**PARTY POOPED**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the upper reaches of a corridor within Twilight Sparkle’s castle and tilt down to ground level. Her five friends stand side by side in a line, and she paces the carpet in front of them. In close-up, she doubles back to Pinkie Pie at one end with a queasy smile and a poke at the pink shoulder.*)

**Twilight:** You look nervous. There’s no reason to be nervous. Nothing to worry about. (*with a half-deranged grin*) Everything’s gonna be fine.

**Pinkie:** (*poking at Twilight’s chest*) Twilight, tell those butterflies in your tummy to beat it. Making new friends is always fun.

(*The Princess moans and puts a hoof to her forehead, sweat beginning to trickle down her face, as Fluttershy steps over to her.*)

**Fluttershy:** They’re probably just as nervous as you are. (*Applejack joins them.*)

**Applejack:** You’ve been plannin’ this shindig for weeks. You know everythin’ about these fellers. It’s gonna be dandy.

(*Twilight does the breathing exercise she learned from Princess Cadence in “Games Ponies Play”—inhale deeply with hoof to chest, then exhale while pushing it away—and adds a brief flaring/furling of her wings at the same time.*)

**Twilight:** (*calmly at first, but slowly becoming unhinged*) You’re right. Remember, Equestria and Yakyakistan haven’t opened their borders for hundreds of moons. In fact, Yakyakistan is so far north of the Crystal Mountains, nopony’s even been there! (*This scares Applejack, Rainbow Dash, and Rarity just a bit.*) Imagine the look on Princess Celestia’s face when she finds out that we made friends with a yak prince! (*Shaky giggle; she tries to compose herself.*) I’m calm. I’m calm.

(*A trumpet fanfare cuts off any further attempt to pull herself together; cut to a closed set of double doors, where Spike stands playing the instrument. These are flung open, smashing him against the nearest bit of crystal wall and allowing a red carpet to be unrolled toward the six equines. The broad, massive figures of two brown yaks can be seen beyond the doors, as can a patch of blue daytime sky—these are the castle’s front doors, and this scene is taking place in its entrance hall. The carpet reaches its full length, its leading edge stopping just short of the hooves of Twilight/Applejack/Rainbow/Rarity in close-up, and the camera tilts up to frame a mix of apprehensive and smiling faces.*)

(*The two yaks advance into the castle. Each wears a hemispherical steel helmet with brass accents and a bundle of brown hair at the peak tied as a topknot, a blanket over the great humped back, and a gold bracer is clasped onto each leg. One is a lighter brown than the other and wears a silver nose ring, its beard is divided into two bundles of hair secured with gold clips. The darker one wears a braided beard that ends in a tasseled gold cap. Massive, upward-bending horns project from each skull, the bottom edge of the helmets cut to accommodate them, and a fringe of fur completely covers the eyes. One horn on the darker one’s helmet has a thin, trailing gold ribbon tied around its base.*)

(*These two step to either side, the camera cutting to a close-up of a third set of gold-braced hooves behind them. The gold-banded end of a broad, red-brown beard hangs into view above them; tilt up to frame all of this yak, Prince Rutherford. Like them, his eyes are hidden behind thick fur and he has a blanket over his back. However, he wears a gold-studded steel crown instead of a helmet, belled earrings hang in both ears, and his two-tone gray-striped horns are each marked with three gold bands. A small ring encircles the tip of one as well, and his blanket sports gold trim. Manner of speaking: loud, brusque, no-nonsense, and—as will be made clear in the next few seconds—rather lacking in proper grammar.*)

**Rutherford:** Ponies! Greetings, ponies!

(*Twilight teleports from her end of the carpet to stop in front of the three new arrivals.*)

**Twilight:** (*bowing*) Prince Rutherford, Your Majesty… (*He inclines his head; she stands up.*) …on behalf of all of us, I welcome you to Equestria.

**Rutherford:** Me honored! Yaks hope for great friendship between ponies and yaks!

(*Leaning into her face, he delivers the next line forcefully enough to shake her and the room.*)

**Rutherford:** Friends for a thousand moons! (*She rubs one ear to clear it and smiles.*)

**Twilight:** You must be hungry after your long journey.

(*A gesture off to one side is Spike’s cue to push into view a long serving table set with assorted strange-looking delicacies. She backs off a couple of steps to make room for it.*)

**Twilight:** We’ve prepared a banquet of traditional yak foods. (*Rutherford runs a critical eye over the spread.*)

**Rutherford:** If things not perfect, yaks get mad! Yaks always get mad when things not perfect!

(*The pony Princess swallows hard and slaps on the biggest grin she can manage. Rutherford sniffs cautiously at one dish and takes a mouthful, chewing for a few long seconds. One eye pops open through the fringe of fur, exposing a green iris contracted to a point, and he spits the food across the room in a sudden rage.*)

**Rutherford:** This no taste like yak food! (*Cut to the ponies and zoom in slowly on Twilight’s cringing face; he continues o.s.*) Fake pony food make yaks mad!

(*The affronted Prince flips the table with a roar, and he and his two attendants waste no time in stomping both it and the inferior culinary offerings into mulch and kindling. They do not stop there, however, but proceed to lay waste to the entire entrance hall. Within seconds, walls have been rammed, banners torn down, doors shattered, a bench kicked to pieces, and general devastation wrought both high and low. Zoom out slowly to frame a horrified Twilight looking on, then cut to frame all but Pinkie in close-up. A bit of the magenta mane hangs into view at one side as Twilight chews her lower lip, and Pinkie eases toward her in just as much of a fright as the others.*)

**Pinkie:** Is it okay to be nervous now?

(*Twilight puts a hoof to her own mouth as if trying to fight the faintest urge to lose her breakfast at the wreckage. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the upper reaches of the thoroughly trashed entrance hall and tilt down slowly to ground level. Fluttershy flies up to re-hang a tapestry, and Rainbow flies down with a broom as Applejack inspects a broken balcony railing. On the floor, Pinkie checks one of the doors while Rarity levitates the pieces of a shattered vase; Twilight glances fearfully over her shoulder just in time to see a chunk of crystal drop from the ceiling. Applejack uses a hammer in her mouth to nail a piece of the railing back in place, then shifts it to her front hooves.*)

**Applejack:** Them yaks sure have a funny way of sayin’ howdy.

(*Cut to Rarity, floating up a bottle of glue and applying it on the vase’s broken edges.*)

**Rarity:** They’re different, that’s all. (*Press halves together; set down on a pedestal, her smile fading.*) Very different. (*Rainbow flies over to Twilight.*)

**Rainbow:** I think they broke my record for most stuff broken in under a minute.

(*As she continues, she holds up a small trophy built as a stopwatch with springs popping loose. It has been knocked half off its base, and the nameplate is crooked.*)

**Rainbow:** I mean, they even broke the trophy! (*The watch pops loose and falls away; she goes to work sweeping up.*)

**Twilight:** All we have to do is show them how great it can be to have friends— (*Fluttershy flies down to her.*) —before Princess Celestia arrives for the friendship party tonight. Now, who read the seven-volume cross-indexed history of Yakyakistan I recommended?

