**THE ONE WHERE PINKIE PIE KNOWS**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of a small tray of cupcakes, three of which are not yet frosted. In time with the following line, an icing bag is used on these, one by one.*)

**Pinkie Pie:** (*from o.s., with growing excitement*) Five hundred and sixty-six…five hundred and sixty-seven…five hundred and sixty-eight…

(*Zoom out slightly to frame her standing over this array of sweet stuff. Both she and it are at the level of the top of a cabinet in Sugarcube Corner; she wears a white chef’s toque, as besmirched with batter as she is.*)

**Pinkie:** (*wiping forehead*) Phew!

(*She sets the bag down. Tilt down quickly to follow her descent to ground level, sliding down a ladder that has been placed next to a multi-tiered display of these treats. Her pet alligator Gummy is down here, with a pacifier-sucking Pound Cake on his back.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, look at that, Pound Cake!

(*Cut to a softly focused close-up of the lowest level and tilt slowly up to the peak.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) I am so close to breaking my personal cupcake-icing record!

(*Normal focus resumes and the camera zooms out quickly to the sound of a door opening. Here comes Mrs. Cake through the back door, studying a sheet of paper, as daughter Pumpkin rides on her back. Daytime sky can be seen through a window.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** My goodness! I can’t believe what I’m seeing here!

**Pinkie:** (*smugly, crossing to her*) Pretty impressive, if I do say so myself.

**Mrs. Cake:** Pinkie, would you mind watching the counter while I pop to the supply room? We’ve just received a very special order, and the ingredients need to be *perfect!* (*Pumpkin gurgles happily.*)

**Pinkie:** (*saluting*) Okey-dokey-lokey!

**Mrs. Cake:** Thanks, dear!

(*She rockets off toward the back with enough speed to set the pink mare whirling in place. Once the RPM’s slack off, a very dizzy Pinkie pitches face-first to the floor—and that face comes down bang on top of the paper Mrs. Cake has dropped. She sits up to her haunches, the sheet stuck over her features, and pulls it free for a quick read. As she does so, though, she gradually brings it closer and closer to her eyes, to the point that two side-by-side spots on the paper bulge to mark her bugged-out baby blues. They eventually punch holes through it.*)

**Pinkie:** *A baby?!?*

(*It takes her some effort to yank the document away, exposing a big goofy grin.*)

**Pinkie:** Shining Armor and Princess Cadence are having a *baby?!?*

(*Floor level; Pound rises to a hover and sticks his pacifier in Gummy’s mouth.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s, squealing with delight*) This is the best news ever! (*She bounds over and scoops them both up.*) I can’t wait to tell Twilight!

(*On the start of the next line, zoom out to put Mrs. Cake and Pumpkin in view, standing behind a display case.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** Oh, and, Pinkie, uh… (*hushed*) …it’s a top-secret surprise!

(*She cuts her eyes warily to both sides, then puts a hoof to her lips.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** (*backing slowly into supply room; Pumpkin mimics her*) Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

(*The batwing doors slowly creak shut, leaving the party pony alone. She spreads her forelegs wide, tossing Gummy to the floor and leaving Pound free to touch down.*)

**Pinkie:** (*worriedly*) A top-secret surprise? (*She stands up to all fours.*) That means I have to keep the exciting news…

(*Zoom in quickly to a close-up; she swallows hard as the zoom continues slowly.*)

**Pinkie:** (*small voice*) …to myself!

(*She claps hooves to cheeks and nibbles her lower lip fearfully. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long overhead shot of a Ponyville street. The camera roves slowly toward the stream that runs through town and brings Pinkie into view, crossing one of its bridges as she walks away from the town square. Even from this distance, she can be seen to have put away her toque.*)

**Pinkie:** Even though I didn’t *technically* make a Pinkie Promise to Mrs. Cake—

(*Head-on close-up; she has cleaned herself up, and Gummy rides on her tail, still working on Pound’s pacifier.*)

**Pinkie:** —I can’t tell Twilight or anypony the big news. (*Profile.*) That would make me a…a…a big old surprise-ruiner. Right, Gummy?

(*In close-up, he just sucks on the thing a bit; zoom out as she stops and gives him a knowing smile, now on her hind legs.*)

**Pinkie:** Did you take that from Pound Cake again? (*She removes him from her tail.*) Don’t you know it’s wrong to steal from a baby? (*Zoom out again; Rarity has arrived on the scene.*)

**Rarity:** What’s all this about a baby? (*Pinkie hides Gummy behind her back.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hastily*) What? Who? What? (*hurrying off; Gummy on tail*) Who said something about a baby?

**Rarity:** (*puzzled*) You did, Miss Pie, just now. (*Pinkie stops.*) What were you talking about?

(*The pink face locks up, its medium blue eyes darting madly about, and a second later she plucks the pacifier from Gummy’s mouth and sets to work sucking it herself. She points at it, shrugs innocently, and trots determinedly off toward Twilight Sparkle’s castle. One very confused white unicorn stares after her for a second before starting along the path.*)

(*Dissolve to the throne room. The other five mares and Spike are all in their seats, and Rarity walks in to take hers, the camera shifting to a close-up of her and a rather jittery Pinkie who has ditched both Gummy and the pacifier. The central table is bare of its magical map of Equestria.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Great! Everypony’s here.

(*Cut to her and Spike. He unrolls a scroll, which she takes in her magic.*)

**Twilight:** Now I don’t have to wait any longer to tell you all the wonderful news! (*Back to Pinkie/Rarity; she continues o.s.*) Somepony special is coming to visit Ponyville— (*Pinkie grins and nods; cut to Twilight and Spike again.*) —and I need your help getting everything ready.

(*Cheers and giggles all around the table.*)

**Twilight:** It’s… (*Pinkie stands up in her seat.*)

**Twilight, Pinkie:** …Shining Armor and Princess Cadence!

(*The resident Princess shoots an odd look across the table at the pink goofball, and Applejack is a bit flummoxed to boot. Pinkie, now propping herself on the edge with her forelegs, responds with a big silly grin over a silence that seems to stretch on and on. Close-up of Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*a bit shaken*) Yes! And they’re coming…

**Twilight, Pinkie:** (*Pinkie o.s.*) …tomorrow!

(*The look gets even stranger, and the grin gets a little wider as the eyes above it flick desperately toward Rarity. Now it is the unicorn’s turn to be perplexed. Back to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Yes, on the—

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., rapid fire*) —Friendship Express rather than the Crystal Empire train— (*Cut to her.*) —so as not to cause too much of a scene when they skip town to come visit? (*Big squeaky grin.*)

**Twilight:** (*taken aback*) Yes! (*Pinkie leans across the table into her face.*)

**Pinkie:** Aaaaaand…?

**Twilight:** (*shrugging*) And that’s it.

**Pinkie:** (*deflated*) Oh.

**Rainbow Dash:** (*from o.s.*) Uh… (*Pan slightly to frame her, standing up in her seat.*) …how did *you* know all that?

