**A CANTERLOT WEDDING—PART ONE**

**Written by Meghan McCarthy**

**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: Promotional materials for this episode have spelled the name of the bride-to-be

as both “Cadence” and “Cadance.” I have chosen to use the former spelling, based

on the fact that virtually all characters introduced to this point have names that are

either existing words or derived from them. (The fact that I spent four years in

junior high and high school marching band, and can still hear most of the drum

cadences in my sleep, is entirely coincidental.)

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the daytime sun and a stretch of quiet blue sky. Two butterflies wing down from above, the camera following their descent into the park land outside Ponyville; they flutter on over the heads of Twilight Sparkle and her five friends, gathered for a picnic. Rarity, decked out in a sun hat and pink neckerchief, sighs contentedly. Cut to an extreme close-up of Spike’s running feet, then to her and Fluttershy.*)

**Rarity:** It is gorgeous out. Just gorgeous!

(*The feet again, then Applejack and Rainbow Dash, respectively sipping a beverage through a straw and eating a sandwich. Now the scaly violet limbs bound over a brook, and Twilight levitates an apple from the picnic basket. Before she can get her teeth into the fruit, Spike’s approaching footsteps break her concentration so that she drops it; she recoils a bit at the interruption and he finally sprints in.*)

**Spike:** (*badly out of breath*) Twi…light!…I…have… (*Cut to Fluttershy and Rarity; he continues o.s.*) …let me just…

(*Back to him as he heaves—first for air, then to belch a scroll onto the grass. Smiling, the violet unicorn floats it up to eye level and unrolls it.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “Dear Twilight…” (*Zoom out slowly.*) “I am sure you are as excited as I am about the upcoming wedding in Canterlot.” (*Surprised, she turns toward Applejack.*) Wedding?

(*She gets a reassuring smile from the farmer, returns it, and eyes the parchment again.*)

**Twilight:** “I will be presiding over the ceremony, but would very much like you and your friends to help with the preparations for this wonderful occasion.” (*Close-up.*) “Fluttershy, I would like you and your songbird choir to provide the music.”

(*Cut to Fluttershy, Pinkie Pie, and Rarity on the end of this.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, my goodness! What an honor! (*Back to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** “Pinkie Pie, I can think of no one more qualified than you to host the reception.”

**Pinkie:** (*cartwheeling over to Spike*) Hip…hip…hooray!

(*The sudden display of gymnastics upsets a teapot and leaves a hoofprint in a cake. Twilight sets the first upright and smooths out the second as she keeps reading.*)

**Twilight:** “Applejack, you will be in charge of the catering for the reception.” (*Cut to Applejack and a bored Rainbow.*)

**Applejack:** Well, color me pleased as punch!

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) “Rainbow Dash…” (*The pegasus yawns; back to Twilight as she continues.*) “…I would very much appreciate it if you could perform a Sonic Rainboom as the bride and groom complete their ‘I do’s.’”

(*On the end of this, the camera cuts back to the pair. Rainbow’s brain slips far enough out of gear to make her bite down on the hoof she was using to cover her yawn.*)

**Rainbow:** (*hovering*) YES!!

**Twilight:** “Rarity, you will be responsible for designing the dresses for the bride and her bridesmaids.” (*Cut to Rarity on the end of this.*)

**Rarity:** (*flabbergasted*) Princess Celestia wants me to… (*Gibberish.*) …wedding dress… (*Again.*) …for a Canterlot wedding…

(*Her tongue freewheels a bit more as she totters on her hind legs and eventually keels over, Fluttershy’s efforts to catch her notwithstanding. Stay on the supine unicorn and her hat, which wafts down gently beside her.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) “And as for you, Twilight…” (*Cut to her and Spike; zoom in slowly.*) “…you will be playing the most important role of all—making sure that everything goes as planned. See you all very soon. Yours, Princess Celestia.”

(*Having finished reading, she begins to scrutinize the page while turning it this way and that.*)

**Twilight:** But…I don’t understand. (*Roll it up.*) Who’s getting married?

**Spike:** Oh! Wait! (*pulling out a second scroll*) Uh, I was probably supposed to give you this one first.

(*Cut to her on the end of this, she rolls her eyes wearily and levitates it into reading position. The others gather around her during the next line as the camera zooms out slowly. Rarity has done away with her hat and scarf*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “Princess Celestia cordially invites you to the wedding of Princess Mi Amore Cadenza and…”

(*The document is suddenly dropped from view and the camera zooms in to a close-up of the violet face, whose instantly shocked owner sucks in a sharp gasp.*)

**Twilight:** …my brother?!?

(*Snap to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to on overhead view of the group and zoom in slowly on the dumbfounded Twilight as the others gather in closer.*)

**Applejack:** Your brother’s gettin’ married? (*Close-up; she shakes Twilight’s hoof.*) Congratulations, Twilight! That’s great news!

**Twilight:** (*sourly, rolling sending away scroll, pacing*) Yeah, great news—that I just got from a wedding invitation! Not from my brother, but from a piece of paper!

(*She casts a disgusted glance toward Canterlot, which appears to be enclosed in a spherical pink bubble.*)

**Twilight:** Thanks a lot, Shining Armor. (*to the others*) I mean, really. He couldn’t tell me personally?

(*A nearby sandwich is floated up and used as a puppet for said brother, its top piece of bread flapping in time with the words.*)

**Twilight:** (*deep voice*) Hey, Twilight. Just thought you should know, I’m making a really big decision that changes everything. Oh, never mind, you’ll hear about it when you get the invitation.

(*Cut to the others, now worried, on the end of this, then back to her. The borrowed lunch has been put away.*)

**Twilight:** (*mockingly*) Princess Mi Amore Cadenza? (*normal tone, very angry*) Who in the hoof is that? (*She snorts out steam; Fluttershy flies over.*)

**Fluttershy:** Uh, Twilight? Are you okay?

**Twilight:** (*sadly*) Sorry. It’s just that Shining Armor and I have always been so close. He’s my BBBFF.

(*This acronym elicits a round of befuddled stares from the rest of the crew.*)

**Twilight:** Big Brother Best Friend Forever? (*Pan to them.*)

**Other ponies,** **Spike:** Ohhh!

(*Cut to a long shot of unoccupied meadow and pan to frame them on the start of the next line.*)

**Twilight:** Before I came here and learned the importance of friendship, Shining Armor was the only pony I ever really accepted as a friend.

