**AMENDING FENCES**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to Twilight Sparkle relaxing on a couch in a room of her castle, seated on her haunches and reading a book spread open before her. The night sky can be seen through a nearby window. Clattering dishes and running water are briefly heard in the distance; zoom out to frame an open doorway behind her, through which Spike walks in with a weary groan. He wears an apron, yellow rubber gloves, and a red kerchief tied across his forehead.*)

**Spike:** You know the worst thing about you being the Princess of Friendship? The dishes. (*He pulls one glove off and tosses it aside; close-up of her.*)

**Twilight:** Thanks for taking care of that, Spike. (*Zoom out; he shucks off the rest of his dishwashing gear.*) After three events in one week, I really needed to relax with a good book.

(*Climbing onto the couch, he pulls one of his own from behind a pillow.*)

**Spike:** Well, it’s kinda funny, isn’t it?

(*He settles down to read; cut to Twilight again.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) All these ponies coming to you for advice about friendship. (*Her smile fades at this, but she puts it back in place.*)

**Twilight:** What’s funny about that? (*She leaves the couch, floating her book along.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) You know— (*Back to him.*) —’cause you used to be famous for being such a bad friend.

(*Close-up of the volume being tucked in on a shelf, then zoom out on the start of the next line. She has stopped at a small bookcase near the door and is throwing a skeptical look back at her number-one assistant.*)

**Twilight:** What are you talking about? (*turning to face him*) I-I had good friends in Canterlot.

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Come on, Twilight! Look at the wall.

(*She does so; cut to the patch above the bookcase and pan slowly across. Hanging in the center is a large photo taken at her coronation, showing her at the heart of a six-way group hug from her friends. Spike stands in the foreground, one hand extending out of frame as if aiming a camera at the group to take the picture himself. It is surrounded by four smaller framed photos, one on the wall to either side and two propped up on the bookcase, that display various past experiences with her friends.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Do you see any photos from before we moved to Ponyville? (*Zoom in on the big one.*) And look at you now. The Princess of Friendship.

(*Said Princess’s reflection appears in the glass, approaching slowly. She studies the image carefully for a silent moment, then pulls in a disbelieving gasp.*)

**Twilight:** This is a disaster! (*Back to her, pacing worriedly.*) All my old friends—I can’t remember any of their names right now! (*She zips into his face, losing her cool.*) But do you really think that they think I’m a bad friend? (*Close-up of him, eyes widening in fear.*)

**Spike:** Well, I-I only meant that you’ve come so far. (*stammering a bit*) You’re a great friend now, and— (*Zoom out to frame her.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, I feel terrible! (*His eyes pop.*) I’ve gotta make it up to them! (*galloping to doorway*) Pack a bag, Spike! We’re going to Canterlot!

(*Racing out of view down the hallway, she soon doubles back to put her head around the doorframe.*)

**Twilight:** And make a list of my friends’ names?

(*Off she goes again. Pan to Spike, who chooses this moment to roll his eyes and groan.*)

**Spike:** Me and my big mouth.

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Canterlot under the starry night sky. Twilight loops into view, flying toward the magnificent city with Spike on her back; close-up of them. He is no longer carrying his book.*)

**Spike:** Come on, Twilight. You’re getting worked up about nothing.

(*Down she goes into a quick descent, landing in a grassy courtyard and letting him climb off.*)

**Twilight:** The only logical place to start is at the beginning.

(*On the end of this, the camera zooms out to frame what she is looking at: a tall white-and-gold tower not far off. Cut to within the darkened interior of its ground floor as the doors fly open, stirring up a cloud of dust. The silhouettes of pony and dragon advance into this space, whose condition—dropped book, dirt on the floor, frayed couch—indicates that it has not received proper upkeep for quite some time. As they move across the room, the camera backs up slowly to keep them centered in frame and the light comes up on them.*)

**Twilight:** (*climbing a flight of stairs*) Whoa. It’s exactly how we left it!

(*This, then, served as their living quarters until they were dispatched to Ponyville in “Mare in the Moon.” Close-up of a book resting open on a stand, a thick layer of dust covering the exposed pages. When she steps into view and blows, the particulates dissipate to give her a clear view. It is the book she consulted in that episode, still open to the page showing Nightmare Moon’s silhouette framed by a crescent moon and the four stars that were prophesied to help her escape the lunar prison. Its presence indicates that Twilight is now on the tower’s top floor, which served as her personal library during her studies in Canterlot. She brightens upon recognizing the illustration.*)

**Twilight:** Look! It’s *Predictions and Prophecies*! And it’s still open to the Elements of Harmony!

(*Elsewhere, among the cobwebs, scattered literature, and other evidence of disrepair, Spike has found a crumpled gift box and a beat-up teddy bear on the floor. Close-up of the latter item on the start of the next line as he picks it up, then back to him.*)

**Spike:** And here’s that present I was gonna give Moondancer! (*tossing it aside*) Eh, guess she won’t be needing that.

(*Recall that he had planned to take it to the party Moondancer was throwing in “Mare in the Moon,” until he accidentally speared it on his tail when Twilight opened the balcony door into his face. His eyes widen in surprise again, and he picks up a scrap of the box and looks inside.*)

**Spike:** Hey, look! The rest of it’s still here!

(*Twilight crosses the floor behind him, mouth hanging open in combined sadness and shock, and approaches the floor-to-ceiling window.*)

**Twilight:** (*echoing slightly*) How could I have let this happen?

(*Cut to a close-up of the glass, reflecting all of Canterlot proper—the camera is now just outside the window—and zoom in. The image fades as Twilight walks up to stare out dejectedly, soon joined by Spike; he has put down the ruined box.*)

**Spike:** (*muffled by glass*) Come on, Twilight. Princess Celestia gave you an assignment. Nopony could blame you for that. (*Inside again.*)

**Twilight:** (*echoing*) But look at the way I left this place! It’s a total mess!

(*Close-up; she rests her head and one front hoof against the window.*)

**Twilight:** (*softly; no echo*) Just like how I left my friendships. (*resolutely; head up*) I’ve gotta make it up to…

(*Words fail her, and her ears droop as she throws an embarrassed “help me out here” grin to Spike.*)

**Spike:** (*counting on fingers*) Oh! Uh, Minuette, Twinkleshine, Lemon Hearts, Lyra Heartstrings, and Moondancer. (*Tilt up slowly.*)

**Twilight:** (*turning to window, smiling fiercely*) Yeah. Them.

(*The tilt continues until both are nearly out of frame, leaving a stretch of night sky visible, and the view then dissolves to a long shot of the tower exterior. It is now the following morning, and Spike’s snoring comes through loud and clear. Cut to a close-up of him, sleeping soundly atop a book and with another one spread open on his head.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Spike! (*He cracks one eye open.*) Come on! We’ve got work to do!

