off*) I promised not to touch your wagon ’cause I got one of my own!

(*It has a white top and blue sides, with magenta trim the same shade as her mane, and its closed top and ends are decorated with a larger version of her cutie mark. She unhitches herself.*)

**Pinkie:** I use it to welcome folks!

**Cranky:** Who’d-a guessed?

**Pinkie:** Maybe we can be wagon buddies!

(*He just gives her an ugly look and starts towing his load in a different direction.*)

**Pinkie:** Well, you gotta at least let me give you the special welcome that comes with it.

(*He stops; she pouts and gives him her biggest, saddest, most soulful eyes.*)

**Cranky:** (*sighing heavily*) Let’s get this over with. (*Two pink forelegs wrap around his head.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s the spirit!

(*He is unceremoniously yanked out of his harness to land in front of her wagon. One press of a large red button on its end causes the top to flip open so that an assortment of horns, waving pennants, and treats can pop out. At the center of the lot is a small oven; red/white striped poles stand at the corners.*)

***Cheerful calliope-style melody, fast 4 (E flat major*)**

**Pinkie:** (*dancing*) Welcome, welcome, welcome, a fine welcome to you

(*She plunks a silly pointed, tasseled hat on Cranky’s head.*)

Welcome, welcome, welcome, I say how do you do?

(*Picking up a horn, she sticks its bell straight through his ears and blows a loud note that jangles his nerves quite badly. This is promptly yanked away so she can parade around him while pounding a bass drum.*)

**Pinkie:** Welcome, welcome, welcome, I say hip hip hooray

(*She ditches this and dances past the contraption again, then slides up to him on her hocks.*)

Welcome, welcome, welcome to Ponyville today

***Music stops***

**Pinkie:** Wait for it…

***Song ends with a stinger***

(*The oven dings a split-second before this last note, then bursts open to release an explosion of confetti and streamers. The blast is forceful enough to strip Cranky’s hat and mane off his head, revealing the latter as a toupee and leaving only a few straggly hairs atop his head.*)

**Cranky:** NOOOO!!

(*The corner poles choose this moment to release gushers of yellowish sludge that cascade down on the pair, covering them from head to hoof. Pinkie opens her eyes through the muck and smiles.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, silly me! I must have put the confetti in the oven and the cake in the confetti cannons—again!

(*Giggling merrily, the peppy pony extricates herself from the mess by stepping backward to leave the cake/batter mix as a hollow replica of herself. She gulps the whole thing down in one jaw-stretching bite; meanwhile, the donkey is blindly trying to feel his way ahead.*)

**Pinkie:** Mmm! Still delicious! Try some, Cranky. It’s sure to make you smile.

**Cranky:** (*blundering past her, grumbling*) Where is it? Where is it?

**Pinkie:** (*turning toward him*) Where’s what?

(*The motion exposes the lost toupee, which has settled down next to her tail. When she takes notice of it, she jumps up with a cry and it falls to the ground.*)

**Pinkie:** Spider! Big hairy spider!

(*In close-up, Cranky wipes his eyes clear in time with a stomping noise from o.s.; it proves to be Pinkie, who is using all four hooves to crush the “spider” into submission.*)

**Cranky:** Stop, stop, stop!

(*He dashes over; by the time he reaches her and she breaks off her assault, two important things have happened. One, he has cleaned himself up completely. Two, the toupee has been reduced to a ragged mass of hair. She picks this up; close-up of it.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Oh. Was that your wig?

(*Cut to frame both; she grins sheepishly, but drops it at the sound of an infuriated bray.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hastily*) I can fix this! I can fix this!

(*She zips away and scrambles to the top of a flagpole, megaphone in hoof. Zoom out to frame Cranky, his wagon, and quite a few onlookers.*)

**Pinkie:** (*into megaphone*) Hey, everypony! Does anypony have a toupee?

(*A slow pan across the befuddled, muttering crowd provides the answer. The pole bends under Pinkie’s weight, bringing her down to point at the mortified donkey; she has the megaphone under her other foreleg.*)

**Pinkie:** This donkey is really, really bald!

(*A beat of dead silence is followed by a round of snickering; he blushes mightily and wraps his forelegs over his head with a bray.*)

**Pinkie:** (*into megaphone*) What’s so funny? (*Pole goes upright.*) This is serious business, everypony! Cranky needs a new wig to cover his hairless head!

