**THE LOST TREASURE OF GRIFFONSTONE**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Sugarcube Corner, seen from across the street during the day. Zoom in slowly to the sound of Pinkie Pie’s cheerful singing, then dissolve to a close-up of her alligator Gummy standing on a kitchen counter inside. He does little more than blink as a few more notes and a couple of dollops of batter come his way, the latter splattering all over him. The blue-violet eyes open through the gunk; on the start of the next line, zoom out to frame Pinkie sitting on her haunches next to the counter. She has donned a white chef’s toque and is mixing up a bowl of batter, having already gotten quite a bit of it on her headwear and herself.*)

**Pinkie:** This is gonna be so great, Gummy! (*whirling spoon through batter; he is hit in the face again*) We have absolutely nothing to do today except bake!

(*On the end of this, she stands up to her hind legs, spreading her forelegs wide, then haunch-sits in a happy little huddle for a moment. At the same time, her half-hidden cutie mark emits a couple of brief pulses of light, as it did when she and her friends were called to their mission in Part One of “The Cutie Map.” She does not take any notice, instead popping up next to a stovetop on which a pot is steaming away.*)

**Pinkie:** (*stirring it quickly*) I’ve been waiting for just the right time to finally try Granny Pie’s super-special, triple chocolate fifteen-layer marjolaine recipe!

(*As she describes the dish, the camera jumps closer in steps to an extreme close-up of her giddy expression. Now she whips back to the counter and her besmirched pet.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s gonna be amazing!

(*Only now does Gummy lick his face clean; she, meanwhile, is looking over several bowls of ingredients.*)

**Pinkie:** Let’s see. Nutty meringue…chocolate ganache…praline and nuts…cocoa-flavored buttercream…

(*The dip of one front hoof into this last gives her a generous sample, which she scarfs up by wrapping her tongue around the appendage and reeling it back in. It seems to meet with her approval. Her mark sounds off again, but goes unheeded.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hopping to oven*) An hour per layer. That’s fifteen hours of pure baking bliss!

(*The door is opened, exposing a sheet cake inside. Snatching a potholder in her teeth, she gets it wrapped around the edge so she can safely remove the cake; a tap of one hind leg closes the oven, and she deposits the cake on a cooling rack that stands next to Gummy. A third blip from the balloons on her haunch fails to get her attention.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay, Gummy. (*Close-up.*) I think we’re ready to start prepping the second layer.

(*A series of pulses catches her off guard, and the camera zooms out slightly as she finally looks back at her mark and scrubs away the splotch of batter with her tail to expose it fully.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh my gosh! My cutie mark! (*Gasp; she points at it and addresses the o.s. Gummy.*) You know what this means?!?

(*Cut to the impassive reptile, now cleaned up; she leans in close next to him, eyes cut suspiciously across the room. The summons has stopped.*)

**Pinkie:** (*whispering loudly*) The map!

(*As she glares at him, he lashes out his tongue to snap up a blot at the corner of her eye. She drops out of sight, there is the sound of the door closing, and the camera cuts to frame her opening it from outside to peek in. Now she too is clean and has put away her toque.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh, Gummy, could you take over for a bit? Hopefully this’ll be quick.

(*He lets off an almost inaudible grunt in close-up; zoom out to frame her pouring up a cupful of one dry ingredient.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ll just measure the baking powder for you… (*Big squeaky grin; she ducks behind.*) …and when the first layer cools— (*miming the next step*) —you can drizzle some of the ganache over it.

(*Away she goes, only to return on his other side, a wire whisk gripped in her forelock.*)

**Pinkie:** (*singsong, twirling it*) And don’t forget to beat the egg whites for the meringue!

(*Her cutie mark chooses this moment to pipe up again briefly. Close-up of Gummy.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., shoving whisk handle into his mouth sideways*) I know you can do this, Gummy. (*The baking powder can and cup are pushed to him; zoom out to frame her.*) You’re the best alligator baker I’ve ever met.

(*A kiss on his snout sends a little pink heart floating into the air as she hops away, her exit marked by the sound of the door’s closing. The weight of the kitchen utensil now lodged in his jaws causes him to overbalance ever so slowly until he finally topples onto his face, but he shows no reaction except for one asynchronous blink. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of an ancient, gnarled tree that has been converted into a settlement. Houses are ringed around the base of its trunk, others run along the twisting courses of the warped branches, and still more are nestled into the crevices of the bark. Near the apex is a castle whose structure consists primarily of a single spiraling tower. The entire arrangement—tree and all—stands imposingly against a glowing green background until the top half of Twilight Sparkle’s face looms up behind it, slightly out of focus to block out this light. The “long shot” is actually an extreme close-up of a tiny scale model, and the focus shifts to her.*)

**Twilight:** This is so exciting!

(*Zoom out to frame both her and Pinkie looking at this creation, which is part of the map on the central table in her throne room. Images of both Pinkie’s and Rainbow Dash’s cutie marks are circling above it. The green light is cast by one of the room’s stained-glass windows.*)

**Twilight:** The map is summoning you to Griffonstone— (*looking away*) —the very heart of the Griffon Kingdom!

(*An overhead shot of the room picks out Rainbow, slumped sullenly on her own throne. Twilight floats an open book across the room toward herself.*)

**Twilight:** I don’t know if either of you have read *Bygone Griffons of Greatness*— (*walking past Rainbow with it*) —but griffons were known to be—

**Rainbow:** —rude, insensitive bullies? (*Twilight lowers the book.*)

**Twilight:** You mean Gilda?

**Rainbow:** Yeah, I mean Gilda! When she came to Ponyville, she was a total jerk to all my friends, especially Pinkie Pie. (*Cut to Pinkie, sitting upside down on her throne with head off the front edge.*)

**Pinkie:** (*turning head upright*) She *was* a bit of a party pooper.

**Rainbow:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm.

(*They are remembering the circumstances of Gilda’s visit to Ponyville in “Griffon the Brush Off.”*)

**Twilight:** So maybe Gilda was a little rude. (*crossing in front of her*) You still get to go to Griffonstone. And according to this book— (*opening to a new page; Pinkie leans over to see*) —it has a rich, fascinating history.

(*Dissolve to an illustration that shows several griffons, nearly all clad in gold crowns/collars/helmets, quarreling over piles of gold coins. Pan slowly across the conflict, which is taking place under a sky at the last edge of sunset. The style of the picture is similar to those that might be found in medieval books.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) In ancient times, griffons were known to be as greedy as dragons, always hoarding their bits and other treasures.