(*A groan, a full-body stretch, and the camera zooms out to the clatter of her hooves. The baby dragon has been sleeping on a tall stack of books, but she is up and ready to go, floating a scroll out of the saddlebags she is now wearing and onto a desk.*)

**Spike:** Have you been awake all night?

**Twilight:** (*unrolling scroll*) I did a little research, and I think I know where we can find Minuette. (*Pause.*) That is one of my friends, right?

(*He just gives her a “you’ve got to be kidding me” look. Dissolve to a close-up of a large hourglass mounted between two similarly shaped windows on the upper story of a house. Each window frame has an hourglass carved into its upper portion as well. There is a knock from o.s., and the camera zooms out and tilts down to ground level. The motif continues down here, not only on the windows, but also in the shape of the door and the window in its center. Shades of blue dominate in the overall décor. Twilight and Spike stand on the front stoop, the former having delivered the knock and disposed of her saddlebags.*)

**Spike:** (*smiling stupidly*) Uh, it’s not too late to forget I opened my big mouth.

**Twilight:** Nh, Spike, I’m glad you opened your big mouth! These ponies have probably been suffering ever since I left, wondering why their supposed friend would treat them so badly!

(*The door creaks open, swinging a few inches inward on its hinges, and she peers anxiously toward the gap. Mild disarray can be seen beyond, including a patch of cobwebs at the ceiling.*)

**Twilight:** Minuette?

(*The blue unicorn in question zips out and onto the stoop in a fraction of a blink, all smiles and perkiness. Her voice sounds as if she is constantly on the edge of a fit of the giggles, and she lets one slip through now and then.*)

**Minuette:** Twilight Sparkle! (*backing her down the stoop*) You old so-and-so! What are you doing here? Hey, Spike! (*He smiles and waves; she eyes Twilight’s wings closely in close-up.*) Look at these wings, huh? (*to the o.s. Spike, warming up horn*) Hey.

(*Back to the dragon, who finds a camera being levitated out of the house and into his grip, knocking him to his rump.*)

**Minuette:** (*from o.s.*) Grab a picture of me and the Princess, will you? (*Back to her and Twilight, the latter now a bit unnerved.*) I tried to tell my coworkers we used to be friends back when, but they’ve never believed me.

(*Shrugging helplessly, Spike hefts the camera; cut to his perspective through the viewfinder, focusing in on the two mares. They settle onto their haunches, Twilight smiling and Minuette grinning from ear to ear; after a second, the unicorn breaks her pose.*)

**Minuette:** Wait-wait-wait. (*spreading forelegs wide*) *Really* fluff ’em up, huh?

(*Twilight complies by spreading her wings. As the camera warms up, Minuette puts herself in front of the Princess with forelegs spread again; the latter is a bit thrown off, but gets a humoring little grin in place before the camera flash whites out the screen. Fade in to a close-up of Minuette.*)

**Minuette:** So what are you doing here? I mean, I know you’re here all the time, but you never come to see me.

(*Grin; then cut to frame all three. The front door is now closed, and Spike has put away the camera.*)

**Minuette:** Hey! I just had the greatest idea! (*circling around Twilight; she stands as Spike comes down from the stoop*) You want to go see Lemon Hearts and Twinkleshine?

**Twilight:** Of course! My old friends!

**Minuette:** It’ll be great! (*hopping away*) Come on, let’s fly! Get it? (*She settles into a giggly trot, the others following at a slower pace.*)

**Twilight:** (*to Spike*) This is perfect! I can apologize to all three of them at once!

**Spike:** (*sardonically*) Let’s hope they’re not as traumatized as Minuette.

(*Cut to the exterior of a shop, seen from across the street. A large, ornately decorated donut is mounted on the ledge that runs underneath the second-story windows. Zoom in slowly and cut to a slow pan across the interior, passing a stallion and mare enjoying a couple of sinkers at a table. The sound of mares’ giggling asserts itself well before the camera stops on a table at which four customers sit on stools—Twilight and Minuette, now joined by Lemon Hearts and Twinkleshine.*)

**Minuette:** She did! (*floating up a donut chunk*) Twinkleshine literally spit out her oats when she heard you were the Princess of Friendship. (*She eats.*)

**Twinkleshine:** We saw you at the coronation. *That* was some shindig.

(*Cut to Twilight on the end of this. She is so caught out by this statement that she forgets to take a bite of the pastry held in her aura.*)

**Twilight:** You did? (*Lemon eats hers.*)

**Twinkleshine:** Sure! Oh, we see you all the time.

**Minuette:** You remember our old friend Lyra, right? She lives in Ponyville too. We’re always over there visiting her, or she’s coming over here. (*floating a donut up*) We’ve thought about asking you to join us from time to time, but we just sort of figured you’d moved on.

(*She magically breaks it in half on these last three words, then eats one piece as Twilight hangs her head. Concerned looks from across the table. The camera is now angled such that one entire back corner of the shop is in view, as is its proprietor behind the counter—Pony Joe, later Donut Joe. Spike has taken a seat back here to talk with him.*)

**Twilight:** Oh. (*Long pause, broken when Lemon clears her throat.*)

**Lemon:** So what brings you by, anyway? All those times you’ve come back to Canterlot, you’ve never had donuts with us before.