(*Now the one with the inside info tacks on a very shaky grin, laughing weakly through locked teeth before speaking up.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh…Pinkie Sense?

(*Her body backs up toward her seat, but her head remains in place so that her neck stretches out like an equine rubber band. It eventually snaps back across the table; a long silence follows, broken by Rainbow addressing Twilight as she sits down again.*)

**Rainbow:** So, you said you needed our help with something?

**Twilight:** (*spreading wings*) Follow me.

(*She lifts off, the blue daredevil following. Wipe to a bedroom set up with a four-poster bed, a loaded bookcase, and a toy train with tracks on the rug. The camera is positioned near the door, but zooms out to frame the entire room as Twilight magically opens the door and the six mares enter. Model castle on top of the bookcase, posters on the walls, open toybox, a bin of what look like crystal building blocks, inflated rubber ball on floor, stuffed doll and ant farm on a shelf. Rainbow heads straight for one poster, a close-up of which depicts a fierce-looking red-orange unicorn stallion with a short white mane, matching eyebrows over deep magenta eyes, and a khaki shirt under a moonlit sky.*)

**Rainbow:** Sweet posters! Is that Smash Fortune? (*Fluttershy crosses to the ant farm.*)

**Twilight:** It sure is. When Shining Armor said he wanted to come to the castle and visit, I started collecting things he liked when he was a colt as a surprise. (*Pinkie pops her head out of the toybox, wearing a guard’s helmet.*)

**Pinkie:** Surprise?!?

(*Upon realizing that Rainbow is giving her a hovering, hairy eyeball at close range, she does her best to grin and giggle nonchalantly, then turns the helmet around so that its back completely hides her face.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve been so excited that it’s been hard to keep it to myself! (*Cut to Pinkie and Rainbow.*)

**Pinkie:** (*voice reverberating slightly*) I have no idea what that’s like. (*Rainbow lands to keep looking at her funny.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Awwww… (*Cut to her, watching the ants.*) …look at the cute little ant farm.

(*The camera shifts to within the glass enclosure. One inhabitant stops in its tracks upon spotting the blue-green eyes, drops the leaf it is carrying, and peels out with a tiny little scream. Cut to Spike, who fishes up a bagged comic book.*)

**Spike:** And check out all these old comic books!

**Twilight:** Be careful! They’re mint-in-bag!

(*The baby dragon holds the issue horizontally and blows across it to remove any dust. What he gets for his trouble, though, is a lick of fire that reduces the whole thing—bag and all—to a small heap of ash in his hands. The reptilian green eyes pop wide at the sight; after glancing furtively around to confirm that none of the others have noticed, he whistles casually, pulls out an empty bag, and dumps the residue into it. This is set back down on the stack before he walks away, still whistling and with hands behind back.*)

(*Now Pinkie roots around in the toybox and comes up with a small stuffed figure of an unshaven, goggles-wearing stallion. She has shed her own headwear now.*)

**Pinkie:** What’s this? (*Twilight crosses to her, smiling.*)

**Twilight:** This is Brutus Force. Shining Armor used to carry him around like his baby!

(*Pinkie instantly develops a bad case of klutzy hooves and bobbles the plaything around, almost dropping it before making the catch and stashing it away.*)

**Pinkie:** (*forcing giggles*) Yeah! Really cute!

**Rarity:** It is a bit juvenile for castle décor, but it is very sweet of you.

**Fluttershy:** I’m sure Shining Armor will love it.

**Twilight:** Me too. But there’s a few more things I’d like to add before he gets here, and I could really use a hoof collecting them.

**Applejack:** (*winking*) Whatever you need, sugar cube, we’ll help you get it. (*Noises of agreement from the others.*)

**Twilight:** Thanks, everypony! I just can’t wait ’til they walk in and see everything!

**Rainbow:** Totally understandable. Watching somepony else be surprised with something is almost better than being the one who’s getting the surprise.

**Pinkie:** But… (*Cringing little moan; her panic grows.*) …what if the surprise is something so incredibly exciting that a pony can’t keep it in any longer, and she *has* to tell the pony who’s standing next to her what it is or she might explode?

(*Accompanied by the following actions. Forelegs crawl out of the toybox, her body briefly elongating until her hindquarters catch up; flop onto her back and push across the floor with her hind legs; grab Fluttershy around the neck and hoist herself up, causing the yellow pegasus’ cheeks to bulge from her air being cut off. The sequence ends with Pinkie releasing her grip and lowering herself back down.*)

**Fluttershy:** I would say…no.

**Rarity:** (*ominously, crossing slowly to face down Pinkie*) The pony who ruins a surprise for somepony else has to live with that guilt…*forever!*

(*After a tense face-off, the pink pony stands up with an unsteady giggle and clamps her mouth shut for a split-second.*)

**Pinkie:** Gotta bounce!

(*Which she proceeds to do by caroming all over the room like a pinball before hurtling o.s. A loud, camera-shaking crash immediately comes from that direction, accompanied by a scatter of debris fragments. Cut to just beyond that wall—and the jagged hole she has just smashed through it—as the rest of the group gathers at it. Zoom out slowly.*)

**Rainbow:** So I know the bar is set pretty high, but…does anypony else think Pinkie Pie was acting weirder than usual?

(*This gives the others pause. Cut to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner, where all is peaceful until the pink/magenta blur that is Pinkie hurtles into view and around toward the back of the building. Inside, she slams the back door shut and puts her back to it, heaving for breath.*)

**Pinkie:** Phew! (*She slides down to the floor.*) That was close! Too close. I almost spilled the beans—beans that would be really hard to clean up! (*pacing*) I obviously can’t be around my friends right now—or anypony for that matter! Hmmm… (*An idea hits, bringing a smile.*) That’s it! If Shining Armor and Cadence are coming tomorrow— (*crossing to stairs*) —then all I have to do is lock myself in my room away from everypony until they arrive. (*climbing*) Then I won’t ruin anything.

