**TRADE YA!**

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Note: At several points, references are made to the first novel in the Daring Do series,

first introduced in “Read It and Weep.” The title is variously misstated, but was

last given in that episode as *Daring Do and the Quest for the Sapphire Statue*.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Rainbow Falls, the village seen in the episode of that name which played host to the Equestria Games qualifying competitions. It is daytime. Zoom in slowly on the inhabited upper plateau, standing tranquilly among the varicolored waterfalls that stream down around and from it, as a train makes its way over the bridge and toward the station. A scream from Pinkie Pie inside heaves a brick through the quiet.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from inside*) Yes! Best day ever!

(*Cut to the station roof and tilt down to the tracks as the train pulls in.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from inside*) We’re all going to the Rainbow Falls Traders’ Exchange!

(*The platform. Applejack is already out, loading a thing or two into a cart, as Fluttershy and Rarity step out through the hissing steam and Rainbow Dash flies out above them. Next the blond mare hitches herself up and Pinkie emerges.*)

**Pinkie:** (*giddily*) And not just going… (*close-up, trotting along platform*) …we’re accompanying a princess on an official royal duty!

(*A great bound on the end of this line carries her over to Twilight Sparkle, who is already off the train and levitating several books into a box that stands at one window. She throws a slightly annoyed look back at the goofball.*)

**Twilight:** (*floating box out, trotting off*) Please. It’s not that big of a deal.

(*Overhead shot of the six proceeding along a path. Fluttershy and Rainbow fly overhead, Pinkie hops along behind, and Applejack pulls the cart—which now has had the load of books added to it. Spike is now with them as well, carrying an item of his own.*)

**Twilight:** There always has to be a princess at the Exchange. (*Ground level; they approach a tunnel in a rock face.*) Last year it was Princess Cadence, this year it’s me. It’s just a formality.

(*Cut to the group now within the semi-darkness; the light level slowly comes up, indicating that they are coming to the other end.*)

**Twilight:** I’m sure none of the other ponies will even notice I’m here.

(*She has thoroughly failed to notice the looks of complete shock stealing over the others’ faces, but a sudden shower of confetti and streamers, and a sudden roar of cheers accented by a mare’s surprised yelp, clue her in very quickly.*)

**Mare’s voice:** Look over there! The Princess!

(*Cut to behind them—now in a grassy clearing set with dealers’ tents and packed with jubilant ponies. A few pegasi unfurl a banner strung between two poles that depicts the newest Princess flying against a backdrop of sun and clouds.*)

**Stallion’s voice:** Oh, this is amazing! (*Close-up; Applejack leans over toward the dumbstruck Twilight with a half-smirk.*)

**Applejack:** Could be wrong, but I think they mighta noticed.

(*Twilight gets a big strained grin in place and somehow forces out a nervous little chuckle at the big to-do over her arrival. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Rainbow Falls, tilting down from the upper plateau to the lower one where the actual Equestria Games trials were held. Tents have been set up on nearly every square inch of available grass to accommodate the attendees. Cut to a close-up of a statuette on a counter: a rabbit posed as Cupid, complete with bow and heart-tipped arrow. Fluttershy leans in close to run her eye over it.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, my goodness!

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) You said it! (*Cut to a mirror; she steps in front of it, admiring a hat she is trying on.*) The Rainbow Falls Traders’ Exchange is simply divine.

(*Longer shot of the area. She is at a table loaded with other headwear, and Twilight/Applejack/Pinkie/Spike move past behind her.*)

**Rarity:** You can get *anything* you want here.

**Applejack:** If’n you got the goods to trade for it.

(*Rarity floats the hat off her head and tries on another. Close-up of Spike’s feet, one of which stumbles against a rock; he belly-flops to the turf with a grunt, his item flying out of his grip.*)

**Spike:** Huh?

(*A gust of wind carries the thing close enough to the camera to expose its cover—a comic book in a protective plastic bag—and then drops it straight toward a puddle.*)

**Spike:** NOOOO!!

(*With inches to go before the mud, a magic aura envelops the book and gently lifts it away. A longer shot reveals Twilight on the other end of this spell.*)

**Spike:** Thanks, Twilight. (*He stands up and wipes his forehead, relieved.*) Whoo! One ding, nick, or dent— (*crossing to her, taking it back*) —and this Power Ponies comic book wouldn’t be in perfect mint condition anymore. *And* if you want to trade for a mint comic— (*walking off*) —you gotta *have* a mint comic.

(*Twilight smiles warmly after him, but the gentle reverie vanishes as a knot of ponies gathers behind her, pointing and murmuring excitedly. She hunches down, drawing her wings forward to cover her head as best she can, and gallops off past the rest of the Ponyville crew. Rarity has shed the second hat she was trying on.*)

**Applejack:** (*as all start after her*) I guess a pony who’s here on official princess business has to expect a *little* fussin’.

(*They and Twilight arrive at a table marked with a banner that shows a book. A box has been placed here to serve as a display platform, and she magically drapes a sheet over it. The table is covered with a patched cloth, in contrast to the well-appointed stand that Carrot Top has set up alongside it.*)

**Twilight:** But all I’m supposed to do is settle disagreements over whether a trade is fair or not.

(*Cut to Amethyst Star and a pegasus, the former receiving a potato from the latter and giving a pineapple in exchange. They tap hooves with a smile to close the deal.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) And since the rule is that a trade is fair as long as both ponies get what they want— (*Trot off; tilt up to frame the stands behind them.*) —there’s never been a disagreement. (*Back to her and the group.*) So there’s really no reason for anypony to treat me as anything special.

(*On the end of this, a pegasus filly steps slowly into view in the foreground and stops, smiling at Twilight from a few paces away as her tail twitches wildly.*)

**Twilight:** Hi! (*leaning closer*) Can I help you?

(*The now-beaming youngster dips her head aside and comes up with a photo of the laughing violet Princess in her teeth. Said Princess sighs wearily, floats up a quill, and bends down to provide the silently requested autograph. Rainbow, who has temporarily left the area during this sequence, now flies back full of excitement.*)

**Rainbow:** There’s a pony here who’s got a signed first edition of *Daring Do and the Quest of the Sapphire Statue*! And I’m gonna get it! I’ve been able to get first editions of all the Daring Do books except this one. Nopony’s ever put together a whole set, and I’m gonna be the first— (*instantly deflating*) —if it hasn’t been traded yet. It’s the only one in all of Equestria!