(*The yellow pegasus’ eyes pop at the mention of this literary monster, but she quickly shifts her reaction to a grin that hides her mild panic at the half-crazed one that has come onto Twilight’s face. Across the way, Pinkie, Rainbow, and Rarity avert their eyes to avoid a direct line of sight.*)

**Rainbow:** Um…I-I had a thing…

**Pinkie:** (*cheerfully, hopping in place*) I did, I did! (*She slides over to Fluttershy.*) Did you know they live so far north of the Crystal Empire that it’s cold all the time?

(*Grabbing as much of the pink mane as she can, she wraps it around her head like a scarf.*)

**Pinkie:** Yaks have yak fur to keep them warm. (*Big squeaky grin; cut to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Pretty sure that’s what fur’s always for, Pinkie Pie.

(*The pink pony emerges from underneath the brown cowboy hat, startling its wearer into dropping her hammer.*)

**Pinkie:** I know! Yaks are so cool!

(*The tool comes down squarely on the vase Rarity had fixed, smashing it to pieces and leaving nothing but the base. She shoots a dirty look toward the balcony, having put away the glue; meanwhile, Fluttershy pats her mane back into place.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkie Pie, can you show them around town? I know you have to plan the friendship party too— (*All gather together; Rarity floats up the shards; Rainbow has put her broom away.*) —but it would really help make them feel welcome.

**Pinkie:** Don’t worry. They’ll be in good hooves with me.

**Twilight:** (*pacing*) Remember, we want to make sure Equestria feels like home. That means doing everything we can to make this place feel like Yakyakistan.

**Pinkie:** (*saluting*) No problem!

**Twilight:** Good. Let’s get out there and make some new friends!

(*Cut to a point somewhere between her and the others. Six hooves extend into view, pile up, and are pulled apart to the sound of cheers and laughter. From here, dissolve to a long shot of the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres and zoom in slowly. Big Macintosh and Apple Bloom stand just outside the open door and past its edge, as if trying to listen in on whatever is going on within.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) We know y’all are noble warriors—

(*Cut to her and Pinkie inside, addressing Rutherford and his attendants.*)

**Applejack:** —who avoid the so-called finer things— (*removing hat, holding it to her chest*) —so me and my family’d be honored if you rested here in the barn during your visit. (*Cut to Pinkie, hopping across the floor to the end of something built from hay.*)

**Pinkie:** Applejack and I made hay beds like you’re used to back in Yakyakistan.

(*As she speaks, the camera zooms out to show this thing as one of three long, low rectangular bales, jutting out from the wall and laid out side by side. A pillow has been placed on the wall end of each.*)

**Rutherford:** (*stepping closer*) Hmm…this perfect! (*Applejack puts her hat back on.*)

**Pinkie:** (*as all three yaks cross to beds*) You can snooze here all afternoon, ’cause you’re gonna need a lot of energy for my party tonight! (*Close-up of her and Applejack on the end of this; they trade a grin.*)

**Applejack:** (*sighing, aside, to Pinkie*) That wasn’t so hard.

**Rutherford:** (*from o.s., angrily*) Wait!

(*Green and blue eyes shrink in shock; cut to Rutherford, hunched down and lapping at the hay of one bed.*)

**Rutherford:** This not yak hay!

**Pinkie:** (*as Applejack gently pulls her backward*) Well, we didn’t have actual hay from Yakyakistan— (*Macintosh and Bloom dive out of sight.*) —but we tried our best to make it just like yours. (*Rutherford stands up in close-up.*)

**Rutherford:** Not perfect! (*Zoom out; all three yaks stand at the beds.*) Yaks destroy!

(*And they proceed to do just that, stomping the impromptu sleeping accommodations apart with a great deal of yelling and grunting. Cut to just outside the door; Applejack and Pinkie gallop out, just ahead of a cloud of dust, as a pillow is flung out after them.*)

**Applejack:** Pinkie Pie, what do we do?

(*The party planner aims a puzzled glance back at the barn, then smiles as an idea takes hold. Dissolve to a couple of bedsheets strung up side by side on tree branches as makeshift stage curtians; she zips up to these.*)

**Pinkie:** And now, for your entertainment pleasure, presenting “Animals, Yakyakistan Style”!

(*On the end of this, she pulls the curtains open and backs o.s. as the camera zooms in slowly on the now-exposed base of the tree trunk. Out come several small animals, including Fluttershy’s rabbit Angel; all are wearing small-scale yak horns, even two small chicks that sport one each. The group makes its way across the grass to a picnic blanket set with teapot and cups; the yaks stand behind this, Fluttershy sits on her haunches at one end, and Pinkie stands at the other. Close-up of Rutherford.*)

**Rutherford:** Animals cute. (*Pan toward Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Oh. (*now in view*) Thank goodness.

(*Close-up of the chicks; one trips on a rock and falls forward, catching the tip of its horn in the grass. It strains for a moment and pops loose, leaving the thing stuck.*)

**Rutherford:** (*from o.s.*) Wait! (*Cut to the group.*) These antlers lie! These not Yakyakistani animals! Yaks smash!

(*Fluttershy can only start sweating bullets and manage a tiny whimper of total fear as the sovereign bovid rears up with a shout of fury. She swoops across, gathering up all the animals with almost no time spare before the front hooves come down to pulverize the tea party. Once he shakes the blanket off his horns, all three get into the act with gusto. Fluttershy watches the debacle from a tree branch on which she and the critters have perched, and Pinkie peeks out from a nearby fork.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay, well, there’s still other things we can do. (*nervously*) I think.