**Cranky:** (*with rising anger*) I have had enough!

(*He quickly scoops up a tuft of grass in the roadway, plunks it atop his pate, and stomps off toward his wagon. Pinkie gasps softly, having put away the megaphone.*)

**Pinkie:** (*to herself*) You’re losing him, Pinkie. (*ground level; hopping up toward him*) Wait, Cranky! *Please* let me make it up to you!

**Cranky:** NO! (*She bulldozes him along with her head.*)

**Pinkie:** Please? Oh, please, please, please, please, please, please, please?

(*Wipe to a mare sitting behind a counter and filing a hoof. She wears a smock with a pocketful of styling implements—comb, scissors, brush—suggesting a salon or spa. Zoom out to frame the waiting room of the spa Fluttershy and Rarity visited in “Green Isn’t Your Color”; Pinkie has shoved the unwilling Cranky in through the front door. The mare is at the receptionist’s desk.*)

**Pinkie:** Ladies, this is a spa emergency! (*Cut to Aloe and Lotus; they stand to attention as she continues o.s.*) Cranky needs help, stat!

(*One pink and one light blue foreleg snake across the room to whisk him away as Pinkie waves cheerfully. A series of wipes depicts the twins’ ministrations: shower and scrub, sauna, massage and pedicure—and the next wipe frames the front door as he trudges out. His grass “wig” has been removed during the sequence, and he is now so clean that he literally gleams in the daylight. The outward overhaul has done little for his mood, though; he sighs heavily and goes on his way, only to have Pinkie pop up and stop him cold.*)

**Pinkie:** Hi, Cranky! (*producing a gift box*) I have a gift for you.

**Cranky:** (*pushing it aside, walking on*) The spa treatment was gift enough.

**Pinkie:** It’s not going to explode or anything. (*He stops.*) Promise. Just open it.

(*Cut to the darkened interior of the box, the camera pointing up at the lid. A mass of something is partially in view; when the lid is removed, the light comes up to reveal it as a glossy yellow. Cranky peeks in, his eyes popping with surprise, and the camera cuts to frame him and Pinkie. She jams the entire box on his head upside down, then yanks it away so that the item—a carefully coiffed blond toupee—ends up on his head.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s a new toupee! (*throwing box aside, holding up a mirror*) I had my friend Rarity make it.

(*Close-up of his reflection.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) She calls it the Dreamboat Special.

(*He eyes the image critically and gives the new hair a tweak; cut to both as Pinkie throws the mirror over her shoulder and gives him a big squeaky grin.*)

**Cranky:** (*awed*) This is wonderful. (*She jitters a bit.*) Thanks, kid.

(*She leans in close enough to hit him with that grin at point-blank range, but he turns and walks off without any further comment or change of expression. Pinkie drops to her haunches.*)

**Pinkie:** (*to herself*) He’s starting to warm up, but still no smile. Hmmm…

(*Dissolve to a small board house in a quiet spot somewhere outside Ponyville proper. Its walls are gray and its roof a darker shade, due to either paint or weathering, and Cranky has parked his wagon in front and is unloading the gear. As he gets a phonograph balanced on his forelegs, Pinkie’s sudden arrival scares him so badly that he almost drops it. Afternoon has come.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey! Whatcha doin’ there, old buddy, old pal? (*He sets it down and reverts to his usual tone.*)

**Cranky:** What’s it look like? (*She eyes the scattered items.*)

**Pinkie:** Looks like a yard sale.

(*He pushes the phonograph toward the door with his head; she pops hers out of its horn, holding a snow globe.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ll give you two bits for this!

(*A good hard shake sets the snow—and a tiny Derpy Hooves—flying among two buildings similar to those seen in Manehattan during “The Cutie Mark Chronicles.”*)

**Cranky:** (*dislodging her, pushing on*) I’m not selling, kid, I’m unpacking.

**Pinkie:** Well, why didn’t you say so?

**Cranky:** (*entering house*) I thought I had.

(*A longer shot of this room frames a stone fireplace/oven, unpainted walls, assorted knickknacks on tables and in boxes. Pinkie bounces in, flicking the snow globe from tail to nose and balancing it.*)

**Pinkie:** This is so pretty! Where’d you get it?

**Cranky:** Manehattan. Now put it down, *gently*.

**Pinkie:** Really! (*She noses it onto the mantelpiece.*) What were you doing there?

**Cranky:** (*crossing room*) Trying to find a friend.

**Pinkie:** Ooh! I’m always trying to find friends! (*somersaulting to him*) And today I found you. See how good I am at it?