***Wistful acoustic guitar melody, moderate 4 (D flat major*)**

(*Dissolve to a close-up of her; a bird perches on her raised front hoof for a moment, and she nuzzles her face against it before it flies off. She begins to pace the grass.*)

***Tambourine/bongos in; more upbeat half-time feel***

**Twilight:** When I was just a filly, I found it rather silly

To see how many other ponies I could meet

(*Dissolve to a close-up of her younger self before she earned her cutie mark. She walks down a Canterlot street, floating a book in front of her face to read as two other fillies play hopscotch.*)

**Twilight:** I had my books to read, didn’t know that I would ever need

Other ponies to make my life complete

(*In close-up, she runs flat into a larger pony’s white chest. A shaggy fringe of mane, striped in three shades of blue, hangs into view.*)

But there was one colt that I cared for

(*Head-on: a unicorn colt with blue eyes, whose scowl gives way to a broad smile that brings one to Filly TS’s face.*)

I knew he would be there for me

***Organ/synthesizer/drums in; background lyrics in square brackets***

(*The book hits the ground and she bounds cheerfully around Shining Armor, who rears up. His cutie mark is now visible: three blue stars above a purple shield that displays a pink six-pointed star, the one that will later appear as part of Twilight’s mark. The tips of his hooves are the same color as the medium blue portions of his mane/tail.*)

**Twilight:** My Big Brother Best Friend Forever

(*He gives her a playful noogie and hugs her.*)

Like two peas in a pod, we did everything together

(*Wipe to the two in a meadow; he watches her fly a kite. When she accidentally lets go of the string in her teeth, he catches it in his and passes it back.*)

He taught me how to fly a kite [Best friend forever]

(*It drifts across the screen; behind it, wipe to an apple on a table. Both lean down toward it, but he magically slices it in half so they can both eat.*)

We never had a single fight [We did everything together]

(*Cut to the two in a hall of Canterlot Castle; Shining watches Filly TS trying to levitate a book and beams when she keeps it aloft. Quick pan to a squad of unicorn/pegasus guards on a balcony; they salute, and the camera tilts down to the two siblings standing below them. He copies the gesture.*)

We shared our hopes, we shared our dreams

(*Dissolve to the moment of now-grown Twilight’s departure, riding with Spike in the pegasus-drawn chariot that will take her to Ponyville. She waves goodbye to Shining, whose downcast face is a mirror for hers. An image of Twilight’s face fades partially into view over the scene to sing the next line; tilt up to follow both it and the chariot rising up into the sky.*)

***Drums/bongos/tambourine out***

**Twilight:** I miss him more than I realized, it seems

(*The faces of her five equine friends fade into view around her.*)

***Drums/bongos/tambourine in***

**Other ponies:** Your Big Brother Best Friend Forever

(*All six fade away; the clouds form into the siblings’ outlines and begin to play catch.*)

Like two peas in a pod, you did everything together

(*Filly TS’s toss sails over Shining’s head; he smiles and races after it, fading from sight as he approaches Canterlot. Tilt down to show Twilight looking up toward the scene.*)

**Twilight:**  And though he’s oh so far away, I hoped that he would stay

***Drums/bongos/tambourine out***

(*She walks slowly across the meadow, away from the others.*)

**Twilight:** My Big Brother Best Friend Forever

(*Dissolve to a long shot of her gazing up toward the mountain capital, then to a close-up. The camera tracks around her as an image of said brother superimposes itself, and stops when both are in profile, with her in front. A few tears gather under her closed eyelids.*)

**Twilight:** Forever

(*One of them falls as the specter inclines its head toward her and then fades away.*)

***Song ends***

(*Applejack is the first to approach the glum unicorn.*)

**Applejack:** (*pointing back over shoulder*)As one of your PFF’s… (*Puzzled looks from the others, on the receiving end.*) …Pony Friends Forever…

**Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity, Spike:** Ohhh!

**Applejack:** (*as Twilight walks off*) …I want to tell you that I think your brother sounds like a real good guy.

**Twilight:** (*reaching picnic spread*) He is pretty special. (*sitting on haunches; Fluttershy/Rainbow cross to her*) I mean, they don’t just let anypony be captain of the Royal Guard.

(*The look that sweeps across Rarity’s face suggests that her mental transmission is about to blow. Just as quickly, she regains her composure and zips over to Twilight.*)

**Rarity:** So let me get this straight. We’re helping out with the wedding of not only a princess… (*Cut briefly to the other four ponies during the previous, then back.*) …but a captain of the Royal Guard?

**Twilight:** (*shrugging resignedly*) I guess we are.

(*Just as in the prologue, the white unicorn’s brain disconnects itself from the rest of her and she goes down in a blabbering heap. Now, though, Twilight telekinetically moves a pillow up to cushion her head. The camera zooms out from the out-of-sorts egghead to frame the other four, chattering merrily away—Fluttershy and Rainbow doing loops overhead while Applejack and Pinkie dance a bit in the foreground.*)

(*Dissolve to a long shot of Canterlot, the camera pointing over the Ponyville rooftops. Railroad tracks snake across the green outskirts and up the mountain, and puffs of steam rise from behind a distant hill to mark a train’s progress toward the great city. It soon rolls into clear view; cut to a close-up of Applejack and Rainbow, with their heads stuck out two adjacent windows.*)

**Rainbow:** A Sonic Rainboom? At a wedding? Can you say “best wedding ever”?

(*Pinkie puts her head out from the next one up and takes a deep breath. Long shot of the train as it rolls into a tunnel.*)

**Pinkie:** (*echoing*) BEST WEDDING EVER!!

(*It begins to emerge at a higher level. Close-up of Fluttershy and Rarity at windows as the light hits them; Spike is next to the former, positioned between them.*)

**Spike:** So you all get to help with the big fancy wedding—but *I’m* the one who gets to host the bachelor party! (*Into a tunnel.*) I have just one question—what’s a bachelor party?