(*Dissolve to Rarity’s upper-story workroom/living quarters in the Carousel Boutique. Pinkie and the yaks are up here, and the designer trots past with a length of fabric trailing behind in her aura.*)

**Rarity:** Yes, these are some of my favorite materials.

(*Close-up as she crosses to her fabric shelves.*)

**Rarity:** (*levitating/unfurling a roll*) Very rare. Imported from the Crystal Empire to match your northern sensibilities. (*Now she floats up a basket of yarn.*) I hope you’ll find them…

(*She trails off into a gasp as the sound of uncouth munching reaches her ears, and she lets the supplies drop with a horrified look as the camera pans back to the yaks. They are chomping away at the first piece of cloth; back to her.*)

**Rarity:** (*small voice*) …delicious.

(*Pinkie crosses to her, and both pairs of blue eyes stare gobsmacked as a scrap of the textile is spat to the floor.*)

**Rutherford:** (*from o.s.*) This don’t taste like yak fabric! (*Overhead view of the trio.*) Yaks destroy!

(*Here they go, sending Rarity’s supplies and pony-shaped mannequins—and pieces thereof—all over the place. She turns away, crushed, as Pinkie tacks on an ingratiating smile and hoists a broken head.*)

**Pinkie:** Everything’s gonna be fine. (*Smile fades; she holds it up as a shield.*) You’ll just…make it up to them…somehow.

(*An expanse of cloth sails across the screen; behind its trailing edge, the view wipes to a tract of peaceful meadow.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., cheerfully*) Listen up!

(*Pan to her, hopping and leading the yaks over a rise. She no longer carries the dummy head.*)

**Pinkie:** Tell your faces to hold on to their frowns— (*stopping, bending backwards into half a headstand*) —’cause they’re about to get turned upside down!

**Rutherford:** Hold your frown, face! (*He grimaces as strongly as he can; Pinkie zips over.*)

**Pinkie:** Hit it, Rainbow Dash!

(*Here comes the blue flyer overhead, pushing a wide, fluffy cloud into place above the group. One solid buck causes the lower portion to detach and drop straight to the ground as a thick layer of snow, half-burying them in an instant. The airborne section begins to release a steady fall of the cold white stuff.*)

**Pinkie:** Just like Yakyakistan’s snow, right? (*Rainbow drops into a hover nearby.*) Because snow is snow, no matter where it comes from.

(*The two ponies trade a high five and confidently await Rutherford’s appraisal. He puts out his tongue to lick a few flakes off his nose, mulls it over for a second, and proceeds to lose his temper all over again.*)

**Rutherford:** This not yak snow!

(*Followed by him and his attendants thrashing madly at the instant blizzard; pan to a dumbfounded Pinkie and Rainbow.*)

**Pinkie:** Seriously? (*She watches a bit more, her spirits sinking.*) Seriously.

(*The pink face meets the snowpack in resignation. Dissolve to the tree-stump chandelier that Twilight’s friends hung up in her throne room during “Castle Sweet Castle,” all its gem-light strings glowing warmly, and tilt down to the central table. All six mares are seated around it on their thrones, and the table is bare of its magic map of Equestria.*)

**Applejack:** You know— (*Close-up; she forces a smile.*) —it’s goin’ okay. (*Pan quickly to each speaker in turn.*)

**Rarity:** Satisfactory, I’d say.

**Rainbow:** It could be better.

**Fluttershy:** (*half-hiding behind her mane*) It’s not very good.

**Pinkie:** *It’s a disaster!* (*Stay on her.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Pinkie Pie… (*To her.*) …tonight’s Yakyakistan theme party is more important than ever! (*Zoom out slowly; she taps her front hooves together.*) You’ll make them forget all about this afternoon, right?

(*She ends this line with a shaky, half-crazed, pleading grin, and five pairs of eyes train themselves on one pink mare whose brain is ready to jump ship. The twitch of her mouth and one eye only underscores her mental strain.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Because if it’s not perfect— (*Back to her and Rainbow.*) —they’re gonna smash everything! And I’m not sure how much more smashing this visit can take!

(*This time, she finishes by shooting out of her seat and leaning over the table, supporting her weight on her front hooves. Pinkie responds by hunching down behind the edge in front of her throne, but she manages to get up and lean across with a desperate smile.*)

**Pinkie:** I definitely will! (*losing resolve*) I think? (*Hunch down again.*) Maybe?

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) You’re the best gosh-darn party planner in Equestria. (*Cut to her on the end of this, then pan quickly to each speaker in turn.*)

**Rainbow:** You’ll show ’em a good time.

**Fluttershy:** You can do it!

**Rarity:** We have absolute confidence in your abilities, Pinkie Pie. (*Back to Pinkie, now sitting up.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s going to be my most happy-tacular party ever! (*nervously*) I hope.

(*Putting on a big grin that is not at all squeaky, she flicks her eyes from side to side.*)

**Rainbow:** Why are your eyes darting around like that?

**Pinkie:** It’s what I do when I’m not nervous! (*Loud, shrill laugh; Twilight steps over to her.*)

**Twilight:** (*putting a foreleg around her shoulders*) Pinkie Pie, I don’t know what we’d do without you. (*Pinkie shoves her back.*)

**Pinkie:** Me either! *Gotta go!*

(*The words are barely out of her mouth before she bolts for the door, the sound of her galloping hooves fading away in the quiet. Dissolve to the upper portion of Sugarcube Corner and zoom in slowly to the sound of the hyperactive mare’s hyperventilation, then cut to her in the bedroom. She is lying upside down on a couch, head and forelegs hanging off the front edge and hindquarters extending up past the top edge of the back. Her pet alligator Gummy sits on a stool to look out a window.*)

**Pinkie:** Gummy, what am I gonna do? (*She flips upright.*) I have all this amazing stuff planned for the party, but they’re gonna hate it!

(*Her entire head seems to deflate partway and flatten out against the couch cushion, causing her despondent frown to stretch to ludicrous proportions. Cut to just outside the window, revealing that Gummy is watching a bee buzzing over its flower box and trying to catch it with his tongue.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from around sill inside*) There’s no way to make Equestria feel like Yakyakistan.

(*Inside again; she slides off the couch and onto the floor, face down, then pops up to all fours.*)

**Pinkie:** They’re just too sensitive! (*pacing a bit*) Even Fluttershy made them mad! (*sobbing*) *Fluttershy!*

(*Outside the window again; the bee slowly flies away.*)

**Pinkie:** (*walking into view*) Ooh, I need a new idea, and I need it now.

(*Inside, the camera aimed through the window to pick out Twilight leading the yaks through the street below. Zoom out to frame Pinkie and Gummy on the start of the next line.*)

**Pinkie:** How am I supposed to make this party feel like Yakyakistan without actually going there and bringing something back?

