**FOR WHOM THE SWEETIE BELLE TOILS**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the Carousel Boutique during the day. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Sweetie Belle:** (*from inside*) I have to leave for dress rehearsal soon, Rarity! Is it finished yet?

(*Cut to Rarity, at the sewing machine in her upper-story bedroom/workspace and wearing her reading glasses. Floating in her magical grip is a white jumpsuit with blue trim at the collar, belt, foreleg sleeves, and pant cuffs; her sister’s tail is partly visible behind it.*)

**Rarity:** (*sighing, pulling it down under machine needle*) Not quite. I still feel it needs a certain *je ne sais quoi*. Perhaps it needs… (*smiling*) …appliqués!

**Sweetie:** Appliqués?

(*She disappears from the room in a pastel/white blur and returns a split-second later, a pile of fabric pieces gripped in her forelegs.*)

**Rarity:** Or…sequins!

**Sweetie:** Sequins!

(*Dropping her cargo all over the floor, she clears out in the other direction and is back a moment later, now carrying a basket of the glittery bits. However, she loses traction on the appliqué pieces and skids out o.s. Rarity winces mightily at the ensuing crash, and the camera cuts to Sweetie, who has fetched up against the wall and spilled the sequins all around herself. When she sticks her tongue out, she finds a few more stuck to it as well.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Sweetie Belle… (*Zoom out; she steps over, levitating the mess away.*) …I adore having you help me, truly I do. But…

(*She trots back across the room, floating the sequins and appliqués along with her, and Sweetie stands as well with her tongue now clean.*)

**Sweetie:** (*sheepishly, walking across*) Guess I got a little carried away. It’s just that I know how important it is for you to finish this wardrobe in time for Sapphire Shores and her backup dancers.

(*Recall that this was the performer who placed a six-outfit order with Rarity in “A Dog and Pony Show.” Cut to Rarity on the end of this.*)

**Rarity:** (*turning toward her*) This is, without a doubt, my most prestigious order ever. After all, Sapphire Shores is *the* Pony of Pop, and her Equestria-wide tour launches in Canterlot next week—

(*Overhead shot of the room, framing the scattered fabrics and outfit pieces on the floor, a rack of garments—one white with blue trim, the others blue with gold trim—and the jumpsuit laid out at the sewing machine.*)

**Rarity:** —which means she must have these outfits by day after tomorrow at the latest. (*Cut to Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** But is there time?

**Rarity:** (*walking to machine*) Barely. But I work well under pressure. Mmm…as long as I stay calm, I’ll be fine. (*She levitates scissors and fabric.*)

**Sweetie:** Oh! Good! Then… (*nervously scratching back of head*) …maybe you could check the stitching and finish the buttons on the dresses I made for me, Apple Bloom, and Scootaloo? I really want them to look perfect, and… (*blushing slightly*) …I think I need your expertise.

**Rarity:** (*magically cutting/gluing pieces*) My, you’ve been so much help to me. (*chuckling*) How could I possibly say no? When do you need them?

**Sweetie:** Tomorrow night, for the opening night of our show.

(*The purple-maned head snaps up in shock and all the items hit the floor. She swivels the stool on which she is seated in order to face Sweetie.*)

**Rarity:** But Sweetie Belle, darling, I-I’m behind as it is! (*All the enthusiasm instantly goes out of the filly’s mood.*)

**Sweetie:** I understand. (*She walks off.*)

**Rarity:** I suppose…if I got a few more ponies to help me, then maybe…

(*She has barely enough time to stroke her chin in thought before Sweetie rockets across to grab her up in a hug.*)

**Sweetie:** Ohhh, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you! You’re the best sister ever! The dresses are right over there.

(*A quick pan across the room, in the direction of her pointing hoof, frames a rack on which three truly atrocious dresses are hung up. Patches, rips, pieced together from a senseless mishmash of fabrics, and two of the three have foreleg sleeves whose lengths are nowhere close to matching. Cut to the two unicorns and zoom in slowly, the face of the older one frozen in a grimace of purest horror as the younger holds her embrace and lets out an ecstatic giggle. Zoom in slowly as Rarity’s upper lip curls ever so slightly over her horrified grimace, then snap to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of a building whose front entrance is decorated with tragedy/comedy masks, marking it as a theater. It is late afternoon, and the camera zooms in slowly as ponies make their way inside.*)

**Cheerilee:** (*from inside, panicky*) My goodness, girls! It’s time!

(*Cut to a dressing room; she is addressing the Cutie Mark Crusaders.*)

**Cheerilee:** And the audience is almost fully seated! *Costumes!* (*She trots out.*)

**Scootaloo:** I can’t believe Rarity still isn’t here with the costumes. (*Sweetie leans hard toward her.*)

**Sweetie:** She’s been *very* busy lately.

**Apple Bloom:** But how can she still not be here? She’s known about this for weeks.

(*Sweetie’s green eyes flick uncomfortably away from her two friends, prompting skeptical glares from them.*)

**Bloom:** Uh, she *has* known about this for weeks, right? (*Sweetie chews her lower lip before speaking up.*)

**Sweetie:** I kept meaning to ask her, I really did, but…I worked so hard on this play! I wrote it especially for the three of us! (*Cut to Bloom and Scootaloo; she continues o.s.*) I directed it, I’m in it— (*Zoom out to frame her.*) —I made the costumes—it’s just that this is really my time to shine, doing something completely myself, and I really wanted to keep it that way!

**Bloom:** But we wanted everything to be perfect! All our friends came out to see it tonight. (*Cheerilee steps into the room.*)

**Cheerilee:** (*singsong*) Places!

(*Her big grin does not a thing to assuage their keyed-up nerves. Zoom in slowly on the Crusaders; the sound of rolling wheels is heard, and the camera cuts to the doorway. Rarity’s frenzied yelp is heard from outside, and she charges in, no longer wearing her glasses and propelling a rack on which three ornate dresses are hanging.*)

**Rarity:** I’m here! I’m here! (*Sweetie gasps happily and jumps up.*)

**Sweetie:** You made it!

**Rarity:** Oh, I beg your pardon for cutting it so close. (*levitating outfits off rack*) But I made some improvements to your original design, and I had a *terrible* time with these froofy sleeves.