(*Inside the car as it rolls back out into daylight. All but Twilight are at these windows, and the five mares have a laugh as a slightly confused baby dragon backs off. Zoom out to frame Twilight staring morosely out a window on the other side, well away from the others, then cut to just outside here as Applejack walks up.*)

**Applejack:** Why the long face, sugar cube?

**Twilight:** I’m just thinking about Shining Armor. Ever since I moved to Ponyville, we’ve been seeing each other less and less. (*Inside.*) And now that he’s starting a new family with this Princess Mi Amore Cal-what’s-her-name, we’ll probably never see each other. (*Outside.*)

**Applejack:** Come on now. You’re his sister. He’ll always make time for you.

**Twilight:** (*bitterly, magically pulling down shade*) Couldn’t seem to make time to tell me he was getting married.

(*The train chugs along. Dissolve to a bridge, where a checkpoint has been set up and staffed by two guards—revealed as unicorns when the camera zooms in. They hold spears crossed to block the path; just beyond the checkpoint is the smooth expanse of the pink bubble that encloses Canterlot.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from inside train, excitedly*) We’re here! We’re here!

(*The guards move their spears aside and the train passes through the barrier—it is a force field. Inside, the travelers are slightly unsettled by the pink energy washing over them; outside again, the last cars roll by and the field re-establishes itself as the guards re-cross their spears. Cut to the roof of the Canterlot station, where four guards stand watch. The tops of the train cars move into view and decelerate; cut to a head-on view of it, steam billowing around the wheels as it stops. Many more guards are posted on the platform.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from inside*) Whoa!

(*Cut to an open doorway; she peeks out.*)

**Rainbow:** (*as Applejack, Rarity do the same*) What’s with all the guards? (*Close-up of the stoic ponies, tilting up slowly.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) I’m sure they’re just taking the necessary precautions. (*Pan across the roof.*) Royal weddings *do* bring out the strangest ponies.

(*On the end of this, cut back to the trio, now on the platform. A shuddery inhalation draws their worried gaze; pan to the source—Pinkie, standing in the doorway. She lets go with a sneeze that ejects a burst of confetti and streamers from her nose, then trots cheerfully out with Fluttershy close behind. Twilight stays at the doorway.*)

**Rarity:** Now let’s get going! We’ve got work to do!

**Applejack:** (*to Twilight*) And *you’ve* got a big brother to go congratulate.

**Twilight:** (*stepping off, very snarky*) Yeah. Congratulate… (*Two guards uncross their spears to let her by.*) …and then give him a piece of my mind.

(*Her words wipe the smiles off their faces and stamp worry across those of the other five. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Princess Celestia, peering through a telescope on a tower’s uppermost balcony to survey the city. Pan/tilt down to frame an irritated Twilight on the move across a well-guarded courtyard, then cut to another garrison atop a wall of Canterlot Castle. A white unicorn in gold-trimmed violet armor and helmet salutes; all except the spear-carriers return the gesture and move out. His three-tone blue tail and helmet crest, and the pink six-pointed star on his armor chest plate, mark him as Shining. Cut back to the approaching Twilight on the start of the next line.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve got something to say to you, mister!

(*Spears are brandished over the wall as Shining leans out. He smiles and removes his helmet, prompting mild surprise and a lowering of spears by his subordinates. Under the headgear, his mane is a bit longer than it was in his youth; his voice carries a hint of “surfer dude.”*)

**Shining:** Twilie! (*He gallops down the steps to her.*) Ah, I’ve missed you, kid. How was the train ride? I— (*She backs away from his attempt at a hug.*)

**Twilight:** How dare you not tell me in person that you were getting married! I’m your sister, for pony’s sake!

**Shining:** It’s not my fault. Princess Celestia has requested a major increase in security. Didn’t you see all the guards at the train station?

**Twilight:** (*trotting away, sourly*) Yeah. There’s a big wedding coming up. Maybe you heard about it? (*He crosses to her.*)

**Shining:** It has nothing to do with the wedding. A threat has been made against Canterlot. (*She raises her eyes, softening a bit.*) We don’t know who’s responsible for it, but Princess Celestia asked that I help provide additional protection. (*He lifts her chin.*) This, you need to see.

(*Taking a step back to put himself well in the clear, he squeezes his eyes shut and begins to concentrate fiercely. His horn responds with a glow and sudden flare of light; Twilight shields her eyes from the intensity as he aims the appendage straight up. A beam of energy lances toward the top of the force field surrounding Canterlot, causing the entire surface to pulse briefly with light when it hits. As the younger unicorn watches with amazement, the elder winds down the spell and winces, putting a hoof to his temple—it has taken quite a bit out of him. A hitch of breath and squinch of the eyes, and he has regained his composure.*)

**Shining:** (*trotting up steps; Twilight follows*) The burden of keeping Canterlot safe and secure rests squarely on my shoulders. Staying focused on the task at hand has been my top priority. (*She thinks for a second, then hustles to catch up on a bridge.*)

**Twilight:** Okay, okay, I get it. You’ve got a really important job protecting all of Canterlot with a force field only you can conjure up. But still, how could you not tell me about something as big as your wedding? Am I not that important to you anymore?

**Shining:** Hey. You’re my little sister. Of course you’re important to me. (*smiling slyly*) But I’d understand if you didn’t want to be my best mare now.

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) You want *me* to be your best mare?

**Shining:** Well, yeah.

**Twilight:** (*bowing*) I’d be honored.

(*They share a quick hug; she breaks it with an irritated glare and a hoof poked into his chest.*)

**Twilight:** But I’m still pretty ticked you’re marrying somepony I don’t even know! When did you even meet this Princess Mi Amore Cadenza?

**Shining:** Twilie, Princess Mi Amore Cadenza is Cadence. (*Cut to her; he continues o.s.*) Your old foal-sitter.

**Twilight:** (*surprised*) Cadence? (*smiling*) As in *the* Cadence? (*head shake; more animated*) As in the greatest foal-sitter in all the history of foal-sitters?

(*A chuckle from the o.s. stallion; back to him.*)

**Shining:** You tell me. She was your foal-sitter. (*She looks over the side.*)

**Twilight:** Oh my gosh, oh my gosh!

(*Zoom out quickly from the pair; the scene is swallowed up in black, which resolves into one of Filly TS’s pupils. She is in a bedroom of Canterlot Castle and levitating her Smarty Pants doll out of a toy chest. In walks a young pink winged unicorn mare, her purple/pink/pale-yellow striped mane/tail tied back with blue-green ribbons; her eyes are a bit darker than the purple stripes.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) Cadence is only the most amazing pony ever!

