**TOO MANY PINKIE PIES**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of an apple resting on an outdoor mushroom tabletop during the day. Wisps of magic envelop the fruit and slowly float it off the surface, and it begins to stretch and elongate as if made of rubber. After several seconds of this decidedly un-apple-like behavior, the spell dissipates and the fruit settles back onto the table. Cut to a longer shot of the area, which is outside the Ponyville restaurant; Twilight Sparkle glares daggers at the apple, while Spike stands behind her. Other customers are enjoying their own food and paying no mind.*)

**Spike:** Try again, Twi. You can do it! (*She wipes her forehead.*)

**Twilight:** Phew! This spell’s a toughie, but I feel lucky this time. (*Horn lights.*) One… (*Aim it at the apple.*) …two…

(*Pinkie Pie rockets past at ludicrous speed, nailing her broadside and plowing her away.*)

**Pinkie:** HI!!

(*Twilight’s spell ricochets crazily off an overhang and the ground, then scores a direct hit on a hapless bird perched in a tree. Nothing is left except a few drifting feathers. Down below, the hyperactive pony has swept her target up in a bone-mashing hug, which lasts some seconds before Twilight throws her off.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkie, why’d you do that?!

**Pinkie:** Because hugs are fun-errific… (*wrapping forelegs around herself several times*) …especially when you throw one around a friend. (*Untwist at high speed.*) Whatcha doin’?

**Twilight:** (*annoyed, passing her and Spike*) Trying to turn that apple into an orange.

(*Here comes said orange—propelled by the bird’s wings.*)

**Spike:** But you kinda threw her aim off. (*It flits over to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** (*jumping, giggling*) Whee! What a cute orange-birdie! Do me next, Twilight! Do me, do me!

(*Her last bound carries her back so that she collides with the arriving Rarity, who has donned a hooded dark gray cloak. Bright magenta fabric can be seen covering her half-exposed forelegs.*)

**Pinkie:** Oooh! Rarity, want to see Twilight turn me into an orange? (*singsong, jumping in place*) It’s gonna be fun-a-fun-fun!

**Rarity:** (*throwing off cloak*) As fun as creating this *haute couture ensemble* that I just finished making? Delightful, *non*?

(*Said ensemble consists of a sleeveless dress with a two-layer skirt, magenta with lighter trim over striped white/light blue, and a darker magenta blouse whose collar is the same color as the skirt trim. The waist and collar are edged with white lace, she wears dark magenta shoes on her rear hooves, and the foreleg material—opera gloves—is the same shade as the magenta skirt. The curl of mane that normally hangs down behind her head has been styled so that it nestles behind one ear instead. Behind her, the background changes to white stars against light violet, but it goes right back to normal when Pinkie shoves her head into view with a panicked gasp.*)

**Pinkie:** This is terrible!

**Rarity:** I admit it’s perhaps not my finest work, but I— (*Pinkie leans in close, eyes bugging out.*)

**Pinkie:** You had total awesome amazing fun and I missed out on it?

(*She backs off with a squeaky little moan and crosses to Twilight and Spike.*)

**Pinkie:** (*bounding/tiptoeing around them*) Wait! What if there’s more awesome amazing fun with friends happening somewhere in Ponyville right now that I’m missing out on too?

(*Now having worked herself up to a full-scale tizzy, she bails out in a flash of pink and magenta.*)

**Spike:** (*to Rarity*) We weren’t gonna turn her into an orange! I swear!

(*Wipe to Rainbow Dash, standing amid a small patch of fog that blankets a hilltop in Sweet Apple Acres. She gives it a few lashes with her tail, but is interrupted by the split-second arrival of Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey, Rainbow Dash, whatcha doin’?

**Rainbow:** This punk cloud got so heavy it’s making fog. Figure I’ll thin this bad boy out so it floats back up.

**Pinkie:** (*jumping/floating in place*) Ooh, fun! (*racing around her*) Whee!

(*She completes several laps at insanely high speed, causing the cloud to float up and away and leaving the pegasus spinning in place.*)

**Pinkie:** Gotta go!

(*Off she goes like a shot, even before Rainbow’s eyes have stopped whirling in their sockets.*)

**Rainbow:** (*bewildered*) Thanks, Pinkie?

(*Wipe to Applejack as she trots along a road, pulling a cart whose freight consists of Apple Bloom and quite a few apples. Pinkie hops up to keep pace.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey, Applejack! That looks like fun. Can I join you? (*She jumps in and balances on the edges.*) Whee! Next time I’ll pull you!

(*Away she goes; Applejack stops the cart, and two pairs of puzzled eyes stare after her full-throttle departure. Wipe to Fluttershy and her rabbit Angel under a tree in the park outside Ponyville. They are having a cup of tea; Fluttershy hunches down to sip from hers on the ground, while Angel picks his up.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Fluttershy! (*Surprise; zoom out to frame her nearby, out of breath.*) There…you…are!…Doing…anything…fun? (*Big expectant grin.*)

**Fluttershy:** Not especially.

**Pinkie:** Oh, good…fun…is hard!

(*She topples over on her back, all four legs sticking straight into the air, as Fluttershy winces slightly. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a butterfly-filled patch of sky among the trees in the park. Tilt down to ground level, where a dense cloud of them is fluttering around some piece of furniture. Only its legs and part of its base can be seen for the moment, but the end of Pinkie’s tail also pokes out from one end of the mass. Fluttershy flies into view and touches down alongside this odd assemblage.*)

**Fluttershy:** Feeling better, Pinkie?

(*The butterflies disperse to expose both Pinkie and the couch she is resting on. She is awake.*)

**Pinkie:** Abso-tutely-lutely! Thanks for letting me rest in your butterfly grove while I get my Pinkie strength back. (*One lights on her nose; cut to Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** What are friends for?

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., grabbing her cheeks*) That’s just the thing! (*Pan slightly to frame both; Pinkie works Fluttershy’s face around.*) I’ve got so many wonderful friends having fun in every last corner of Ponyville, I can’t figure out how to keep up with it all! (*She shoves Fluttershy away on the end of this and stands up on her hind legs.*) It’s driving me even more coco-loco than usual!