(*All three dresses have foreleg sleeves and very full skirts to cover the remainder of the body. One is in two shades of magenta trimmed with gold and accented with lace on the sleeve cuffs, with a matching tall, pointed, tasseled hat. The second: pink, lace at collar/cuffs/hem, darker pink accents at cuffs/hem, matching bow on back with small roses around it. Third: pinstriped in two shades of medium blue, shoulder/collar trim in a light shade, gold-framed brooch of a blue jewel overlaid by a magenta flower, pinstriped hat that looks something like a chef’s toque with an angled indentation in the crown running from front to back.*)

(*Cut to Sweetie on the end of the previous line; the pink dress is floated over to her, and she runs a critical eye over it.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) It *is* for the first play you ever wrote, after all.

(*Longer shot, framing her and the Crusaders; Cheerilee has now left the room. The magenta one has been sent to Bloom, its hat settles on her head, and the one for the blue dress comes down on Scootaloo’s. These two are reacting rather better than Sweetie, who is now rolling her eyes wearily.*)

**Rarity:** So I made quite certain it came out just so. (*Cheerilee peeks in again.*)

**Cheerilee:** Places! Hel-*loooo?*

(*Sweetie’s face shifts to undisguised worry as her two partners in mayhem continue to marvel at the finery bestowed upon them. Dissolve to a curtained stage, seen from above the heads of the packed audience. Soft murmurs are heard in the darkened auditorium as the camera zooms in and a fanfare starts up. The curtains open to expose the silhouettes of Bloom and Scootaloo, now both wearing their full costumes, and a spotlight switches on to pick them out. The young pegasus now wears a light blue wimple under her hat, so that only her face and the edge of her forelock are left visible. Behind them is a scenery flat that depicts a castle wall, rendered in a young child’s typical fashion. Appreciative sounds and applause from the crowd; now Sweetie’s fully dressed silhouette steps out from the wings opposite the pair, and a second spot illuminates her. Zoom out to frame the entire stage, then cut to close-ups of the grinning Sweetie and Bloom/Scootaloo in turn before shifting to a long shot of the scene. The play’s first line does not come until the audience has quieted down.*)

**Sweetie:** Forsooth and anon, I cometh forthwith and post-haste with glad tidings, miladies!

(*Back to the stage during this line; she crosses to the others, her spot following, and the three bow to one another after she finishes. Dissolve to the dressing room as the sound of a rousing ovation fades up.*)

**Bloom:** (*from outside*) Wow! (*Scootaloo trots gleefully in and she follows.*) A standin’ ovation! (*She rears up and bangs her front hooves together.*)

**Scootaloo:** I still have goose bumps! (*Applause fades away; Sweetie enters.*)

**Bloom:** (*to her*) This must be like a dream come true for you, huh, Sweetie Belle?

**Scootaloo:** Ooh, can you imagine if this show is how you got your cutie mark?

**Bloom:** Which do you think you’d get it for? (*Close-up of Sweetie; she continues o.s.*) Writing, directing, or in acting?

(*Sweetie looks excited enough to burst, but takes a deep breath to calm herself down and lets it out evenly.*)

**Sweetie:** Let’s not get carried away. (*as Bloom, Scootaloo nod to each other*) We’ve got a whole lobby full of friends waiting to shower us with adoration and praise.

(*Close-up of her on the end of this, cutting to each of the others in turn on the two lines that follow it. As each speaks, the background behind her turns sparkly pink.*)

**Sweetie:** Try to be gracious.

**Scootaloo:** (*front hooves together, wings flapping slowly*) Modest.

**Bloom:** (*demurely*) Classy.

(*Cut to the lobby, where the spectators have spilled out and are talking amongst themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Cake, in the foreground, have procured cups of punch. Pan to the closed auditorium door, which swings open to reveal the fillies of the hour; they have removed their costumes and donned sunglasses.*)

**Sweetie:** Here we are, the stars of the show! (*They move slowly across the floor.*)

**Bloom:** You may tell us how much you loved it now.

**Scootaloo:** (*pointing at floor in front of herself*) Line forms here!

(*So much for “gracious,” “modest,” and “classy,” then.*)

**Spike:** Wow, you guys! I think your sisters would’ve loved it! (*Bloom leans to him, pushing shades up on her forehead.*)

**Bloom:** (*surprised*) Would have?

**Spike:** They’re sorry, but they had to go help Rarity get Sapphire Shores’ wardrobe ready to take to Canterlot in the morning.

(*The yellow face falls; now Scootaloo steps over, her own lenses propped up.*)

**Scootaloo:** Even Rainbow Dash?

**Spike:** Yeah. Rarity fell *way* behind.

**Bloom, Scootaloo:** Awww…

**Spike:** (*lifting Bloom’s chin*) Aw, cheer up. The show was great. (*walking off*) I’ll get you some punch. (*Now Sweetie joins in, her shades up as well.*)

**Sweetie:** At least everypony else who was able to stay loved it.

(*A beat of silence, then a round of agreement from the crowd.*)

**Sweetie:** What did you all like best? The writing, the directing, or the acting?

(*All the conversation dies off in a very big hurry, replaced by confused stares. After some moments, Lemon Hearts speaks up from the far side of the room.*)

**Lemon:** Oh, my, I-I loved the dresses! (*Nods; now an earth pony stallion chimes in.*)

**Stallion:** I-I liked some of those lines you said. (*Sweetie whips over to him; sunglasses off.*)

**Sweetie:** Oh, really? Which ones?

**Stallion:** Uh…I-I don’t really remember— (*gently pushing her back*) —but you were wearing a pink taffeta dress with lots of chiffon when you said them! Hoo-wee! That outfit was a dazzler!

**Lemon:** (*crossing to them*) I liked that one almost as much as the one with the lacy trim—

(*The overall effect of this exchange has been to leave the aspiring thespian considerably irritated. Cut to a close-up, her head turning from one speaker to the other.*)

**Lemon:** (*from o.s.*) —and all the embroidered cuffs! (*Laugh.*)

**Stallion :** (*from o.s.*) That was a nice one too!

(*Her frustrated little growl is followed by a cut to a different knot of spectators.*)

**Sweetie:** (*walking to them*) Isn’t there anypony here who remembers anything about the play *besides* the dresses?

(*She sends her furious glare around the group and gets a babel of uncertain murmurs. As the camera zooms in slowly, her cheeks redden slightly and she does her very best to chew back what might become a truly inappropriate expression of her vexation. Finally she drops to her haunches, lets go with a scream, and flops onto her belly with forelegs wrapped around head.*)

*(Wipe to the upper-story room of the Carousel Boutique. Twilight Sparkle has a checklist in her telekinetic grasp and is looking over both it and a box of fabric. Behind her, Applejack pushes the rack of outfits along with her head. They have had saddles attached: white/gold with matching side straps for the blue ones, gold/blue and gold side straps encrusted with blue gems for the white one. The straps on these outfits resemble “pteruges”—the skirt of leather straps worn by soldiers in ancient Rome. Pan ahead of her; Pinkie Pie hauls a stack of boxes on her back, and Fluttershy and Rarity are standing by the bed amid a few loose blue/purple plumes and gold strips. The unicorn wears her glasses and is levitating three gold pieces around Fluttershy’s head, two positioned to extend down over the shoulders and one hovering above her forehead. They are set with a plethora of blue gems, and the forehead piece sports a large blue-pupiled eye.)*

**Fluttershy:** (*as Rarity fits them all in place on her head*) All of this is one headpiece?

**Rarity:** Indeed. (*She floats the loose plumes/strips up.*) This marvelous extravagance is the *crème de la crème* of the entire wardrobe.