(*The toothless reptile just flicks out his tongue and licks the end of her nose, prompting her into a lung-bursting gasp and a calculating smile.*)

**Pinkie:** Gummy, you’re a genius.

(*Planting a big kiss on the top of his head, she drops him and disappears in a pink/magenta blur. Cut to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner; Twilight steps into view to point it out.*)

**Twilight:** And this is Sugarcube Corner. (*A different angle frames her addressing the yaks.*) They’re working hard to make you a traditional Yakyakistan cake.

**Rutherford:** Vanilla extract balance very tricky.

**Attendants:** Uh-huh.

**Twilight:** (*grinning nervously*) Do you mind, um, waiting here for one moment?

(*She teleports herself away; cut to Pinkie’s bedroom, where she rematerializes in close-up.*)

**Twilight:** (*hastily*) How’s tonight’s party coming? I’m doing what I can, but it’s really up to you at this point!

(*Dead silence greets her; zoom out to show that Pinkie has vacated this bit of the premises.*)

**Twilight:** (*looking around herself*) Pinkie? WHERE ARE YOUUUU?

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of Twilight’s hooves crossing the bedroom floor. Tilt up to her face; she chews a front hoof worriedly, then looks across to the stairs leading up from the shop below. Applejack, Fluttershy, Rainbow, and Rarity have just come up.*)

**Twilight:** Did you find her?

**Fluttershy:** Angel and I searched the forest, but… (*Close-up; she shakes her head sadly. Tilt up to the hovering Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** Aerial recon turned up nothing either. (*Cut to Applejack and Rarity.*)

**Applejack:** I searched the farm inside and out. (*Doff hat.*) No Pinkie Pie, but I did find a set of Granny Smith’s dentures under the house. So… (*Don hat.*) …not a complete loss.

**Rarity:** She’s simply vanished!

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) But the party! (*Cut to frame all five; she turns away.*) It’s all we have left! What are we gonna do?

(*Her rattled ruminations come to a dead stop when Gummy drops into view, landing neatly on top of her head. Out comes his tongue to dangle a saliva-covered document before her eyes, bearing Pinkie’s cutie mark; she warms up her horn and floats this away for a close look.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “Don’t worry, I’ll be back in time for the party. Love, Pinkie Pie.”

(*Now really confused, she levitates both the letter and the pet away from herself and turns back to the other four.*)

**Twilight:** If Pinkie Pie says she’ll be back in time for the party, she’ll be back. We have to trust her, right? (*Close-up; her wings flare as she sweats and her last good nerve starts to fray.*) No reason to FREAK OUT!

(*Fluttershy crosses to the Princess on the verge of a psychotic break.*)

**Fluttershy:** Don’t worry, Twilight. (*Violet wings fold away.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) When it comes to parties— (*Cut to her and Rarity; Rainbow lands next to them.*) —I think she knows what she’s doin’.

(*Twilight does her breathing exercise again, as in the prologue, and gets herself under control.*)

**Twilight:** You’re right. Let’s just focus on keeping the yaks happy ’til she’s back.

**Rainbow:** Piece of cake!

(*The mental motor under the striped dark blue mane chooses this moment to throw a rod.*)

**Twilight:** *THE CAKE!!*

(*Cut to the kitchen of Sugarcube Corner. On the counter stands a cake styled as a tall mountain, with horns jutting out from opposite sides and waterfalls of white icing that tumble into the hay piled up around the base. One top-to-bottom slice has been cut away and is being carried across the room on a plate by Mrs. Cake.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** One bite and you’ll be transported right back toYakyakistan.

(*On the end of this, the camera cuts to a different angle, showing that she is placing it on the counter as a presentation to Rutherford. The other two yaks stand a pace behind him. Mrs. Cake manages a chuckle, but the set of her face gives away the extreme trepidation that has taken hold of her.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** I hope.

(*The flash of Twilight’s teleport plays across the room from nearby o.s.; zoom out to show her now standing near the baker and ready to panic afresh. Rutherford chomps the entire slice down in one bite and chews it slowly.*)

**Rutherford:** Mmm…mmm…

(*He grimaces ever so slightly; cut to the two mares’ side of the counter as his shadow looms quickly over them.*)

**Rutherford:** (*from o.s.*) PONIES TOO HEAVY ON VANILLA EXTRACT!

(*Back to him, venting his newfound spleen with a roar and a hoof strike that destroys the rest of the cake. Cut to a close-of Twilight as bits of confectionary go shooting past, accompanied by the roar and rumble of a new wrecking spree, and zoom in slowly.*)

**Twilight:** (*very scared*) We’ve never needed a party so badly.

(*Dissolve to a train rolling through the countryside, then cut to the interior of one car. The door at the far end opens to admit the conductor.*)

**Conductor:** Next stop, Crystal Empire!

(*A close-up of one seat picks out the two ponies occupying it; one is Pinkie, staring out the window with narrowed eyes, and the other is hidden behind a newspaper. The conductor walks down the aisle past them; zoom in on the pink traveler as she turns from the glass.*)

**Pinkie:** (*quiet, dramatic tone*) And so my quest begins. (*Look out window.*) I know what you’re thinking. “Why go to Yakyakistan alone, Pinkie Pie?” Because I’m the party planner. (*standing on seat, tapping/rubbing her cutie mark*) This burden falls on my rump and my rump alone.

(*Cut to just outside the window; she pops up into view to gaze through it.*)

**Pinkie:** (*with growing energy*) If I want a great party, I gotta climb the mountains north of the Crystal Empire, find Yakyakistan, and come back with something authentic!

(*Inside again; she turns to her seatmate and pulls the paper down. This pony is a stallion with a heavy case of five o’clock shadow. Pinkie is all smiles again.*)

**Pinkie:** Know what I mean?

(*Any further attempt at conversation goes down the drain when the train comes to an abrupt halt, throwing her halfway off the seat. She gets her wits about her after a moment, climbs down, and looks out the window at the cacti and corral fences that run alongside the track. Cut to her perspective, panning slowly from one side to the other to take in a Western-style settlement under a blazing sun.*)

**Pinkie:** Did we go the wrong way?

(*The view now shifts to a station platform, where this train has pulled up. The car door slides open and she looks out.*)

**Pinkie:** Where’s all the snow? (*Ground level; she leans down over a pile of sand or dirt.*) Please tell me this is magical sand-colored snow!