(*Still on the couch, she emphasizes these last words by letting her eyes spin in their sockets and flopping over the couch’s back.*)

**Fluttershy:** I can promise to not do anything fun at all, if that would help.

**Pinkie:** You are such a good friend! (*Pan to frame Applejack as she walks up.*)

**Applejack:** There y’are, Pinkie! Been lookin’ everywhere for you, girl.

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Hey, Pinkie! (*Cut to her, descending from overhead to land by Fluttershy.*) Got something fun planned this afternoon, thought you might want to know about. (*Close-up of Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Heh. Well, I’ll be an apple crisp. I’m here for the same reason.

(*Zoom out to frame all four; Pinkie is now sitting on her haunches.*)

**Pinkie:** This is perfect! Everyone will now bring their fun to me. (*zipping away, hopping along path*) Oh, this’ll solve everything! (*She stops, scattering butterflies.*) Why didn’t I think of that? (*Rainbow flies over to her.*)

**Rainbow:** Actually, what I meant is after I’m done whipping up today’s weather, I’ll be chilling by the lake catching some rays. Wanna hang? (*Close-up of Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** I am so there! (*rearing up*)Whee!

(*On the start of the next line, pan to frame Applejack and Fluttershy standing behind her.*)

**Applejack:** And my family’s havin’ a barn-raisin’ this afternoon at Sweet Apple Acres. (*Blue eyes pop for an instant, then a smile.*)

**Pinkie:** And I’m also so there! (*jumping in place*) Whee, whee!

**Rainbow:** But that’s when I’ll be at the swimming hole. Oh, well, doesn’t matter. (*as Applejack walks up on Pinkie’s other side*)Whichever one you choose is okay with me.

**Applejack:** Me too.

(*The pink pony in the middle, whose eyes have flicked back and forth between them, sucks in a shaky gasp as the camera zooms in to an extreme close-up.*)

**Pinkie:** Choose?

(*Dissolve to Twilight and Spike outside the restaurant; the target apple is still on its table.*)

**Twilight:** One… (*Aim horn at it.*) …two…

(*She gets a spell started, only to be thrown off when Pinkie leaps into view and bounces off her back. The beam caroms off a tree branch and strikes a frog sitting contentedly on a lily pad in the stream bordering Ponyville. When the view clears, the amphibian has become an orange resting on a frog’s four limbs; it lets off a loud ribbit from a mouth that opens temporarily on the rind, then hops into the water. Back on dry land, the irked unicorn has her table and apple upset when Pinkie flashes by.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkie!

(*Cut to the earth pony in full gallop, a stopwatch hanging around her neck. She skids to a stop, her hooves cutting a furrow in the ground so deep that she disappears completely into it, and puts her head back up to check the watch. Cut to her perspective of it, then tilt up to frame the approaching mare and dragon during the next line.*)

**Twilight:** What in the wide wide world of Equestria are you doing now? (*Back to Pinkie, now up and hopping to them.*)

**Pinkie:** Timing myself galloping back and forth between the swimming hole and Sweet Apple Acres. (*hopping around them*) I’m trying to cut down my time so if Rainbow Dash dives off the swing, I can get to Sweet Apple Acres to help with the barn-raising— (*Close-up; stop.*) —and then be back in time to see Rainbow Dash hit the water after doing a double flip!

(*She checks her stopwatch and gasps.*)

**Pinkie:** If I can cut my time by only twenty minutes, I’m good. (*Zoom out to frame Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*laughing*) Oh, Pinkie. (*walking away*) I’m afraid no matter how hard you try… (*magically righting table and apple*) …the only way to pull something like that off is if there’s more of you to go around.

(*The pink goofball stares straight ahead, her mind either racing or totally blown, and her head slowly cocks to her left in little jerks as if it were a clock’s second hand. The ticking of a clock accompanies this motion until she has completed a quarter-turn; at this point, it snaps back and the camera zooms in to an extreme close-up, to the sound of an alarm bell. Her vibrating pupils give way to an ear-to-ear grin.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s it, Twilight! (*She zips over to Twilight, knocking her, the table, and the apple down.*) The legend of the Mirror Pool! (*She hurries away.*)

**Twilight:** Legend of the who-what, now? (*She stands up.*) Pinkie! (*to herself*) I’m familiar with loads of legends, and I never heard of—

**Spike:** Does this mean practice is over?

**Twilight:** (*cheerfully*) Of course not. Back to work.

(*The little dragon grimaces mightily. Dissolve to Pinkie trotting through the Everfree Forest, into a patch of steadily thickening mist and tangled vines. She has disposed of her stopwatch.*)

**Pinkie:** Seems like hardly anypony’s been here in ages. I hope I’m remembering the rhymes right from my Nana Pinkie’s story. Uh…

“Where the brambles are thickest, there you will find…” uh…

“A pond beyond the most twisted of vines.”

(*She stops as her last words echo in the stillness, throwing her into a skittish panic.*)

**Pinkie:** (*looking around*) What was that? Oh! I heard a voice! (*She calms down.*) Oh. (*Giggle, move on.*) It was me.

(*The undergrowth has rather less of a sense of humor; now she has to bull her way through it, seen in profile close-up.*)

**Pinkie:** Ouch! Ooh! (*Grunt.*) Stop scratching me up, you brambles! (*legs flailing, dropping suddenly o.s.*) Whooooaaaa!

(*A tilt down to ground level reveals the hole she has just fallen into. Cut to below the earth’s surface and pan quickly to follow the equine pink pinball as she rattles her way through a long, twisting tunnel, finally emerging down a natural ramp into a high-ceilinged cavern. She lands flat on her belly, peeling her face off the ground to show it temporarily squashed flat, and finds a small pool directly in front of her. Not a single bubble or ripple disturbs the water’s surface. Huge gasp; zoom out to a long shot.*)

**Pinkie:** (*echoing*) The Mirror Pool!…Oh, and there’s that voice again! (*Close-up; she trots ahead and clicks her tongue.*) Ah, Pinkie, you have got to stop talking to yourself. (*Stop.*) Starting…now!

