**FILLI VANILLI**

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Prologue

***Light woodwind/harp/string melody, triplet feel, brisk 4 (A major)***

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Fluttershy’s cottage in the morning. Zoom in slowly as three chirping birds fly toward one of the uppermost windows, then cut to it. They gather here, tweeting happily, and the pegasus opens the window to address them.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, good morning, little friends. Your singing is oh so pretty. (*They circle before her, chirping a bit.*) Oh, yes, it *is* a very beautiful day today— (*Off they go; tilt down slowly.*) —certainly something worth singing about.

(*Ducking inside the cottage, she is out among the birdhouses a beat later to feed the animals: balls of seed for the birds, flowers and vegetables for the rabbits.*)

**Fluttershy:** There’s music in the treetops, and there’s music in the vale

(*Now she scatters feed for the chickens gathered outside the coop.*)

And all around you, music fills the sky

(*Bread crumbs for the ducks in the brook; a bird brings in a wrapped load and sets it down—acorns for some squirrels.*)

There’s music by the river, and there’s music in the grass

(*She spirals upward after the birds.*)

And the music makes your heart soar in reply

(*Her words give way to vocalizations as she sets a honey-saturated beehive down in front of a sleeping bear; it wakes up with a grumpy growl, but her voice quickly pacifies it. Next she turns her attention to three mice in the knotholes of a tree and gives a hunk of cheese to each, then trots along a path in a flower-filled meadow with her rabbit Angel on her back and plenty of bunnies and birdies in tow. A couple of blooms are stuck into her mane before she gallops ahead and Angel jumps clear. At the brook’s edge, she leans down to sing briefly to a couple of frogs, then lifts off to turn somersaults over a cavalcade of small cute critters making their way across her backyard. Finally she rises high into the air to hold out one last high note.*)

***Song ends***

(*The performance earns her a hearty round of applause and cheers from the bunch; she descends to the ground in front of them.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, thank you so much. (*Chuckle.*) You’re too kind. (*Blush.*)

**Pinkie Pie:** (*from o.s., awestruck*) Wow!

(*The yellow face goes slack with instant shock; cut to her five friends in the backyard. All jaws but Pinkie’s are hanging full open in total surprise, Applejack’s hat pops briefly off her head, and a guttural little bray emanates from somewhere among these four. The pink mare, on the other hand, is smiling broadly at the impromptu aria. Although mostly hidden by Rainbow Dash’s head, the bottom edge of Rarity’s saddlebags can be seen in this shot. Cut to Fluttershy, half-hunched down on her haunches among the animals.*)

**Fluttershy:** Ohhhh. (*Zoom in slowly.*) You…um…you didn’t hear me…um…

**Pinkie:** (*increasingly worked up*) Singing in the most beautiful voice *ever?!?* (*Rainbow flies across the yard.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, yeah, we did!

(*The singer’s face leaps from mere fear to brain-melting terror in the time it takes her to pull in a soft gasp. As the sky darkens behind her, the flowers fall from her mane and she voices a horrified little shudder, hunkering down and covering her eyes while a long pink strand falls over one of them. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the gathering in Fluttershy’s backyard, then cut to Twilight Sparkle and Applejack at one end of the line.*)

**Twilight:** Wow! I’ve never heard you sing a solo like that before! (*Pan slowly from one to the next.*)

**Applejack:** It was like a little slice of heaven.

**Pinkie:** (*rising to hind legs*) With ice cream on top! (*Rarity whisks across.*)

**Rarity:** Fluttershy! I cannot believe your spectacular voice isn’t part of the Ponytones Quartet!

**Fluttershy:** Um…well…I…

**Rarity:** (*magically opening her bags, floating/unrolling a poster*) Especially since you’re having us perform for your Ponyville Pet Center fundraiser tomorrow night.

(*On the end of this, she maneuvers the sheet close enough to show its design in full detail. A piggy bank with a coin dropping in is surrounded by rabbits and twinkling stars, with the faces of four ponies in a row across the bottom. Two are Rarity and Big Macintosh; the others are an earth pony stallion and mare. He is blue and lanky, with a darker blue mane and brown eyes, while she has a white coat and a red/magenta-striped mane in a bead-studded bun with one strand hanging over her pink-shadowed, pink-violet eyes. All four are dressed in matching blue-green sweaters with yellow trim, white shirts, and pale-yellow/blue-green-striped bow ties, and musical notes and symbols surround their faces. Cut to Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** Well…uh, well, you see, I— (*Back to Rarity; the poster is rolled up.*)

**Rarity:** This simply *must* be rectified. You *must* share that stunning voice at the event. (*Pinkie zips up behind Fluttershy.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah! It’ll be so amazing! You’d be there on stage, basking in the hooflights, the center of attention!

(*Cut to a most uneasy Fluttershy and zoom in slowly; during the next line, the background behind her darkens and goes out of focus and her disquiet grows a few notches.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) A shining star, with everypony staring at you! (*Back to her; zoom in slowly.*) Judging you, jealously noting how they could be *way* better than you! Why wasn’t it them? *Why wasn’t it them?* (*To Fluttershy, with tears running from both eyes; she continues o.s.*) And then, when you choke— (*To Pinkie.*) —they’ll turn on you, becoming a seething, angry mob, and you’ll be horribly humiliated— (*To Fluttershy on those last two words, then back.*) —*never able to show your face in Ponyville again!*

**Rarity:** Pinkie Pie! (*She telekinetically whaps Pinkie over the head with the poster.*) Don’t be ridiculous! (*The latter shakes her head clear.*)

**Pinkie:** Aww, but I’m so good at it! (*Close-up of Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** (*sighing, walking back toward cottage*) Come, Fluttershy. You will join the group, making the Ponytones Quartet the Ponytones *Quintet!*

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) No.

