**PINKIE PRIDE**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the main street in Appleloosa, last seen in “Over a Barrel.” Under the twilight sky, the town is tricked out for a heavy-duty party: pennants streaming in the breeze, lights and balloons on all the buildings, spotlights picking out the overhead decorations, banners and bunting in abundance. The locals have turned out in force for this get-together, as have quite a few members of the buffalo tribe against whom they had previously faced off, and their cheers and merrymaking can be heard loud and clear. Fireworks burst over the scene as the camera zooms out to frame a solitary pony watching from a ridge not too far away.*)

(*The observer is a tall yellow-orange stallion with a curly brown mane/tail and yellow-green eyes. He wears a dark gray hat with a low, flat crown and a broad brim, as well as a poncho in various shades of gray and white that covers his cutie mark. A small saddle rests on his back; here rides a fully plucked chicken sporting a black bowler hat with an orange band. The stallion is Cheese Sandwich, whose low, rough-edged voice is a perfect match for his stern, unsmiling demeanor.*)

**Cheese:** Well, Boneless… (*glancing back at chicken*) …looks like our work here is done.

(*In close-up, Boneless’ head sags slowly to one side and its expression does not shift a whit—it is made of rubber. Now Cheese turns away from the scene, facing the camera full-on and exposing the rolled-up party favor in his mouth, and begins walking.*)

**Cheese:** Yep, those ponies never partied so hard, thanks to me… (*Extreme close-up of his eyes.*) …Cheese. (*They narrow…*) Cheese Sandwich.

(*…but then pop wide open as the camera zooms out quickly to frame all of him, and a tremor in his head causes his hat to fly off, the party favor to drop from his lips, and the yellow-green eyes to jitter in their sockets. The lack of a horn under the head covering marks him as an earth pony. The jitter works its way along the rest of his body; the fringe of his poncho shifts slightly as a result to uncover his cutie mark. This consists of a grilled cheese sandwich cut vertically in half, with the two pieces pulled slightly apart and connected by ropes of the melted yellow stuff. His tremors cause these to shift back and forth like the ends of an accordion; once they die out, he jumps high into the air with an ecstatic whoop. Now his voice takes on a goofy, perhaps slightly manic tone as he floats back down to earth, the air filling his poncho and lifting it to show the yellow shirt beneath.*)

**Cheese:** That was a doozy!

(*He touches down and picks up his hat, assuming his previous stern manner of speaking. Boneless bobbles a little bit in the saddle.*)

**Cheese:** Well, Boneless… (*The hat goes on.*) …looks like our next party’s gonna be in… (*Head-on close-up.*) …Ponyville.

(*On this last word, the view contracts to a narrow horizontal strip that picks out his hard, narrowed eyes. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

***Bouncy string melody with xylophone/glockenspiel, mandolin***

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

(*Opening shot: fade into an overhead view of a Ponyville street during the day and pan along its length as several residents poke their heads out of doors and windows. All are smiling, including the ones idling near the fountain, and plenty of balloons float lazily toward the rooftops. The view shifts to a head-on long shot of one bridge over the stream bordering the town and zooms in. A blast of confetti and streamers from the far side marks the arrival of Pinkie Pie, saddlebags on back.*)

**Pinkie:** Every single day there’s something new you can plan for

(*hopping, walking on forelegs; the Cutie Mark Crusaders gallop after her; brief shot of her upside-down perspective of them*)

Every single day there’s something wonderful to do

(*She gets upright and trots to an earth pony stallion whose market stall is loaded with huge spools of streamers.*)

But nothing makes me happy like a day that I can say,

“Today I planned a party and it’s just for you”

(*She ends this line with a hoof pointed at the camera, then turns to the streamer vendor.*)

**Streamer vendor:** How’s it going today, Pinkie?

**Pinkie:** Great, thanks. Got any streamers today? (*She holds a bag open, flap in teeth.*)

**Streamer vendor:** (*laughing, fishing up a spool*) You betcha! Big party planned? (*He nudges it across; it falls into her bag and she closes it.*)

**Pinkie:** (*trotting away*) Don’t you know it!

(*A mass of balloons floats up; behind them, the view wipes to show her watching the clock tower. Its hands whirl quickly through the hours, and she pulls out a long checklist.*)

***Tuba sneaks in***

**Pinkie:** Don’t have much time to gather all the things I need

(*She drops it and bounds up across the rooftops.*)

If I’m really gonna make this party fly

(*Stop on a stall awning to survey the gathering in the street.*)

For today’s another day that all of Ponyville will say

(*She leaps away.*)

**Crowd:** There goes the super party pony, Pinkie Pie

(*Wipe to Mr. and Mrs. Cake pushing a baby carriage along the thoroughfare. Pound and Pumpkin put their heads up over its canopy.*)

***E major***

**Mr. and Mrs. Cake:** She planned our first foal shower where we played all sorts of games

(*The cloth folds down to expose Pinkie as well, with a pacifier in her mouth; she spits it out and jumps away, confetti showering down.*)

Having so much fun as we chose Pound and Pumpkin’s names

(*As she trots past the restaurant, the camera zooms in on Diamond Tiara and Silver Spoon at an outdoor table. The former has a dish of ice cream; the latter brings over a chocolate milkshake.*)

**Diamond:** She planned my cute-ceañera my dad made me, I won’t lie

(*knocking her ice cream off table, grabbing Silver’s shake*)

I demanded all the best, I suppose she passed the test

Sure, it was pretty good, all thanks to Pinkie Pie

(*By the time she turns her attention back to the table, she finds—to her annoyance—that her fellow spoiled brat has reclaimed the shake and is sucking down on it.*)

**Pinkie:** Thanks! (*puzzled*) I guess?

(*A palette daubed with many vivid shades is held into view toward her by a white hoof.*)

**Male voice:** (*French accent*) What color paints do you need?

(*Longer shot: the hoof and voice belong to a blue-maned stallion addressing her through the open top half of his shop’ s front door, which has paint cans stacked up nearby. He wears a red beret and a few spots of his own wares.*)

**Pinkie:** I’m gonna need the full rainbow! (*Close-up of one bag, open; the paints are poured in, mixing to a dull brown.*)

**Paint vendor:** (*from o.s.*) A paintbrush, too? (*One is dropped in.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Yes, if you please.