**Fluttershy:** Oh, no! I’d really hate to see you disappointed.

(*Extreme close-up of her flank. On the start of the next line, she fishes an item out from under that wing and holds it forth, the camera panning to frame it being held up in front of her mouth. It resembles a duck call, but with a carving of a bear’s head attached to the end opposite the mouthpiece. Holes are cut through the mouth and behind the ears to generate the sound.*)

**Fluttershy:** I did want to trade this bear call I brought for a bird whistle— (*Zoom out to frame Rainbow hovering nearby.*) —but getting that book seems so important to you. So if you need me to help you first—

**Rainbow:** Normally I’d say I don’t need any help, but you’re right. (*Applejack has now unhitched herself from the cart.*) This *is* really important. I’ve gotta get that book.

(*A sky-blue foreleg lands across the yellow shoulders, and Rainbow airlifts Fluttershy away from the table as Twilight, Pinkie, and Rarity wave. Applejack hoists a large sack from the cart and gets it settled across her back as Spike hurries away, clutching his comic.*)

**Applejack:** (*trotting away*) Well, I’m off to take a gander at some of the vintage stalls. (*Twilight levitates the box of books out of the cart.*)

**Rarity:** (*suddenly interested*) Did you say “vintage”?

(*She magically brings out her saddlebags and gets them in place before hurrying to catch up.*)

**Rarity:** Why, old and rare items are *so* in style right now! I’m hoping to get a vintage item as well. (*worried, eyeing bags*) I just hope I brought enough to trade.

**Applejack:** I know what you mean, Rarity.

(*After a few more steps, she stops dead and smiles widely.*)

**Applejack:** Hey! (*Turn back to Rarity.*) Why don’t we pool our trade stashes?

**Rarity:** Pool?

**Applejack:** (*pacing around her*) That way, if one of us finds somethin’ real valuable she can’t live without… (*Rarity gets it with a happy gasp.*)

**Rarity:** …she’ll definitely be able to get it! (*Applejack trots off.*) Who could say no to exchanging a single object for such a huge assortment of items? Oh, yes! (*She catches up to Applejack.*) That is absolutely brilliant! (*nuzzling her cheek*) I’m so glad I have a friend like you, Applejack.

**Applejack:** I feel the same way. (*Both stop amidst the ongoing barter.*)

**Rarity:** Then let’s go shopping!

(*They trot off, side by side; behind them, Spike steps up to one geeky-looking stallion with an abundance of comics on display. Wipe to a close-up of Twilight’s box, resting on the ground. She steps up to levitate a couple of tomes out, the camera tilting up to follow them before cutting to a shot of the entire table. The group’s now-empty cart stands alongside, and Pinkie walks up and sits on her haunches as the egghead starts to arrange books for display.*)

**Pinkie:** Um, shouldn’t Your Princess-ness be heading to the royal box seats?

**Twilight:** I may be the princess on duty, but I don’t think that means I have to sit up there all alone doing nothing. Ever since I became a princess, Celestia’s been sending me more books to read than ever.

(*Close-up of the display platform on the end of this, tilting up slowly to frame the literature already stacked up on it and more on the way.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) The library’s overflowing, so— (*Back to her and Pinkie.*) —I figured while we’re here, I might as well trade away some books I don’t need anymore.

(*During the latter part of this, she stacks a few more on the table and floats the now-empty box away.*)

**Pinkie:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm!

(*Wipe to a close-up of the Daring Do novel that got Rainbow interested in reading during “Read It and Weep,” propped up on a counter among other knickknacks. A zoom out shows that this stall is stocked with all sorts of memorabilia related to the series and its protagonist. Rainbow hovers across the way from the display and sucks in a huge gasp.*)

**Rainbow:** There it is! (*Fluttershy flies over to her.*) The first edition of *Daring Do and the Sapphire Statue*! (*wings buzzing*) It hasn’t been traded yet!

(*She sidles up to the mare in charge: earth pony, light yellow coat, two-tone orange mane/tail, green eyes, pith helmet, green bush shirt with darker trim, cutie mark of three teddy bears.*)

**Rainbow:** Lucky for *you*, because I’ve brought my most valuable possession to trade for it.

(*Close-up of a clear patch of counter. One blue hoof slaps down a battered horseshoe for the Daring Do dealer to examine closely.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) My lucky horseshoe! (*Hard glare from the green eyes.*)

**Daring Do dealer:** I don’t want it. (*She slides it back to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** *What?!?*

**Daring Do dealer:** It’s just a rusty old horseshoe. That’s not worth anything to me. (*Rainbow’s mouth falls open in pure shock; Fluttershy steps up.*)

**Fluttershy:** But…but…how is Rainbow Dash gonna get the book she really wants?

**Daring Do dealer:** Well, she’s not.

(*Back to the two pegasi; the would-be client moans weakly and topples backward in a faint.*)

**Daring Do dealer:** (*from o.s.*) Unless… (*Rainbow snaps upright; cut to frame all three.*) …she can get me *that*.

(*She points off to one side, the camera panning quickly to a very large dog with one rather unusual feature: the presence of a second head. Both mouths are snarling, barking, and slavering, and a zoom out shows a chain attached to one collar and being pulled in the teeth of the bandaged, scarred stallion running this tent—stocked with crates that surely contain other very strange creatures. A rope runs from the other collar to a post driven into the ground. Rainbow is horrified by the appearance of this beast, but Fluttershy reacts much more favorably.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, an orthros! (*Back to it; one head chews a bone. She continues o.s.*) How cute!

(*The mighty jaws snap the bone in half. Now Rainbow’s face has gone so slack that it might be in danger of sliding off her skull.*)

**Daring Do dealer:** The pony running the Ancient Beasts stall doesn’t want anything I got. But if *you* can get me the orthros… (*Close-up of the book; she continues o.s., touching it gently.*) …I’ll trade you the book for it. (*Rainbow looks it over and comes up smiling.*)

**Rainbow:** You got it!

(*She and Fluttershy take a few steps away, the blue wings twitching with nervous energy.*)

**Rainbow:** I don’t know how, but somehow we’re gonna get that orthros!

(*Off they go. Wipe to a bustle of ponies, which slowly clears to reveal Rarity looking critically around herself; she smiles broadly after a moment. Cut to Applejack, who does likewise, after which the two gallop toward each other.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh, Applejack! I am so glad I found you.