(*Longer shot, framing both; she has not moved, and Rarity freezes in her tracks, caught completely off her guard.*)

**Rarity:** Pardon me?

**Fluttershy:** I love the Ponytones. I’m one of their biggest fans. But I do not want to perform with them.

**Twilight:** Why not, Fluttershy?

(*Cut to a long shot of the pegasus, the camera aimed at her from between Twilight and Rarity; zoom in slowly.*)

**Fluttershy:** Well…you see…I…I have…um…I…I have… (*Rainbow flies over to her.*)

**Rainbow:** Spit it out!

**Fluttershy:** I have…stage fright.

(*Sucking in a sharp gasp, Pinkie dives for cover behind the nearest clump of bushes and fearfully puts her head up.*)

**Pinkie:** Is it contagious? (*Twilight jumps over near her, smiling.*)

**Twilight:** Stage fright isn’t a disease, Pinkie. It just means that Fluttershy is scared to perform in front of everypony. (*Fluttershy smiles as well.*)

**Fluttershy:** I’m very thankful the Ponytones are singing at the Pet Center fundraiser. (*Cut to a disgruntled Rarity; she continues o.s.*) And I’m really looking forward to the performance. (*Back to Fluttershy.*) But I’ll be watching safely from the audience.

**Rarity:** (*sighing disappointedly*) Well, I think it’s a terrible waste of an exquisite talent. (*smiling gently*) But I understand that you’re not comfortable. (*Close-up of Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** Thank you.

(*Angel jumps up to get her attention; zoom out quickly to frame her, Pinkie, Rainbow, and Rarity.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh! Angel’s right! We better get going! (*Rainbow flies off; she and Rarity start walking and Pinkie hops.*) There’s a lot of work to do before tomorrow’s event.

(*Tilt up into the blue sky, then dissolve to a banner strung up overhead, depicting alternating rabbits and hearts. Balloons and ribbon-bedecked bunches of flowers are on display up here as well, and a low murmur of conversation can be heard. Zoom out to frame the entire area, a stretch of park land outside Ponyville proper; quite a few ponies are on the job setting up for this fundraiser. In the background is a sign that displays a picture of Fluttershy. As the camera pans through the site, it picks out plenty of other decorations and volunteers; on a hilltop in the distance is s small gazebo set up with a stage. A dissolve shifts the view to this structure; the four Ponytones are on the stage, with Spike behind them at the curtain and a few onlookers out front. Zoom in slowly as Rarity clears her throat. They are dressed in the sweater/shirt/tie outfits from Rarity’s poster, and their sleeve cuffs are marked with yellow and white stripes. The blue stallion, Toe Tapper, has a cutie mark of five eighth notes arranged in a star; Torch Song, the mare, has a deep pink hat with a card or photograph tucked into its band as hers. Macintosh does not wear his hitching collar, and Rarity has done away with her saddlebags.*)

**Rarity:** All right, Ponytones, let’s run through that again.

(*She levitates a pitch pipe out from behind herself and blows a B flat.*)

***A cappella doo-wop melody, bright 4 (B flat major)***

(*Macintosh starts off with a low scat-style rhythm line, to which the others add higher harmonies after a couple of bars, then begins to sing.*)

**Macintosh:** Everypony’s sayin’ you should learn to express your voice

(*Fluttershy sings along to herself while setting out birdhouses, but stops short upon seeing a couple of mares passing close by her table.*)

But if talk doesn’t seem like it’s the answer

**Ponytones:** Luckily you have a choice

(*The vocal line now splits into multiple parts; each of the following groupings constitutes one separate line of the song.*)

**Macintosh:** When you find you’ve got the music, music in you

**Rarity:** Find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** When you find you’ve got the music, got the music in you

(*The audience members are bobbing their heads with the beat, and a zoom out frames Fluttershy watching from a bridge over the stream and twitching her tail in time.*)

**Macintosh:** Find you’ve got the music, music in you

**Rarity:** Oh, you’ll find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** Find you’ve got the music, got the music in you

***Song ends***

**Fluttershy:** (*contentedly*) Mmmm… (*She steps away; cut to Spike.*)

**Spike:** Woo-hoo! Yeah! (*He runs across the stage to Rarity, shoving past the others.*) Rarity, you were awesome!

(*Said three give him a round of funny looks…*)

**Rarity:** Uh, thank you, Spike, but this *is* an *ensemble*.

(*…and line up with eager smiles as he straightens up to face them.*)

**Spike:** (*dismissively, walking away*) Meh, the rest of you were pretty good too.

(*The funny looks turn dirty and aim themselves at the back of his head; now Fluttershy and Angel approach the stage.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, I thought you were all amazing, Ponytones. (*Smiles all around; Torch Song laughs a bit.*)

**Torch Song:** Thanks, Fluttershy.

**Rarity:** Now, Ponytones, I want you all to rest your voices for the remainder of the day. We’ll do a final run-through tomorrow before the big event. All right?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Torch Song:** (*following Toe away*) Sounds great. (*Fluttershy flies up onto the stage.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, Rarity, the Ponytones are really gonna make the Ponyville Pet Center fundraiser so special. Thank you so much for helping me help the animals.

**Rarity:** Oh, yes. It is wonderful when a plan comes together without any sort of drama, isn’t it? (*They nuzzle happily.*)

**Fluttershy:** Mmm-hmm.

(*Her soft giggle is followed by a dissolve to a long shot of Ponyville under a peaceful moonlit sky. The moon drops below the horizon like a rock and is just as quickly replaced by the sun, the purple shades of night giving way to cheerful blue as a rooster’s crow pierces the calm. Cut to a close-up of the animal and zoom out; it is roosting on the edge of a low wall that encircles a festooned tree at the fundraiser site, and Fluttershy walks through with Angel on her back. Booths, flowers, ribbons, a few bunnies touching up their own duds for the night, and a fenced-in enclosure filled with animals ranging in size from mice to full-grown deer.*)

(*Cut to a long shot of the stage and zoom in slowly. Toe and Torch Song are here, pacing a bit; cut to a close-up as Fluttershy walks up, with Angel now alongside her.*)

**Torch Song:** ’Morning, Fluttershy.

**Fluttershy:** Good morning, Ponytones. (*Rarity puts her head out from behind the curtain.*)

**Rarity:** Actually, we’re the Ponytones minus one ’Tone. Big Mac is inconveniently late.

(*A clatter of approaching hooves asserts itself, and the camera pans to the opposite end of the stage just in time to catch the big red workhorse clambering up onto it. He is badly winded and sounding more than a little hoarse, but this does not stop Rarity from training her most withering glare on him. The fact that his bow tie is undone does very little to endear him to her at this particular moment.*)

**Rarity:** Well, there you are! (*His head snaps up.*) Have I not told you about punctuality?

(*Before he can get a word out, she fires up her horn and knots his tie, adding a sound that might best be translated as “shut it.”*)