(*The cover flips shut; zoom out to frame her now at a mare’s market stall. This one is a unicorn, with a straw boater hat perched behind her horn, and the rolls of fabric and sign showing a blank banner tell her particular business. The bag that received the paint is noticeably bulging now.*)

**Banner vendor:** And what from me?

**Pinkie:** Your biggest banner! (*One is floated into the other bag.*) This party’s gonna be the best!

**Banner vendor:** (*laughing*) I don’t doubt it!

(*A party hat is tossed onto her horn. Overhead view of one street; Pinkie zips from one vendor to the next, staying just ahead of the slowly advancing crowd as the camera pans ahead to follow her progress. The stops leave balloons and streamers tied to her tail.*)

***D major***

**Crowd:** Every single day there’s something new we can plan for

(*She walks ahead.*)

Every single day there’s something wonderful to try

But nothing makes us happy like a day that we can say,

(*They stop; she is out of sight, but a burst of confetti from around a corner sets them galloping in eagerly.*)

“Today there’ll be a party planned by Pinkie Pie”

***G flat major***

(*Cut to a close-up of a rainbow-hued stream of paint pouring down from above just outside Sugarcube Corner, tilting up, then to a longer shot of the area. Pinkie has spread her banner on the ground and is leaping here and about with the brush, slapping down colors with great gusto as her five friends and Spike watch. The colors of the paints she bought have separated themselves, and she has shed her saddlebags, balloons, and streamers.*)

**Rarity:** I don’t know how she does it!

**Twilight Sparkle:** Wow, look at her go!

**Applejack:** Ho-boy, this is gonna be good! (*Cut to Fluttershy on the end of this.*)

**Fluttershy:** Go, Pinkie, go!

***Timpani in (E major)***

***Background lyrics in square brackets***

**Crowd:** There’s no other pony like her, no pony that could be

(*They face off in pairs from opposite sides of the street.*)

As great [as great], as fun [as fun]

(*Twilight, Pinkie, and Rarity gather in the fore, the banner rising in the two horned mares’ magical grip.*)

As our super party pony, Pinkie

(*It rises higher and higher, stretched taut between the two poles to which its ends are attached, and Pinkie tosses up a load of balloons and confetti over her friends, accompanied by the crowd’s cheer.*)

***Song ends***

**Pinkie:** Ooh! (*grabbing Rarity, giving her a noogie*) I am so, so, *so* excited because today I’m planning the birthday bash of…

(*Tilt up to the banner, putting her o.s. It shows a picture-perfect rendition of Rainbow Dash in flight, flanked by hearts and stars.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) …Rainbow Dash!

(*The picture opens its mouth to speak—the real McCoy, only posing.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah!

(*She backs away to eye the actual artwork, which turns out to be a slightly rough but still quite passable version of her in the same pose, and swoops down. However, the pink dynamo grabs her front hooves and pulls her down for an icy blue-eyed stare at point-blank range.*)

**Pinkie:** Rainbow Dash!

**Rainbow:** Yes, Pinkie?

**Pinkie:** You realize that by enlisting me as your party planner, I guarantee that this is going to be the funnest, most fantabulous, superbial party in Ponyville?

(*Little by little during this line, she leans over Rainbow more and more until the blue flyer topples onto her back.*)

**Rainbow:** (*slightly uneasy*) Uh…yeah…I guess. (*Pinkie shoves a hoof into her mouth.*)

**Pinkie:** No guesses! Parties are no picnic!

**Fluttershy:** Oh! I like a nice picnic party.

(*This remark earns her a hard glare and a snarl, instantly cowing her.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh… (*She drops out of sight.*)

**Pinkie:** Parties are serious.

(*Sitting on her haunches, she goes into the gestures for a Pinkie promise.*)

**Pinkie:** And you have my certified Pinkie Party Promise… (*Pull out a cupcake; mash it into her eye, splattering Rainbow.*) …that you will have the best birthday party EVER! (*Close-up of Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** (*smiling nervously*) Okay. (*Long shot; Pinkie instantly brightens, the goop falling off her face.*)

**Pinkie:** Great! (*hopping around*) Now who’s ready to join this super-duper party pony to plan this super-duper par-tay?

(*On the end of this, Rainbow sits up—her face instantly going clean as well—and Pinkie works herself around to a one-hoof headstand.*)

**Cheese:** (*from o.s., no-nonsense*) I am.

(*All eyes turn toward his voice; cut to a long shot of him, on his hind legs and leaning against a wall, and zoom in to the sound of their gasps. His hat is tilted forward to cover all of his face save his mouth, which has its party favor back in place and sounds off on it.*)

**Pinkie:** Who are you, stranger? (*Cheese spits the favor away.*)

**Cheese:** Name’s Cheese Sandwich. (*He steps toward her.*) I plan parties.

**Pinkie:** What an amazing coincidence! I’m Pinkie Pie, and *I’m* planning a party!

**Cheese:** Oh, it’s no coincidence, my little pony. (*Nudge the hat, fully exposing his face; he shades his eyes.*) My Cheesy Sense was a-tinglin’, tellin’ me a party was in the works. (*She moves in close.*)

**Pinkie:** A Cheesy Sense? Ah! Double amazing! (*She touches her forehead.*) I have a Pinkie Sense!

**Cheese:** (*dismissively, passing her*) Yes. I sensed you did. And I happen to be the premier party planner in all of Equestria. (*Cut to the banner; he continues o.s.*) If there’s a party in need… (*Tilt down to frame him and Rarity beneath.*) …there I’ll be. (*pacing; zoom in to extreme close-up*) Be it wingding, hoedown, hootenanny, or shindig, I’m your pony.

(*Long shot of the tableau; Pinkie hops excitedly over to him.*)

**Pinkie:** A pair of party pony planners in Ponyville? What could be more perfect?

**Rainbow:** I’ll tell you what. Making this party epic! ’Cause this isn’t just any birthday. (*Zoom in to a close-up.*) It’s also the anniversary of when I moved to Ponyville!

**Rarity:** Good heavens, Rainbow Dash! It’s your birth-iversary!

**Rainbow:** Exactly! (*She drops to hover between Pinkie and Cheese.*) So what do you say, party planners?

**Pinkie:** (*hopping in place*) Oh, I think we can do it!

**Cheese:** (*contemptuously*) Oh, I don’t *think* so.

(*Both mares pull in a disbelieving gasp.*)

**Cheese:** (*cheerfully, throwing off hat/poncho/saddle*) I *know* so! After all…

***Lively polka melody with accordion/drums/banjo/tuba, fast 4 (D major)***

(*He leans into Rainbow’s face.*)

**Cheese:** The super-duper party pony, that pony is me

(*He zips over to the others.*)

I always knew that was the kind of pony I would be

**Pinkie:** Me too!

**Cheese:** Come on, ponies! Who here likes to party?

(*With a laugh, he zips over to Mr. Waddle, out for a walk, and throws a foreleg over the old stallion’s shoulders.*)

**Cheese:** You do, I can tell!

(*A quick reach upward, and he pulls down a new view in front of the scene like a window shade. A large wheel of Swiss cheese sits on a white background; Cheese, as a bespectacled colt, leaps from hole to hole.*)

**Cheese:** When I was but a little colt, I just wanted to play (*Pinkie pops up.*)

**Pinkie:** Like me!

(*Down again; several irate adult ponies—and one flying pig—emerge and confront young Cheese.*)

**Cheese:** But everypony told me, “Cheese, that fun just wastes the day”

(*The here and now; this view is being shown on an easel, next to which Boneless is propped up without its bowler.*)

**Pinkie:** As if!

(*He knocks the picture aside, revealing a new one that shows three grumpy mares standing/sitting in a meadow, and jumps in with them. Zoom into this view; he dances wildly for them.*)

**Cheese:** But when I threw a party and I busted out some moves

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Uh-huh!

