**MAKE NEW FRIENDS BUT KEEP DISCORD**

**Written by Natasha Levinger**

**Produced by Devon Cody**

**Story editing by M.A. Larson**

**Supervising direction by Jayson Thiessen**

**Directed by Jim Miller**

**Transcribed by Alan Back (**[**ajback@yahoo.com**](mailto:ajback@yahoo.com)**)**

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Fluttershy’s cottage during the day. Zoom in slowly as a couple of birds fly by, twittering happily.*)

**Discord:** (*from inside, laughing*) But that’s not all.

(*Inside, the two are seated at a small table set with a teapot and two cups/saucers. He reclines on a couch; she sits in a chair.*)

**Discord:** When I went to look for them again, they were on the ceiling!

**Fluttershy:** (*giggling, as he floats a cup/saucer to her*) Oh, Discord, I’ve never known anypony as funny as you. I love that story about the time you tried to train you right paw… (*Another fit of the giggles.*) …to fetch your left leg!

(*She gets herself back under control.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, I do love our Tuesday teas. (*Discord sips from his cup.*) And I can’t wait for you to meet my friend Tree Hugger. (*He lowers it, surprised.*) She’s going to love you too.

**Discord:** Tree…Hugger? (*He lets go with a hearty laugh.*)

**Fluttershy:** I met her on a trip to see the Breezies. She’s a member of the Equestrian Society for the Preservation of Rare Creatures.

(*She is referring to the journey that took her out of Ponyville for the duration of “Three’s a Crowd.” Close-up of the draconequus.*)

**Discord:** (*sourly*) How nice for you. (*He takes a bite out of his cup, chomping noisily.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) We’re all gonna have so much fun together at the Grand Galloping Gala!

(*That snaps him out of his sullen reverie in an instant. During the next line, he throws his cup/saucer aside, the table floats up and o.s., and he scoots his couch closer.*)

**Discord:** Oh, I was wondering when you were going to ask me. I’d love to. (*He leans expectantly over the couch’s arm toward her.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*deflating*) Oh…oh, no. Um, I’m afraid I’ve already asked Tree Hugger.

(*Close-up of Discord, whose hopeful smile turns into a grimace as he straightens his neck to its full vertical height.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) I’m sorry, Discord. (*Back to her; he walks past.*) I assumed you’d have your own ticket, since you and Princess Celestia are friends now.

(*He stops at the front door and magicks a smoking jacket onto himself during the next line.*)

**Fluttershy:** Were you not invited?

**Discord:** Who, me? It…probably got lost in the mail. No biggie, as the foals say. (*bitterly, floating off the floor*) Well, gotta go!

**Fluttershy:** (*holding up a tray of snacks*) But we haven’t had any of our Tuesday tea cakes!

(*The whole lot is unceremoniously removed from her grip and dumped into the front of his jacket.*)

**Discord:** (*tossing tray aside*) Well, I guess we’re just going to have to exclude them from our party this time. (*chuckling falsely, producing/donning a cloth cap*) Oh, did I say that out—ah, I mean, ta-ta.

(*He winks out, leaving the levitating table and teapot to hit the floor near a flabbergasted Fluttershy. Snap to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to Spike’s bedroom in Twilight’s castle. He is conked out in his bed and sawing logs, feet and head having traded places on the mattress.*)

**Spike:** (*mumbling, talking in sleep*) …more gemstones…

(*He snaps to full consciousness in one terrible instant once Discord slithers up to stare him down at point-blank range. The only sounds he can immediately manage are a couple of panic-stricken cries as those red eyes bore into his green ones.*)

**Discord:** (*menacingly*) Where’s Twilight?

**Spike:** (*hastily*) Um, she’s in Canterlot helping Princess Celestia with the Gala!

(*His interrogator responds by giving a crooked, calculating smile and vanishing. Spike sits up, hitching in his breath and wrapping the bed’s blanket around himself. Full-body shivers take hold as he glances around the room. From here, cut to the exterior of the Carousel Boutique and zoom in slowly.*)

**Rarity:** (*from inside, giddily*) Oh, your first Grand Galloping Gala!

(*Cut to a close-up of her in the ground-floor showroom, manipulating ribbon, gem, and fabric flower in her telekinetic grip.*)

**Rarity:** The excitement. The anticipation! (*tying a bow*) I wouldn’t miss this for all the jewels in Equestria!

(*On the end of this, cut to an extreme close-up of the bow as it settles onto Sweetie Belle’s back. A quick zoom out frames both her and Scootaloo standing on the showroom’s three-mirror platform and attired in formal dresses. Sweetie: light blue, with slightly darker blue edging at hem and across the chest; jewel brooch, sash around midsection, and bow all in light green, a blue flower nestled in her mane. Scootaloo: light lavender gown just behind her wings, with darker accents on skirt and chest; violet sash around midsection; small feathered headpiece in pink and light yellow, accented by a purple dragonfly with light yellow wings. Both fillies are absolutely ecstatic at the new threads and the reason for them.*)

**Scootaloo, Sweetie:** (*jumping in place*) We’re going to the Gala! We’re going to the Gala! We’re going to the Gala!

(*On the latter part of this, Rarity floats the leftovers away and the camera pans to Applejack and Rainbow Dash, putting the platform o.s. These two are playing cards, the earth pony sitting on her haunches, the pegasus hovering across from her; the rest of the deck is on a stool between them.*)

**Applejack:** All right, y’all. (*putting her cards on the deck*) Keep it down. It ain’t like it’s a life-changing experience or noth— (*Glance over shoulder; eyes pop; jaw goes slack.*) —iiiinnnnggg…

(*A changing room curtain slides open to expose the reason for her derailed train of thought during this jaundiced recollection of the events of “The Best Night Ever.” Inside stands Apple Bloom, decked out in a white/pink dress with flower accents at chest and mane. Like the other two Cutie Mark Crusaders, she is top-to-bottom thrilled at this new circumstance. Applejack tears up as a skeptical Rainbow shifts position to get a better look, still holding her cards.*)

**Applejack:** (*as Bloom trots across the room*) My little sister’s all grown up!

(*Wiping her eyes dry, she sniffles and blows her nose on the closest thing she can grab—which just happens to be Rainbow’s tail.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey!