(*She moves off again, the camera cutting to her perspective of the water’s edge as she reaches it and peeks over to see her reflection.*)

**Pinkie:** “And into her own reflection she stared…” uh…

“Yearning for one whose reflection she shared,

(*Cut to her, in profile.*) And solemnly sweared not to be scared…”

(*Now she enters the Mirror Pool, immersing herself wholly as the camera rotates 180 degrees so that she appears to climb out from the opposite side.*)

**Pinkie:** “…At the prospect of being doubly mared!”

(*Zoom out slightly. Standing right in front of her is an identical, rather puzzled Pinkie Pie.*)

**Water Pinkie:** (*jumping up*) Whee-hee!

**Land Pinkie:** Wow, the legend is true! It really worked!

(*The question of which is which quickly resolves itself when Water Pinkie zips away saying, “Fun! Fun! Fun!” over and over. Land Pinkie resumes her one-pony deliberation, marking herself as the original.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay, wait. I promised not to talk to myself anymore. I should say something to her. (*Pinkie 2 hops past.*) Or would that still be talking to myself? (*to her*) Excuse me…me? Can I have a word with you…uh, I mean, me? Listen, I can see you’re having lots of fun, but— (*Zoom out; Pinkie 2 stands on a high ledge.*)

**Pinkie 2:** (*excitedly*) Fun? Did somebody say “fun”? Where?

**Pinkie:** I did, over here. (*Pinkie 2 sprints down to her.*)

**Pinkie 2:** I thought someone said something about fun! Where is it? (*darting around cavern*) Over here? Over here? I don’t see it! Where is it, where is it?

**Pinkie:** Oh, calm yourself, Pinkie. (*Pinkie 2 races over, jittering.*) There’s loads of fun to be had in Ponyville with my girls. (*They head up the ramp—the original walking, the copy hopping.*) Trot on over back to Ponyville with me and I’ll tell you all about ’em.

(*Dissolve to the edge of the Everfree Forest as the two Pinkies exit to clear meadowland.*)

**Pinkie:** And then there’s Rarity. She’s the one with all the fancy clothes and ribbons and stuff. (*as Pinkie 2 looks around*) I’m thinking she can make us all matching T-shirts that say “Team Pinkie” and—

**Pinkie 2:** Is this Ponyville? Where’s the fun? Where’s the fun? (*Both stop; she keeps hopping.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh, well, let’s see. Applejack’s having a barn-raising at—

(*Her duplicate does not stick around to hear any more, instead barreling away.*)

**Pinkie:** (*calling after her, pointing opposite direction*) It’s that-a-way!

(*The pink blur blasts back past her…*)

**Pinkie:** Wait! Come back! (*…then returns to its stationary bounce.*) Don’t forget to meet me back here to tell me everything about everything, like I was there myself, because I’m you, and…and you’re me, and…oh, my gosh! (*jumping up, floating briefly in air*) This is the greatest plan ever! (*Big squeaky grin.*) Now off to double my fun!

(*They clear out in opposite directions. Dissolve to a long shot of Rainbow relaxing on a beach chair under an umbrella, at the edge of a lake under the bright sun. She has her favorite black sunglasses propped on her forehead and is doing a bit of reading; in close-up, the book is revealed to be one from the Daring Do series. She closes and puts it away with a yawn, bringing out a folding reflector to tuck under her chin so she can work on her suntan. The shades settle down over her eyes in the process. Cut to Pinkie, going at full gallop and wearing a diving mask and snorkel.*)

**Pinkie:** (*leaping high at lake edge*) Let’s rock this pool, ponies!

(*Gravity takes a coffee break at the peak of her leap, allowing her to pull out a duck inner tube, blow it up, and get it around her midsection.*)

**Pinkie:** (*finally descending*) Whee!

(*She splashes in and Rainbow lowers her sunglasses for a peek, just before the earth pony surfaces again.*)

**Pinkie:** Coming in, Dashie? (*splashing a bit*) The water’s great! It’s totally wet and everything!

**Rainbow:** (*as Pinkie leaves the water*) I don’t know. Cloud-busting was tougher work than usual today. (*dropping reflector, stretching*) I’m kind of exhausted.

(*The nap she intends to take is abruptly cut off by Pinkie’s shaking herself dry to restore her fluffy mane and tail.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s fine. You relax. (*trotting behind her*) At least we’ll still be together.

**Rainbow:** Glad you made it, Pinkie. I thought you maybe went to Applejack’s instead.

(*Cut to Pinkie on the end of this; now standing by a swing consisting of a rope knotted through a plank, she discards her swimming gear.*)

**Pinkie:** I did.

**Rainbow:** Oh. The barn up yet? (*Pinkie pulls the swing back.*)

**Pinkie:** I have no idea.

**Rainbow:** But I thought you said you were just at Applejack’s.

**Pinkie:** Actually, I’m probably still on my way there now. (*She jumps on the swing and lets fly.*) Whee!

(*Letting go, she drops into the water with a huge splash and does not notice the thoroughly puzzled pegasus scratching her head in the beach chair. Dissolve to a close-up of a bush as Fluttershy leans into view to pick a berry with her teeth. She drops it into a basket held by Angel; in the background, a Pinkie hops cheerfully over a hill.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, Pinkie Pie! (*She hurries over; Pinkie stops.*) I’m so glad you wandered by. I know I promised not to have any fun today, but…oh, I couldn’t help myself.

(*With a smile that is equal parts sheepishness and joy, she flies to a bush and parts its foliage to expose a group of animals—including a bear—having laid out a picnic in the clearing just beyond. As she continues, zoom in on the hole she has opened.*)

**Fluttershy:** All of my critter friends wanted a picnic— (*now o.s.; the bear growls amiably*) —and I couldn’t disappoint them.

(*On the end of this, cut to the Pinkie and the enthusiastic grin that spreads across her face.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*flying to animals, settling among them*) Come join us. We have plenty of hay juice and marmalade to go around—don’t we, critters?

(*General assent from small and large alike; a mouse even scampers over and offers the pink pony a piece of cheese, which she eagerly scarfs down. Her words quickly mark her as Pinkie 2.*)

**Pinkie 2:** Wait! But that sounds super-fun! Oh, but Applejohn sounds super-fun too! (*Flustered moan and hoof wave.*) And…and…I can’t do one without missing out on the other!

**Fluttershy:** (*puzzled*) Who’s Applejohn? (*Pinkie 2 gets in her face.*)

**Pinkie 2:** Two fun things…at once…but which…which? (*Back off; close-up.*) Ooh, can’t decide… (*slow zoom in as she hyperventilates*) …trouble breathing…walls closing in!