(*Dissolve to a sunlit gathering: a crowned figure, visible only in silhouette, addresses an awestruck crowd. Above its head floats a small gold statuette of a stylized figure topped with flames. Zoom out slowly.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) But all that changed when King Grover found the mysterious golden Idol of Boreas.

(*Another dissolve: now the statuette rests on a stump pedestal inside a castle, watched over by armored guards and under the eye of the crowned griffon, King Grover. Visible behind him are the steps leading up to his throne. The Idol of Boreas can now be seen in more detail, resembling a flaming nest mounted on two bird legs and containing a multicolored egg. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) Legend says, the Idol of Boreas was made from the dust of golden sunsets blown across the mountains by the north winds.

(*Dissolve to a long shot of the castle and tilt down through the reaches of the tree that forms the foundation for Griffonstone. Inhabitants fly proudly back and forth in their gleaming finery.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) Possessing the Idol of Boreas filled the griffons’ hearts with pride. It’s said that that one great treasure is responsible for turning Griffonstone into the most majestic kingdom of all the land.

(*Cut back to her and Pinkie. The history lesson comes to a most abrupt end when an unimpressed Rainbow reaches over and shuts the book, leaving it to fall onto the map table.*)

**Rainbow:** And why do you care so much about griffons, anyway?

**Twilight:** It was actually Gilda’s visit that made me curious. (*floating book up*) So I picked up *Bygone Griffons of Greatness*. (*walking away with it; Rainbow goes the other direction*) And I’ve been hooked ever since!

(*Close-up of miniature Griffonstone.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) And now… (*She leans over it with a sigh.*) …now you two get to see Griffonstone with your very own eyes. (*Pinkie leans over her head, pushing it down.*)

**Pinkie:** Huh? (*Move aside.*) Just me and Rainbow Dash? (*Cut to Rainbow, haunches plunked on throne.*)

**Rainbow:** Hey, you can totally take my place if you want. (*yawning, lying down*) I still have half a nap to finish.

**Pinkie:** (*to Twilight*) Why don’t you just come with us? I mean, you *are* the Princess of Friendship.

**Twilight:** (*increasingly snarky tone; zoom in slowly*) No, no. If the map wanted me to go to the coolest kingdom in all of Equestria and tour the palace and see the actual idol that unites an entire species, which would be super-amazing, I’m sure it would have said so.

(*Shifting back to a tranquil smile, she dispels the map to leave the table bare.*)

**Twilight:** You two can handle whatever the issue is just fine. (*Snark creeps back into her voice.*) I’ll stay here and do important princess-y things, I guess.

**Pinkie:** (*zipping to a slumped-over* Rainbow) Well, then, come on, Dashie! (*hopping away*) We’re going to Griffonstone!

(*The daredevil rolls her eyes with a groan and lifts her head.*)

**Rainbow:** Fine. (*Pinkie doubles back.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s the spirit!

(*She produces a party favor and blows it in Rainbow’s face before zooming away again; the latter just glares daggers after her. Dissolve to a stretch of blue sky and tilt down to the sound of a train whistle. A set of tracks winds through a stretch of land marked by mostly barren trees and framed by mountains at the horizon, and a train chugs up over a hill and into view. Steam from its locomotive drifts past to fill the screen; behind its trailing edge, the view wipes to the interior of one car. The two travelers have taken bench-style seats facing one another and are both lying on their bellies; Rainbow is uninterestedly looking through a booklet with a picture of a griffon on the cover. Pinkie sits up to her haunches as the conductor pushes a cart loaded with snacks into view along the aisle.*)

**Pinkie:** Whatcha reading, Rainbow? (*Rainbow lowers the booklet and groans.*)

**Rainbow:** Twilight literally wrote a book on what we need to do in Griffonstone. (*Pinkie goes to work collecting mass quantities of sweets from the cart.*)

**Pinkie:** You mean like a guide on how to figure out what problem we’re supposed to fix? (*Rainbow now has the booklet on her head.*)

**Rainbow:** And then some. (*Sit up to her haunches; plunk it on the seat.*) It’s like Twilight herself in book form.

(*In an instant, she has straightened her forelock into a near-perfect duplicate of the straight cut favored by the egghead Princess.*)

**Rainbow:** (*reading, imitating Twilight*) “Always carry plenty of bits. The griffons are sure to help you as long as you share the wealth.”

(*She shuts the covers and snaps back to her normal style, eyes bugging out as she realizes what Pinkie has done. Namely: buy up the cart’s entire inventory and give over a weighty sack of legal tender as payment. The conductor goes on his way, now having to use no small effort to push the cart along, and Rainbow aims a quizzical glance at Pinkie and her very full mouth. The pink mare swallows whatever she has been chewing on.*)

**Pinkie:** (*sheepishly*) Uh…can I borrow some bits?

(*To which the blue pegasus rolls her eyes disgustedly and puts a hoof to her face. Dissolve to the now-stopped train, the rooftop of a station visible behind it. This pulls out, exposing Pinkie and Rainbow on the platform and toting saddlebags for travel. Behind them, the station building is designed with talon-like roof projections, as well as a round upper-story side window with a perch underneath to resemble the entrance to a birdhouse. The whole facility has seen better days, judging from the stains, warped platform boards, and broken steps.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) Upon arriving at Griffon Gorge— (*Rainbow tightens a strap; Pinkie plops more gear onto her back, earning a dirty look.*) —be sure to pause and cast your eyes northerly, up the Hyperborean Mountains—

(*They turn their eyes off to one side, the camera tilting up to frame a deeply cleft peak; Griffonstone can just be discerned on one side of the fissure.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) —taking in the breathtaking beauty of Griffonstone.

(*Dissolve to the pair moving along a narrow mountain trail—Rainbow walking point, Pinkie hopping behind, and both now wearing warm winter hats.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) Once in Griffonstone proper— (*Tilt slowly up the sheer rock face, cut by trail switchbacks.*) —go immediately to the palace, and introduce yourself to the king.

(*Another dissolve frames Rainbow by herself at a higher altitude; snow is visible on the next level up. She stops short and throws a puzzled look down over the side as the sound of Pinkie’s hopping drifts up.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) *Bygone Griffons of Greatness* was written a long time ago—

(*On the end of this, zoom out to show the pink ball of energy bounding nimbly from one free-standing crag to another, sure in her movements like a mountain goat.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) —and it ends with the coronation of the fourteenth king of the griffons, King Guto.

(*The end of this line is accompanied by Pinkie reaching Rainbow with a big grin, followed by a dissolve that shows the pair advancing across a natural bridge.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) I have no idea who’s in charge now.

