**TESTING, TESTING 1, 2, 3**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Twilight Sparkle, sitting on her belly outside the doorstep of the library and intently perusing a book propped up before her. Zoom out slowly, framing a blue daytime sky above.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “The magical properties of this spell will only have lasting effects if you focus on—” (*Rainbow Dash swoops past at full speed, barely missing her nose.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah!

(*She leaves behind nothing but her laughter and a scatter of loose pages caught up in the eddies of her passage. The bookworm Princess stands up and glares indignantly after her.*)

**Twilight:** No! Rainbow Dash! (*Groan; she hovers and begins to magically gather/crumple them up.*) How in Equestria does that pony expect to pass her History of the Wonderbolts exam tomorrow if she’s wasting time flying?

(*Floating the tome off the ground, she directs the pages roughly back inside and slams the covers shut. Another dirty look meant for the showoff pegasus turns into a calculating smirk.*)

**Twilight:** (*lifting off, balling up more pages, leaving book behind*) I’m just gonna fly right up to her and tell her what I think about her lackadaisical approach to studying. Won’t she be surprised? (*Rainbow flies down to stare at her point-blank.*)

**Rainbow:** Surprise! (*Twilight lets the papers drop.*)

**Twilight:** What?! Huh? (*Rainbow descends o.s.*) How did you—

(*On the start of the next line, cut to the daredevil, coming down to stretch out on a cloud.*)

**Rainbow:** Puh-lease, Twilight. (*Twilight touches down nearby.*) That was the worst sneak attack ever.

**Twilight:** Wha—? But—

**Rainbow:** (*winking*) I saw you giving me the stink-eye from the ground, and heard you flying towards me and muttering from a mile away. (*She turns onto her belly.*)

**Twilight:** (*testily*) Well, if you heard me muttering, then you must know what I was muttering about. (*Rainbow stands up to her hind legs.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, yeah, the Wonderbolts History test. (*tumbling backward over the edge*) No big deal.

(*Those three words are all it takes to get on the zealous academician’s nerves. Cut to Rainbow, who is slowly dropping toward ground level while still “lying” on her back.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) No. Big deal. (*She descends into view; Rainbow circles her.*) Really big deal! It’s a test! (*Backstroke underneath her.*) A test that will determine if you can join the newly formed Wonderbolts Reserves!

(*Cut briefly to just behind the dark-blue-maned head on the end of this, the camera aimed straight at the smug sky-blue face, then back to the pair. They come to a midair stop partway through the next line.*)

**Twilight:** And being part of the Wonderbolts Reserves means you’ll have the opportunity to live your dream as a Wonderbolt! This is the most important test *of your life!*

**Rainbow:** Twilight, not everypony gets all freaked out about tests like you.

**Twilight:** I do not get all freaked out about tests!

**Rainbow:** Uh, seriously? Your freak-outs are so epic— (*flipping upside down, still staring at Twilight*) —you sing whole freak-out arias about freaking out!

(*Cut to her upside-down perspective of the clearly un-amused violet face. She slowly rights herself as Twilight speaks, after which the view shifts to frame both again.*)

**Twilight:** Fine. I may tend to take my tests a little seriously. But that doesn’t mean you shouldn’t be studying for yours!

(*Zoom in to a close-up as the purple eyes pop and a big smile stretches beneath them; she lets off a giddy squeal, and the camera cuts to a suddenly puzzled Rainbow.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) And I know just the pony who could help you!

(*Rainbow claps a front hoof disgustedly against her face and pulls it away to reveal an expression of weary resignation. Back to the pair.*)

**Twilight:** Me! (*She grabs the hoof in both of hers and warms up her horn.*) This is gonna be so much fun!

(*A burst of magic, and they have vanished from sight. Cut to the library’s reading room, where a desk has been set up facing a chalkboard. Twilight and Rainbow teleport in here, the former standing at the board and the latter seated on a stool behind the desk. The Princess grins broadly, levitating a pointer rod, and the camera zooms in on the unenthused flyer.*)

**Rainbow:** (*woodenly*) Sure. (*propping head on a front hoof*) Fun.

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Rainbow behind the desk. She has put on her favorite black sunglasses, perhaps to hide evidence of a nap being taken, but snaps to with a yell when a very thick and very heavy book is floated over to thump down in front of her. The shades fly up on her forehead.*)

**Rainbow:** (*looking around; they fall off*) Wha…huh? (*Cut to Twilight on the start of the following.*)

**Twilight:** This is the most complete— (*Back to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** And ginormous!

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) —book on the history of the Wonderbolts.

**Rainbow:** Okay. But how am I supposed to get what’s in *there* into *here?*

(*She points at the book on “there,” then to her own head on “here.” Back to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*levitating a clipboard and pencil*) With my handy-dandy study checklist, of course!

**Rainbow:** (*deflating*) Of course.

(*The ad-hoc instructor maneuvers the pencil behind one ear and turns the clipboard so that she can read it.*)

**Twilight:** First up, reading and highlighting.

(*A yellow highlighter marker is pulled across the screen in three broad strokes, each covering one-third of the view. The color quickly fades away to give a longer shot of the two mares; Twilight paces as she speaks, having stowed her clipboard and pencil, while Rainbow plies a marker in her teeth against the pages.*)

**Twilight:** Reading and highlighting is the foundation of any good study method. It allows the student to hone in and boil down on what’s really important— (*gesturing with each wing in turn*) —separating the good from the bad— (*Cut to Rainbow; she continues o.s.*) —the wheat from the chaff, getting to the crux of things.

(*Zoom out slightly to frame her now alongside the desk; she magically closes the book and brings it over to herself.*)

**Twilight:** Let’s see what you’ve got so far. (*Close-up of her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Um…

(*The volume is opened, giving a clear view of the gold winged lightning-bolt logo on its cover that stands for the Wonderbolts. Twilight recoils at a sudden flare of light from the pages.*)

**Twilight:** Huh?

(*Cut to just behind her; she is staring at swaths of yellow highlighter ink that cover nearly every square inch of the paper.*)

**Twilight:** (*magically turning pages; others are similarly marked*) Hmm—by highlighting everything, you don’t really separate the wheat from the chaff.