(*She make as if to shield her face from a grenade that is about to go off from three feet away.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Walls? (*Cut to frame her and the tableau.*) But we’re outside.

(*This is the last straw for the high-strung double, who lets off a scream, does several dozen laps around the picnic in a pink/magenta blur, and races back the way she came.*)

**Fluttershy:** Goodness! Was it something I said?

(*The bear gives her a noncommittal growl and shrug before Pinkie 2 zips back.*)

**Pinkie 2:** YES!! (*Exit.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*to bear*) Huh?

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Rainbow’s sun reflector, which she is now holding again. Pinkie’s reflection is visible in each of its three panels—the original, as revealed by her next line.*)

**Pinkie:** So you see, that’s how I’m able to have fun in two places at once. (*Cocky grin.*)

(*The reflector is lowered away from the camera, exposing the blue sunbather behind it in her beach chair, sunglasses propped on forehead. She is clearly having a hard time buying this.*)

**Rainbow:** Duplicates of you, huh?

(*Longer shot; they are at the lake. She gives a dismissive scoff.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah. Sure, Pinkie. (*yawning, putting reflector away*) But I was just gearing up to catch some Z’s, so, uh… (*She closes her eyes.*)

**Pinkie:** Gotcha! (*backing away*) I’ll have the rest of my fun *really* quietly.

(*One pupil and red-violet iris peek out from beneath a lowered lid to track her movement; meanwhile, the swing does its thing and propels Pinkie over the water for a cannonball dive.*)

**Pinkie:** (*softly*) Whee!

(*With perhaps two feet to go before impact, she brings herself to a dead stop in midair and lowers herself in so gently that the water barely ripples. Rainbow is now fully awake and taking notice.*)

**Rainbow:** How’d you do that? (*Pinkie peeks out.*)

**Pinkie:** Just trying to show a little consideration for my sleepy friend.

(*Said friend has no immediate response to this before Pinkie 2 pops her head up from a bush and waves.*)

**Pinkie:** Ooh, ooh, gotta run! (*wading out*) Looks like I’m trying to get my attention!

(*On the end of this, cut to Rainbow, now really at a loss after seeing this development. An instant later, the swimming pony is now on the shore and dried off.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hopping away*) Excuse me.

**Pinkie 2:** (*ditto*) And me.

(*Filling her eyes with that double vision, Rainbow allows herself a shocked grimace, then shrugs resignedly and rolls her eyes—but the sight leaves her unable to resume her nap. Wipe to the two Pinkies in the park and zoom in: one hopping, one standing still. The hopper speaks first, identifying herself as the real Pinkie, and the other slowly works herself into a full panic during the following.*)

**Pinkie:** Ooh, ooh! Tell me all about it! Did they pull the walls of the barn up slooowww or fast?

**Pinkie 2:** I— (*Pinkie leans over to her.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe slow to medium fast, somewhere in that range?

**Pinkie 2:** I—

**Pinkie:** Ooh, did you get ice cream? What kinds did they have? Banana brickle?

**Pinkie 2:** I didn’t make it! I was on my way there and then Fluttershutter—

**Pinkie:** Fluttershy.

**Pinkie 2:** (*nodding, sweating profusely*) —yeah, her—she offered something else fun for me to do. (*tapping front hooves together*) A picnic, with cute little animals!

**Pinkie:** Aw, how could you say no to that?

**Pinkie 2:** That’s what I’m saying! Then I would’ve missed the super-fun thing with Applesauce!

(*She ends this line hunkered down on her belly, forelegs wrapped around head.*)

**Pinkie:** Applejack. (*Pinkie 2 flops onto her back, wailing.*)

**Pinkie 2:** SO I DIDN’T DO ANYTHING FUN AT ALL!! (*Pinkie bends down to stroke her forehead.*)

**Pinkie:** Aw, my poor, poor me. (*patting her shoulder*) There, there. (*She straightens up.*) Tell me what. We just need a couple more Pinkie Pies.

(*Cut to Pinkie 2, wiping her tears away and starting to smile.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Easy-peasy.

**Pinkie 2:** Really? (*Cut to frame both.*)

**Pinkie:** Come on! Would I lie to me?

(*She throws a big grin down at the supine copy and gets one in return. Dissolve to their reflections on the surface of the underground Mirror Pool.*)

**Pinkie, Pinkie 2:** And solemnly sweared not to be scared

At the prospect of being doubly mared.

(*As they lean closer to the water, the head and one foreleg each of two new Pinkies rise from below it, hiding the corresponding parts of the images. The overall effect is to make the real and image portions of each pair join almost seamlessly at the waist, as if they were a single pony.*)

**A Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Look! A double me!

(*Cut to the edge; the two on the shore help the new arrivals out of the water.*)

**Right Pinkie:** I think you mean a double-double me, plus another double-double me, which makes two double-double me’s, or a double-double-double me, if you will.

(*This verbal torrent marks her as the real Pinkie, and the previous speaker as Pinkie 2.*)

**Pinkie 2:** (*jumping*) Whee!

**Pinkie 3:** Did somebody say “fun”? (*hopping away*) Where? Fun, fun, fun, fun, fun!

(*Pinkies 2 and 4 follow suit in word and action, bounding all over the cavern and getting into assorted shenanigans. Swinging on a vine to slide down the stone ramp, eating the mushrooms that grow down here, “swimming” through the dirt, climbing up the walls, and so on.*)

**Pinkie:** (*crossing cavern*) Now Applejack, Rainbow Dash, and Fluttershy are covered, plus one extra Pinkie Pie in case we get an extra invite from somepony else. Perfect! (*over shoulder*) Okay, let’s go!

(*Zoom out slightly from her to bring the edge of the Mirror Pool into view—and two of the three Pinkie clones standing in view at it. The sight throws a real scare into her.*)

**Pinkies 2, 3, 4:** And solemnly sweared not to be scared

At the prospect of being doubly mared.

**Pinkie:** (*under previous*) Hey, Pinkies! Yoo-hoo!

(*As they speak the rhyme, the camera shifts to their reflections and that of the real one jumping nervously behind them. Right on cue, three new Pinkies come up and are helped onto dry land. Cut to Pinkie, walking out.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay, good enough. Pinkie Pies, move it out!

**Pinkies:** (*from o.s.*) …not to be scared

At the prospect of being doubly mared.

