**MAGICAL MYSTERY CURE**

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Note: Background lyrics are in square brackets.

Prologue

***Lush, energetic orchestral string/woodwind/brass/percussion arrangement, brisk 4 (D major)***

(*Opening shot: fade in to a thick bank of fluffy white clouds that fill the screen. As the camera roves through the expanse and a few birds flit past, the clouds drift away to frame a long overhead shot of Ponyville in the morning. A series of zooms and dissolves takes the view to the sunlit exterior of the library, then one of the upper-story windows. The birds congregate around it before Twilight Sparkle opens it and leans out, scattering them.*)

***Lighter tone***

**Twilight:** Morning in Ponyville shimmers

(*Inside the bedroom, she trots by the sleeping Spike’s basket and levitates his blanket away.*)

Morning in Ponyville shines

(*He snaps awake, then lets his head flop onto the pillow. Outside; she magically opens the front door, steps out, and closes it.*)

And I know for absolute certain

(*trotting out*) That everything is certainly fine

(*Tilt up to the bright morning sun, then dissolve to several ponies going about their business in the town square. She passes a group that includes Mayor Mare.*)

**Twilight:** There’s the Mayor, en route to her office

(*Past a stallion hauling a couch on a cart, then the Quills and Sofas shop seen in “Owl’s Well That Ends Well”; the shopkeeper, Davenport, stands out front.*)

There’s the sofa clerk, selling some quills

**Davenport:** Mornin’, kid!

(*She reaches the restaurant.*)

***Stoptime***

**Twilight:** My Ponyville is so gentle and still

***Normal rhythm***

(*Horte Cuisine waits on a mare and stallion from Canterlot; she whips over to them.*)

Can things ever go wrong? I don’t think that they will

(*Jumping onto the table, she does an impromptu flamenco dance and gets Horte to do likewise, pleasing the out-of-towners greatly. Horte and the stallion lower her to the ground; she trots blissfully toward the camera.*)

**Twilight:** Morning in Ponyville shimmers

(*After the screen blacks out from her approach, wipe to her trotting past the town hall; others start to fall in as pegasi arc overhead.*)

Morning in Ponyville shines

(*Still more pegasi fan out from the roof.*)

And I know for absolute certain

That everything is certainly

(*Before she can finish the line, a gout of water falls from above and drenches every inch of her. She glares up toward the sky.*)

***Song ends***

**Twilight:** Rainbow Dash, that’s not funny!

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Terribly sorry, darling.

(*The sound of that refined voice, coupled with a thunder rumble, is enough to dump a bucketful of sand into the violet unicorn’s mental gears. Cut to just behind her—looking straight at the white one, who stands on one of the bridges spanning the stream that borders Ponyville. She has her horn going and is trying to move several storm clouds around in the sky, with little success.*)

**Rarity:** I’m afraid I’m—I’m not good with the thundery ones.

(*Zoom in quickly to a close-up of her haunch. The three blue gems of her cutie mark have been replaced by Rainbow Dash’s cloud and lightning bolt. A sharp gasp from the now-o.s. Twilight, then cut back to her—now dry—and zoom in slowly.*)

**Twilight:** Something tells me everything is *not* going to be fine.

(*Snap to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to Twilight and Rarity on the bridge. The clouds are still behaving badly, dropping rain in some places and snow in others.*)

**Twilight:** What are you doing? (*pointing at Rarity’s haunch*) What happened to your cutie mark?

**Rarity:** Whatever do you mean, Twilight? I’m simply doing what I’ve done since the day it first appeared.

(*Sunlight starts to shine down through a few openings in the cloud cover; cut to somewhere far overhead, then tilt down to the two unicorns on the next line. Rarity has arranged the clouds into a checkerboard pattern.*)

**Rarity:** Does my sky look fabulous or what?

(*“Or what” would seem to be the prevailing opinion, as revealed when the camera zooms out to frame a sizable crowd of very put-out, very vocal ponies.*)

**Rarity:** Too last-season?

**Twilight:** Where is Rainbow Dash? (*She tries to climb over the group.*) Why isn’t she handling this?

(*Wipe to Twilight and Spike walking through a tract of meadowland outside the town proper.*)

**Spike:** (*sleepily, yawning/stretching*) I still don’t know what you had to wake me up for. I love sleeping in the rain. (*They approach Fluttershy’s cottage.*)

**Twilight:** It’s not about the weather, Spike. Rarity had Rainbow Dash’s cutie mark and said this was Rainbow Dash’s cottage. (*Up to the front door; muffled animal noises heard from within.*) Something strange is going on.

(*At her knock, the door opens just enough for a certain sky-blue pegasus to peek out. She looks about one good scare away from a full nervous breakdown.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey, guys.

**Twilight:** Rainbow Dash! Why is Rarity doing your job?

(*A crash from inside sends Rainbow diving back in; cut to the other side of the door as Twilight eases it fully open with magic.*)

**Twilight:** And what in Equestria is going on in…

(*Words give way to a popeyed stare from unicorn and dragon alike as the camera zooms out quickly to frame what can only be described as total animal chaos. Seemingly every critter Fluttershy has ever taken care of is running amuck and paying no attention to Rainbow’s herding efforts.*)

**Twilight:** …here?

***Jaunty pizzicato string/woodwind melody with horn/percussion accents***

***Moderate 4 (C major)***

***Last two lines of first three verses are played in stoptime***

(*Rainbow grabs Pinkie Pie’s alligator Gummy and stuffs him in a birdcage.*)

**Rainbow:** These animals don’t listen, no, not one little bit

(*A duck and raccoon run around her, spinning her dizzy, and a cat shreds the curtains and hisses at her.*)

They run around out of control and throw their hissy fits

It’s up to me to stop them, ’cause plainly you can see

(*She flies up after a bird.*)

It’s got to be my destiny

(*It dives into a mouse hole, which she slams into face first; as she falls back into a dazed haunch-sitting position, her cutie mark is seen as Fluttershy’s three butterflies. Zoom in on this.*)

And it’s what my cutie mark is telling me

(*Twilight and Spike exchange worried glances. Dissolve to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner as they walk up, then cut to the yellow pegasus on the shop floor inside and zoom in through the gathering of unimpressed onlookers. She has picked up Pinkie’s three-balloon mark, and her attempt at a balloon animal gets no farther than blowing the balloon up and letting it hiss out of her grip. She forces a smile onto her face and dons a set of Groucho Marx joke glasses.*)