**Cranky:** This was a special friend.

**Pinkie:** Like me?

**Cranky:** (*walking off*) No, you’re *extra-*special, kid.

**Pinkie:** (*to herself, pumping a hoof*) Yes! I’m in!

(*She follows him. Outside, he has slung a camera around his neck; she whips into view to check out a red ornament sitting on a box as he moves o.s.*)

**Pinkie:** Wow! Where in Equestria did you get this, Cranky?

**Cranky:** (*from o.s.*) Fillydelphia.

(*Inside, he sets the camera down and she hops in with the bauble dangling from her forelock.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s awfully pretty.

**Cranky:** (*wistfully*) Yes, she was.

**Pinkie:** Huh?

**Cranky:** (*flustered*) I mean, it was…I mean, it is. (*leaning into her face*) Yes, it’s pretty, now put it down!

(*She does so, placing it on the table with the phonograph, and notices a scrapbook or photo album lying nearby. This is picked up next.*)

**Pinkie:** I wonder where Cranky got this.

(*A bit of page-flipping brings up something she clearly did not expect to find, but the position of the book hides it from view.*)

**Pinkie:** Huh. Will you look at that. (*She puts it down.*) Hey, Cranky! Can I ask you about—

(*On the end of this line, the camera cuts to a close-up of the end of one floor plank as she shifts her hooves. The weight shift causes it to come loose and pivot down like a seesaw, the other end flipping up to send the table and everything on it flying. The red ornament ricochets off the far wall and slices through the rope holding up a lantern; this lands squarely on the fallen book, setting it alight in an instant.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, no! (*Cranky pokes his head in from outside.*)

**Cranky:** What did you say-AY-AY-AY-AY!! (*He races in and sees the fire.*) What have you done?!?

(*What she does next is to grab a cup in her mouth, containing a few flowers, and dump its water over the flames to extinguish them. The book is left a charred, smoking, waterlogged shambles; he hunches helplessly over it, then straightens up as Pinkie tosses the cup aside.*)

**Pinkie:** There…uh…all better?

**Cranky:** (*with mounting rage, brandishing book*) No. Not all better, all soggy!

**Pinkie:** (*really rattled*) I’m sorry, Cranky!

**Cranky:** (*very snarky*) Oh, you’re sorry. Well, then, everything is fine! (*Pause.*)

**Pinkie:** (*smiling*) It is?

**Cranky:** NO! IT ISN’T! (*He slowly backs her out the door.*) Listen to me, kid! I will never be your friend! (*Cut to outside.*)

**Pinkie:** Never, or never ever?

**Cranky:** NEVER, EVER, EVER, EVER, EVER!!

(*He delivers this pronouncement so forcefully that Pinkie’s mane and tail are blown backwards; they stay that way for a long moment after he slams the door. Finally they snap to and she recovers her power of speech.*)

**Pinkie:** (*crushed*) That’s four “ever”s. That’s like… (*eyes tearing up; zoom in slowly*) …forever!

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the library and zoom in slowly. It is now the following day.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from inside*) I just can’t believe it.

(*Inside, she paces the reading room floor while Twilight reads a book at the central table.*)

**Pinkie:** Cranky said he would never forever be my friend. (*She stops.*) It was horrible.

**Twilight:** I know this is hard for you, Pinkie, seeing that you’re friends with everypony. But you just have to accept that Cranky is gonna be an exception.

(*A longer shot of the room frames Rainbow, lounging on the stairs with a book of her own. A few others, open and closed, lie around her as Pinkie resumes her pacing.*)

**Twilight:** He just doesn’t want to be bothered.

(*Close-up of the pegasus. The front cover of her book indicates that she is still working her way through the Daring Do series that hooked her in “Read It and Weep.”*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah. He doesn’t want to be bothered by your over-the-top, super-hyper antics. (*She les herself go cockeyed on the end of this; back to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*annoyed*) Rainbow! (*Zoom out to frame Pinkie, stopped again.*)

**Pinkie:** No, no. It’s okay, Twilight. I get what you’re saying—what you’re both saying. And I guess…I can leave Cranky alone.