(*The combined sounds of a door opening and the next voice freeze her in her tracks.*)

**Mr. Cake:** (*from o.s.*) Oh— (*Zoom out to frame him approaching the stairs.*) —good, you’re back! Mrs. Cake needs my help, but these deliveries can’t wait. I can’t thank you enough for agreeing to be my backup delivery pony, Pinkie.

**Pinkie:** (*puzzled*) I…did?

(*The scene undergoes a wavering dissolve to a close-up of a wagon parked outside Sugarcube Corner. Its side awning is raised, exposing shelves within, and Mr. Cake tucks a box in among the others that have already been loaded up.*)

**Mr. Cake:** Maybe I should hire somepony to be my backup delivery pony.

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) I’ll do it!

(*He turns to look behind himself, the camera panning to the front steps. Here she sits, stirring a bowl of batter.*)

**Mr. Cake:** Really?

**Pinkie:** Sure! There’s no possible way that I could ever have anything that might interfere with doing that task, like a gigantic, emotionally exhausting surprise that would make it super-hard to be around other ponies.

**Mr. Cake:** Great! Uh…you’re sure you won’t change your mind? (*She stops stirring.*)

**Pinkie:** No way! (*miming gestures for a Pinkie Promise*) Cross my heart and hope to fly, stick a cupcake in my eye.

(*Only now does Gummy make the scene, by putting his head up from the bowl. Another wavering dissolve shifts the action back to her in the present.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, yeah. I Pinkie-Promised I’d do it, and I never break a Pinkie Promise. (*fiercely*) Never! (*Zoom out to frame Mr. Cake.*)

**Mr. Cake:** Well, thanks again! (*walking into supply room*) You’re a real Cake-saver.

(*Once he is completely out of sight, she sinks behind the stairs’ banister with a moan as if all the air had been let out of her. Now slumped down so far that most of her front half is touching the steps, she aims two shell-shocked eyes off to one side; just as quickly, she brightens up with a little grunt.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe it’ll be a quiet day and I can just avoid everypony.

(*Cut to just outside the closed front door, whose top half swings open to expose her broadly grinning face. Levity turns to shock as abruptly as if a switch had been thrown in her brain, and a slow zoom out gives the reason for the quick change. The street in front of Sugarcube Corner is crowded with ponies walking, pulling carts, conversing, whiling away time—the very last thing she wants to see at the moment. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a busy stretch of road. From behind a bush, Pinkie puts her head out, having donned a set of Groucho Marx joke glasses whose big nose has been replaced by a red rubber ball. She ducks away for a moment and then tiptoes out, hauling the Cakes’ delivery wagon; its side awning has been lowered, and a large cupcake bobs on a spring attached up top. She and it disappear completely behind a convenient tree, then emerge from its other side in reverse gear to roll behind a building. The disguised mare risks another peek, waiting for a passing pegasus to clear the area, and dives into the open to pull the wagon normally around a corner at a gallop. Within a few steps, she slows down to a calmer walking pace, now framed in close-up.*)

**Apple Bloom:** (*pulling up into view alongside*) Hiya, Pinkie Pie!

(*Pinkie grimaces behind her joke glasses; zoom out to show Scootaloo and Sweetie Belle walking on her other side.*)

**Sweetie:** Heard any good gossip today?

**Scootaloo:** Yeah, we’re bored. (*Close-up.*) Please say you have some interesting news.

(*Pan to the pink face, which grins fearfully as its eyes dart from one to another.*)

**Pinkie:** (*loudly*) Nope!

(*Off she goes at a gallop, leaving three rather bewildered fillies in her wake. She pulls ahead of the camera following her, but an o.s. impact shakes it to a sudden stop in time with her grunt. Cut to Pinkie, rubbing her head woozily and having lost her disguise; it is now wedged onto Fluttershy’s tail, directly in front of her—she has hit the pegasus from behind. Once she regains her senses, the camera zooms out quickly to frame both of them.*)

**Pinkie:** (*forcing a smile*) Fluttershy! What a surprise! (*She clamps her mouth shut for half a beat, then goes on.*) I mean, *not* a surprise! (*Big squeaky grin.*)

**Fluttershy:** You were in such a rush earlier. Twilight wanted me to ask you if you would bring some snacks to the castle for Shining Armor and Cadence’s visit.

**Pinkie:** (*trotting off*) Definitely! Got it! Pinkie Promise! Yeah, uh-huh.

**Fluttershy:** You know, maybe some baby carrots?

(*Wagon and puller backpedal at blinding speed and stop with a screech of wheels against cobblestone, and Pinkie somehow gets out a pained giggle.*)

**Pinkie:** What did you say?

**Fluttershy:** Baby carrots. They’re Shining Armor’s favorite.

**Pinkie:** Mine too! (*rapid fire, fidgeting*) Baby carrots are kinda like big carrots, but smaller, kinda like how foals are tiny versions of their parents, but smaller and cuter and—

(*She finally cuts off the torrent of words by biting down on her lips and letting her cheeks swell out for a second.*)

**Pinkie:** (*pointing into sky*) Albino squirrel! (*Close-up of Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*looking around*) Where? Is it Albert?

(*The sound of Pinkie’s super-high-speed escape is heard under her words, after which she looks behind herself and her face falls. A longer shot reveals a new arrival coming in from that direction: an elderly stallion, wearing a hat, whose spectacles, nose, and bushy eyebrows/mustache are a very close match for the comedy getup still lodged in Fluttershy’s tail. His cutie mark duplicates these features, and his coat/mane/tail colors are a match for hers; he also wears a long pink beard. He tips his hat to her, exposing the mane as nothing more than a few wisps around the edges of a bald scalp. Pan/zoom out to show Pinkie hiding behind the corner of a building to watch, now unhitched and standing alongside the rear end of the wagon.*)

**Pinkie:** (*pulling out/donning a crash helmet*) It’s time to kick this operation into hyper-hoof and avoid all ponies by any means necessary!