(*A couple of silly hats go on heads, and soon he has all three dancing under spotlights.*)

**Cheese:** The ponies finally saw the light and got into the groove

(*Up comes Pinkie, wearing a hat of her own and with stars in eyes.*)

**Pinkie:** You know it!

(*Back to the street. Cheese, now clad in white shirt, lederhosen, and a Tyrolean hat and playing an accordion, jumps out in front of the crowd.*)

**Cheese:** The super-duper party pony, that pony is me (*Pinkie puts her head up.*)

**Pinkie:** And me! (*Down again.*)

(*A quick twirl, and he is back in his yellow shirt and standing in a police lineup with others of similar coloration and garb.*)

**Cheese:** You’ll never meet another party pony quite like Cheese

(*Disco ball lights start up, along with dancing; zoom out to show Pinkie on the other side of the lineup room’s observation window.*)

**Pinkie:** (*puzzled*) Uh, Pinkie?

**Cheese:** (*to a mare in the lineup, pulling out a jar*) Hey, good-lookin’, want some mayonnaise?

(*Cut to an overhead shot of a party in progress; he trots in among the tables and guests. Zoom out to show that the area is an island laid out like a giant pizza, with one slice cut out and spotlights around the edges.*)

***Next four lines spoken in rhythm (E major)***

**Cheese:** My parties are all off the hook, I never plan them by the book

(*Two fillies eye a birthday cake; he hangs into view from above and drops confetti. The entire room rotates to exchange floor and ceiling, and the cake falls on his head as they cheer.*)

I start out fun, then whoopsy-daisy, everybody just gets crazy

(*Elsewhere in the house, three bored guests watch the mare of the house pull out a bale of hay and drop it on the table. Cheese rolls in a huge, lit bomb festooned with balloons/confetti/streamers.*)

Bored of snacks made by your mom? How ‘bout a giant party bomb?

(*A pink/white explosion yields a pig-shaped piñata, which ejects slices of cake from its mouth. These float past Cheese and a colt, up on a high-dive platform.*)

Huge piñatas filled with cake, or dive into my fruit punch lake

(*He tosses the colt over the edge…*)

**Colt 1:** Geronimo!

(*…to splash into a gigantic bowl of punch. Now Cheese’s head appears by itself, the rest of his body piecing itself together behind it, and resumes singing. A dance floor assembles under his hooves, and the lights come up to show a crowd gathered around as his crazy legs do their thing.*)

***D major***

**Cheese:** The super-duper party pony, that pony is me

(*They hurry onto the floor and toss him upward, the background going from dark to light.*)

You’ll never meet another party pony quite like Cheese

***B major***

(*His accordion falls into his grip, and he pulls the two ends apart to an impossible length. The curve of the extended bellows becomes a rainbow; zoom out to show it arcing over a party in the meadows outside Ponyville. Cheese bucks a gigantic gift box, causing it to fall open and reveal the saddled hippopotamus within.*)

**Cheese:** (*to one colt*) Come on, kid! Take it for a spin!

**Colt 2:** (*galloping over, climbing on*) Golly! Thanks, mister! (*The hippo lumbers off.*)

***D major***

(*Jumping clear of the scene, he uses his tail to reel in a stuffy-looking mare.*)

**Cheese:** Oh, when I throw a Cheese party, be sure to not be lame

(*He slams a huge pie into her face, shows off assorted kites flying overhead, and slings a bucketful of streamers at her.*)

And miss my pie fights, wacky kites, and streamers in your mane

(*Each of the following items is shown in close-up; he pops up from the last, a fondue pot.*)

Fizzy drinks, Hawaiian shirts, and Brie fondue delight

(*He plays his accordion for the crowd now gathered outside Sugarcube Corner.*)

You know that with Cheese Sandwich, you’ll be partying all night

(*Pinkie, standing at a distance back from the spectacle, looks over her shoulder and grimaces in sudden fear.*)

**Rainbow:** Come on, everypony! (*Pinkie is quickly lost in a stampede.*) Let’s party down with Cheese!

(*The rush has left Pinkie flat on her belly, but her friend takes no notice. Cut to the growing knot of equine onlookers and zoom out. Pinkie slowly gets to her hooves, the camera shifting to a close-up of her bewildered expression during the following exchange.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*to Cheese*) You’re really a certified party pony? (*Close-up of the downcast pink face.*)

**Cheese:** That’s right! That’s my guarantee!

(*Which catches Pinkie very much by surprise; now Cheese is hoisted overhead, accordion going full tilt.*)

**Cheese:** The super-duper party pony, that pony is me

(*He holds the last word as they toss him high into the air.*)

***Music pauses, then resumes as a sad harp/strings melody (slow 4)***

(*Pinkie takes a few hesitant steps toward the retreating group and holds a hoof toward them.*)

**Pinkie:** But what about the super party pony named Pinkie?

**Cheese:** (*now distant*) Thanks, buddy! You’re gonna love this party! (*Pinkie sits on the roadbed, crushed.*) Hey, kid. Have a streamer, on me!

***Song ends***

(*Cut to Rainbow doing an enthusiastic loop-the-loop in the sky.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah! Hah! Now *that’s* what I’m talking about! (*She zooms down to address Cheese, now without his squeezebox.*) I’m so stoked you’re here, Cheese Sandwich!

**Applejack:** Yeah. You sure did come on the right day. (*Cut to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** (*sighing happily*) Your parties sound simply divine. (*Laugh; pan to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** We’re so lucky to have you here!

**Cheese:** (*donning a boater*) Just doing my job, little fillies.

(*Far from the madding crowd, a very glum pink pony stands up and begins to trail them. The camera stays on her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) I mean, Pinkie Pie’s parties are fun and sweet and all— (*Cut to just behind Pinkie, framing the pegasus and Cheese.*) —but now *this* party’s gonna be—

**Cheese:** —epic?

**Rainbow:** You said it!

**Rainbow, Cheese:** (*high-fiving*) Oh, yeah!/Feels Gouda! (*She realizes Pinkie has seen the whole thing and chuckles weakly.*) Uh, no offense, Pinkie.

(*Close-up of the straggler on the end of this. Tears are working their way down from the big blue eyes, but she flicks out her tongue to lick them away and forces a grin.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh…uh, none taken.

(*The grin becomes a squeaky little one, but both it and her forward momentum drain away as the other ponies continue to follow/carry Cheese through the streets. She slumps on her hooves, the end of her forelock drooping in a very un-Pinkie-like fashion, and plods back the way she came. Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to Cheese standing on a platform laid out in the grass. He is wearing a hard hat and has gone all business, signaling with a hoof to guide along an item of considerable size being held aloft by telekinesis. Cut to a close-up of a violet banner that depicts Rainbow’s smiling face, framed by stars/streamers/ribbons/party favors and a party hat atop the vibrant mane, and zoom out. Twilight and Rarity both have their horns going to maneuver it into place above a stage—the platform on which Cheese stands—as another mare carries a box of lights past them. Farther back, Derpy Hooves strings up a set of decorations that are copies of Rainbow’s cutie mark. The guest of honor flies onto the scene.*)

**Rainbow:** My birth-iversary’s already looking way cooler! (*She zips over to Cheese, now checking a clipboard, and eyes the banner.*) You are my kind of party pony, Cheese Sandwich. (*They bump foreheads together.*)

**Cheese:** (*laughing*) You got that right, Rainbow Dash! (*Another laugh.*) All right, party ponies. I’ve got some planning to do!