(*She freezes in her tracks and looks fearfully behind herself; pan back to the shore, where the three generations of herself have gathered.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) What in the name of pink?! (*Cut to within the crowd, the camera aimed at her.*) Knock it off!

(*That command has absolutely no effect on the reproductions, who start yelling, “Fun! Fun! Fun!” and bouncing all over the place.*)

**Pinkie:** To Ponyville, everyone! (*starting to walk off*) Follow me!

(*She gets only a few steps away before the whole crowd falls silent; stopping, she lets off a weary groan and rolls her eyes.*)

**Pinkie:** Yes, it’s fun there.

(*They resume their shouting and hopping as she advances toward the camera to black out the screen. Fade in to the edge of the Everfree Forest, under a sky showing the yellow-orange of later afternoon. Pinkie leads the boisterous battalion out into the meadow a short way, then stops and whistles shrilly to gather them in; they gradually stop hopping as she speaks.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay, between the bunch of us, we should have every nook and cranny of fun in Ponyville covered at all times. An unprecedented and massive undertaking! (*She yanks a flip-chart on an easel into view.*) But first… (*Close-up.*) … a pop quiz on the names I taught you.

(*She flips the cover back, exposing a picture of…*)

**Pinkies:** (*from o.s.*) Applejack! (*Next flip shows…*) Fluttershy!

(*Cut to behind her, facing the group; she flips the page again.*)

**Pinkies:** Pinkie Pie!

**Pinkie:** Excellent! (*She pushes the chart away; close-up as she continues.*) Okay, let’s get on with this, folks. Fan out on three. One…

(*Her eyes bug out at the sound of a massed retreat and hooves galloping away; zoom out slightly to show that all the troops have gone bye-bye. Only a bit of dust and a falling leaf indicate that any other ponies were ever here.*)

**Pinkie:** Eh, good enough.

(*She hops and sings her way o.s., capping it off with a happy “Whee!” Dissolve to Rainbow snoozing in her beach chair at the edge of the lake, shades down over her eyes. One Pinkie pops up alongside and waves a hoof in front of her face, laughing as a second peeks over the chair back and uses the first’s tail to tickle Rainbow’s nose. Both zip away before the dozing pegasus uncorks a sneeze that blows her sunglasses off; she rubs her eyes as the copies’ yells of “Fun!” are heard from all directions.*)

**Rainbow:** What the—?

(*Cut to the mob, playing in and around the lake.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Wow! (*Zoom out to frame her.*) Pinkie Pie wasn’t kidding about the duplicates…

(*Cut to them on the end of this line; one does the backstroke out of the water, digging a furrow through the sand with her back.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) …except now there’s triplicates… (*One jumps on another’s back and is carried away.*) …and quadruplicates!

(*Pinkie steps into view from behind a bush, a rubber raft balanced on her head.*)

**Pinkie:** Dash is gonna love this! Oh, if I push her around on this floaty thing, it’ll be fun *and* relaxing!

(*She gets an eyeful of the chaos at the lake.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh-oh.

(*At the shore, Rainbow has flipped her chair onto its side and is using it as a barricade, jabbing the folded-up umbrella at the pink crazies.*)

**Rainbow:** No more Pinkies! I can’t take this!

(*She opens the umbrella just enough to stuff herself inside it as one copy parades across the screen, banging a bass drum.*)

**Pinkie:** Gosh, uh…I wonder what fun they’re having raising the barn at Applejack’s right now. Maybe I better go check.

(*She sprints away, the raft falling off her head. Wipe to the new barn in progress; the two end walls stand propped up by boards, with the support beam for the roof’s peak held in place between them. Next to the back wall is a tall, narrow frame topped by a conical roof, perhaps intended to become a storage silo. A pulley is suspended from the beam, and a rope runs over it to connect to the frame for one side wall, lying flat on the ground. Applejack and Big Macintosh can be seen hauling on the rope, along with at least one other pony who is only partially visible due to the edge of the main doorframe. The side wall begins to tilt upward to the sound of grunts and groans as the rope creaks, and a cut to the pulling side reveals four ponies on the job: Applejack, Macintosh, Apple Fritter, and one additional stallion. Each has one end of a short rope in his/her teeth, with the other ends knotted onto the main line. They are interrupted by a mass of hopping, “Fun”-yelling Pinkies, one of whom lands on Macintosh’s back and drives him flat, causing him to spit out his rope. With the big red stallion down for the count, the other three find themselves being dragged forward by the frame’s weight.*)

**Applejack:** Nooo!

(*The other three rope-ends are yanked out of their pullers’ mouths and the frame topples back onto the ground, followed by both end walls. The support beam hangs in midair for a second before it too crashes down. One gamboling Pinkie is exactly positioned so that when the front comes down, she ends up within the rectangle of its hayloft door and avoids being crushed. Zoom in on the four flummoxed workers as Pinkie hops into view alongside them.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, phew! Looks like I haven’t missed a thing.

**Applejack:** (*boiling mad*) I want to know right now where all you Pinkies came from, so I can find out who’s responsible for y’all ruinin’ our barn-raisin’!

(*On the end of this, cut to the silo frame; several Pinkies jump around on the timbers, causing the whole works to collapse in a cloud of dust. By the time the view clears, they have all vacated the premises. All three Apple kin train hostile glares on Pinkie as she backs off.*)

[*Animation goof: Fritter has been replaced by another Apple family member in this shot.*]

**Pinkie:** Uh, you look pretty busy right now, so… (*laughing nervously*) …maybe we should talk a little later?

(*She is gone in a flash; now three copies poke their disheveled, dust-smeared faced up from the wreckage.*)

**Pinkie 2:** Fun!

**Pinkie 3:** Fun!

**Pinkie 4:** Fun! Fun!

(*Each bounds away after her line, prompting Applejack to pull her hat off and throw it down.*)

**Applejack:** Y’all come back here and clean up after yourselves this instant!

(*During this line, the camera cuts to the escaping doppelgangers and rides along with them over the hills. It then cuts to couple of corrals filled with haystacks; they charge past, yelling “fun” all the while, and Pinkie peeks out from behind a stack after they have gone.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, no! What have I done? What have I done?!? (*tearing up*) My poor friends!