(*A threaded needle is last to go, and she rearranges her features into a look of intense concentration. Cut to an extreme close-up of the eye; the needle stitches its way around the edge. The feathers have been set into the border of the headdress.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) But alas, without this key hidden stitch— (*Back to her.*) —it’s just a… (*She thinks hard.*) …I’m trying to think of a nicer way to say “big bummer.”

(*Now the completed piece is floated over to a waiting box and gently tucked in. The gold strips have been attached to trail back from the joints where the side panels join the top one. Once the flaps have been magically closed, Rainbow Dash flies past it and over to Fluttershy and Rarity. Twilight and Applejack join them, and Rarity wipes her forehead with a relieved sigh and floats her spectacles off.*)

**Rarity:** Now perhaps we can all at last take a moment to relax.

(*That moment ends with two nearly simultaneous events: the glasses being set down on the box, and the sound of the door being opened. All ten eyes turn toward the latter; pan to a very put-out Sweetie, who has shut the door behind herself after entering and is carrying the dresses used by the Crusaders in their play. These are cast to the ground in a heap.*)

**Rarity:** Whatever’s the matter, Sweetie Belle? (*crossing to her*) Didn’t the play go all right?

**Sweetie:** Not even close. (*Close-up of Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, dear! Was something amiss with the dresses I made you?

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s.*) No, they were perfect! (*Cut to her.*) And that was the whole problem!

**Applejack, Fluttershy, Rainbow:** Huh?

(*Cut to a close-up profile of the angry young pony and zoom out to frame both Fluttershy and Rarity now standing across from her.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh! Um…I think maybe I’ll go take that moment to relax now. (*Nervous chuckle; she motions toward the door with her head.*)

**Rainbow:** (*trotting into view toward door*) Heh. Sure do feel like relaxing!

(*Fluttershy gets her hooves going during the previous, and Pinkie is quick to follow suit. Twilight and Applejack bring up the rear.*)

**Applejack:** Right behind you.

(*The Princess grins hugely at the white unicorn mare—“good luck, you’re gonna need it”—and exits after the others. After they have gone, Sweetie trots past Rarity with her nose in the air and her eyes shooting daggers.*)

**Sweetie:** How *could* you? (*mockingly*) “Oh, what amazing dresses!” “Oh, how I loved the dresses!” “Ooh, dresses, dresses, dresses, dresses!”

(*On each of the last three repetitions of “dresses,” the camera cuts to a closer shot of her face, ending with an extreme close-up of the icy, narrowed green eyes and a visage twisted by rage. The sight leaves Rarity momentarily speechless, but she quickly finds her voice and smiles.*)

**Rarity:** Oh! So they did like them.

(*Floating the outfits up off the floor and separating them, she trots happily away with a laugh. A moment later they are back on their hangers and dangling from their rack.*)

**Rarity:** You had me worried, you silly filly. (*Sweetie gets in her face.*)

**Sweetie:** There! I knew it! You did this on purpose—stealing the spotlight like you always do! It’s my fifth birthday party all over again! (*She clomps off; Rarity follows, puzzled.*)

**Rarity:** The—the what, now? (*Both stop.*)

**Sweetie:** Don’t act like you don’t remember. Or are you trying to prove you’re a better actress than me, too?

**Rarity:** Sweetie Belle— (*Sweetie walks off…*) —if I did anything to upset you, then— (*…then rounds on her.*)

**Sweetie:** Admit you made those dresses too good on purpose!

**Rarity:** I thought they were supposed to be good!

**Sweetie:** Yes, good! Not jaw-dropping amazing!

**Rarity:** I only tried to do what I thought you wanted.

**Sweetie:** (*walking toward door*) Hah!

(*She stops in the doorway to throw one last withering glare back over her shoulder. Cut to Rarity, who recoils from the loud slam as if it were a shotgun blast, and snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a different bedroom. The patterns on the back wall indicate that it is within the Carousel Boutique, and Sweetie’s pacing and an open toybox show that it has been set up for her use. Through the window, the sky has darkened into starry night.*)

**Sweetie:** I don’t believe it. After everything I put up with all week long! (*imitating Rarity*) “Sweetie Belle, get me some red ribbon…No, that’s not red, that’s cherry…No, that’s not red, that’s cinnamon!”

(*Cut to Rarity in the hall, one ear to the door. Sweetie’s next two lines are heard from inside the room, through the wood.*)

**Sweetie:** (*normal tone*) For Pete’s sake, it’s all red! (*Zoom out; Rarity’s cat Opalescence sits next to her.*)

**Rarity:** I should probably go talk to her, hmm?

**Sweetie:** At least Sapphire Shores won’t be all like, “Ooh, who fetched you that red ribbon? Because I don’t care about anything else you made! All I care about is that amazing red ribbon!”