**Rarity:** I don’t want to hear it.

(*A few steps to her place in the lineup, and she floats out her pitch pipe to blow a B flat. She, Toe, and Torch Song start to bob in time with the tempo, but Macintosh stands rooted in place and looking scared enough to get Rarity grimacing his way. His hard swallow comes through loud and clear; Angel quickly picks up on the feeling that something is wrong, but Fluttershy just smiles and waits for the music to start. Sweat starts to run down the broad red face, contorted in a grimace.*)

**Rarity:** (*pointedly*) Big Mac? Can you please start the song?

**Macintosh:** (*hoarsely, stammering*) Nn-nope. (*She leans into his face, instantly panicked.*)

**Rarity:** Big Mac! Did you lose your voice?

**Macintosh:** (*swallowing hard*) Ee-yup.

(*A unison gasp from his three group-mates, then a separate one from Fluttershy. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the stage. Zoom in slowly, then cut to a close-up.*)

**Rarity:** (*to Macintosh*) Whatever did you do to cause this?

**Macintosh:** Well…

(*A wavering dissolve shifts the scene to a different stage, this one set up on the grounds of Sweet Apple Acres and topped with a sign showing a turkey’s head. Applejack stands here, next to a large trophy topped with a statue of the bird. Her words are amplified by the microphone in front of her. Zoom in slowly past the considerable crowd.*)

**Applejack:** Howdy, everypony, and welcome to the twelfth annual Ponyville Turkey Call!

(*Cheers from the crowd, which includes Granny Smith, Apple Bloom, Cranky Doodle Donkey, and his old flame Matilda. A turkey pops up among them with an apprehensive little gobble; cut to a profile close-up of Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Who will take the title this year? Will it be somepony new…

(*She backs away slightly, revealing Macintosh off at one end of the stage, and gestures to him. He does wear his hitching collar, no Ponytones outfit, and half a dozen gold medals around his neck. During the next line, zoom in slowly on the big stallion, putting Applejack o.s.*)

**Applejack:** …or will the turkey-call champion of six years defend his title to make it lucky number seven?

(*On the second half of this, Pinkie slowly pokes her head up into view beyond the stage edge, displaying a devious little grin, then descends out of sight in the same way.*)

**Granny:** We’ll find out if you stop your gabbin’ and get on with the gobblin’! (*Close-up of Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** All right, everypony. Let’s talk turkey! Big Mac, you’re up!

(*Zoom out quickly to frame the entire stage; her brother crosses calmly to the microphone and takes a deep breath. Around him, the scenery dissolves to the here and now of the stage, and his head and Rarity’s drop in unison.*)

**Rarity:** (*indignantly*) A…a…a *turkey call?* You lost your voice doing a…a *turkey call?*

(*She magically yanks on his tie at each repetition of “turkey call.”*)

**Pinkie:** (*hopping past, wearing a gold medal*) Lost his voice *and* the title!

(*The goofy pink pony lets go with a very realistic turkey gobble, eliciting a round of surprised stares.*)

**Rarity:** Now we can’t perform tonight!

**Fluttershy:** Wait. What? (*Angel shakes his forelegs frantically and points.*) No!

(*She takes note of his gesturing, catches its meaning with a gasp, and turns back to Rarity.*)

**Fluttershy:** You have to perform! Otherwise the fundraiser will be a disaster!

**Rarity:** Well, we cannot perform tonight with only three voices.

**Fluttershy:** Why not?

**Rarity:** (*rolling her eyes*) It would take rearranging all the music, and we just don’t have time. (*Cut to Fluttershy; she continues o.s.*) I’m sorry, Fluttershy, but I have no remedy for this situation.

(*The fan ponders these words for a moment, then draws in a long gasp as a brainstorm strikes under the pink mane. Zoom out to frame the entire stage.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*smiling*) Of course! A remedy! Follow me!

(*She gallops off, Angel scrambling to catch up, and Rarity and Macintosh leaping down to follow them. Toe and Torch Song, on the other hand, stay put and trade a fairly confused look. Dissolve to the exterior of Zecora’s hut and zoom in slowly.*)

**Zecora:** (*from inside*) Hmm-hmm.

(*Cut to a head-on shot of the zebra inside, seen from behind the teeth and tongue of a slowly opening mouth that she is examining intently. The next voice gives away the owner of this dental equipment.*)

**Macintosh:** Ahhhhh… (*She leans in closer.*)

**Zecora:** Mmmm…mmmm… (*Cut to a close-up of both.*)

**Macintosh:** Ahhhhh…

(*After a second or two, she closes his mouth with her hooves to cut off his voice. Zoom out to frame him, her—standing on a stool to gain the needed height—Fluttershy, Rarity, and Angel.*)

**Zecora:** I can cure this pony that is hoarse.

(*She jumps down and crosses the floor.*)

But it will take a longer course.

**Rarity:** Uh, come again? (*Zecora examines a shelf of bottles.*)

**Zecora:** Mmm…I can mix a brew that will work just right,

But it cannot heal him by tonight.

**Fluttershy:** Oh, no! (*Half-grunt of frustration/fear.*) Where are we ever gonna find a deep voice to replace Big Mac’s?

(*The herbal expert, having rejoined the others, just chuckles knowingly and manages to get on Rarity’s nerves in a hurry.*)

**Rarity:** Pardon me, Zecora, but this is no laughing matter. We need a bass voice for the harmonies to work. Without it, the performance will be ruined! (*Cut to Macintosh and Zecora.*)

**Zecora:** Please, forgive my strange elation.

But I was not laughing at your situation. (*Pan to frame Rarity behind her.*)

**Rarity:** Then what? (*A wavering dissolve begins.*)

**Zecora:** Remember when you pony folk

Stumbled into Poison Joke?

(*The second half of the previous line is delivered in voice over as the transition is completed, presenting a soft-focus flashback to “Bridle Gossip.” The mares stand within a patch of the blue plants that have a very strange sense of humor, with Bloom riding on Applejack’s back and Pinkie jumping around in the foliage. As Zecora continues, the view cuts to each afflicted pony in turn, now back in the library: Fluttershy unwilling to speak, tiny Applejack, Twilight with her horn blue-spotted and floppy, Pinkie blowing a raspberry with her swollen and similarly spotted tongue, Rainbow struggling to get free of the bookshelf ladder due to her upside-down wings, Rarity blowing her long and matted mane out of her face.*)

**Zecora:** (*voice over*) Miss Fluttershy had an unusual change,

Deepening her vocal range.