(*She yanks it back. Cut to the platform; Bloom has now joined the other two here for a giggle, just in time for the center mirror of the three to blink as if it were a giant eye. The reflective surface is replaced by a yellow expanse, the same shade as the whites of Discord’s eyes, and one beady red pupil swings down to watch.*)

**Crusaders:** This is gonna be the best night ever!

(*Only now do they fully notice the quick change, prompting them to scream and dive off the platform. The giant eye shrinks back to normal size and retreats into Discord’s head, leaving an empty spot between the other two mirrors. Having removed the jacket and cap he donned at the end of the prologue, he leans over to Applejack, behind whose legs Bloom has taken cover.*)

**Discord:** (*hesitantly*) I don’t suppose that, uh— (*stroking Bloom’s chin; she and Applejack scowl*) —these adorable little cutie pies have their own tickets to the Gross Gruesome Gala, do they?

(*The cutie pie he is addressing slaps his lion paw away and blows a hearty raspberry. Before the face-off can escalate any further, though, the sound of Rarity clearing her throat breaks in. Cut to her, with Sweetie hunched down alongside.*)

**Rarity:** To answer your rather rude question— (*Sweetie stands up.*) —they’re going as *our* dates. (*Foreleg over Sweetie’s back; pull her close.*) Our plus-ones!

**Sweetie:** (*full volume, sing-song*) We’re plus-ones! (*Bloom and Scootaloo zip over.*)

**Crusaders:** We’re plus-ones! (*Back to Discord, standing up; they continue o.s.*) We’re plus-ones!

(*The din is enough to make him yank off his antler and horn and stuff them in his ears.*)

**Discord:** (*irritated, hovering*) Yes, yes, yes, I believe I got that. (*He vanishes.*)

**Rainbow:** (*triumphantly, throwing cards down on/around stool*) Yeah!

(*She has evidently kept the game going to its end, even though her opponent bailed out of it some time back. A rain of cards tumbles down past the screen; behind them, the view wipes to the interior of Sugarcube Corner. Pinkie Pie stands at an open floor-to-ceiling window, smiling up at a hovering pegasus who is munching down on a cupcake.*)

**Pinkie:** (*as she lifts off*) Have a wonderful, special, fantastic day! (*trotting across shop floor*) Oh, hi, Discord. Want some cake?

(*Sitting in the middle of said floor, near the stairs, is a gray cardboard box whose flaps open after she has passed o.s. The chaos master puts his head out, his antler and horn back where they belong, and gets a bit of a scare when she whips back to him.*)

**Pinkie:** I can give you a list of all the flavors we have— (*He climbs out and retreats; she hops along to box him in against a wall.*) —in order of “most delicious” to “incredibly, unbelievably delicious.”

**Discord:** Actually, Pinkie Pie, who are you taking to… (*Stammer.*) …I mean, do you…

(*He trails off again, scraping the nearest candy-cane column with his talons forcefully enough to gouge the wood, and finally turns to face her.*)

**Discord:** Oh, you know what? (*hovering, floating across room*) I *am* famished. I’ll take all the cakes.

(*The blue eyes constrict to dumbstruck points; zoom in quickly on the pink baker.*)

**Pinkie:** *All* of them? (*grabbing/shaking camera; huge grin*) He wants *all* of the cakes!

(*The draconequus placing this massive order is now lounging against a display case, and he holds this position as Pinkie zips madly back and forth, supplies flying every which way.*)

**Discord:** Well, I’ll need all my energy when I’m dancing at the Gala—if I decide to go, that is. Oh, by the way, are you bringing anypony?

**Pinkie:** (*now o.s.*) Oh, of course!

(*She holds a cake into view above an open box; cut to her.*)

**Pinkie:** (*dropping it in, jamming lid shut*) I was gonna ask my mom because she’s, you know, my mom. (*getting another box*) But it turned out she didn’t want to go— (*emptying a tray of cupcakes into this one*) —so I started asking around and around and around.

(*On the end of this, Discord turns away from her with a look of pure boredom that quickly shifts into bug-eyed shock. Cut to his perspective, looking out an open window at a busy Ponyville street. As Pinkie prattles on, the view zooms in quickly to a close-up of two mares at the far end of the block; one is Fluttershy, while the other is a light green earth pony mare wearing her two-tone reddish-pink mane/tail in dreadlocks. A flowered orange kerchief is tied over the mane, the eyes are light violet and half-closed with prominent brows, and her cutie mark is a tree whose boughs are red and trimmed into a heart shape. Based on the way in which the two mares are talking and laughing, this must be Tree Hugger. A set of crosshairs superimposes itself on the pair, zeroing in on Tree and then flashing red—he has found the source of his troubles.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) I couldn’t think of *anypony* and I was about to just go by myself, and then I realized, “Of course!”

(*Back to Discord; who has pulled a submarine periscope down from the ceiling to eye out the pair. On the start of the next line, he folds up the handles and lets the scope retract.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Who loves fancy exciting affairs more than anypony else? (*Zoom out to frame her, several boxes now stacked up nearby.*) My sister Maud!

**Discord:** You know what? Cancel my order.

(*She gets another monkey wrench thrown into her mental gears, and his abrupt disappearance leaves her standing alone—with dozens of boxes now stacked up to cover most of the shop floor.*)

**Pinkie:** *You want none of the cakes now?!?*

(*She flops wearily onto the display case counter. Cut to Fluttershy and Tree rounding a corner.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*giggling*) Oh, my. You *are* funny. (*Discord shoves his head up between them.*)

**Discord:** (*very snarky*) I guess every being in Equestria is funny today. (*He snakes through the air to stand facing away from them.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, how rude of me. Tree Hugger, this is Discord. Discord, Tree Hugger.