(*Dissolve to within a crevasse, the camera pointing straight up out of it. Rainbow leaps across first, then Pinkie, whose landing dislodges a cascade of small rocks.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) Tell the king you’ve been sent by the Princess of Friendship, and you’re there to help with some sort of problem.

(*One stone falls directly toward the camera to black out the screen. Fade in to the pair moving ahead—both walking now, Pinkie in the lead, Rainbow flagging a bit. Pinkie stops and points ahead, and both smile.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) If for some reason the king can’t help— (*Long shot of Griffonstone on its high peak, zooming out to frame Pinkie.*) —I’d try the Griffonstone library next. It’s a little-known secret— (*Rainbow’s jaw drops, but quickly puts on a grin to match Pinkie’s.*) —that if you befriend a librarian, you can usually find out anything.

(*The blue flyer’s bad attitude settles back in once Pinkie has moved far enough ahead not to pick up on it.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over, giddily*) Plus, as a bonus— (*Long overhead shot of them on the trail; zoom out slowly.*) —there’s a statue of King Grover outside. (*Giggle.*) Photo op!

(*Dissolve to a long shot of them walking toward a large gold archway that spans the trail, set with several pairs of red/gold bird wings. Their destination is visible through it in the near distance.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) And don’t forget to sample some famous griffon scones. (*Close-up of them, passing through the archway.*) They’re supposed to be the best.

**Pinkie:** Aw, Twilight shoulda come along. Then she coulda seen first-hoof that Griffonstone is—

(*Her voice and all eight hooves stop abruptly, and those big blue eyes shrink to flabbergasted points as her mouth falls open. Cut to a shot of the vaunted kingdom that is close enough to pick it out in full detail. The houses are little more than thatched-roof shacks in various states of disrepair, the tree is a withered old hulk whose branches hold only a few nests with more houses, and the castle—whose tower has mostly collapsed—stands on a stone walkway farther back. Sour-faced griffons perch on the roofs and fly back and forth as the camera zooms out to frame the extent of the urban decay that has set in.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) …a total dump!

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the upper reaches of the less-than-impressive tree. A griffon lights on one branch, which promptly breaks partway under the added weight and scares the new arrival into going airborne again. Tilt down to Pinkie and Rainbow walking among the shanties and their dour residents; the two ponies have removed their winter hats.*)

\*\*\* *From this point on, any character who is not named, and whose species is not explicitly stated, may be assumed to be a griffon.* \*\*\*

**Rainbow:** Ugh…maybe the map should’ve called Rarity instead of us. (*Close-up; they stop.*)

**Pinkie:** E-Excuse me… (*Zoom out; she is addressing a portly male crossing the road.*) …sir?

(*He pays no mind whatever until she gets in his face.*)

**Pinkie:** This *is* Griffonstone, right?

(*Without a word, he wraps the taloned digits of one foreleg around her face, sets her to one side, and resumes walking. Rainbow crosses to her.*)

**Pinkie:** Well, that wasn’t very nice.

**Rainbow:** See? These griffons are exactly what I thought they’d be!

**Pinkie:** Maybe we should just find the palace so we can ask the king what’s going on.

**Gilda:** (*from o.s., contemptuously*) We don’t have a king…

(*Pan slightly to follow Pinkie’s over-shoulder glance and frame Rainbow’s former friend glaring from a few yards away. Gilda is in as foul a temper as when she stormed out of Ponyville way back when.*)

**Gilda:** …losers.

**Rainbow:** (*acidly*) Hello, Gilda.

**Gilda:** Dash.

**Pinkie:** (*brightly*) Pinkie!

(*Zoom out quickly on this last word to frame all three; she has stood up to her hind legs, but even this move does nothing to defuse the tension. She drops back to all fours.*)

**Rainbow:** (*to Gilda*) What are *you* doing here?

**Gilda:** Uh, I’m a griffon. What’s *your* excuse, dweebs? (*Pinkie gets in her face.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey! These dweebs are here to help Griffonstone! (*She ends with one foreleg raised for emphasis, but Gilda shoves it down.*)

**Gilda:** (*mockingly*) Help it what?

**Pinkie:** (*backing off, unnerved*) Well, uh, we’re not really sure. (*smiling*) But it involves a map and cutie marks and problem [*sic*] and—

**Gilda:** (*walking past*) Bored now!

(*Head-on view of the too-hip-for-the-room flyer. On the start of the next line, she stops and the camera shifts slightly to frame Pinkie and Rainbow still holding their positions.*)

**Pinkie:** Well, if you don’t have a king, can you at least tell us where the Idol of Boreas is? (*Gilda turns with a harsh laugh.*)

**Gilda:** Don’t tell me you really believe in that thing.

(*A male voice catches her off guard—old and crotchety, with traces of an Irish brogue.*)

**Male voice:** You’d better believe in it!

(*She glares to one side from the corner of her eye; pan quickly in that direction and stop on one house’s cobweb-filled upper story-window. Here sits the speaker, Gruff, who coughs out a lungful of dust as he leans forward into the light. Head covered with liver spots and completely bald except for dark gray eyebrows and a few last small tufts of feathers over the ears; one eye scarred and blind; fringe of light gray plumage at the neck; medium gray fur on body; dark gray wings. He wears a gold-trimmed red fez, which falls off his head when he tumbles backward and out of sight. Tilt down to follow his clattering progress; he kicks his front door open, the hat back in place.*)

**Gruff:** The Idol was the best thing to ever happen to us griffons!

**Gilda:** (*rolling eyes*) Oh, great. Now you got Grandpa Gruff started! (*He clomps past her to face Pinkie and Rainbow.*)

**Gruff:** I’ll tell you the whole tragic tale…

(*Extreme close-up of the useless eye, zooming out as his whole face crinkles in half-mad giggling.*)

**Gruff:** …for a couple of bits.

(*He holds out a palm. Rainbow looks at it, then at Pinkie, who just throws her a shaky grin; finally she groans wearily and two coins drop into the oldster’s grip. He stares avariciously down at them and bites on one—the old prospector’s trick of seeing whether a gold piece is real. After working it back and forth for a moment, he seems satisfied and removes his fez so he can place the two bits on his head. Setting the cover back in place over them, he begins his tale.*)

**Gruff:** The first griffon king, King Grover— (*Cut to Pinkie and Rainbow; rapt attention and irritation, respectively; he continues o.s.*) —united our kind like we’ve never been united before or since. (*Back to him.*) And he did it all with that incredible Idol of Boreas.