(*A round of cheers from spectators and his crew alike. Cut to a long shot of Pinkie sitting on her haunches under her birth-iversary banner outside Sugarcube Corner. One end falls loose from its pole as a lightning-bolt balloon drifts past. A close-up highlights her gloom-saturated expression.*)

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

(*Her sagging head and forelock snap up, and she looks around herself in a panic before zipping over to some nearby flowers with a watering can and a big smile. Minor technical hitch: the water is pouring onto a drain grate set in the ground rather than onto any vegetation. Zoom out slightly on the next line to frame Twilight walking up, a set of cloud/lightning-bolt pennants floating overhead.*)

**Twilight:** Aren’t you gonna help Cheese Sandwich plan the party?

**Pinkie:** Oh, that’s okay. (*chuckling, sloshing can around*) He obviously has what it takes to do it all by himself.

(*She ends with a very forced laugh, now watering the pavement.*)

**Twilight:** (*puzzled*) Really?

**Pinkie:** (*grinning hugely*) Yes indeedy!

(*She holds the pose, even though the can has run dry. The only sound is that of the water trickling into the drain; after some moments, Twilight slowly and cautiously takes her leave. Zoom in slowly on Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** (*to herself, voice steadily shrinking away*) After all, if Cheese really is the super-duper-iest partying-est pony of them all… (*dropping can*) …maybe that means…I’m…not.

***Sad, subdued guitar melody with backing strings and light percussion/piano accents***

***Moderate 4 (B flat major)***

(*She trudges away, head hung low. Dissolve to an overhead shot of her moving down a mostly empty street.*)

**Pinkie:** For all my life, all I’ve wanted to do

(*She stops on a bridge and looks over the side into the stream.*)

Was make my friends want to smile true

(*Close-up of her reflection.*)

But maybe I was wrong

(*A tear falls into view and strikes the water, sending out rainbow-tinted ripples.*)

And Pinkie Pie shouldn’t plan parties at all

(*She finishes crossing the bridge. Dissolve to a doctor intently hunched over a patient during surgery: white hospital scrubs, mask, and hairnet over the mane, magnifying lenses clipped to the eyeglasses. One front hoof reaches out for an instrument, but two pink ones set a cupcake inn it instead.*)

***Woodwinds in; slightly faster tempo***

**Pinkie:**  I’ll try to get up on my hooves

(*Longer shot: Pinkie is here, suited up as an orderly, and the doctor—a stallion—glares at her. Next, as a mail carrier, she swiftly stuffs letters into a row of mailboxes and drops a few along the way.*)

And try a different task

(*When a mare opens one of the boxes, she takes a faceful of high-speed streamers and confetti that gets her plenty steamed at the rookie. Cut to a construction site, where a couple of workers pull on ropes in teeth to hoist an o.s. load.*)

I’ll find something new to do

(*Pan to frame Pinkie on the job here, building a support column out of balloons and worrying the mare behind her considerably. It immediately starts to buckle.*)

There’s gotta be more to me

(*Now the structure’s entire frame comes down in a cloud of dust. When it clears, she has been stripped of her hard hat and is being bulldozed off the site.*)

Than planning a party or two

(*She reluctantly stands up and walks away. Dissolve to a screenful of purple draperies; Pinkie reaches through from behind and pushes these aside to look out. Her bedroom in Sugarcube Corner is visible behind her, and when the camera shifts to this area, she pushes her party cannon past the drapes and into a wardrobe.*)

***Woodwinds out; French horn in***

**Pinkie:** I put away my party cannon

(*Now she grabs a balloon and lets the air out of it, like the others scattered on her bed.*)

I deflated all my balloons

(*Cross the room toward the stairs to the balcony, her forelock drooping briefly.*)

The bubbles all burst, now what is next for you?

(*Nearby, on the wall, is a framed picture that can barely be seen for the reflection of light off its glass covering. Pinkie moves toward this, casting her own reflection on the glass, and tilts it slightly to get a better look.*)

For you?

(*It can now be seen clearly: herself as a filly, along with the rest of the Pie family, enjoying the first party she ever threw as described in “The Cutie Mark Chronicles.” Of note here is the fact that there are four fillies rather than three—Pinkie, sisters Limestone and Marble as seen in that flashback, and a bluish-gray one, lighter-colored than Limestone, with blue-green eyes and dark lavender mane/tail and eyeshadow. The downcast party planner’s ears perk up a bit as she runs a hoof across the frame.*)

***Music slowly brightens in tone and builds energy***

***Woodwinds, timpani sneak in***

**Pinkie:** Oh, I remember this one! My first party ever. My whole family was there.

(*Pan/tilt up slightly to a second picture: Twilight getting thoroughly surprised by Pinkie at a bash in the library, with Spike and the rest of the gang laughing it up.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) And that’s Twilight’s “Welcome to Ponyville” party. She didn’t even expect that one. (*Giggle.*)

(*Another such camera move picks out a picture of herself in a party hat, sliding across the floor on her hocks and whooping it up for her alligator Gummy. The bedroom is decked out, a slice of cake on a plate has been set on the floor, and the pet sports a hat of his own and no discernible change of emotion.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, look at Gummy! He just looks so excited for this birthday party!

(*On to another: Shining Armor and Princess Cadence sharing their first dance as a married couple during the wedding reception at the end of Part Two of “A Canterlot Wedding.” Twilight, Fluttershy, Pinkie, and Rarity look on.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Mmmm…Shining Armor and Cadence’s wedding sure was special—

(*And another: the newlyweds and the six mares get funky under a storm of confetti and streamers.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) —especially once *I* got a hold of the music!

(*Cut to her on the stairs, having taken the first of the five pictures down to smile warmly at it. She hangs it again.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, look at those happy faces

(*Trot partway up the stairs, then hop the rest of the way.*)

All the parties that I have thrown

(*She puts on a set of Groucho Marx glasses with a big red nose attached.*)

I made them laugh, had such a blast

(*Her reflection appears on a trio of balloons, distorted by their shapes.*)

A smile that’s all their own

(*The glasses come off.*)

They loved seeing me, the real Pinkie

(*Outside; she throws open a set of double doors and steps onto the balcony. The wind toys with her mane/tail.*)

Show them the time of their lives like they’ve never known

Like they’ve never known

***Same melody/tempo as second verse of Pinkie’s Act One song, with banjo added (D major)***

(*Inside again; she zips back from the balcony and down the stairs, her old perkiness instantly and fully restored. A polka-dotted bow, pair of sunglasses, and several long balloons are snatched up.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ve got to get back out there, have to show them that I’ve tried

(*Suit up, piece by piece, in extreme close-up.*)

For there’s only one great party pony, that is Pinkie Pie

(*Zoom out. The bow is attached to a gift box that encloses her body, the sunglasses cover her eyes, and she has tied a balloon animal around her forehead. Slices of cheese and bread are dropped onto the counter to make a sandwich, which she proceeds to squash.*)

**Pinkie:** Won’t let Cheese Sandwich beat me, won’t let him get me down

(*Outside; she throws the front door open, a few balloons drifting out around her, and does a quick twirl on the step.*)

For I am Pinkie, the bestest party pony around

***Zoom out as song ends***

(*Cut to the scene of the ongoing preparations. As various ponies mill about and Cheese—now wearing a ten-gallon hat and holding his clipboard—keeps an eye on things, Derpy Hooves gleefully buries her face in a chocolate fountain. The crowd thins a bit to show Rarity trailing the visitor, followed by Applejack during the next line. Boneless rests on Cheese’s back, now wearing a miniature copy of his headwear.*)

**Rarity:** I must say, I marvel at your superior party-planning expertise, Cheese Sandwich. (*Giggle.*)

**Applejack:** Well, they don’t call him the super-duper party planner for nothin’.

(*Zoom in quickly past them and stop on a side street, where Pinkie has been unobtrusively eyeing these developments—or at least as unobtrusively as she can manage, given her outfit. She steps into the clear, now wearing swim fins on all her hooves, and gets her dander up.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s it! (*Sit on haunches; prop shades on forehead.*) This pony has gotta get her title back! (*close-up; smiling fiercely*) And I know just what to do.