(*She gallops ahead on the end of this, the wagon following—she has harnessed herself up in the split second she is out of sight—and is soon charging along an alley to veer into the next street over. Cut to a house’s closed front door; she reaches into view from above and knocks, and the camera zooms out as the door opens. Berry Punch finds a cake box sitting on her front stoop, doubtless having already been set there by Pinkie; after a quick look to either side, she nips its strings in her teeth and carries it inside, the door closing behind her. Zoom out quickly to frame the whole house, on whose roof the wagon is parked so that Pinkie can dangle over the edge from its harness struts.*)

(*Cut to Applejack, walking away from the town hall with baskets of apples slung over her back; Pinkie gallops past, nearly blowing the hat off the blond head. The next shot is of Rarity, reading glasses on and working the sewing machine in her workroom/living quarters on the top floor of the Carousel Boutique. An arrow trailing a cable sails through a window behind her; its o.s. impact against the far wall startles her out of her work, and the cable goes taut. She looks toward the window just in time to see a cake box slide into the room, its strings hooked around the cable, and stop at a knot tied in this makeshift zip line. Cut to Pinkie sitting on a high tree limb that overlooks the window; the other end of the cable is tied off here, and she has used a crossbow to finish the job. She drops off her perch and o.s.*)

(*Cut back to the road bend on which Applejack had been traveling. Pinkie gallops past, towing her wagon along and taking no notice of Rainbow’s wave as she hovers above the path. The pegasus’ face shifts from happiness to puzzlement to dejection. At the shore of a pond, a birthday party is in full swing, with colts and fillies having a good time on land and in water. Blossomforth and Thunderlane talk and laugh under a tree, and a nurse from the Ponyville hospital is on lifeguard duty. A toy boat drifts across the pond, delivering an entire cake with lit candles to one surprised and happy colt. Pinkie’s wagon is parked on the opposite shore, and a cluster of bubbles breaks the surface before she puts her head up, a diving mask over her eyes and the end of a snorkel tube clamped in her mouth. She has removed her crash helmet. With this latest delivery complete, she submerges again, leaving only the tube’s upper end to mark her return to the shore.*)

(*Cut to Twilight, Applejack, Fluttershy, and Rainbow sitting at picnic tables in a meadow outside Ponyville proper as Pinkie hauls her wagon madly past, her helmet back in place. The Princess waves after her, but gets just as much acknowledgment as Rainbow did, and confusion writes itself across all four faces. From here, wipe to Pinkie slowly pulling the vehicle to a stop in an alley, her helmet gone.*)

**Pinkie:** It didn’t feel good, ignoring my friends like that.

(*She glances through the nearest window; cut to just over her shoulder. A unicorn mare sits on her haunches at a small table, levitating a cup to her lips for a drink. Zoom in slowly on her during the next line, putting Pinkie o.s.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe I can tell just one little pony the surprise?

(*The room dims as an image of a disapproving Rarity superimposes itself onto the glass.*)

**Rarity:** (*echoing, ominously*) The pony who ruins a surprise for somepony else has to live with that guilt…*forever!*

(*Dissolve to a close-up of a very uneasy pink pony, turning over these words spoken in the castle’s guest room during Act One.*)

**Pinkie:** You’re right, spooky reflection of Rarity that I know is actually my own imagination. I can’t tell anypony at all!

(*Her front half thumps down to the roadbed as she lets go with a sigh.*)

**Pinkie:** Then they would tell Twilight, and she wouldn’t be surprised, and it would be all my fault.

(*Face meets ground with a piteous squish. Dissolve to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner, the camera positioned to frame the side on which Pinkie is pulling the wagon in. It then cuts to an extreme close-up of the surface of her bed as she flops onto it with a relieved sigh, back first.*)

**Pinkie:** Finally, I’m all alone-y on my own-y.

(*She turns onto her side and curls up for a nap, but the rustling of paper puts a swift end to that plan as one edge waves back and forth into view. A pan to the pillows discloses the presence of Gummy, who has a scroll in his toothless jaws and is chewing on it to stain the parchment with drool. She sits up to her haunches with a smile.*)

**Pinkie:** Wow, great idea! (*An apple is quickly retrieved from the fluffy mane.*) I’m starving too.

(*One jaw-busting chomp later, the fruit is completely gone except for a few spots of pulp and juice on cheeks and hooves.*)

**Pinkie:** (*mouth full*) This apple is delicious! (*Swallow.*) Mm…what are you having, Gummy?

(*Cut to him; he just keeps “munching” at the scroll, one end of which unrolls a bit to show the writing crowded across its surface.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, no! (*Back to her, now clean and holding it up.*) It’s the list that Twilight helped me make yesterday so I wouldn’t forget all of my Pinkie Promises today! (*Shove it into face.*) And I have… (*Take it away again.*) …three more things to do! (*Crumple it with a moan; stand up.*) Four if you count bringing those snacks to Twilight’s castle!

(*Longer shot of the bed; Gummy has cleared out.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ve been getting liberal with those Pinkie Promises lately.

(*Cut to a long shot of the Ponyville schoolhouse and zoom in on the lawn to one side of the front walk. She has set up shop here to make balloon animals; several foals already have these, and others are waiting their turn in line. Pennants and balloons decorate the area, and she has made and donned a balloon hat. In close-up, hooves whirl inflated latex back and forth and fashion it into a giraffe, which the filly at the head of the line eagerly carries away. Up next is Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** Ooooh! I want a flamingo! (*She gets one and leaves; here comes Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** I want a goldfish! (*Ditto; now Scootaloo steps up.*)

**Scootaloo:** Surprise me!

(*As the party mistress lets her hooves do their thing, a mare walks along the road, pushing a crying infant in a stroller. They draw Pinkie’s attention away from her work, but the hooves continue almost of their own accord; cut to a close-up as she finishes.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s., puzzled*) Is that a baby bottle?