***Bass in, lighter feel***

**Fluttershy:** I try to keep them laughing, put a smile upon their face

(*No dice.*) But no matter what I try, it seems a bit of a disgrace

(*She ditches the glasses and blows a noisemaker, which instantly goes limp.*)

I have to entertain them, it’s there for all to see

(*The crowd looks elsewhere and laughs—because Spike has put on the glasses and is dancing stupidly, to Twilight’s great chagrin.*)

It’s got to be my destiny

(*Back to Fluttershy; zoom in on her new cutie mark.*)

And it’s what my cutie mark is telling me

***Banjo/drums in, double-time bluegrass feel***

(*Dissolve to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres as Twilight and Spike walk toward the main gate, then cut to Pinkie shaking an apple tree. She now bears Applejack’s cutie mark, her mane and tail have gone completely straight, and she sings with a bit of a Southern accent. One fruit drops loose and conks her on the head; next she tries to push a plow with her head, but slips and falls on her face.*)

**Pinkie:** I don’t care much for pickin’ fruit, and plowin’ fields ain’t such a hoot

(*She scrambles around in a fruitless attempt to repair a bent downspout on the barn.*)

No matter what I try, I cannot fix this busted water chute

(*It breaks under her weight, dumping her into a full rain barrel. Now she hauls a cartload of caged chickens through the orchards; one bounces out of its pen, pecks her on the head, and lays an egg there.*)

I’ve got so many chores to do, it’s no fun being me

(*Bucking a tree gets her just a small scatter of apples, all of which miss the tub she is holding up and find her head instead, knocking her down. The egg is gone now.*)

But it has to be my destiny

(*Zoom in on her cutie mark.*)

’Cause it’s what my cutie mark is telling me

***Bass out, percussion out briefly, mandolin/flute in***

***Steadily building desperation (D flat minor*)**

(*The apples give way to a trio of red buttons as the view dissolves to a close-up of a sewing machine needle stitching a piece of fabric and zooms out. Applejack is in the Carousel Boutique’s ground-floor showroom and far out of her depth; she holds up the cloth to fill the screen, revealing a measuring tape across her shoulders.*)

[*Animation goof: The tape appears and disappears during the following sequence.*]

**Applejack:** Looky here at what I made, I think that it’s a dress

(*And a badly made one: poor fit on the pony mannequin, patched, uneven lace hem and collar. She has acquired Rarity’s cutie mark to supplant her own.*)

I know it doesn’t look like much, I’m under some distress

(*She plops a hat onto another dummy draped in a patchwork of fabrics.*)

Could y’all give me a hand here and help me fix this mess?

(*A feathered headdress goes on a third, whose outfit is made from a flour sack.*)

***Stoptime***

My destiny is not pretty

(*The sewing machine jams; zoom in on her haunch.*)

***Normal rhythm***

But it’s what my cutie mark is tellin’ me

***Dramatic horns/percussion in***

***Modulate to D flat major after the first three lines***

(*Dissolve to Rarity on a hill outside Ponyville, under a maelstrom of gray clouds that quickly resolves into her out-of-control checkerboard pattern.*)

**Rarity:** I’m in love with weather patterns, but the others have concerns

(*Sunbeams wash out the screen; fade in to three ponies who have gone beet-red from sunburn. A sudden burst of snow flurries covers them end to end.*)

For I just gave them frostbite over top of their sunburns

(*Fade to white as the flakes fly, then in to her and zoom out slowly. The entire panorama contracts to a small white circle against a black field, top left corner.*)

***Percussion out***

**Rarity:** I have to keep on trying, for everyone can see

**Rainbow, Rarity:** It’s got to be

(*Fluttershy fades in, bottom right, and takes off her Groucho glasses.*)

**Fluttershy:** It’s got to be

(*Pinkie appears, bottom left, then Applejack, top right, taking off her hat.*)

**Pinkie:** My destiny

**Applejack:** My destiny

(*Rainbow appears, center.*)

**Fluttershy, Rainbow, Rarity:** And it’s what my cutie mark

(*Snap to black, which tiles itself in with a series of six vertical panels that slide in from left to right. Each shows the cutie mark of one pony: Fluttershy, Rainbow, Pinkie, Applejack, Rarity, Twilight. All show their owner’s coat color as the background except for Rarity’s, which is the same purple as her mane.*)

**Applejack, Pinkie:** It’s what my cutie mark

(*One by one, they slide into view from alternating top and bottom—each cutie mark replaced by the pony who now possesses it. Only one side of each is visible within a panel, so that the images appear to form three mares with mismatched halves.*)

***Stoptime***

**All but Twilight:** Yes, it’s what my cutie mark is telling me

(*The violet unicorn just leans out past the split between her panel and Applejack’s and shoots a puzzled sidelong glance at the others. All six panels pivot about invisible vertical axes and disappear against the black background.*)

***Song ends with a stinger***

(*Fade in to the library’s reading room, the camera pointing toward the front door from the opposite side. A glass case is partly in view in the foreground; within it, the tiara symbolizing Twilight’s Element of Magic can be seen. The door swings open under a burst of her magic, and she trots in hurriedly to stop on the mat.*)

**Twilight:** This is bad! (*trotting briefly in place*) This is very, very bad! (*She enters, followed by Spike.*)

**Spike:** What’s going on? Why is this happening?

(*She crosses to the case, now seen to contain her friends’ Element necklaces as well.*)

**Twilight:** Last night, when you were taking one of your seven-hour bubble baths…

(*On the end of this line, the view undergoes a wavering dissolve to her at the open front door, the previous evening. A delivery stallion passes over a package, which she takes in her magic. The entire scene is rendered in soft focus.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) …I got a special delivery from the Princess!

(*She walks back in, closing the door and ignoring the clipboard he has held out for a signature. More telekinesis opens the package and brings out a scroll and a book.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading scroll*) “Dear Twilight Sparkle: The spell contained on the last page of this book is Starswirl the Bearded’s secret unfinished masterpiece.” (*She gasps happily and floats the book up to eye level.*) Ooooh! (*Float it down; zoom out slowly.*) “He was never able to get it right, and thus abandon [*sic*] it. I believe you are the only pony who can understand and rewrite it. Princess Celestia.”