**Fluttershy:** (*deep male voice*) I don’t want to talk about it.

(*WD back to the present.*)

**Rarity:** (*catching on*) Yes, yes! (*She crosses to Fluttershy.*) Your voice became really low, making it sound like… (*A gasp from the pegasus; zoom in.*)

**Fluttershy:** …Flutterguy!

(*The nickname that Spike came up with for her in “Bridle Gossip.” Now Zecora holds a bowl of Poison Joke leaves taken from a shelf.*)

**Zecora:** With these leaves, I can mix a brew

Creating the same effect on you.

**Rarity:** Zecora, that’s fantastic!

**Fluttershy:** Yes! I’ll do it! I’d do anything for the animals!

**Rarity:** Why, you’d even appear onstage!

**Fluttershy:** (*stunned*) Oh. Except that.

(*This response prompts the unicorn to direct a puzzled glance over at Macintosh, then a glare at the pegasus with performance anxiety.*)

**Fluttershy:** I just can’t bring myself to sing onstage in front of everypony.

(*Her glance toward Angel is met with a refusal to make eye contact and an out-thrust forepaw as if to say, “Don’t come crying to me, sister.” Now it is Rarity’s turn to get an idea cooking in close-up; as she speaks, zoom out to frame all five.*)

**Rarity:** What if you sang *not* in front of everypony?

**Fluttershy:** Huh?

**Rarity:** What if Big Mac was *on* stage, moving his lips while you’re *behind* the curtain singing his part? (*Macintosh nods encouragingly.*) It would be just like singing in your house! (*Close-up of the unsettled Fluttershy; she continues o.s.*) Nopony would know it was you.

**Fluttershy:** Even still, I just don’t think I could sing in front of— (*Zoom out; Rarity leans into her face.*)

**Rarity:** *You must!* (*levitating Angel up*) For the animals!

(*The white fuzzball puts on his most pathetic, teary-eyed face and voices a little whimper for added effect.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh… (*Encouraging smiles from the other three equines.*) …okay, then. (*She swallows hard and puts some steel in her voice.*) Mix it up.

(*Dissolve to a pan through the fundraiser site that evening, now filled with ponies and animals enjoying themselves in various ways. Stop on a long shot of the stage and its gathered audience and zoom in slightly, then cut to the backstage area. The Ponytones are gathered here, along with Fluttershy.*)

**Rarity:** (*whispering*) Now, do it just like we practiced.

(*Fluttershy and Macintosh nod; Rarity turns toward the curtain, and Fluttershy takes a deep breath and holds it, the blue-green eyes flicking back and forth. Outside, the stage’s front edge and the beams holding up the gazebo roof have been dotted with fireflies whose lights are out. Rarity emerges onto the stage to take in the excitedly murmuring crowd. Spike is front and center, but a large pegasus stallion steps up and takes a seat directly in front of him. White coat; short, dark gray mane/tail, beard, and mustache; dark gray hoof tips and T-shirt; hard green eyes behind “hipster” glasses; cutie mark of an acoustic guitar. A very small pegasus filly flits in to hover near his shoulder, prompting a brief smile out of him. This one, Zippoorwill, has an off-white coat, brown mane/tail, lighter green eyes, glasses, a small tiara, and a cutie mark of three paw prints. She perches on the stallion’s shoulder—father and daughter—and Rarity speaks up to address the gathering.*)

**Rarity:** Good evening, citizens of Ponyville! I want to thank you all for coming out tonight and generously supporting the Ponyville Pet Center.

(*A series of cuts to various spots in the audience follows: a filly grinning at a tortoise that looks very much like Rainbow’s pet Tank, Lyra Heartstrings and a stallion smiling at the bird that has taken a seat on the latter’s head, old Goldie Delicious—the cousin sought out in “Pinky Apple Pie”—with cats stuffed into her saddlebags. Applejack and Bloom shoot disapproving glances at her from either side, most likely remembering the feline-infested state of her cabin. From them, pan to Twilight, Pinkie, and the turkey from the previous day’s contest. The Princess glances around nervously, while the pink champ—no longer wearing her medal—just grins toward the stage.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., during previous*) Thanks to your kindness, pets are finding loving homes and we’re sure to meet our fundraising goal.

**Twilight:** Where’s Fluttershy?

**Applejack:** Prob’ly hidin’. (*Pinkie’s alligator Gummy starts trying to chew on the turkey.*) You know how much that pony hates the spotlight.

(*Long shot of the stage, zooming in slowly; Rarity stands in a spot at stage right.*)

**Rarity:** So, with no further ado, please welcome… (*All the fireflies light up at once; the rest of the group comes out through the curtain.*) …the Ponytones!

(*Enthusiastic cheering greets their arrival; cut to Fluttershy backstage, positioned so she can just barely see through an opening in the curtain. She swallows hard to force her nerves down, while out onstage Rarity levitates up her pitch pipe and sounds a B flat. A deep breath from the hidden pegasus, a matching one from the red stallion, and Fluttershy begins to sing his scat introduction in the low voice she gained after falling victim to Poison Joke. Macintosh lip-syncs to the melody as the others join in, and a few beats in, Fluttershy’s trepidation yields to a genuine smile.*)

\*\*\* *Until further notice, her voice remains in this deep register.* \*\*\*

***Same doo-wop style/key/tempo as rehearsal, but with drums/bass/handclaps added***

***Vocal harmonies and accents added under the main melody***

**Fluttershy:** Trot outside and you see the sunshine, something’s in the air today

(*Spike starts to get funky, even though his line of sight is blocked by the big pegasus.*)

Sky is clear and you’re feelin’ so fine, everything’s gonna be A-okay

**Rarity, Toe:**  If you listen carefully, on every corner there’s a rhythm playing

Then it happens suddenly, the music takes you over

(*Each of the following two groupings constitutes one line.*)

**Fluttershy:** And you’ll find you’ve got the music, music in you

**Rarity:** Find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** And you’ll find you’ve got the music, got the music in you

(*Cut to a close-up of Fluttershy’s tapping hooves and tilt up slowly to her beaming face.*)

**Fluttershy:** Find you’ve got the music, music in you

**Rarity:** Oh, you’ll find the music, oh

**Toe, Torch Song:** Find you’ve got the music, got the music in you

(*Now Fluttershy lets her vocalization lead the others into the second verse, and Cheerilee is so overcome that she goes over in a semi-faint in the front row, tipping a wink to Macintosh.*)

