**SPICE UP YOUR LIFE**

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Notes: In describing song cues and instrumentation up to this point, I have been able

to name instruments with which I am familiar. However, I must admit to a

near-total ignorance of Indian music, which forms the basis for the song in this

episode. Anyone who knows more about this field than I do is welcome to make

suggestions or corrections, which I will consider for inclusion in the transcript.

Unless specifically stated otherwise, all mentions of ponies in Canterlot refer

to unicorns.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the strings of glowing gems that hang from the tree-stump chandelier in the throne room of the Castle of Friendship. On the start of the next line, tilt down to frame Twilight Sparkle and her five friends in their seats around the central map table, which is bare. Spike stands at its center, glaring down at the lustrous surface, and Starlight Glimmer stands between Twilight and Rainbow Dash.*)

**Twilight:** As you’ve all probably noticed— (*Spike bends to tap at a spot.*) —it’s been quite some time since the map has sent us on a mission of friendship.

**Spike:** Yeah! Ever since Starlight messed with it to go back in time and tried to change history. (*Starlight manages a strained, sheepish grin.*)

**Twilight:** (*sourly*) Yes, since then. (*smiling*) But as part of her studies— (*She and Starlight smile at each other.*) —Starlight’s been assisting me. And together we think we’ve come up with a spell that will get it working again.

(*Varied positive reactions around the table; as Spike scratches at it, he is pulled away in his boss’s magic and she leaves her seat.*)

**Twilight:** Now, without further ado…

(*She and Starlight fire up their horns, a tendril of energy swirling up from each. Tilt up to show them intertwining in a helical pattern that terminates in a brightly glowing ball just below the chandelier, then cut to frame the whole room. Beams lance down from this to connect with the cutie marks on the six thrones, each in its occupant’s coat color, and these in turn fire out arcs of power that meet at the center of the table. Zoom in as blinding white light spreads out to cover the surface and subsides to reveal the map that the group relied on for their missions throughout Season Five. Flickers of static give way to the unblemished scale model, followed by awed murmurs from the group, and the camera cuts to a close-up of one spot as the cutie marks of Twilight and Fluttershy pop into being above it. When the thrones and the room proper are seen next, the rest of the magical light show is gone.*)

**Pinkie Pie:** (*from o.s.*) Fluttershy and Twilight in Appleloosa! (*They vanish; cut to her.*) No… (*Her mark and Rainbow’s appear.*) Me and Rainbow Dash in Las Pegasus! (*Gone.*) No…

(*The stretch in front of Twilight/Rainbow/Starlight; the marks of the first two wink in over a stretch of mountains.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Rainbow Dash and Twilight in Yakyakistan! (*Gone again.*) No… (*Two copies of Twilight’s mark show up together elsewhere.*) Twilight and Twilight in Twilight’s castle!

(*As soon as these go bye-bye, the camera cuts to the slightly hyperventilating pink mare, who sees a copy of her own mark float slowly toward her.*)

**Pinkie:** Me…me… (*Squeal.*) …me… (*Rarity’s three blue gems drift after the balloons.*) …and Rarity! Ooh!

(*Close-up of the map; the two images make their way over the miniature countryside.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) I hope it’s some faraway place that nopony has gone before! (*Cut to her and Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** (*laughing*) Well, maybe not *too* far away. An adventure somewhere that has modern conveniences would be preferable.

(*Close-up of the mountain on which Canterlot is built; the marks settle down and begin to circle it, prompting a deep gasp from the o.s. unicorn. Zoom out to frame her.*)

**Rarity:** Canterlot! This is wonderful! I can check the boutique! Perhaps there’ll be some social events that we can attend! (*Gasp.*) I’ll have to pack extra outfits!

(*During her next-to-last sentence, the camera cuts to her perspective and pans slowly across five mares and one dragon, all of whom display assorted degrees of irritation at her narrow mental focus. The only one not seen in this shot is Pinkie. After she finishes, cut back to her, now absolutely enraptured by the idea of visiting the royal city.*)

**Rarity:** What will I wear? (*Pan to Pinkie, a trifle confounded.*)

**Pinkie:** You know, some ponies get excited about the silliest things.

(*She punctuates the end of this observation with an eye roll and grin. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of a train chugging toward Canterlot during the day. Zoom in slowly and dissolve to Pinkie and Rarity making their way down one of the opulent streets—one hopping, the other opting for a sedate walk.*)

**Rarity:** (*sighing placidly*) Now then. As far as finding a friendship problem— (*Close-up; Pinkie stops.*) —I suggest we start at the castle and begin to question the proper— (*Zoom out; Pinkie leans toward her.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, Rarity. You don’t *find* a friendship problem, it finds *you!* We just need to go with the flow and eventually, *ka-blam!* (*poking at her forehead*) We get friendship problem-ed right between the eyes.