**Applejack:** Me too. You’re not gonna believe it!

**Applejack, Rarity:** (*rapid fire*) I found a super-valuable vintage item I just have to have, and all it’s gonna cost is all our stuff!

(*They simultaneously realize that their goals are mutually exclusive.*)

**Applejack, Rarity:** Uh-oh.

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the two mares walking across the grounds—Applejack in considerably higher spirits than Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** (*a bit snarky*) So…where is this valuable vintage item you want to trade everything we have for?

(*They arrive at a stall set up with an assortment of well-used cookware, whose operator is a bespectacled gray earth pony stallion in a sweater, shirt, and tie. Head-on close-up of Applejack and Rarity.*)

**Applejack:** (*pointing ahead*) There!

(*Zoom out to just behind the counter. She has indicated a stained pie tin, grinning at it while Rarity glances confusedly around herself for some moments.*)

**Rarity:** Where?

**Applejack:** Right there! (*The camera focus shifts to the item; close-up of it.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) But…that’s a dented old pie tin. (*Zoom out to frame Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** A dented *vintage* pie tin. The metal they used to fashion this one helps cook the pies up to five seconds faster!

(*Close-up of the soundly unimpressed unicorn.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s., holding it up*) They don’t make ’em like this anymore.

**Rarity:** (*managing a smile, floating it away/pushing Applejack’s hoof down*) I am so glad you showed that to me, darling.

(*The pie tin hits the counter hard enough to knock all the other items off, prompting a dumbfounded look from Applejack.*)

**Rarity:** Because once you see what I found… (*walking off*) …you won’t want to waste our trade goods on *that*.

(*Her giggle floats back as the blond mare follows. Cut to a close-up of a jeweled gold brooch designed as a flower blossom framed by two concentric circles. A red gem is set at the center, and green ones fill the spaces between the gold petals and the frame. On the start of the next line, zoom out to frame Rarity eyeing it adoringly.*)

**Rarity:** Just *look* at this gorgeous vintage brooch! It’s one of a kind.

(*Longer shot; she and Applejack are now at a jewelry counter. Applejack aims a puzzled glance at the item, then at her partner.*)

**Applejack:** It looks exactly like the one you’re already wearin’.

(*On the end of this, cut to an extreme close-up of the curled purple mane, which she pushes aside to expose an identical brooch pinned to the flap of Rarity’s saddlebag. Zoom out to frame the latter.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, yes, they may look the same, but I know it’s older, and that’s what makes it so much more divine.

**Applejack:** But that doesn’t make a lick of sense! Why, I wager if I switched ’em up, you wouldn’t even know the difference.

**Rarity:** (*pacing*) Oh, pfft, don’t be silly. Of course I would.

(*Applejack’s only response is to raise one eyebrow very slowly. Close-up of the counter; both brooches are dropped onto it, and as Rarity watches, Applejack switches them back and forth repeatedly. Her hooves move slowly at first, but steadily increase their tempo until they are visible only as an orange-tan blur. When she lifts them away, the two brooches continue to whirl in a circle for another moment until she claps one hoof down on each to stop them. Tilt up to her face as she uncovers them again.*)

**Applejack:** So which is the “vintage” one?

**Rarity:** (*without hesitation, pointing to her right*) That one, of course.

**Applejack:** Hah! You’re bluffin’!

**Rarity:** Am I? How can you tell?

**Applejack:** (*suddenly flustered, looking at both*) Well…because… (*Frustrated groan.*) …I can’t! ’Cause the one you want to waste our whole stash on is exactly the same as the one you already got! There’s no way anypony would notice the difference! (*She stalks off; Rarity floats the one on her left back into her own bag.*)

**Rarity:** I’d say it’s a lot more likely they’d notice *that* that some dented tin that cooked a pie a whole two seconds faster!

(*On the second half of this line, cut to an extreme close-up of a disgruntled Applejack, who stops short upon hearing Rarity’s crack about the cooking implement, then zoom out to frame both. Earth pony leans hard into unicorn’s face.*)

**Applejack:** It’s *five* seconds faster!

(*The two stand there and snarl at each other from point-blank range. A mare passes in front of them, very close to the camera. Behind her, the view wipes to a close-up of the orthros, whose two sets of jaws have locked onto the chain hooked into one collar and are hauling mightily in opposite directions. One link snaps, and the broken end is dropped to the ground as Rainbow steps up, followed by Fluttershy. The daredevil swallows hard at the sight of this monstrosity, but the animal lover only continues serenely across the green to stop just out of its reach. The orthros lunges toward her, snarling and barking up a storm, but the post and the tether on the second collar hold fast and keep her safe even as her mane/tail are blown backward. After enduring several seconds of this onslaught, she puts a hoof up to stroke under one chin, instantly silencing the creature and eliciting a happy whine and pant—along with plenty of fresh drool.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*petting one head, then the belly as it flops over*) Yes, such a good two-headed boy. Yes, you are.

(*Her ministrations get one hind leg twitching, then both of them. Cut to within the Ancient Beasts tent, the camera pointing out through its entrance; the dealer angrily eyes the critters glaring and reaching out from their crates.*)

**Beast dealer:** Stop that! Come on, don’t you start now too! (*He clomps out; cut to outside. Fluttershy backs away from the orthros.*)

**Rainbow:** Okay. I can see you’re busy, so I’ll give it to you straight. (*holding up her horseshoe*) I need to trade this horseshoe for…

(*Cut to the giant canine—now scratching at a flea—and the boss regarding it quizzically.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) …that.

**Beast dealer:** Nope!

(*Fluttershy and Rainbow again; Rainbow moans sadly. Snarls from the stallion’s direction.*)

**Beast dealer:** (*from o.s.*) Down, boy! (*Back to him; the orthros’ mouths are worrying a pole with a lantern on one end.*) Watch out for the lamp!