(*The out-of-towner crosses to Discord, her slow voice broadcasting a concentrated mixture of “New Age space case” and “heavy-duty hippie.”*)

**Tree:** Radical to meet you. Really digging your vibe. (*He turns to her, eyes glowing red.*)

**Discord:** (*incredulously*) My vibe?

**Fluttershy:** It’s a compliment. (*He straightens up with a smile.*)

**Discord:** (*chuckling*) Oh, well, I’m sure it is. Well, I must be off.

(*He disappears, but pops back in an instant later without his good cheer.*)

**Discord:** It has nothing to do with seeing you or not seeing you, you can rest assured of that.

(*A chuckle, and he goes bye-bye again only to return in very short order.*)

**Discord:** (*nastily*) Have fun at the Gala!

(*His wink-out is accompanied by pulling the taloned forelimb down his face to stretch it out.*)

**Tree:** Righteous!

(*A pale green reptilian winged beast glides across the screen, the view behind it wiping to an area that seems to have been designed to laugh in the face of as many natural laws as possible. Rickety rope/plank bridges and contorted railroad tracks connect one surreally landscaped floating island to another; in some cases; only one end of a walkway is connected to anything. The backdrop is a swirling maelstrom of purplish hues and streaks. Tilt up and stop on a long shot of one airborne landmass that holds a small, garishly colored, otherwise normal-looking house. The flying reptile makes another pass before the camera cuts to a living room inside, where the idiocy continues in ways that include upside-down windows and stairs and a coffee table with a hole through its middle. The front door opens, but Discord forgoes it in favor of zapping into the middle of the room.*)

**Discord:** (*mocking Fluttershy’s tone*) “Oh, Tree Hugger, you’re such a great friend. So much funnier than unfunny old Discord.”

(*The door slams shut on its own, causing a pitcher to fall off the table and shatter. Taking note of the mess, he conjures up a knotted kerchief on his head, rubber gloves on his forelimbs, a host of cleaning tools, and an apron to cover the rest of himself. Close-up of a couch, which floats away to expose a literal dust bunny on the carpet by the wall.*)

**Discord:** (*from o.s., setting another one down near it*) “No, no, here. Take my plus-one.” (*He leans down into view.*) “I insist.”

(*Cut to just outside one front window; he has removed the glove from his taloned limb, and a pair of broken-down socks and slippers can now be seen on his hind legs.*)

**Discord:** (*slightly muffled by glass, magicking a squeegee over it*) “Before somepony else thinks *he’s* my friend and expects to be asked instead.”

(*This line ends with a derisive chuckle. Cut to him at the kitchen sink inside, both gloves back on and hard at the job of washing a stack of clean dishes—turning them dirty in the process.*)

**Discord:** “What’s that? You’re worried Discord might be upset? Not a problem!” (*own voice*) I can make more new friends anytime I want. (*clumping to couch*) It’s not as if any of this actually mattered! (*He flops down onto it.*) I didn’t even want to go to the Gala anyway!

(*His crossed-arm pout is broken off by the sound of a frightened yell from outside. Cut to somewhere above the house’s “lawn”; an earth pony mail carrier stallion floats past, cartwheeling helplessly through the atmosphere and yelling all the while. One nimble grab by Discord’s lion paw reels him in; the nutcase has stripped off all of his cleaning attire and recovered his usual smooth demeanor.*)

**Discord:** Are you perhaps looking for me? (*The stallion speaks with a noticeable lisp.*)

**Mail carrier:** Are you… (*pulling out/reading envelope*) …”Discord or Current Resident”? I can’t find any street numbers in this place.

(*The talons pluck the envelope from his grasp, and it slits itself open at a searching gaze from the red eyes. Out floats a gold ticket; Discord throws the envelope aside and grabs this, instantly all smiles.*)

**Discord:** My ticket to the Grand Galloping Gala! (*shoving it in carrier’s face*) I *was* invited after all!

(*The hapless pony has no immediate response, and his continuing lack of one when Discord pulls the ticket away deflates the latter’s high spirits. The carrier begins to shake with fear, which is not helped by Discord leaning down to aim a squint-eyed glare straight at him.*)

**Discord:** (*softly, menacingly*) Why is this so late?

**Mail carrier:** Well, I got a little lost after I escaped the flying badgers. Can you point me in the direction of the bottomless pit? (*Discord straightens up.*) I think I can make my way back from there.

**Discord:** (*letting him go to float off, walking away*) Oh, over there somewhere. Just—just go over there. (*He stops and glares daggers at the ticket.*) Looks like I’ll see you at the Gala after all, Fluttershy.

(*His mouth twists up into a cruel smile; as he continues, the carrier drifts by in the background and is promptly snagged by a flying purple dinosaur something-or-other.*)

**Discord:** But I can’t show up alone. She’ll think that she’s my only friend. (*stroking chin*) Who could I bring on such short notice?

(*A moment’s thought leads him to snap his fingers and smile broadly, followed by a malicious little chuckle. Zoom in slowly and snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the entrance hall of Canterlot Castle, filled with well-dressed ponies—the Grand Galloping Gala has begun, just as in “The Best Night Ever.” And, just as in that episode, Twilight and Princess Celestia stand side by side in their greeter positions at the top of the stairs. The open doors expose the evening sky beyond the walls.*)

**Celestia:** I must say…

*(Head-on view of the two Princesses. Celestia has traded her gold necklace for a loose-fitting gown in multiple shades of pink, marked with sun patterns and jewelry, and wears a small star pin at one shoulder. Twilight is in a light blue dress with wing holes, short foreleg sleeves, and darker blue flowers at collar and hem. A light orange bow is tied at her back, and most of her mane is gathered at the back of her head.)*

**Celestia:** …it’s been very nice having you take over some of the planning responsibilities for this year’s Gala.

**Twilight:** Anything I can do to make it easier on you.

**Celestia:** Thank you, Twilight. I am quite looking forward to just enjoying the Gala for once.

(*A trumpet fanfare sounds; cut to an earth pony herald stallion blowing the melody at his post just inside the castle entrance.*)

**Herald:** Announcing the Spirit of Chaos, Discord, and his guest, the…uh…

(*Said Spirit of Chaos leans down to whisper in his ear, exposing a bright orange jacket sleeve. The herald’s eyes register worry once he hears the news and Discord backs off.*)

**Herald:** …the Smooze!

(*Zoom out quickly to frame Discord striding in, as well as a second herald at the other side of the entrance. Orange tuxedo jacket and top hat; off-white ruffled shirt; red bow tie, cummerbund, and hat band; walking stick gripped in his lion paw. Behind him is a blobby silhouette, which slowly squelches into the light; cut to a close-up of its base and tilt up. Translucent, lurid green, slimy; red bow tie set below a mouth that is the only facial feature; light blue top hat with dark blue band. The Smooze is now on the scene, the mouth curving into a goofy smile. Ponies all over the entrance hall voice terrified gasps, one mare fainting for good measure. Discord’s jacket, as well as every outfit he changes into during the rest of this episode, has holes cut for his wings.*)