(*Letting the scroll drop, she positions the book in front of herself and flips pages until she gets to the end. The lights in the reading room dim, leaving her and the Elements’ case to stand out.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading book*) “From one to another, another to one, a mark of one’s destiny singled out alone, fulfilled.”

(*She has her back to the case, and thus does not notice the tiara’s star jewel start to glow on the end of this. It throws off a burst of light, affecting the five necklaces and causing their gems to cycle through each other’s colors.*)

**Twilight:** That doesn’t make any sense! (*Lights up; final flash; cycling stops.*) It doesn’t even rhyme!

(*The jewel colors have ended up as follows. Rarity’s lozenge is red; Pinkie’s balloon, orange; Applejack’s apple, purple; Rainbow’s lightning bolt, pink; Fluttershy’s butterfly, blue. In other words, each pony’s original jewel has changed to the color of the one whose mark she has acquired. Still not noticing, Twilight yawns expansively.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) I cast the spell so I could find out what it was. (*Close book; float onto table; trot for the stairs. Zoom in on the case.*) But nothing seemed to happen.

(*Wavering dissolve to the here and now, still focused on the necklaces and tiara.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) But now I know something *did* happen! (*She leans into view and eyes them.*) The spell has changed the Elements of Harmony! (*Zoom out slightly; she turns away.*) That must be why their cutie marks are all wrong! (*She leafs through the book.*)

**Spike:** So just cast a counter-spell to switch ’em back!

**Twilight:** (*moaning softly*) There *is* no counter-spell!

**Spike:** Why don’t you just use that memory spell you used to fix everypony when Discord was here?

**Twilight:** It’s not their memories, Spike. It’s their true selves that have been altered!

**Spike:** Zecora’s cure for the cutie pox?

(*His last two comments refer to Part Two of “The Return of Harmony” and “The Cutie Pox,” respectively. Now she despondently closes the book and floats it into his grip; this shot clearly frames its cover for the first time. The pattern of stars and swirling lines confirms that it is the book Princess Luna briefly conjured up at the end of Part Two of “The Crystal Empire.”*)

**Twilight:** (*turning away*) That won’t work either! (*He regards it, then her going upstairs.*)

**Spike:** Well, maybe it won’t be so bad. (*She stops.*) Maybe our friends will grow to like their new lives.

**Twilight:** (*voice breaking*) No, Spike. They’re not who they are meant to be anymore. Their destinies are now changed. (*climbing stairs again*) And it’s all my fault.

***Melancholy piano/string melody with very light percussion, moderate 4 (B flat major)***

(*The little dragon can only stand and gaze wordlessly, clutching the book to himself, as she plods up to their room. Dissolve to its loft, where she lies glumly on her belly atop the bed; the area is lit only by the shaft of halfhearted sun coming in through the window from the rainy gray sky.*)

**Twilight:** I have to find a way

(*Dissolve to just outside the window; she looks out.*)

To make this all okay

(*To a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres; zooming in slowly; the trees and crops have withered. Pinkie tries to buck a tree, its branches bare except for one leaf that blows away.*)

I can’t believe this small mistake

Could have caused so much heartache

(*Dissolve to a sodden-maned Rarity trudging down a street; she cringes at the sight of an angry mare at a window slamming the shutters closed.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, why?

(*To a longer shot, zooming out slowly; she is alone on the block, under the checkered sky.*)

Oh, why?

***Slightly stronger percussion in***

(*To the Carousel Boutique’s ground-floor showroom and its deplorable new line of clothing. One window on the opposite wall has been boarded up, and the camera zooms slowly out through a front window as Applejack’s inconsolable reflection appears in the glass. She has already put several boards across these panes, and she adds one more.*)

**Twilight:** Losing promise

(*Cut to a longer shot of the building, zooming out slowly; windows and door are boarded, the sign over the front door has been pulled down, and the landscaping has gone to pot.*)

I don’t know what to do

(*Dissolve to Rainbow, sitting dejectedly among the animals running wild in “her” cottage. Zoom out slowly.*)

Seeking answers

I fear I won’t get through to you

***Original light percussion resumes***

(*To Fluttershy, sitting at the edge of the fountain in the town square amid a lot of ponies in very bad moods. She hunkers down miserably as the camera zooms out. Another dissolve frames the square from overhead, zooming out through the crazy weather.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, why?

(*To her on the bed.*) Oh, why?

***Song ends***

(*She lowers her head into her forelegs and cries silently; dissolve to a close-up as Spike walks up to stroke her mane.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, Spike, what have I done?

(*Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the loft. Twilight has turned to the window, Spike watching her from across the floor.*)

**Spike:** Aw, come on, Twilight. (*smiling, crossing to her*) You’ll figure out a way to fix this. (*Close-up of her; he continues o.s., touching her shoulder.*) These are your friends.

(*After a long, searching look out the window, she sits up to her haunches.*)

**Twilight:** You’re right, Spike.

(*Trotting to the kitchen, she regards a picture of herself and her five friends above the fireplace. Close-up of this, tilting up slowly.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) And they mean more to me than anything. (*Overhead shot of her; a nimbus of white light growing around as she smiles.*) My friends.

(*The light steadily grows in intensity and takes on a violet edge.*)

**Spike:** Twilight? (*shading his eyes*) Are you all right?

(*A twinkling, immaterial gust of wind toys with her mane as she opens her eyes, whose pupils display a slightly modified version of her cutie mark for a moment—six small white stars instead of five.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve got it! I know what to do! (*Light dies away.*)

**Spike:** You do?

(*Cut to the staircase leading down from the loft and tilt to follow her as she descends, levitating a jeweled chest alongside.*)

**Twilight:** I may not be able to remind them of who they are…

(*She hits the display case with her magic; cut to a close-up of it as the cover floats off and the necklaces shift into the quickly opening chest. Her tiara stays separate.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) …but I can show them what they mean to each other! (*Back to her, donning the tiara as Spike comes down.*) They’ll find the part of themselves that’s been lost so they can help the friend they care about so much!