(*Too late; it goes flying off and shatters on the ground. He regards the bits glumly.*)

**Beast dealer:** Well, I *could* use another lamp.

(*Rainbow reacts as if he has just said the secret word on You Bet Your Life. Wipe to a close-up of a lamp styled as a full-color statue of Discord, the bulb held in the lion paw. On the start of the next line, zoom out to frame the two mares walking up to this counter, which displays…*)

**Rainbow:** A whole stand filled with Discord-shaped lamps? Seriously?

**Fluttershy:** They really do have *everything* at the Traders’ Exchange.

(*The one in question even has a shade around its waist, similar to the one the trickster put together in “Keep Calm and Flutter On.” Rainbow hurries over to the dealer, Stellar Eclipse: brown pegasus stallion, purple/black mane, purple eyes, hind legs supported by a wheeled dolly strapped around his midsection.*)

**Rainbow:** (*rapid fire*) Will you trade a lamp for my horseshoe so I can trade it for an orthros and get my book? (*A beat of silence.*)

**Stellar:** No. (*Rainbow’s face falls almost to her knees.*) But I’d trade it for an antique chicken. (*She and Fluttershy perk up…*)

**Rainbow:** Great! (*…then become very puzzled.*) What’s an *antique* chicken?

(*Behind them, the background cuts to a different stretch of the fields. A campy, flamboyant stallion’s voice speaks up.*)

**Campy voice:** Oh, I got all kinds of antique chicken statues.

(*Fluttershy moves a bit closer; cut to a longer shot, framing both this new tent—with chicken sculptures in various sizes—and its proprietor. Medium brown, long-legged earth pony stallion; well-coiffed dark brown mane/tail; yellow-brown eyes behind spectacles; navy blue blazer over a broad-collared white shirt and orange neck cravat; cutie mark of three eggs.*)

**Chicken dealer:** I got your blue hens, speckled grays, your—

**Rainbow:** (*hastily*) Okay, cool! So, will you trade one for a horseshoe so I can trade it for a lamp and then trade it for an orthros so I can get my book?

(*As she starts reeling off items, the camera cuts from one to the next and the rest of her line is delivered as a voice over. The lamp has the pieced-together look of the one Discord built, as if assembled from broken fragments. From the book, pan quickly back to Fluttershy and Rainbow, the latter chewing her lip nervously. However, the dealer gives he a penetrating stare for a moment before reacting.*)

**Chicken dealer:** (*rubbing chin thoughtfully*) Well, let me think…uh, no. (*Both mares sigh and start to leave, but stop at his next words.*) But I’d gladly trade one of my chickens for a crystal chalice.

(*Two broad smiles pass between the blue and yellow faces. Wipe to another bit of the Exchange grounds, which includes a set of bleacher seats topped by a throne on the top row—the royal box seat Pinkie mentioned in Act One. Set up near the bleachers is a tent stocked with fine glassware and staffed by a light yellow earth pony mare whose mane is two shades of light blue. Rainbow flashes down into view and lands in front of it, heaving for breath.*)

**Rainbow:** Hang on a sec. (*She pulls in a bushel of air as Fluttershy slowly touches down, then continues at full speed.*) We need a crystal chalice to trade for a chicken to trade for a lamp to trade for an orthros!

(*Cut to each of the last three items as she names it, then back to the pair.*)

**Rainbow:** So what are you willing to trade for?

(*Close-up of the dealer, whose eyes are bright blue and shadowed in lavender; she wears a pink blouse with a necklace and jeweled brooch. She makes as if to speak before Rainbow’s voice cuts her off; back to the pair on the start of the following.*)

**Rainbow:** I’m guessing it’s gotta be some crazy thing way across the Exchange.

**Crystal dealer:** Actually, I could use a slightly rusty old horseshoe.

**Rainbow:** (*walking off*) Yeah, but where am I gonna find— (*She stops dead as the words sink in.*) *Wait!* (*Slap it down on the counter.*) I’ve got one of those!

(*A chalice is passed across to her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*to Fluttershy*) Now that we’ve got the chalice, this is gonna be a cinch!

**Fluttershy:** Do you really think so?

**Rainbow:** All we gotta do is bring this thing to the chicken stand, and we are—

(*She gets her hooves around the vessel to lift it—and it collapses into a pile of shards before her eyes, prompting a double scream of panic. Wipe to a close-up of the banner strung above Twilight’s table, a couple of pegasi flitting past above it, and tilt down to the tall stacks of books on display. The Princess straightens up into view, thoroughly confused.*)

**Twilight:** You want me to trade *all* my books for a broken pen?

(*Cut to the pony on the other end of this deal—a pegasus filly who has a busted quill in her teeth. She nods heartily.*)

**Twilight:** All right, fine. (*Each holds out a front hoof toward the other.*) You got yourself a— (*Pinkie zips in to shove them apart.*)

**Pinkie:** STOP!! (*to Twilight*) What are you doing?

**Twilight:** I *was* trying to get rid of all the books I don’t need anymore.

**Pinkie:** (*glancing across the way*) For *that?* Do you *reeeeeeeally* want that?

**Twilight:** Well, not really, but…I’m running out of library space, so—

**Pinkie:** (*zipping around her*) Oh my gosh, oh my gosh, oh my gosh! (*She jumps up and climbs onto Twilight’s neck/shoulders.*) I can’t believe that almost happened! But luckily it didn’t happen, thanks to me.

**Twilight:** What are you talking about?

(*Pinkie hops off, reaches up, and pulls down the bottom end of a densely covered scroll out of nowhere.*)

**Pinkie:** According to the rules of the Exchange, a trade is only fair if both ponies end up with something they want. (*She grabs Twilight’s cheeks and pulls her in close.*) You can’t break the rules! (*Zip away.*) Did anypony see you do it? (*Hop around the place.*) I don’t think anypony saw.

(*Now she spots the filly with the bad quill, who just smiles and lifts a hoof; Pinkie whips over and glowers into her face.*)

**Pinkie:** But *you* are not gonna say anything, are you?! (*Smile and laugh.*) Just kidding! (*Hostile sidelong glare.*) Or am I?! (*Smile.*) Sometimes I can’t even tell. (*Unhinged giggle.*)

(*This is too much for the filly, who shrinks down, drops the quill, and sprints away. The list of rules has been rolled up and o.s.*)

**Twilight:** (*sidling up, nudging Pinkie*) You know, if you want to go check out the rest of the Exchange and trade whatever you brought…

**Pinkie:** Nope! I just came to pony-watch. (*gently pushing Twilight back*) I’m not going anywhere. I won’t let you make a mistake like that again.