**Discord:** Good evening, everypony! What a glorious affair!

(*The herald who did not blow the fanfare gets his trumpet yanked out of his grip by a tendril of the Smooze’s protoplasm, and it is promptly engulfed.*)

**Discord:** He does have a yen for shiny things. (*patting “head”*) The rascal.

(*When he pulls his lion paw away, a ribbon of gunk goes along with it. After a moment’s thought, he wipes it off on the shirt front of the announcing herald. Neither Twilight nor Celestia can believe their eyes; Twilight is first to recover her speech.*)

**Twilight:** I’ll take care of this.

(*She takes off down the stairs at high speed, bulldozing Discord back as he and the Smooze advance along the red carpet. The gelatinous mass lets go with a belch from his brassy repast; she hovers at Discord’s eye level.*)

**Twilight:** What are you doing here with…*that?*

**Discord:** (*nudging hat up with stick*) Now, now, now. The Smooze may be an “it,” but it’s an “it” with a heart of, well…blob.

(*Twilight is far from reassured, and the sight of the Smooze leaving a trail of slime behind himself as he oozes along does not help the general mood of revulsion one bit. He turns off to one side, having spotted the jewelry worn by a couple of mares who clear out as he approaches.*)

**Twilight:** This night is extremely important to me, Discord. (*She throws a smile and wave to Celestia.*) Keep it under control!

**Discord:** (*dismissively, nudging her away with stick*) Yes, yes, yes, of course. (*walking off*) Tell me, have you seen Fluttershy anywhere?

(*Cut to the ballroom, the Crusaders walking past in the fore.*)

**Crusaders:** We’re here! We’re here! We made it to the Gala!

(*Behind them come Applejack and Rarity, both wearing expressions that suggest they would rather have their teeth pulled than revisit their earlier social disaster. However, they allow themselves a small knowing smile—“let ’em figure it out.” Applejack: short-sleeved dress in various shades of green with a flower pattern on the blouse and accented with red roses, matching top hat with a red apple on the band. Rarity: magenta gown with blue trim at collar/hem/ruffle, blue gems at collar, violet flower above tail; gem brooch; mane piled high in curls; small “fascinator” hat with feathers and jewels. Discord strides in, stick tucked under his lion-paw forelimb and a giant diamond held in his talons. The Smooze follows right behind; Discord stops and lets the stone fall over his shoulder, and the blob eagerly gobbles it down, glowing briefly and exhibiting just a bit of growth.*)

(*Pan quickly away from them and stop on a group of tables near the stage, where Fluttershy and Tree are talking and laughing at one. Fluttershy: short-sleeved blue gown with light green trim, holes for her wings, and a skirt styled to resemble a peacock’s plumage; small green-feathered headdress; part of her mane coiled into a tight spiral that rests behind one ear. Tree: simple, long-sleeved, light pink shift with yellow edging at hem and sleeve cuffs, garland of flowers in her mane instead of her kerchief; gold necklace with a blue stone. Spike stands off to one side, ready to dig into a jewel-studded cupcake. Zoom in quickly to a close-up of the yellow pegasus.*)

**Fluttershy:** Really? (*Back to Discord, giddy at the sight, then cut to the two on the start of the following.*)

**Tree:** The aura coming off the waterfall was so alive! So, like, magic and manifestation.

**Fluttershy:** Wow.

(*Zoom out as Discord and the Smooze make their way over; Discord walking backwards, he bumps into Fluttershy, having disposed of his walking stick.*)

**Discord:** (*feigning surprise*) Oh, Fluttershy! I didn’t see *you* there.

**Fluttershy:** (*to Tree*) How did you even know to look for an aura on a waterfall?

(*Caught out at being ignored, he clears his throat once, twice, three times. Each repetition grows in length and volume until he achieves a hacking cough that finally gets Fluttershy’s attention.*)

**Fluttershy:** Discord! I thought you weren’t coming.

**Discord:** No, I actually never said that. But funny how you remembered it that way. (*to Tree*) Anyway, good to see you, Tree…Friend, is it? Your name is slipping my mind right now; how strange.

(*These last two words are delivered with a malicious grin.*)

**Tree:** Nice to meet you. I’m Tree Hugger. (*Extend a hoof.*) Blessings.

(*Her nonchalance takes all the wind out of his attempt at offense—at least until he works up a new batch of indignation.*)

**Discord:** You have met me before, actually! (*He snorts out steam.*)

**Tree:** Cool! Like, in another life, maybe?

(*The fit of pique turns into complete confusion—“can she really be this far out in left field?”*)

**Discord:** You’ve gotta be kidding! You don’t remember *me?*

(*He pulls off his top hat and points to the antler and horn underneath it to drive the point home.*)

**Tree:** (*chuckling*) I meet a lot of different creatures, each one of them perfect and unique. (*He straightens up, hat back on.*)

**Discord:** Yes, well, as I was saying— (*leaning down to Fluttershy, putting lion paw around her shoulders*) —it’s just great to be here with my *oldest, bestest friend.*

**Fluttershy:** Am I really your oldest, bestest friend? (*Discord stands up to full height.*)

**Discord:** You? (*laughing derisively*) Oh, of course not. (*floating back and forth around table*) You think I don’t have other friends? I’m centuries old! (*returning to stare Fluttershy down*) I was talking about the Smooze.

(*Now he zips a few feet away to where the green glob is hanging out.*)

**Discord:** (*throwing a forelimb around him, getting a smile*) Smooze-face, the Smoozinator, (*He stands up.*) Well, I mean, that’s what we called him back in college.

(*A flash allows him to teleport himself back to the two mares’ table, holding a mildly perturbed Smooze aloft.*)

**Discord:** Smooze… (*Plunk him down.*) …I would like you to meet Fluttershy and, um… (*Mumbling for several seconds.*) …Tree, uh, what is it? Oh, uh, Tree Embrace?

(*Again he makes with the nasty grin.*)

**Tree:** (*smiling*) Oh! I like that! It’s so in rhythm with my life force. (*Gasp; the Smooze starts to extend a runnel toward her.*) Maybe I’ll change it!

(*Discord notices the lengthening blot and smacks it away, almost driving the Smooze into Fluttershy’s face. She just giggles.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*petting Smooze; he slides off the table*) I can’t believe I’ve never heard you speak of the Smooze before. Sounds like you two are so close.