(*A mouthful taken; a face-distorting grimace; a spit to get her mouth clear.*)

**Pinkie:** Nope! Sand. (*She stands up on the platform; the conductor is at the far end.*) Definitely sand. (*She scrapes it off her tongue.*)

**Conductor:** Dodge City, end of the line, I’m afraid. All trains had to stop. Sheep decided to sit on the tracks.

(*Pan quickly to the length of track directly in front of the stopped locomotive. Sure enough, quite a few of the woolly beasts are lollygagging out here. Pinkie flashes into view among them.*)

**Pinkie:** CURSE YOU, SHEEP!! (*She whips back onto the platform and addresses the conductor, saluting.*) Thanks for your help, conductor.

(*And then, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, she hops merrily along the planks and off the end, toward an outhouse that stands next to the station. The door swings open just in time for her to hit it face first and crumple to the dirt, and out steps Cherry Jubilee—the cherry ranch owner that Applejack briefly worked for in “The Last Roundup.” Pinkie looks up from her prone position once her eyes start working properly again.*)

[*Continuity error: In that episode, the town that served as Jubilee’s base of operations was named Dodge Junction, not Dodge City.*]

**Pinkie:** Cherry Jubilee!

**Jubilee:** Pinkie Pie?!? (*helping her up*) I reckoned I eyeballed you crossin’ my way right now.

**Pinkie:** How are you? You look amazing! (*pushing her down to haunches*) I need help.

**Jubilee:** I’m dandy as a daffodil and fit as a floribunda. (*Stand up.*) What can I do you for?

**Pinkie:** Have you heard of Yakyakistan? Do you have any idea how I can get there? (*Jubilee zips over to her and rests a hoof on one shoulder.*)

**Jubilee:** Mark your calendar, missy, ’cause this right here’s your lucky day!

(*She walks off, away from the station, with the pink traveler following. On the start of the next line, zoom out to frame a stagecoach parked in front of them; it is loaded with baskets of cherries, and four tired-looking earth pony stallions stand in the harnesses.*)

**Jubilee:** I’m headin’ north to the Crystal Empire myself for a delivery. (*climbing onto driver’s seat in close-up*) I’d warn you, though—me and the boys are powerful tired ’cause we was up all night countin’ cherries.

(*Zoom out on the second half of this latter sentence to frame the weary stallions, one of whom has gone to sleep on his hooves.*)

**Jubilee:** Hey there! (*He snaps to with a neigh.*) Wake up! (*Close-up of the cargo, the side of Jubilee’s head barely in view.*)

**Pinkie:** (*climbing into coach*) Counting cherries? How many? (*Zoom out; now the fatigue on Jubilee’s face is clearly visible.*)

**Jubilee:** Four hundred and seventeen thousand, two hundred and thirty-four.

(*The fact that she can put an exact number to it causes Pinkie’s face to nearly slide off her skull from sheer disbelief.*)

**Jubilee:** Yee-haa!

(*A snap of the reins brings the pulling team back to full consciousness, and Pinkie lets out a surprise yelp, thrown against the back of her seat as they start to roll. Cut to a pan across an arid desert landscape; on the start of the next line, zoom out to put the coach in the fore, with the pink rider sitting on her haunches and staring back the way they came.*)

**Pinkie:** (*quiet, dramatic tone*) And so my quest resumes. As I stare across the endless desert, I tell myself I will soon triumphantly enter the homeland of our noble guests and return with a prize to make the best party they’ve ever seen.

(*Close-up; she faces front, instantly all smiles again as after her monologue on the train.*)

**Pinkie:** Know what I mean?

(*Zoom out slightly. She is now standing up behind the driver’s seat, on which Jubilee is sprawled out and sleeping like a baby.*)

**Pinkie:** (*puzzled*) Cherry?

(*Bug-eyed terror rivets itself onto her face as the camera zooms out again. Not only is the driver asleep, but so is the pulling team—and still going at a full gallop. Pinkie shades her eyes with a hoof and squints ahead, the view cutting to her perspective and zooming in quickly on a ravine. A quick zoom out frames this unwelcome natural feature as a reflection in one of her pupils.*)

**Pinkie:** Ravine! (*louder; nudging Jubilee*) Ravine!

(*This wake-up attempt gets her nowhere; neither do a ringing alarm clock and a bucket of water dumped over the slumbering cherry farmer.*)

**Pinkie:** (*pounding on bucket*) WAKE UP!! (*to stallions*) Wake up!

(*Still no good; now the coach is only a few dozen yards from the edge. Spotting the reins pinned under Jubilee’s body, Pinkie takes hold and pulls with all her strength. This starts the team on its collective journey back to full alertness; once their minds can comprehend the looming disaster, hooves dig into the hardpan.*)

**Pinkie:** *STOOOOOOOP!!*

(*Dust clouds fly up around the coach as it screeches to a halt, ending up with all four stallions hanging just over the edge. One last heave on the reins flips the entire harness assembly up and backwards, throwing them clear; she falls down among the cherry baskets, and they come down right on top of her. Jubilee snaps awake and sits up.*)

**Jubilee:** Huh? (*Gasp.*) Whoa. I was dreamin’ about a ravine.

(*A downward glance and an overhead shot point out just how deep this one goes; she leans into view to peer at the trickle of water at the bottom. This is enough to scare the bejesus out of her.*)

**Jubilee:** *RAVIIIIINE!!*

(*Long profile shot of the coach, which has stopped on a small outcropping that projects from this side. Jubilee jumps from her perch into the rear passenger seat.*)

**Pinkie:** That’s what I said.

(*The weight shift causes the none-too-sturdy shelf of rock to crack and collapse, dumping the coach unceremoniously o.s.*)

(*Dissolve to Spike, playing a classical piece on an upright piano that has been set up on an outdoor stage. Zoom out to show Twilight and the three yaks as his audience, the latter three crying softly at the baby dragon’s skillful performance. The stage is the one that has been set up on the Ponyville schoolhouse lawn for various purposes. A close-up points out the yaks’ streaming eyes; Rutherford’s two attendants wipe away their tears with handkerchiefs, and one of them lets the Prince blow his nose on his.*)

**Rutherford:** Music beautiful. Much soul. (*Pan to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*wiping face with a wing*) Phew.