(*Twilight smiles and nods to herself, but the pink pony does not notice—as a bigger, much more devious grin is stretching her own mouth out.*)

**Pinkie:** Right after he accepts my apology!

(*She hops away, leaving the dumbfounded unicorn to slam her face onto the open book. Dissolve to the exterior of Cranky’s house, now seen during the afternoon, as Pinkie hops up to it. The wagon stands empty in the front yard, which has been cleared of belongings. Inside, he prods forlornly at the ruined book and gets one sodden page on his hoof. His deep blue funk ends with no warning when a bright pink head sticks itself in through the top half of his front door.*)

**Pinkie:** Cranky!

**Cranky:** No! (*His perspective; she stands atop the bottom half.*) No!

(*Cut to outside; he barrels out with enough speed to set both her and the bottom half spinning, as if they were both mounted on a horizontal axis.*)

**Cranky:** (*now o.s.*) Leave me alone!

(*When the spin stops, the door half is up top and Pinkie—now upside down—still has all four hooves firmly planted on its edge. The camera cuts to her perspective of the fleeing donkey.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait! (*Cut to him on a street; she hops to catch up.*) I understand that you don’t want me as a friend!

**Cranky:** No! I don’t! (*She chases him through the town square.*)

**Pinkie:** So I just wanted to say I’m sorry!

**Cranky:** Fine! You said it! (*Down another street.*)

**Pinkie:** But do you accept my apology?

**Cranky:** (*now o.s.*) No!

(*As he continues his headlong rush into Sweet Apple Acres, she pops up from one tree after another to instantly keep pace, knocking apples loose as she goes.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, Cranky, please accept my apology! *Please!*

**Cranky:** NO!

**Pinkie:** (*now hopping along treetops*) Look, but I’m really, really, really… (*She somersaults down and lands in his path; he stops with a yelp.*) …really, really…

(*He peels out, leaving her spinning in place, and makes tracks across the Apple family property. Within seconds he has made it to the top of a snow-capped mountain and balanced precariously on its summit. However, he has barely enough time to catch his breath before she pops out of the snow, tossing him into the air with a yell.*)

**Pinkie:** (*as he drops like a rock*) …really, really, really…

(*Cut to a stone bridge over a stream; he ducks beneath it and plasters himself against one abutment. The coast is clear—but only until one of the blocks drops away and two bugged-out blue eyes peek in his direction.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from within bridge, reverberating slightly*) …really, really, really…

(*This time, he voices an alarmed bray and flees back to the orchard, hiding behind a tree. When he peeks out, he finds the whacked-out pink pony right in front of him—dressed in a beaver costume with buck teeth and having chewed her way through a tree trunk.*)

**Pinkie:** …really, really, really…

(*His high-speed escape carries him back into town, where he hides behind the pedestal supporting a statue of Princess Celestia. In close-up, he risks a panicked glance around the area; a longer shot puts Pinkie on the scene—having taken the statue’s place. She is out of the beaver suit.*)

**Pinkie:** …really, really, really, really…

(*He now appears on a rough sketch of Ponyville and the surrounding area, fleeing from place to place only to have Pinkie’s face pop up at each spot. Each of the first four voices a fresh “really,” after which the entire map quickly tiles itself in with copies of the vivid visage. The repetitions turn into a cacophony that resolves into the following word as the view shifts to the exterior of Cranky’s house.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., echoing*) …SORRY!

(*He gallops in and slams the door; cut to a close-up of it and tilt up slowly to the sound of locks and barricades being applied. Inside, he slumps wearily next to his handiwork—nailed-up boards, locks, chains, even an anvil for good measure. A few healthy knocks throw a new bolt of fear through him, followed by the sound of retreating hooves and then a blissful silence. But this too comes to an end, in the form of a cloud of soot and the mare’s head emerging upside down from the chimney. He lets off a shocked bray.*)

**Pinkie:** Cranky, please, *please* accept my apology!

(*He slams the oven door shut; now one of her eyeballs squinches itself in through the front door’s keyhole.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from outside, through door*) I’d do *anything* to make it up to you!