**Twilight:** Well, uh, you see…

(*Pausing for a deep breath, she continues in a quiet voice.*)

**Twilight:** …I came to apologize.

(*Minuette is first to respond, swallowing her mouthful and speaking up in her bubbly way.*)

**Minuette:** For what? (*Zoom in slowly on Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Before I left Canterlot, I-I didn’t really appreciate my friends. And that’s because I didn’t know how important friendship was. But I’ve learned so much since I moved to Ponyville. (*smiling briefly*) I learned what it means to be a good friend, and that I certainly wasn’t one to the three of you. So for all the pain I caused you, I am truly sorry.

(*Her sad, soulful gaze is met with silent disbelief from the three unicorns—which is in turn followed by a hearty round of giggles on their part.*)

**Minuette:** Oh, come on, Twilight! Sure, it might’ve stung a little bit when you ran off to Ponyville without saying goodbye— (*Close-up of Twilight; she continues o.s.*) —but it’s not like we weren’t used to that from you. (*All four again.*)

**Twinkleshine:** Yeah, we didn’t take it personally. (*Twilight smiles.*)

**Lemon:** But it’s really good to see you now. (*An idea hits.*) Hey! Anypony up for a blast from the past?

(*Smiles of varying intensity pass between the four faces. Dissolve to a long shot of an imposing building and zoom in slowly on the old friends and Spike they approach the front entrance. Head-on view of the five; Twilight takes a few more wondering steps ahead of the others, who have stopped, and draws a happy gasp. A cut to behind her shows that she is approaching one of the ground-floor windows.*)

**Twilight:** It’s our old science lab!

(*She rests her forelegs on the sill; cut to just inside, framing her and Spike as he climbs up for a look of his own. The next two lines are muffled by the glass.*)

**Twilight:** I have so many great memories of this place!

**Minuette:** Remember when Lemon Hearts got her head stuck in that beaker?

(*Her giggle is met by one from Twinkleshine, but Lemon just grimaces at the mention of the incident. Twilight, meanwhile, lets her face shift from joy to regret to determined concentration. Zoom out into the darkened area, revealing it as a classroom for foals: desks and benches; long counter with globe, books, and storage drawers; teacher’s desk, chalkboard, and easel at the front; pieces of student art strung across the wall. In time with the zoom, the room lights come up and laughing, chattering fillies and their teacher fade into view. Some are reading, some drawing, some talking, and here comes Lemon’s filly self at a full gallop, her entire head stuffed into a long-necked, conical glass flask. The young Minuette and Twinkleshine are hot on her heels; none of the three have their cutie marks at this point in their past.*)

(*The chase takes them past a table at which two others are seated side by side, reading intently. A few glasses, a measuring cup, and a bowl filled with material are laid out before them. Enough of the mane and horn/hooves/ears of the one on the left are visible to indicate young Twilight’s presence, but the one on the right is a mystery. Unicorn, straight red mane with two streaks in different shades of purple; cream-colored coat. Since Filly TS is here, this flashback scene can only be taking place at Princess Celestia’s School for Gifted Unicorns, to which she described gaining acceptance in “The Cutie Mark Chronicles.” In close-up, Filly TS lowers her book.*)

**Filly TS:** But according to this book, you’re supposed to add the sodium chloride first.

(*Pan to the other, whose book comes down to expose her as a filly with dark purple eyes. This is the young Moondancer.*)

**Filly MD:** I read ahead, and to make a proper salt lick, you need to add the molasses first. (*Back to Filly TS.*)

**Filly TS:** Well, I read ahead too, Moondancer, and I’m sure it said sodium chloride first. (*Cut to frame both; Filly MD’s face falls.*)

**Filly MD:** Oh. I’ve got the wrong book. That’s so hilarious.

(*They bury themselves in their reading as Filly LH charges past behind them, again chased by Filly MI and Filly TW. Tilt up from here to the window; the lights dim, the laughter fades away, and Twilight and Spike stare through the window as Lemon/Minuette/Twinkleshine laugh to themselves. The next two lines are muffled by the glass.*)

**Twilight:** Whatever happened to Moondancer? (*Spike drops out of sight.*)

**Lemon:** Moondancer? (*Cut to outside the window.*)

**Twilight:** Yeah, you know. (*She takes her forelegs off the sill.*) Our other friend.

**Twinkleshine:** Ohhh, right, Moondancer! I remember her!

**Lemon:** I wonder what she’s up to. (*Twilight steps toward them.*)

**Minuette:** Yeah. I always liked her. We just sort of lost touch after you left.

**Twinkleshine:** I *think* she went to live out by the stadium, didn’t she?

**Lemon:** (*walking off*) Well, let’s go see.

(*Twilight pivots to follow her. Dissolve to the five coming up to the front walk of a small stone cottage whose thatched roof is probably one hard wind away from caving in altogether, a sharp contrast to the opulent architecture on this street. The yard is no better, with a bare, gnarled tree trunk, weeds growing wild, and moss spreading over the low stone wall that faces the street. The front door is painted purple and set with a crescent-moon window. Lemon and Twinkleshine walk point, followed by Minuette, and Twilight and Spike bring up the rear. The blue unicorn stops to address the out-of-towners.*)

**Minuette:** I think this is the place. (*walking on*) Didn’t used to look like this, though.

(*Twilight and Spike pause at the start of the walk to trade a worried look, then step up to the door. One light violet hoof raps against the wood; after a few seconds with no response, she tries again and accidentally knocks a hole clean through. An open book on a stand is visible within, and Twilight leans down for a closer look. She gets a very big surprise in the form of a dark purple eye glaring back at her, behind one lens of a pair of eyeglasses whose bridge has been broken and taped back together. The skin around the eye is cream-colored.*)

(*Twilight straightens up with a sharp gasp, and the door creaks open to expose books stacked everywhere in the poorly lit interior. Standing in the dimness, partly hidden by both it and the half-open door, is the bespectacled pony—unicorn, dark sweater, very unfriendly expression. Twilight steps a bit closer with a hopeful smile.*)