**Rarity:** Perhaps waiting would be best.

(*The feline has no response other than a slightly scared look. Dissolve to an overhead shot of Sweetie in bed, eyes closed and face scrunched up in anger. The lights are out, and a few bars of moonlight stripe the scene. She shifts from one side to the other and back, letting her eyes open to broadcast her frustration at not being able to drop off. Another dissolve presents a side view of her; now she yanks the blankets up over her head with a loud groan, pushes them back down after a moment, and commences to punching her pillow a few times. She follows this up by planting her face in it with another groan. A third dissolve, and the view has shifted to a close-up of the insomniac unicorn.*)

**Sweetie:** (*groaning*) Now I can’t even sleep! (*standing up in bed*) Happy now, big sis?

(*Here comes groan number four as she jumps down from the mattress and gallops off. Cut to the hall, a shaft of light thrown onto the wall from o.s. The mingled sounds of running water and swallowing tell that she has gone to the bathroom for a drink of water. Both stop after a few seconds, the light going out as well, and the sound of a door closing floats across as she paces moodily along.*)

**Sweetie:** I wish there was a way I could take back all the work I did!

(*These words carry her past a partly open door, beyond which a pony mannequin can be seen in the near-darkness. That cue, combined with soft snoring, gives this away as Rarity’s room; she stops short upon realizing this and turns her head to glance back at it. Cut to inside, the camera focused on Rarity fast asleep in bed in the foreground. The sleep mask over her eyes keeps her from noticing anything as Sweetie puts her head in, the focus shifting to her. A furtive look around the space, and the camera cuts to her perspective of the costumes for the Sapphire Shores order and zooms in on the box containing the headdress.*)

(*The next cut shifts the view to inside the box, whose flaps open under Sweetie’s magical control so she can look in with a smirk. It turns into a grin that quickly shifts from happy to devious; close-up of the big blue eye that dominates the headpiece, zooming in slowly.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s., whispering*) Even better.

(*Outside: she dips her head in, comes up with a length of thread in her teeth—the hidden stitching Rarity worked to perfect—and pulls until it all comes loose. Inside: she looks in with a thoroughly disagreeable giggle and lets her horn do its thing to close the box. Back in her room, she crosses to the bed, pulls the blankets down a bit, and tucks herself back in to go peacefully to sleep.*)

(*Dissolve to a close-up of her, still comfortably snuggled in. A ray of light shines onto her face from o.s., causing her eyes to pop wide open in time with the hushed crowd murmuring that reaches her ears. An overhead shot of the room—now seen to be semicircular in shape—reveals that the light is coming in through the window. The combination of this and the noise, which now includes camera clicking, is enough to make Sweetie sit up in bed with an irritated groan.*)

**Sweetie:** Now what?

(*Jumping out of bed, she crosses to the window as cheering makes itself heard; cut to just behind her head and zoom in. A stage has been set up in a clearing out here, complete with runway and decorated with a giant, gilded statue of a rearing filly. The noise is coming from the crowd of spectators that has filled every one of the seats facing the stage and on both sides of the runway, which has a lectern positioned at its outer end. A well-dressed stallion and mare walk up to this; close-up. Both are earth ponies, pulling award-presenter duty.*)

**Mare presenter:** And the winner of the “Best Writer-Director-Actor in an Awesome Play Put On by a Pony and Her Awesome Best Friends” goes to…

(*On the end of this, the view cuts to a four-way split screen divided into quadrants, each one showing the face of an expectant potential winner. One mare, two stallions, and one pastel-maned unicorn filly, all dressed for the occasion.*)

**Stallion presenter:** (*from o.s.*) …Sweetie Belle!

(*The two stallions’ faces fall, the mare smiles gently, and Sweetie’s eyes pop as her quadrant expands to fill the screen. She breaks out in a huge smile, the camera zooming out to frame all of her—purple dress with gold accents and bow, magenta necklace, matching bracelet on one foreleg. She shakes hooves with the nearest mare, receiving a round of applause from the surrounding attendees, and goes onstage to accept the award—a trophy that is a small version of the gold statue. As the camera flashes pop from all sides, she ecstatically hugs it to herself in close-up—but the crowd instantly starts to panic at a lightning strike and the onset of a drenching rain. Within seconds they are stampeding away from the area, leaving one bedraggled little unicorn alone as the set-piece statue topples over.*)

**Sweetie:** Don’t go!

(*The trophy melts into a runnel of golden goo; she drops the base to the stage and eyes the droplets dissolving off her hooves with sadness and disbelief. Rarity’s cackling laughter drifts down from above, and a cut to the clouds picks out her head among them, eyes glowing pure white. The bit of sky visible beyond her has gone an infernal shade of red.*)

**Sweetie:** Stop! Why do you have to ruin everything?

(*Voicing an irked growl, Cloud Rarity lets her horn blaze up yellow and fires off a lightning bolt that lances down toward the stage. Only the sudden interposition of a hemispherical force field stops it from barbecuing Sweetie on the spot.*)

**Princess Luna:** (*from o.s.*) ENOUGH!

(*The spectral big sister’s laughter trails off into a puzzled little moan as the rain stops and the clouds dissipate to show a full moon blazing behind them. The sky has returned to its normal nighttime hue. Luna slowly fades into view within the moon’s circumference; once she has fully appeared, its brightness fades to normal levels and she slowly descends toward the stage. Sweetie is now out of her dress and very, very relieved at getting this royal visitor.*)

**Sweetie:** Princess Luna! It’s really you! Or am I dreaming?

**Luna:** What do you think? (*She touches down, facing Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** Let me see. You just rescued me from a maniacal laughing Rarity cloud. (*She thinks for a moment, then smiles and nods.*) Yeah, probably dreaming.

**Luna:** I understand what you’re going through, Sweetie Belle. I too have a sister who often shines more brightly than me. (*stepping closer*) And with this, I have struggled.

(*A dark blue-violet hoof in a light blue shoe comes to rest gently on Sweetie’s shoulder, prompting a big smile before Luna backs off. Cut to her, lifting off and flying backwards toward the moon; her solemn expression has not changed.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s.*) Wait! Come back! (*Vanish into it; cut to her.*) Luna? (*galloping along runway*) Can you hear me? Thank you for what you did!

(*She goes right off the edge but continues straight ahead in midair for several strides. When she finally stops and notices that the law of gravity has taken a break, it reasserts itself most firmly.*)

**Sweetie:** Help!

(*She drops onto the steps that lead up to the runway from ground level, but there are now quite a few more of them than before. In fact, they have become a long, curving flight that descends into the depths of nowhere; she tumbles along, soon visible only as a whirl of mane and eyes.*)

**Sweetie:** Luna! LUUUNAAA!!

(*The steps become a perfectly ordinary flight of stairs in a perfectly ordinary house; she rattles her way down to the landing and hits the wall, knocking herself silly for a moment. Her entire form now has a faint glow and is slightly translucent. As she stands up and peers down between the banister supports, the cheering of many happy young voices rises up to her level. Cut to her perspective and zoom in; here are Rarity—without the sleep mask she wore at the start of this act—and a whole bunch of foals in the living room. The next shot frames both the gathering and the staircase; Luna fades into view next to Sweetie, also see-through and glowing.*)