(*On the end of this, zoom out slightly to frame Gilda standing just behind him and mimicking his gestures. Realizing at this point that something might be amiss, he glares back at her; she ends her dumb-show just in time to play innocent. Pinkie stifles a laugh; back to the two griffons on the start of the following.*)

**Gruff:** (*overwrought*) And that idol brought pride to the heart of every griffon that saw it! (*recovering himself*) From one king to the next, Griffonstone and our golden idol were the envy of all other species.

(*As he finishes, dissolve to an illustration of the Idol on its stump pedestal in the throne room of Grover’s castle. Zoom out slowly to frame the guards on duty and the sovereign on his throne—a nest at the top of the steps seen in Twilight’s Act One recounting. Where that set of visuals resembled medieval book illustrations, this batch might be more at home in an action comic book.*)

**Gruff:** (*voice over*) It held us together, gave us an identity—right up until the reign of King Guto.

(*Dissolve to a profile close-up of this king, Guto, as he finishes. Lightning cracks outside the castle, illuminating the silhouette of a one-eyed goat-like behemoth just beyond the glass. Once the glare fades, the outline remains barely visible; the eye, though, is still very clear. The thing smashes through the window, revealing a furred humanoid body in various shades of gray and gold bracelets and rings, as well as a dark gray, gold-trimmed turban.*)

**Gruff:** (*voice over*) That’s when Arimaspi came to steal our griffon treasure! (*He makes short work of the guards.*) King Guto tried to fight him off— (*Overhead shot of them, zooming out to become a reflection in his eye, he catches sight of the Idol.*) —but Arimaspi managed to get away with the Idol!

(*Long shot of the castle exterior under a mass of boiling black clouds. Arimaspi crashes out through one wall, the Idol’s glint shining in one giant hand, and flees across a bridge as guards take to the air in chase. He slides to a halt, finding that the whole squad has pulled ahead to cut him off at the far end. A lightning bolt slices through the bridge between him and them, and he drops into a yawning gulf whose bottom disappears into an endless void. On the start of the next line, dissolve to a profile of the downcast Guto on his throne and zoom out to frame the rest of the room: bereft of guards, pedestal standing empty, windows and walls smashed.*)

**Gruff:** (*voice over, near tears*) They say when our treasure fell into the Abysmal Abyss, our pride went with it.

(*Guto fades from sight as color fades into the scene, marking a transition back to the present. The general air of decay worsens as well.*)

**Gruff:** (*voice over, bitterly*) King Guto was the last king of Griffonstone— (*He stands up into view to finish the line.*) —and we all lived miserably ever after.

(*He half-lunged toward Pinkie, Rainbow, and Gilda, who are all here as well.*)

**Gruff:** The end! (*Cut to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** (*tearing up, voice breaking*) That was the saddest story ever!

**Gruff:** (*stroking her chin*) Oh, well…tough tail feathers! No refunds! (*He lifts off; she collects herself and addresses Rainbow.*)

**Pinkie:** No wonder Twilight’s book ended with the coronation of King Guto. Who would want to record a history that sad?

**Gilda:** (*from o.s.*) It’s not sad! (*Cut to her; Gruff lands alongside and makes to exit through a wrecked wall.*) Do we look sad to you?

(*Her grandfather gets hung up trying to climb through the hole that time and battle have gouged. Cut to a close-up of the ruined stump pedestal and tilt up to frame the two mares standing on the side opposite the camera; Rainbow gets a brainstorm after a moment’s hard thought.*)

**Rainbow:** Pinkie, I think I know why the map sent us here! We need to find the Idol of Boreas and bring glory and pride back to Griffonstone! (*Zoom out; Gilda, hovering nearby, voices a dismissive laugh.*)

**Gilda:** Here we go. Typical pony hero complex. None of us care about that dumb old idol. Don’t you get it? We don’t care about anything— (*Extreme close-up.*) —and *that’s* the way we like it! (*Zoom out; Pinkie is now on her back.*)

**Pinkie:** I think Rainbow Dash is right. The map sent us here to fix some sort of problem.

**Gilda:** *The only problem Griffonstone has is YOU!*

(*One good heave slings the goofball straight up, and Gilda cuts a quick U-turn to fly out through a hole in the wall. Pinkie falls back into view and down again, a loud bonk marking her contact with the floor, and stands up to gaze after the departing griffon. She puts a hoof to her chin in deep thought at Rainbow hovers near the pedestal.*)

**Rainbow:** Well, I don’t care what she says. We’re gonna find that treasure— (*Pinkie smiles.*) —make Griffonstone cool again, and get back to Ponyville. Come on!

(*She launches herself into a high-speed charge, but hits the brakes at her partner’s next words.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, wait, Rainbow Dash! What about Twilight’s advice?

**Rainbow:** What, taking a bunch of pictures?

**Pinkie:** She mentioned finding answers at the library.

(*Accurate this is, but it only leads to the reference booklet being flung into her face; this falls to the floor, the camera cutting to a close-up of it.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Knock yourself out. (*Back to her.*) But when you get bored with Twilight’s tour book, I’ll be at the Abysmal Abyss finding the Idol of Boreas.

(*Off she goes, leaving the magenta-maned nut to put her little gray cells into gear. From here, cut to the interior of a rather gloomy-looking shop. Rainbow rockets in through the front batwing doors and down the stairs, landing in her best dramatic pose.*)

**Rainbow:** I’m here to find your missing idol and save Griffonstone!

(*Her big proud grin is met with no response at all; she deflates a bit after a moment, and the camera cuts to a long shot of the shop. Among the items on display are assorted ropes, tarps, and nets, suggesting a camping or outdoor supply store. The shopkeeper, female, aims a pair of very bored eyes at her while slumping over the counter; said eyes have pale brown shading around them and are half-hidden by a cloth cap. The cobwebs that dot the inventory speak to how little business this place gets, and one of the doors falls off its hinges due to neglect and/or the force of Rainbow’s entrance, prompting the shopkeeper to stand up so that the edge of her vest can now be seen.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, I’ll need some rope, a grappling hook, and a guide to take me down to the Abysmal Abyss.