(*Cut to Rainbow, who slumps down in her seat, then back to Twilight. She has found a drawing of a grinning, flying pegasus and is smiling thinly at it.*)

**Twilight:** Or the good… (*Page flip, then fold out from the spine.*) …from the bad.

(*What she finds is a doodle of herself, standing up on her hind legs to pontificate; this bit of defacement stretches across the widths of three pages like a magazine centerfold.*)

**Twilight:** (*irked*) Hey, I am not that tall!

(*Rainbow snickers to herself as the teacher’s face broadcasts her annoyance loud and clear. A pencil draws a large X over the view, which separates along the lines into four pieces that slide away. Behind them, the two are seen again, with the book no longer in sight. Twilight has her clipboard and pencil floating in front of herself, and she marks off an item with a sigh.*)

**Twilight:** Okay, Rainbow. Clearly reading and highlighting is not your style of studying. (*Cut to Rainbow, face going slack with shock; she continues o.s.*) So let’s move on to the tried and true.

(*Close-up of a Wonderbolt logo drawn on the chalkboard, modified by the addition of a circle around the central lightning bolt. Zoom out to frame Twilight standing alongside, her clipboard and pencil put away again.*)

**Twilight:** History lecture!

(*One of Rainbow’s forelegs shoots into view in the foreground; cut to her, waving it for attention, then back to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Yes, Rainbow?

(*Longer shot of the less-than-eager learner, still on her stool but no longer behind the desk. She has procured a lunchbox, which she opens with an impatient sigh to expose the food inside.*)

**Rainbow:** Is it snack time?

**Twilight:** (*shaking head*) No. (*An open window; Rainbow lounges outside the sill, tossing a soccer ball.*)

**Rainbow:** Recess?

**Twilight:** No.

**Rainbow:** (*groaning, crawling to stool/pulling herself up*) Can’t we just watch the *History of the Wonderbolts* movie?

**Twilight:** No! (*smiling, turning to chalkboard*) Now, just get comfortable and experience…

(*Close-up of Rainbow’s haunches being planted on the stool as she finishes; the camera tilts up to the grumpy blue face, then cuts back to Twilight at the now-clean board.*)

**Twilight:** …the magic of learning!

(*She brings up a piece of chalk under her control; cut to Rainbow, who looks as if she might topple over out of sheer boredom. The sound of Twilight’s throat-clearing comes across the room; back to her. Princesses Celestia and Luna have been drawn in, side by side under their respective heavenly bodies—sun and moon.*)

**Twilight:** Prior to the Great Celestia/Luna Rift— (*A line is drawn between the two halves of the board.*) —there was no need for the Earth-Unicorn-Pegasi, or E-U-P, Guard.

(*Close-up of Rainbow, who sighs and very nearly does go to the floor, stool and all; only a last-second heave keeps her upright. The wooden legs creak slightly under the weight shift.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) But after Luna’s banishment— (*Rainbow rocks the stool.*) —the Protective Pony Platoons were formed.

(*Back to her on the end of this; she has added a few ponies and a line of notes to the board. The camera then returns to a close-up of Rainbow’s wondering expression, which aims itself toward the floor. While the lecture continues, tilt down as she rocks the stool again, then up to the big smile that has plastered itself across her face.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) On the anniversary of the first Celestial Year of Peace— (*Cut to frame her, back turned to the room so that she sees none of this.*) —a celebration was held—

(*Under these last four words, the goof-off gets the stool creaking and rocking back and forth in rhythm, and Twilight’s owl Owlowiscious walks in. He begins to hoot softly in time and Spike soon joins in, playing a cadence on a snare drum slung from one shoulder.*)

**Twilight:** Headed by General Firefly— (*Close-up of the trio; she continues o.s.*) —an elite team of aerial performers were chosen to commemorate this auspicious occasion.

(*Back to the board, which now displays two pegasi hovering above a three-pony squad—one pegasus, one unicorn, one earth pony. As she continues, she levitates four pieces of chalk, positions them at a central point, and draws four arcs toward the corners to run past the two pegasi, and between each one and the three below.*)

**Twilight:** The first performance was so full of energy, so highly charged, that magical lightning showered down on the crowd.

(*The three jokers; now Rainbow has taken to bouncing the stool off the floor so that it rotates her slightly on every hit.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Everypony was so filled with amazement and wonder that General Firefly dubbed them “The Wonderbolts.”

(*Back to her on the second half of this. At the last two words, she turns to face the room and conjures up a giant magenta copy of the group’s current logo. Both it and her pride at reaching the climax of the story evaporate in short order, though, when she finally takes note of the student, pet, and number-one assistant wasting this chance to pick up some good learning. Her chalk drops forgotten to the floor. Spike and Owlowiscious catch on first and clear out in a hurry, the drum and sticks falling with a clatter, but Rainbow obliviously carries on for another second or two. Cut to a close-up as she realizes she has been caught out and comes to rest.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Rainbow Dash! (*Back to her.*) Can you repeat any of my lesson?

(*The answer comes in the form of one last side-to-side rock, as of a head being shaken, and a very embarrassed little grin. The stool poofs out of existence, and the camera cuts back to the highly annoyed Princess just before it rematerializes next to her. A loud thud from across the room marks the meeting of Rainbow’s rump with the floor, and Twilight lets the stool down and turns toward a desk set up next to the board. As she floats up the clipboard she has left on it, she sits on the chair behind it and is very surprised to hear a loud honk. Down goes the first item, and she stands with a grimace and levitates up something else—a bicycle horn left on the seat of the chair. Rainbow snickers at the prank she has pulled and holds up a front hoof toward Spike and Owlowiscious, inviting either to give her a high five. Rather than indulge her, though, these two throw her a nervous grin and look and back away slowly; she just gives a dismissive shrug.*)

(*The image is flipped away as the top one of a stack of index cards being riffled; behind these, the view changes to just outside the front door of the library. It is open, and Twilight steps out with clipboard and pencil floating ahead of her.*)

**Twilight:** (*checking a box*) History lecture…nope. (*Sigh.*) Okay, Rainbow.

(*Looking around herself, she finds the pegasus nowhere in sight.*)

**Twilight:** Rainbow?…Rainbow Dash!

(*In a split-second blur of color, Rainbow hurtles straight down and lands neatly on the sign by the door.*)

**Rainbow:** Here!

**Twilight:** (*lowering clipboard*) Let’s move on to my favorite style of learning. (*She floats up a stack of…*) Flashcards!