(*On the end of this, cut to Spike, who catches the closed chest on his back when it is slung his way. The next shot is of Twilight at the open front door, all business.*)

**Twilight:** Come on, Spike!

(*She gallops out with him following. Wipe to a very down-in-the-mouth Fluttershy, dragging a set of saddlebags in her teeth toward a hot-air balloon—the one sometimes used by the group—attended by Cherry Berry. The pegasus shells out some money to the pink pony, who turns away.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Fluttershy, wait! (*She and Spike walk up through the disgruntled residents.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*listlessly*) Oh…hey, Twilight.

**Twilight:** Where are you going?

**Fluttershy:** I’m moving back to Cloudsdale. I don’t know what’s wrong, but… (*Cut to Twilight; she continues o.s.*) …I can’t seem to make anypony laugh.

(*Zoom out to frame her; she holds up a whoopee cushion and mashes it between her front hooves, only to generate an anemic version of its usual sound effect. Unicorn and dragon trade a concerned look, and Twilight walks over to Fluttershy with a smile.*)

**Twilight:** Before you go, I was wondering if you might be willing to help Rainbow Dash. She’s really struggling with her animals.

**Fluttershy:** (*twiddling forelegs nervously*) But…I don’t really know anything about animals.

**Twilight:** But you *do* know something about Rainbow Dash.

(*Cut to a close-up of the pegasus, turning these words over very quickly in her head, then zoom out to frame Spike now alongside her.*)

**Fluttershy:** I know that she’s a true friend… (*smiling*) …and I’ll do anything I can to help her.

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the cottage as the trio approaches, then cut to them at the front door. An impact from within nearly shakes it off the hinges, in time with a clamor of animals.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from inside, through door*) Help!

**Twilight:** Rainbow Dash! (*Cut to inside; she opens the door.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) I’m in here!

(*Zoom out quickly to frame the entire area, now crowded with animals on the warpath and brandishing assorted sharp and blunt cooking implements.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Help! (*The base of a large caldron; they dance around it.*) I’m trapped!

(*Tilt up. She has been tied up with copious amounts of rope and placed in the vessel, with a bear snarling in her ear.*)

**Fluttershy:** Hurry, Twilight! Can’t you do some sort of spell to get her out?

**Twilight:** (*shaking head emphatically*) No. Fluttershy, you’re the only one who can help. (*Cut to Rainbow; she continues o.s.*) Rainbow Dash needs *you!*

(*One agonizingly long hesitation later, the meek pony advances slowly into the cottage.*)

**Fluttershy:** Um…hello? Little…woodland creatures? (*The bear stumps past; she bends down to a mouse.*) I know that you’re all very upset and feel like giving Rainbow Dash a hard time, but we’d all really appreciate it if you’d calm down and, um, maybe…rest for a bit?

(*During the previous, the animals gradually begin to quiet themselves and the camera cuts briefly to two squirrels swinging a birdhouse, then back after they too yield. A now-pacified menagerie has gathered in front of her by the time she finishes, surprising her greatly; Twilight and Spike smile at this development.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh! Uh…look! (*She zips away, then back with a bowl of assorted food.*) Here’s some nice juicy leaves for you to munch on.

(*On the end of this, cut to a group of rabbits as she sets the bowl down; they immediately dig in. The next shot is that of a group of various-sized rodents; she spreads a pile of nuts for them.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) And some crunchy-munchy acorns too. (*approaching animals still menacing Rainbow*) Uh, wouldn’t you like to take a break and have a little snack?

(*It takes them very little time to ditch the cutlery and join the lunch rush; cut to the whole bunch chowing down.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Aww, look at that. (*walking up to rabbits*) I guess you were all just cranky because you were hungry.

(*Her pet Angel turns away from the fluffy critters and hops up onto her front hooves with a genuinely welcoming smile to nuzzle her cheek. Several birds gather around her as well.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, you are very welcome, little friends.

(*Two meaty, hairy brown limbs snatch her up, and she drops Angel as the bear cradles her in its grip. It gives her a happy little growl and a kiss on the forehead; the animals gather in close.*)

**Fluttershy:** Goodness! (*A faint pink glow surrounds her.*) It’s like I can understand them!

(*Back to the door; Spike lifts up the chest, its lid flipping open, and Twilight levitates Fluttershy’s necklace out.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) I…I feel strange, like… (*Unicorn and jewelry charge ahead; back to her.*) …like this is what I’m meant to do! Like this is who I am! (*flying out of bear’s hold; birds around her*) My destiny!

(*The light around her flares up as Twilight sends the necklace across the open space to land around her throat; as its jewel glows blinding white, zoom in to an extreme close-up of the blue-green eyes. Images from her past experience with animals flash across the dilated pupils at breakneck speed, and the view fades to white.*)

(*Fade in immediately to Fluttershy as she crumples to the floor; when she lifts her head, Twilight and Spike are standing in front of her. The light from her body and her necklace has faded out.*)

**Fluttershy:** What…what happened?

**Twilight:** Fluttershy, look! Your cutie mark!

(*Cut to a shot of Fluttershy and zoom in on her haunch. The three pink butterflies are right back where they should be, marked by a flash of white as if she had just earned them for the first time. The butterfly jewel at her throat has resumed its original pink color as well.*)

***Mellow, upbeat acoustic guitar melody with light percussion, moderate 4 (B flat major)***

**Twilight:** It worked! (*Cut to Fluttershy, standing up; she continues o.s.*) It worked! (*jumping to her, nuzzling*) Oh, I’m so happy you’re back to normal! Now we need your help!