**Shopkeeper:** (*holding out a palm*) And I’ll need some bits.

(*Rainbow makes a tiny disgusted noise in the back of her throat at this bit of fiscal brazenness. Dissolve to a long shot of Griffonstone proper; Gilda tows a cart across the dismal clearing, while Pinkie hops after her. The vehicle is equipped with shelves to display wares for sale and has an oven attached to its rear end, and the roof is marked with a large model of an indeterminate baked item.*)

**Pinkie:** Hey, Gilda! (*Closer shot of the two; she starts to catch up.*) Word on the street is that Griffonstone has an amazing library chock-full of answers. (*Both stop.*)

**Gilda:** Word on *what* street?

**Pinkie:** Okay, maybe not this street. But on other streets, your library is the talk of the town.

**Gilda:** (*gesturing ahead*) The library’s right there, so why don’t you go inside *and* *leave me alone?!?*

(*The unlikely bibliophile gets quite an unpleasant surprise upon finding that the library has been reduced to a crazy tumble of bookshelves and loose volumes, all lying exposed to the elements in what might once have been an actual building. Cut to a close-up of one open book on the ground, showing evidence of pages ripped out; Pinkie’s hooves step into view here, a shocked gasp floating down. Cut to her, walking through the detritus.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe it’s good that Twilight didn’t come.

(*She stops short. Cut to a close-up of a statue that depicts an imposing male, with wings spread and talons bared for a strike. An open book covers most of the face, but the points of a crown are left exposed. Like the rest of Griffonstone, it shows abundant effects of the ravages of time. Zoom out to frame Pinkie staring up at it, then cut to another close-up as she clambers up to the face. Based on Twilight’s guide, this figure must be Grover.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s sad what happened to your town, King. (*pulling book away*) But Rainbow Dash can’t be right. This can’t all be because of a missing hunk of gold.

(*She nips down out of sight, then reappears behind the head to “speak” for the stone form and work the cracked lower mandible of its beak.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from one side of mouth*) You’re right, Pinkie, and you’ve got amazing hair! (*Resume original position and voice; snuggle up to him.*) Aw, King Grover, you old charmer.

(*Down she goes; a moment later the damaged mandible falls off. Back on the ground, Gilda has unhitched herself from the cart and is clamping its harness onto a boulder to serve as an anchor. Pinkie watches as two males—one of them carrying a bit—run headfirst into one another, neither paying any attention to where he is going. They glare at each other with open hostility, which continues even after they sidestep to continue their walks; Pinkie gasps happily as an idea strikes.*)

**Pinkie:** I know what Griffonstone needs! (*Gilda is now dropping misshapen lumps of material onto her cart’s shelves.*)

**Gilda:** Fewer ponies?

**Pinkie:** (*jumping up*) A song! I’ve got a super song about smiling that’s sure to make even the most grumpy griffon grin!

(*She pulls in as much air as her lungs can hold to launch into it. Before she can even start the first note, though, Gilda claps a palm over her mouth.*)

**Gilda:** Can’t sing here!

(*She points along the road, the camera panning quickly in that direction to stop on a sign that displays a silhouette of a singing griffon surrounded by musical notes. A red circle and slash are superimposed on the image to denote the prohibition.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) But— (*Sigh; zoom out to frame her by the sign.*) —how do you break into uplifting musical numbers with no singing?

**Gilda:** (*sarcastically*) Yeah. That’s Griffonstone’s biggest problem—lack of uplifting musical numbers.

**Pinkie:** Well, if I can’t sing, how about a party? If there’s one thing these griffons need, it’s some good cheer. (*giddily*) Where’s your party store?

(*Gilda’s only answer is a glare that would burn a hole through inch-thick steel plate, if there were any handy.*)

**Pinkie:** No party store? Uh…how about cake? Nothing cheers folks up like cake. Where’s the bakery?

(*Now the grumpy griffon allows herself a fed-up groan.*)

**Pinkie:** (*shaking Gilda*) *No singing? No party store? No bakery? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?!?!?*

**Gilda:** (*with rising fury and volume*) You’re welcome to leave at any time!

(*The end of this line carries enough force to blow Pinkie o.s. A camera-shaking thud marks her impact; cut to her, embedded spreadeagle in the wall of a house and looking more than a bit confused as to exactly how she got there. Gravity slowly peels her loose and drops her o.s., leading to the inevitable consequence of a second thud that puts the camera through its paces, and she stands up.*)

**Pinkie:** Well, that just takes the cake! (*Pause.*) Wait! No! (*pacing*) It can’t take the cake ’cause there is no cake! Or muffins! Or griffon scones!

**Gilda:** Oh, we got griffon scones. (*gesturing toward her cart, now fully stocked*) That’s my specialty. (*Pinkie flashes over to her.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ll buy one!

(*The talons pluck a most irregular baked item—which appears to have bits of twigs and straw embedded in it—off the cart and hold it out. Pinkie opens wide and nips at it, only for Gilda to yank it out of reach at the last possible instant.*)

**Gilda:** (*holding out other palm*) Bits first!

(*After a moment’s pondering, Pinkie pulls sharply down on her forelock and lets go so that it springs back up into place. A bit is propelled out of the frizzy magenta strands to land on her hoof; she promptly passes this over and gets the whole scone stuffed into her mouth. As she struggles mightily to crunch it down, a steady stream of snaps, crackles, and pops—and other noises that have absolutely no business arising from contact of teeth with pastry—is her reward.*)

**Gilda:** (*impatiently*) Well? (*Cut to Pinkie; she continues o.s.*) What? (*The pair again.*) You like it? (*smugly*) That’s my Grandpa Gruff’s secret recipe.

(*A twinge of pain shoots through the pink baker’s face.*)

**Pinkie:** (*slightly garbled*) Ow! I think I broke a tooth!

**Gilda:** (*sourly*) Well, whatever. No refunds. I don’t even care anyway. I just want to sell enough of these so I can leave this lousy town.

(*Spitting away the last fragment, Pinkie gets her mouth clear and smiles.*)

**Pinkie:** I can help you with that.

(*She grins widely, showing just how much damage that scone has inflicted on her dental work. Dissolve to a tilt up from the depths of a broad gorge and stop at its edge, where two tiny silhouettes have stopped for a good hard look. Wind howls through the natural passage, which can only be the Abysmal Abyss. A close-up of the two figures reveals them to be Rainbow and the shopkeeper whose assistance she sought earlier. Both are wearing mining helmets with front-mounted lamps and saddlebags packed with gear; Rainbow has also donned a climbing harness, and the shopkeeper has ditched her vest. A strap runs from one side of Rainbow’s helmet to the other, passing under her chin with far too much slack to be of any use.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, you think you could tighten the strap on my helmet?