**Rarity:** Well, this *is* a team effort. So if you feel we should go with the flow, then with the flow we shall go. (*Pause.*) Where is the flow saying we should go?

**Pinkie:** You know Canterlot. What do *you* think we should do?

**Rarity:** Hm. Take your pick. Culture, *couture*, cuisine.

(*The growl of an empty stomach interrupts her suggestion spree, and an extreme close-up reveals it as Pinkie’s. Zoom out to frame both as she offers an embarrassed grin.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, my. Well, it sounds like your stomach is saying we should flow towards some lunch? I know just where to go!

(*Clock wipe to the pair at the end of a different block, several of whose businesses sport a sign above their doors that shows three horseshoes.*)

**Rarity:** Restaurant Row! (*Cut to a slow pan down the busy street; she continues o.s.*) The absolute best place for fine dining in all of Equestria. (*Back to Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Oooooh! So many choices! Where should we go? (*zipping from one to another*) This one? That one? Those ones? (*She hops back to Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** (*pointing up overhead*) Any establishments that have *this*.

(*Cut to her perspective of “this”—the three-horseshoe sign over the door—and zoom in slowly.*)

**Rarity:** The three-hoof rating. (*Back to her and Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Um, whose hooves?

**Rarity:** Why, Zesty Gourmand, the Queen of Cuisine. When it comes to food, she is the ultimate authority in Canterlot, and thus all Equestria. She judges a restaurant on cuisine, décor, and presentation. Without her approval, a restaurant simply cannot survive.

**Pinkie:** What’s so important about her approval?

**Rarity:** Zesty grew up around fine dining, and everypony hangs on her every word when it comes to cuisine.

**Pinkie:** Wow! (*rising briefly onto hind legs*) Then the food here must be amazing! (*Rarity moves toward the door*…) Lead the way, partner! (*…and magically opens it.*) Whee!

(*With a giggle, she hops along to fall in behind. Wipe to the two inside, seated facing each other in one of several booths, as a well-dressed waiter stallion floats a covered serving dish on the table. Square-themed paintings hang on the wall, and each booth is appointed with a cubical overhead light and an identically styled lamp on the wall end. Close-up: the top is lifted away to expose two plates that each carry the same three bite-size morsels and a drizzle of sauce. An awed gasp from the o.s. Rarity; zoom out slowly as both lean over the food, Pinkie more perplexed than appreciative.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, my! (*The waiter’s magic settles one plate in front of her.*) Such presentation!

(*The other is set in front of Pinkie and the tray is levitated away, and the white mare wastes no time in bringing one bite up with her field and chewing blissfully. Her reverie yields to a confused stare as the flavor hits her tongue.*)

**Rarity:** Oh. (*Smack lips, then smile weakly.*) Ah, yes…very nice.

(*Across the way, Pinkie solves the dual problem of an empty stomach and a lack of a horn by simply slamming her whole face onto her plate. When she yanks free a split-second later, popping loose like a giant suction cup, she is chewing all the cuisine in one thoroughly uncivilized mouthful. It too disagrees with her palate, but she manages to swallow the lot and let her tongue loll out with a sound of disgust.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe I’m not in the mood for… (*whispering, pointing at plate*) …whatever this is? Can we try someplace else?

(*The waiter is now standing close enough to hear every word of this last, but limits his reaction to a lowered eyebrow and the faintest of frowns. Clock wipe to the pair in a booth at another restaurant; except for the slightly different color scheme, and the fact that the lights and paintings are now circle/sphere-themed, it is identical to the first. The waiter on duty here is even a dead ringer for the one there, apart from a different coloration that matches this place. As before, Pinkie and Rarity sit with small empty plates before them and Pinkie chews over whatever they have been served here, finally voicing an opinion once she swallows.*)

**Pinkie:** Yecch. (*Rarity throws a placating grin to the waiter.*) Maybe one more stop?

(*Another clock wipe. Another nearly identical establishment, but with triangular paintings and trapezoidal light fixtures. Another waiter who matches the first two except for his colors. Another two empty little plates. This time, a mortified Rarity averts her eyes as Pinkie finishes chewing the latest offering and again lets her tongue hang out.*)

**Pinkie:** Blecch! (*pushing plate away*) Nope!

(*Clock wipe to the pair on the sidewalk, Rarity closing the door of this restaurant with her aura.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe instead of trusting somepony else’s hooves, *I* should pick the next place?