(*She walks past the gorging squirrels; one of them gives its nut to a hungry mouse.*)

**Twilight:** A true, true friend helps a friend in need

(*She leads Fluttershy to the door.*)

A friend will be there to help them see

(*Close-up of the two mares.*)

**Twilight, Fluttershy:** A true, true friend helps a friend in need

To see the light that shines from a true, true friend

(*Tilt down slightly to frame the space between; Rainbow is still tied up in the pot at the far end.*)

**Rainbow:** (*annoyed*) Um, hello? Friend trapped inside, remember?

(*Dissolve to her, now standing on the floor and being unwrapped with help from Fluttershy’s teeth and Twilight’s magic.*)

***Stronger percussion line, mandolin in***

**Twilight:** (*to Rainbow*) Rarity needs your help

(*Dissolve to a close-up of Rarity in Ponyville and zoom out slightly. The weather is still off the rails, she is ready to bolt, and Berry Punch gallops past, trying vainly to get out from under the personal cloud raining on her. Twilight, Fluttershy, and Rainbow trot up to the scene.*)

She’s trying hard, doing what she can

(*The blue pegasus flies hesitantly up to the clouds at Fluttershy’s urging.*)

**Fluttershy:** Would you try, just give it a chance?

(*A tentative hind-leg kick disintegrates one cloud.*)

You might find that you’ll start to understand

(*The red-violet eyes widen in surprise; down below, the cringing, teary-eyed Rarity is stunned to find the overcast sky clearing up. She looks overhead and spots Rainbow breaking up the clouds.*)

**Twilight, Fluttershy:** A true, true friend helps a friend in need

A friend will be there to help you see

(*under previous line*) [Friend…be…help…see]

(*The sun shines over all of Ponyville now; these two gallop past Rarity, who hurries to catch up. Down the way, Rainbow wipes her forehead as a pink-red glow envelops her.*)

A true, true friend helps a friend in need

(*Her necklace is magically put on, jewel flashing white, and past images race across her eyes.*)

To see the light that shines from a true, true friend

***Original light percussion resumes, mandolin out***

(*Fade to white, then in to a close-up of the right cutie mark on the blue haunch. Zoom out; she lies sprawled in the street, heaving herself up after a moment. The lightning-bolt jewel has taken on its proper red hue, and the light around her is gone.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, what just happened?

**Twilight:** There’s no time to explain, but we need your help. Applejack’s trying to make dresses!

**Rainbow:** Say no more!

(*Twilight and Fluttershy step aside, giving a clear view of one very confused white unicorn. Dissolve to the quartet and Spike in the Carousel Boutique’s showroom.*)

***Drums in***

**Rainbow:** (*to Rarity*) Applejack needs your help

(*Both Applejack and the sewing machine are having a very rough time of it; she is starting to cry, and it seizes up and begins to smoke. The measuring tape is across her shoulders.*)

She’s trying hard, doing what she can

(*Rarity walks across the room, eyeing the sartorial devastation.*)

Would you try, just give it a chance?

(*She floats the snarled fabric out of the machine and brings up a pair of scissors, along with a length of cloth that fills the screen as it unrolls.*)

You might find that you’ll start to understand

(*Behind its trailing edge, wipe to her at the racks of material; she levitates one bolt away and gets a spool of thread. The former apple farmer turns her head just in time to catch sight of Twilight pushing a rack of mangled dresses out a side door and smiles thankfully.*)

***Double-time feel***

**Twilight, Fluttershy, Rainbow:** A true, true friend helps a friend in need

(*Dissolve to Rarity in her upstairs workroom/living area and zoom out slowly. The sewing machine is running full speed, and she floats garment patterns behind herself as she works.*)

A friend will be there to help them see

(*under previous line*) [Friend…be…help…see]

(*Applejack stares in silent wonder as Twilight and Spike pass behind her, Rarity’s necklace floating overhead.*)

A true, true friend helps a friend in need

(*The designer finds herself wreathed in a purple glow as she finishes an outfit, and the accessory fastens itself around her neck. Gem flashes white; zoom in to a close-up as her dressmaking life flashes through her eyes.*)

To see the light that shines from a true, true friend

***Drums out, light percussion in; straight time***

(*The screen flashes white; fade in to a close-up of her true cutie mark, then zoom out. She is slumped across her worktable, the lozenge gem at her throat now its original purple, and she pulls in a small gasp.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, my. (*Cut to Twilight/Fluttershy/Rarity; she continues o.s.*) What a terrible dream I had!

(*Looking across the room, she finds a cringing Applejack next to a mannequin dressed in a hideous brown getup and slouch hat that no self-respecting hillbilly would be caught dead in.*)

**Rarity:** Or, maybe I’m still having it.

**Twilight:** Rarity! Pinkie Pie’s about to lose the apple farm! We need Applejack’s help!

**Rarity:** Lose the apple farm? (*smiling fiercely, crossing room*) Well, we can’t let that happen now, can we?

***Guitar out, horns/strings in, percussion steadily builds intensity***

(*She pulls Equestria’s worst dressmaker away from the mess; the two trot side by side.*)

**Rarity:** Pinkie Pie is in trouble

(*The scenery behind them dissolves to a street; zoom out to show Twilight/Fluttershy/Rarity/Spike walking with them.*)

We need to get there by her side

(*Applejack finds her mojo; dissolve to the ravaged tracts of Sweet Apple Acres as they arrive.*)

We can try to do what we can now

(*Dissolve to Pinkie, straining to hold up the barn’s damaged downspout; all mares gather around her except Applejack, who nudges the conduit back in place.*)

Or together we can be her guide

***Horns out, guitar in; double-time feel***

(*The soggy pink pony gives Applejack a grateful smile, and a rain of apples tumbles down over the screen. Once the view clears, the experienced workhorse has gone to work bucking the revived apple trees as Pinkie watches and the others haul away full tubs on their heads.*)

**Twilight, Fluttershy, Rainbow, Rarity:** A true, true friend helps a friend in need

(*Dissolve to a close-up of Applejack standing proud and zoom out. She is in the back of a cart being pulled by Big Macintosh, and she tosses seeds out for Apple Bloom to cover with dirt.*)

A friend will be there to help them see

(*under previous line*) [Friend…be…help…see]

(*Orange light wreathes Applejack as all three siblings and Granny Smith gather at the barn, and Twilight levitates the apple-jeweled necklace from the chest.*)

A true, true friend helps a friend in need

(*It snaps in place and flares white, and Applejack’s huge pupils spin through a replay of her life on the farm.*)

To see the light that shines from a true, true friend

(*Fade to white, then in to a close-up of the gem—now back to its original orange/green color. As she trots happily along, the three red apples shine on her haunch.*)

***Original light percussion, horns in; straight time (B major)***

(*Zoom out to frame all of her as she rears up.*)

**Applejack:** Yee-haa! Now that’s more like it! What’s next?

**Twilight:** The townspeople are furious! We need the old Pinkie Pie back!

**Applejack:** I’m on it! (*turning to Pinkie; pan to frame her in close-up*) I know just the thing!

(*Around the pink former goofball, the background dissolves to a street; zoom out to show her now riding on Applejack’s back and the other mares in step behind her.*)