(*Her past self lets the toy drop and gallops over to hug the young Cadence. The latter’s rearing-up exposes her cutie mark, a light blue heart-shaped jewel with a faint green tint, trimmed in gold lace.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) She’s beautiful…

(*“Iris in” to the pair on the grass; Young CA magically applies a Band-Aid to a boo-boo on the teary-eyed filly’s hind leg as she sits on her haunches.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) …she’s caring… (*Young CA wipes away Filly TS’s tears and gets a smile.*) …she’s kind…

(*“Iris in” to the little unicorn being pushed by her sitter on a swing set and zoom in.*)

**Filly TS:** I am *so* lucky to have you as my foal-sitter!

**Young CA:** I’m the one who’s lucky, Twilight.

**Filly TS:** (*with a disbelieving snort*) You’re a princess. (*Cadence rolls her eyes…*) I’m just a regular old unicorn. (*…and grabs the foal in a hug.*)

**Young CA:** (*lifting her off swing*) You are anything but a regular old unicorn.

(*On the end of this, cut to a close-up of Filly TS as she is set down on a patch of ground. A longer shot frames them standing on a picnic blanket, face to face.*)

**Filly TS, Young CA:** Sunshine, sunshine, ladybugs awake!

Clap your hooves and do a little shake!

(*Accompanied by the following actions. “Sunshine, sunshine”: trot in place. “Ladybugs awake”: hunch down, cover eyes, then uncover them. “Clap your hooves”: sit on haunches and tap front hooves together, one at a time. “Do a little shake”: stand up and wiggle rumps toward each other. They wrap up the performance by falling on their backs and giggling.*)

(*“Iris in” to them out for a walk along a street, the camera panning to follow. The sound of angry voices catches them off guard; on the start of the following exchange, an arguing mare and stallion come into view. A mare and stallion face off across a table across the street where Filly TS and Young CA have stopped. He is an earth pony, Lucky: light gray coat; short, unruly, dark gray mane/tail; light blue eyes; cutie mark of three four-leaf clovers. She is a pegasus, Wild Fire: cream-colored coat, straight, dark brown mane/tail; lighter brown eyes; cutie mark of a burning automobile tire. The following lines overlap somewhat.*)

**Wild:** I am going for a hooficure and that is that!

**Lucky:** You are not going!

**Wild:** I am! I am!

**Lucky:** I-I-I’ve paid for three this month! I mean, come on, please!

**Wild:** I-I know, but my girlfriends are all getting their hooves done! And you said, and—

**Lucky:** We’ve done this at least—

(*During this exchange, the camera cuts briefly to Filly TS and Young CA, the latter warming up her horn to send a flurry of small hearts and a larger one across the street. On the quarreling couple’s side, this last splits into two halves, which absorb all the small ones and then snap together to heal the break. The background briefly flares pink as both pairs of eyes go wide; when the light clears, the big heart is gone and a few small ones float up from both heads. Now they are all smiles and affection thanks to Young CA’s spell; the next two lines overlap.*)

**Wild:** Oh, sweetie…you just did that thing…

**Lucky:** Oh… (*Chuckle.*)

(*Young CA allows herself a serene little smile and walks off; her charge beams after her.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) How many unicorns can just spread love wherever they go? I only know of one…

(*Zoom in quickly through one pupil, the view returning to the present-day Twilight and Shining on the bridge.*)

**Twilight:** (*turning to Shining*) …and you’re marrying her! (*singsong, bounding around him*) You’re marrying Cadence, you’re marrying Cadence!

(*The end of her celebration takes her a short distance away, the camera panning to follow until it stops on the present-day Cadence, seen from chin to knees and chest to wings. The mane is the same three colors, but longer, no longer tied back, and curling gently upward at the ends; it reaches to her shoulder on one side and nearly to her hooves on the other. A gold necklace can also be seen. Most noticeable, though, is the fact that the mouth is drawn into a frown that Twilight clearly never expected to see, based on her shocked expression as she stops short.*)

(*In a head-on close-up and slight zoom out, Cadence is seen to be wearing a tiara similar to Celestia’s, but less ornate, set with a lozenge-shaped purple gem, and topped with a smaller round one. The necklace is worked so that its two ends form a heart-shaped knot at her throat.*)

**Cadence:** (*rolling her eyes impatiently*) I hope I’m not interrupting anything important.

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) Cadence!

(*She jumps closer and goes into their old bit. This shot reveals that the bride-to-be’s wings now darken from pink at the base to pink-violet at the tips. She stands perhaps a head taller than Twilight, wears gold shoes, and has the same general body proportions as both Celestia and Princess Luna. Like her mane, her tail is not tied back anymore.*)

**Twilight:** Sunshine, sunshine, ladybugs awake!

Clap your hooves and do a little shake!

(*Back to Cadence on the end of this as the violet rump waggles up into view. The performance elicits not recognition, but a good dose of annoyance.*)

**Cadence:** What are you doing? (*Twilight deflates, but straightens up with a smile.*)

**Twilight:** Cadence, it’s me! (*Back to Cadence; she continues o.s.*) Twilight!

**Cadence:** (*stepping ahead*) Uh-huh.

(*Cut to frame both. Twilight’s hopeful smile gives way to puzzled disappointment as the haughty young princess walks past her. Shining and Cadence both smile as he lays a foreleg across her shoulders, the camera slowly zooming out to frame Twilight looking on from the foreground.*)

**Shining:** I’ve gotta get back to my station, but Cadence will be checking in with all of you to see how things are going. I think I speak for both of us when I say we couldn’t be more excited to have you here. (*to Cadence*) Right, dear?

**Cadence:** (*smiling nastily; he does not see*) Absolutely.

(*Cut to Twilight, who recoils at the venomous tone of this single word.*)

**Shining:** (*from o.s.*) Well… (*Back to all three.*) …we’ll let you get to it.

(*Exeunt the couple, the camera cutting to a long shot of the bridge and zooming out as Twilight stares wonderingly after them. Dissolve to a close-up of her sitting grumpily on her haunches in the kitchen of Canterlot Castle, her trusty notepad and pencil floating nearby. At the counter, Apple Fritter—one of Applejack’s kin, seen in “Mare in the Moon”—has donned a white chef’s toque and is touching up a tray of cupcakes. The blond earth pony gallops past, having traded her cowboy hat for a toque of her own and an icing bag in her mouth. Cut to the base of a towering wedding cake and tilt up to the highest tier; she has propped a ladder against it and is up top to do a bit of decorating.*)

**Applejack:** Cake, check.

(*Twilight marks it off on her pad, and Applejack gallops past with a small pickaxe in her teeth. A few scrapes float back; cut to her, shaving a bit off an ice sculpture shaped as a hollowed-out heart.*)