**Rainbow:** (*smirking*) Oh! Does that mean I’ll learn… (*She zips away and instantly returns from the opposite direction.*) …in a flash? (*Cut to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*rolling her eyes*) One can only hope. (*She takes a deep breath, brings up the first card, and begins to read.*) “Colonel Purple Dart.”

(*A bit of maneuvering brings it toward the camera, revealing the distinguished-looking mustachioed pegasus stallion drawn on it. He wears a military uniform.*)

**Twilight:** “The leader of the Wonderbolts in the Fourth Celestial Era was known for his—”

(*Comes now the sound of a spitball being blown through a straw; an instant later it flies into view and knocks the card away.*)

**Twilight:** Wha—?!? (*Cut to frame both her and Rainbow.*) Rainbow, did you see what happened?

**Rainbow:** What? No! I was…riveted by your captivating cards. (*Back to a skeptical Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Hmmm…

(*Up comes a second card, which shows Celestia addressing a goggle-wearing pegasus stallion and mare.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “After becoming the official flying squadron for Princess Celestia, she honored them with—”

(*Again a spitball is blown, striking the study aid out of the air; Twilight wheels toward Rainbow.*)

**Twilight:** Gotcha! (*Cut to the latter, lounging innocently atop the sign.*)

**Rainbow:** Got what?

(*Back to Twilight, who shoots a venomous glare as she floats up her third card—the Wonderbolt logo version with the encircled lightning bolt.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) The original Wonderbolts lightning-bolt insignia was—”

(*She abruptly cuts herself off and lowers the card, following this up with a cry of surprise and a hoof raised to protect her face. One more spitball is shot toward her, but she brings it to a stop with her magic and backs it up. When the camera cuts to frame both again, Rainbow is hovering just above the sign and has a straw in her mouth.*)

**Twilight:** (*sending spitball away, pulling straw to herself*) Rainbow Dash, you could’ve hurt me!

**Rainbow:** (*sighing wearily*) With a spitwad? Really?

**Twilight:** (*gesturing with straw*) A spitwad to the eye would’ve been no laughing matter!

(*She bends it in half and lets it drop; Rainbow hunkers ashamedly behind the sign.*)

**Twilight:** (*stacking cards, tucking them under a wing*) Well, if you could horse around like this, then you clearly must be ready for the test!

**Rainbow:** (*defiantly*) Clearly!

**Twilight:** (*walking away*) Well, then, I guess you’re also ready for a…

(*Hooves stop, horn warms up, and she teleports to stand behind the sign as well so she can stare Rainbow dead in the face.*)

**Twilight:** …*pop quiz!* (*Zoom in slightly.*)

**Rainbow:** Bring it!

(*Cut to the reading room, which has been cleared of all its teaching-related furniture. Rainbow is teleported in, landing on her haunches; Twilight appears a moment later, hovering over her and no longer carrying the cards.*)

**Twilight:** The initials “E-U-P” stand for what?

**Rainbow:** Ernie’s Undercooked Pancakes.

**Twilight:** The original aerial team performed for…?

**Rainbow:** Celestia’s Cereal Celebration. (*Twilight zaps herself over to Rainbow’s other side.*)

**Twilight:** (*touching down*) The Wonderbolts were given their name by this famous pegasus. Who is she? (*to herself*) Please don’t say “Colonel Waffle.”

**Rainbow:** (*scornfully, hovering*) Hel-loo? General Blazing Donutglaze! (*Blow on a hoof; close-up of a dumbstruck Twilight. She continues o.s.*) So, did I ace it or what?

**Twilight:** “Or what”! (*Cut to frame both.*) You didn’t get one answer correct.

**Rainbow:** What?! (*She drops onto her haunches.*) But—but how?

**Twilight:** I don’t know. (*pacing*) I’ve never heard answers so wrong—and so breakfast-related!

(*A rumble from Rainbow’s gut comes through loud and clear to explain the latter.*)

**Twilight:** (*pacing*) If you had taken the official test today… (*Zoom in quickly on Rainbow; she gasps, panic setting in.*)

**Rainbow:** (*cowering*) …my dreams of being in the Wonderbolts Reserve would have been totally crushed! (*hovering, zipping back and forth*) Oh, what am I gonna do? I’m running out of time! I don’t know any of this history!

(*Zoom in as she grabs Twilight’s shoulders.*)

**Rainbow:** *I’m gonna fail!*

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the doorstep of the library. The closed door opens from within to reveal Rainbow in a tizzy.*)

**Rainbow:** (*flying out*) I’m gonna fail, I’m gonna fail, I’m gonna fail! (*angrily, to Twilight as she steps out*) And it’s all *your* fault!

**Twilight:** *My* fault? I’m the one helping *you!*

**Rainbow:** Maybe your famous study methods aren’t all they’re cracked up to be, eh, Teacher?

**Twilight:** (*needled*) Excuse me. I’ve used them to study for many a test and passed!

**Rainbow:** Yeah, right. (*She rises a few feet, Twilight following.*)

**Twilight:** Do *you* know the name of the premier Wonderbolts choreographer?

**Rainbow:** (*rising again*) Uh…well… (*Twilight pursues.*)

**Twilight:** Commander Easy Glider! (*She wheels to face Rainbow down.*) Do *you* know how many pegasi flew in the original squad?

**Rainbow:** (*turning away*) Um…

**Twilight:** Seven! (*Another face-off.*) Do *you* know Princess Celestia’s favorite flight pattern? (*Rainbow retreats, but Twilight cuts her off yet again.*) The Icaranian Sun Salutation! See? *I* could pass the test!