***Drums/banjo in, horns out; double-time bluegrass feel***

**Applejack:** The townspeople need you, they’ve been sad for a while

(*Cut to a pan through a knot of ponies who have definitely had all they can stand; one itching for a fight after a stallion passes her.*)

They march around, face a-frown and never seem to smile

(*All mares and Spike gather on a bridge; Pinkie is off Applejack’s back.*)

And if you feel like helpin’, we’d appreciate a lot

(*Zoom out to frame the hacked-off crowd, then cut to an uncertainly smiling Pinkie. She gets a set of Groucho glasses stuck onto her face as Twilight levitates her necklace on, its balloon gem gleaming white. Applejack shoves her forward.*)

If you get up there and spread some cheer from here to Canterlot

***Music pauses***

(*Pinkie winds up standing on her hind legs at the edge of the town square fountain, a blue aura surrounding her as memories of her party-loving self cycle across her pupils. The straight magenta mane and tail fluff up; cut to the crowd, starting to smile, then back to her on the start of the next line, throwing off the joke glasses. The jewel in her necklace has assumed its normal blue tone, and she now speaks without the Southern accent she affected while working the fields.*)

**Pinkie:** Come on, ponies! I want to see you smile!

**Crowd:** PINKIE!!

***Music resumes; energetic double-time march style with strings, horns, woodwinds, drums***

(*Dissolve to an extreme close-up of Pinkie’s marching legs and zoom out to frame the three non-pegasi and Spike in step, followed by the entire crowd. Fluttershy and Rainbow fly at opposite ends of the line, and two unicorn trumpeters in marching-band headwear move alongside them. The light around Pinkie’s body and necklace has faded out.*)

**All:** A true, true friend helps a friend in need

(*Berry and Cherry somersault over the procession as two stallions pound a bass drum strapped to the back of a third.*)

A friend will be there to help them see

(*under previous line*) [Friend…be…help…see]

(*Twilight sings first to Pinkie and then Rarity, then advances until her face fills the screen.*)

A true, true friend helps a friend in need

***Double time ends***

(*Another close-up, zooming out to show her standing atop a pyramid of her five friends.*)

To see the light [to see the light]

(*Ponies at all levels, from ground to roof, raise their voices.*)

That shines [that shines]

(*The six mares rise into the air and cluster together thanks to Twilight’s magic.*)

From a true, true friend

(*Close-up of the violet hooves touching down, then zoom out to frame a six-way hug.*)

***Song ends***

**Twilight:** (*memory*) “A mark of one’s destiny singled out alone, fulfilled.”

(*Purple eyes snap wide open as the mouth beneath them sucks in a surprised gasp, and a tiny spark of light plays across Twilight’s pupils. The others back off a step.*)

**Twilight:** Wait a second! That’s it! I understand now! I know how to fix the spell!

(*Cut to just inside the library’s closed front door, which opens under her power; she trots determinedly in as the others hang back slightly. Floating Starswirl’s book over to herself, she flips pages as the lights dim just a bit. Up comes her trusty quill.*)

**Twilight:** (*dictating, writing*) “From all of us together,

Together we are friends.

(*close-up of her and the book; she backs slowly out of view*)

With the marks of our destinies made one,

There is magic without end.”

(*Extreme close-up of the end of the page’s last line. In slow motion, the quill tip touches the paper to set down the final period and sparks fly briefly from the spot of ink as it is lifted away. Normal motion resumes as the equine wizard magically closes the book and sends it back across the room, the other five gathered in a semicircle behind her. Neither she nor they are in any way prepared for what comes next: a sudden gathering of energy in the star jewel in her tiara that generates a pulse of piercing white light. The five necklaces respond by emitting beams in their respective colors, which converge on Twilight’s form and are so bright as to wash out the lights in the rest of the room. The pony at the center of the power surge dips her head passively; cut to an overhead shot and zoom out, the camera rotating slightly, then to the exterior of the library. Shafts of blinding white light pour from every window for an agonizingly long second or two—and then they cut off to leave the tree exactly as it was, under a quiet blue sky.*)

(*Cut to Fluttershy, Pinkie, and Rarity, all hunkered away from ground zero; the beams from their necklaces have stopped, and a few bright pink sparks patter down around them. One by one, they lever their eyes open and straighten up; Fluttershy gasps.*)

**Fluttershy:** What happened?

(*Pinkie lets out a cry of terror when she looks ahead, and a longer shot of the entire room reveals the reason: Twilight is nowhere to be seen. Where she had been standing, there is only a smoking, scorched patch on the floor in the shape of her cutie mark. A babel of panicked voices erupts among the five ponies before the view fades to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a screenful of blue-white light, which recedes somewhat to reveal Twilight standing in a nebula-like stretch of cosmic infinity. Stars shine from near and far as the camera zooms in slowly. Her voice echoes slightly in the expanse, its tone betraying the fear and borderline panic that have taken hold at being brought on this very strange trip. She no longer wears her tiara.*)

**Twilight:** Hello? Where am I? What is this place?

(*A second figure approaches steadily from the haze of light and resolves into Princess Celestia, whose voice also resonates through the stillness.*)

**Celestia:** Congratulations, Twilight. I knew you could do it. (*Twilight walks to her.*)

**Twilight:** (*calmer*) Princess! (*They embrace.*) I don’t understand. What did I do?

**Celestia:** You did something today that’s never been done before. (*She conjures up Starswirl’s book; zoom in on it as she flips pages.*) Something even a great unicorn like Starswirl the Bearded was not able to do… (*now o.s.; pages stop*) …because he did not understand friendship like you do.