**Twilight:** Moondancer?

(*The shadowed figure emerges fully into the doorway. The coat/eye/mane colors are indeed a match for Moondancer, but the mane hair on top of her head is now clipped back in a short pigtail, with a few wayward strands popping loose. The sweater is a bulky, dark blue-gray turtleneck with light pink buttons, and heavy red brows have grown in above the eyes. Impatience is ingrained into every syllable off her tongue.*)

**Moondancer:** What do you want? I’m trying to study. (*All five visitors gather on the step, Spike on Minuette’s back, a pastel background appearing behind them.*)

**Twilight:** It’s us! Your old friends!

(*Moondancer responds with a loud groan and a slam of the door, causing the quintet’s collective good spirits—and the pastels—to drain away with alarming speed. Minuette somehow manages a chuckle; close-up of her.*)

**Minuette:** That’s old Moondancer, all right. She always did like her books. (*to Twilight*) Hey, kinda like you used to be, huh?

(*On the end of this, pan to frame Twilight’s deeply concerned visage.*)

**Twilight:** Exactly how I used to be.

(*Zoom in slowly and snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to Moondancer walking along a sidewalk, toting saddlebags stuffed to bursting with books. She turns off toward a particular building, its broad front steps flanked by a unicorn-mare statue on either side, as the camera zooms out to the opposite side of the street. This motion frames a panel above the entrance that displays an open book—this is a library. A café’s outdoor table comes into view; cut to a head-on view of it. Twilight, Minuette, and Spike are seated here and hiding behind menus, two held up by magic and one by clawed hands, to carry out surveillance on the mare. The menus are lowered one by one in this same order, Spike simply folding his up and setting it on the table with an impatient sigh. Twilight wears sunglasses with little suns attached to the temples, while Minuette sports a pair with louvered lenses, a palm tree on one temple, and a parrot on the other.*)

**Spike:** Come on, Twilight. We’ve been watching her for three days! (*Twilight’s menu up.*) Library, house. Library, house. That’s it!

**Twilight:** (*lowering menu, propping shades on horn; Minuette has her menu up again*) Nopony looks at her, or-or says hello, or even gives her a smile. It’s like she doesn’t even exist. (*to Minuette*) Was she always like this? (*Menu down.*)

**Minuette:** Well, she always was a little shy. But for a while there, she was really starting to come out of her shell. Remember when she threw that party?

(*The winged unicorn can only manage a blushing grin and helpless shrug.*)

**Minuette:** Oh, right. I think you might have been busy that day.

(*Wavering dissolve to the beginning of Act One, “Mare in the Moon”: Twilight walking up over a hill toward the camera with loaded saddlebags on her back. Lemon and Twinkleshine step into partly into view in front of her.*)

**Twinkleshine:** There you are, Twilight!

(*Cut to frame Minuette with these two; all three have presents on their backs.*)

**Twinkleshine:** Moondancer is having a little get-together in the west castle courtyard. You want to come? (*Twilight recoils a bit from them.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, sorry, girls. (*eyeing her bags*) I got a lot of studying to catch up on.

(*She gives the trio a big grin and gallops off. A wavering dissolve shifts the action back to the present time, a close-up of a dumbstruck Twilight. Zoom out slowly to frame Minuette and Spike.*)

**Minuette:** Thought she might finally be letting her guard down a little with that party. We invited her out a few times after that, but she was always too busy studying. (*raising menu*) So eventually we just stopped asking.

**Twilight:** I had no idea that party was so important to her.

(*Finding a burst of new resolve, she leans out over the table and floats her sunglasses away.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve gotta find a way to make it up to her.

(*Cut to the interior of the library, the camera pointing up at the uppermost level and the great glass-domed ceiling that tops it. Two banners are hung here, one each styled after the sunrise and the night sky, and two of the columns are topped with seated unicorn-mare statues, each holding a trumpet that flies a banner showing an open book. Tilt down to ground level; there are three floors altogether, and the dome stands over a broad rotunda—circulation desk, central dais, reading tables and lamps. Several ponies, including Moondancer, are taking advantage of the facilities, with only the twinkle of unicorn auras to break the silence. She has shed her saddlebags.*)

(*One door swings open under magic control, and Twilight walks in and closes it solidly behind herself. A glance around the rotunda shows Moondancer’s presence, and she smiles and lets her mind work a bit. As the unkempt unicorn reads and takes notes, Twilight walks past behind her and stops short with a gasp.*)

**Twilight:** (*pretending to be surprised*) Oh, my gosh! (*Moondancer lets her quill drop.*) Moondancer? Is that— (*Zoom out quickly to frame the whole rotunda.*)

**Library patrons:** Shhhh!

(*The Princess bails out in a violet blur. Dissolve to a close-up of Moondancer, once again deep in her books, as Twilight peeks up alongside her over the table’s edge. Her horn is glowing, and the next six lines take on a reverberating quality.*)

**Twilight:** Moondancer, can I talk to you for a min—

**Moondancer:** Shhhh!

(*She looks around herself with a measure of irritation, but her counterpart just props her chin on a hoof and smiles smugly. Zoom out quickly to show that Twilight has erected a hemispherical field big enough to contain them and the table.*)

**Moondancer:** What *is* this?

**Twilight:** Eh, a bubble of silence. I haven’t seen you in a while, and I thought it might be nice to catch up.

**Moondancer:** (*hunkering down over book*) For what purpose? (*Twilight thinks fast.*)

**Twilight:** You know, ’cause we’re friends.

(*Without a word, Moondancer fires a beam from her horn, straight up into the bubble, and bursts it as the camera zooms out to frame the whole rotunda.*)

**Library patrons:** Shhhh!

(*The studious unicorn gives Twilight a “shut it” glare as the latter’s jaw hangs open in pure shock, then goes back to her reading. Dissolve to a close-up of Moondancer walking down one aisle and stopping to retrieve a certain book from the shelves with her magic. Her cutie mark can now be clearly seen for the first time: a dark purple crescent moon surrounded by three lighter purple stars. As the book floats free, Twilight’s smiling face is revealed, peeking through the gap from behind.*)

**Twilight:** I’m really sorry to bother you. (*Her perspective of an unimpressed Moondancer.*) I was just hoping we could go outside and talk for a bit.