**Rainbow:** (*descending*) Fine! Rub it in, why don’t you?

(*Ground level; she has landed on her haunches, and the Princess touches down nearby.*)

**Rainbow:** Besides, I don’t see why I have to take this lousy test anyway.

(*During this line, the camera zooms out slowly to put Fluttershy in the fore, watching from a short distance away.*)

**Rainbow:** (*circling up behind Twilight*) I’ve proven I’m one of the best flyers around!

(*Profile close-up of the two, with Rainbow back on the ground and Fluttershy now in the background.*)

**Twilight:** Knowing their origin and being able to properly represent them for all of Equestria is just as important!

**Rainbow:** Yeah, right.

(*Close-up of Fluttershy, stepping forward as an idea occurs to her, then back on the next line. Rainbow is hovering again.*)

**Rainbow:** Some history buff like *you* must have made that up to bring us flyers down.

**Twilight:** Knowing history actually is beneficial, Rainbow! (*She gets a raspberry blown at her.*)

**Rainbow:** Beneficial for eggheads! (*Close-up of Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** Girls… (*Back to the pair on the following; Twilight rises to Rainbow’s level.*)

**Twilight:** Well, this egghead knows history *and* can fly. Maybe I should become a Wonderbolt.

**Rainbow:** Just ’cause you’ve got wings doesn’t mean you can fly! (*Fluttershy again.*)

**Fluttershy:** Girls! (*To a very put-out Twilight.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) You’re barely able to just get off the ground!

(*That crack prompts a sharp gasp, followed by the two airborne mares growling directly into each other’s faces. Fluttershy shoots up between them.*)

**Fluttershy:** *Girls! Stop!* (*Chastened, they both relent.*) Now, is that any way to talk to a friend? (*Long pause.*)

**Twilight:** Sorry.

**Rainbow:** Yeah. Sorry. (*All three slowly descend to the doorstep.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*to Rainbow*) Don’t you have more important things to do— (*to Twilight*) —like prepare Rainbow for her big test?

**Twilight:** I’ve tried everything, Fluttershy, but none of my study methods work for her.

**Fluttershy:** Well, no offense to your teaching methods, Twilight, but I think I may have a way to help Rainbow.

(*The aspiring Wonderbolt grins at this. Dissolve to a stage set up in a meadow, with the three seated on a bench in front of it. A scenery backdrop is split vertically down the middle: daytime sky with plywood sun and trees on the right, night sky with similarly constructed moon and mountains on the left. Fluttershy’s rabbit Angel and Rarity’s cat Opalescence, respectively, stand in front of these near center stage. Each is wearing a wig, tiara, and horn styled/colored after the corresponding Princess. Spike sits in a folding director’s chair off to one side of the stage, a dark grey beret on his head and a copy of a script in his hands.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh! Who’s that? Who’s that?

**Fluttershy:** Celestia and Luna— (*Cut to the two animals, each smiling and holding one of the other’s front paws; she continues o.s.*) —back when they were happy.

(*They back away slightly and the smiles fade, prompting a puzzled reaction from Twilight. Next, Opal extends both forelegs forward and Angel lunges with a cry as if to grab her; the fussy feline topples onto her back with all four legs pointing stiffly toward the sky. Fluttershy is entranced by the performance, but it seems to sail right over Rainbow’s head. Owlowiscious gets into the picture by picking Opal up and placing her on the plywood moon, where she sulks—she and Angel have been re-enacting Luna’s banishment a millennium ago. Rainbow’s tortoise Tank flies in from the moon side, wearing goggles and a winged helmet, and Applejack’s dog Winona trots in alongside with a pink horn strapped to her head. Behind them, Spike pushes Pinkie Pie’s alligator Gummy across the stage and quickly runs back toward his chair. The camera pans to the sun side, where two of the three new arrivals make obeisance to their fluffy white sovereign. Gummy, as usual, shows no visible reaction. Back to Fluttershy and Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, now what?

**Fluttershy:** Gummy’s an earth pony, Winona’s a unicorn, and Tank is a pegasus. (*Pan to frame Twilight on Rainbow’s other side; she is not at all impressed.*)

**Twilight:** They’re the E-U-P, helping to protect the Princess.

(*Rainbow seems less than convinced. Up onstage, Angel has curled up for a nap, Gummy has latched on to one of the hovering Tank’s legs, and Winona is scratching at a flea.*)

**Rainbow:** (*stammering a bit*) Uh, how are you getting all this?

(*All six eyes pop wide as Owlowiscious hoists Angel up and plants him on the sun. Spike throws him a frantic “get on with it” gesture, so the bunny gestures as dramatically as his short fuzzy limbs will allow. The scaly director grins, and Tank—now having jettisoned Gummy—flies up with a lumbering loop-the-loop but thumps against the sun, knocking Angel free.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, no!

(*Owlowiscious dives in for the save and starts to lift him up, only to bang into the moon and dump both it and Opal. Racing onto the stage, Spike manages to catch the cat and barely avoids being conked by the falling crescent. It rolls after him, leaving the stage clear of every “actor” except Tank.*)

**Rainbow:** Stop, stop, stop! That was aw— (*Pinkie pops up in front of her.*)

**Pinkie:** Awesome! I give it three “woo-hoo”’s. (*jumping in time*) Woo-hoo, woo-hoo, woo-hoo! And an extra “woo” for good measure. Woooooo! (*Rainbow is now standing on the bench.*)

**Rainbow:** Well, *I* give it a “whoa, whoa, what?” (*lifting off; camera follows*) I’m totally confused and I just want to go home! (*Something grabs her tail…*) Whoa! (*…and yanks her down.*) Hey!

(*The pull—supplied by Pinkie—deposits her back on the bench.*)

**Pinkie:** Whoa your “whoa”’s there, woeful. Some ponies learn through theatrical presentation, but other ponies learn through musical intervention.

(*She takes a step away, and at a gesture of her hoof, the entire screen spins 180 degrees as if it were a section of wall on a vertical pivot. The view now has vertical black matte bars at both sides of the screen, mimicking the 4:3 aspect ratio of television screens before widescreen models became commonplace. Pinkie is here in close-up, wearing a blue hooded sweatshirt, a dark gray fedora with the brim flipped up, and a thick gold chain necklace with an alarm clock attached. Her outfit, the graffiti backdrop behind her, and the aspect ratio and suddenly grainy quality suggest an “old-school” rap video from the late 1980s/early 1990s being played back from a videocassette.*)

***Hip-hop backing track, slow 4***

***Pinkie raps; words in capital letters are delivered by her and backup***

(*Pinkie does a little beatboxing as DJ P0N-3 scratches the records on her turntables. Now two backup dancer stallions in period-appropriate attire—baggy jeans, backward cap, colorful leather jacket, and so forth—join Pinkie while the current Wonderbolt logo within a circle floats past behind her. This shot picks out her dark gray sweat pants and the sneakers on her rear hooves.*)