(*Zipping off at warp speed, she dons a straw boater hat with a blue band, a bow tie to match it, and a dark gray fake mustache on the end of her snout. Cut to a close-up of her, leaning out over a lectern, and zoom out slowly as she goes into full carnival-barker mode. The lectern sports a picture of Twilight surrounded by hearts.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey, everypony, step right up! Do not walk! Gallop over here for your chance to trade for authentic, one-of-a-kind, official Princess merchandise!

(*The camera motion reveals a mortified Twilight looking on, and the spiel begins to attract quite a few onlookers, including at least one fully sparked-out crystal pony mare. She ends by holding up a book; Twilight groans loudly at this very weird turn of events. A rain of hardbacks tumbles down over the screen; behind them, wipe to an extreme close-up of the chalice Rainbow broke. It has been sloppily pieced back together with glue, tape, and a bandage or two, and Fluttershy applies a dollop from the tube in her mouth. She backs away so that a thoroughly besmirched Rainbow can transfer the last piece from her own teeth, and the camera zooms out to frame the whole chalice before cutting to a head-on view of the two mares. Fluttershy has emerged intact and put the glue away, but Rainbow has globs and tape scraps all over herself, leaving her mane a hopeless multicolored tangle. The tape dispenser itself hangs from one ear.*)

**Rainbow:** Well, *that* took forever.

**Fluttershy:** I just hope it looks okay.

(*Cut to the chicken dealer, polishing one of the poultry statues at his table. Rainbow reaches into view and sets the badly repaired chalice in front of him; he scrutinizes the offering from every conceivable angle for some moments, then breaks into a huge smile.*)

**Chicken dealer:** This is *perfect!*

(*One quick duck behind the table, and he has come up with a hammer in his teeth and used it to smash the chalice to bits all over again. Back to Fluttershy and Rainbow, who gasp in sheer fright—Rainbow now cleaned up.*)

**Chicken dealer:** Perfect for the broken-chalice mosaic I’m making!

(*On the end of this, pan away from him to the artwork in question, which depicts a grinning chicken lounging against a cushion. He leans into view in front of it.*)

**Chicken dealer:** All right, so what kind of antique chicken do you want?

(*Cut to just behind the row of statues, the camera pointing out at Fluttershy and Rainbow.*)

**Chicken dealer:** (*from o.s., pointing them out*) I got speckled, brown, gray… (*They turn away; he continues under the following.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh, no! The pony we’re supposed to trade the chicken statue to didn’t tell us what kind he wanted! Okay, look. I’m fast. I’ll fly over to the lamp stand and find out what kind of chicken he wants. Just don’t let anypony trade for any chicken while I’m gone, okay?

**Fluttershy:** Um, well, okay. (*A stallion approaches the table.*) Um, I can do that…I think.

(*The blue flyer takes off as the dealer finally falls quiet. When the would-be customer leans in to run an eye over one statue, Fluttershy inserts herself between it and him.*)

**Fluttershy:** Um, well, maybe you shouldn’t get one of those? (*A very nasty look sets her to crawling away, her voice failing.*) You know, unless you really want to?

(*Up above, Rainbow takes in this development with a frustrated groan; back at the table, the dealer and stallion are just about to complete a trade when she zooms down to plant herself between them.*)

**Rainbow:** (*to stallion*) Beat it! (*He does so; she scowls at the returning Fluttershy’s embarrassed grin.*) You go. I’ll stay here.

(*Her trading buddy nods at this suggestion. Wipe to a close-up of Rarity’s saddlebags and Applejack’s bulging sack resting on the ground. They are sitting on their haunches, backs turned to the cargo and each other, and a zoom out shows them with forelegs stubbornly crossed.*)

**Rarity:** Well… (*She glances over at Applejack; Fluttershy wings past overhead.*) …since we can’t both get what we want, *I* will be the better friend. (*Push both bags toward Applejack.*) You take our trade goods and…get what you want.

**Applejack:** (*needled*) I’m an amazin’ friend! So even though it’s for somethin’ that don’t seem valuable at all… (*standing, pushing bags to Rarity*) …*you* take our stash. (*Rarity gets up.*)

**Rarity:** How dare you let me get what *I* want! (*Applejack sits.*) What kind of friend do you think I am? (*Fluttershy flies back; Rarity shoves the bags to Applejack.*) You’re going to get what *you* want. (*Applejack stands.*)

**Applejack:** (*pushing bags across*) No, *you* are!

**Rarity:** (*pushing*) No, *you* are!

(*This time, Rainbow is first across the sky, with a chicken statue in her grip and Fluttershy following. Applejack and Rarity continue their face-off by shoving the two loads of trade goods back and forth. Wipe to a close-up of one corner of Stellar’s counter; Rainbow reaches up past its edge, sets the statue down, and stands up after it.*)

**Rainbow:** Hello? (*She looks around impatiently and bangs on the counter as Fluttershy walks up.*) We got the kind of chicken you asked for!

(*Cut to just behind a post on which a small sign has been hung to face away from the camera. Fluttershy moves over to this; behind her; Spike is still haggling with the comic dealer.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Hello?…Where’s the pony running this joint? (*She flies over and reads the sign.*) “On break”?!?

(*Groaning loudly, she seizes Fluttershy and hoists her away from the tent. Wipe to an overhead shot of Twilight’s table, where the crowd continues to grow thanks to Pinkie’s sales pitch.*)

**Pinkie:** These books made Twilight the princess she is! Before that, she was nothing. Big fat zero.

**Twilight:** Hey!

**Pinkie:** Then she read these books… (*Pull the boater off, exposing a paper crown beneath.*) …and *voilà*! Princess! So who wants to start the bidding?