(*Spike finishes the piece and leans out over the end of the piano bench, blowing out a relieved breath. He then jumps down and circles to face the group.*)

**Spike:** When Twilight told me to stall— (*catching himself*) —I-I mean, entertain you, I…I thought— (*leaning against piano*) —there’s no way I could—

(*The melody resumes at this point, even though he is nowhere near the keys, and his eyes pop in most unwelcome surprise. A puzzled grunt from the yaks is followed by the entire instrument being spun 180 degrees to expose Spike’s side—it is a player piano. Tilt down from a close-up of the paper roll being drawn through the mechanism and stop on the panic-stricken ersatz virtuoso, then cut to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Spike! (*She frantically draws a hoof across her throat—“cut it out!”*)

**Rutherford:** Piano play itself?!? (*Cut to Spike, yanking at one of its legs; he continues o.s.*) Music a lie!

(*The ruler’s growing yell gives Spike just enough time to glance upward and see the shaggy brown body coming straight down at him from a high leap. However, the baby dragon only stands paralyzed with fear as the shadow falls over him. Cut to Twilight, now airborne, who winces from both the crash of splintering wood and the debris that goes hurtling past her. She catches Spike in her forelegs, and as the dust clears over the stage, Rutherford and his two attendants gather behind the remains of the piano.*)

**Rutherford:** We demand party! Party now, or yaks no friends! (*Spike now rides on Twilight’s back.*)

**Twilight:** No! (*They leave the stage; she swoops down after them.*) Just a little longer! (*They turn to her.*)

**Rutherford:** No more longer! (*He leans into her face.*) We leave now! Yak go to train! Return with more yaks! (*Extreme close-up, the fur blowing clear of his eyes.*) We declare war!

(*Twilight and Spike gasp in unison at this instant diplomatic disaster. Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a Ponyville street. Twilight flies into view above it, darting here and there like a hummingbird on a severe caffeine overload, and goes into a charge that leads her to the town hall. Spike is no longer riding on her back. Tilt down from the roof as she descends into a hover; the entire building is festooned with a garish display of balloons and banners, a couple of which feature apples in their design.*)

**Twilight:** No Pinkie Pie?

(*At ground level, she finds Applejack trying to paint a sign and Fluttershy fooling with an un-inflated balloon. Rarity lies sprawled out on her belly, and boxes of supplies and bits of random materials are scattered about on the grass.*)

**Twilight:** What’s this? (*The banner is a sloppy mess; Fluttershy tries to blow up her balloon, with no luck.*)

**Applejack:** (*chuckling weakly*) We panicked and tried to plan our own party.

(*Rainbow drops into view, tangled in bunting and streamers and hanging from the second-floor balcony.*)

**Rainbow:** It’s sort of panic-themed.

**Twilight:** The yaks are going home! This is awful! (*sadly*) I wanted to surprise Princess Celestia. Now the only surprise is that I may have just started a war.

(*Dissolve to a blizzard-swept piece of mountainous terrain under a leaden sky, far away from any trace of civilization. Pinkie trudges into view over a rise, following a rope that has been strung up as a guide.*)

**Pinkie:** (*quiet, dramatic tone*) There we were, face to face with Falling Pony Ravine.

(*A dissolve takes the action back to the stagecoach’s plunge into the chasm, with her face faintly superimposed on the view.*)

**Pinkie:** Down, down, down! (*It drops o.s.*) And then suddenly… (*with enthusiasm*) …pow! (*Coach rises into view, held aloft by three Wonderbolt cadets.*) We were rescued midair by the Wonderbolts!

(*A camera flash, and the screen is now filled with a photo that shows Pinkie, Jubilee, and the four stallions waving goodbye as one cadet—Cloudchaser, to be exact—and a full-time member fly off. The group and their vehicle have been deposited outside a theater in Manehattan.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) And then they gave me a ride to Manehattan— (*Flash; now she plays drums in a four-piece band.*) —where I joined a traveling band— (*Flash, black-and-white picture of them performing live.*) —and we played some shows here and there—

(*Flash; they cross a street in the Crystal Empire, Pinkie hopping as usual. The other three have let their manes/tails/beards grow out. This picture is in color again.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice over*) —got popular— (*Flash; they and many other ponies in all manner of dress have gathered for a group shot.*) —almost made it big until creative differences tore us apart.

(*On the end of this, another flash presents a picture taken in the square beneath the Crystal Castle. The other three members have turned their backs on each other and on Pinkie, who stands helplessly at the center of the space as they walk away. One last flash brings back the here and now; she walks a few steps ahead in close-up and stops.*)

**Pinkie:** (*quiet, dramatic tone*) And that’s when I knew I had to get back on with my journey to the Crystal Empire, the gateway to Yakyakistan. And so, here I am. It was a major adventure that took most of the afternoon.

(*Zoom out. She instantly becomes all smiles again and addresses Cadence, who is standing next to her.*)

**Pinkie:** Know what I mean?

**Cadence:** (*pointing ahead*) This is it.

(*Cut to a narrow trail that winds its way up a steep slope and tilt down toward ground level.*)

**Cadence:** (*from o.s.*) The northern boundary of the Crystal Empire. (*now in view; Pinkie hops toward a lamppost marking the trail’s start*) Beyond lies Yakyakistan. Nopony who’s attempted this climb has ever returned. Are you sure you have to do this?

**Pinkie:** I do. (*She walks on.*)

**Cadence:** Good luck, Pinkie Pie.

(*She gazes ahead, concern written all over her face, as the earth pony begins to ascend. Dissolve to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner; Twilight opens one of Pinkie’s bedroom windows from inside, the camera zooming in on her.*)

**Twilight:** How could she be so late to the party?

(*Inside; her other four friends have arrayed themselves about the place: Applejack and Fluttershy on the bed, Rainbow hovering by the stairs leading up to the balcony, Rarity lying on the couch.*)

**Twilight:** This isn’t like her!

**Fluttershy:** I’m sure she’s trying her best.

**Rainbow:** Pinkie Pie’s tougher than she looks. (*Twilight paces.*)

**Twilight:** I know you’re right, but…I wish she was here. I-I put too much pressure on her. (*The others gather nearby.*) I let everypony down, and Princess Celestia will be here any minute and see that I haven’t made new friends—I’ve made new enemies.