(*The view fades to black except for her eyes, which do likewise a moment later.*)

(*Fade in to a hovering Rainbow, seen through the translucent housing of a lightning-bolt party light hung up on a wire.*)

**Rainbow:** Totally awesome!

(*Zoom out quickly to a long shot of the area as she says this. Spike and all six mares, save Pinkie, are gathered in the area around the stage. Balloons, hanging decorations, lights small and large, fully dressed stage. Applejack is examining a spotlight set up on the ground; when she switches it on, it emits a rainbow skyward.*)

**Applejack:** Huh.

(*Cut to the clouds; the beam has projected a new one, from which a full-spectrum lightning bolt is issuing.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Best I’ve ever seen. (*Back to her; Twilight walks past.*)

**Twilight:** I can’t believe it!

(*As the voices of others cut in, murmuring various approvals, cut to Cheese standing on an elevated platform and taking a bow. He has ditched the clipboard and donned a beret, as has Boneless on the edge, and a chisel rests on top of the latter. Something large and translucent protrudes partly into view at his level, and the camera cuts to frame all of it: a giant ice sculpture of Rainbow’s cutie mark. Fluttershy, Rainbow, Rarity, and Spike are taking in the sight; their admiration ends on the next two words as if slashed off with a buzzsaw.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Freeze, Cheese!

(*Fluttershy, Rarity, and Spike lean away from each other to find the pink pony now standing right behind them. She has shed her silly getup.*)

**Pinkie:** I challenge you…*to a goof-off!*

(*In a zigzagging six-way split-screen view, the others draw in a stunned gasp in unison.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, no! Not a goof-off! (*Her panel expands to fill the screen; she is hunkered down, Applejack standing over her. Each whispers her next line.*)

**Applejack:** What’s a goof-off?

**Fluttershy:** I have no idea. (*Chuckle; cut to Cheese, no longer wearing his beret.*)

**Cheese:** (*warningly, donning a fez*) This Cheese has stood alone a long time, Pinkie Pie.

(*Zoom out at ground level until the camera has backed up between her legs.*)

**Cheese:** You think you can out-goof me?

(*It now tracks quickly around the pair in a semicircle to reverse their positions.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, I don’t think so. I *know* so! (*Cut to point straight up at their faces as they lean toward each other.*) And the stakes are high, Cheese Sandwich. Whoever wins will be dubbed the ultimate super-duper party pony— (*Overhead shot of the area; her voice reverberates in the air.*) —*and headline the Rainbow Dash birth-iversary bash!* (*Ground level.*)

**Twilight:** And the loser? (*Zoom in on Pinkie’s face.*)

**Pinkie:** Doesn’t!

(*Rainbow is first to gasp in shock, followed by the rest of the spectators, but Cheese is completely unfazed as his rival leans smugly toward him. Boneless lies flopped across his back, now clad in a tiny fez to match his.*)

**Pinkie:** So… (*poking at his chest*) …are you in, Cheese, or are you boneless? (*That hits a nerve or three.*)

**Cheese:** Nopony calls me boneless. (*She stalks off; he addresses the rubber toy.*) Right, Boneless? (*No reaction.*)

**Pinkie:** Then the goof-off is on for high noon.

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Um, Pinkie? (*Cut to her, gesturing at the clock tower.*) It’s already three o’clock.

**Pinkie:** Oh! Oh, well, then. Make it three-ten… (*leaning in to glare at Cheese*) …to goof-off!

(*In a dissolve, their mutual grimace gives way to a close-up of the clock face. A hawk’s keening cry pierces the still air as the minute hand clicks ahead, and the camera cuts to a ground-level shot of Pinkie’s steadily advancing hooves. All four of them sport yellow-toed, blue-green cowboy boots with white stars and trim, and the spurs jingle with every step. A cut to Cheese’s hooves reveals a slightly stranger choice of hoofwear: mismatched, squeaky elephant-head slippers in front, mismatched argyle socks in back. Ponies watch in silent trepidation as Pinkie’s head advances past them, covered by a giant ten-gallon hat with an arrow stuck through it. For his part, Cheese has donned a red/white fur hat whose ear flaps are down, with a bright purple fish riding on top of his head. Boneless is no longer on his back.*)

(*Pinkie lifts her head slightly to expose her face, with its narrowed blue eyes and a party favor jammed in the corner of her mouth like a cigar. She lets a lungful of air go through it just before Twilight trots to the center of the street; the two duelists stand the same distance away from her in opposite directions, and Pinkie spits the favor to one side.*)

**Twilight:** All right, everypony. (*floating a book up, opening it*) According to my official *Goof-Off Rulebook*… (*Cut to the sidelines.*)

**Rainbow:** (*to Spike*) She actually *has* a *Goof-Off Rulebook*?

**Spike:** (*nudging her*) Are you kidding? Twilight can find a rulebook for *everything!*

**Matilda:** Shhh!

(*Being the long-lost love of Cranky Doodle Donkey in “A Friend in Deed.”*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “…the two competitors have free range to goof about, be it by singing, dancing, playing, prancing, joking, or performing, to make the judge chortle, chuckle, giggle, guffaw, hoot and holler, whoop it up, and party down.”

(*She addresses herself toward each pony in turn during the first half of this. On the second half, the camera cuts away from her, alternating twice between Pinkie and Cheese. They aim a series of increasingly goofy faces at each other, culminating with Cheese sticking his tongue out. Standing on the end is a white mouse, which blows a quick fanfare on the baritone horn it holds; it then jumps off and marches past Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** “The funnier, sillier, wilder, and goofier, the better.” (*She closes the book and addresses herself o.s.*) Rainbow Dash… (*The pegasus steps up.*) …since the winner will be headlining your party, you are the judge.

(*Rainbow’s vaunted brashness goes bye-bye; she cringes and gets out a very unnerved chuckle.*)

**Rainbow:** Big tense competition on my birth-iversary. What could be better?

(*Here come a big pained grin; now Twilight glances toward each in turn as she continues.*)

**Twilight:** Cheese Sandwich? Pinkie Pie? Are you ready? (*Zoom in on Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** (*stomping a front hoof*) I was born ready! (*Her perspective of the other three; zoom in on Cheese as he speaks.*)

**Cheese:** I was ready before I was born!

(*Long overhead shot of the street.*)

**Twilight:** Then… (*hovering*) …let the goofing begin!

(*She flies away, and the combatants advance slowly toward each other—Pinkie hopping, Cheese walking—as the camera zooms in slowly. The stallion breaks the tension by rushing to center stage with his accordion and dancing up a storm.*)

***Lively polka band melody, very fast 4 (D minor, shifting to B flat major)***

***Mandolin/bass/drums on Pinkie’s segments***

***Accordion/tuba/drums with occasional flute/clarinet on Cheese’s***

(*He is quite surprised when Pinkie leans in front of Rainbow, cutting off his advance. She has put on a curly black mustache, shed her boots, and switched her ten-gallon hat for a beanie with a propeller on top. It takes her all of an instant to balance on a ball and start juggling cupcakes.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s your birthday party, a very special day