(*Instantly, every single pony in the crowd is shouting offers and/or holding up items to trade. Twilight whisks over to the lectern and waves to them with a very strained grin.*)

**Twilight:** Uh, just a moment, please! (*aside; crowd falls silent*) Pinkie, I appreciate your help and all, but I’m not sure I’m comfortable with this. Nopony should trade for my books just because I’m a princess. (*Cut to the spectators; she continues o.s.*) I’m not better than anypony else. (*Back to the pair; Pinkie throws a foreleg around her shoulders.*)

**Pinkie:** (*whispering loudly*) I know you’re not better than everypony. Just leave this to me!

(*A good hard shove sends the winged unicorn tumbling away from the lectern; now Pinkie turns her attention back to the crowd.*)

**Pinkie:** Did I mention that *Princess* Twilight got these books from *Princess* *Celestia?*

**Crystal pony mare:** Whoa, wait. You don’t mean—

**Pinkie:** Oh, that’s right!

(*She whips out a paper copy of Princess Celestia’s tiara and puts it on over the crown she is already wearing. Zoom out slowly.*)

**Pinkie:** Double Princess!

(*The clamor starts all over again; meanwhile, Twilight has begun to blush, but it fades away as she puts an exasperated hoof to her face. Wipe to a busy snack wagon and pan along the very long line of waiting ponies toward its far end; Rainbow swoops in, sets Fluttershy on the dirt, and touches down as well. A quick bit of looking around, after which Fluttershy points toward the end of the line.*)

**Fluttershy:** There he is!

(*Cut to a long shot of Stellar among the waiting customers and zoom in to a close-up. He backs up a couple of feet before the airborne advance of the two pegasi.*)

**Rainbow:** Look. (*Touch down.*) I know it’s your break and all, but you’ve gotta open your stand so we can trade you for a lamp! (*Loud rumble from his gut.*)

**Stellar:** Sorry, girls. Been trading all day. My belly’s telling me it’s time to eat an oat burger.

**Rainbow:** (*pleading*) Oh, come on, *pleeease?*

**Fluttershy:** Pretty, pretty please?

(*Now they cut loose with their most devastating weapon: a double pout topped by four huge, shining, begging eyes.*)

**Stellar:** Sorry. Belly says no. (*Rainbow flies up.*)

**Rainbow:** (*gesturing at slowly descending sun*) But the Exchange ends at sundown!

**Stellar:** No!

(*Dropping back to the ground, she directs a withering glare toward the famished dealer, then turns her eyes toward the snack wagon. Pan briefly to it, then cut back to her and Fluttershy.*)

**Rainbow:** I’ve got an idea.

(*She takes wing, her friend following hesitantly. At the counter, the wagon’s cook tosses a loaded bag from his mouth into that of a customer, who walks off; a unicorn takes his place, floating some money over and getting a bag slung into her teeth in close-up. The chef is surprised by the sound of the next voice.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Next!

(*Cut to her and Fluttershy, now inside the wagon and checking over the cooking equipment. Rainbow tosses a couple of burger patties from a cabinet, forcing Fluttershy to bob and weave so she can catch them in the frying pan whose handle she gets in her teeth. This is set on a stove burner to heat, and she snatches a spatula to flip the food a couple of times and then whips them across to Rainbow, who catches them in two buns she is holding up. The finished oat burgers are tossed into a pair of waiting bags on the floor; she stomps the free end of the plank on which they are placed, launching them upward so she can buck them over the counter. Cherry Berry and a stallion catch the orders in their mouths and hurry away.*)

**Rainbow:** Next!

(*Two more hungry ponies get sacks slung out to them…*)

**Rainbow:** Next!

(*…then two more, the camera panning slowly away from the wagon.*)

**Rainbow:** Next! (*Two more; now she is o.s.*) Next!

(*The line begins to speed up. Wipe to the front of the Ancient Beasts tent, the camera angled to point up toward its sign from a short distance away. The broken-fragment Discord lamp is lifted into view, its bulb clicking on, and a longer shot shows the dealer holding it up and grinning. Next to him is the post to which the orthros had been leashed, the rope that had been tied to one collar—but no giant canine. Pan slowly away from him, past the comic tent—whose operator is shaking his head at Spike’s offer—and to Fluttershy and Rainbow leading the orthros across the grounds. They have its lead in their teeth and are hauling for all they are worth; one of the two shaggy heads pants happily, looking back at its former owner. Rainbow lets go after a few more feet.*)

**Rainbow:** We’re home free!

(*She is immediately crushed to the dirt by the overly enthusiastic behemoth, which proceeds to drool all over her.*)

**Rainbow:** As long as this thing doesn’t drown us in slobber.

**Fluttershy:** Oh, he’s just an affectionate little two-headed fellow. (*to it*) Aren’t you, little boy?

(*A scratch under each chin earns her a very happy lick on the cheek and sends a few more gobbets of saliva down on the scowling, pinned pegasus. Wipe to Applejack and Rainbow, still in the heat of their standoff over their two bags of trade goods.*)

**Applejack:** No, *I* insist! (*pushing them across*) You go fetch what *you* want, ’cause that’s the kind of tried-and-true friend I am. (*Rarity shoves them back with a groan.*)

**Rarity:** I am way too generous to let *you* out-friend me like that!

(*White and orange-tan faces lean over the cargo to bore into each other with their eyes. Dissolve to a crowd of milling ponies, which slowly dissipates to reveal Fluttershy and Rainbow leading the orthros along; Rainbow is up and dry, and Fluttershy has the leash connected to a foreleg. Cut to the crowd again, which clears to give a long shot of the Daring Do dealer’s stand, and zoom in quickly to a close-up. She has cleared the counter and is packing her wares into boxes; back to them, Rainbow’s face contorting into a mighty grimace.*)

**Rainbow:** We gotta hurry!

(*With Fluttershy lagging behind due to the orthros, she tries to make headway along the aisle only to be blocked at every turn by passing mares and stallions. She looks ahead with a gasp, the camera panning slowly in an overhead shot to pick out the dense rows of ponies moving in alternating directions to block a clear run at the dealer.*)

**Rainbow:** We’re never gonna get to the Daring Do stand through this crowd in time!

(*She puts a despairing hoof to her face, but Fluttershy soon smiles as a brainstorm strikes behind the blue-green eyes. A bit of digging around under her wing yields the bear call she brought along to trade, and the lungful of air she sends through it produces a guttural roar that sends every pony within earshot bolting away in terror. Every pony, that is, except the Daring Do dealer, who just dives for cover behind her table.*)

**Rainbow:** Come on!

(*She grabs the collar to which the leash is not attached and hauls forward. The jerk causes Fluttershy to lose her hold on the bear call, and she strains futilely toward its resting place in the dirt as she is dragged along. Cut to her receding perspective of it, soon lost among the bustling equines.*)

**Fluttershy:** My bear call! (*Back to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** We gotta go! (*Fluttershy gives up her struggle.*)

**Fluttershy:** Of course. It’s just a bear call. (*smiling*) There’s nothing I could’ve traded it for that’s more valuable to me than you.