**Discord:** (*offended*) Well, I’m glad you got that. (*smirking*) Because that’s what is true. We are.

(*A blink later, he has teleported across the ballroom to hoist the Smooze off the tiles.*)

**Discord:** *Very* close.

**Fluttershy:** That’s wonderful! The four of us should go out to dinner sometime.

(*The walking anatomical mishmash is so gobsmacked by this suggestion that he squeezes hard enough to pop the Smooze’s “head” clean off. The two giant slime wads slither away from him and reform into one; now Discord rounds angrily on Fluttershy.*)

**Discord:** “We should all go out to dinner sometime”?!? Have you no heart?

(*Comes now a scream from elsewhere in the ballroom. Cut to old Mr. Waddle, being used as an equine shield by an equally elderly mare—his wife, no doubt—as the Smooze crawls their way.*)

**Discord:** Oh, oh! (*leaning close, shielding eyes for a better look*) It looks like somepony wants to mingle. We’ll be back in a bit. (*He floats off.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, okay. Treezie and I would love to talk to you more later. (*A quick return.*)

**Discord:** (*contemptuously*) “Treezie.” Really? Sort of a juvenile nickname, don’t you think?

(*Here come a crash of glass and another scream; he looks off in their general direction.*)

**Discord:** Smoozie! (*hurrying off*) Wait up!

(*Fluttershy and Tree exchange warm smiles, if slightly puzzled ones. Dissolve to a long shot of a set of closed doors at the periphery of the ballroom and zoom in through the crowd as Discord pushes the Smooze over to these.*)

**Discord:** Now listen, Smooze. I need to make this a party of one for a little while.

(*Cut to a courtyard just outside the doors; they open and he shoves the Smooze through.*)

**Discord:** Just stay out here until I come for you.

(*Back he goes, closing the doors and completely missing the distraught set of the Smooze’s mouth. Extreme close-up of the knobs inside; he turns a key in one lock, then glances across the ballroom, surprise writing itself in three-inch letters across his face. Cut to Applejack, Fluttershy, Rainbow, Bloom, Scootaloo, and Tree giggling over a shared joke and zoom in slowly. Rainbow’s gown is blue with white sashes looped around her wings; white stars and hem edging to resemble a night sky full of clouds; gold accent fabric and blue gem at the throat; mane combed forward to curl under one ear. Discord poofs into existence in the middle of the group and joins in the laughter, altogether missing the fact that the other six go dead silent at the same moment. It takes him several seconds to wind down.*)

**Tree:** What’s so funny?

**Discord:** (*elbowing her*) Exactly!

(*Cringes and odd looks from Applejack, Rainbow, Bloom, and Scootaloo.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh… (*as all four back away slowly*) …I think we’re gonna go hit the dance floor. (*Discord drapes a forelimb over Fluttershy’s shoulders.*)

**Discord:** (*shoving Tree o.s.*) Fluttershy, tell the Hugs here about the time that we went to the store and came back with two cakes instead of one— (*Zoom out to frame Tree.*) —because that’s how *crazy* we are when we’re together.

(*He lets his eyes spin in their sockets on the word “crazy,” then points expectantly at the pegasus in a “take it away” gesture once he finishes. Long pause.*)

**Fluttershy:** Um, we went to the store and got two cakes.

(*Here endeth the narrative, if her pinched-in mouth is any indication.*)

**Discord:** (*deflated*) Oh. Well, you kind of left out all the fun and frivolity there— (*smiling, leaning over to Tree*) —but I’m sure you got it, Tree Hugger.

**Tree:** I got that you really like cake. (*That gets his dander up.*)

**Discord:** We like each other! *That* was the point! (*He stands to full height.*) I’m actually pretty lukewarm about the cake.

(*For the third time this act, the peace is broken by a shrill cry from o.s. Cut to the double doors that Discord locked to shut the Smooze out of the ballroom; they shake under a relentless pounding from outside.*)

**Rarity:** (*from outside, through doors*) LET ME IN!!

(*Panic grips both Twilight and Celestia, both now in the ballroom, and the newer Princess gets her hooves moving. Extreme close-up of the key as her magic turns it in the lock and removes it; the doors burst open to reveal a white unicorn spattered from end to end with the Smooze’s green muck. Gasping for breath, she manages a few halting steps into the ballroom before collapsing in a sodden heap on the floor. One front hoof displays a white slipper, while the other is covered with slime, and the dress hem and short sleeves are set with violet jewels that could not be seen in her earlier entrance.*)

**Rarity:** That creature took my jewels!

(*Pan quickly to the courtyard, where “that creature” cheerfully sucks the ornamental piece off a mare’s head from behind. His top hat and bow tie are now flecked with his own slime. The stallion accompanying this mare reacts with unmixed horror and gallops off; she does not notice the theft until it has already occurred and left a blot of slime on her ear. As she races off, Twilight runs an eye over the scene and wheels to throw a gimlet-eyed glare into the ballroom.*)

**Twilight:** Discord… (*walking slowly back toward him*) …I thought I told you to keep your *friend* under control!

**Discord:** Oh, please. I have better things to do than to watch that *thing* all night.

(*Finding himself on the wrong end of disappointed looks from her, Fluttershy, and Tree—the last of these mixed with a healthy dose of halfway-out-of-it—he shifts into a weak chuckle and tries to get his groove back.*)

**Discord:** What I mean to say is— (*briefly throwing paw around Twilight’s shoulders*) —that thing is a dear, dear friend, and I’ll make sure that the ooze, uh, that he can’t help but secrete doesn’t get on anypony else.

(*Cut to a close-up of the dismayed, disgustingly soiled Rarity and zoom out. He flashes over next to her, a wheeled “canister” vacuum cleaner on the floor alongside. Flicking the power switch with his tail, he proceeds to suck up all the residue in an instant—along with every stitch and accessory in the fussy unicorn’s outfit. Another flick shuts off the vacuum; once Rarity realizes what has happened, she stands up onto her hind legs with a mortified grimace, covers herself with her forelegs, and begins to sidestep away as best she can.*)

**Twilight:** Thank you. (*addressing the crowd*) It’s all right, everypony. Let’s just get back to enjoying this magical evening!