**Applejack:** Ice sculpture, check.

(*This too is marked off; a third gallop takes the chef past the grumbling unicorn to an oven, from which she pulls out a tray of snacks.*)

**Applejack:** Best darn bite-size apple fritter you ever tasted…

(*One of these is shoved whole into Twilight’s mouth, leaving a sprinkle of crumbs across her cheeks and causing her to smile.*)

**Twilight:** (*mouth full*) Mmm! (*Mark off.*) Check.

(*Cut to a close-up of a Shining figurine—surely meant for the wedding cake—held in one of Spike’s hands.*)

**Spike:** (*deep voice*) I do. Do you?

(*A short pan frames a wedding-gowned Cadence miniature in his other hand.*)

**Spike:** (*high voice*) I do!

(*Longer shot; he sits on a kitchen counter, playing and making loud kissing sounds with the miniatures as Twilight walks up. She has swallowed the fritter and quickly uses her magic to pull them out of his grip; he voices an embarrassed laugh under her disapproving gaze. The sound of an opening door ends the face-off.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Hiya, Princess!

(*On the end of this, cut to frame Cadence entering the kitchen. Fritter and another assistant kneel as the camera pans to bring Applejack into view. She kneels as well, and Twilight and Spike look on from their counter, getting a full look at her dissatisfied expression.*)

**Cadence:** Please, call me Princess Mi Amore Cadenza.

(*Close-up of the exasperated, eye-rolling unicorn on the end of this, then back to Applejack and Cadence on the start of the following.*)

**Applejack:** Hiya, Princess Mi Amore Cadenza! (*She straightens up; Cadence forces a smile.*) You come to check out what’s on the menu for your big day?

**Cadence:** I have!

(*It disappears as soon as Applejack turns her back to lead the way across the floor; Twilight does not fail to notice. The head caterer grabs a tray of fritters in her teeth and pivots to face Cadence, who levitates one and takes a bite. Oddly, the color of her magic aura has changed since the time of Twilight’s flashback—silver-blue then, yellow-green now. Swallowing, she makes herself smile and chuckle.*)

**Cadence:** Delicious! I love-love-love them!

(*Back to the scowling unicorn on the end of this; an insincere laugh floats across before the camera returns to Applejack and Cadence. The former holds up a paper bag.*)

**Applejack:** Aw, shucks. Why don’t you take a few to go? (*Big squeaky grin; Cadence floats it up, gets it in her teeth, and heads out.*) I know how you brides can be. (*now o.s.*) So busy you forget to get a little somethin’ in your belly.

(*The bride stops near the door; pan to a nearby trash can as the bag is slung into it. Twilight allows herself a barely audible gasp of shock as Cadence departs, magically pulling the doors shut.*)

**Twilight:** Did you see what she…

(*Applejack closes the oven and gallops off, giving an unconscious “no” to the unfinished question, and Twilight stalks away. Wipe to a long shot of Celestia, looking through her balcony telescope, and pan/tilt to a guard stationed on the balcony of another tower. The camera then cuts to Rarity inside, reading glasses on and horn aglow as she stitches intently at a piece of work. Twilight paces behind her, plenty heated up.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, you should’ve seen how she acted back there. I don’t know when she changed, but she changed! (*mockingly*) “Please, call me Princess Mi Amore Cadenza.”

**Cadence:** (*from o.s.*) Did I hear someone say my name?

(*That voice throws a scare into Twilight; on the end of this line, cut to the open door, where she is entering with three unicorn mares close behind. These are Lyra Heartstrings, Minuette, and Twinkleshine—the second and third being part of the trio whose party invitation Twilight turned down at the start of “Mare in the Moon.” Rarity zips over, her measuring tape now hanging from her neck.*)

**Rarity:** Your Highness! (*kneeling*) Let me just start by saying what an honor it is to play a role in such a momentous occasion. (*She repeats the obeisance with a nervous chuckle.*)*e cHe as*

**Cadence:** Uh-huh. (*walking past*) Is my dress ready?

**Rarity:** (*hurrying to catch up*) Oh! Uh…ee…uh…yes, of course!

(*They stop at the mannequin on which she was doing her dress construction.*)

**Rarity:** Um, I’ve been working on it ever since I was given the assignment.

(*Close-up of the base, tilting up slowly to frame the entire dummy in profile. The dress consists of a skirt built up from several layers of pale cream-colored fabric with yellow trim, a pale blue belt around the midsection, and a pale blue/yellow-striped sash running from one side to the other across the chest. This last item is trimmed with pale blue lace and set with a brooch consisting of a bright blue gem in a gold frame; a wreath of flowers rests atop the head.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) And I think you’ll be pleased with the results.

(*Back to the pair; she lets off a nervous little titter and grins hugely as Cadence fails to be impressed.*)

**Cadence:** (*walking off*) I was hoping for something with more beading and a longer train.

(*The crestfallen designer levitates a notepad and quill to take this down.*)

**Rarity:** Oh…yes, of course!

(*Now Cadence eyes three other mannequins decked out in simpler versions of this dress, each a different pastel shade. Each of these heads sports a string of pale blue pearls with a small bunch of flowers.*)

**Cadence:** And those should be a different color.

(*Rarity hurries over before the three accompanying unicorns—picked for bridesmaid duty—chime in, one by one.*)

**Twinkleshine:** I think they’re lovely.

**Minuette:** Me too.

**Lyra:** I love them.

(*On the end of this last, cut to just behind Cadence and zoom in as she glares back toward the trio. They shut up in a hurry.*)

**Cadence:** Make them a different color.

(*She strides away, paying no mind to the vexed violet unicorn. Rarity quickly gets back into her work.*)

**Twilight:** Gee, maybe her name should be Princess Demandy-Pants.

(*She walks off. Wipe to a stretch of tower rooftops; behind them, the pink hue of the force field has darkened considerably due to the later hour and the stars are coming out. Tilt down to a squad of guards at their posts on ground, parapets, and balconies, then cut to a hall within Canterlot Castle. Balloons in assorted shapes and colors are anchored by the windows, bouquets have been placed on the columns at either side, and confetti is strewn about the floor and the heart-decorated carpet runner. Pinkie darts and bounces excitedly around a singularly unenthusiastic Cadence.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay, let me see. We’ve been over the games…

(*She zips over to an array of them at one side, rolls the dice for a board game with a huge squeaky grin, and darts back.*)

**Pinkie:** …the dances…

(*Another lightning-fast dive carries her to a top-hatted mannequin and a phonograph; it plays for a moment as she gambols and zips back with a happy gasp.*)

**Pinkie:** …I think this reception is gonna be perfect! Don’t you?

**Cadence:** (*smiling*) Perfect! (*sarcastically, walking away*) If we were celebrating a six-year-old’s birthday party.