**Cranky:** But there’s nothing you *can* do! You ruined my book! (*Cut to her side; he is heard through the door.*) You destroyed all I have to remember her by! (*She pulls loose.*)

**Pinkie:** “Her”? “Her” who? The special friend?

**Cranky:** *GO AWAY, PINKIE!!*

(*Even through an opening as small as the keyhole, his words hit hard enough to set her eyes jittering. She turns away from the door, her resigned expression giving way to one of serious mental effort followed by a jubilant smile, and bugs out. Inside, Cranky sits on his haunches with a dejected little grunt and pulls off the blond toupee to resume his sulking; a fresh knock scares a bray out of him.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from outside, through door*) Cranky, it’s me again. (*He stands up, very much on edge.*) I understand that you don’t want to be my friend or accept my apology, but before I leave you alone forever… (*Grimace; zoom in slowly.*) …I have something to at least try to make up for ruining your book.

**Cranky:** No! I don’t want it, kid! Anything you would give me is sure to lead to some sort of disaster!

(*The next voice makes him bray with surprise rather than fear.*)

**Matilda:** (*from outside, through door*) Goodness! You really *are* cranky!

(*Dumbfounded, he reaches toward the barricade; cut to outside as he gets it all torn down and peeks uncertainly out. This shot frames Pinkie on the step; she starts to enter, but he pushes her aside and aims his wide eyes ahead o.s. Cut to his perspective and tilt up from ground level—the lace-collared donkey whose birthday is over four months away stands here with a gentle smile. Zoom out to frame all of her figure as butterflies flit around it.*)

**Cranky:** It can’t be. (*Back to him; he ducks in and peeks out again, wearing the toupee.*) Is it really you?

**Matilda:** It can, and it is. (*He steps out to her.*)

**Cranky:** Matilda! (*stammering a bit*) But how?

(*Close-up of her; she inclines her head to one side, the camera panning to frame…*)

**Matilda:** Pinkie.

(*Who gives her cantankerous nemesis a big smile and wave.*)

**Cranky:** But…I never told you about her.

**Pinkie:** You didn’t have to. (*holding up pairs of hooves*) I put two and two and two together… (*All of them drop o.s.*) …and it added up to Matilda.

(*To be clear, she does in fact end up showing six hooves during this line.*)

**Cranky:** (*confused*) What?

**Pinkie:** (*crossing to Matilda*) Well, when you were talking about your souvenirs… (*winking*) …you said something about trying to find a special friend. (*He brays quietly, now really flummoxed.*) And you know, I wasn’t just born yesterday, nuh-uh. My birthday isn’t for another seventy-five days.

**Cranky:** Huh?

**Pinkie:** (*with growing enthusiasm*) And then, in your scrapbook, there was a flower, an old ticket, and a menu from the Grand Galloping Gala! (*now up on hind legs*) And I knew I recognized all these things.

**Cranky:** But how could you have ever seen them before?

**Matilda:** (*holding up a duplicate of his book*) Because I also have them in *my* scrapbook.

(*The only difference between the two is their covers; his was blue with a pink ribbon, while hers reverses the two colors.*)

**Pinkie:** And *I’d* seen them in Matilda’s book!

(*The two donkeys lose themselves in the memories brought back by the keepsakes.*)

**Cranky:** Oh, Matilda…the night we met at the Gala was the most magical night of my life.

(*On the end of this, dissolve to a black-and-white view of his much younger and happier self, with a full mane and wearing a necktie. The image is slightly washed out as if it were part of an old movie, and the accompanying waltz soundtrack has its share of phonograph-record pops and crackles. A scarf-clad young Matilda gives him a kiss on the cheek; behind the pair stands a stained-glass window within Canterlot Castle. The peck brings a goofy ear-to-ear smile across his face, and he follows her past other Gala guests through the ballroom. Dissolve to put them in front of the winged unicorn statue and semicircle of columns that Rainbow will bring down many years from the time; they talk, laugh, and nuzzle contentedly against each other.*)

**Cranky:** (*voice over*) I couldn’t wait to see you again.

(*Cut to just inside an open door, he peeks in, his face going slack with surprise.*)

**Cranky:** (*voice over*) But when I came to your room the next day… (*Long shot; he is looking into an empty castle suite.*) …you were gone. (*He backs out sadly.*)

**Matilda:** (*voice over*) Didn’t you get my note?

**Cranky:** (*voice over*) No! (*Leave; door closes; a note falls off and flutters down.*) I never got it.

(*Dissolve to a profile close-up of him, walking eagerly through Canterlot’s streets.*)

**Cranky:** (*voice over*) And ever since that day, I’ve gone from town…to town…to town…searching all over Equestria for you.