(*Conversation resumes. Cut to Discord and pan slowly to follow him through the room. He has put a collar around the Smooze’s “neck” and is dragging him along on a leash.*)

**Discord:** You are making me look like a fool in front of Fluttershy.

(*Extreme close-up of a closed door. He reaches into view and opens it, exposing blackness beyond, and the view shifts to frame both again.*)

**Discord:** (*pushing Smooze inside*) I’ll be back when the Gala is over.

(*Step out. Slam door shut with tail. Cut to the Smooze, collar gone and turning away from the door with some consternation; this only lasts for a moment until he smiles and licks his chops eagerly. The camera tracks quickly around to stop behind him and frame the entire room: a small storage area filled with shelf on shelf of glittering bounty. Chests and bags of gold coins, crowns, loose gems, gold plates, crystal goblets—enough to make any self-respecting pirate wet his pants out of sheer unbridled avarice. Tilt slowly up to the topmost shelves and fade to white.*)

(*Fade in immediately to an overhead shot of the ballroom and tilt up slightly to frame a chandelier, on which Discord reappears. Its bowl shape is large enough for him to stand in, and he flicks his gaze back and forth in close-up. The sound of Fluttershy’s giggling catches his ear.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, Tree Hugger. (*Cut to these two.*) I’ve never known anypony as funny as you.

(*She touches her dreadlocked friend’s shoulder, the camera zooming in to an extreme close-up of it for a moment before cutting back to Discord. He rears up, face twisted into an expression of the purest fury at hearing her words from the prologue applied to any other creature. Fire kindles in his eyes and the tips of his ears, and a burst of green flame washes over his entire form as he disappears.*)

(*At ground level, the camera pans slowly through the ballroom for a moment before all the lights go out, accompanied by the clunk of a master switch being thrown. The sudden dimness throws the ponies into confused mutterings, which cease once a whine of speaker feedback cuts in.*)

**Discord:** (*from o.s., amplified*) Check, check…check.

(*Cut to him, now standing on the stage and spotlit against a red brick wall backdrop. A stool stands to one side, holding a glass of water, and he is speaking into a microphone on a stand.*)

**Discord:** (*tapping mic*) Is this thing on? (*He pulls it loose.*) Good evening, fillies and germs! I just flew into Canterlot— (*flapping wings*) —and wow, are my inter-species parts tired!

(*Neither this joke, nor the drum sting played after it, gets even a flicker of response from the crowd. Discord waits a beat, then pulls the brim of his top hat all the way to the ground and bursts out through its crown, kicking the remains aside. Now he wears a shiny red zip-up windbreaker in place of his tuxedo jacket and shirt.*)

**Discord:** I’ve only got these tiny mismatched wings, and even I can fly better that Twilight Sparkle. Am I right? (*Another sting; he winks and gives a finger-gun gesture.*) Pa-chew!

(*Cut to Twilight, Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity, and Celestia at the back of the room. Of the five, only Pinkie and Celestia give any hint of enjoying this stand-up comedy routine. Rarity is fully dressed again, having either brought a duplicate for the outfit Discord vacuumed off her or taken back and cleaned the original. Pinkie’s dress, the only one not seen up to this point, is a light yellow polka-dot affair with a gold necklace; she wears a lavender/white bow in her mane and matching clips styled as pieces of hard candy.*)

**Twilight:** (*needled*) Hey!

(*Celestia giggles behind a hoof; onstage, Discord chuckles weakly before deciding to shift gears.*)

**Discord:** Uh, well, perhaps you’re into more observational humor.

(*He magicks himself away, then immediately opens a tiny portal just big enough to shove his head through. The glass of water is gone from the stool now.*)

**Discord:** (*un-amplified*) Did you ever notice how you always materialize out of thin air?

(*The rest of him emerges except for half of one forelimb, having switched the red jacket for a blue sportcoat, white shirt with undone collar, and loose red necktie. His voice comes through amplified again, as he has brought the mic along with him.*)

**Discord:** Why not thick air? (*He pulls the limb out.*) What’s the deal there?

(*A third sting; a third lack of audience response, except for a soft cough from one mare up front.*)

**Discord:** (*aside, off mic, pulling at tie*) Tough crowd!

**Twilight:** (*to Pinkie, Rainbow*) What is he doing? (*More of Pinkie’s dress can now be seen—lavender/white-striped front, white lace trim.*)

**Rainbow:** I-I think they’re…jokes?

(*Pinkie throws a huge grin at these two, then turns to her other side. This motion exposes the light violet under-skirt on her dress, as well as her older sister Maud—plain, long-sleeved blue dress studded with bits of rocks and minerals. The stolid demeanor and monotonic voice she exhibited in “Maud Pie” are still front and center.*)

**Pinkie:** Maud! Jokes!

**Maud:** My favorite.

**Discord:** (*from o.s., muffled, under previous line*) You might be a Ponyville pony if…

(*Cut to a long shot of a closed door behind the audience and zoom in slowly on it as white light begins to glimmer around the edges of the frame.*)

**Discord:** (*from o.s., muffled*) …an ordinary night on the town ends with a lesson about friendship.

(*Back to the stage; a watermelon appears on the stool, and Discord leans over it. Now he has ditched the sportcoat/shirt/tie for a red-white-striped sweater and dark blue-gray vest and cap, and he has also put away the microphone.*)

**Discord:** (*rapping on melon*) Knock-knock!

(*Dead silence from the audience for a good four seconds, prompting him to frustration.*)

**Discord:** You’re supposed to say, “Who’s there?” This is the most basic of jokes!

(*Producing a large wooden mallet out of nowhere, he proceeds to pulverize the hapless fruit in one blow. Gobbets of pulp and seeds fly in all directions; Maud and several other guests take the hit, but Pinkie ducks behind her and is spared.*)

**Maud:** You’re the most basic of jokes. (*That gets a laugh; Pinkie falls happily against her.*)

**Pinkie:** Good one, Maud! (*Giggle.*)

(*The shown-up stand-up joker watches the crowd with complete disbelief, one eye twitching ever so slightly, then shifts into an enraged scowl. Cut to a long shot of that closed door, the light shining even more strongly around its edges, and zoom in slowly. One colt who has happened to catch sight of this phenomenon shivers, hooves frozen in place by naked fear. Now the glow subsides and a torrent of lurid green goop spills into the ballroom, through the gap between the knob side of the door and its frame. This can only have been the treasure storage room where Discord stashed the Smooze. The sheer force of the flow slowly pushes the door open, the colt’s terror grows, and Twilight turns away from the stage for a good look.*)