(*As she leaves, the camera pans slightly to show Twilight hiding behind a column.*)

**Pinkie:** (*gasping ecstatically*) Thank you!

(*The purple eyes glare daggers after the snooty princess. Dissolve to a stretch of night sky, now tinted deep purple through the force field. A tiny figure flies down from the full moon, the barrier opening briefly to let it enter. It resolves into Luna, who glides down toward Celestia’s lookout.*)

**Luna:** Rest, my sister. (*She lands; Celestia heads in.*) As always, I will guard the night.

(*As she takes her older sister’s place behind the telescope, the camera tilts down to a street-corner café. Twilight joins the rest of the Ponyville contingent at a table; Rarity has disposed of her glasses, and Applejack has donned her usual hat.*)

**Twilight:** (*happily*) Bet I can guess what you’re all thinking. (*Close-up; she floats a drink out and lets the charm go.*) Cadence is the absolute worst bride-to-be ever.

(*The glass lands on the table, in front of five very tired mares and one baby dragon who looks as if he might welcome a chance to crawl back into his old egg. All six pairs of eyes snap wide open at her judgment; Spike pulls out his Cadence figurine.*)

**Spike:** (*high voice*) Who, me?

**Applejack:** Spike! That goes on the cake! (*He tosses it down with a sheepish laugh.*)

**Rarity:** Twilight, whatever are you talking about? Cadence is an absolute gem.

**Twilight:** Rarity, she was so demanding!

**Rarity:** Well, of course she was. Why shouldn’t she expect the very best on her wedding day? (*Twilight fumes for a moment, then shifts gears.*)

**Twilight:** Applejack, did you know that after she told you how much she just love-love-loved your *hors d’oeuvres*, she threw them in the trash?

**Applejack:** Aw, she was probably just tryin’ to spare my feelin’s.

**Twilight:** (*slightly fed up*) No, she was just being fake and totally insincere!

(*A few beats of silence, broken by Fluttershy in close-up.*)

**Fluttershy:** She did raise her voice at one of my birds during rehearsal. (*Pan to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** See? Rude! (*She crosses her forelegs with a smirk.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*lifting a bird on her foreleg*) But he *was* singing really off-key.

(*It produces a couple of tuneless squawks that force Twilight to cover her ears and set Rainbow’s teeth on edge. Close-up of the skeptical unicorn.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkie Pie, you had to have noticed how Cadence treated—

(*Loud smack of lips; pan to the giggling Pinkie and Spike, playing with the wedding cake figurines.*)

**Twilight:** Never mind. Rainbow Dash, you’re with me, right?

**Rainbow:** (*picking at a hoof*) Sorry, Twi. (*flexing wings*) Been too busy prepping for my Sonic Rainboom to pay much attention to the bride’s bad attitude.

(*Back to Twilight on the end of this; she snarls through her teeth and sets her drink down as Rarity moves over to comfort her.*)

**Rarity:** The Princess is about to get married. I’m sure any negative behavior she might be displaying is simply the result of nerves.

(*Twilight stands up, slamming her front hooves onto the table hard enough to nearly tip her glass.*)

**Twilight:** And *I’m* sure it’s the result of her being an awful pony who doesn’t deserve to even know Shining Armor, let alone marry him!

(*The camera cuts briefly to the gang during this line, then back to her. Applejack is first to speak up after the outburst is finished.*)

**Applejack:** Think maybe you’re bein’ just a tiny bit possessive of your brother?

**All but Twilight and Applejack:** Uh-huh/Mmm-hmm. (*Cut to the side opposite Twilight and zoom in slowly.*)

**Twilight:** I am not being possessive, and I am not taking it out on Cadence! You’re all just too caught up in your wedding planning to notice that maybe there shouldn’t even *be* a wedding!

(*On the end of this, she pounds the table with enough force to upset every glass on it. Off she goes, leaving the mares and dragon to trade a round of thoroughly bewildered stares. Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a Canterlot street and zoom in on one building whose ground-floor windows are lit. Two guards stand ready, one on either side of the steps leading up to the front door. Cut to a close-up of a pale blue-white crest, marked with the pink star from Twilight’s cutie mark and set at the junction of a pair of matching sashes that cross a red-jacketed chest. Zoom out to show Shining standing inside and wearing this outfit, a military-style formal jacket with gold trim; he tugs at the sashes with his teeth. As soon as he gets them just so, a knock brings him to the door, which opens to reveal a hard-faced Twilight on the step.*)

**Shining:** Twilie! (*She trots purposefully in; he pulls at the crest.*) Your big brother’s looking pretty good, don’t you think?

(*Close-up of the violet face, which takes on a pleading cast.*)

**Shining:** (*from o.s.*) Huh. (*Cut to him.*) Everything okay?

**Twilight:** We need to talk. I think you’re making a big—

(*The abrupt, annoyed clearing of Cadence’s throat stops that sentence in its tracks; pan to her at the top of a flight of stairs. Cut to frame all three on the start of the next line; she comes down.*)

**Shining:** Oh! Uh, hi, sweetie.

**Twilight:** (*to herself*) She sure has a way of sneaking up on people.

**Cadence:** (*to Shining*) Could I speak to you for a moment, dear? (*She turns away; Shining nudges Twilight.*)

**Shining:** Better see what she wants.

(*With an uneasy smile that thoroughly fails to placate his little sister, he trots off after his intended. The door closes behind them, muffling the following exchange; one line runs into the next as Twilight eases closer to listen in.*)

**Cadence:** Look, we need to talk.

**Shining:** I’m here to talk.

**Cadence:** It’s your sister.

**Shining:** I—look, she’s okay.

**Cadence:** Just listen to me.

**Shining:** I’m listening, I’m listening. (*Twilight nudges the door very slightly open; the voices become clear.*)

**Cadence:** I thought I made it perfectly clear I didn’t want you to wear that.

(*Her perspective; the two are in a study, and Shining tugs at the jacket’s crest.*)

**Shining:** This was my favorite uncle’s.

**Cadence:** And? (*Close-up of Twilight’s eye.*)

**Shining:** (*from o.s.*) And I think I should wear it.

(*The pupil widens within the purple iris; cut to frame Shining and Cadence in the foreground, the focus still on the door.*)