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the library. Twilight and Spike stand outside the door, facing a throng of angry, grumbling ponies.*)

**Twilight:** Okay, everypony. Please, calm down! (*Fluttershy and Rarity are in the front row; Rarity is out of her new dress with her mane styled normally.*)

**Rarity:** *Calm down?!?* I just had a Pinkie hurricane raging through my shop!

**Fluttershy:** And they trashed our critter picnic! (*More expressions of the crowd’s collective ire.*)

**Twilight:** Please, everypony! (*magically opening door*) Hang on while I try to figure something out! (*darting in*) Come on, Spike.

(*He follows her and the door swings shut. Inside the reading room, nearly all of the furniture has been cleared away to make room for a pile of books and scrolls; Twilight levitates a few more volumes off the shelves, then slides books back and forth on another one so she can check titles.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve gotta try to remember the name of that legend she mentioned.

(*Spike starts to reach into a low shelf, but starts in surprise instead. Cut to just behind him and zoom in toward the back, where a small cobweb-covered hatch is set into the wall. Nailed to it is a horseshoe; when he presses this, the hatch slides up to expose a compartment that holds a single book. It is stuck so firmly that when he finally pulls it loose, his yank carries both it and him to the center pile and he ends up wearing it on his head. Twilight floats it clear and skims a few pages.*)

**Twilight:** Aha! Here it is! (*reading*) “The Legend of the Mirror Pond.” (*looking up*) It describes a spell I can use to send them back where they came from! (*Cut to Spike, walking to the door.*)

**Spike:** That’s perfect! Let’s go!

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) But there’s a catch. (*He freezes at the knob; zoom out to frame her reading some more.*) If I can’t figure out which one’s the real Pinkie, I might send *her* back by mistake!

**Spike:** Well, we’ll just have to figure out who the real one is, then. Shouldn’t be too hard.

(*The unicorn just gives him a funny look. Cut to the exterior of the library; the two step out to face down the disgruntled crowd, which falls silent as she speaks.*)

**Twilight:** Does anypony here know how we can tell the real Pinkie Pie from all the rest of them?

(*General confused mutterings in the negative; meanwhile, a Pinkie hops behind them and stands up on her hind legs, waving to get Twilight’s attention.*)

**Pinkie 1:** Twilight, I have to talk to you! I need your help!

**Twilight:** Excuse me…

(*A copy instantly zooms up next to Twilight and lip-synchs the next line along with her, mimicking every facial expression and hoof gesture just to rub it in.*)

**Twilight:** …whoever you are, but I’m not talking to any of you Pinkies unless you’re the real Pinkie.

**Pinkie 1:** (*pushing ponies aside*) Oh, but…but I *am* the real Pinkie! (*Pan slightly; Pinkie 2 now glares at her.*)

**Pinkie 2:** No, you’re not! I’m the real Pinkie! (*Two more lean in close to Twilight and zip away in turn.*)

**Pinkie 3:** I’m the real Pinkie!

**Pinkie 4:** No, I’m the real Pinkie!

(*Cut to a bowler-hatted Fancypants in the crowd. The headwear lifts clear of his mane as yet another Pinkie materializes underneath; she ends up sitting on his head, wearing the hat.*)

**Pinkie 5:** I’m the real Pinkie! (*A sixth appears on her head in the same way.*)

**Pinkie 6:** No, I’m the real Pinkie!

(*On the end of this, cut to an elderly earth pony farmer in the crowd, whose two-tone pink mane and tail contrast markedly with his battleship-gray coat. A seventh Pinkie appears from behind his head, holding on to it, as yet another hops past behind the pair.*)

**Pinkie 7:** I’m the *real* Pinkie!

(*Many, many more of them have now infiltrated the crowd, and cries of “I’m the real Pinkie!” are quickly drowned out by those of “Fun!” Up front, Applejack makes her way to a suitably apprehensive Twilight and Spike; she has put her hat back on.*)

**Applejack:** (*as a Pinkie dances past*) How in tarnation are we supposed to tell which is the real Pinkie?

**Twilight:** I have no idea.

**Pinkie 8:** Me either. Oh… (*checking body parts on others*) …we’ve all got the same adorable tails…we’ve all got the same adorable manes, and…we’ve all got the same adorable hooves! (*really freaked out*) Which one of us *is* the real Pinkie?!? (*She drops to her belly with a sob.*) I haven’t the slightest clue! And if I can’t tell us apart, who can?

(*She cries softly as the camera zooms out slowly and the pink cacophony reigns unchecked around her. Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to two houses on opposite sides of a street. Carrot Top, at her second-story window, waves to a stallion at his before the pink, “fun”-yelling stampede thunders past. Both ponies duck inside and slam their windows shut; elsewhere, Daisy risks a scared peek from her front door, and Twilight plods alongside the madness with Spike keeping pace.*)

**Twilight:** Ugh, this is hopeless!

**Spike:** (*pointing o.s.*) Maybe that one’s the real Pinkie.

(*Cut to the one in question, who is slumped glumly over a table at the restaurant, her head turned sideways and resting on it.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s., dismissively*) Please. The real Pinkie Pie never sat that long in one place her whole life! (*Back to the pair.*)

**Spike:** (*running toward table*) I’m gonna go ask.

**Twilight:** Of course she’s gonna say she’s the real Pinkie. They all do! (*The table again; she continues o.s.*) You’re wasting your time! (*Spike runs up.*)

**Spike:** So let me guess—you’re the real Pinkie Pie.

**Table Pinkie:** (*as Twilight joins them*) Heck if I know. Could be any one of us, if you ask me.

(*Spike has no immediate response, and Twilight’s shrug indicates that she too has come up dry.*)

**Table Pinkie:** And if I said I was the real Pinkie, you wouldn’t even believe me anyway. So just leave me alone. (*Lifting her head clear, she trudges despondently away.*) I’ve got some important poking the ground with my hoof to do.

**Twilight:** Oh, Spike, how are we gonna do this? I can’t risk sending the real Pinkie back into the Pond! (*Both walk off.*)

**Spike:** I miss the real Pinkie. (*Pan slightly to frame the pink maybe-copy.*)

**Table Pinkie:** (*sighing, tears falling*) I bet she misses you too. Bet she’d do just about anything to get to be with her friends again.