**Fluttershy:** Everypony’s sayin’ you should learn to express your voice

But if talk doesn’t seem like it’s the answer

**Ponytones:** Luckily you have a choice

(*Same split as in rehearsal.*)

**Fluttershy:** When you find you’ve got the music, music in you

**Rarity:** Find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** When you find you’ve got the music, got the music in you

**Fluttershy:** Find you’ve got the music, music in

**Rarity:** Oh, you’ll find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** Find you’ve got the music, got the music in

**Ponytones:** You’ve got the music, got the music in you

***Song ends***

(*Zoom out quickly from the stage; the fireflies lining it flit away, and the crowd breaks into wild applause and cheers. It comes through clearly to an ecstatic Fluttershy in her hiding place; she lets her face shift into an appreciative smile. Cut to the crowd.*)

**Crowd:** (*chanting*) Ponytones! (*The group again; they continue o.s.*) Ponytones!

(*They grin in acknowledgement; Fluttershy nudges the curtain closed and hunches down with a little smile of pure joy. Seconds later, there is a stampede pat the animal enclosure, leaving it completely empty and with its gate swinging open. A rush back toward the stage consists of Twilight, Applejack, Pinkie, Rainbow, and Spike.*)

**Twilight:** Ponytones! That was truly amazing!

**Applejack:** And *you* sounded better than ever, big brother!

(*Cut to the singers on the end of this; Macintosh blushes and can manage nothing beyond a bashful little giggle/snort. Fluttershy takes advantage of the moment to slip away from the far end of the stage, but suddenly finds her escape cut off by Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Fluttershy, you were on the wrong side of the curtain! (*Zoom out to frame Twilight/Applejack/Rainbow.*) You totally missed the show!

(*That gets Rarity good and scared; her eyes flick from side to side before she crosses to the pair, recovering her composure.*)

**Rarity:** Uh…just like a true professional, Fluttershy was backstage making sure everything ran smoothly. (*whispering to Fluttershy, winking*) And it was perfect.

(*The blue-green eyes pop wide open above a surprised smile. On the start of the next line, cut to a longer shot of the stage. Zippoorwill’s father flies over, speaking in a South American accent; she is not on his shoulder.*)

**Father:** That was fantastic, Ponytones!

(*Here comes the little filly, carrying a puppy and flying in short, sharp jerks like a hummingbird. She has the same accent and sounds as if she has sucked down half a tank of helium.*)

**Zippoorwill:** (*flying around within the group*) My new puppy and I thought it was super-duper crazy good!

(*She finally stops in front of Fluttershy, the pet looking woozy enough to lose its lunch on the spot.*)

**Rarity:** Why, thank you! (*Zippoorwill flies back to her father, taps him on the chin, and drops o.s.*)

**Father:** And we were wondering if you would consider performing at my daughter Zippoorwill’s cute-ceañera. (*Tilt down to her.*)

**Zippoorwill:** (*flying up a bit*) Will you? Will you?

**Rarity:** We’d love to. Uh, when is it? Next week? Next month?

**Father, Zippoorwill:** Tomorrow!

(*The brains of all three musical conspirators throw a rod at the same time; it takes a moment before the unicorn trusts herself to get out a coherent reply.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, gracious, I’m terribly sorry. (*walking to stage edge*) That’s just much too last-minute. (*Father’s ears droop.*)

**Zippoorwill:** (*crushed*) Oh, no!

**Father:** (*walking away; she follows, flying*) Well, I understand.

(*The disappointment is so great that her wings, which up until now have been buzzing nonstop, drop back to a slow flap. Fluttershy shifts position to stare after them and sees Zippoorwill drop to the ground and aim one last despondent glance back at the stage. She plods after her father.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, Rarity, we can’t disappoint that sweet little filly.

**Rarity:** Are you sure you’re up for it?

(*To which the basso-voiced mare gives a demure but confident nod. Dissolve to the exterior of the town hall and zoom in slowly. The entire town square is liberally decorated, with a banner over the front entrance as the capper; it shows Zippoorwill’s face, flanked by a large copy of her cutie mark to either side. Ponies gravitate toward the building; cut to inside, where the Ponytones are doing their thing onstage. Colts and fillies are listening eagerly, among them Zippoorwill and her father.*)

***Same style/key/tempo as at the fundraiser, with three-way split vocals***

**Fluttershy:** When you find you’ve got the music, music in you

**Rarity:** Find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** When you find you’ve got the music, got the music in you

(*Her face clearly broadcasts the fun she is having as the singing equivalent of a ghostwriter.*)

**Fluttershy:** Find you’ve got the music, music in

**Rarity:** Oh, you’ll find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** Find you’ve got the music, got the music in

**Ponytones:** You’ve got the music, got the music in you

***Song ends***

(*The juvenile crowd’s cheers are accentuated by Zippoorwill flying all over the place.*)

**Zippoorwill:** Whoo! Yeah! All right! We got the Ponytones! We got the Ponytones!

(*The positive response continues as the quartet goes backstage, with Fluttershy holding the curtain open for them. However, as soon as Mayor Mare walks into view, she whisks up and o.s. as if shot from a cannon.*)

**Mayor Mare:** (*laughing*) Amazing, Ponytones! And it would be even more amazing if you could perform at my ribbon-cutting ceremony tomorrow.

(*Just as before, it takes Rarity a second or two to recover from the surprise of this request.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, Mayor, we would love to, but—

(*A glance away and a slight pan reveal the presence of Fluttershy, who is hanging upside down from above to eavesdrop. Receiving a sideways flick of the head and a node from the inverted mare, Rarity quickly shifts gears and smiles.*)

**Rarity:** Um— (*Clear throat; Fluttershy rises o.s.*) —will you excuse us for a second, Mayor?

**Mayor Mare:** Certainly.

(*As soon as she is out of earshot, a right-side-up Fluttershy drops down to Rarity’s level.*)

**Rarity:** (*whispering*) Don’t worry, Fluttershy. You don’t have to perform again.

**Fluttershy:** But we wouldn’t want to disappoint the Mayor.

(*The unicorn is taken slightly aback by this response at first, but then throws her a calculating smile.*)

**Rarity:** Well, then. (*addressing herself o.s.*) Mayor?

(*Cut to the elected official and a bespectacled earth pony mare who is showing her a clipboard of documents. The two look back toward the group; Fluttershy is huddled down behind Rarity.*)