**Rarity:** (*groaning loudly*) Very well.

(*The pink nose sniffs the air, back and forth, and the blue eyes pop wide open over a joyous smile as she starts to hop away. Her movements take her to a chow house on the other side of the street, then to a spot very close to the camera—just in time to get a lungful of an aroma that begins to waft in from somewhere o.s. A gasp, a grin, and she hops off toward the source; cut to within a side alley as she bounds in, followed by Rarity. Pasted on the wall is a small sign that depicts the silhouette of an elephant’s head; an arrow is painted next to this, pointed down the alley. In short order Pinkie has gone as far as she can along this path, due to the fact that it ends at the front entrance of a building whose architectural style strongly resembles that of India. The color scheme displays warm reds, oranges, and yellows, with gray accents to match the elephant head painted above the open front door. A red/yellow blossom forms its backdrop, and a spoon is clutched in the trunk; above it, a plain square of wood has been nailed up. The smell that attracted Pinkie is emanating from within.*)

**Rarity:** (*puzzled*) The Tasty Treat. It’s very…rustic. (*whispering*) It looks like it hasn’t even been rated!

(*On the end of this, cut to a close- up of the unmarked square and zoom in as she points at it. The camera then cuts back to the two.*)

**Pinkie:** Thank goodness!

(*She hops into the place with a giggle, and Rarity goes in after her with some trepidation and telekinetically shuts the door behind herself. Cut to a close-up of her, looking around with a degree of unease that gradually deepens into borderline horror, then cut to her perspective. The dining room is laid out with an abundance of low stools and couches around small tables, and multicolored canopies hang from the ceiling. At the far end, next to the kitchen entrance, is a reception counter backed with a copy of the elephant-head graphic above the front door. Several of the pictures on the walls show pachyderms as well. The overall effect, accentuated by the exotic table lamps and overhead light fixtures, is that of an indulgent lounging chamber in an Indian rajah’s palace. Pinkie has already seated herself at one of the tables, and she waves as the camera zooms in slowly. The rest of the place is bereft of customers.*)

(*Cut to the table as Rarity cautiously steps up and sits, misgivings coming through loud and clear in her every move.*)

**Rarity:** Are we sure they’re open? (*Pinkie sniffs deeply.*)

**Pinkie:** Mmm…it smells open!

(*A clatter of cookware snaps her back to the here and now, and a deep orange mare emerges from the kitchen. She wears a light yellow garment very similar to the “kurti” of Indian culture. Close-fitting, round-edged collar; half-length sleeves for the forelegs; hem falling at her midsection; blue edging, with small red dots around each sleeve cuff. A red scarf or kerchief with gold ornaments at the edges is tied at the collar; she also wears jeweled gold earrings and a plainer gold headband to hold back the thick curls of her two-tone, dark grayish-purple mane. A few strands have sprung loose both here and from her tail, held with a jeweled red band at its base. She has red-violet eyes rimmed in black and a cutie mark of a blue-violet crocus blossom, and a few red bracelets encircle one hind leg. This is Saffron Masala, whose irritated expression quickly shifts into one of bewilderment upon catching sight of the new arrivals. She gasps softly before smiling and speaking with an Indian accent.*)

**Saffron:** Are you here for lunch?

**Pinkie:** Yes indeedy!

**Saffron:** (*crossing to table*) I’m Saffron Masala, the chef here at the Tasty Treat, the most exotic cuisine in Canterlot. Would you like to hear about the specials?

**Rarity:** We’re actually in a bit of a hu—

**Pinkie:** Yes, please!

**Saffron:** (*proudly*) We have a curried oat cake!

**Pinkie:** We’ll take one!

**Saffron:** Uh, and a grass sandwich that has been marinated overnight in a mustard-Dijon dressing.

**Pinkie:** How can we say no to *that?*

**Saffron:** (*to Rarity*) A-And for you?

**Rarity:** (*hastily*) Oh, me? Oh, I’m fine, thank you.

(*Saffron heads for the kitchen to put the order in.*)