(*The bored look shifts to a scowl on the end of this, and the borrowed tome starts to move toward the camera again. Cut to frame both as she rams it home, hiding Twilight from sight. Moondancer turns and walks off, while the spurned mare steps out from the end of the next aisle back to stare worriedly after her.*)

(*A dissolve frames Moondancer in close-up, poring over her choice of literature and magically flipping a page. In close-up, this proves to have a simple drawing of Twilight, which turns its head to look up from the paper and speaks in her voice. The next nine lines are delivered in whispers.*)

**Drawing TS:** I’m sorry I skipped your party.

(*Moondancer voices a short, terrified scream and slams the book shut with her hoof.*)

**Library patrons:** Shhhh!/Quiet! (*Moondancer groans softly.*)

**Moondancer:** (*to book*) Why won’t you leave me alone? I’m trying to study! (*magically opening it*) You’ve got the wrong pony. I don’t have parties!

(*She has stopped on the page with Drawing TS; zoom in on this.*)

**Drawing TS:** You did once, and I was so caught up in my own studying that I didn’t take your feelings into account.

**Moondancer:** Look, Twilight Twinkle.

**Drawing TS:** Sparkle.

**Moondancer:** Whatever. (*adjusting glasses*) I just need to be alone so I can study without some crazy pony trying to make friends! All right? (*Close-up of the page.*)

**Drawing TS:** Fine! (*She walks off…*)

**Moondancer:** (*from o.s.*) Wait. (*…then stops; back to the now-flabbergasted unicorn.*) How did you get into my book like that?

(*The pen-and-ink Princess shoots her a cocked-eyebrow “gotcha” smile. Dissolve to a slow pan through an expanse of grassy courtyard that stands among the towers of Canterlot Castle. On the start of the next line, the movement brings Twilight and Moondancer into view, crossing a bridge.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve been studying a new studying technique. I can only do it for a few minutes— (*Head-on close-up of the pair.*) —but you’d be amazed how much you can pick up when you’re actually *in* a book!

**Moondancer:** (*impressed*) That’s one of Haycart’s methods.

**Twilight:** You know Haycart?

**Moondancer:** Of course. He’s a genius.

**Twilight:** I have a copy of his *Treatise on Ponies*, you know.

(*This brings Moondancer up short with a soft gasp, but she soon starts after Twilight again. Dissolve to the upper reaches of the winged unicorn’s former domicile and tilt down from the packed bookshelves to frame both mares in the center of the place.*)

**Moondancer:** (*crossing floor, awestruck*) What *is* this place? (*Close-up of her, stopping at one bookcase.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) This is where I used to live.

(*The camera shifts to point out over one shelf, framing both.*)

**Twilight:** You mean I never had you over?

**Moondancer:** (*smiling, floating one book up*) Wow! A first edition of *Principles of Magic*! (*She glances back over her shoulder.*) Hey. Didn’t I give this to you?

**Twilight:** (*grimacing*) Maybe?

(*Back to the bibliophile, who rests it on a nearby stack and opens the cover with her magic.*)

**Moondancer:** I did! Look, I even wrote something! (*reading*) “To my friend Twilight Sparkle. Thanks for introducing me to the classics.” (*very snarky*) I can see by the fact that you left it here that it meant a lot to you. (*Slam it shut; float it back onto the shelf.*)

**Twilight:** (*crossing to her*) Look, I-I didn’t bring you over here for even more poignant reminders of what a bad friend I was. (*floating up a key*) I brought you here to give you this.

(*The head is shaped like an hourglass.*)

**Twilight:** You can come here whenever you want, and study to your heart’s content.

**Moondancer:** Really? (*Close-up of her, taking the key in her magic with a smile.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) But first— (*Moondancer adjusts her glasses the same way; smile fades.*) —you’ve gotta do something for me.

**Moondancer:** (*suspiciously*) What? (*Cut to frame both.*)

**Twilight:** Have dinner with our old friends tonight.

**Moondancer:** I can’t. (*letting key drop, turning to shelves*) I’m reorganizing my biology scrolls.

**Twilight:** (*crossing to her, touching her haunch*) I’ve been spending a lot of time with Minuette, Twinkleshine, and Lemon Hearts since I’ve been back. They really miss you. (*Moondancer swats the hoof away.*)

**Moondancer:** Look, I already told you. (*crossing floor*) The last thing I need is a bunch of ridiculous friend-making keeping me from studying!

(*Twilight’s brain locks solid for a moment before she can figure out how to reply.*)

**Twilight:** Moondancer, wait! (*Moondancer heads down the stairs; Twilight hurries to the edge of the floor.*) A wise pony once taught me that there’s more to life than dusty old books!

(*She is recalling one of the messages Celestia sent to her in “Mare in the Moon.” Cut to Moondancer, now reaching the bottom of the stairs and on her way toward the exit.*)

**Moondancer:** I tried friendship, and it’s just not for me. Now if you’ll excuse me…

(*Back up top, Twilight thinks fast, tapping a hoof against her forehead as if trying to jolt her brain into gear. A shrewd smile works its way across her face.*)

**Twilight:** What if I taught you Haycart’s method?

(*Moondancer opens one of the double doors with her field, but stops short of the threshold and lets the spell fade away. The questioning look that she sends back up the stairs tells it all—Twilight has her right where she wants her. Dissolve to an overhead shot of the exterior of a broad, curving building and zoom in slowly. Night has fallen, and lights glow from the lampposts and windows.*)

**Minuette:** (*from inside*) So, uh…

(*Cut to the five ponies and Spike seated in chairs around a table inside. This is a restaurant, and a fairly busy one at that; plates are seen in front of all but Spike. He sits with his back to the camera, his head blocking a clear view of his place setting, and something white can be seen tied around his neck. Zoom in slowly. Minuette has disposed of the louvered sunglasses she used at the start of this act.*)

**Minuette:** …what are you studying these days?

**Moondancer:** Science, magic, history, economics, pottery, things like that.

**Minuette:** Yowza! You planning on being a professor or something?

**Moondancer:** No.

**Minuette:** So you’re just…studying.

**Moondancer:** Can I go now?

**Twilight:** Moondancer, please.

**Minuette:** It’s all right, Twilight. We’re having a good time. Right, everypony?

(*Across the table, Lemon can only manage a weak chuckle, Twinkleshine a grunt and shrug.*)

**Minuette:** So, uh… (*smiling again*) …Spike! Tell Moondancer that story about how Twilight had to read a book about doing the sleepover.