I’ve got a song, it won’t take long, I just wanted to say

(*throwing cupcakes into Rainbow’s mouth; she scarfs them down*)

Happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy, happy

(*Pinkie gets off the ball and put a hoof across her friend’s shoulders, pulling off the mustache and twirling it.*)

Happy, happy, happy, happy birthday to you

(*It becomes a rainbow-frosted cupcake topped with a likeness of Cheese’s head.*)

***G major***

(*Cut to a close-up of her rival goofball, playing merrily away and dancing atop some large rolling object; he has ditched his silly accessories. A zoom out frames this as a colossal wheel of Swiss cheese, which rumbles neatly between the two mares, and he jumps down without his instrument and trots in place. Pinkie has stripped off her beanie and is looking quite out of sorts now.*)

**Cheese:** If you want to be the life of the party

(*wrapping forelegs around himself several times*)

But you’re feeling just a little uptight

(*He zips away, then back on Rainbow’s other side to stretch her cheeks in various directions.*)

Call the doctor, beg and plead, “Doctor, tell me what I need”

(*Leap away; now he dances on his hind legs, which have hunks of cheese shoved onto them.*)

Try to put a little Cheese in your knees

***C major***

(*A chomp out of each piece of dairy hoofwear is followed by a lively dance around Rainbow, who finds her midsection being caught by a giant fishhook that reels her into the sky. She winds up face to face with Pinkie, riding in a hot-air balloon basket held up by a mass of helium balloons and working a fishing rod. Soap bubbles float up from the rig.*)

***D major***

**Pinkie:** Bubbles and balloons, bubbles and balloons

(*Close-up; the bubbles carry rainbow tints.*)

What’s a birthday party without bubbles and balloons?

(*Balloons tied into the next two shapes float up for Rainbow’s enjoyment.*)

Star-shaped or trapezoid, look what I can do

(*She dips a wand into a jar of solution and produces a pegasus-shaped conglomeration of bubbles with a light blue tinge.*)

Only Pinkie Pie could make a bubble shaped like you

(*Rainbow is now thoroughly enjoying herself, hovering near the town hall’s third-floor balcony, but Cheese zips up here to yank her away. The floating effigy pops, piece by piece, and he flops about like a fish in a rowboat, having removed the cheese from his rear hooves.*)

***F major***

**Cheese:** Just let yourself go floppy, for now this is your chance

(*He grabs her forelegs in his, and both wobble around on the balcony.*)

Pretend you have no bones and do the rubber-chicken dance

(*He jumps back, landing on his haunches.*)

**Cheese:** (*gesturing to one side*) HIT IT, BONELESS!!

(*Pan quickly to a live-action shot of a puppet Boneless lying on a stage in front of a curtain. It leaps to its feet and gambols about for a few moments, after which the camera pans quickly to a slightly puzzled Rainbow. Turning toward the balcony railing, she finds Pinkie bouncing up to her level with the help of a trampoline. They have shifted to the second-floor balcony now.*)

***B flat major***

**Pinkie:** Cooler than a rubber chicken and tastier than cake

(*Both drop to ground level.*)

Come on, you, let’s party down and do the Gummy shake

(*The camera pans quickly to follow her gesture and stops on a live-action shot of a small alligator on a log. It, like Gummy, shows no visible reaction to anything going on around it.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Hit it, Gummy! Uh-huh! You know it! Shake it!

(*Quick pan back to Rainbow, who grins widely before Cheese plops a Swiss wedge on her head and whisks her away to sit on a rolling parade float made of this stuff. In her grip he places a scepter topped with a cheese wheel that has had a wedge cut out.*)

***Polka rendition of the chorus to Pinkie’s song in “A Friend in Deed” (G major)***

**Cheese:** ’Cause I like to make you smile, smile, smile, yes I do

(*He bounces most of the way down a staircase built into the front end.*)

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

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

From these happy friends of mine

(*His stomp causes two panels to open, one on either side of him, and up come a pair of cows wearing Rainbow masks. A portion of the stairs flips upward to expose an irate Pinkie underneath.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s my song! (*One cow’s mask falls off.*)

**Cheese:** What do you mean? (*laughing nervously*) I have no idea what you’re talking about. (*She jumps out to stare him down.*)

**Pinkie:** THAT’S IT!

(*One quick reach o.s. allows her to wheel her party cannon up and aim it directly at him.*)

***C major***

**Pinkie:** Roll out the party cannon

(*It fires confetti/streamers into his face; next she stuffs herself into the barrel.*)

When you hear the party cannon song (*Fire, launching her overhead.*)

Ka-boom!

(*Close-up of Cheese, standing up and wearing a blue army helmet marked with a yellow star. Zoom out to show him standing atop a huge red/blue tank decorated with yellow stars and fireworks; it dwarfs Pinkie’s figure and has a purple gun barrel.*)

***Next three lines transition from speaking to singing in rhythm***

**Cheese:** Why should you compromise? Try this one on for size

(*The barrel extends, and Rainbow—now airborne and without the cheese hat and scepter—finds herself staring directly into its muzzle.*)

’Cause nothing quite says “cheer” like the ringing in your ear

(*She barely has time for one terrified grimace before it goes off, blasting her backward amid a volley of decorations and a few seagulls.*)

Of the Cheese Supreme Cannonball Surprise

***B major***

(*Close-up of Pinkie, dancing on her hind legs atop the upper reaches of some slowly advancing tiered structure in red and orange. A longer shot frames it as a gargantuan cake-shaped piñata with eight tiers, matching the colors of Rainbow’s mane and with two more hues thrown in for good measure. It is being lowered into place by a construction crane, and she has fetched up directly beneath it.*)

**Pinkie:**  Dale, dale, dale, no pierdas el tino

Porque si lo pierdes, pierdes el camino

[“Hit it, hit it, hit it, don’t lose the knack/Because if you lose it, you lose the way.”]

(*When a passing gull perches on the uppermost tier, the added weight causes the hoisting rope to pull free and send the whole structure plummeting to earth. Again the birthday mare has only time for one panicked look before the whole thing comes down on her head. The seven upper tiers crush themselves into the lowest one; Pinkie is thrown clear, while Rainbow ends up with the rear half of her body pinned under the wreck. Confetti and streamers rain down around the disaster area.*)

***Song ends abruptly***

(*Cut to Rainbow, who scowls and tries without success to pull herself loose. As she does, the camera zooms out to put Pinkie in the fore, watching her, then cuts to a close-up of the flabbergasted pink face. Zoom in to an extreme close-up of the eyes; a brief rainbow flare washes over them, just as it did with Rarity and Rainbow in “Rarity Takes Manehattan” and “Rainbow Falls,” respectively. Blinking it away, she comes to herself with a long gasp.*)

**Pinkie:** Rainbow’s not having the best party ever! I…I broke the Pinkie Party Promise!

(*At the scene, Cheese has donned a tuxedo jacket, dress shirt, and red bow tie and is about to give a seal its cue to start blowing into a long, convoluted brass horn. He has put away his army helmet.*)

**Pinkie:** STOOOOOP!! The goof-off is off!

(*Not a single spectator can believe his/her ears, judging from the disbelieving stares and confused mutterings. Cut to Rainbow, now extricated and upright.*)

**Rainbow:** But I haven’t named a winner. (*She sits on her haunches; Pinkie crosses to her.*)

**Pinkie:** You don’t have to. I forfeit. (*Cheese joins them.*) Which means…Cheese Sandwich wins.

(*He laughs exultantly for a moment, then cuts himself off, suddenly very puzzled.*)

**Cheese:** I do? (*Pinkie sits next to Rainbow.*)

**Pinkie:** (*performing gestures for a Pinkie promise*) Yes. You get to headline Rainbow Dash’s party.

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) But… (*Pan slightly to frame her walking over.*) …what about you, Pinkie?