(*A quick zoom out answers that question in the affirmative. Pinkie snaps back to herself, looks at it, and screams; it nearly floats away on her, but she leaps up to pull it back to the ground, her hat falling off. Scootaloo has sat down on her haunches.*)

**Pinkie:** No! It’s a…a…puppy! (*Laugh.*) Woof-woof! (*Again; Scootaloo stands up.*)

**Scootaloo:** Are you sure? (*Close-up.*) Because it looks like a—

(*The young pegasus gets the business end shoved into her mouth to shut her up.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Next! (*Scootaloo pulls it loose and clomps off, now Featherweight comes up.*)

**Featherweight:** Uh, a baby pony, please…uh, unless, of course, that would be a royal pain.

(*In less than no time flat, she has zipped over to regard him in the manner of a detective ready to give a suspect the third degree.*)

**Pinkie:** Interesting choice of words, Featherweight.

**Featherweight:** Was it?

**Pinkie:** (*normal tone*) I don’t know. Was it?

(*The blue eyes narrow, boring into his brown ones for long seconds.*)

**Featherweight:** Eh, maybe you’d better just make me a giraffe.

(*Wipe to an extreme close-up of the pink face, eyes once again narrowed; this time, though, it is determination that has taken hold as she lifts a file folder in one hoof. A flick reveals it to be a stack of four, fanning out like playing cards, and she leaps backward and lets them fly. Cut to a close-up of an open file cabinet drawer inside the town hall; one folder drops squarely into a gap, causing it to close on its own, and a tilt down reveals a semicircle of cabinets lined up along the wall. Three other drawers stand open and each catch a file, the first two sliding shut; Pinkie walks tranquilly over to close the last one herself. Mayor Mare enters this file room.*)

**Mayor Mare:** My! Your friends weren’t kidding when they said you had a great filing system, Pinkie! You are Ponyville’s best-kept secret!

(*The confident little grin on Pinkie’s face vacates the premises in a hurry.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hastily*) No, I’m not!

(*Raising a foreleg up next to her face to hide it from Mayor Mare, she heads across the room. The elected official glances after her, then toward the cabinets, and slips over to Pinkie as the latter stacks some papers.*)

**Mayor Mare:** (*whispering*) Speaking of secrets, have you ever known somepony else’s secret?

(*The end of this line is delivered with a knowing half-smile, but the overall effect is to scare Pinkie into throwing the documents everywhere.*)

**Pinkie:** Noooooo.

(*Turn away. Clamp mouth shut and start sweating. Hold her breath as the gray-haired mare sidles up again.*)

**Mayor Mare:** A surprise that was so big and exciting that it was all you could think about? (*Pinkie’s face has now gone blue, but reverts once she resumes breathing.*)

**Pinkie:** Nope!

(*She bugs out, leaving a cloud of dust and a very confounded Mayor Mare to let out a groan.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Me neither.

(*Cut to a close-up of a string of pennants hanging above a street. A cylindrical , smiling figure made from pink fabric and sporting a unicorn’s horn inflates into view, flopping this way and that and waving elongated forelegs. A stallion’s chuckle makes itself heard; cut to a longer shot of the area. The speaker is a bulky khaki pegasus with heavy five o’clock shadow, dressed in a blue bow tie and white apron, standing in front of a shop whose hanging sign is a nightstand—a furniture store. Pinkie has set up the jolly pink display near a spread of items for sale, including a coffee table, a chest of drawers, and a couple of cribs.*)

**Shopkeeper:** (*Maine accent*) That’s just what I wanted. Thanks, Pinkie!

**Pinkie:** You’re welcome.

**Shopkeeper:** Oh, by the way, could you help spread the word about the big crib sale I’m havin’?

(*On the second half of this line, he points to a flyer hanging in the window and the camera cuts to a close-up of it: a crib with stars and a crown displayed above. Pinkie then turns to run a worried eye over it as the camera zooms out slowly.*)

**Pinkie:** (*reading*) “Treat your foal like…” (*Extreme close-up of her face.*) “…royalty”?

(*She backpedals wildly, toppling onto her back as the shopkeeper’s chuckle wafts over to her. Cut to him, the camera now close enough to pick out the table he has for a cutie mark.*)

**Shopkeeper:** Pretty good slogan, huh? I came up with it all by myself.

(*But the thought of it leads Pinkie to rise to her hind legs, screaming shrilly and letting the rest of her body wave bonelessly just like the inflatable dummy next to her for a long moment. Those two legs kick into gear and carry her away at ludicrous speed.*)

**Shopkeeper:** (*crushed*) Oh. *I* thought it was clever.

(*A squeal of escaping air marks the thing’s deflating collapse into a puddle of pink cloth. Dissolve to the tree-stump chandelier hanging in Twilight’s throne room; Rainbow flies past, carrying a bell with sprays of flowers attached, and the camera tilts down to an overhead shot of the thrones and the table. Applejack sweeps the floor, while Fluttershy—having removed the joke glasses from her tail—polishes the table and Rarity levitates a bowl of flowers down to rest in its center, having shed her reading glasses. She then trots across the room with a stack of plates in her field, Spike totes some folded tablecloths, and Twilight stands by the door with a clipboard in her magical grip to supervise the proceedings. Pinkie makes her way to the open doors, one tray of snacks balanced on a front hoof and a second on her head; close-up of her.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Those look yummy, Pinkie! (*Her magic takes hold…*) Let me help you.

(*…and floats them away, leaving the pink mare to step listlessly into the room. Twilight settles the goodies onto the table, having disposed of her clipboard.*)

**Twilight:** But we better cover them up so they don’t get spoiled. (*A domed cover is brought down onto each tray.*)

**Pinkie:** Why would they get spoiled? (*Applejack crosses to her.*) We’re all gonna eat them super-soon.

**Applejack:** Oh. Didn’t anypony tell you? Shinin’ Armor and Cadence are held up. They may not arrive ’til Saturday.

(*Her last sentence sends Pinkie into a quivery frown, then a popeyed, lopsided grimace that might be a hair’s breadth away from a full-blown conniption. Finally she snaps.*)

**Pinkie:** (*leaping straight up o.s.*) *WHAAAAAAAT?!?!?*

(*The camera tilts up to the sound of her labored, heaving breaths and stops on her—perched on one of the roots that extend down from the mighty stump.*)

**Pinkie:** (*between breaths*) You mean…I have…to wait…another whole day? I don’t know if I can! (*Her perspective of the others, all relieved of their tools and freight.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkie Pie, do you have something you need to say? You seem like you’ve been keeping something in.