(*A reference to “Look Before You Sleep.” Close-up of him on the end of this line, framing the full plate of food in front of him. The thing around his neck is a bib, just as splattered as his cheeks. He dabs at his mouth with a napkin and takes a breath to begin, but Moondancer’s voice wipes out the momentum before he can start.*)

**Moondancer:** (*from o.s.*) *Slumber 101*? (*Cut to her.*) I’ve read that. (*Zoom out to frame Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Oh! (*Chuckle.*) Really! Well, uh, did you know— (*Pan to Lemon/Twinkleshine; she continues o.s.*) —Lemon Hearts here works at the Canterlot Palace?

[*Continuity error: The structure has been named as Canterlot Castle ever since “Sweet and Elite.”*]

**Lemon:** Uh, yeah, it’s true. I do the big events, mostly—state dinners, that sort of thing.

(*The conversation hits a brick wall right about now, with nothing but a few weak chuckles and murmurs. Moondancer breaks the impasse with a groan, leaving her seat and trotting away from the table. Twilight chews her lower lip fearfully and puts a hoof to her mouth, seeing that this chance to set things right is going down the tubes. Cut to an overhead shot of Moondancer crossing the street outside the restaurant; Twilight teleports out onto the sidewalk in front of the entrance.*)

**Twilight:** Moondancer!

(*Street level; another such transport places her directly in the unicorn’s path so she can put a hoof to the sweater-covered chest.*)

**Twilight:** You’ve gotta give friendship a chance! (*Moondancer levitates her away with a groan.*)

**Moondancer:** (*walking on*) I gave friendship a chance a long time ago! It didn’t work out then— (*Spike catches up to Twilight, having ditched his bib and cleaned his face.*) —it isn’t gonna work out now!

(*Head-on view of one crushed Princess and her top assistant, zooming out slowly.*)

**Spike:** Twilight, are you all right? (*Tears well up in her eyes.*)

**Twilight:** (*walking away*) No. No, I’m not.

(*The reptilian green eyes can only stare after her with mixed helplessness and compassion. Cut to her, trudging along a path through a courtyard; he hurries to catch up.*)

**Spike:** Well, where are you going? (*Both stop.*)

**Twilight:** I don’t know, Spike. I really messed this one up. (*Zoom out slowly.*) That party was everything to her. I can only imagine what it must have felt like when I didn’t show up.

(*A hemispherical piece of turf, directly in front of her and touched by the moon’s rays, brightens until the light within is at daytime level. Streamers and balloons fade into view, as do a couple of tables, one holding a punchbowl, one very long and set out with cakes and sweets. This is the party that Twilight blew off at the start of “Mare in the Moon.” Moondancer stands behind the latter, wearing her glasses but not the heavy sweater, and her mane/tail are neatly brushed and hanging free rather than clipped back. Cut to just behind Twilight and zoom in on the lighted area until she is out of view. As Moondancer waves, Lemon and Twinkleshine approach from one side, Minuette from the other, all carrying their presents on their backs.*)

**Minuette:** Hey, Moondancer! Look at this spread, huh? (*Close-up of Moondancer.*)

**Moondancer:** Thank you so much for coming.

**Twinkleshine:** (*from o.s.*) Of course.

(*Cut to her and Lemon’s end. The white unicorn has already set her present on the table, and the yellow one floats hers over to rest alongside it.*)

**Twinkleshine:** We wouldn’t miss one of our best friend’s parties.

**Moondancer:** Is Twilight coming?

(*She looks expectantly around the area, but Minuette’s face falls and all three do a suddenly good job of not making eye contact. Moondancer gets the message after a few tense seconds, her eyes dropping.*)

**Moondancer:** Oh. Okay.

**Minuette:** (*brightly*) Hey! We’ll still have fun, right?

**Moondancer:** Sure.

(*She trudges away from the snack table, the camera zooming out from this flashback to frame Twilight watching as it fades away.*)

**Twilight:** If there was only a way to undo the damage.

(*A moment’s hard thought brings her around to a fierce smile and a spread of her wings.*)

**Twilight:** I know what I need to do— (*Zoom in slowly.*) —and I know just who can help me.

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the balcony of Twilight’s old tower, a riot of overgrown vines dripping from the railing. It is now the following morning. Zoom in slowly as Minuette climbs the stairs leading up here and knocks at the door, then cut to a close-up as she tries again. After this second knock yields no answer, she cups a hoof to one ear and leans a bit closer to listen in—still nothing.*)

**Minuette:** Huh. Guess they must’ve gone back to Ponyville.

(*She turns away from the door, the camera cutting to an overhead shot of her.*)

**Pinkie Pie:** (*from o.s.*) Wheeeeee! (*Minuette stops short, staring skyward.*)

**Minuette:** (*under previous line*) Huh?

(*Even before Pinkie can finish her joyous exclamation, the camera cuts to her riding on the back of a frantically flying Twilight. Spike is hanging on to the Princess’s tail for dear life. Pinkie giggles her way through the world’s sloppiest loop-the-loop, which brings the airborne threesome into a dive toward the balcony. Merriment gives way to sounds of panic as they collide with Minuette, sweeping her off the balcony and coming down for a very hard wipeout in the grass. Almost instantly, Pinkie comes up onto her haunches with a big smile.*)

**Pinkie:** (*jumping up*) That was *awesome!*

(*She gets her tail spinning like a helicopter propeller to hover just above the others.*)

**Pinkie:** We gotta go flying more often, Twilight! (*She cruises away; Twilight stands up.*)

**Minuette:** (*to her*) There you are! I thought you threw in the old towel and headed home.

(*A crash from o.s. is heard under these words, suggesting that the pink goofball might need to take some piloting lessons.*)

**Twilight:** I did head home, but not to throw in the towel. (*smiling knowingly*) I went to get my secret weapon.

(*Minuette gets to her hooves as Pinkie hops back to them.*)

**Twilight:** Minuette, meet—

**Minuette:** Hey, Pinkie Pie!

**Pinkie:** Hi, Minuette! (*They embrace briefly; Pinkie then starts hopping in place.*) Twilight, you didn’t say Minuette would be here.