**Shopkeeper:** (*holding out a palm*) Can you give me more bits?

(*With an irked groan, the pegasus nudges the helmet up a bit and cinches the strap with a wing.*)

**Rainbow:** Never mind, I got it. (*She moves closer to the edge.*) So how deep is this abyss?

**Shopkeeper:** How deep are your pockets?

**Rainbow:** Don’t you griffons ever talk about anything but bits?

**Shopkeeper:** Gimme some bits and I’ll answer.

**Rainbow:** (*aside, under her breath*) No wonder Gilda’s such a delight.

(*Wipe to Pinkie and Gilda at the cart. The mare takes a bite from the fresh scone balanced on her hoof and has no trouble chewing and swallowing.*)

**Pinkie:** Grandpa Gruff’s recipe is good, but it’s missing one important ingredient.

**Gilda:** Don’t tell me. Friendship?

**Pinkie:** (*slightly annoyed*) Uh, no. Baking powder. (*smiling, fishing a can of it out of her mane*) Lucky for you I never leave home without it!

(*Cut to inside the cart’s oven, the camera pointing out over the flames. She slides a tray of scones in, using oven mitts to protect her front hooves. This batch is more uniform and appealing in shape/color, without any random bits of protruding debris, and each is topped with an acorn.*)

**Pinkie:** Now just pop those in the oven and you’ll have griffon scones worth their weight in gold.

(*The first half of this line reverberates slightly in the small space; this effect ends when the camera cuts back to her and Gilda. An over-enthusiastic gesture sends one of the mitts into the beaked face. Cut to a female cruising overhead: same body/wing coloration as Gilda, but the feathers on top of her head are swept back rather than forward and tipped in light green to match the shading around her eyes. She also wears a gray scarf secured by a gold crescent-moon clip. This is Greta, who pauses her flight once the aroma from the oven drifts up to her level. A couple of sniffs later, here comes another flyer from behind, who plows her out of the way without a moment’s hesitation. Down at ground level, the camera shakes to the sound of Greta’s impact; zoom out to frame her laid out a few feet away, then cut to a close-up of a panicked Gilda. When Pinkie next appears on camera, she will have shed the mitt she did not inadvertently throw at the curmudgeonly griffon.*)

**Gilda:** Greta! (*She helps Greta up, only to get her arm thrown off as the latter skulks away.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Aha! (*Pan slightly to frame her.*) I saw that, Gilda! (*standing up to hind legs, crossing forelegs smugly*) You may act like a gruff, grumbling griffon, but inside you’re gracious and great. (*She drops to all fours.*)

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

**Pinkie:** You just helped your friend up when she got knocked down.

**Gilda:** (*bitterly, glaring after Greta*) What?

(*Cut to the “friend,” now hunched down and stalking past a few dilapidated houses.*)

**Gilda:** (*from o.s.*) Her? Greta’s just some griffon I know. (*Back to her.*) We don’t have friends here! (*Sigh.*) I did have a friend once—but you saw how that turned out.

(*The remark about her broken friendship with Rainbow causes Pinkie’s entire face to go slack and her eyes to shrink to points and drift out of alignment. One terrible realization brings her fully back to herself.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh my gosh! (*galloping off*) I gotta go find Rainbow Dash!

**Gilda:** See you.

(*Dissolve to Rainbow and the shopkeeper stepping up to a crag overlooking the Abyss and zoom out. The air currents are doing their thing only a few yards down from the drop-off.*)

**Rainbow:** (*voice raised*) You sure we can’t just fly down?

(*She launches herself into empty space, wings beating furiously, only to be pushed back up…*)

**Rainbow:** Whoa! (*…and make a most graceless landing on the turf.*) Never mind. (*She stands up.*) Totally got my answer there.

(*Dissolve to a long shot of the edge. The shopkeeper, visible only in silhouette, stands here feeding out a rope that snakes down over the precipice and is tied to a nearby rock. A tilt down frames Rainbow on the other end, rappelling down the rock face.*)

**Rainbow:** Just gotta find that golden idol and get outta this place!

(*Close-up. She lowers herself o.s., not noticing when the rope becomes snagged on a small outcropping. It only takes a moment for the fibers to snap, sending her into a screaming plummet that turns into an uncontrollable swooping glide once the wind has its say. She is swept o.s.; there comes the sound of a thud, and the camera cuts to her, having fetched up on an uncomfortably small projection of rock. One hind leg shows visible signs of injury.*)

**Rainbow:** Oh! Ow! Ooh! My hoof! (*Zoom out overhead to the surface.*) Help! Throw me another rope!

**Shopkeeper:** You got bits?

(*The injured pegasus casts a frantic eye over her gear and shoots an imploring look back up to the surface. Since that look comes with no lucre, though, the griffon just shrugs and walks away. Back to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** Wait! (*Zoom out quickly overhead.*) HEEEEEEEE—

(*The end of her entreaty is lost to the wind and distance as the zoom continues, now far over the Abyss. Clouds drift into view to fill the screen, and the view snaps to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Rainbow bandaging her bad leg. After one last pull at the wrappings, she forces herself upright and gets her wings going in an attempt to lift off; the strong air flow buffets her upward and slams her into a vertical belly flop against the sheer rock surface. She slides down headfirst, ending up right back where she started, and lets go with a frustrated scream at full volume. Each of the next six lines echoes across the space, except for the one noted.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s. above*) There you are!

(*Rainbow aims a popeyed stare up toward that voice; cut to just behind her head, the camera pointed toward Pinkie’s tiny figure hundreds of feet above.*)

**Pinkie:** Forget about finding the Idol! I’ve figured out how to solve Griffonstone’s real problem! Scones! (*She retreats from the edge.*)

**Rainbow:** (*no echo*) PINKIE PIE, YOU GET BACK HERE!! (*Pinkie returns.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah? (*Cut to just behind her, looking down at Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** Can you throw down a rope or something? (*Back to Rainbow’s vantage point.*)

**Pinkie:** Let me look! (*Duck away, then back again.*) One rope, coming up!

(*The stranded explorer stretches both forelegs upward in desperate anticipation and is quickly rewarded when the end of a rope drops into view. Turn after turn pools around her—soon followed by the other end. Rainbow growls in the back of her throat and shoots a venomous look back up toward Pinkie over her failure to tie off one end or at least keep hold of it. Cut to the flustered pink mare.*)

**Pinkie:** We need help! (*She gallops off, but quickly returns.*) Don’t go anywhere! (*Off again.*)

**Rainbow:** (*sighing*) Where does she think I’m gonna go?

(*A section of her most precarious perch cracks and crumbles away, leaving her with no solid ground to rest on until she manages to scramble back onto the remainder. The spare rope goes down the hole in the process.*)

**Rainbow:** (*scared*) I hope I don’t go anywhere!

(*Dissolve to the oven opening at the rear of Gilda’s cart. She reaches in, using Pinkie’s oven mitts, and extracts the tray of scones that went in to bake during Act Two. A cautious nibble causes her eyes to widen in surprise—evidently the altered recipe is to her liking—but the sound of racing hooves cuts off any further taste testing.*)

**Pinkie:** (*galloping into view*) Rainbow Dash is stuck on a ledge in the Abysmal Abyss— (*Gilda removes the mitts.*) —and I need your help to save her!