(*Back to the unstrung mare, who sucks in a long gasp while desperately shaking her head—warring impulses to tell it all versus keeping it under wraps. She snaps out of the fit by clapping both front hooves over her mouth.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*flying up to her*) We’re here to listen. (*Emphatic head shake.*)

**Applejack:** Well, go on, then, sugarcube.

**Rarity:** We’re not going to judge you, darling.

**Spike:** You’ll feel so much better once you get it off your chest.

(*Up top, Pinkie has procured a balloon and is inflating it one ragged breath at a time. Rainbow hovers right in front of her with an encouraging smile.*)

**Rainbow:** Come on. (*The balloon bursts; she moves to touch Pinkie’s shoulders.*) Whatever it is, you can tell us.

(*Extreme close-up of the dilated, shining pupils in the wide blue eyes, which reflect her smiling countenance.*)

**Rainbow:** We’re best friends.

(*The view now shifts to the actual face, the background behind it darkening and fading away as the head becomes a balloon with all her features. That smile turns into a frown, and the next four lines echo weirdly across the distance.*)

**Balloon Rainbow:** Friends…friends…friends! (*Back to Pinkie on this last; now a balloon Twilight-head floats up.*)

**Balloon Twilight:** Tell… (*Balloon Rainbow joins her.*)

**Balloon Twilight, Balloon Rainbow:** …tell…tell!

(*Now inflated-latex versions of all five friends’ heads circle around the beleaguered mare as she covers her ears.*)

**Balloons:** Friends…friends…friends! (*A balloon Spike drifts up past the camera.*) Tell…tell…tell!

(*Zoom in quickly to an extreme close-up of Pinkie’s agonized, contorted visage, then back out as normal lighting restores itself.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay, okay, you win! (*Deep, lung-bursting gasp.*) Shining Armor and Cadence are gonna have a— (*Sound of door opening.*)

**Shining Armor:** (*from o.s.*) —an awesome weekend with the best little sister in all of Equestria!

(*Every head swings toward that voice, and every face except the pink one breaks out into a smile or grin. The camera swivels quickly away from the group and stops at the throne room doors, where Princess Cadence and Shining now stand amid a pile of luggage. He has a foreleg across her shoulders, and the camera zooms in slowly as she giggles.*)

**Cadence:** Hi, everypony.

(*Only now does Pinkie allow herself to react, voicing a huge sigh of relief and tumbling backwards off the tree root where she has been sitting. Fluttershy and Rainbow stare concernedly down after her before the view snaps to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the nine, now all gathered near the entrance.*)

**Twilight:** (*jumping toward the couple*) Shining Armor! Cadence! You’re early! I thought something had come up and you weren’t gonna make it until Saturday.

**Cadence:** So did we. Turned out we weren’t needed in Maretonia until next week. (*Shining nods.*) And the summit we were supposed to attend today— (*Cut to a slow pan across the six mares; she continues o.s.*) —had to be rescheduled, so we got here even sooner than planned. (*Shining darts over to Twilight.*)

**Shining:** Surprise!

(*He loops a foreleg warmly around the back of her head. None of this has done a lick to assuage Pinkie’s raging case of nerves, judging from the front hoof that she has not managed to stop chewing this whole time. Zoom out from her to frame Cadence gathering with Applejack/Fluttershy/Rainbow/Rarity on the start of the next line.*)

**Cadence:** It’s wonderful to see you all again. (*Happy responses from the bunch; cut to Twilight and Shining at the doors.*)

**Twilight:** I’m so glad you’re here! (*to him*) I have a big surprise for you. (*She trots away.*)

**Shining:** (*smirking*) Oh, yeah?

(*Pan quickly to the mare with the hot scoop, her panicked blue eyes zipping in every possible direction as the sweat pours down, then cut back to the other seven ponies. The mares walk/fly out front, talking and laughing; next comes a quietly smiling Shining, then a discomfited Pinkie, and finally Spike carrying all the gear. Pinkie catches up to Shining, avoiding eye contact.*)

**Shining:** (*hushed*) Lucky we came when we did, huh? (*Pinkie lowers her hoof.*) I’m guessing you saw the scroll we sent to Mr. and Mrs. Cake. (*She grins and blushes.*) Hey, I’m impressed you’ve been able to keep our secret this long. (*He stops as she leans eagerly up to his level.*)

**Pinkie:** So you’re gonna tell Twilight now?

(*Jamming a hoof over her mouth, he takes a quick look ahead and sees wife, sister, and friends, still having a grand time as they proceed along a corridor. He waits to speak until Spike has trudged by with the luggage.*)

**Shining:** (*hushed, lowering hoof from her mouth*) You’re gonna have to wait just a little bit longer. We have something special planned. It’ll be worth it. I promise. (*He walks off.*)

**Pinkie:** (*sourly*) It had better be. *e sHe stops*

(*Followed up by a heavy-caliber scowl of distrust. Dissolve to a close-up of her walking through Ponyville, sweating and with cheeks bulging out to a degree that might make Dizzy Gillespie take notice.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) So… (*Cut to frame all six mares.*) …do you think Shinin’ Armor liked his surprise?

**Twilight:** Didn’t you see him? He couldn’t stop raving about it!

(*A new scene slides into view from above, pushing her image off the bottom of the screen. This view shows the two siblings in the bedroom set up for him; he gawks at the arrangement, then launches himself clear of the ground with a neigh of pure ecstasy. Almost instantly, he is across the room and pawing at the ant farm; nuzzling his old Brutus Force doll; whinnying in terror when he finds the remains of the comic book Spike torched; laughing and standing on his hind legs so he can hoist Twilight and whirl her around in the center of the room. Clearly her plan to stock it with treasured items from days gone by was an unqualified success.*)

(*This view is pushed back up off the screen, replaced by a close-up of a slightly weary Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** (*sighing softly*) Where did Shining Armor and Cadence say they’d meet us? (*Stomach growl.*) I’m starving! (*Overhead shot: they start onto a bridge over the Ponyville stream, going toward the town square.*)

**Twilight:** In the town square. I wish they’d waited to walk over with us— (*Close-up.*) —but they said they had something to take care of first. (*Cut to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** (*very snarky, under her breath*) They’re gonna have a lot more to take care of soon.

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) What? (*Stop short; all six again.*)

**Pinkie:** (*normal volume, galloping ahead*) Nothing!

(*The others just trade a funny look and get moving again. Cut to a close-up of the erratic pink one, now leaning against the edge of the town square fountain as casually as she can manage, and zoom out as they approach her. The rearing-pony statue at its center has an actual parchment scroll tucked into its mouth, but there is no sign of either Shining or Cadence.*)

**Twilight:** That’s odd. Usually they’re quite punctual. (*Rainbow groans loudly; cut to her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*flying toward statue’s head*) I need a hay burger in my belly *right now!*

(*She emphasizes the last two works by thumping a hoof against the stonework on each one, causing the scroll to shift a bit.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) What’s this?