**Cadence:** Are you disagreeing with me? (*Focused close-up of him.*)

**Shining:** I guess I am.

(*Now it is his turn to have a train of thought go in the ditch, thanks to a twinge of pain that causes him to clap a hoof to his temple as when he cranked up the citywide force field.*)

**Cadence:** Oh, dear! Are you getting another one of your headaches?

(*As he crumples to the floor, she zaps his horn with a beam from hers, causing his eyes to spin out of alignment. Twilight recoils in horror as the yellow-green glow plays over her and the door and Shining stands up. His eyes have taken on a darker shade of her magic’s color.*)

**Cadence:** Feeling better?

**Shining:** (*nodding, dazed*) Mmm-hmm.

**Twilight:** (*whispering, to herself*) She isn’t just unpleasant and rude… (*straightening up*) …she’s downright evil!

(*She gallops away from the door an instant before her brother opens it and steps woozily out, with Cadence soon at his side. His eyes and voice have returned to normal.*)

**Shining:** Twilight! (*Out the door she goes.*)

**Cadence:** Let her go. (*She nuzzles against his shoulder.*)

**Shining:** Huh. (*Zoom in slowly.*) It seemed like she had something else she wanted to tell me.

(*Dissolve to a long shot of Luna, still keeping watch on the balcony. Looking off to one side, she turns away from the telescope and addresses herself over the railing.*)

**Luna:** Who goes there?

(*Pan/tilt down quickly to ground level, where Twilight is racing toward an entrance to Canterlot Castle.*)

**Luna:** (*from o.s.*) Stay indoors, Twilight Sparkle.

(*Not a word of this warning gets anywhere near the unicorn’s brain. Cut to just inside a door as she throws it open from outside.*)

**Twilight:** Shining Armor’s in real trouble! You have to help—

(*Once again a sentence goes in the trash bin due to a brain-twisting surprise; cut to her perspective of the room and zoom in. Her five friends are now decked out in a set of outfits that bear some resemblance to the three bridesmaid dresses Rarity was working on earlier: rainbow-striped with cloud trim for Rainbow, green with yellow trim for Applejack, light blue for Rarity, yellow for Pinkie, violet for Fluttershy. All five have flowered strings of white pearls on their heads; in addition, Rainbow’s mane has been tied in a loose bunch, Applejack’s is done in waves, Pinkie’s is piled atop her head, and Fluttershy has a few extra curls in hers. Applejack has removed her hat, and two of the five wear necklaces—blue gem for Rarity, ice cream cone for Pinkie. Fluttershy’s dress is secured with a butterfly brooch. All five are chattering happily away and showing off.*)

**Twilight:** Dresses? (*Back to her.*) What are you— (*Fluttershy flies over.*)

**Fluttershy:** Can you believe it? We’re gonna be Princess Mi Amore Cadenza’s new bridesmaids!

**Twilight:** *New* bridesmaids? What happened to her *old* bridesmaids?

**Applejack:** She didn’t say, but she did tell us that she would love-love-love it if we’d fill in for them.

**Rarity:** Seeing as we’ve been working so hard and everything. (*Back to Twilight, jaw about to hit the tiles.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) And you had your doubts about her.

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Told you she was an absolute gem.

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) You sure this is what I should wear? (*Cut to the group; she grunts and tugs at her dress.*) Doesn’t seem all that aerodynamic.

**Rarity:** (*trotting past*) Hmm—I’ll see what I can do.

(*As the blue pegasus follows her out, Applejack puts her hat back on and resumes her small talk with Fluttershy and Pinkie. Not one brain cell in the bunch registers Twilight’s departure; cut to just outside the door as she plods across the balcony.*)

**Twilight:** (*sadly*) Looks like I really am on my own.

(*Fade to black.*)

(*Fade in to an ornate chandelier hanging from a ceiling within Canterlot Castle and tilt down to ground level. It is now the following day, and Celestia and Shining stand on a raised dais at one end of this hall, facing out into the empty space. He is off to her left, and Spike stands on a lower step while holding a small pillow—he drew ring-bearer duty. The area is liberally bedecked with flowers and banners, including an archway on the dais, but the lack of any formal attire indicates that this is a wedding rehearsal. As an organ begins to play, the camera cuts to Twilight’s five friends, no longer wearing their bridesmaid dresses and advancing slowly up the aisle. Manes are back to their everyday styles, and Applejack has reclaimed her hat.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s.*) Perfect, girls. No need to rush. (*Rainbow and Rarity trade a silent giggle as all stop.*) Then, of course, Cadence will enter.

(*As all look expectantly toward the back, pan to frame these doors and the two guards stationed at them. They swing open under the guards’ magic—one per door, as indicated by the different colors of the aura—to reveal the mare of the hour. Shining smiles warmly as she makes her stately way along the aisle, the five bridesmaids having moved to Celestia’s right and taken places on the dais’ steps. The music shifts into Richard Wagner’s “Bridal Chorus,” more commonly known as “Here Comes the Bride”; cut to Celestia and Shining.*)

**Celestia:** I’ll say a few words, and then we’ll begin with the vows.

(*On the end of this, pan slightly away from her to frame the couple, who cross their horns lovingly.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s.*) Shining Armor, you’ll get the ring from your best mare.

(*He looks over his shoulder, surprise registering on both faces, and the camera pans back to frame the empty patch of floor to Celestia’s immediate left as the music stops. A second short pan frames Spike, who has sat himself on the dais and is once again playing with the figurines meant for the wedding cake.*)

**Spike:** (*deep voice*) Do you? (*high voice, throwing Shining figure aside*) I do!

**Shining:** (*from o.s.*) Hey… (*Cut to frame the entire group.*) …has anypony seen Twilight?

(*Now comes the sound of a doorknob turning under magic control. Cut to a long shot of the rear doors as they swing open to reveal the MIA best mare, then zoom in quickly to a close-up. She has let herself in.*)

**Twilight:** I’m here! (*advancing a few steps*) I’m not gonna stand next to her, and neither should you! (*Shining grimaces and turns to Cadence.*)

**Shining:** I’m sorry, I…I don’t know why she’s acting like this.

**Cadence:** (*testily*) Maybe we should just ignore her.

**Twilight:** You have to listen to me! (*She grits her teeth as Fluttershy moves in.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, goodness! Are you okay?