**Gilda:** Not my problem.

**Pinkie:** Of course it’s your problem! She’s your friend!

**Gilda:** Used to be.

**Pinkie:** Can’t you remember when she was?

**Gilda:** (*wistfully*) Yeah. (*glancing skyward*) Of course.

(*Pan/tilt up to follow her eyes, the view going out of focus and undergoing a wavering dissolve to a flight camp built in and from the clouds. If not the same facility as the one seen during Fluttershy’s flashback in “The Cutie Mark Chronicles,” it is a very close relative. Pegasus colts and fillies fly about as the camera pans to the steps in front of a building entrance, where a small griffon figure can be seen in a long shot, walking out with a piece of luggage in its beak. After it stops and sits, putting the gear down, a close-up reveals it to be a very young, very nervous Gilda and a small carryall bag. She tries a few tentative flaps and manages to get a foot or two off the ground, but the blur of Filly RD’s low-altitude swoop startles her back down to the steps. The daredevil-to-be does not yet have her cutie mark.*)

(*After she has buzzed past, three colts fly up to glare mockingly down at Gilda: Dumbbell, Hoops, and Score—the three who got on Rainbow’s case both in the present during “Sonic Rainboom,” and during her youth in “The Cutie Mark Chronicles.” As in the latter episode, Colt Hoops is the only one of the three to have a cutie mark at this point in time.*)

**Colt Hoops:** Doesn’t that griffon know that she’s supposed to *fly* at the Junior Speedsters *Flight* Camp?

(*Any further taunting is pre-empted by a spray of cloud into the trio’s faces, caused by Filly RD skidding to a midair stop just short of them.*)

**Filly RD:** Maybe she just doesn’t want to make you look bad.

(*Down she goes with enough speed to clear the mist away, stopping in a hover just above the steps.*)

**Filly RD:** Hey there. I’m Rainbow Dash. And you are…?

**Young GI:** (*timidly*) Uh…G-G-G-Gilda.

**Filly RD:** (*jokingly*) You sure about that? (*Young GI manages a weak half-smile.*) Stick with me, Gilda— (*gesturing to the three colts*) —and those guys won’t give you any more guff.

(*She takes hold of one set of talons to lead the new arrival into the air, and within seconds they have picked up quite a bit of speed and begun to navigate a set of floating rings as an obstacle course. Young GI pulls ahead, cutting a tight corkscrew through the air.*)

**Filly RD:** Whoa! You’re awesome!

**Young GI:** (*giggling*) You too, Rainbow Dash!

(*She hurtles on, earning openmouthed stares from the three colts, and soon finds Filly RD flying by her side again.*)

**Filly RD:** Well, Gilda, let’s show these guys how it’s done!

(*Together, they plow through a cloud on which those guys are perched, smashing it apart and throwing them in all directions like a set of bowling pins. The two new friends regroup in midair and launch into a bit of improvised choreography for the following.*)

**Young GI:** Junior Speedsters are our lives,

**Filly RD:** Sky-bound soars and daring dives.

**Young GI, Filly RD:** Junior Speedsters, it’s our quest

To someday be the very best!

(*They end with a forelimb around each other’s shoulders, and the camera zooms out quickly from this flashback as the view “irises out” to black. The zoom continues into the present, the black resolving into the pupil of one of Gilda’s tear-filled eyes. She wipes it clear and lets her face harden into a glare.*)

**Gilda:** Fine! I’ll help her. (*crossing to Pinkie*) But that doesn’t make me her friend.

**Pinkie:** Duly noted.

(*Gilda stalks away; the earth pony cocks a knowing eyebrow at the camera.*)

**Pinkie:** (*singsong*) Except it does!

(*Dissolve to a close-up of what remains of the ledge on which Rainbow sits. A few more fragments crumble away, forcing her to scramble backward, and the camera tilts up to the extremely frightened blue face. A sharp updraft briefly threatens to pitch her away.*)

**Gilda:** (*from o.s. above*) HANG ON, LOSER!!

(*Up above, she and Pinkie have reached the cliff; Gilda has suited up and donned a mining helmet with lamp, and a climbing harness is cinched around her midsection. A rope connects this to an anchoring rock.*)

**Gilda:** I’M COMING!! (*She drops into the Abyss.*)

**Rainbow:** (*smiling, calling overhead*) What took you so long, doofus?

(*Gilda is flung into an upward somersault by a hard gust, but digs all her talons and claws into the stone to arrest her motion. The rest of Rainbow’s ledge collapses to drop her screaming out of view.*)

**Pinkie:** RAINBOW DASH!! (*looping tied-off end of rope around herself, galloping to edge*) I’M COMING FOR YOU!!

(*Without a moment’s hesitation, she hurls herself into the gulf. Gilda has time for one glance of total shock before she plunges past, yanking the griffon off the wall in a scatter of brown feathers. Rainbow plunges on, screaming every foot of the way, followed by Pinkie, and pink and blue hooves inch closer to each other as Gilda stares aghast.*)

**Pinkie:** (*seizing Rainbow*) Gotcha!

(*All three drop yelling out of sight, the camera shaking to mark their o.s. impact. Cut to them at a narrow spot in the Abyss; two rock spurs jut toward each other from opposite sides, with a narrow gap in between. Gilda has caught hold of one of these, straining to hold on against the combined weight of Pinkie and Rainbow at the other end of the rope. Something large and whitish rests directly in front of her, while the opposite ledge shows a fragment of something yellowish.*)

**Gilda:** Hold on, you two!

(*As she struggles to pull herself up, the camera cuts to within a small dark chamber, pointing directly out at her through a rounded aperture. She looks up with alarm.*)

**Gilda:** Huh?

(*Cut to her side, framing the aperture, and zoom out. What she has found is a gigantic, bleached skull with a single cavernous eye socket and two massive goat horns—the earthly remains of Arimaspi. She sucks in a sharp gasp, a gleam issuing from just behind her o.s., and a close-up of the other ledge reveals the source—the long-missing Idol, badly scratched up and half-buried in a scatter of gravel. Pan slightly to frame Gilda.*)