**Twilight:** (*pointing, eyes popping*) What is *that?*

(*Only now does Discord look up from his dejected funk, in time for the viscous tide to gush over the entire ballroom floor and wash up to fill the screen. Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to panicked ponies racing every which way through the rapidly rising swamp that covers the floor. The room lights that Discord shut off for his abysmal comedy routine have come back on. The mess quickly expands over the patch of floor where Rainbow is standing; Sweetie, behind her, and other nearby spectators have already been dirtied by it. Try as she might, she is unable to lift off, the gluey stuff yanking her back to the floor. Discord, now out of his sweater/vest/cap, leans down worriedly over the edge of the stage and grins upon seeing the Smooze’s bow tie and top hat float past.*)

(*Extreme close-up of one patch as a couple of magic blasts punch into it, with no effect except to open holes that quickly seal themselves. The shooter is Twilight, who is also wearing a healthy dose of the glop.*)

**Twilight:** None of my magic works on this ooze! (*turning to Celestia, also gunked up*) Can you stop it?

(*The white sovereign focuses her power, but the blob stuck on the tip of her horn soaks it all up, inflates like a bubble, and bursts.*)

**Celestia:** I’m afraid not! (*Discord floats past overhead.*)

**Twilight:** Discord, how could you bring him here?!?

**Discord:** (*drawing paw through the slime*) Oh, he’s not that bad.

(*Close-up of Rarity’s chest and forelegs, one of which she pulls out of the mess with a cry of revulsion, then zoom out. It is now up to both her and Applejack’s knee/hock level; Bloom, meanwhile, has half-ducked her head in and is blowing bubbles.*)

**Rarity:** My shoes will be ruined forever!

**Applejack:** (*dryly*) *That’s* what you’re worried about? Really?

(*Elsewhere, Fluttershy and Tree are stuck spreadeagle to a window—Tree upside down—and Pinkie stands atop Maud, using an oar to propel her along as a raft. The older sister is, at least, clean of watermelon residue.*)

**Tree:** This is kind of a bummer. (*A window-washing scaffold descends into view overhead; Discord lounges on this.*)

**Discord:** Isn’t it, though? And to think, it never would’ve happened— (*Close-up of Fluttershy; he continues o.s.*) —had I come to the Gala as somepony else’s plus-one!

(*He leans into view next to her on the end of this, injecting a double shot of venom into his words. Cut to Tree on the start of the next line.*)

**Tree:** Seems like something might’ve harshed his flow, you know? Like, his senses are agitated. (*Discord zips over to stare her down, inverting himself.*)

**Discord:** You don’t know anything about rare creatures. (*He floats over the ballroom and pats the slime.*) I’ve known Smooze-face for ages. (*dancing in midair*) He’s not agitated, he’s partying down! Woo!

**Tree:** All he needs is some, like, calming auditory therapy. (*Big surprise from Discord; Fluttershy smiles.*) I know I always feel really at peace when I’m being bathed in positive vibes. Maybe he’ll calm down with some sonic bliss. (*Discord faces her again, right side up this time.*)

**Discord:** Do you even know what you just said?

(*Paying him the proper amount of heed—that is to say, none at all—the nature lover begins to vocalize. Long, steady mid-range tones alternate with high-pitched ululations; Discord straightens up, at a total loss for words, and finds that the ocean of Smooze has begun to oscillate gently in several spots. The mass slowly recedes, a beaming “face” emerging from his central portion, and Fluttershy and Tree slowly slide down the window to rest on the floor.*)

**Tree:** Let go, Smooze. Bliss out.

(*The auditory therapy continues, causing the slime to drain away from Applejack/Rarity/Bloom and the Smooze to consolidate into a single towering pile at the center of the ballroom. Once Tree stops, he smiles in close-up and the camera zooms out quickly to frame the six Ponyville mares, along with Sweetie and Tree. Not a speck of wayward Smooze can be seen.*)

**Sweetie:** It worked! (*Cheers all around.*)

**Rainbow:** Way to go, Tree Hugger!

**Fluttershy:** (*hugging Tree briefly*) That was the most magical thing I’ve ever seen done with animals!

(*Discord, peeking out from behind the Smooze, grinds his teeth hard enough to throw sparks.*)

**Tree:** Oh, thanks, everypony. (*Slow pan across the others; she continues o.s.*) It makes perfect karmic sense your magic doesn’t work on him. (*Back to her.*) He only responds to vibrations that peace out his energy fields.

**Discord:** (*from o.s., on his last good nerve*) Stop it! (*He jumps out from behind the Smooze.*) Stop it! (*He swoops over to get in Tree’s face.*) That’s it! I am done with you, Tree Hugger!

**Tree:** Oh, man, you’re really bummin’ me out. Can you just, like, lower your voice a scoche?

**Discord:** (*flabbergasted*) A scoche? *A scoche?*

(*Extending his talons to full length, he drags them down through a patch of empty air, leaving brilliant gouges that meld into a single blinding gash. The edges pull apart to uncover a blue-glowing portal, and a gesture from the draconequus causes Tree to slide across the floor toward him and go airborne. She stops just short of the aperture.*)

**Tree:** (*fearfully*) Whoa, dude!

(*Cut to its interior: an oval-shaped patch ringed by the blue maelstrom, showing a child’s live-action drawing of an apple tree and a house. A red, sombrero-clad, mustachioed sock puppet lopes into view.*)

**Tree:** (*from o.s., pointing*) What is *that?* (*Back to her and Discord.*)

**Discord:** Relax! I’m not going to hurt you, I’m simply going to send you to another dimension. I can’t have you interfering in my relationship with Fluttershy anymore!

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Discord! (*His eyes pop; she flies up to him.*) Stop!

**Discord:** I will— (*gesturing to Tree*) —just as soon as she’s gone!

(*As he continues, he conjures up the table and tea set they used in the prologue; both end up seated on stools, and he is already holding his cup.*)

**Discord:** Then we can have a good laugh about this whole affair over our regular Tuesday tea. (*Sip.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Don’t worry, Fluttershy! (*Pan quickly to her and the other Ponyville mares.*) We’ll stop him!