**Pinkie:** (*tearing up, sniffling*) I…I don’t.

(*Her ears droop dejectedly downward as one tear drops free. Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of the upper reaches of a jumbled mass of luggage outside. A trombone is tossed on top of the pile; zoom out to show the lot stacked on top of the balloon-marked welcome wagon she set up for Cranky in “A Friend in Deed.” Pinike has hitched herself to its front end with a long rope, and a second one connects her party cannon to the rear end so she can tow it along. As the heartbroken mare starts to trudge ahead, the other five hurry to the scene.*)

**Rainbow:** Pinkie, wait! (*All hurry ahead; she cuts Pinkie off.*) I’m sorry I got all swept away by Cheese Sandwich. (*Twilight peeks out from behind the rear.*)

**Twilight:** We all are.

(*The other four follow her lead, voicing similar sentiments, and Spike steps in from the side with a heavy sigh.*)

**Spike:** Sorry, Pinkie.

**Pinkie:** No, I’m sorry I let my pride get in the way of you having the best birth-iversary ever.

(*On the end of this, pan/tilt up from her to frame Rainbow hovering above and taken aback at this statement. The camera then cuts to an overhead shot and zooms out to frame the others gathering around as she continues, smiling.*)

**Pinkie:** Cheese Sandwich really is a super-duper party planner, and he’ll be a terrific headliner. I should’ve been a big enough pony to admit that— (*starting ahead*) —and let you have your day.

(*Rainbow, now really floored, zooms ahead to stop her again and ends up looking at her upside down.*)

**Rainbow:** But don’t you get it? (*Pinkie’s perspective of her.*) You’re *both* super-duper party ponies. (*She pulls away; cut to her, now upright and smirking a bit.*) Sure, Cheese Sandwich is a great *guest* party pony… (*Swoop down to Pinkie.*) …but you’re Ponyville’s *permanent* party pony. (*She delivers an airborne hug.*) Nopony could ever take your place.

(*The others gather around, the camera zooming out to frame them all. Pinkie has untied herself from the wagon.*)

**Rainbow:** And we could never have a party without you.

(*The group hug that follows is broken up by Cheese’s voice.*)

**Cheese:** (*from o.s.*) Rainbow Dash is right.

(*Cut to him, back in his yellow shirt and wearing the flat-crowned hat he sported in the prologue. He pulls this off and holds it over his heart while walking closer.*)

**Cheese:** I never meant to take your place in Ponyville. I just wanted to show you what a great party pony I am, Pinkie.

**Pinkie:** Why me?

**Cheese:** (*smiling, rolling his eyes*) Well…

***Quiet, simple clarinet/piano/string chord melody, slow 4 (D major)***

**Cheese:** I fear I told a little fib about my pony past

(*circling behind to her other side, gently closing her gaping mouth*)

I hope that when you hear the truth, you will not be aghast

(*A wavering dissolve shifts the view to a close-up of his bespectacled younger self, peeking out fearfully from behind a building.*)

**Cheese:** I wasn’t quite the super party pony like I claimed

(*Zoom out slowly; he waves hopefully to some foals, but they gallop past without slowing or acknowledging him. This is a street corner, and he glumly eases a small bundle onto his back and plods off.*)

The fact is that I was so shy, nopony knew my name

(*His spirits in his hooves, he slowly climbs a hill outside Manehattan proper.*)

***Light-hearted feel, faster 4***

(*A party hat lying in the path causes him to lose his balance and tumble ahead o.s.; other hats are flung back into view in time with his crash.*)

**Cheese:** I stumbled into Ponyville one afternoon by chance

(*He finds himself in a pile of the things, wearing one and spitting out several others jammed in his mouth, at the heart of a lively party. The bundle has fallen off his back.*)

And found the biggest ever celebration party dance

***C major***

(*Berry Punch switches his hat for a jester’s cap and bells, and a young Cheerilee gives him a grilled cheese sandwich before two other party-goers toss him into the air.*)

Everything was perfect, cheer was filling up the place

(*He smiles, letting his eyes run across the full-tilt merrymaking.*)

And I saw that everypony had a smile upon their face

(*A rubber chicken sails directly toward the camera, filling the screen, then recedes to bounce off his face; he picks it up and sets it on his back.*)

**Cheese:** I vowed that day to change my life, the past I did set free

(*He holds up the sandwich and pulls its halves apart as the camera zooms in. Behind the strings of melted cheese, the background changes to blue sky and full-grown Cheese stands up into view. Pulling out his accordion, he lets one end stretch wildly and arc far and away.*)

For now Cheese Sandwich was a party pony full of glee

(*Here he comes, sliding down the hyperextended bellows with two fillies close behind, and ends up perched atop his tank with helmet on. It fires off a salvo of fun stuff.*)

A super-duper party pony, that’s what I became

(*A map of Equestria appears, and grilled cheese sandwiches start popping up all over the place. The center bulges and ruptures due to him bursting through it from behind; the helmet is gone.*)

I traveled all Equestria, and all did know my name

***Tempo slows on last line, followed by a pause***

(*Zoom in on the interior of his open mouth and fade to black, then zoom out to frame Pinkie and Cheese in the meadow. The black resolves into the pupil of one of his eyes. He gently rests a foreleg on her shoulders and pulls her in for a hug.*)

***Slow, gentle feel***

**Cheese:** But that never would have happened on my own, I’ll tell you why

(*She aims a wondering glance up at him; cut to his colt self, his vision blocked by the cap and bells. He shifts it up on his head; cut to his perspective of the rubber chicken on the ground.*)

For the one who threw that party, it was you, Pinkie Pie

***Music pauses***

(*A tilt up frames her past filly self, mane/tail fully frizzed out after the Sonic Rainboom she witnessed in “The Cutie Mark Chronicles.” She is balanced on a ball and juggling three more of the fake birds.*)

**Filly Pinkie:** (*surprised, dropping them*) Me?

(*Back to Cheese in the present.*)

**Cheese:** Yes! (*Pan quickly to her; she gasps happily.*)

**Pinkie:** Really? (*To him.*)

**Cheese:** (*laughing*) Really!

***Melody from second verse of Pinkie’s Act One song continues in background (D major)***

**Pinkie:** (*hopping around him, leaning in close; he hunkers down*) So *I* was the pony that threw the awesomely spectacular party that inspired you to become an awesome spectacular party thrower?