**Pinkie:**  Well, back in ancient times there were the Wonderbolts of old

(*She throws some paint onto a wall, forming the logo.*)

A general named Firefly, amazing and so BOLD

She brought them all together, spreading unity IN FLIGHT

Performing at their very best with wonder AND WITH MIGHT

(*She briefly skateboards on a half-pipe, having changed into a helmet, pads, and sunglasses, then dons her MC duds again.*)

Next Admiral Fair Weather and then Colonel Purple DART

Gave Wonderbolts a bit of steel along with LOTS OF HEART

(*DJ P0N-3 keeps scratching away, now with a set of headphones pressed to one ear.*)

An admiral named Fairy Flight and general called FLASH

(*The logo floats behind Pinkie.*)

Helped the ’Bolts fly super-high with STYLE AND PANACHE

Commander Easy Glider was the real cream of the CROP

(*Four little copies of her dance in the background, matching her moves.*)

For with their wicked moves, the Wonderbolts SOARED TO THE TOP

Wonderbolts, yeah, Wonderbolts, UH

(*DJ P0N-3 throws a smirking grin to the camera, her shades perched on her forehead, and the current logo appears briefly behind Pinkie.*)

Wonderbolts, yeah, Wonderbolts, UH

(*The encircled logo again, spray-painted on the background.*)

That is my rappin’ history of the WonderBOLTS

***Backing track ends***

(*The screen pivots as before, bringing the view back to the meadow.*)

**Pinkie:** So, do you get it?

**Rainbow:** (*nodding enthusiastically*) Yes, Pinkie Pie!

(*imitating record scratch, then rapping*)

General This and Colonel That

They’re the Wonderbolts, something that rhymes with “that”

(*She drops onto her haunches, her forelegs crossed, as Pinkie stares wide-eyed for a long moment.*)

**Pinkie:** That was pretty terrible.

**Rainbow:** *What?!?* No! Really? (*Sigh.*) But I’ve gotta learn this stuff! (*galloping off*) Now!

(*Pan to follow the fleeing flyer, who skids to a halt just short of the newly arrived Rarity. The fashion-conscious unicorn stands before her in a blue military uniform jacket with plenty of gold trim and fringe. Its sleeves, edged in white and with gold buttons, cover her forelegs; while the tails extend along her back and drape over her rump. She also wears a blue/gold shako—a cylindrical cap—topped with a tall white plume, as well as black boots on her hind legs. Every piece of the uniform is marked with lightning bolts, and the shako displays the original Wonderbolt logo with the circled bolt above its visor. Cut to a close-up of her and tilt up slowly from hooves to head.*)

**Rarity:** And I am just the pony to help!

**Rainbow:** Rarity, you look ridiculous.

**Rarity:** I’m going to ignore that comment out of my desire to help you.

(*Rainbow throws a dirty look back toward Twilight/Fluttershy/Pinkie.*)

**Rainbow:** Good luck.

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the Carousel Boutique and zoom in slowly as she and Rarity walk toward the open front door.*)

**Rarity:** Get ready, Rainbow Dash— (*Just inside; they enter. The lights are dim.*) —for I am going to take you on an historical adventure in fashion!

(*An overhead spotlight flicks on to pick out the pair. Behind them are a row of pony-shaped silhouettes whose outlines suggest different styles of dress. They continue across the showroom as she speaks, stopping now and then.*)

**Rarity:** I am now modeling the rather unattractive and… (*scratching a spot*) …frankly itchy original Wonderbolts flying costume. Fortunately, thanks to the vision of Flair de Mare, the Wonderbolts *ensemble* became more streamlined, in a wonderfully breathable fabric. Of course, there were fashion hits…and misses.

(*Another stop; she aims a disapproving glance at one figure, and the camera cuts to a close-up of its hooves as a light illuminates them. Blue foreleg jacket sleeves with a yellow stripe on each cuff, gray bell-bottom pants covered by the jacket’s long tails, dark gray shoes on hind legs. The hooves protruding from the sleeves are pink.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Just *look* at those dreadful bell-bottoms. What *were* ponies thinking?

(*Zoom out to frame the entire figure—Pinkie, also wearing a blue military peaked cap with gold band and modified original Wonderbolt logo: lightning bolts replacing the wings. A logo pin is visible on one lapel, and she wears a light blue dress shirt under the jacket.*)

**Pinkie:** I don’t know. I bet General Flash rocked these things! (*Rainbow cries out in surprise.*)

**Rainbow:** Pinkie, you’re real!

**Pinkie:** ’Course I’m real. I mean, I’m not the real General Flash, the tenth leader of the Wonderbolts, but I, Pinkie, am really real.

(*Now Fluttershy steps out of the shadows, seen in close-up next to Rainbow. She wears a blue peaked cap with gold wings spread across the visor, as well as a gold band around her neck and a loose blue garment with gold-rimmed purple spots.*)

**Fluttershy:** And I’m Admiral Fairy Flight, from the Seventh Squadron.

(*A longer shot frames the blue/purple bracelets on both forelegs and the blue-trimmed gold boots on the hind ones. Rainbow turns warily away from the three living models, only to find herself face to face with Twilight: gray bomber jacket and garrison cap with black sunglasses. The cap and the jacket’s white fleece collar are both set with the current Wonderbolt logo.*)

**Twilight:** (*lowering shades*) And of course you recognize Commander Easy Glider?

(*Here comes Applejack: blue uniform jacket bedecked with medals, matching peaked cap with gold braid and lightning bolt, black pants with yellow lower stripes on hind legs. A logo pin is on her collar.*)

**Applejack:** (*saluting*) And I’m sportin’ some sorta getup worn by Colonel Purple Dart. (*Rainbow backs off with a shudder; Rarity leans into her face.*)

**Rarity:** Just look at us!

**Twilight:** (*hypnotically*) Look at us. (*Pinkie pops up behind them.*)

**Pinkie:** LOOK AT ME!!

**Rainbow:** (*rising up, rocketing away*) It’s too much for my eyes!

(*Cut to her, hunkering down and covering them; Applejack walks over to her.*)

**Applejack:** Now don’t you fret, Rainbow. This fashion-show nonsense wouldn’t help me learn nothin’ etiher.

(*She tosses her cap aside; Rarity is not at all happy to watch it sail past her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*standing up, walking alongside Applejack*) Really? Well, what special study trick do you have, AJ? (*They head toward the door.*)

**Applejack:** Who, me? Oh, I got nothin’.

**Rainbow:** Ugh…

**Applejack:** Why, I could tell you every little thing there is to know about the history of apples… (*now outside*) …but I picked all that up over years in the field, as a labor of love. (*They stop.*) How much time you got?