**Fluttershy:** The Ponytones will happily perform at your ceremony.

(*Big grin from Mayor Mare; a cut to the other three group members and pan to Fluttershy and Rarity shows that the feeling is mutual. Wipe to a close-up of a broad red ribbon strung in front of a closed passage.*)

***Same style/key/tempo as at the fundraiser, with vocal harmonies/accents***

(*A pair of golden scissors is lifted into view to snip the ribbon as the Ponytones’ introductory vocals start up, and they straighten up into view. Zoom out quickly; they are in the town square, behind a market stand whose sign marks it as selling jokes/novelties. Mayor Mare is alongside it, and a good-sized knot of ponies has congregated to listen. When Macintosh starts to “sing,” his lines come through with a higher degree of energy and a slightly different melody.*)

**Fluttershy:** Trot outside and you see the sunshine, something’s in the air today

(*He glances toward a barrel at one end of the stand, with sound waves emanating from its bunghole. Cut to inside, where Fluttershy has stashed herself.*)

Sky is clear and you’re feelin’ so fine, everything’s gonna be A-okay

(*Her perspective through the hole as the group shifts back to the intro harmonies; Aloe and Lotus, among the audience, stomp their hooves in wild applause and trade a glance. Outside; after the show, they slide up to Rarity with eager looks, but she shakes her head—turning down what can only have been an offer to do a gig. However, a yellow hoof snakes into view and taps her on the shoulder; she turns to the barrel, from which Fluttershy is peeking out with its open lid propped on her head.*)

**Fluttershy:** We wouldn’t want to disappoint the spa patrons.

(*A smile and over-shoulder glance from Rarity. Cut to the periphery of the main hot-tub room at the spa; all the chairs are occupied by clients being thoroughly pampered. Pan to the tub itself, where the Ponytones are arranged on the platform that encircles its rear half; a short tube protrudes from the surface of the water. A tilt down from their level shows where Fluttershy is hiding out this time: in the tub, wearing a deep-sea diving helmet with a tube attached to pipe her voice up to the surface.*)

**Rarity, Toe:**  If you listen carefully, on every corner there’s a rhythm playing

(*Post-show: Rarity, still on the platform, watches the other three talking with Cheerilee and Lotus. Fluttershy puts her head up, the front sight window of her helmet open.*)

Then it happens suddenly, the music takes you over

**Fluttershy:** (*under previous*) We wouldn’t want to disappoint the school ponies.

(*Yet another smile from Rarity. Cut to the classroom inside the schoolhouse; the Ponytones are up front, putting on a show for Cheerilee’s class. Through a window in the far corner, the top of Fluttershy’s head is visible but going quite unnoticed; she has shed the helmet. Zoom in on it, then cut to her outside in the bushes; she is really getting into the act now, and she even flips over to shake her rump in the air.*)

***Three-way split vocals***

**Fluttershy:** Find the music you got in your heart

**Rarity:** Find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** And you’ll find you’ve got the music, got the music in you

(*The changed-up lyrics throw Macintosh for a loop, and a few trickles of sweat work their way down his face as he does his best to keep up. It is abundantly clear that his co-conspirator is starting to go off the rails.*)

**Fluttershy:** You can find it, oh yeah, yeah, it’s in you now

**Rarity:** Find the music

**Toe, Torch Song:** And you’ll find you’ve got the music, got the music in

***Two-way split vocals***

**Fluttershy:** Yeah, got the music in you

**Rarity, Toe,** **Torch Song:** You’ve got the music, got the music in you

***Song ends***

(*Cheers from the foals; Macintosh throws an unnerved glance toward the window, then faces front and smiles with the others. Dissolve to a slow pan along one street and a very long line of ponies stretching down the block. It is nighttime, and they are queued up in front of Sugarcube Corner, where the camera stops. A sign depicting the Ponytones’ faces has been set up here, and Spike—equipped with a pair of sunglasses and a clipboard—is on doorman duty. Close-up: when Carrot Top steps up, he gives her a brief look over the lenses’ top edges, scrutinizes the list, and waves her in. As she enters the building, the camera pans past the sign and stops on a window just beyond its far edge. The curtains are closed, but Fluttershy twitches them open from inside to scope the turnout. What she sees brings a huge grin to her face.*)

**Rarity:** (*from inside*) Fluttershy…

(*Curtains close; cut to inside, an area cut off from the rest of the shop floor by a curtain. Rarity and Macintosh cross the impromptu backstage area toward Fluttershy.*)

**Rarity:** …we must talk to you. (*giddily*) Big Mac’s voice is all better!

**Macintosh:** (*no longer hoarse*) Ee-yup.

(*Rarity gives him a grin, and both of them show all their teeth toward their backstage savior—who unequivocally fails to return the sentiment in close-up. Zoom out slightly as Rarity moves a bit closer to her.*)

**Rarity:** Now you can bathe in the Poison Joke antidote and sound like your lovely self again. (*Fluttershy lets her head drop.*)

**Fluttershy:** It’s just…I didn’t know that last performance *was* my last performance. (*She trudges toward the hall; cut to just behind her.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., shocked*) Fluttershy, stop!

(*The yellow hooves cease their forward motion and the head above them turns to glance back; cut to the other two.*)

**Rarity:** Oh… (*to* *Macintosh*) …would it be okay if Fluttershy sang for you one last time?

(*Here comes a beseeching pout from Fluttershy, accompanied by two shining, pleading blue-green eyes.*)

**Macintosh:** (*smiling*) Mmm… (*nodding*) …yup.

(*The eyes instantly fill with stars, the pout turns into a gigantic grin, and Fluttershy gallops across the floor to put a foreleg around both sets of shoulders. They are caught slightly out by her fervor, but shift to humoring grins before the curtain in front of them is pulled shut to block them from view. It is whisked back a moment later to frame Fluttershy now by herself and singing up a storm backstage, while the Ponytones are up front in the spotlight.*)

***Same style/key/tempo as at the fundraiser, with acoustic guitar and two-way split vocals***

**Fluttershy:** Hey, find it, oh, why, you can find it

**Rarity, Toe, Torch Song:** When you find you’ve got the music

(*The ad-libbing has Macintosh completely at a loss, and his floundering throws a scare into the others.*)