**Sweetie:** I remember this. This was my fifth birthday party!

(*She hurries up the stairs. Cut to a close-up of the Sweetie in this time frame, smearing lipstick sloppily over her mouth, and zoom out on the next line to frame both visitors watching. Little SB has put on a necklace and a blue gown with magenta collar trim, and this scene is taking place in her bedroom as seen in “One Bad Apple.”*)

**Sweetie:** I decided to make a grand entrance. I made myself all beautiful, just like my big sister.

(*Profile of the five-year-old on the end of this. She is standing on a stool to elevate herself to the level of the vanity mirror she has been using, and she jumps off to plant her front hooves in a waiting pair of high-heeled pink shoes that are far too big for her. The magenta trim is also visible around the hem of her gown. She totters in the shoes, pitches forward onto her face, then gets upright to continue out of the room.*)

**Sweetie:** Finally I was perfect, and then went to the stairs to enter like the belle of the ball.

(*The stairs. Little SB clatters her way down around the bend.*)

**Sweetie:** (*voice over*) When I finally came out of my room, I found the party going on without me.

(*Little SB reaches the landing on the end of this and stands proudly, only to be very much surprised by the guests’ enthusiastic cheering. Cut to her perspective: Rarity has procured a box of party favors and floated out a few of them. Back to the landing; the birthday filly strikes a few smiling poses, one of her shoes falling off.*)

**Sweetie:** (*voice over*) And I kept posing at the top of the stairs, waiting to be noticed, but all I heard was…

**Filly 1:** (*from o.s.*) These party favors are the coolest!

(*Zoom out on the end of this; Little SB’s face falls, and the speaker is addressing Rarity while holding one of the items. A hearty blow causes it to unroll and eject a burst of confetti; when the screen clears, the view has shifted to a colt among the crowd.*)

**Colt:** Awesome! Where’d you get these?

**Rarity:** Made them myself. (*holding up a slice of cake on a plate*) And of course you’ll all want cake, won’t you? (*Plenty of cheers and whoops greet this offer.*)

**Colt:** You’re the greatest, Rarity!

**Filly 2:** Who needs a birthday girl when you’ve got the birthday girl’s amazing big sister?

(*Back to Little SB on the end of this; her eyes fill with tears, and she sniffles a bit before racing up the stairs whimpering. Cut to her room; she has sprawled out crying on the bed, and the camera zooms out to frame Sweetie and Luna watching the heartbroken filly sob into the mattress.*)

**Sweetie:** That’s when I learned, “Never try to shine with my big sister around.”

**Luna:** But perhaps you didn’t have the whole story.

**Sweetie:** I thought you said you understood. (*Luna stands motionless and silent, eyes closed.*) Luna?

(*The sovereign wordlessly lifts a front hoof and stomps it on the rug. Around the pair, the entire scene slides away into a high-speed blur of colors. Cut to an extreme close-up of Sweetie’s face, eyes shut tight against the strain as the view behind her slows and stops.*)

**Colt:** (*from o.s.*) Where’s Sweetie Belle?

(*Eyes open in surprise; zoom out on the start of the next line. She and Luna now stand in a doorway that connects the kitchen and living room, which is filled with bored and impatient guests. Little SB is not on the landing, and Rarity smiles nervously toward the group.*)

**Rarity:** I’m sure she’ll be along at any moment. (*A filly lounging on a couch lets go with an expansive yawn.*)

**Filly 3:** I’m tired of waiting. I say we get outta here before we all keel over from boredom. Who’s with me?

(*Getting a round of nods, she hops off the couch and leads the others toward the door. Close-up of Luna.*)

**Filly 3:** (*from o.s., nastily*) Poor Sweetie Belle. (*Longer shot; framing the entire group.*) Nopony’s gonna come to another one of her parties after *this* fiasco.

(*Close-up of Rarity on the end of this; she winces in fear at these words, then zips over to block the door.*)

**Rarity:** Don’t go! You’ll miss out on the…uh… (*floating her box over, smiling*) …party favors.

(*The cargo settles to the floor, drawing stares of assorted types from the foals. Evidently this sequence—starting at “Where’s Sweetie Belle?”—is taking place at a time before Little SB tried and failed to make her grand entrance.*)

**Rarity:** I was going to save them to the end, but… (*She floats some of them out, mollifying the crowd.*)

**Filly 1:** These party favors are the coolest! (*Blow; scatter confetti.*)

**Colt:** Awesome! Where’d you get these?

**Rarity:** Made them myself. (*holding up plated cake slice*) And of course you’ll all want cake, won’t you? (*Cheers and whoops.*)

**Filly 2:** Who needs a birthday girl when you’ve got the birthday girl’s amazing big sister?

(*Cut to Sweetie and Luna on the end of this. The unicorn aims a puzzled glance up at the impassive Princess, and the camera pans/tilts up to the landing, where Little SB has just had the wind taken out of her sails. She tears up and races whimpering back up the stairs; back to Sweetie and Luna.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, no, no, no. (*Zoom out to frame her and the foals as she continues.*) All of these things were Sweetie Belle’s idea. I just…assisted with the execution. (*Close-up of Sweetie, floored at this.*)

**Sweetie:** I guess Rarity *wasn’t* trying to steal the spotlight. She was trying to save my party.

(*Longer shot of the doorway; she now stands alone, and there is the sound of a magic burst.*)

**Sweetie:** Luna?

(*Pan/tilt up to the landing, where Luna is floating into the wall to vanish from sight. As Sweetie hurries up after her, a portal opens to a stretch of the cosmos in which a walkway of tiny stars stretches into the distance. The unicorn enters this space, sees the Princess of the Night bounding away along the path, and gallops after her.*)

**Sweetie:** Luna!

(*The path tapers down to a point, resembling an overhang on a cliff when seen from the side. Luna leaps off the edge and drops out of sight; Sweetie stops just short, but the overhang turns into a slope and dumps her into the emptiness. Her hooves flail wildly against nothing until a splash and ripple occur—the space has become water around her. As she gets her hooves into a swimming rhythm, a pod of happy dolphins navigates past her. These give way to upward-floating mannequins from the Carousel Boutique, dressed in saddle-bridle outfits, and Rarity’s room drifts up into view as she continues her descent. The water dissipates, but Sweetie continues her slow, paddling fall until she touches down next to Luna. A sigh from the o.s. Rarity; zoom out to show her at the sewing machine, poring over a piece of fabric. Her glasses are on, her measuring tape is around her shoulders, and the rumpled state of her mane gives away her frazzled state of mind.*)

**Rarity:** Should I hem the cloaks now or wait until I’m there? (*crossing to mannequins*) I could hem then now, but…I might have to redo them.