**Rarity:** (*under her breath, singsong*) No rating!

(*To which Pinkie only sighs, just before a heavyset stallion in a very bad mood plods past the table with a groan. His coat is slightly lighter than Saffron’s, with a hint of brown, and his two-tone mane/tail are short, thick, and dark red-brown, with heavy eyebrows and a little mustache to match. Same eyes; same kurti-styled garment, but this one is brown with simple yellow edging at neckline and cuffs; a green necklace peeks out from beneath the collar. His cutie mark is a bowl of yellow rice with spices sprinkled around it. This is Coriander Cumin, Saffron’s father, and he too has a pronounced Indian accent. As he speaks, he levitates stools and sets them upside down on the tables.*)

**Coriander:** (*to himself*) I told her not to cook anything, anyway, they won’t—

**Pinkie:** Hiya! What’s your name?

**Coriander:** Coriander Cumin.

**Pinkie:** Are you a chef here too?

**Coriander:** My daughter cooks. I host! (*He crosses to the other side.…*)

**Pinkie:** Then why are you stacking chairs? (*…and resumes his work.*)

**Coriander:** Without customers, I have nopony to host for! So, I stack. (*Saffron returns, three plates floating in her hold.*)

**Saffron:** Father, stop it! Don’t close up the restaurant around our guests!

**Coriander:** What does it matter? When they leave, nopony else will be coming in! (*Cut to the table; Saffron serves Pinkie and Rarity.*)

**Saffron:** Well, your attitude isn’t going to bring anyone in! (*moving o.s. toward him*) Can’t you at least pretend to be positive?

(*She is just in time to miss Pinkie’s full-face attack on her plate as in the first restaurant she and Rarity tried for lunch. A few loud slurps, and she comes up for air with half the food gone.*)

**Pinkie:** So-o-o good! (*Down she goes again to assault the remains.*)

**Coriander:** (*from o.s.*) You are doing enough pretending for the both of us! (*Cut to them, framed between the two visitors’ heads.*) Nopony here wants to try anything new! I know when to throw in the towel! (*Head-on view of Pinkie and Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Um, Pinkie, perhaps we should excuse ourselves.

(*The equine vacuum cleaner straightens up and scoops the last fragment off her plate.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, Rarity! (*holding it out to her*) Try this!

(*So the image-conscious pony takes a little nibble and is surprised by the taste.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh! (*Coriander paces past.*)

**Saffron:** (*following*) Maybe if you would listen to my ideas for once!

**Coriander:** (*sarcastically, turning to her*) Oh, yes! I did not move halfway across Equestria for my daughter that I never listen to!

(*The table; Pinkie’s eyes pop and she spits out whatever she has been chewing on.*)

**Pinkie:** (*hushed*) Rarity! (*poking her own forehead*) I think that friendship problem just ka-blammed us right between the eyes! (*Rarity’s perspective of the arguing duo.*)

**Rarity:** (*pointing at them*) These two? Ooh, I don’t know, darling. (*Back to her and Pinkie.*) The food *is* excellent, but…I’m not sure there’s much you and I can do to help them.

**Coriander:** (*from o.s.*) Pfft! What would you have me do? (*Cut to frame all four; he is addressing Saffron.*) We can’t even get Zesty Gourmand to come to our restaurant! She took one look at how empty it was and said it wasn’t even worth rating!

**Rarity:** (*throwing forelegs up*) *That’s it!*

**Pinkie:** (*mimicking her*) Yes! (*Very long pause.*) Uh, what’s it? (*All four legs come down.*)

**Rarity:** The flow *has* led us here! This is our mission! (*They cross to Coriander and Saffron.*) We are going to get *you* a three-hoof rating and save your restaurant! I can get Zesty Gourmand here.

**Pinkie:** (*gasping happily*) And I can pack this place with ponies!

**Coriander:** Hmph! And how do you intend to do such a thing?

**Pinkie, Rarity:** Just leave it to us!

(*Daughter grins; father just raises one very heavy, very quizzical eyebrow. Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the dining room. As Saffron paces the floor nervously, Coriander levitates a stack of plates into a box and Pinkie licks clean the one on which her lunch was served.*)

**Saffron:** Father, will you *please* stop packing things! (*Close-up of Coriander.*)

**Coriander:** When the lovely pony comes back and says she couldn’t convince Zesty Gourmand to come visit us, we will need to pack all this up! (*adding another plate to box*) I’m just getting a head start. (*Pan to Pinkie on the next line.*)

**Pinkie:** You really don’t know Rarity.

(*Comes now the sound of the door opening; cut to the lovely pony standing just inside, having shut it behind herself.*)

**Rarity:** (*singsong*) I’ve done it!

**Pinkie:** (*smugly*) See?

**Rarity:** (*crossing to them; Saffron joins the group*) It took all of my charm and cajoling, but I was able to convince Zesty Gourmand to come and try the food!