(*She flops onto her belly and starts to do exactly as she described a moment ago—but only for a few seconds before an idea pops her eyes wide open. A moment later, she is back upright.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey. (*smiling hugely, tapping front hooves together*) Hey! (*calling after Twilight*) What if you gave them a test? Pick something really hard for a Pinkie to do, something not fun at all! (*leaning on a table*) Any Pinkie that can’t do it goes back into the Pond. (*Cut to Twilight and Spike; she continues o.s.*) But whoever wants to stay the most—that must be the real Pinkie!

(*Only now do unicorn and dragon halt their exit, a smile of surprise and inspiration pasting itself on the former’s face.*)

**Twilight:** (*to Spike*) You know, that’s not a bad idea.

(*She gallops off and he hurries after her; cut back to the table.*)

**Table Pinkie:** This is great! If I pass, I get to be with my friends again! (*Short, shocked gasp.*) But what if I don’t pass? Oh, what if I’m not the real Pinkie Pie?

(*Loud moan; she bangs her head on the table on each of her next four words.*)

**Table Pinkie:** Stupid magic mirror water! This is all your fault! (*regretfully*) And mine.

(*She lets her face thump onto the broad mushroom cap a fifth time. Dissolve to Twilight walking slowly through a patch of park land, with Spike on her back. Rainbow peeks out from an opening between a tree’s roots.*)

**Rainbow:** (*softly*) Hey, Twilight!

(*She ducks back so the two can scramble after her. Inside the tree, they find Fluttershy, Rainbow, Rarity, Angel, Rarity’s cat Opalescence, Rainbow’s tortoise Tank, most of the guests at Fluttershy’s picnic—including the bear—and a few new arrivals.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve been looking all over for you ponies! What are you all doing here?

**Rainbow:** Fluttershy spoke with the woodland critters, and they’ve agreed to take us into their home ’til the Pinkie storm dies down.

**Twilight:** You guys, we’re gonna fix this, and I know exactly how.

**Fluttershy:** Are we gonna lose our real Pinkie Pie?

**Twilight:** I don’t think so. (*leading marea toward exit*) Now come along. I’ve already got Applejack and her family rounding up all the Pinkies.

(*Wipe to a patch of grassland, which is soon taken over by a massed charge of very pink and very loud earth ponies. Applejack, Macintosh, Bloom, and Applejack’s dog Winona are at the back of the throng, galloping like mad.*)

**Applejack:** Hyah, you Pinkies! (*diving ahead*) Hyah! (*She pulls up toward one.*)

**Stampede Pinkie:** Ooh, they want to play chase! This is fun too!

(*She is at the outer edge of the unlikely herd, but a solid nudge from Applejack pushes her back in; Bloom does the same to one on the opposite side. Meanwhile, the white/brown working dog leaps from mane to mane, landing on any Pinkies who try to jump out and knocking them back down. The mass of copied and re-copied ponies barrels over a bridge spanning the Ponyville stream and toward the town hall. As Applejack and Winona drive them from the rear, Macintosh and Bloom race ahead and get the doors open just in time; Applejack follows them in.*)

**Applejack:** (*exasperated*) Oh, give it a rest.

(*Her siblings knock the doors shut with their heads. Inside, Twilight stands on a curtained stage to address the unruly bunch, accompanied by Spike.*)

**Twilight:** Welcome, Pinkies, welcome! Please have a seat and make yourselves comfortable. (*No effect.*) Okay, I suppose you can’t be comfortable staying in one place, but have a seat anyway.

(*Still nothing; now the din works her last good nerve for several very long seconds.*)

**Twilight:** Sit DOWN!!

(*They freeze in mid-bounce/caper/frolic and drop onto their haunches in wide-eyed ranks.*)

**Twilight:** Better. Now I suppose you’re all wondering why I’ve gathered you all here today. (*Puzzled looks among the group.*)

**A Pinkie:** (*shrugging*) For fun?

**Twilight:** (*smugly*) No, just the opposite, actually. (*Sound of door bursting open.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Wait up! (*Cut to her, flying in and carrying a dejected stray.*) I-I got one more! Found this one poking at the ground with her hoof, drawing frowny faces.

**Twilight:** Have her come sit with the others.

(*Hovering above the crowd, the blue daredevil dumps her charge into them.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkies, you’ve been brought here to take a test.

**Pinkies:** (*petulantly*) Awwwww… (*Several slump over or clap hooves to faces.*)

**Twilight:** (*crossing stage*) Don’t worry. It’s a simple test, about as simple as they come. And whoever passes gets to stay.

(*Shrugs and murmurs of assent greet this announcement.*)

**Twilight:** Curtain, please!

(*Spike yanks a rope, hauling up the curtain to expose a large panel of drywall or plywood, freshly painted purple. Fluttershy and Rarity are here as well, the brushes in their mouths giving away their part in this scheme; after touching up a few last spots, they step behind the panel.*)

**Twilight:** The test… (*It is wheeled forward.*) …will be watching paint dry! (*Terrified gasps from the test-takers.*) On your mark, get set, go!

(*Every pair of blue eyes trains itself on the oozing pigment; cut to Spike, now perched on a stool onstage with a bag of popcorn.*)

**Spike:** Oh, this is so exciting!

(*As he starts to chow down, a dissolve shows him now slumped across the stool on his back, holding the empty bag, and one blink away from falling into a coma out of sheer boredom.*)

**Spike:** Okay, maybe not that exciting.

(*Tipping the bag, he gets one last kernel to fall out, but it just bounces off his face. The Pinkies, meanwhile, are still gazing intently at the slowly drying panel in complete silence. At the back of the room, Applejack and Rainbow are having just as little fun, the latter checking a wristwatch on one foreleg. Pan from them to the nearest rows of Pinkies, one of whom starts to scratch nervously at the back of her head. A bird flits down to a tree branch visible through a nearby window, drawing her attention.*)

**Pinkie 1:** Oh, hey, look at the birdie!

(*Twilight hits her with a spell that causes her to inflate like a balloon with frightening speed, leaving only her mane, tail, and hooves untouched. The pumped-up Pinkie then shrinks away to nothing, becoming a swirl of magic that streaks away. A series of cuts shows it flowing out the window, into the Everfree Forest, and back down the cavern into the Mirror Pool.*)

(*Back at the test site, another Pinkie loses focus.*)