[*Animation goof: Her mane instantly sorts itself out during the walk.*]

**Sweetie:** When was this?

**Rarity:** But if I wait until I’m in Canterlot to hem them, Sapphire Shores might not get the best first impression.

**Sweetie:** Wait! This must have happened earlier tonight!

(*Now the seamstress goes to a mirror, having shed her specs and tape.*)

**Rarity:** Ooooh, Sapphire Shores is such a big star and such a stickler for details. What if everything’s not perfect enough? (*Sweetie steps across, her reflection seen in the glass.*)

**Sweetie:** Funny. I thought I was the only one who got worried about stuff like that.

**Rarity:** (*with new resolve*) Ooh, buck up, Rarity. Stop this foolishness! (*trotting across room*) You’ve done your best and left nothing to chance. (*magically turning down bedclothes*) All that’s needed now is a good night’s rest.

(*Climbing into bed, she settles the blankets around herself and floats her sleep mask onto her eyes. One last flick of magic puts out the lights, but the view does not simply go dim; rather, it becomes a photographic negative of itself. Most of the view is monochrome, rendered in shades of black and gray, but the sleep mask and the bed’s hanging draperies retain hints of purple coloration.*)

(*Cut to a dead black space in which Sweetie plods toward Luna with a heavy, uneasy sigh. Both are seen in full monochrome-negative here, and they are no longer glowing or translucent; however, their voices echo slightly in the void.*)

**Sweetie:** I hope everything goes all right for her tomorrow.

**Luna:** Hmm. How curious you should say that.

(*A doorway opens somewhere behind them, with blinding white light spilling through from beyond.*)

**Luna:** Go. Go see what the future holds if you fail to rein in your worst instincts, as I once did.

(*The glare expands to fill the screen, then resolves into the reflection from one of Sweetie’s pupils as the camera zooms out to frame her. Normal color has been restored. Once again glowing and translucent, she has been transported to a dance studio among several mares in leotards and hind-leg tights. Sapphire stands among them, her two-tone blue mane tied into a bun and held back with a headband. The zoom stops once the camera has backed up onto a stage; a box floats into view just ahead of Rarity’s hooves and is set down. Close-up of the unicorn, again with her sleep mask off.*)

**Rarity:** (*gesturing to box*) And here it is! The *crème de la crème*…

**Sweetie:** (*trying to gallop to her; hooves are stuck to floor*) NOOOOO!!

**Rarity:** (*magically opening box*) …the *pièce de résistance*…

**Sweetie:** DON’T!!

(*Her protestation is for naught; the sabotaged headdress is floated out, prompting a gasp, and settled onto Sapphire’s head in close-up. The feathers and gold strips stretch to at least her own height and twice her length, respectively.*)

**Dancers:** (*from o.s.*) Ooooh!

(*And then they all fall off with not a bit of warning; gasps from all sides, followed by a soft one from Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** The headdress!

(*Sapphire’s surprise turns to icy disdain when the three gold panels come loose from each other and clatter to the floor.*)

**Sapphire:** (*to a dancer*) Looks like I made a mistake here.

(*Rarity, now off the stage and down on her hocks, gathers up some plumes with a strangled cry.*)

**Rarity:** (*stammering*) B-But this is impossible. I-I checked and re-checked everything! This couldn’t have happened!

**Sapphire:** You sure about that, honey?

**Rarity:** (*standing up*) Please! You must believe me!

**Sweetie:** Listen to my sister!

(*This time, she is able to dart across the floor and stop next to Sapphire, but her words go unheeded in the gale of mocking laughter that breaks out. Behind her, the room spins up to nauseating speed, exchanging floor for ceiling and back again until both are a blur. Zoom in slowly, her image becoming solid and losing its glow; her panic grows until she can take it no more and speeds o.s.*)

(*Cut to a close-up of her, galloping madly up a purple hill as Rarity’s abject sobbing makes itself heard. A quick zoom out reveals that she has shrunk to tiny size and is racing along the top of her sister’s mane. She slides down off the end of its forelock curl, launching herself away only to immediately find herself hurtling toward Rarity’s open mouth. Inside, Sweetie grabs at the dangling uvula at the back of the throat with a scream, but she cannot keep her grip and ends up dropping into blackness.*)

**Sweetie:** I don’t want to see any more!

(*Pan quickly away to a black-edged, slightly washed-out view: the frazzled fashionista, glasses and measuring tape in place as she works in her upper-story quarters. The place has fallen into great disrepair, though, and her tone of voice belies the degree to which her own mental state has deteriorated as well.*)

**Rarity:** (*echoing slightly*) Always check and re-check…

(*Pan quickly to Sapphire, decked out as at the start of “A Dog and Pony Show” and on a lighted stage.*)

**Sapphire:** Who all wants to hear a funny story about my ex-costume designer?

(*Zoom out on the end of this; the backdrop behind her shows two leaping dolphins and a video screen displaying Rarity’s face. Jeering laughter; quick pan to Rarity, now hunched down over a length of fabric.*)

**Rarity:** (*echoing*) Check…re-check…re-check…and re-check…

(*Another pan brings Sweetie back into view, seen normally.*)

**Sweetie:** Make it stop! Princess Luna, can’t you hear me?

(*Quick pan; black-edged/washed-out view of Fluttershy at the front door of the Carousel Boutique.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*knocking*) Make me a dress, Rarity? Pleeeeease?

(*The door opens and here stands Rarity, her glasses/tape gone and her mane going into a new and interesting sort of disarray.*)

**Rarity:** Go away! You know I don’t do that anymore!

(*Slam; Fluttershy cowers on the step. Another quick pan frames an extreme close-up of the constricted blue pupils and bloodshot whites; one eye twitches uncontrollably, and the camera zooms out to frame all of the wreck that Rarity has become. She sits on her haunches in the dilapidated upper-story room.*)

**Sweetie:** (*voice over*) Wake me up, Princess Luna, wake me up, wake me uuuup!

(*Cut to a perfectly normal shot of her bedroom and zoom in quickly as she sits bolt upright in bed, gasping for breath and scared out of her wits. Once she has regained some shred of calm, she leaps to the floor and bugs out, the bedclothes flying loose at her jump but settling neatly back into place. Morning light shines in through the window. Cut to just inside the closed door of Rarity’s room; she throws it open.*)

**Sweetie:** Rarity?

(*Zoom out quickly to the far wall. The older unicorn is not here, and neither are any of the outfits she was putting together. In fact, the entire area has been put back in proper order. Sweetie utters a soft, shocked gasp.*)

**Sweetie:** Oh, no. (*trotting to a few last scraps*) The boxes…gone? I’m too late! (*Close-up; she slaps hooves to cheeks.*) SHE LEFT FOR CANTERLOT!!