**Saffron:** What is the catch?

**Rarity:** Ah…yes. Well, um, there is a bit of a challenge. The only time she can make herself available is…tonight.

**Coriander:** (*walking off*) Pfft! Oh, yeah, right.

**Saffron:** (*to Rarity*) What is it? (*Zoom in on them and Pinkie.*)

**Rarity:** Zesty rates a restaurant on cuisine, décor, *and* presentation—and she has *very* specific tastes. If she’s coming tonight, there *is* quite a bit of work that needs to get done.

**Pinkie:** Like what?

**Rarity:** Oh, a tweak here, a tuck there, some slight modifications to the menu. (*Laugh.*) We just need the place to feel more cosmopolitan.

**Coriander:** Pfft!

**Saffron:** Father, after Rarity went to all of this trouble for us, can’t we at least try?

**Rarity:** Why don’t I stay behind with Coriander to get the restaurant ready for Zesty’s arrival? (*to Pinkie*) You and Saffron can try and drum up some business.

**Pinkie:** (*saluting*) One packed restaurant, coming right up!

(*The newly appointed street marketing team heads o.s. toward the exit.*)

**Rarity:** (*crossing floor*) Coriander, I understand your trepidation. But I promise you, we will get those hooves by making this place feel just like all of the other restaurants on Restaurant Row!

(*The sound of the opening door is heard under her last words; after she finishes, cut to Pinkie and Saffron on the front steps. The unicorn pulls it shut with her field.*)

**Saffron:** (*sighing*) I hope my father doesn’t drive Rarity crazy.

**Pinkie:** (*as they descend the steps*) It’ll be fine. Rarity’s gonna make sure that the Tasty Treat is the most unique and beautiful restaurant in Canterlot. (*They start off up the alley.*) Not like all those stuffy places on Restaurant Row.

***Upbeat pop shuffle melody dominated by Indian instruments, brisk 4***

***(Modulate between A major and A minor)***

***Instrumentation drops back as Rarity begins to sing***

(*Dissolve to Coriander seated at a table inside and zoom in slowly as Rarity sits next to him; a few documents are spread out on the table.*)

**Rarity:** Here’s what I know, if you want to succeed

(*She floats the pages up; each bears the coveted three-hoof mark and a photo of a different restaurant aspect—food, interior design, waiter.*)

You must follow the trends, that’s the key

If you want to show that you’ve got what it takes

You must be what they want you to be

***Instrumentation strengthens with bass guitar, then drops back somewhat for next verse***

(*The door swings open under magical control, and the unicorn responsible—a paint-smeared stallion in overalls and cap—strides in. Two others, a stallion and mare, follow him and start floating tables out of the way and preparing to work. The mare dips a brush in a bucket and quickly paints over the entire screen, the view changing with every streak to show Saffron out in the street. Pinkie steps up from behind her, showing that she has donned a bright yellow kurti and magenta scarf to parallel Saffron’s outfit.*)

**Pinkie:** Here’s what I know, your food is so good

The flavor’s so fancy and free

(*She produces a stack of flyers and an arrow sign marked with the Tasty Treat’s logo, and passes the first of these items into Saffron’s levitating hold.*)

You just need to show that unique sense of taste

(*spinning sign*) Go on, be yourself, let them see

(*It zooms past the camera; behind its tail, the view wipes to a split-screen view of her and Rarity striding toward center in the Tasty Treat. Rarity’s half is being overhauled to show the three-horseshoe logo, while Pinkie’s has the original color scheme and elephant head.*)

***Instrumentation strengthens***

**Pinkie, Rarity:** It’s gonna work, I know it’s gonna work

(*Coriander moves toward Rarity, Saffron toward Pinkie.*)

It’s gonna work out just fine, trust me

(*Rarity’s design card floats by; behind it; wipe to her and Coriander and zoom out as she uses her field to pull down all the canopy hangings.*)

It’s gonna work, I swear it’s gonna work

(*One stretch is yanked past the camera; behind it, wipe to Pinkie and Saffron in the street, putting the word out to the passersby.*)

It’s gonna work out just fine, you’ll see

(*One after another, they turn up their noses and walk away, dropping or ignoring the proffered flyers. Rarity’s waiter card floats by, the view wiping behind it to show her eyeing it and a vest/shirt/bow-tie combo matching the one worn by the stallion in the photo. Both items hover in her field, and the camera zooms out as she passes the clothes to Coriander.*)