(*The orthros flops to the ground in front of the Daring Do dealer’s tent, taking Rainbow with it.*)

**Rainbow:** (*sighing*) Okay. (*She stands up.*) The Exchange is almost over, but we did it. We traded a crystal chalice for an antique chicken.

**Fluttershy:** And the chicken for a lamp.

**Rainbow:** And the lamp for an orthros, just like you asked.

(*As each of the first three objects is mentioned, cut to it next to its original owner; the corresponding portions of the previous three lines are delivered in voice over. On “for an orthros,” cut back to it and Rainbow; each head barks cheerfully, and she flies over to the counter.*)

**Rainbow:** So here you go! Now where’s my book?

**Daring Do dealer:** (*slowly, uncertainly*) Yeah, you know, the thing is…I don’t want an orthros anymore.

(*The huge grin on Rainbow’s face does not waver even a millimeter, suggesting that her brain has completely locked up at these words.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*stammering*) But…what do we do now?

(*Finally the blue flyer’s mind and muscles give out at once; she voices a quavery moan and crumples to the ground in a faint. Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of the unconscious Rainbow laid out on the grass. The orthros’ panting is heard from o.s., and a dollop of its saliva splatters on her cheek to bring her around. Cut to her perspective of it and Fluttershy—blurry at first, but quickly coming into focus.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, goodness! Oh, goodness!

(*Back to Rainbow, who reacts to the next glob of wetness with a disgusted cry and a wipe at her face. She sits up to her haunches with a groan, scraping at her sodden mane.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*scratching under one of its chins*) Good boy!

(*Cut to the counter, where Rainbow—now clean and dry, and plenty steamed—hauls herself up.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey! You said you wanted an orthros!

**Daring Do dealer:** I’ve been watching that thing over in the Ancient Beasts booth. (*twirling a front hoof by her temple*) It’s crazy! I don’t want one in my house!

(*To which the “thing” responds with a pair of threatening, slavering growls; it quickly calms down at her soothing words and touch.*)

**Fluttershy:** There, there, that’s a good orthros. (*to dealer*) You just have to know how to treat them. With a little patient training— (*holding a cloth up to catch drool*) —and a big slobber mop, they can be a wonderful household pet.

(*An ebullient bound carries it to the counter; the dealer hunkers fearfully down, but smiles and laughs as both tongues commence to licking her.*)

**Daring Do dealer:** All right, all right. (*She pushes it back.*) I’ll trade you.

(*Close-up of the treasured first edition being held aloft in her hoof.*)

**Rainbow:** Yes!

(*She lets her tongue loll out, matching those of the beast, and all three sets of chops get licked in unison.*)

**Rainbow:** (*blissfully*) Ahhhh… (*Cut to Fluttershy.*)

**Daring Do dealer:** (*from o.s., pointing at her; zoom in slowly*) If *she* comes and stays with us in Manehattan until it’s trained!

**Fluttershy:** Gosh. (*Both dog heads lean in…*) Training an orthros takes a long time. (*…and nuzzle her.*) I’ll probably be gone from Ponyville for…I don’t even know how many moons.

(*Rainbow takes no notice of her friend’s internal conflict, as the treasured book has captured her undivided attention.*)

**Fluttershy:** But if that is what you really want… (*At the counter, the dealer is cleaned up now.*)

**Daring Do dealer:** So we got a fair deal?

**Rainbow:** (*grabbing book*) Of course it’s a deal! (*laughing*) Yeah! Whoo!

(*She rockets skyward, leaving a rainbow contrail behind herself as she zips wildly in every possible direction. After several seconds, she stops with an ecstatic shriek.*)

**Rainbow:** I did it, I did it! (*Open the book.*) Fluttershy, can you believe it?

(*No response; she closes the cover and looks toward the ground, now thoroughly puzzled. Cut to just behind her, watching Fluttershy walk behind the dealer and lead the orthros along. In close up, reality begins to sink in through the multi-hued mane and sky-blue noggin.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh, no! What did I do?

(*On the start of the next line, pan slightly to an overhead shot of Twilight’s table and the considerable throng of potential customers that has now gathered. Pinkie has done away with her fake crown and tiara and donned her boater again.*)

**Pinkie:** Who’s got something valuable enough to trade for *Princess* Twilight’s *princess* books that she got from *Princess* Celestia? (*Close-up.*) Did I say “princess”?

(*Zoom out at the sound of a grunt to frame a couple of ponies, one of whom—Minuette—is waving.*)

**Minuette:** Over here! Over here! (*She floats up a sizable gem.*)

**Pinkie:** (*scornfully*) Oh, come on! (*stepping over to Twilight, hamming it up*) These are the books the Princess would sit up with all night— (*jumping up, grabbing Twilight’s neck/shoulders*) —with nothing to read by but the light of her own horn!

(*A toy is held up next; she whips back to the lectern for a better look.*)

**Pinkie:** Ooooh, now that looks fun—but not fun enough! (*It is withdrawn; she holds up one tome.*) These are the books that made Twilight the princess she is! (*Cut to Twilight, now smiling, then back as she continues.*) So who’s got what it takes to trade for them?

**Stallion:** (*glumly*) Well, when you put it like that…

(*The others quickly pick up on his mood and disperse in a cloud of dejected mumbling, taking all their swag with them.*)

**Pinkie:** Wait! Stop! Come back! (*Close-up.*) Uh, these books aren’t *that* great. (*Nervous laugh; zoom out to frame Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*proudly*) Oh, yes, they are!

**Pinkie:** But I thought you wanted to get rid of them.

**Twilight:** (*walking to table*) None of those ponies had anything valuable enough to trade for my books. (*Pinkie hops over to her.*) Not because these books belong to a princess, but because they helped make me who I am, just like you said.