(*Zoom in slowly and snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of a stretch of railroad tracks in the desert. A train rolls across the screen; cut to the interior of one car. Bloom and Sweetie sit facing each other by a window, while Scootaloo paces next to them. The pegasus and earth pony have shed the shades they were wearing after the play in Act One.*)

**Sweetie:** The key is for you two to distract Rarity long enough for me to put the stitch back in without her noticing. (*Scootaloo leans on Bloom’s bench.*)

**Scootaloo:** If we’re not too late already. (*She hops up and sits.*)

**Bloom:** (*giddily*) Oh, my gosh! I can’t believe we’re gonna see Sapphire Shores! I’m such a huge fan! I know all her songs! (*Close-up of Scootaloo.*)

**Scootaloo:** “Get Your Pony On”! (*Bloom leans over to her.*)

**Bloom:** Oh! That’s one of my favorites!

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s.*) This isn’t a trip to see Sapphire Shores! (*Cut to her.*) It’s a trip to save my sister from a horrible future!

**Scootaloo:** (*grinning*) Serves her right!

**Sweetie:** (*gasping*) How can you say that?!? Rarity doesn’t deserve that at all!

**Scootaloo:** (*as Bloom nods worriedly*) No! “Serves Her Right” is another one of Sapphire Shores’ songs!

**Bloom:** (*to Sweetie*) You seriously didn’t know that? Don’t you listen to her music? (*Close-up of Sweetie, smiling sheepishly.*)

**Sweetie:** I prefer show tunes.

(*Zoom out to frame the other two in the foreground. They sigh disgustedly at this admission, Scootaloo screwing up her face and letting her tongue hang out as if pretending to vomit as well. Cut to a building in Canterlot, seen from across the street; its roof and second-story trim are done in assorted shades of blue, and the ground-floor walls are set with gems in this color. A tough-looking, light grayish-blue earth pony stallion is on door-guarding duty: dark gray suit jacket, white shirt, blue tie, bald-headed, short blue tail/beard/mustache, sunglasses, earpiece radio. Zoom in to the sound of a thumping dance beat that is only slightly muffled by the walls.*)

**Sapphire:** (*from inside, counting off*) Five, six, seven, eight, ba-bam!

(*After the first two counts, the camera cuts to the dance studio stage Sweetie saw in her dreams. The Pony of Pop and her dancers are rehearsing a sequence here, dressed out in their leotards and leg warmers. The music, now clearly heard, and the motion stop on “ba-bam”; cut to Rarity, crouched on her haunches near the windows and clapping with great zeal. The rack of outfits and the box containing the headdress sit to either side of her.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, bravo! Fabulous! *Magnifique*!

**Sapphire:** (*to dancers*) One more time, from the top. Let’s not embarrass me in front of my favorite designer this time.

(*She tips a wink to the one-mare audience, and the performers take their places.*)

**Sapphire:** (*counting off*) And-a-one, two, three, four!

(*The music and the routine start up again; cut to the exterior of the studio building, the beat going muffled again. Now the Crusaders are out here, addressing the guard.*)

**Sweetie:** But you *have* to let us in! I’m Sapphire Shores’ designer’s sister! (*No response.*) You have to believe us!

**Guard:** Kid… (*Close-up; his cutie mark is seen as a padlock.*) …the only thing I have to do is make sure Sapphire Shores doesn’t get interrupted all day by fans like you.

(*Back to Sweetie on the end of this; one jacketed hoof is thrust into her face.*)

**Sweetie:** But I’m not a fan!

**Bloom:** I am!

**Scootaloo:** Me too!

**Sweetie:** (*aside, to them*) Not helping!

(*Inside again; Sapphire and company hit their final poses and hold them, sweating slightly, as the music ends. They drop back to their hooves after a moment; the backup dancers are breathing hard from exertion, but the boss just adopts her half-lidded little smile. Close-up.*)

**Sapphire:** Now *that’s* how I like it! You rocked it, girls! (*Zoom out to frame Rarity and some of them.*) Get some water and be back in ten. (*They exit; she steps to the stage edge.*) Rarity! Come on up here and show me what you brought me. Sapphire wants to see it and to love it!

(*She stretches out the designer’s name for effect. Rarity approaches, magically rolling the rack and floating the box along. Out in the street, at one end of the studio building, Sweetie is standing on Bloom’s back and Scootaloo on Sweetie’s, straining to reach a second-story window but coming well short. She jumps up, wings flapping as fast as she can move them, and gains a few more feet in her hover so that she is within reach of the roof.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*with effort*) Almost…

(*But not quite; the wings give out and she plummets o.s, taking the others down so that they wind up in a pile.*)

**Sweetie:** We’ve gotta get in there! Now!

(*A moment’s thought from the others, and the camera cuts to the upper story of a different building. A string of pennants stretches from the edge of its roof, and a quick pan follows it over to the roof of the studio building. Sweetie throws a devious smile up at her buddies.*)

(*Wipe to the stage. The backup dancers are tricked out in the gold-trimmed blue outfits Rarity made, with headdresses of white-trimmed gold feathers, and looking themselves over with appreciation for the effort. Pan slowly toward one side of the stage.*)

**Sapphire:** (*from o.s., admiringly*) Okay, then. (*now in view; Rarity alongside*) Liking what I see so far. So is this the whole shebang?

(*She is wearing the blue-trimmed white rig and its special set of pteruges.*)

**Rarity:** Actually, I saved the best for last.

(*Extreme close-up of one stretch of the pennant line. Bloom’s tail flips up into view and catches hold; zoom out to frame all three Crusaders at the nearest upper-story window of the adjacent building. In the studio: Rarity proudly steps toward the box. Outside: Scootaloo and Bloom loop a foreleg into each other’s grip, and Sweetie grabs Scootaloo’s flanks. Inside the closed box, the camera pointing up at the lid: Rarity’s magic opens the flaps and she gazes in lovingly. Outside: the Crusaders jump away from the window and start their impromptu zip-line run over the street, screaming all the way. Inside: Rarity stands over the open box.*)

**Rarity:** And here it is!

(*As she speaks, the camera pans to a window, where Bloom and Scootaloo hit the glass spreadeagle. Sweetie’s impact, coming a moment later, causes the entire thing to spin vertically on its frame like a Ferris wheel hooked up to a hot rod engine. When it stops, Sweetie is ejected into the room while the other two remain stuck on the panes outside and slide slowly down out of view. She gets her head underneath the box and hoists it up.*)

**Sweetie:** (*galloping o.s.*) You gotta see this with the cinnamon ribbon! (*Cut to her, on the way out the door.*) You’ll love it!