**Cheese:** (*standing up*) Swear on Camembert!

***Music quickly winds down as if played on a phonograph record rapidly slowing to a stop***

(*Rainbow descends in between the pair.*)

**Rainbow:** Enough with the warm fuzzy stuff, you two. It’s my birth-iversary, and you gotta throw me a bash!

***Full melody resumes, with banjo***

**Pinkie:** Yeah!

**Cheese:** Let’s go!

(*They put forelegs over each other’s shoulders as the rest of the mares gather behind them, zip away, and return to face each other.*)

**Pinkie, Cheese:** Super-duper party ponies, that is me and you

(*Both move through the party site, teeming with helpers and supplies moving in all directions.*)

A party thrown by one is good, but not as great as two

(*Pinkie tows her party cannon along, and Rainbow swoops down to airlift it and her away as Cheese’s tank rolls past. Mare and artillery are deposited on the turret, next to some new gun barrels that have been added above the main one where Cheese rides.*)

Come on and let’s join forces, have twice the expertise

(*The tank rumbles over a hill, flanked by plenty of ponies, a huge Rainbow parade balloon, and Pinkie and Cheese riding in the basket she used during the goof-off. An accordion balloon has been added to this rig.*)

Now let’s all go to the party planned by Pinkie Pie and Cheese

(*Tilt up into the sky as they let fly with confetti and streamers.*)

***Song ends***

(*Day dissolves into starry night, the sounds of a jubilant crowd asserting itself, and the camera tilts down to the packed site.*)

***Thumping dance beat, with mandolin sneaking in; fast 4 (E flat major)***

(*Cheese, wearing sunglasses and no shirt, and several guests are lounging in the high-dive punchbowl that figured in his Act One song. Elsewhere, a filly is riding on the hippo from that same performance, a roller coaster thunders over a hill, and the tank lets go with a burst of confetti, streamers, and a very confused seagull. The stage has been modified in one noticeable way: Pinkie’s original banner from Act One is strung up along with Cheese’s fancier one. Cheers all around; a spotlight hits the stage, and Cheese puts his head out through the closed curtain. He has ditched the shades and put on a top hat and large blue bow tie along with his yellow shirt, and is holding a microphone. The next three lines are amplified.*)

**Cheese:** (*laughing*) All right, everypony. (*emerging*) We are here to celebrate the birthday— (*Pinkie zips up, wearing an identical hat and tie.*)

**Pinkie:** —and anniversary—

**Pinkie, Cheese:** —of Rainbow Dash!

(*On this last, the camera and spotlights tilt up to follow a large gift box rising into the air behind them. At the peak of its motion, it bursts open in a shower of confetti/streamers to reveal Rainbow, now wearing a party hat.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey, everypony! Who’s ready to get their party on? Hit it!

***Bass in***

(*Tilt down quickly to ground level, where a sea of forelegs is raised, then cut to Pinkie alone on the stage.*)

**Pinkie:** Get your hooves up, party’s starting out right, now

(*Cheese rides his giant Swiss cheese wheel through the crowd, balancing a cane on his nose as he passes Rainbow and Rarity.*)

Everypony, everypony get down

(*It rolls past the camera; behind it, wipe to a close-up of the pegasus blowing out one candle on top of a cake. A zoom out reveals it as a towering six-tier job, and she flies down in a tight circle to get all the other candles. The bottom tier bears her cutie mark.*)

Time to make a wish, better make it right, now

It’s been a year and today is your birthday party

(*She zooms past the camera; behind her, wipe to the two master planners stepping up to the mic. Cheese wastes no time in firing up his accordion.*)

**Pinkie:** Make a wish, it’s your birthday

(*A blindfolded Rainbow demolishes a cutie-mark piñata with one swing of a club, to the delight of the Crusaders and other fillies.*)

Make a wish, it’s your birthday party

(*The blue speedster chomps her way across a giant pizza garnished with cupcakes; Pinkie and Cheese get a bite or two of their own. Next Twilight, Applejack, Pinkie, and Rarity dance onstage; Pinkie now has removed her bow tie.*)

Make a wish, it’s your birthday

(*The punchbowl; Pinkie pops up, wearing only swim goggles, as Rainbow floats by on a donut inner tube, sipping on a straw dipped into the liquid, and Cheese and Boneless chill out. All but Pinkie wear nothing but sunglasses. Next, Rainbow’s friends latch their teeth onto the edges of a sheet on which she is lying and flip her skyward. Pinkie and Rainbow have ditched their swim accessories.*)

Make a wish, it’s your birthday party

(*The last toss is seen from overhead, and her face fills the screen as she sails up. The sheet can now be seen as a rejected version of the one Pinkie made. Fade to black, then in to a pan across the stage and surrounding area; Twilight, Applejack, Pinkie, and Rarity are dancing for the crowd, the pink mare back in her top hat and bow tie. A cut to a tree some distance away discloses the whereabouts of Cheese—sitting at its base, clad in his yellow shirt, and munching contentedly on a cupcake. Rainbow flies over to him, once again wearing her party hat; he stands up to face her.*)

***Music becomes softer, as if heard from a distance, and slowly fades away***

**Rainbow:** Cheese Sandwich! Oh, I gotta tell you—you and Pinkie have totally made this the best birthday/anniversary super combo ever! (*Confetti/streamers fly around her; she laughs as he steps a bit closer.*) It’s totally—

**Cheese:** (*nudging her*) —epic?

**Rainbow:** (*nodding*) Yeah, it is!

(*He produces his flat-crowned hat and settles it on his head.*)

**Cheese:** (*stepping ahead, calmly*) That’s all I needed to hear, little filly.

(*Cut to a close-up of the six mares’ shared journal, seen from behind its open covers. Pinkie is hunched down on the grass with it, having shucked off her party duds, and the camera tilts up to frame the pencil in her teeth as she writes a line or two before pausing to think. A longer shot shows her sitting next to the stage; her rumination is interrupted when a wooden case slides into view toward her.*)

**Cheese:** (*from o.s.*) Just a little memento of my visit.

(*As soon as the lid flips open, an intense yellow light pours out that forces her to shield her eyes. Once she can look down at the source, a cut to her perspective and slow pan picks it out as Boneless, a gleam of rainbow light passing from head to legs as happened with Rarity’s spool of thread and Rainbow’s Wonderbolt pin in the past. It has been stripped of the shades it wore in the punchbowl.*)

**Pinkie:** You’re giving me your special rubber-chicken friend?

(*Cut to its owner, now sporting his hat and the poncho/saddle from the prologue.*)

**Cheese:** (*smiling*) Oh, he’s not the only one.

(*And he proves it by instantly setting another one on the saddle, seen in extreme close-up. This one is marked with a large number 2 and wears a cowboy hat instead of a bowler. Zoom out to frame all of him. Now he adopts the rough-edged tone he first used.*)

**Cheese:** (*walking off*) Well, Boneless Two… (*Cut to him now well out of town.*) …another job well done. But it’s time we mosey along. (*heading toward the setting sun*) Another town, another party.

(*As a hawk’s faint cry drifts over the landscape, the six mares gather on the road to stare after him. Rainbow is still wearing her party hat, and Pinkie now has Boneless balanced on her head and is carrying the journal.*)

**Pinkie:** I never did get that pony’s name.

**Other five:** CHEESE SANDWICH!

(*She cringes under the combined force of their response, but stands up with a giggle.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, yeah.

(*“Iris out” to black, centered on her. When only her head is still in view, the transition pauses briefly as she glances up at the pliable pullet resting on her mane, then finishes to black out the screen.*)

(*The usual closing theme does not accompany the credits. In its place is an instrumental version of the first two verses from the song Pinkie and Cheese sang during their goof-off, ending with “Shave and a Haircut.”*)