**Gilda:** The Idol of Boreas!

(*Keeping her other three limbs anchored in the rock, she stretches one set of talons across the gap and manages to nudge the item a bit closer.*)

**Rainbow:** I’m slipping!

(*A bit of rock breaks away to leave the Idol dangling over the Abyss, a hair away from going down for good. Gilda strains for it again as Pinkie and Rainbow scream for their lives…Gilda grimaces at the choice facing her: save two lives or reclaim her country’s heritage…and then the two ponies in peril find themselves being hauled up. Gilda has established a sure footing and is reeling them in; one last heave dumps all three onto her ledge, and they sit up just in time to see the Idol’s last support disintegrate. It tumbles into the deepest darkness of the Abyss.*)

**Rainbow:** The Idol!

**Gilda:** You’re more important to me than some dumb chunk of gold.

(*There follows a three-way group hug, which is cut short when the ledge begins to come apart.*)

**Pinkie:** (*looping/tightening rope around Rainbow’s midsection*) Hugging later, climbing now!

(*One more yank squeezes the wind out of the pegasus. In silhouette, Gilda begins to scale the rock wall, pulling both of them up behind her with very little time to spare before the spot they were resting in falls away entirely.*)

(*Dissolve to a long shot of Gilda leading them through Griffonstone; all three have shed their climbing equipment. Rainbow is flying to keep the weight off her bad hoof.*)

**Gilda:** I’m really sorry about how I treated you two.

**Rainbow:** Thanks, Gilda.

**Pinkie:** Apology accepted.

**Rainbow:** And I’m just sorry we didn’t get your Idol back. (*crushed*) Now we’ll never be able to solve Griffonstone’s problem. (*All stop.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s what I was trying to tell you! The map didn’t send us here to find the lost Idol of Boreas, it sent us here to replace it with something better!

**Gilda:** (*puzzled*) Nothing’s better than gold to a griffon. (*Pinkie throws a foreleg around her shoulders and pulls her close.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s because you don’t have friendship! (*She lets go.*) If you can learn to care about each other again— (*Close-up of Gilda; she continues o.s.*) —Griffonstone could be a mightier kingdom than it ever was before!

(*These words give her former adversary pause; cut to frame all three again.*)

**Pinkie:** And you don’t need some golden idol to do that. You just need each other. (*She stands up to her hind legs and spreads her forelegs wide.*)

**Rainbow:** Whoa, Pinkie! That was… (*face falls*) …really sappy. (*Pinkie is back on all fours.*)

**Pinkie:** Eh, what can I say? (*Greta walks past.*) That’s how I roll. Go on, Gilda. (*gesturing after her*) Go make a friend!

(*The griffon baker gathers her nerve, gets a tray of scones passed to her, and finds herself being pushed to fly after Greta.*)

**Rainbow:** I don’t know, Pinkie. You really think these griffons are up for this?

(*Down the road, Gilda is holding her baked goods tentatively out to Greta. The focus stays on Pinkie and Rainbow in the fore.*)

**Rainbow:** We aren’t exactly in Ponyville, you know.

(*Zoom in past them on the end of this and focus on the two locals. Greta initially shakes her head, but reaches to accept a scone when Gilda holds it up. Back up the road, Pinkie has dropped to her haunches and throws a knowing smile to the hovering Rainbow, standing up at the sound of Gilda’s voice.*)

**Gilda:** (*from o.s., excitedly*) Okay. (*flying back to them, touching down*) So she was really weirded out until I gave her the scone! Then she tried it and said it tasted…good! That’s the first nice thing any griffon’s ever said to me!

(*Cut to a close-up of Pinkie and Rainbow, seen from the back up and the head/forelegs forward, respectively. The sound of a flaring cutie mark is heard; zoom out to show that both ponies’ marks are going off.*)

**Rainbow:** Whoa, Pinkie! I guess that really *was* the problem we needed to solve.

(*Snap to a speckled light blue background, against which a can of baking powder appears on a white starburst. The party pony pops up next to it, her mark still pulsing. The slightly grainy, washed-out quality of the image, and the tinny, static-speckled sound of the next line, suggest a commercial being played through an old film projector.*)

**Pinkie:** (*standing up to hind legs*) Baking powder makes baked goods and friendships fluffy and delicious!

(*She cranks off a big squeaky grin, showing that the dental devastation inflicted by Gilda’s original rock-hard scones has been undone. Back to the here and now; both mares’ marks have quieted down again.*)

**Rainbow:** Well, we better be heading home.

**Gilda:** (*panicked*) What? Y-You want me to spread friendship here by myself? How am I supposed to do that? I haven’t even made one single friend yet! (*Rainbow flies over to her.*)

**Rainbow:** No, you haven’t. (*She backs up to a grinning Pinkie.*) You’ve made two.

**Pinkie:** (*about to cry from sheer joy*) Hugging! Hugging now! (*They do so.*)

**Gilda:** But you’ll come back and visit…right? (*Rainbow pulls loose to hover.*)

**Rainbow:** Just try and stop us.

(*Gilda finds the party pony still latched on to her and needs a bit of effort to pull her off. She and the pair go their separate ways—Gilda back into her hometown, Pinkie and Rainbow on the road out of it. A soft squawk draws Pinkie’s attention; cut to the source—Gilda and Greta standing at the statue of Grover that marks the ruined library. Both are enjoying scones from the tray that rests on the ground between them. Zoom in to a close-up of the statue’s head, a spark of light gleaming briefly from one deep-set eye, then cut back to Pinkie; the rear half of Rainbow’s body is also in view.*)

**Pinkie:** (*knowingly*) See you later, you old charmer.

**Rainbow:** Uh, Pinkie? (*Zoom out to frame all of her; Pinkie grins sheepishly.*) Who are you talking to?

**Pinkie:** Nopony!

(*Long shot of the winged archway marking the entrance to Griffonstone.*)

**Pinkie:** (*advancing into view with Rainbow*) Come on. Let’s go home and see how Gummy did with Granny Pie’s marjolaine recipe.

(*Fade to black.*)

(*Snap to the kitchen of Sugarcube Corner. It is exactly as Pinkie left it at the end of the prologue, right down to the last blob of spilled batter on the counter. Gummy is also right where she left him, not having moved a particle from the half-collapsed position he ended up in due to the wire whisk she shoved into his mouth. He lets go with a quiet grunt and an out-of-sync blink before the view snaps to black.*)