**Fluttershy:** In your heart, yeah, yeah, find the music, yeah

**Rarity, Toe, Torch Song:** When you find you’ve got the music

***C major***

(*The overly ardent mare does a midair spin and rams the curtain, shoving Macintosh forward on the stage and leaving him unable to close his mouth from sheer shock.*)

**Fluttershy:** It’s in you right now

**Rarity, Toe, Torch Song:** When you find you’ve got the music

(*Now she bangs her rump into the rod from which the curtain hangs, bringing it down on the quartet.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, yeah, you can find the music

**Rarity, Toe, Torch Song:** When you find you’ve got the music

(*They fall silent, the spotlight shining over the fabric-covered lump of their forms and angling itself upward to pick out Fluttershy hovering overhead.*)

***Music trails off***

**Fluttershy:** Yeah, yeah, I love the music, ye—

(*It finally sinks in—she has completely blown her cover—and she stares popeyed and slack-jawed over the crowd. They look incredulously up at her, a strangled neigh floating up from somewhere.*)

**Twilight, Applejack, Pinkie, Rainbow:** FLUTTERSHY?

(*The mortified singer does her very best to cover her face with her tail, hunches down behind it, and drops o.s. Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Fluttershy standing at the far wall of what used to be the backstage area. She is pinned in the spotlight’s glare, and Rarity and Macintosh glance worriedly toward her, having partially worked their way out from the fallen curtain. All eyes are on Fluttershy, whose nerves have rooted her to the floor; she can only shiver a bit under the massed, silent stares. After a couple of seconds that might be a month, cheers and whoops erupt from every equine throat—but the pegasus is far from reassured at the response.*)

(*Zoom in quickly on her as the background around the spot fades to black and her own color becomes washed out in the glare. She darts away, only for a second light to snap on and pick her out; another mad dash, and another, end in the same way. She freezes after the third attempt, many more spots training themselves on her. The cheers have slowly shifted into distorted, low-pitched mockeries of themselves, and the camera zooms out to frame the sources of all the beams: giant, hairless, laughing pony heads whose white-glowing eyes are casting the lights. Their glare becomes blinding, and Fluttershy’s figure disappears as if being erased in quick, long strokes until the screen is left blank and white.*)

(*The view resolves into the whites of her eyes as the camera zooms out quickly to frame her at the back wall. Normal lighting and sound have resumed, and she breaks into full-voiced wailing and bolts outside through the nearest door. Macintosh and Rarity, now fully extricated from the curtain, wordlessly watch her abrupt exit; the camera pans slightly away from them to frame the rest of the crew at the edge of the stage. The older of the stallion’s two sisters is plenty steamed as she climbs up to his level.*)

**Applejack:** Big Mac, you got some ’splainin’ to do! (*Rarity hastily backs away; a brief pause, and Applejack continues in a level rapid fire.*) Turkey call?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Applejack:** Trash your voice?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Applejack:** Zecora remedy?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Applejack:** Not quick enough?

**Macintosh:** (*shaking his head*) Nn-nope.

**Applejack:** Needed a deep voice?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Applejack:** Poison Joke?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Applejack:** Flutterguy?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Applejack:** Better now?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Applejack:** And that shy filly was livin’ her dream in the shadows because she couldn’t bring herself to come into the spotlight?

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup. (*She turns toward the room in a huff.*)

**Applejack:** Well, for corn’s sake! Let’s go!

(*This is the cue for Macintosh and the six friends less one to clear out at top speed. Dissolve to the exterior of Fluttershy’s cottage, all the windows glowing warmly and all five mares gathered at the closed front door.*)

**Twilight:** (*knocking*) Fluttershy?

(*She opens the door; cut to a slow pan through the interior, starting at the stairs, that slowly brings the group into view.*)

**Twilight:** You in here?

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s., normal voice*) Yes.

(*Tilt up to the second floor; she flies out to a railing overlooking the stairs, a towel wrapped around her mane and steam drifting out through the doorway behind her. She has no doubt just taken the herbal bath that counteracts Poison Joke, as noted in “Bridle Gossip.” Close-up.*)

\*\*\* *Her voice remains in its original register from here on in.* \*\*\*

**Fluttershy:** I’m here.

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) That was totally unbelievable!

(*Fluttershy looks down; cut to her perspective of the hyperactive pony climbing the wall toward her.*)

**Pinkie:** I mean, the curtain came up, and there you were— (*Cut to frame both; Pinkie gains the railing.*) —singing in front of everypony! (*putting foreleg around Fluttershy’s shoulders*) And you know, I don’t think anypony was jealous— (*waving wildly*) —’cause there certainly wasn’t an angry mob. (*sinking o.s.*) But it must’ve been *horrible* standing there onstage— (*She pops back into view next to Fluttershy.*) —all eyes *glued* directly on you! It’s like you were living your *own personal worst nightmare!*

(*On these last four words, she leans toward/over Fluttershy so forcefully that the latter ends up lying on her back and sobbing mightily, with tears streaming down her cheeks.*)

**Fluttershy:** It was!

(*The four on the floor—first, that is—watch sadly as their winged friend zooms down the stairs and out of sight. As soon as the sound of the closing door reaches them to mark her exit, all eight eyes narrow into hard glares and lock onto Pinkie, now half-hanging over the railing.*)

**Pinkie:** What? Too much?

(*Cut to the crying Fluttershy outside, now without her head towel and galloping away over the bridge that spans the brook on her land. Tilt up to the door, now open again; Applejack races out, Rainbow goes airborne, and Twilight steps up after them.*)

**Twilight:** What Pinkie meant to say was that you were really great! (*She flies off after the others; Pinkie peeks out.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait! Didn’t I say that?

**Rarity:** (*galloping out past her*) Hardly!

**Pinkie:** Whoops. (*galloping after them*) YOU WERE GREEEAAAT!!

(*Cut to a head-on close-up of Fluttershy and zoom out to frame Rainbow matching her stride for flap; the chase has moved into Ponyville proper.*)

**Rainbow:** You totally blew my mind! (*Applejack plants herself in their path; Fluttershy slides to a stop.*)

**Applejack:** Incredible!

(*Fluttershy lifts off straight up and sprawls out on a roof; Pinkie hoists herself up on the beam projecting from its end.*)

**Pinkie:** Though, no offense, you kind of sounded like a dude.

(*Fluttershy takes off sobbing; Twilight and Rainbow hover up, glaring daggers, and Pinkie grins sheepishly in reply as the fleeing mare races down the street.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh, a great-sounding dude!