**Twilight:** You two know each other? (*Pinkie zips over to her.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, sure. She was one of Cadence’s bridesmaids. We hang out all the time when she’s in Ponyville. Didn’t you know that? Ha! (*nudging Twilight’s chest*) And you call yourself the Princess of Friendship.

(*A reference to the events of “A Canterlot Wedding,” in which Lyra Heartstrings, Minuette, and Twinkleshine got the nod. Twilight manages a slightly bashful smile as Pinkie whips back across to the blue unicorn.*)

**Pinkie:** (*rapid fire*) Twilight briefed me on the way here. We’ll need fifteen bags of confetti and as many hooves as we can get.

**Minuette:** (*rearing up*) Let’s go! (*trotting off with her, fading out*) We can pass by the donut place on the way!

(*Cut to a slightly bemused Twilight and Spike on the end of this.*)

**Spike:** And what are we gonna do?

**Twilight:** (*smiling determinedly*) Just come with me.

(*She trots off and he falls in behind her, catching her mood. Dissolve to the open-book panel mounted above the entrance to the library and tilt down to frame the emerging Moondancer in an overhead shot, full saddlebags slung onto her back. A couple of books are lying loose at the top of the steps; she stops short upon noticing these, and the camera cuts to a close-up of her, then of one book.*)

**Moondancer:** (*from o.s.*) Ooooh! (*leaning down to it, reading title*) *A Brief History of the Wagon Harness*!

(*It is promptly levitated up, but instead of shifting it to her bags, she looks o.s. wonderingly.*)

**Moondancer:** Huh?

(*Pan to a close-up of the second book, then cut to her stepping closer and floating it up.*)

**Moondancer:** (*reading*) *The Life and Times of Morari the Maneless*?

(*Her smile at finding these two treasures changes to a look of great puzzlement. Cut to just behind her and tilt up slightly to reveal several more volumes laid out in a trail that leads down the steps and along the street to disappear around a corner. Slowly, cautiously, she descends the flight and begins to follow the course, magically lifting each book and forming a stack that hovers just above her back. Dissolve to a close-up of one lying on a path that passes among the towers. Moondancer emerges into view over a rise, walking toward the camera with all the others in a tall double stack; upon glancing ahead, she gasps sharply and her cargo goes flying everywhere as her bags slide off.*)

(*A cut to behind her and a slow zoom out reveal the cause of her surprise. A party has been set up in the courtyard immediately before her, very similar to the one at which Twilight stood her up. Balloons, streamers, piñata, tables with punch and snacks, even a bright pink mirrored disco ball hanging from the archway directly over Moondancer’s head. Close-up of her.*)

**Moondancer:** (*magically adjusting glasses*) What is this? (*Twilight slips up behind her, wearing a starry party hat.*)

**Twilight:** It’s a party—for you.

(*They are quickly joined by Lemon/Minuette/Twinkleshine, and Spike wheels in a layer cake on a dolly. All four wear hats of their own. The cake stands nearly twice Spike’s height and is studded with candles, and its uppermost portion disintegrates into mush as Pinkie springs up and out, wearing a hat.*)

**Pinkie:** SURPRIIIIISE!!

(*She plunks one onto Moondancer’s head as she lands, and follows up with by shoving a noisemaker into the recluse’s mouth.*)

**Twilight:** Come on in! (*Moondancer spits its away crossly.*)

**Moondancer:** Uh, thanks, but no thanks. (*floating hat off her head*) I don’t do parties.

(*Another shot of magic crumples up the conical headwear and drops it to the grass. She walks away, not seeing Twilight’s worried look or Pinkie’s smile; the winged unicorn teleports into her path, her own hat falling off.*)

**Twilight:** I know. And I think it’s my fault. Back when we were in school together, you invited me to a party. I-I was so focused on my studies that I didn’t show up.

**Moondancer:** Big deal.

**Twilight:** It *was* a big deal. (*pacing around her*) And now that I realize how important friendship is— (*hoof across her shoulders*) —I’d like to make up for my mistake with a new party.

(*She gestures off to one side, the camera panning quickly in that direction to frame the party setup.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) A party in honor of my friend Moondancer! (*Cut back to the two, now face to face.*) Please, you’ve got to let me make this up to you.

(*On this last sentence, she floats over a slim wooden club—intended for use on the piñata. At her inviting gesture and smile, Moondancer takes hold of it in her field and starts across the meadow, her sour mood not changing a particle.*)

**Moondancer:** And you think this is gonna do it, huh?

**Twilight:** (*uneasily*) Uh…yes? (*Moondancer stops at the piñata.*)

**Moondancer:** Well, sure, why wouldn’t it? (*Smack; her bitterness grows.*) That was only the first time I ever put myself out there— (*pointing club at Twilight*) —and then you didn’t even bother to show up! Then you left town without saying goodbye, even though we were supposed to be friends. (*voice breaking*) I was humiliated! I felt like I wasn’t important! I never wanted to let myself be hurt like that again!