**Twilight:** I’m fine. (*Applejack comes up.*)

**Applejack:** You sure about that?

(*A quick burst of magic pulls the brown cowboy hat off and shoves it into Applejack’s face hard enough to bulldoze her away. Now Twilight strides ahead.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve got something to say!

(*All the others but Rainbow look uneasily after her; cut to her perspective of the couple.*)

**Twilight:** (*pointing at Cadence*) She’s evil!

(*One affronted big brother steps in front of his betrothed; cut to the group of four, who voice a round of bewildered reactions. The door guards do likewise before Twilight takes another step.*)

**Twilight:** She’s been horrible to my friends… (*Teleport onto the dais; back Cadence up.*) …she’s obviously done something to her bridesmaids… (*Cut to just behind her advancing horn; she continues o.s.*) …and if that wasn’t enough… (*Back to the pair.*) … I saw her put a spell on my brother that made his eyes go all…

(*She finishes the accusation by letting her eyes spin in their sockets while her tongue lolls out the side of her mouth—an imitation of Shining’s dazed response to the enchantment Cadence laid on him. Dead silence from brother and friends, coupled with a pop-eyed stare from Celestia; Cadence has barely enough time to blush and grin before Twilight gets back in her face. A savage smile plasters itself across the violet mug—“your move, creep”—and the accused reacts by falling apart into a crying mess.*)

**Cadence:** Why are you doing this to me? (*She gallops away, sobbing.*)

**Twilight:** Because you’re evil! (*Teleport to stay behind her as she bursts out.*) Evil! And if I don’t stop you, you’re gonna ruin my brother’s life!

(*A brief cut to Rainbow and Rarity illustrates the extent of the panicked confusion that has grabbed both equine brains. Twilight now trots smugly back into the hall, only to run flat into Shining and tumble backward to the carpet. He is clearly not a bit pleased, and her placating grin does nothing to help things in a close-up. On the start of the next line, cut back to him.*)

**Shining:** You want to know why my eyes went all…

(*He lets them spin for a moment, then winces as a fresh bolt of pain lances through his head.*)

**Shining:** (*pacing around her*) Because ever since I started having to perform my protection spell, I’ve been getting terrible migraines. Cadence hasn’t been casting spells on me… (*pointing to his temple*) …she’s been using her magic to heal me!

(*Twilight gets a bit of air into her lungs, but he resumes before she can start in.*)

**Shining:** And she decided to replace her bridesmaids— (*Pan across the five mares and Spike; he continues o.s.*) —because she found out the only reason they wanted to be in the wedding was so they could meet Canterlot royalty! (*Back to him and Twilight.*) And if she hasn’t been on her best behavior with your friends… (*Stomp.*) …it’s because with me being so busy, she’s had to make all the decisions about the wedding!

**Twilight:** I…I was just trying to—

**Shining:** (*pacing again*) She’s completely stressed out because it’s really important to her that our big day be perfect!

(*During the previous line, the camera cuts briefly to a close-up of Twilight’s hopelessly confused expression, then back to Shining, who rears up and stomps both front hooves as he finishes. Next he leans into her face; she has finally made it upright.*)

**Shining:** Something that obviously wasn’t important to you!

(*His indignant glowering is cut off by yet another twinge. She extends a tentative hoof, but he backs off once he gets his wits settled.*)

**Shining:** Now if you’ll excuse me— (*exiting*) —I have to go and comfort my bride. (*now o.s.*) And you can forget about being my best mare!

(*Cut to a head-on view of him, stopped; she stands a few paces back, with the rest of the gang back toward the dais.*)

**Shining:** In fact, if I were you… (*walking off*) …I wouldn’t show up to the wedding at all.

(*Overhead shot, panning back from the open doors. Twilight drops back to her haunches and aims a helpless, beseeching glance back toward the others; in close-up, their faces display varied degrees of disgust, horror, and shock.*)

**Applejack:** Come on, y’all. Let’s go check on the Princess.

(*They trot/hop/fly out past her, all twelve eyes resolutely turned away from her general direction. Last to leave is Celestia.*)

**Twilight:** I…I was—

**Celestia:** (*icily*) You have a lot to think about.

(*The tone of those seven words makes the dressing-down she delivered in “Lesson Zero” sound like a hiccup by comparison. The faithful student gapes after her departing mentor, tears welling up in the huge purple eyes, and watches the doors close with the same two-tone magic that the guards used to open them. They have left as well.*)

**Twilight:** Maybe I *was* being overprotective.

(*She walks back toward the dais, the view dissolving to an overhead shot as she climbs a few steps and lies down.*)

**Twilight:** I could’ve gained a sister. (*looking up, voice breaking*) But instead… (*The background fades to black.*) …I’ve just lost a brother.

***Wistful acoustic guitar/synthesizer melody, moderate 4 (D flat major)***

***(Same as the end of Twilight’s song in Act One, but modulating to B flat minor at end)***

(*Dissolve to a close-up of her face, panning slowly across as her horn glows and tears well up. In the space, simple figurines of Twilight and Shining, styled after the ones meant for the wedding cake, appear and prance happily around each other.*)

**Twilight:** He was my Big Brother Best Friend Forever

(*Shining disappears, saddening Twilight, and the real one materializes behind her in a wavering dissolve and slow pan.*)

And now we’ll never do anything together

(*The little avatar drops despondently to its haunches as she passes out of view.*)

***Song ends***

(*Here come the full-size Cadence’s hooves, which crush the figure to powder. The dais fades into view behind her; cut to Twilight, who gets a bit of gentle stroking on her mane. Zoom out as the unicorn aims two brimming eyes up at the bride-to-be, who smiles gently down at her.*)

**Twilight:** I’m sorry!

(*Close-up of the pink face, zooming in slowly before a brief flash of yellow-green plays across the irises and the entire hall. Her gentle demeanor flips over into a vicious scowl.*)

**Cadence:** You will be.

(*Out comes her magic, scaring the bejesus out of Twilight, who stands up on her hind legs and tries to bug out. It takes the winged unicorn only a moment to conjure up a matching ring of flames from the floor and hem her in. A psychotic grin later, and the fire has become a domed shield that begins to sink into the carpet, taking Twilight with it. Cut to the “backstage” side of the dais’ flowered archway as Cadence steps evenly through it toward the camera and Twilight descends out of sight. The view fades to black as the narrowed purple eyes advance close enough to fill the screen. Fade in to a “To be continued…” title card, then to black again.*)

**Continued in Part Two**