**Rarity:** (*aghast*) Sweetie Belle! (*Zoom out slightly to frame Sapphire.*)

**Sapphire:** (*dryly*) You know her?

**Rarity:** Uh… (*laughing nervously, clearing throat*) …just a moment.

(*She trots off across the room. Cut to Sweetie at another door, the box now on her back; she opens it, and Bloom and Scootaloo dart inside. She has barely closed it before a growing clatter of hooves marks Rarity’s approach; she skids into view at a doorway, now plenty steamed, and the three grimace and gallop off. As the thwarted designer races after them, Sweetie flips the box from her back to Scootaloo’s. The pegasus lets her friends go on ahead through another doorway, jumps the box onto the top end of a staircase railing, and rides it down to the next floor. Before Rarity can even get a hoof on the first step, Scootaloo has made it down and jumped clear; the box bounces into the air and comes down neatly on Bloom’s back as she gallops by.*)

(*The chase continues along a balcony; as Sweetie charges by from the opposite direction, the yellow filly heaves the box over the railing and onto the white one’s back, then bugs out. Cut to inside another studio; Sweetie rushes in here, lets the box hit the floor, and bucks the doors shut. All is quiet here, giving her a chance to catch her breath—but only until the camera zooms out at ground level to frame Luna waiting for her, seen from hooves to neck. Sweetie’s eyes pop wide open; cut to a close-up of the blue-shod hooves and tilt up to the nocturnal ruler’s gently smiling face.*)

**Sweetie:** (*flopping onto her belly briefly, then standing up*) Oh, *good!* This is just a dream!

**Luna:** Actually, no. This is very much real. (*Sweetie sighs and rests her face on the box.*)

**Sweetie:** Oh, Luna, I wish none of this ever happened. (*She straightens up.*) What am I gonna do? (*Close-up of Luna, horn warming up.*)

**Luna:** Let’s begin with this.

(*As she speaks, the camera pans slightly to a close-up of a needle and spool of thread being levitated up so that the thread can go through the eye. In a longer shot, she releases her grip and Sweetie catches the spool in her mouth, then magically opens the box.*)

**Luna:** And I think I know how you can even improve it.

(*Dissolve to the corridor just outside this studio. Sweetie eases the door open and steps out, the box on her back, just as Rarity comes around a corner and spots her.*)

**Rarity:** I would like to know what in the wide, wide realm of Equestria this stunt of yours is all about, and I want to know *now!* Do you have any idea how important this job is to me?

**Sweetie:** Actually, I do. (*Close-up of a stunned Rarity, then cut back as she continues.*) I was upset at you for stealing the spotlight from me at the play, so I pulled out the center stitch to the headpiece so it would fall apart.

**Rarity:** *What?*

**Sweetie:** But then I realized I didn’t want your future to be ruined forever and ever— (*Cut to Rarity, jaw falling open; she continues o.s.*) —so I came back to change it before it was too late.

(*Big sister gets her dander up all over again; cut to frame both.*)

**Sweetie:** (*flipping box down to floor*) So…here it is. It’s all fixed. (*Rarity opens the flaps with her magic.*) Please forgive me?

(*The ornate headdress floats up and out, its front turned away from the camera; Rarity eyes it intently in close-up.*)

**Rarity:** Wait…what is *this?* (*Pan to frame Sweetie as well.*)

**Sweetie:** Trust me. Sapphire Shores is gonna love it.

(*Her hopeful smile mirrors itself on Rarity’s face, and the latter floats the piece back into the box and closes it. Dissolve to a rather impatient-looking Sapphire in her studio; she has undone the bun in her mane and removed her headband.*)

**Sapphire:** Rarity, this isn’t going to work out. You don’t get to my level of success without learning to read the signs— (*Cut to frame both contrite sisters on the receiving end.*) —and this situation has bad luck written all over it.

**Rarity:** I promise you’ll absolutely adore the headdress as soon as you see it.

(*A burst of magic opens the box, sitting elsewhere on the floor, and brings out the repaired headdress in all its gilded, plumed glory. One change is immediately noticeable, though: the blue pupil of the big center eye has been removed and an outline stitched on in its place. As the item settles onto Sapphire’s head and a mirror is levitated over, she tilts her head enough to show the figure as that of a dolphin. The singer’s irritation quickly drains away.*)

**Sapphire:** My! It is attractive, but…

**Sweetie:** Look at the stitching. (*Close-up of Sapphire; she continues o.s.*) Real close.

(*Which Sapphire does by turning her face to the mirror and flicking her eyes up toward the reflection of the redesigned eye. Zoom in to a close-up of it on the next line.*)

**Sapphire:** Well, I’ll be! (*now o.s.*) It’s a dolphin! (*Longer shot, framing her, both unicorns, and the backup dancers.*) That’s my lucky animal! They swim with me in my dreams.

**Rarity:** (*to Sweetie*) Wherever did you come up with the idea for a dolphin?

**Sweetie:** Oh, it just came to me…

(*She glances casually behind herself; cut to the doorway. Luna stands in the shadows just outside and backed partway out of sight to watch these events unfold.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s.*) …in a dream.

(*The blue-violet Princess gives her a faint smile and bow of the head, and Sweetie returns the latter before turning back to Rarity.*)

**Sweetie:** I’m sorry I got jealous about those dresses. I know now that you were only trying to help.

**Rarity:** (*smiling*) Oh, Sweetie, I forgive you. But I never did get to see your play. Any chance I can catch an encore performance?

**Sweetie:** (*sighing, slightly embarrassed*) I don’t think the play was all that good. (*blushing*) To be honest, the costumes were the best part. (*She hugs one of Rarity’s forelegs.*)

**Rarity:** (*touched*) Awww…

(*The hug is returned, with the free foreleg coming to rest gently on Sweetie’s back. Zoom in slowly on the reconciled siblings and fade to black.*)