(*She sends the club over Twilight’s head to point at Lemon/Minuette/Twinkleshine, the camera panning to follow it and put her o.s.*)

**Moondancer:** (*from o.s.*) Those three finally convinced me that I had value! (*Bring it back; pan to frame her again.*) That other ponies might like me and want to be my friend! (*Brandish at Twilight again; emphasize every word.*) *And* *you didn’t show up!*

(*As tears gather in her eyes, she slings the club aside and gallops away with a scream of mingled fury and misery. Cut to a head-on view of the other six and zoom out slowly to the sound of her hysterical sobbing, which does wonders to deflate their spirits in short order, then cut to Pinkie and Spike. The party pony snaps on a smile and whispers into the baby dragon’s ear for a second; the nod that follows brings a smile to his face, and he walks off as hers shifts to display a new resolve.*)

(*Cut to a close-up of Moondancer, now a weeping huddle on the path. Twilight reaches into view to touch her shoulder.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) You’re right. (*Zoom out to frame her.*) This party can’t make up for the way I hurt you. But *please*, don’t let my mistake be the reason you can’t be friends with anypony else.

(*Moondancer gives her a watery-eyed glance and stands up, the camera panning slightly on the start of the next line to frame Lemon/Minuette/Twinkleshine crossing to the pair.*)

**Minuette:** We were your friends then, and we’d be honored to be your friends now.

(*Sniffling a bit, the guest of honor floats her glasses off her face just long enough to wipe her eyes. Twilight rests a comforting hoof on her shoulder, bringing a quivery smile to the cream-colored face, and gestures off to one side with a grin. Cut to a close-up of Spike, who bows, and pan to frame three new arrivals behind him, all unicorn mares wearing party hats.*)

**Moondancer:** (*from o.s., disbelieving*) What? (*They step forth, one by one.*) That’s the librarian! The bookseller! My sister!

(*The family resemblance between her and the third mare comes through in the general mane/tail color scheme, slightly unkempt grooming, and thick eyebrows. Overhead shot of the gathering, with Spike leading these three in.*)

**Minuette:** You’ve got a lot of friends, Moondancer. (*Twilight approaches.*)

**Twilight:** I’m sorry, Moondancer. (*Moondancer turns to her; zoom in slowly.*) I’ve faced magical creatures, the end of Equestria, all sorts of things. But seeing how my actions affected you? That was one of the worst feelings I’ve ever had.

**Moondancer:** (*choking back a sob*) Thank you, Twilight. I never realized how much I needed to hear that.

(*Twilight smiles broadly and extends a front hoof; Moondancer starts to reciprocate but pulls back, so the light violet foreleg finishes the job by drawing her into a warm hug. The recluse is caught off guard, but soon relaxes into the embrace with a genuine smile. Both wipe away a tear, Moondancer floating her glasses up as before, and the camera zooms out quickly on the start of the next line to frame all the guests.*)

**Moondancer:** Now come on, everypony! Let’s party! (*to Pinkie*) Right?

**Pinkie:** Right!

(*A quick reach o.s. behind herself, and she wheels in her party cannon and sets it off. Tilt up quickly into the sky to follow its salvo of confetti and streamers.*)

**All:** (*now o.s.*) YAAAAAAY!!

(*The cheer trails off into laughter and conversation as the daytime sky fades into starry night under a full moon. Tilt down to frame Pinkie and Lemon digging into the cake from opposite sides, and pan slowly across the clearing: librarian, bookseller, and Moondancer’s sister talking…Spike helping himself to punch…Twinkleshine at the snack table. In close-up, Moondancer magically holds up a couple of books for the librarian and bookseller to consider and flips one of them open. The librarian has shed her party hat. Next, as Twilight/Lemon/Twinkleshine watch, a blindfolded Spike plays Pin the Tail on the Pony, stumbling toward a picture of Celestia tacked to a column and managing to stick a multicolored tail in exactly the right place. He lifts the cloth from his eyes to see the end result, and all four share a broad smile.*)

(*Dissolve to the gathering still in full swing, with Pinkie, Minuette, and Spike dancing under the disco ball as talk and laughter continue around them. Another dissolve clears most of the mares out of the area, leaving Moondancer to hug her sister as Lemon walks away and Twinkleshine magically pulls down a streamer—the party is winding down. All have removed their party hats. As said sister turns to go and Moondancer waves goodbye, the camera pans slightly back on the start of the next line to frame Twilight, Pinkie, and Spike approaching.*)

**Twilight:** I think it’s time for us to go, Moondancer.

**Moondancer:** Thank you for helping me make some new friends—even if they are my old friends.

[*Animation goof: Twilight, Pinkie, and Spike now have their hats back on.*]

(*She and Twilight embrace as Pinkie hops merrily in place.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, we’ll come back and visit soon.

**Moondancer:** That would be great! (*knowingly*) You’ve still gotta teach me that Haycart technique.

**Twilight:** Deal. (*Spike steps forward.*)

**Spike:** Um, Moondancer? I-It got kinda banged up, but—

(*From behind his back, he produces a crushed gift box and holds it forward.*)

**Spike:** —here’s a little something I wanted to give you back at your first party.

(*Her aura floats it away, undoing the ribbon and tearing the paper to reveal a framed photograph. As the scraps fall to the ground, the sight of this brings a teary smile to her face all over again. Cut to a close-up of it: Twilight, Lemon, Lyra, Minuette, Moondancer, and Twinkleshine gathered around a table. Minuette and Twinkleshine are chomping into the cupcakes laid out here, Lemon and Lyra are laughing, Twilight stares intently at a book floating open before her, and Moondancer aims a puzzled glance her way. Zoom out to show this photo hanging inside Moondancer’s run-down home, next to the open front door through which a wedge of daytime sky can be seen. Lemon, Minuette, and Twinkleshine have gathered in here, all wearing athletic jerseys, helmets, and knee pads on their forelegs, and a clopping of hooves is the prelude for a similarly attired Moondancer to emerge from the kitchen. She is carrying a ball with her magic, and animated conversation breaks out among the four as they trot out of the house. Through the doorway, they can be seen galloping back and forth, chasing the ball amid a babel of cheers and laughter. Fade to black.*)