(*Discord inverts his cup, letting a single drop dribble from the rim and swell into a mirrored disco ball. The cup is thrown away and the ball lifted on one digit; right on cue, here comes the Smooze, mouth dropping open in anticipation of a new treat. It is thrown to the floor, bouncing past the boggling quintet, and the squishy behemoth wastes no time in slithering after it and snagging all of them in his bulk. Horrified screams and a trail of goo are left in his wake.*)

**Discord:** (*lion paw around Fluttershy’s shoulders*) I’m doing her a favor, Fluttershy. It’s a lovely dimension.

(*The table and tea set are now gone. He teleports to a point in midair, back in his original formal ensemble and holding a microphone, and a picture appears next to him—a sun-baked desert framed by flashing lights.*)

**Discord:** (*amplified, into mic*) White sand beaches… (*Picture change: a somberly dressed farmer couple, the stallion holding a pitchfork.*) …an attentive wait staff…I mean, okay, the humidity isn’t great, but where isn’t that the case these days?

**Fluttershy:** I don’t understand why you’re doing this! We were all getting along so well!

(*He whips over to her, the formalwear, picture, and microphone gone.*)

**Discord:** (*petulantly*) As well as we could— (*turning his back*) —considering you’ve already stomped all over our friendship by inviting *her* to the biggest night of the year!

(*The camera cuts to a saddened Tree after “her,” then back to Fluttershy and Discord once he finishes.*)

**Discord:** As if I didn’t matter at all!

**Fluttershy:** Did you really think I’d abandon you just because I have a new friend?

**Discord:** *Yes!* Because that’s what you did!

**Fluttershy:** No, Discord! I invited a friend to a party! I didn’t abandon you! What if *you* had a friend that you could discuss chaos-based magic with? (*Discord strokes his chin, thinking.*) Would that mean we weren’t friends anymore?

(*His rancor melts into chastened uncertainty.*)

**Discord:** (*stammering a bit*) Uh…no, I suppose not. It would just mean that I’d have different friends for…different things. Oh…oh. (*smiling sheepishly*) Oh, dear, it looks like I’ve perhaps overreacted just a scoach [*sic*].

(*He holds two digits on his lion paw a tiny distance apart to make his point, but she is far from mollified.*)

**Fluttershy:** More like a *lot* of scoches! (*smiling, addressing herself o.s.*) Tree Hugger…

(*Cut to the still-floating, mostly-zoned-out mare.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) …could you give us a minute?

(*She gives a tranquil smile and nod; back to the quarreling pair.*)

**Discord:** I’m just so new at this whole friendship thing. (*touching Fluttershy’s shoulders ;she turns away*) It’s so much more complicated than it looks. (*She turns back to him.*)

**Fluttershy:** Do you think maybe you owe somepony an apology? (*He produces a flower, but she just slaps it away.*) Not me!

**Discord:** Oh…oh. (*Clear throat.*) Yes, right.

(*A talon snap dispels the portal he has left open and drops Tree to the floor, where she makes a perfect four-point landing on a conveniently placed cushion. This in turn winks out a moment later; she settles onto the tiles, and Fluttershy swoops down and gives her a hug. The Smooze, however, has paid no mind to this reconciliation and is slowly bearing down on Celestia and a knot of guests, with Fluttershy’s five longtime friends still caught up in his glop. Discord reaches in with his talons and, in one swift yank, extracts all the treasures that had been in the storage room. The Smooze instantly shrinks back to his original size, having had the effects of that massive eating binge reversed, and the mares are left hanging in midair. All six plop to the floor, and Discord zaps the valuables back to where they came from. Not a trace of slime is left on any furnishings or guests.*)

(*Cut to Fluttershy and Tree, and zoom out on the start of the next line to frame Discord crossing to them.*)

**Discord:** Uh, Tree Hugger, I’m sorry that you got caught in the middle of my uh, you know… (*under his breath*) …wrath.

**Tree:** Oh, it’s all groovy.

(*She finds herself caught up in a hug, which unsettles her a notch.*)

**Tree:** (*pushing him back*) Um, I need, like, a few minutes to clear out my chakras before I can hug you from a place of authenticity.

**Discord:** (*airily*) Oh, your chakras. (*Chuckle; she smiles.*) Fair enough.

(*Dissolve to a slow pan across the ballroom. The place is back in order, and guests pass here and there around the floor. The Crusaders are down here, as are Pinkie and Maud; the rest of the Ponyville contingent is onstage with the Smooze, and Discord leans against its edge. He has once again donned his tux and hat.*)

**Discord:** I owe you an apology, Smooze. I spent the whole evening thinking about my own feelings and never thinking about yours.

(*The blob plants a big gloppy kiss on his cheek.*)

**Discord:** Well, friends! I think I may actually grow to like this multiple-friend thing.

**Maud:** I like it too.

**Pinkie:** Hey! It’s not a party until somepony spreads magic-resistant ooze uncontrollably over the ballroom!

(*Cranking off a big squeaky grin, she zips onto the stage and wraps her forelegs around as much of the Smooze as she can reach.*)

**Pinkie:** Come on, Smoozinator! (*now slimed, hopping off stage*) Let’s dance!

(*He oozes after her, leaving a fresh trail, and the two get down to their own rhythms. Zoom out to frame Twilight and Celestia looking on. The shorter Princess turns dejectedly to the taller.*)

**Twilight:** I’m sorry, Princess Celestia. (*Profile close-up.*) I-I thought I could give you a break tonight. But it turns out I was in over my head. (*Zoom out to frame Celestia, smiling down at her, on the start of the following.*)

**Celestia:** You have nothing to apologize for. This has been the most fun Gala in years!

**Twilight:** (*still dejected*) I know. It was a— (*Now it hits her.*) —*what?!?* But there was ooze all over the place! (*circling to face her*) A-And one of the guests threatened to send somepony to another dimension!

**Celestia:** I know! (*spreading wings*) Can you imagine how dull it would have been if I *hadn’t* invited Discord? (*walking ahead, pushing Twilight along*) Come on!

(*She lets off a whoop; cut to an overhead shot of the ballroom and pan slowly.*)

**Celestia:** The night is still young.

(*She giggles softly as the Gala continues in force, with Pinkie and the Smooze shaking their groove things at the center of it all. Fade to black.*)