(*Stopping on a bridge, Fluttershy wipes her eyes and takes a moment to compose herself, but does not turn to face the others.*)

**Fluttershy:** Well, thank you all. I’m glad you enjoyed it. (*Warm smiles; Pinkie now on the roof. Fluttershy turns partway toward them.*) Because I’m never going to sing in front of anypony ever again.

(*She gallops off. Cut to all others but Pinkie; the four gasp sharply and hurry after her, shouting an assortment of entreaties.*)

**Pinkie:** Are you kidding me?!? (*She jumps down to give chase.*)

**Rarity:** Can we *please* stop running?

(*The fugitive does so, having arrived at the stage that the Ponytones used for the fundraiser. Zoom out to frame the others coming up, slightly winded.*)

**Rarity:** I just don’t understand why, Fluttershy. After all, *you’re* the one that wanted the Ponytones to sing for every silly thing that was requested of us.

(*During the previous line, the camera cuts to a close-up of Fluttershy, a strand of mane falling loose over her eyes, then back to Rarity as she crosses the grass to her friend.*)

**Fluttershy:** You mean, you knew I really wanted to perform?

**Rarity:** Of course I knew.

**Fluttershy:** (*deflated*) Oh.

**Rarity:** And for all her babbling, Pinkie Pie was right about one thing. (*Pan to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** (*miffed*) Only one? (*Cut to Fluttershy.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) When that curtain fell— (*Tilt up; she now stands onstage, looking down at Fluttershy.*) —and everypony saw you singing— (*Zoom out to frame both.*) —you lived your *worst nightmare!* (*gently*) Was it really that bad? (*Long pause.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*covering eyes, tearing up*) Yes!

**Twilight:** Well, what was so bad about it? (*Rainbow steps over.*)

**Rainbow:** The thunderous applause? (*Applejack ditto.*)

**Applejack:** The praise for your fantastic singin’? (*Pinkie pops up.*)

**Pinkie:** The *screeeeaming faaaans?!?*

(*Fluttershy whisks up, up and away, spooked by this last, and misses the funny looks that the others aim at Pinkie as a result. The timid mare descends to the stage, her hooves barely making any noise as they touch the boards, and ends up standing next to Rarity. Zoom out to frame all six; she glances nervously down at her own hooves, then lifts her head with a smile which she transfers to Rarity, extending it to show just a few teeth.*)

(*Dissolve to a close-up of her hooves and tilt up to frame all of her, now sporting a Ponytones outfit of her own and standing in front of a flowered curtain. The other four singers quickly join her onstage.*)

***Doo-wop melody with backing drums/bass/acoustic guitar, bright 4 (A major)***

***Vocal harmonies and accents added under the main melody***

**Fluttershy:** There’s music in the treetops, and there’s music in the vale

(*They put their heads together, seen from ground level with the camera pointing up through them. The sky now shows the blue of the following day.*)

And all around the music fills the sky

(*Zoom in past their heads toward the sky, then cut back to the stage; she stands out front.*)

There’s music by the river, and there’s music in the grass

(*She lifts off, enraptured.*)

And the music makes your heart soar in reply

**Ponytones:** When you find you’ve got the music (*Fluttershy touches down.*)

**Fluttershy:** You’ve got to look inside and find

**Ponytones:** Find you’ve got the music

**Fluttershy:** The music deep inside you

(*Zoom in on the inside of her open mouth and fade to black.*)

***B major***

(*Zoom out quickly. The black resolves into the pupil of one eye, and she has rejoined the group onstage.*)

**Ponytones:** Find you’ve got the music

**Fluttershy:** ’Cause when you look inside, you’ll see it

**Ponytones:** Find you’ve got the music

**Fluttershy:** You’re gonna find it, gonna find

(*Overhead shot, zooming out slowly. The others stand ringed around her, facing outward in four different directions.*)

**Ponytones:** When you find you’ve got the music

(*Stage level again; they gather facing her now.*)

**Fluttershy, Ponytones:** Got the music, got the music

Got the music in you

***Song ends***

(*Cut to Twilight, Applejack, Pinkie, Rainbow, and Spike, all of whom waste no time in making their approval known at top volume, then pan/tilt up slightly to frame the area behind them. Spike has done away with the clipboard and shades he used while working the door at Sugarcube Corner. Back here are quite a few animals, including Angel, and they too give their positive opinion in various ways according to their respective species. A long shot of the area reveals that the stage has been set up in Fluttershy’s backyard, next to the fenced-off enclosure that surrounds her chicken coop. She smiles gratefully, perhaps on the verge of tears, as Rainbow hops up to the stage alongside her.*)

**Rainbow:** You did it, Fluttershy! (*Applejack steps up.*)

**Applejack:** See? That wasn’t so bad.

**Pinkie:** And you didn’t look completely petrified by the fact that we’re all staring at you at all!

(*Her overexcited jump toward the stage is arrested by Twilight’s last-second magical grab, which lowers her back to the grass.*)

**Twilight:** How do you feel? (*Close-up of Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** Surprisingly… (*smiling*) …okay.

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Fantastic! (*Cut to frame Fluttershy looking at the Ponytones; Rarity steps across.*) Because the Ponytones have been booked for the Apple family’s Zap Apple Jam Extraordinaire! (*The others smile; she giggles softly.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*suddenly terrified*) Oh, no! I couldn’t do that!

(*Dive toward the curtain, to the considerable consternation of every pony on the scene. The next four lines overlap as the camera zooms in on the fabric barrier past them.*)

**Twilight:** Come on, Fluttershy!

**Applejack:** How come?

**Pinkie:** For real?

**Rainbow:** Seriously? (*Fluttershy peeks out, greatly calmed.*)

**Fluttershy:** I’ll get there someday, but for now…baby steps, everypony. Baby steps.

(*The other five gather around, smiling. Dissolve to a long shot of her on the now-deserted stage, resting on her belly and using the pencil in her teeth to write in the group’s shared journal. Various animal members of the audience play on the grass as the camera zooms in slowly; she is no longer wearing her sweater/shirt/tie.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Sometimes, being afraid can stop you from doing something that you love.” (*Close-up.*) “But hiding behind these fears means you’re only hiding from your true self. It’s much better to face those fears—” (*A bird hovers down behind her and tweets; she sets down the pencil and turns to it, singing in reply.*) “—so you can shine and be the best pony you can possibly be.”

(*Fade to black.*)