(*Back to the pair; the book is gone again.*)

**Celestia:** (*pacing around Twilight, touching her shoulder*) The lessons you’ve learned here in Ponyville have taught you well. (*spreading wings briefly*) You have proven that you’re ready, Twilight. (*She walks on.*)

**Twilight:** Ready? (*Follow.*) Ready for what?

***Gentle piano/string ballad, triplet feel, slow 4 (B major)***

(*Dissolve to behind the two; as they move along a walkway of tiny stars, pictures slide up on both sides to form walls of a sort. Each one plays a scene from one of her past adventures.*)

**Celestia:** You’ve come such a long, long way

And I’ve watched you from that very first day

(*They reach the walkway’s end, facing a large pane that plays Twilight’s arrival in Ponyville during “Mare in the Moon.” As it displays other clips, zoom in until it fills the screen.*)

To see how you might grow, to see what you might do

To see what you’ve been through, and all the ways you’ve made me proud of you

(*The last replay is of the six mares warming up the Elements to use against Nightmare Moon in “Elements of Harmony.” Their blinding white glow fills the screen and clears to give a close-up of a tranquilly smiling Twilight; zoom in slowly as that smile and her eyes widen a bit. The pictures have vanished.*)

**Celestia:** It’s time now for a new change to come (*She steps up alongside.*)

You’ve grown up, and your new life has begun

To go where you will go, to see what you will see

To find what you will be

(*Twilight’s expression shifts into a gape of wondering confusion; zoom in slowly.*)

For it’s time for you to fulfill your destiny

(*Celestia finishes this line by rising to her hind legs and gently spreading her wings to full extension, the nebula’s light shining forth all around her.*)

***Song ends***

(*A tiny mote of pink light emerges from Twilight’s chest and begins to circulate rapidly around her, lifting her clear of the starry walkway as a small sphere of white light covers her midsection. In due time, the pink whirls at blinding speed and the white blazes forth to hide her from view, culminating in a supernova blast that whites out the screen.*)

(*Snap to the night sky. The blast appears here as well, giving way to a gigantic copy of the modified cutie mark that played in Twilight’s eyes when she figured out how to save her friends in Act Two. At ground level outside the library, the other five mares and Spike have covered their eyes, but tentatively raise them as the radiance plays across the area. All have taken off their necklaces, and Spike no longer carries the chest that held them. Applejack points silently up toward the mark, which slowly descends toward the village and disappears into a gentle pulse of white light upon reaching the ground in front of the group. Twilight’s half-slumped form appears at its center as it gradually fades away; cut to Applejack, shading her eyes.*)

**Applejack:** (*softly*) Twilight? (*Hoof down.*) Is that you?

(*Cut to a head-on view of the violet unicorn, who rises carefully to full height—and then spreads a brand-new pair of wings. Sparkly white light shines around her for a moment and then begins to fade out; cut to the other six, voicing a collective gasp of total shock, and zoom out slowly. After normal illumination has re-established itself, Applejack is first to cross the open space to the newly winged unicorn.*)

**Applejack:** (*gasping softly*) I’ve…I’ve never seen anythin’ like it! (*Rainbow flies over.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Hah! (*She flies over and pokes at a new wing.*) Twilight’s got wings! Awesome! (*hugging her*) A new flying buddy! (*Chuckle; Rarity approaches.*)

**Rarity:** Why, you’ve become an alicorn! I didn’t even know that was possible.

**Pinkie:** (*swinging across on rope around midsection*) ALICORN PARTY!!

(*She has donned a pair of cardboard wings and stuck a red/white-striped party horn on her forehead for this maneuver. Confetti starts to rain down on the forward arc, while balloons rise on the backswing and a crowd’s cheer is heard; in addition, Pinkie toots the horn, having taken it off. Fluttershy is the last pony to step up.*)

[*Animation goof: She is wearing her necklace in this shot.*]

**Fluttershy:** Wow. You look just like a princess! (*Celestia descends behind them.*)

**Celestia:** That’s because she *is* a princess. (*Cut to the group and zoom in on Twilight; Pinkie out of her rope swing and party gear.*)

**Ponies:** Huh?

**Pinkie:** Hold on a second!

(*Producing a glass of water from nowhere, she guzzles the contents and then spews them out in a classic spit take of surprise.*)

**Twilight:** (*flabbergasted*) A…a princess? (*A gold-shod hoof touches her shoulder gently.*)

**Celestia:** Since you’ve come to Ponyville…

(*Cut to a slow pan across the other five, each standing proud in her own way. Left to right: Rarity, Fluttershy, Rainbow, Applejack, and Pinkie bounding in at the end.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s.*) …you’ve displayed the charity, compassion, devotion, integrity, optimism… (*Cut to Twilight.*) …and, of course, the leadership of a true princess.

**Twilight:** But…does this mean I won’t be your student anymore? (*Cut to frame her and Celestia.*)

**Celestia:** Not in the same way as before. I’ll still be here to help and guide you, but we’re all *your* students now too. (*bowing*) You are an inspiration to us all, Twilight.

(*Pan along the line; the others do likewise, one by one, and Spike—now standing next to Pinkie—does as well.*)

**Twilight:** (*slightly panicked*) Wh-what do I do now? Is there a book about being a princess I should read? (*Celestia laughs gently.*)

**Celestia:** There will be time for all of that later.

(*The faithful student’s worry gives way to a relieved smile. Dissolve to a long shot of Canterlot during the day, zooming in slowly, then to the head end of a Canterlot Castle hall packed with ponies and trimmed with banners, flowers, and candelabra. All three Princesses stand atop a dais decorated with a flowered archway; Celestia at center, Luna and Cadence to her left and right, respectively. Twilight’s five pony friends stand in a line off to Cadence’s right, and all eight are dressed in their best finery. Each Ponyville mare wears a hat with the exception of Fluttershy, who has donned a garland of flowers instead. Applejack’s hat is blue and feathered, with a red bow, but styled after her trusty brown one. Zoom in slowly on the dais.*)

**Celestia:** We are gathered here today in celebration of a momentous occasion.

(*Close-up of the royal trio. Cadence wears the blue-trimmed white gown and the ornate gold tiara she donned in “Games Ponies Play,” the latter resting atop her piled-high mane. Luna’s gown displays several shades of magenta with gold trim, with a crescent moon at the neckline and a matching tiara. As for Celestia, her gown exhibits a pattern of purple, deep pink, and pale gold, the last hue an exact match for her necklace and shoes. She has switched her tiara for a large crown whose points are topped by spherical purple gems.*)

**Celestia:** My most faithful student, Twilight Sparkle, has done many extraordinary things since she’s lived in Ponyville. (*Close-up.*) She even helped reunite me with my sister… (*Zoom out slightly; she and Luna exchange a warm glance.*) …Princess Luna. (*Long shot of the dais, panning slowly.*) But today Twilight Sparkle did something extraordinary.