(*Her magic grips the document; cut to her, floating it down and opening it for perusal that leads to a happy gasp.*)

**Rarity:** What does it say? (*Twilight whips over to her.*)

**Twilight:** A scavenger hunt! (*pacing*) Shining Armor used to set these up for me when I was a filly. (*Pinkie darts over, face contorting comically; she pays no mind as stars shine in her eyes.*) At the end, there was always a big prize, like a new book, or several new books, or—

**Pinkie:** *We get the picture! You like books!*

(*A quick turn, and she has shoved her face into the scroll.*)

**Applejack:** So what’s the first clue?

**Rainbow:** (*petulantly*) I hope it’s something about eating lunch.

**Pinkie:** (*pacing, reading very quickly*)

“You’ve got a scroll, you’re on a roll.

Why don’t you take a peek where young ones spend their week?”

(*The scroll falls off her face and is caught.*)

“A piece of paper will continue this caper.”

(*After a moment’s cogitation in close-up, Twilight’s face comes alight.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve got it! (*Zoom out to frame the others.*) “Where the young ones spend their week.”

**Applejack:** I’m not quite followin’.

(*Cut to the ringing bell atop the schoolhouse and zoom out to show them coming up the walk.*)

**Twilight:** It’s the Ponyville schoolhouse! (*Pinkie zips up ahead of them, half-crazed and no longer holding the scroll.*)

**Pinkie:** Good enough for me! (*Dart even farther along.*) Now where’s the next clue?

(*Panting like a dog, she jams her nose down onto the ground and begins sniffing about as if suddenly possessed by the spirit of a bloodhound. Whatever scent she picks up leads her into a clump of bushes planted along the walk; she comes out with a leaf on her nose, which she quickly sneezes away, and sets to scratching a spot behind her neck as if trying to dislodge a stubborn flea. Cut to a most puzzled Twilight and Fluttershy.*)

**Featherweight:** (*from o.s.*) Extra! Extra!

(*Purple and blue-green eyes widen at his voice. Cut to behind the five onlookers; he walks past back here, dressed in newsboy cap/shirt/vest/pants and carrying a sheaf of newspapers.*)

**Featherweight:** Get your Ponyville news! (*All turn toward him.*) Read it in the paper! (*Back to Twilight; he continues o.s., fading out.*) Extra! Extra! Get your Ponyville news!

**Twilight:** (*over end of previous*) “A piece of paper will continue this caper.” (*Gasp; zoom out to frame Applejack and Fluttershy.*) It’s in the *Foal Free Press*!

(*She gallops off along the walk as she finishes, and in a trice she has acquired a copy from the spindly pegasus. Waving goodbye as he resumes his route, she sits down on her haunches and opens the pages. Cut to an extreme close-up of the issue, which is lowered to show all but Pinkie poring over the stories.*)

**Rarity:** (*pointing*) Ooh, look at that dress Mayor Mare is wearing in the social report! Why, it’s stunning!

(*Eyes roll wearily at her focus on things fashion-related at this particular moment.*)

**Applejack:** Uh, didn’t *you* make that, Rarity?

**Rarity:** (*airily, toying with mane*) Yes. What is your point? (*Pinkie shoves her head up among them, scattering bits of newsprint.*)

**Pinkie:** FOCUS, EVERYPONY!!

(*A longer shot reveals that she has punched the entire front half of her body through the paper, which is now jammed around her midsection.*)

**Twilight:** (*slightly snarky*) You know, there’s really no time limit on these scavenger hunts, Pinkie.

**Pinkie:** Aha! (*pointing at a page*) There! (*Twilight leans in for a look.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading*) “Though this hall is rather small,

In it you’ll find files of all kinds.

Take a look on the back

Of the birth certificate of Applejack.”

(*The apple farmer finds herself in the hot seat.*)

**Applejack:** I don’t like where this is goin’.

(*Wipe to the upper reaches of the town hall and tilt down/zoom in to frame the front entrance, where Mayor Mare paces nervously. The rattle of galloping hooves against hard-packed earth fades up, and the camera pans across the town square to frame Pinkie coming at high speed. Having shed the remains of the newspaper, she barrels in past the politico, while the rest of the gang takes its sweet time to traverse the square. Mayor Mare jitters in place, grinning madly and looking fit to burst; once they are all inside, she finally gives voice to this manic energy.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Baby! A royal ba—

(*She gets a pink hoof jammed up to her lips, and Pinkie clears her throat pointedly and gives her best “can it” glare and scowl.*)

**Twilight:** (*from inside*) Does anypony know where the birth certificates are kept?

**Pinkie:** (*smiling, darting in*) Ooh! I do, I do!

(*Cut to within the main meeting hall; she zips in among her five friends, all of whom are staring uncomprehendingly around the place.*)

**Pinkie:** (*gesturing around, rapid fire; zoom in slowly*) Go down that hall, then you take a left, then a right, then another right, then a slight left, and it’s the third door from the right. (*She starts off toward a curtained doorway.*)

**Fluttershy:** Wow, Pinkie. I never knew you knew so much about Town Hall. (*Stop dead.*)

**Pinkie:** (*loudly, forced*) There’s a lot of things I know, that you don’t know I know!

(*Letting her cheeks bulge rather than say any more, she races off through the curtains. Cut to an extreme close-up of an open file cabinet drawer; she leans into view, eyeing and nosing her way through the contents until one makes her stop. This folder is swiftly extracted, opened, and crushed against her face so that she can catch one sheet in her teeth. Cut to her perspective of Twilight, Applejack, and Fluttershy in the file room where she was working in Act Two; she holds the page up for the winged unicorn to get a telekinetic grip. A note is taped to the flip side, and a close-up of the front establishes it as Applejack’s birth certificate—apples in the bottom corners, a photograph of herself as a newborn in top right.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s, over Twilight’s giggles*) Oh, you’re so cute.

(*She adds her own gentle laugh before the camera cuts back to Pinkie’s perspective. The slightly mortified workhorse smiles and blushes under a dribble of sweat, then flips the certificate.*)

**Twilight:** (*reading note on back*) “This next place is where

You can buy a table or chair.”

(*Long shot of all six, Pinkie bouncing in place.*)

(*puzzled*) “Or some comfy beds to rest little heads”?