**Rainbow:** Twelve hours.

**Applejack:** (*walking off*) Oh, then you are up a creek.

(*The examinee-to-be flops heavily onto her haunches and soon finds a ring of index cards floating around her—and Twilight right in there with her. Rainbow stands up in a fright. The violet mare is out of her uniform.*)

**Twilight:** Well, I think we should just go back to old-fashioned studying.

(*Rainbow backs out of the ring and nearly runs into Fluttershy also changed out and with a still-costumed Angel and Opal on her back.*)

**Fluttershy:** What about our play? (*The animals take a bow; Rarity pops up.*)

**Rarity:** Just look at these costumes! Surely something resonates with your inner Wonderbolt. (*Applejack returns, bumping her aside.*)

**Applejack:** And Granny Smith discovered the first Granny Smith in Fillydelphia, when she was just a filly.

(*Here comes Pinkie, out of uniform and wearing the fedora and clock necklace from her rap video.*)

***Same hip-hop track as before; Pinkie raps***

**Pinkie:** Commander Easy Glider was the real cream of the crop

***Backing track pauses***

**Twilight:** Pinkie, stop rapping! That isn’t gonna help Rainbow!

***Track resumes***

**Pinkie:** Well, I suggest you put down your silly cards of flash

For I know that they cannot help our good friend Rainbow Dash

***Track ends***

(*The camera now cuts between an increasingly agitated Rainbow and various of the other five as they start into a lively argument of the merits of different test prep strategies. After a few seconds, she has had all she can stand.*)

**Rainbow:** ENOUGH!! (*to each in turn*) No rapping, no cards, no costumes, no play…

(*Accompanied by a smack at Pinkie’s necklace, a tap on Twilight’s horn to dispel her hold on the cards, a yank on Rarity’s visor to pull her shako down over her eyes, Spike dropping his play script and sitting down with big sad eyes and head in hands. Finally she leans into Applejack’s face.*)

**Rainbow:** …and no apples! (*walking to center of group*) I am never gonna pass this test, ever! *Just forget it!*

(*She lifts off in a multicolored streak, leaving five very worried friends to stare up after her. Eyes gradually turn toward the ground as the camera zooms in slowly, the expressions on the faces showing all too clearly the effect that this crisis is having on the group. Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Ponyville proper. Tilt up slowly as Rainbow rises above the rooftops in the distance and flies gloomily toward the camera, with Twilight flapping to catch up. The camera then cuts to a close-up of them; now Twilight’s labored breathing comes through loud and clear.*)

**Twilight:** Rainbow, I’m sorry about all that! (*Profile close-up.*) We didn’t mean to overwhelm you! (*Pan to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** It’s okay. You were just trying to help. It’s just too bad I’m too dumb to learn anything.

**Twilight:** You are not dumb! You just learn differently.

**Rainbow:** If by “differently” you mean “not at all,” then you’re totally right. (*Twilight circles ahead to face her, flying backwards.*)

**Twilight:** No, that’s totally wrong.

**Rainbow:** See? (*Twilight flips upright.*) Wrong again.

(*The academically challenged pegasus swoops downward; her thwarted tutor grimaces and goes down after her.*)

**Twilight:** I don’t know anypony that’s read more Daring Do books than you.

**Rainbow:** Well, that’s not gonna get me into the Wonderbolts.

(*Cut to the pair’s perspective; they are now flying over the village and passing Sugarcube Corner. The Cutie Mark Crusaders trot out the front door, each with a whitish discoloration around her mouth.*)

**Twilight:** And your knowledge of jokes and pranks is only rivaled by Pinkie.

**Rainbow:** Great. My years of being a class clown prevented me from actually learning how to learn!

(*During this line, they pass Big Macintosh and Filthy Rich, Diamond Tiara’s father, standing by a wagon loaded with apples. The affluent stallion holds up a briefcase and opens it; the lid prevents a clear view of the contents, but a bright golden glow spills toward Macintosh. After this, cut back to Twilight and Rainbow.*)

**Twilight:** That’s not what I meant. (*Rainbow’s eyes pop.*) You’re smart, creative, inventive, and—

(*She never gets to finish the compliment due to getting shoved aside, very abruptly and very hard.*)

**Twilight:** Hey! I know you’re upset, but you don’t need to—

(*This time, her thought gets cut off by a pedal-powered helicopter that cruises past, with Cherry Berry at the controls. Twilight stares disbelievingly after it, then descends slowly.*)

**Twilight:** Whoa. (*She lands on a small cloud.*) I almost slammed into that!

**Rainbow:** (*swooping down to her, smiling*) I know. You were jabbering on so much, you didn’t even notice.

**Twilight:** But how did *you* notice? You were listening and talking to me the whole time!

**Rainbow:** (*chuckling*) You’re such a rookie. An experienced flyer like me knows how to multitask.

**Twilight:** While you fly?

**Rainbow:** It’s essential. Yes, I was paying attention to you— (*looking up, then down*) —but was also scanning the sky and the ground for any problems. (*She flies up o.s. …*)

**Twilight:** Really? (*…and back down.*)

**Rainbow:** Flying’s not just *flying*.

(*An image of Twilight on the cloud slides into view, and the entire scene rewinds itself as if it were being played on a videocassette.*)

**Rainbow:** (*voice over*) In order to stay safe in the sky, I gotta hear and see everything down to the littlest detail.

(*The rewind stops at the point of their flight over Sugarcube Corner; zoom in on the door as the Crusaders emerge. The light patches around their mouths can only be residue of the treats they have just enjoyed.*)

**Rainbow:** (*voice over*) For instance, I saw Apple Bloom, Sweetie Belle, and Scootaloo come out of Sugarcube Corner— (*Profile close-up; they pass the camera, showing the goop—icing and crumbs—in full detail.*) —and from the looks of it, they had carrot cupcakes with sprinkles.