(*Cut to a slow pan along the other five.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s., with growing power*) She created new magic, proving without a doubt that she is ready to be crowned Equestria’s newest princess.

(*On the end of this, the camera cuts to Twilight’s parents in the audience. Mrs. Sparkle’s eyes are already brimming with tears, and her husband looks to be not too far behind. Back to the dais; now Luna’s outfit is seen clearly—having a sprinkle of stars, with clouds around the hem.*)

**Celestia:** Fillies and gentle-colts, may I present for the very first time…

(*Cut to the closed rear doors, which swing open to admit Twilight. She wears a pink gown trimmed in pale gold to match her new shoes, each of which is set with a miniature copy of her cutie mark. As she enters the hall, a group of white, blond-maned mares can be seen behind her, partially hidden from view by her spread wings. They carry light violet banners emblazoned with the six-star version of her mark.*)

**Celestia:** (*from o.s.*) …Princess Twilight Sparkle!

(*Profile close-up: the gown has a pale gold sash with small white bows anchoring a matching train, and a lock of her mane has been curled forward from the back of her head to rest beneath her ear. The standard-bearers have the poles connected to large red saddles on their backs, and a team of unicorn guards brings up the rear.*)

***Stately orchestral hymn with strings and piano/percussion accents, slow 4 (B flat major*)**

**Bearers, Guards:**  The Princess Twilight cometh

Behold, behold

(*Twilight steps up to face the royal pony sisters, and Spike—in a tuxedo jacket, ruffled shirt, and red bow tie—approaches with a tiara on a pillow. It is the same pale gold as her gown’s trim and set with the six-pointed pink star from the Element of Magic.*)

A princess here before us

(*Celestia’s magic lifts it away and sets it on Twilight’s head.*)

Behold, behold

(*Assorted looks of congratulation from the other five mares.*)

Behold

***Horns in***

(*Twilight proudly faces the hall, her tiara gleaming as the camera zooms out slowly.*)

**Bearers, Guards:** Behold [behold], behold [behold]

(*Dissolve to just outside the balcony doorway; she steps out, followed by Celestia and Luna, and looks down on a jubilant throng packing the courtyard under a rain of confetti and streamers.*)

The Princess Twilight cometh

Behold [behold], behold [behold]

(*Zoom out to a long shot of the tableau.*)

The Princess is [the Princess is]

Here

***Song ends***

(*The newest member of Canterlot royalty waves shyly to her subjects for some moments until Celestia nudges her gently.*)

**Celestia:** (*softly*) Say something, Princess.

**Twilight:** Oh! Um…

(*After clearing her throat, she raises her voice a bit to make herself heard over the crowd, which quickly subdues itself.*)

**Twilight:** A little while ago, my teacher and mentor, Princess Celestia, sent me to live in Ponyville. She sent me to study friendship… (*looking back toward doorway; the other five are gathered inside*) …which is something I didn’t really care much about.

(*Cut to just behind the quintet, framing her on the balcony.*)

**Twilight:** But now, on a day like today… (*She turns fully to face them, beckoning them forward.*) …I can honestly say…

(*Out on the balcony again; they advance to stand with her.*)

**Twilight:** …I wouldn’t be standing here if it weren’t for the friendships I’ve made with all of you.

(*Cut to a pan across the five, all of whose eyes brim with happy tears.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Each one of you taught me something about friendship, and for that… (*Back to her, bowing to them.*) …I will always be grateful. (*She faces forward again; Applejack and Rainbow wave to the crowd.*) Today, I consider myself the luckiest pony in Equestria. Thank you, friends. Thank you, everypony.

(*Zoom out as the crowd begins cheering anew, then cut back to the balcony as the group turns to re-enter the castle. Inside, Shining Armor and Cadence hurry up to Twilight; he is dressed in the red formal jacket he wore to his wedding, with a blue sash.*)

**Shining:** Twilight! I’m so proud of you! (*She spots a tear working its way down his cheek.*)

**Twilight:** Are you crying?

**Shining:** (*wiping face*) Of course not. It’s…it’s liquid pride. A totally different thing.

(*The siblings share a laugh and hug, after which Shining and Cadence back off a few steps.*)

**Applejack:** Way to go, Princess! (*Pinkie jumps up and hangs in the air.*)

**Pinkie:** Best coronation day ever! (*Down she comes.*)

**Fluttershy:** We love you, Twilight. (*Group hug.*)

**Twilight:** I love you too, girls!

***Same lush, energetic orchestral arrangement as in prologue, but heavier on the brass***

***Brisk 4 (D major)***

(*Dissolve to a thick bank of fluffy white clouds as in the prologue. These part to give a long shot of Canterlot; zoom in slowly, then dissolve to the castle courtyard. A double line of guards has taken up positions stretching out from the main entrance, with the spectators gathered behind them so that a broad walkway is left clear on the grass. Zoom in, then cut to a closer shot; two pegasus guards pull a chariot done in purple and gold, with sunbursts on the wheels, front panel, and above the seat in which Twilight is riding.*)

***Lighter tone, but more energetic than prologue***

**Twilight:** Life in Equestria shimmers

(*She waves to the crowd and catches a bouquet of roses tossed to her.*)

Life in Equestria shines

(*She hops out and trots alongside the rest of the Ponyville crew, Spike included.*)

And I know for absolute certain

**Mares, Spike:** That everything [everything]

(*Celestia and Luna observe from the balcony, sheer joy and pride shining from the white and blue-violet faces.*)

Yes, everything [everything]

(*They look warmly to each other; back to ground level, the camera focused on Twilight.*)

Yes, everything is certainly fine

(*Cut to a point just in front of the top of one wall as all seven pop up to hold the last word of this line, and zoom out to a long shot of Canterlot.*)

It’s fine

(*A tiny figure soars away from the radiant royal capital and swoops toward the camera, gradually resolving into Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Yes! Everything’s gonna be just fine!

***Song ends with a stinger***

(*Fade to black as her face fills the screen at the same time.*)

(*The usual closing theme does not accompany the credits. In its place is the final, B-major chorus of “A True, True Friend,” the song from Act Two, ending with a quiet piano chord.*)