(*Backing up a few steps, she levitates one off the pile.*)

**Twilight:** This is the one I was so absorbed in the day Spike decided he owed Applejack a life debt. (*Set it down; bring up another.*) And this one reminds me of the day I got it, which was the day I met you. I may not ever need to read these again— (*holding it to her chest*) —but that doesn’t mean they don’t have value. I realize that now, thanks to you, Pinkie.

(*The first of these is a reference to the events of “Spike at Your Service.”*)

**Pinkie:** I told you I’d take care of everything. (*Rainbow whooshes down in a panic, knocking Twilight down and the book away.*)

**Rainbow:** Twilight! I need you to say a trade wasn’t fair—*fast!*

(*The prone Princess grimaces a bit at the request. Wipe to a long shot of the now-empty bleachers, the aisle up the middle cordoned off with a velvet rope. Twilight now sits in the royal box seat on the top row, while the wheelers and dealers have gathered in front to pay attention. She is wearing the small gold tiara she received at the end of Part Two of “Princess Twilight Sparkle,” and a gavel rests off to one side. On opposite sides of the path leading up to the bleachers are Rainbow, with her book propped on a stand; and Fluttershy, the dealer, and the orthros. Behind the entire tableau, the sky has darkened into the dusky pink of sunset.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve heard what you both have to say—

(*Cut to Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rainbow, the dealer, and the orthros, all waiting apprehensively for her next words. Pinkie has shed her boater, bow tie, and mustache.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) —and I’m sorry, Rainbow Dash— (*Close-up of her.*) —but my hooves are tied. You said it was a fair trade.

**Rainbow:** Yeah, I said it. But I was wrong! I did want that book. A lot. I said I wanted it more than anything in all of Equestria.

(*Cut to Twilight on the end of this, then back to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** But there’s no thing that’s worth as much to me as a friend. (*Fluttershy smiles gently; the dealer’s hard expression stays in place.*) I might have forgotten that for a little bit, but it’s true. Which means there’s no way this trade can be fair!

(*Cut to a close-up of Fluttershy, who smiles again as the full import of these words settles on her, then zoom out to frame the irritated dealer.*)

**Daring Do dealer:** Oh, come on! That’s… (*Pause; she smiles and begins to tear up, wiping her eyes.*) …the sweetest thing I’ve ever heard. Okay. The trade’s off!

(*Exuberant cheers from the spectators; Rainbow returns the book to the dealer, then tackles Fluttershy to the ground in a joyous hug. The overgrown mutt gets in on the fun by landing on both pegasi and putting its tongues to work on their faces. Up above, Twilight is now levitating the gavel, which can be seen from this close distance to have a rainbow-striped band around its head.*)

**Twilight:** And with that, I declare this trial, and this year’s Rainbow Falls Traders’ Exchange, over! (*She pounds the gavel once.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hopping away*) Woo-hoo!

(*Pan from the bleachers to follow Fluttershy and Rainbow—clean of drool—as they lead the orthros away, and stop at the comic tent. Spike is still here, cautiously extending his comic book toward the dealer; the geeky stallion does likewise with a second issue, and each snatches the one held by the other with a big smile. As the dealer hugs his new acquisition to his chest, Spike peels out at full speed.*)

(*Dissolve to a close-up of him on a bench inside the train that brought the group to Rainbow Falls. They are on the way home, judging from the nighttime scenery scrolling past the window, and he proudly holds up his new comic so the cover is in full view. Zoom out to frame Twilight, Pinkie, and Rarity on other seats. The Princess still has her entire box of books and is digging into one of them, while the pink pony gives an approving nod at Spike’s choice. Twilight is no longer wearing her tiara. Rarity glances worriedly toward the other side of the car; cut to Applejack over here, staring morosely out the window. A battered, discolored pie tin is floated over to land on her hoof, surprising her considerably. Both she and Rarity have dispensed with their respective bags.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) I know it’s not the pie tin you were after— (*Cut to frame both; Rarity sits down alongside. Rainbow is behind them, Fluttershy farther back.*) —but I hope you like it. It’s the rustiest piece of junk I could get. (*Applejack smiles.*)

**Applejack:** Huh. (*She removes her hat and looks inside.*) Well, I took *my* half of our stash and got you this.

(*The old brown cover is held out toward the white unicorn; cut to her perspective as it is tilted slightly toward her. Inside is a small brooch consisting of a purple gem with a clasp attached. Back to Rarity, her eyes shining at the sight.*)

**Rarity:** Ohhhhh… (*She floats it out.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) And I *know* you’re gonna love it— (*Cut to her; the hat goes back on.*) —’cause you already have a buncha ones that look exactly the same sittin’ in a drawer doin’ nothin’.(*Big grin.*) So that should settle it once and for all which of us is the better friend. (*Rainbow turns to them.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh, come on! You both gave up what you wanted to do something for each other. (*hovering near Fluttershy*) That’s the coolest thing a friend can do. Trust me. I know.

(*Her wink to Fluttershy is met with a grateful smile; now Pinkie comes across the aisle to them.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey! Where’s your double doggie? (*Rainbow settles back to her seat.*)

**Rainbow:** I traded it for something *way* better.

(*Close-up of a whistle set with a bird carving, a hole bored through the beak. It rests on Fluttershy’s hoof, and she blows into the mouthpiece, generating a very respectable twitter. Within seconds a bird has flown in through the open window and lit on her other hoof, responding in kind and prompting her to smile. She has ended up with the bird whistle she was trying to get before losing her bear call and being dragged into Rainbow’s single-minded quest.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Well, what do you know?

(*Her magic lifts a severely battered volume into view—the same title Rainbow was after all this time. Cut to her on the start of the next line.*)

**Twilight:** My copy of *Daring Do and the Sapphire Statue*. (*floating it across*) It’s just a beat-up old paperback, not a one-of-a-kind first edition. (*Cut to Rainbow, now hovering and holding it; she gasps happily and hugs it tight.*)

**Rainbow:** Even better! (*She settles down next to Fluttershy.*) Because I can read this one with all my friends.

(*She transfers the embrace to the yellow pegasus, whose bird jumps off her hoof and hovers near the window. Rainbow opens the book, the other four mares and one dragon gathering around to listen to her reading, and Twilight giggles softly to herself as the view fades to black.*)