(*Pan quickly to Macintosh, seen from close enough to easily pick out the apple balanced on his nose. He flips it into his cart.*)

**Rainbow:** (*voice over*) And I’m thinking Big Mac sold a *huge* order of apples to Filthy Rich— (*Pan to the latter, who holds up his briefcase and opens it.*) —’cause I heard him give a *very* hearty— (*Back to Macintosh.*)

**Rainbow** (*voice over*), **Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

(*Back to the present; Twilight is positively thunderstruck by this accounting.*)

**Rainbow:** I always make note of everything when I fly. No biggie. (*Twilight gasps happily.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, my gosh!

**Rainbow:** What?

**Twilight:** Gotta go!

(*Popping up off the cloud, she dives down through it and o.s. to break it apart. Rainbow’s spirits instantly fall through the floor at her departure.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah. I get it. (*gathering pieces*) I wouldn’t want to hang out with a loser like me either.

(*With the cloud knitted back together, she lies down atop it with a heavy, self-pitying sigh. In seconds it has turned dark gray and started to rain as the camera zooms out slowly.*)

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the library, the camera angled up to frame its higher floors, and zoom in slowly on the observatory platform at the top. The other four mares have gathered up here, and Twilight comes in for a landing. All have shed the military outfits and rap accessories, Fluttershy no longer has Angel and Opal on her back, and Applejack has her hat back on. Close-up of the five.*)

**Twilight:** Thanks for meeting me, everypony.

**Applejack:** What is it, Twilight?

**Twilight:** (*peering through telescope*) We have to help Rainbow Dash.

(*Cut to her perspective through the lens, the instrument swinging across the sky to stop on the forlorn blue pegasus. Her cloud is still gray and raining.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Yes, but how? (*Cut to Applejack and Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** We’ve tried every kind of studying—my way… (*gesturing to the o.s. Twilight*) …your way… (*Pan to the latter.*)

**Twilight:** But we haven’t tried Rainbow Dash’s way.

**Pinkie:** Hmmm. I’m intrigued.

(*With slow deliberation, she hefts her fedora and settles it in place over the poofy magenta mane. Cut to a shot of all five and zoom out slowly.*)

**Twilight:** Okay. Listen up, ponies. (*They gather in close.*) Here’s the plan.

(*Indistinct whispering follows from the huddle. Dissolve to Rainbow sulking on her cloud, which has now stopped raining; Twilight rises casually behind her.*)

**Twilight:** Hey, Rainbow. (*Up and o.s., then down to hover in front.*) Want to go for a fly?

**Rainbow:** (*sighing*) Sure. Got nothing better to do.

(*She pushes off with none of her usual brash energy; Twilight follows her up, and the two settle into a slow side-by-side cruise in close-up.*)

**Rainbow:** Didn’t we just do this?

**Twilight:** (*wobbling a bit*) Yes, but like you said, I’m such a newbie, I need all the practice I can get.

(*A sudden lurch has her fighting to keep a level course; she grins sheepishly, but Rainbow fails to find any levity in it.*)

**Rainbow:** Yeah, well, I’m sure you’ll become a great flyer in no time. After all, you’re good at everything.

(*She speeds ahead; Twilight throws a hard glare toward the ground, then smiles after her and pulls even.*)

**Twilight:** (*trying to sound nonchalant*) So…what’s going on?

**Rainbow:** Oh, nothing. Just getting my dreams crushed.

**Twilight:** Uh…read any good books lately?

**Rainbow:** (*sighing*) Just history books. I’d tell you what they’re about, but my brain is as dry as a rock. (*Twilight thinks for a moment before continuing.*)

**Twilight:** Speaking of rocks… (*They veer in opposite directions around a cloud.*) …did you know Pinkie Pie grew up on a rock farm? (*Nervous little laugh.*)

**Rainbow:** Maybe I’ll go work there, since I have no other plans—for the rest of my life.

**Twilight:** Oh, come on now, Rainbow. You can’t give up on your dream. (*They swerve above/below another cloud.*)

**Rainbow:** Seems my dream has given up on me. Maybe I’ll learn to shine shoes…sell hats…dig ditches…

**Twilight:** Or maybe you’ll be a Wonderbolt. (*She punches through a cloud while doing a loop-the-loop.*)

**Rainbow:** Twilight, give it up! I have.

(*Down she goes, leaving one Princess whose look of perplexity soon turns into a shrewd little smile. Cut to a long shot of Rainbow’s cloud house and zoom in slowly as she comes in for a landing on the front walk; in close-up, she plods toward the door as Twilight touches down behind her.*)

**Twilight:** So, what do you remember about that flight?

**Rainbow:** (*sighing*) Nothing important.

(*She turns partway toward Twilight; zoom in slowly as her voice takes on the semi-singsong tone of a student reciting a particularly dry bit of fact from memory.*)

**Rainbow:** Except after Luna was banished to the moon, Celestia needed protective forces, so earth, unicorn, and pegasi formed the E-U-P Guard of the Protective Pony Platoons.

(*Her eyes pop as it sinks in—she has just stated one of the key events from Twilight’s lecture in Act One.*)

**Twilight:** (*encouragingly*) Yes?

**Rainbow:** (*smiling, with growing energy*) And…at the celebration of the first Celestial Year of Peace, an elite flying squadron performed, headed by General Firefly, who later named the group “The Wonderbolts”!

**Twilight:** (*nodding*) Uh-huh?

**Rainbow:** (*now really into it*) Commander Easy Glider established flight choreography that is still used by the Wonderbolts today!

(*She does a quick loop-the-loop on the end of this and comes back down on the walk.*)

**Twilight:** Yes?

**Rainbow:** (*stunned*) I…I know the history. (*Twilight bounds over to her…*) I know it all! But…how in Equestria did that happen? (*…and puts a foreleg across her shoulders.*)

**Twilight:** You learned it!

**Rainbow:** (*needled*) Yeah, I got *that*. But how?

**Twilight:** (*pacing the walk*) Well, on our first flight, I discovered that you catalog everything that happens all around you when you’re flying, without even thinking about it.

(*The suddenly proficient student just gives her a very funny look.*)

**Twilight:** Don’t you see?

(*An image of Twilight and Rainbow in flight slides into view, and as before, the entire scene goes into a fast rewind.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) I made use of your special skills by enlisting everypony to help you learn the history of the Wonderbolts!