(*Letting out a weary sigh, she leans her head against the staircase’s newel post, which is styled as an ice cream cone. The added force causes an internal mechanism to kick into gear; she backs fearfully away and watches part of the ice cream portion retract into itself. A large trapdoor then opens in the floor beneath the group, dumping them out of sight with a yell.*)

(*Dissolve to a slow pan across a mountain pass thickly blanketed with snow. The only sign of life is the very tip of Pinkie’s forelock, breaking the surface to mark her forward progress. At the sound of an echoing beast’s cry, the bit of magenta hair snaps straight and vertical and she pops her head up for a look around. Zoom out to show that she has stopped just outside the mouth of an ice-encrusted cave, from which the glowing points of two pinkish eyes glare out from the darkness inside. She addresses these.*)

**Pinkie:** Hi! My name is Pinkie Pie. (*Close-up.*) I’m looking for Yakyakistan. You know, faraway land, lots of yaks. (*Extreme close-up of the eyes; she continues o.s.*) Maybe you’ve heard of it?

(*A soft, menacing growl floats out from the cave, and the eyes’ owner lunges out into the light to roar at her. It is a broad, white-furred wolf-like creature with a patch of fiery orange fur swept back between its eyes and dark gray skin showing on face, paws, and partly exposed hind legs. The force of its roar leaves Pinkie’s mane badly disheveled, but does not mar her good spirits.*)

**Pinkie:** (*laughing*) Whoa! Slow down! I can’t understand a word you’re saying.

(*But the clawed swipe that takes off the end of her forelock is impossible to misunderstand. She stares fearfully up at the advancing monster, bounds out of her trench with a yelp, and peels out as it prepares to strike again. Within a few strides across the snow, her mane/tail are back to normal and the severed hair has grown out again; a look ahead gets her smiling anew.*)

**Pinkie:** There it is!

(*Her perspective, slowly ascending a rise to see the top of a wooden structure marked with torches.*)

**Pinkie:** Yakyakistan!

(*Now nearly at the top, she can see that structure as a pair of giant yak totems, each holding a torch and a shield and flanking an immense set of gates. Much closer to her, and facing the gates, is a sled on which a calf sits. Back to Pinkie; she tries desperately to stop, but momentum carries her onto the sled and sets it in motion. The horned helmet on the calf’s head ends up on hers.*)

(*Down the hill they go, Pinkie easing the helmet up for a clear field of view and the calf enjoying the whole ride. The entrance to Yakyakistan stands at the top of a high, snowy ridge, and the sled shoots straight up its vertical face and lands to embed its leading edge in the drifts at the top. The calf hops off and scurries to the gates, nudging one open and giving Pinkie a welcoming smile. As she returns it, cracks begin to spread in the snowpack around the sled and the section directly underneath it drops out of sight. Mare and sled hang in midair for a long moment before gravity returns from its coffee break, and she finds herself rocketing back the way she came at insanely high speed. The helmet falls away immediately, and the sled ends up turned 180 degrees to point its leading edge in her direction of travel. She, however, still faces backwards.*)

**Pinkie:** NOOOOOOOO— (*Past the beast that menaced her…*) —OOOOOOOO— (*…then Cadence, on her way back down the trail…*) —OOOOOOOO— (*…then Jubilee, carrying cherry baskets from her stagecoach and across a Manehattan street…*) —OOOOOOOO— (*…then the stopped train at Dodge City/Dodge Junction and the sheep responsible.*) —OOOOOOOO—

(*The near miss with Cadence forces her to throw a wing protectively over her face, while the one with Jubilee dumps her onto her haunches and upsets the baskets on her back. After Pinkie flashes past the train, the view wipes to black. Twilight’s pained groan is followed by her eyes opening in the complete darkness.*)

**Twilight:** Is everypony all right? (*Fluttershy’s eyes open.*)

**Fluttershy:** I can’t tell if my eyes are open or closed. (*Rainbow’s move past, one squinting.*)

**Rainbow:** I-I think I can see a little bit.

(*As soon as she has moved o.s., a loud crash shakes the camera and forces the other two to squeeze their eyes shut.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s., grunting*) Nope.

(*The lights snap on, presenting the blue pegasus fetched up against a file cabinet. Confetti and streamers litter the floor, as do a few folders, and containers of assorted merriment-related items stand nearby. She sits up onto her haunches and looks around, totally bewildered at the mirrored disco balls hanging from the ceiling…the wrapped presents sitting on a shelf…other file cabinets standing next to a cake and banners. A long shot of this entire room reveals that it is packed floor to ceiling with all manner of party-related equipment. The five mares stare at the sheer magnitude of this trove, which has a playground slide leading down to it—presumably the way they came in after falling through the trapdoor. Zoom out slowly.*)

**Twilight, Applejack, Fluttershy, Rainbow,** **Rarity:** (*Rainbow hovering; others standing up*) Oooooh!

(*Applejack makes her way to an open cabinet drawer and begins to flip through its contents.*)

**Applejack:** Look at these! (*Fluttershy joins her…*) Pinkie Pie’s made files for everypony in town! (*…and pulls one out to look through it.*)

**Fluttershy:** With exactly what kind of parties we like.

**Rainbow:** (*giddily*) Pinkie Pie has a secret party-planning cave? How cool is this?

**Fluttershy:** (*reading*) “Twilight Sparkle likes vanilla ice cream…” (*Twilight crosses to her for a look.*) “…red balloons, dancing…” (*This last puzzles Fluttershy a bit.*)

**Twilight:** (*laughing*) That’s right!

**Fluttershy:** “…but she’s afraid of quesadillas.”

(*That bit of information throws its subject for a loop.*)

**Twilight:** (*indignantly*) No, I’m not! (*unnerved, whispering*) They’re just so… (*Shudder.*) …cheesy.

(*She cringes at the admission and backs out of sight. Wipe to a quiet Ponyville street, which stops being quite so tranquil when Pinkie rockets into view on her sled, still facing backwards.*)

**Pinkie:** —OOOOOOOO—

(*She slides toward the front door of Sugarcube Corner; cut to inside her bedroom as she hurtles through the doorway. The trick newel post has resumed its usual appearance, and the trapdoor has closed.*)

**Pinkie:** —OOOOOOOO!!

(*The sled catches on the rug, flipping her onto the bed; Gummy sits on the pillow.*)

**Pinkie:** NOOO!! I’m all the way back where I started! (*gesturing with a hoof*) Gummy, I was *this* close to helping Twilight befriend the yaks. Now I’ve just let everypony down.

(*The sound of muffled, indistinct conversation gets her attention; she drops to the floor and presses an ear to the rug, straining to make out any words.*)

**Pinkie:** Hmm?

(*Cut to inside the hidden party-supply room, the talk coming through much more clearly now as she comes down the slide.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Looky here!