(*The over-excited mare is out the door in a blink. A long, pensive silence ensues, to be broken when she peeks back into the file room with a loud, disgusted groan.*)

**Pinkie:** Really? None of you?

(*She charges back in with a rising snarl. Cut to a street as she bulldozes her friends along in a multicolored tangle of hooves, wings, and horns.*)

**Pinkie:** It’s obviously the furniture store!

(*Cut a close-up of its hanging sign and zoom out. She hops madly in front of the door, the others having fetched up a couple of steps back.*)

**Pinkie:** Go in, go in, go in!

**Twilight:** I-I don’t know. (*Pinkie jumps up with a yell and lands on the front step.*)

**Pinkie:** Fine!

(*One pink hoof shoves the door open and she darts in, a camera-shaking commotion marking her merciless ransacking of the establishment. A plethora of alarmed animal noises come through loud and clear as well before the place goes quiet and a crib comes sailing out through the doorway. Pinkie, hunkered down between the rails, stands up to point emphatically at the note taped to one end.*)

**Rainbow:** Wow. You’re scary good at this, Pinkie Pie.

**Pinkie:** (*rapid fire, reading*) “It seems we’ve saved the best for last.

We hope that you have had a blast.

Now it’s time to take a break

Where you can get a slice of cake.”

**Others:** Sugarcube Corner!

(*Now Pinkie relaxes with a dismissive smile and wave of a hoof.*)

**Pinkie:** Pfft. That was an easy one.

(*Grin. Cut to an extreme close-up of a bell hung above the sweet shop’s front door, which swings open to ring it and mark an arrival. Streamers have been hung up here, and a zoom out shows more of them stretching across walls and over the balloons and trays of goodies that are on display. All but Pinkie are walking in.*)

**Shining:** (*from o.s.*) Surprise! (*Stop short; cut to him and Cadence. He crosses to them…*) Twilie! (*…and delivers a friendly noogie.*) Did you like the scavenger hunt?

**Twilight:** It was perfect! Just like old times— (*looking to other four*) —except even better because this time I got to share it with my best friends!

(*Grins and smiles from the friends in questions; now Pinkie shoves her way through from behind, sparking a couple of annoyed looks. As the big brother smiles to himself, the little sister steps close to peek at the patch of floor between his legs.*)

**Twilight:** There’s just one thing missing, isn’t there?

**Shining:** What’s that?

**Twilight:** (*playfully, poking at him*) Mmm—the book prize at the end. (*He pushes her gently back with a laugh.*)

**Shining:** There’s still a prize— (*backing off*) —but it’s a little different this time.

**Twilight:** (*puzzled*) Oh. I don’t understand.

(*Behind her, Pinkie puts hooves to cheeks to keep her gigantic grin from splitting her entire face in half and hunkers down with a giddy little giggle.*)

**Cadence:** All the places we sent you today had something in common. (*Twilight begins to pace, hoof to chin in thought.*)

**Twilight:** First we went to the schoolhouse… (*Pinkie jitters in place…*) …and then we read the *Foal Free Press*… (*…and hooks lower teeth onto upper lip…*) …after that we found Applejack’s birth certificate… (*…and plugs her mouth with both hooves, briefly popping up/down behind Twilight…*) …and then the last clue was under a crib.

(*…and comes up grinning with the very happy Cake twins gathered up in her forelegs. Twilight paces another step as the grin fades.*)

**Twilight:** Hmmm…school… (*Pinkie drops out of sight.*) …foal…

(*Cut to the secret-keeper and zoom in slowly. She has put the babies down and is on the ragged edge of burning out every overtaxed synapse under the magenta mane.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) …birth certificate…and crib.

(*The blue eyes become mad spirals, now framed in an extreme close-up, and Twilight draws in a stunned gasp as the pieces finally fall together in her mind.*)

**Twilight:** Can it be? Are you two…

(*Cut to stallion and wife, standing face to face with warm smiles directed her way. They each take a step back, the camera zooming out to frame the object behind them: a three-tiered cake marked with bows, rattles, and a baby bottle and topped with a carriage.*)

**Cadence, Shining:** We’re having a baby!

(*Pinkie’s face instantly shifts through a few more gears, the eyes returning to normal, and she bounds up off the floor with a full-throttle smile.*)

**Pinkie:** A baby, Twilight! It’s a baby!

(*The smile turns into a grin, and she starts to bounce off the walls just as she did when exiting Shining’s room in Act One. Twilight, on the other hand, has gone stock still with mouth hanging full open; one might be forgiven for thinking that a cockatrice had wandered into the place.*)

**Pinkie:** WOO-HOO!! (*Twilight eventually gets her brain working, putting hoof to forehead.*)

**Twilight:** You mean… (*Zoom in quickly to a close-up.*) …I’m gonna be an aunt?

(*Caught just a bit off guard, the royal couple work up humoring smiles as the camera zooms in on the cake topper. Twilight’s shocked expression shifts into a smile.*)

**Twilight:** (*spreading wings, hovering briefly*) This is the best prize ever! (*Cadence and Shining laugh; she rushes over to hug them both.*) Ooh, I love you guys! And I can’t wait to meet your little foal.

**Shining:** Neither can we.

(*Laughs and cheerful conversation break out around the room, the camera zooming out to frame the entire gathering. Mr. and Mrs. Cake join in, each carrying one of their twins. The only one not in view is Pinkie; cut to her, bounding around near the door.*)

**Pinkie:** I did it, I did it, I did it, I did it!

(*Stopping in midair, she cranks off a squeaky grin and literally goes to pieces as if she were a giant doll being disassembled by invisible hands. The parts tumble to the floor.*)

**Pinkie:** (*weakly, raising a foreleg*) Go, Pinkie.

(*Extreme close-up of two hooves slapping together—Shining’s and Mr. Cake’s—and zoom out to frame the current and expecting fathers sharing a laugh. As the camera cuts to a pan across the room, Cadence floats up a plate with a slice of cake and glances behind herself. Pinkie is now at a corner table, fully put back together and making one last tweak to her mane; Cadence crosses to her with a giggle.*)

**Cadence:** You did it, Pinkie Pie! You kept it a surprise! (*They embrace.*) Thank you.

(*As they pull apart, the cake is brought in for a landing on the table.*)

**Cadence:** Was it much trouble?

**Pinkie:** Piece of cake.

(*After one last squeaky grin, the view “irises out” to black, centered on her, but pauses once only her face is left in view. She grimaces to the camera and shakes her head, lips silently forming the word “no,” and the iris closes to black out the screen.*)