**Pinkie 2:** (*to another*) Watch me bounce to touch the ceiling!

(*She curls herself into a ball, hits the floor rump first, and shoots upward as if she were a rubber ball. The nearest Pinkie shifts her eyes to follow this stunt and is unceremoniously zapped away, and the bouncer gets the same treatment before she can make it all the way to the ceiling. Both of them disappear without inflating, however. A frog’s ribbit catches another one by surprise; she looks toward the sound.*)

**Pinkie 3:** Is that…

(*Cut to just outside an upper-story window. The orange-frog Twilight made by mistake in the prologue sits on the porch here.*)

**Pinkie 3:** …is that a frog crossed with an orange? (*Two more Pinkies peek out.*)

**Pinkie 4:** Cool!

**Pinkie 5:** Where?

(*All three are magically put out of the joint; inside, one Pinkie holds up a front hoof for her neighbor to see.*)

**Pinkie 6:** Look what I can do with my hooves!

(*She blows on the other one as if trying to inflate a balloon, and the one she held up responds by sprouting four stubby little fingers. The onlooker Pinkie recoils slightly at the sight, but gets no further before Twilight’s spell inflates and banishes them both. Another one addresses her nearest counterpart next.*)

**Pinkie 7:** Bet you can’t make a face crazier than…THIS!

(*As she says this, she briefly turns her face away from the camera and scrubs at it with her front hooves as if getting ready to do an impression. On “this,” she turns back to reveal that she has re-shaped and rearranged the features of her entire head to resemble the Pinkie Pie character featured in the earlier “Generation 3” line of My Little Pony toys. Both she and her flabbergasted neighbor get dispelled for this. Onstage, Twilight blasts her horn this way and that, while Fluttershy covers her eyes and Rarity fans a hoof before her own face in shock. Both have put away their paintbrushes. When she finally stops firing, the appendage has gone red-hot and has smoke rising from the tip; she blows upward to cool it down, then looks out over the room.*)

(*Throughout this entire sequence, the crowd has steadily become more sparse, and a longer shot reveals that there are only two Pinkies left. Spike has fallen asleep and tumbled off his stool. Dissolve to a close-up of one grimacing pink face…then the dripping painted panel…then the other determined visage…then to Twilight, Fluttershy, and Rarity…then an extreme close-up of one pair of blue eyes and the sweat dribbling down past them…then a long shot of the room, with Applejack and Rainbow still watching from the back. The blue pegasus is first to break the silence with a frustrated groan.*)

**Rainbow:** I can’t take it anymore! (*She flies up and points out the window.*) Somepony’s making balloon animals! (*The Pinkie on the left looks around.*)

**Left Pinkie:** What? Where?

(*Cut to outside the window; the sound of one last spell is heard, and the pink energy that used to be this duplicate is on its way back to the Mirror Pool. Inside, Twilight and Rarity smile at having reached the end of this trial, but Fluttershy registers some surprise; cut to the last survivor, still staring ahead with all the concentration she can muster.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Pinkie… (*Cut to frame both.*) …you can look away now. (*Pinkie snaps back to herself and does so.*)

**Pinkie:** I passed?

**Twilight:** You passed. You’re the only Pinkie who kept staring at the wall.

**Pinkie:** (*as Applejack, Rainbow, Spike gather around*) I had to. I just had to. I couldn’t leave my friends. I just couldn’t! (*Cut to a pan across said friends; she continues o.s.*) But I guess sometimes I *will* have to choose between them.

**Twilight:** Knew you’d be up to the challenge. (*Pinkie straightens up and looks herself over.*)

**Pinkie:** I’m me! I’m me! (*jumping most of the way to the ceiling*) I’m me!

(*As soon as she hits the ground, anxiety takes root under the fluffy mane.*)

**Pinkie:** Or am I?

(*A few pokes at her face are enough to bring a smile back to it.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah, I’m pretty sure I am.

(*The smile turns into a huge grin. Dissolve to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner and zoom in slowly.*)

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

(*Cut to a close-up of Spike, sitting on the stairs in her bedroom and writing as she dictates from her bed in the background. Pan slowly toward her as she speaks.*)

**Pinkie:** “It’s great to have fun, but it’s even greater to have great friends.”

(*Dissolve to a second try at the Apple barn-raising; all the damage to the frames has been repaired, and Pinkie is on the job with Applejack and Fritter. The blond mare shoots a wink to the pink one.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) “And having lots of friends means that you sometimes have to make choices as to whom you’ll spend your time with.”

(*Dissolve to a close-up of Rainbow relaxing on her beach chair, shades firmly in place.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) “But that’s okay—” (*Zoom out; Pinkie rides the rope swing out and plunges into the lake.*) “—because good friends will always give you lots of opportunities to have fun.”

(*Dissolve to a close-up of the hole she fell into while searching for the Mirror Pool. A large boulder is floated down to plug it up.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) “So even if you’re missing out—”

(*Zoom out. Twilight stands here, along with Pinkie and Macintosh. The stallion’s strength and the unicorn’s magic have come together to seal off the cavern that started this mess.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) “—it’s never for long. Respectfully yours, Pinkie Pie.”

(*Dissolve to a close-up of Spike sitting on the steps outside Sugarcube Corner, with Pinkie standing partially in view behind him at the open front door. He blows fire over the scroll in his hands to send it off; tilt up to her face.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Hi, Pinkie Pie. (*Longer shot; the rest of the gang has come with her.*) We were thinking we should go out and celebrate.

**Applejack:** You up for some wheelbarrow races?

**Rainbow:** Or I could take everypony on a cloud ride!

**Rarity:** I could throw a party with punch and zesty cucumber sandwiches! (*flailing forelegs excitedly*) Ooh!

**Pinkie:** (*backing slowly through door, a bit woozily*) You want to know exactly what I feel like doing right now?

(*She finishes the thought by flopping onto her back, letting off a contented sigh, and going instantly to sleep. One hind leg twitches in time with her loud snoring, and the camera cuts to a point just above the exhausted pony’s belly and tilts up to frame the others staring incredulously in at her. The cavalcade of not-Pinkies has done the seemingly impossible and caused the real one to run completely out of steam.*)

**Fluttershy:** That looks like fun. (*Laughs and smiles from the others.*)

**Applejack:** Oh, Pinkie…

(*Twilight closes the door gently with her magic, and the view fades to black.*)