(*On each pause, the view dissolves to put him in a new locale—Manehattan, the desert outside Appleloosa, Ponyville—and add a few years and take away some of his zeal and mane. The Ponyville shot puts his original dark toupee on his now-bald scalp. From here, dissolve to the present day and tilt down from the roof of his house, framing Pinkie and both donkeys on the start of the next line.*)

**Cranky:** Until finally I gave up. I came to Ponyville to retire from my search. (*Close-up.*)

**Matilda:** (*leaning toward him*) I was living in Ponyville the whole time. I always hoped that someday you would come and find me…Doodle.

**Pinkie:** (*suddenly unnerved*) Uh, Matilda… (*She zips in close.*) …nopony calls him Doodle. (*Cranky approaches Matilda.*)

**Cranky:** Nopony…but Matilda.

(*As they share an affectionate nuzzle after who knows how many years apart, Pinkie breaks out in a shining-eyed little grin. Matilda pulls in a soft gasp.*)

**Matilda:** Oh, Doodle, I’m so happy to see you.

(*She proves it by giving him a kiss on the nose, just as she did at the Gala; he voices an uncertain little bray, his sagging ears starting to rise. Pinkie’s grin stretches a bit as his mouth begins to quiver, and he bites his lower lip for a second before busting out his own grin from ear to ear. Now Pinkie struggles to contain her own elation, her pupils growing to nearly fill her eye sockets as a tiny funny happy noise escapes her throat. The two donkeys nuzzle again.*)

**Pinkie:** (*giddily, with a little moan*) So does this mean that you accept my apology?

**Cranky:** Yes, Pinkie, I accept your apology, *and* I am honored to call you my friend.

(*Sheer joy sets up sympathetic vibrations in every inch of the grinning pony, and she literally lifts off like a rocket, leaving several hundred feet of sparkly pink exhaust in her wake. Behind her, the sky erupts in a multicolored series of firework explosions at the peak of her flight.*)

**Pinkie:** WOO-HOO!! This is just fantastic! (*She drops to the dirt and bounds around them.*) Oh, now we can hang out together and chat and sing songs and… (*Gasp.*) …PARTY!! Ooh, I can throw you guys a big party! It’ll be called the “Welcome to Ponyville, I Found My Lost Love, I’m BFF’s with Pinkie Pie” party!

(*She has gotten so carried away that she does not notice the couple sharing a tender moment, completely unperturbed by her antics. Once she finally stops for air, she realizes that she has gone a bit too far and dials herself back.*)

**Pinkie:** (*sheepishly*) Or maybe something less over-the-top and not so super-hyper.

**Cranky:** Pinkie, we’re eternally grateful to you, but… (*stammering a bit*) …Matilda and I just want to spend some time together in peace and quiet.

**Pinkie:** Oh…um, but we’re still friends?

**Cranky:** (*crossing to her*) Pinkie, you went way, way, *way* out of your way to make me happy. Of course we’re friends. (*He and Matilda walk past her toward the house.*)

**Pinkie:** Great!

(*She watches them walk in through the front door.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Dear Princess Celestia…”

(*Dissolve to a long overhead view of Ponyville and tilt down to the town square. It is daytime.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) “There are many different kinds of friends and many ways to express friendship.”

(*Roof level; she bounds along, followed by several other locals.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) “Some friends like to run and laugh and play together.” (*Inside Cranky’s house; he and Matilda cross the floor.*) “But others just like to be left alone, and that’s fine too.”

(*Outside, she walks away from the house, the camera zooming out slowly to follow her.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) “But the best thing about friendship is being able to make your friends smile.”

***String/acoustic guitar chord melody, leisurely 4 (G flat major)***

***Tune similar to “The Yankee Doodle Boy,” a.k.a. “Yankee Doodle Dandy”***

**Pinkie:**  He had a Cranky Doodle sweetheart

(*Inside, the two donkeys pucker up; she is heard from outside.*)

She’s his Cranky Doodle joy

***Drums/acoustic guitar in, double time, fast 4 (similar to last two lines of the tune)***

(*She pops up outside the window and sings loudly, surprising them.*)

**Pinkie:** I helped the Cranky Doodle boy, yes

I helped the Cranky Doodle boy

***Song ends***

**Cranky, Matilda:** (*warningly*) Pinkie!

**Pinkie:** Whoops, privacy. Sorry.

(*Fade to black.*)

(*The usual closing theme does not accompany the credits. In its place is a piano rendition of “Yankee Doodle,” in E major.*)