(*The rewind stops, showing them at an earlier moment in their travels, and cuts to their perspective of the ground slowly passing below them. On the start of the next line, Fluttershy and Rarity come into view, standing on opposite sides of a path through a meadow. Fluttershy wears a wig/tail, horn, and full regalia to stand in for Celestia, while Rarity has donned a wig, wings, and crown to play Luna.*)

**Fluttershy:** I, Princess Celestia, banish you, Princess Luna, to the moon.

**Rarity:** (*hoof to forehead*) NOOOOOOO!!

(*Cut to a close-up of Rainbow, eyeing the play-acting with some puzzlement, then back to the pair’s perspective. Zoom in slightly, just before the camera motion brings the Crusaders into view on the path. Their faces are clean of cupcake detritus.*)

**Apple Bloom:** Earth!

**Sweetie Belle:** Unicorn!

**Scootaloo:** Pegasus!

(*Ground level. In time with the next three lines, Bloom jumps in, Sweetie next to her, and Scootaloo hops onto their backs.*)

**Bloom:** E!

**Sweetie:** U!

**Scootaloo:** P! (*They are lifted on Macintosh’s back.*)

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup. (*Back to the flyers’ point of view.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*flying up past them*) Let us celebrate our first Celestial Year of Peace.

(*Ground level again; a Ponyville street. Now wearing a dark blue uniform jacket and pants with a white shirt and gold buttons and trim, as well as a matching hat marked with the current Wonderbolt logo, Pinkie stands next to a cannon that has a pull string in place of a fuse.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah, let’s party! I’m General Firefly! Gee, my costume is itchy and unattractive, but I’m gonna assemble an awesome flying team!

(*Grabbing the string in her teeth and pulling, she releases a burst of paper lightning bolts in blue and yellow. These rain down over the screen and clear to give a close-up of her, with Rarity emerging from a side street in the background.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ll call them…“The Wonderbolts”!

(*Zoom in as the unicorn emerges fully into view, changed into the squad’s original flying costume from her Act Two fashion display.*)

**Rarity:** (*toying with her mane*) Streamlined style by Flair de Mare!

(*Tilt up into the sky. An old brown pegasus stallion flies up, sporting a white beard the same color as his mane and tail. Blue uniform jacket with gold trim, long tails and foreleg sleeves, blue hat similar to those worn by British admirals in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This last item carries gold fringe and the current Wonderbolt logo.*)

**Stallion 1:** Admiral Fair Weather!

(*He flies off; now a mare takes his place, wearing the Purple Dart uniform Applejack modeled earlier.*)

**Mare 1:** Colonel Purple Dart!

(*Off she goes; cut to far below Twilight and Rainbow as a second mare, clad in the unusual Fairy Flight outfit Fluttershy wore for Rarity’s exhibition, wings in.*)

**Mare 2:** (*veering away erratically*) Admiral Fairy Flight! (*A white stallion rises, in the Flash uniform used by Pinkie.*)

**Stallion 2:** General Flash! (*Away; here comes a third, in Twilight’s Easy Glider jacket/cap/shades.*)

**Stallion 3:** (*looping away*) Commander Easy Glider!

(*Cut to the pair’s perspective, now passing along a street at low altitude, and cut to various points along it. One after another, ponies hold up giant flashcards that display key figures from the Wonderbolts’ history. The view then shifts to a stretch of grassland, on which hedges have been trimmed and grass cut under Applejack’s watch to create giant copies of two of the team’s previous logos, and next to a tilt up from the second floor of the Carousel Boutique’s exterior. Fluttershy stands on the roof, just below the topmost spire—now flying a flag with the current logo—and loops gracefully into the air above it. Fireworks burst behind her on the next line.*)

**Fluttershy:** The history of the Wonderbolts!

(*A wavering dissolve shifts the view to street level; Twilight and Rainbow land in front of their four friends, all of whom have shed their costumes.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh! Thank you! Thank you all so much!

**Twilight:** You’re welcome. But it all came from you. (*Puzzled reaction from Rainbow.*) You learn without knowing you’re learning. (*Cut to Rainbow, then back as she continues.*) Your main focus is flying, but then your brain is also absorbing lots of other information. (*Pinkie nods.*) It’s actually really brilliant!

(*Close-up of Rainbow, zooming out slowly to frame the others.*)

**Rainbow:** Hah! I always knew I was brilliant.

(*All six share a good laugh. Dissolve to Twilight in her upper-story living quarters at the library and zoom out slowly. She is seated on her haunches at a small table and has propped the group’s shared journal on it to write an entry.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Rainbow Dash finally learned the history of the Wonderbolts, but she’s not the only pony that needed a lesson. I needed to learn something just as important.”

(*Cut to a circular classroom whose cloud-styled columns and sky-blue walls/ceiling give away its design for pegasus use. The gray instructor stallion seen in “Wonderbolts Academy” sits behind the front desk, reading a newspaper and facing Rainbow, who stands at one of two student desks and is writing busily at the papers on them with a pencil in her teeth. Exam day has come.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) “One way of learning isn’t better than another. After all, everypony is unique and individual.”

(*Dropping the writing implement, the cocky blue flyer grabs her exam in her mouth and shoots across the room to slap it onto Gray’s desk. He takes his time folding up his paper and setting it aside, then picks up the exam for a good close look. Rainbow hovers in front of his desk, her features set in a confident smile that dissipates into worry after a few silent seconds. Gray impassively scrutinizes her work…a few drops of sweat begin to work their way out from the brightly colored mane…and he finally lays the exam on his desk and eases it forward. Rainbow steels herself for the inevitable and slowly descends, but that resolve too melts into borderline panic even before her hooves can make contact with the floor. One of Gray’s hooves lashes out to strike the pages, the impact echoing in the stillness—and when he pulls it away, there is now a large gold star marked “100%” stuck to the top right corner. The camera zooms in to a close-up of this, then cuts to Rainbow, who instantly breaks out in a huge smile—this is the payoff and miracle she has been hoping for.*)

**Rainbow:** (*laughing*) Yeah! (*She grabs it and does a loop-the-loop up to the ceiling.*) Whoo!

(*Snap to black.*)