(*The fun-loving mare takes cover behind some nearby balloons. Close-up of these, seen from her side; through one, the farmer can be seen holding up a document for Rarity’s inspection.*)

**Applejack:** It’s notes for the party she wants to throw for her folks’ fiftieth anniversary.

(*On the end of this, Pinkie stands up into view and nudges the balloons aside, showing Twilight looking at the page as well. The camera then cuts to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** But they ain’t nearly that old. (*Another look.*) Huh. She’s already plannin’ their one-hundredth, too…and their five-hundredth?

**Twilight:** I had no idea she worked so hard on her parties! (*Rainbow hovers nearby on her back.*)

**Rainbow:** (*smugly*) She may be more organized than *you*, Twilight. (*Grin.*)

**Twilight:** (*laughing*) Let’s not get carried away. (*Cut to the five visitors; Fluttershy has put away the file on Twilight she was reading earlier.*)

**Rarity:** I just wish Pinkie Pie were here so we could tell her how much we all appreciate her hard work.

(*None of them notice a bunch of balloons slowly approaching from behind.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from “o.s.”, sobbing happily*) Thank you! (*Rarity steps aside as she lets them go, revealing herself sitting on her haunches.*) Thank you! I love you too, all of you!

**Twilight:** You’re back! (*Pinkie pops up and hugs her.*)

**Pinkie:** I tried to go to Yakyakistan so I could bring something back for my party, but at the last second I made a mistake. (*Sigh.*) I worked harder on this party than any party ever, but I’m still just a big failure. (*She slumps back to her haunches.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkie Pie, you’re not a failure.

**Fluttershy:** What matters is how hard you tried. (*Rainbow flies over.*)

**Rainbow:** Who else would have gone all across Equestria to plan *one* party?

**Pinkie:** (*smiling*) You know, the trip *was* really hard. But everypony I met along the way was so helpful. (*Rainbow flies up o.s.; zoom in slowly.*) I just wish the yaks could see how friendly and wonderful and great Equestria really is!

(*A ridiculously long gasp marks the pink pony’s latest brainchild.*)

**Pinkie:** I just got the best party idea ever! (*She jumps up to emphasize the point.*)

**Twilight:** (*glumly*) It’s too late. The yaks left on the last train. (*Pinkie leans over to her.*)

**Pinkie:** Um, no, they didn’t. (*Happy little squeal.*) Trust me. (*crossing to slide*) There are a whole lotta sheep out there!

(*Jumping onto the end and sitting on her haunches, she proceeds to slide right back up the incline—gravity taking five again, no doubt. Pan from here to the others.*)

**Fluttershy:** So, um, do we walk back up the slide or…or what?

(*Dissolve to a close-up of a very angry Rutherford menacing a train engineer.*)

**Rutherford:** Yaks stuck HERE?!?

(*Long shot: these two and Rutherford’s attendants are standing on the platform at the Ponyville station.*)

**Rutherford:** Why trains not work? (*Growl.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) I never thought I’d say this, but… (*Cut to her and the gang by the tracks, Rainbow hovering.*) …THANK YOU, SHEEP!! And now, if it’s okay with you… (*Zoom in slightly on her.*) …it’s party time!

(*Now up on her hind legs, she whips out a pair of star-shaped sunglasses and puts them on. The yaks trade a round of confused grunts. From here, dissolve to a slow pan across a tract of land just outside Ponyville proper, now set up with a wide range of attractions: apple bobbing, snacks, Wonderbolt autograph table, and so on. The ponies present are having a grand time of it, as are the three yaks outside the Ponyville Spa. Rutherford tries a cupcake, enjoys it, and laughs; one of his attendants has donned a pair of silly sunglasses, while the other has traded his helmet for a giant pink cowboy hat. Applejack, Rainbow, Rarity, Bloom, and Princess Celestia are here with them, the filly playing with a ball. Pan slightly to frame Twilight looking on.*)

**Twilight:** Wow, Pinkie! This came together quick! (*Head-on view of her; Pinkie stands alongside, her shades gone.*) Even for you!

**Pinkie:** What can I say? I’m good at what I do. (*Cut to Rutherford; she continues o.s.*) Prince Rutherford… (*crossing to him*) …every time we tried to make something in Equestria feel like Yakyakistan, we couldn’t get it right. When I got back from my adventure, I realized something. (*Applejack/Fluttershy/Rainbow/Rarity gather in closer.*) We shouldn’t try to make Equestria feel like *your* home, we should try to make you feel *at home* in Equestria. And that means showing you why we love it here—

(*Cut to just behind Rutherford; he is watching Bon Bon put a flower in Lyra Heartstrings’ mane.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) —so you’ll love it too.

(*The camera pans to follow his swiveling head and stops on Scootaloo, standing on her scooter and getting her crash helmet magically placed on her head by Sweetie Belle. The two fillies trade a high five. In close-up, a tear trickles out from thick fringe of fur over Rutherford’s eyes.*)

**Rutherford:** (*wiping eye*) Pink pony work hard to make yaks feel at home. (*Zoom out to frame all three.*) Now yaks happy. No declare war.

(*Twilight sighs, relieved, then shoots an uneasy glance over her shoulder toward an extremely worried Celestia—the news of possible hostilities has caught her very much off balance. The grin that splits the light violet face throws her for another loop.*)

**Rutherford:** Ponies and yaks…friends?

**Pinkie:** For a thousand moons?

**Rutherford:** (*rearing up*) For a thousand moons! (*Cheers all around; now Celestia smiles.*)

**Celestia:** (*to Twilight*) I am very impressed, Princess.

**Twilight:** (*chuckling*) Just doing my best to spread friendship.

**Celestia:** And you did a wonderful job of it. You— (*Close-up of Pinkie; she continues o.s.*) —*and* your friends. (*A huge grin on the pink face.*)

**Rutherford:** (*from o.s.*) Pink pony— (*Cut to frame both; the rest disperse.*) —you understand yaks now.

**Pinkie:** (*rearing up*) Aww, come here, you!

(*She latches onto his flank, hugging as much of the shaggy bulk as she can reach. Getting a very funny look, she drops loose and pats the red-brown fur back into place; now he rises to his hind legs and sweeps her up in a crushing embrace.*)

**Pinkie:** (*strangled*) Wow…too strong…okay, okay, okay!

(*Fade to black.*)