***Instrumentation drops back***

**Rarity:** You need to change if you want to compete

(*A changing-room curtain is floated down around him.*)

But fear not, for I know what to do

(*It is whisked away; now he is wearing the fancy duds and his mane/tail/mustache have been re-styled, much to his surprise. She floats the cover off a dish on a table to show some of the Tasty Treat’s usual fare. This is swiftly replaced with a plate that matches her picture the avant-garde “meal” she and Pinkie got at the avant-garde slop chutes in Act One.*)

I know it feels strange, but trust me, when we’re done

(*She levitates the new food up so he can try it.*)

We’ll make sure that you’re a hit too

***Bass out***

(*Pinkie’s arrow sign drifts past; behind it, wipe to her hopping around Saffron on hooves and rump, a rubber pig snout briefly covering her nose. The flyers and sign are out of sight.*)

**Pinkie:** Don’t ever change, being different is good

(*Slow pan along a row of waiter stallions, all identical and floating covered dishes as they stand in front of their restaurants.*)

Don’t let what others do be your cue

(*She pops up in the fore.*)

Never rearrange ’cause somepony said you should

Just trust your heart, it will know what to do

***Instrumentation strengthens***

(*The same split screen as in the first chorus, with Pinkie and Rarity advancing toward center from their respective sides.*)

**Pinkie, Rarity:** It’s gonna work, I know it’s gonna work

(*Here come Coriander and Saffron as before; the stallion is back to his original appearance.*)

It’s gonna work out just fine, trust me

(*The two halves slide apart to show Pinkie and Saffron working the street—spinning the sign and throwing flyers to the crowd.*)

It’s gonna work, I swear it’s gonna work

(*More noses are turned up; more hooves depart; more papers hit the dirt. The logo above the Tasty Treat’s door is floated down into a pile of scraps as Rarity and Coriander watch from the steps. The exterior paint job has been stripped off except for orange/magenta trim around the window frames and the edge of the roof.*)

It’s gonna work out just fine, you’ll see

***Instrumentation drops back slightly***

(*Pan quickly to Pinkie and Saffron, without their materials.*)

**Pinkie:** Be unique

(*To Rarity, straightening the bow tie of the upscale waiter duds Coriander has put on again.*)

**Rarity:** Just be the same

(*To Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Trust your heart

(*To Rarity, now standing on a street.*)

**Rarity:** You’ll make your name

(*Two horizontal panels slide into view from opposite sides to fill the screen: Rarity and Coriander on top, Pinkie and Saffron on bottom. From here, cut to each in turn, showing off her idea of the optimum décor.*)

**Pinkie, Rarity:** We’ll help you every step of the way

(*Two vertical panels slide in, each showing half of one mare’s face so that they merge to form a complete white/pink visage. They are quickly replaced by father and daughter in the same style.*)

Because we know what you need to do and you should know it too

***Instrumentation strengthens***

(*The same split screen as in the first two choruses, with Pinkie and Rarity advancing toward center from their respective sides.*)

**Pinkie, Rarity:** It’s gonna work, I know it’s gonna work

(*Here come Coriander and Saffron as before; Coriander is back to his original appearance.*)

It’s gonna work out just fine, trust me

(*The panels slide apart; now Rarity addresses Coriander, with his new-and-improved appearance. Another slide frames Pinkie and Saffron outside.*)

It’s gonna work, I swear it’s gonna work

(*The remodeling crew exits the restaurant.*)

It’s gonna work out just fine, you’ll see

(*Pinkie, meanwhile, has taken up a bullhorn to bring in the crowd as Saffron passes out flyers. Inside, five nouvelle-cuisine plates are set down in a row; outside, five locals spurn the ads held before them. Cut to a long shot of the dispersing would-be patrons and zoom out slowly to put Pinkie and Saffron in the fore. The sun has begun to set, and Pinkie is carrying her arrow while Saffron’s hooves are empty—the flyers have ended up on the street and sidewalk.*)

***Song ends in A major***

**Saffron:** (*sighing exasperatedly*) The day is almost over, and we haven’t found any ponies! What will we do?

**Pinkie:** Try harder! (*moving to center of street*) Fillies and gentle-colts! (*spinning sign*) Check out the super-stupendous and amazing cuisine of the Tasty Treat! Grand re-opening tonight!

(*A weary Saffron and two skeptical mares gather in around her, both of whom were among Rarity’s customers in “Canterlot Boutique.” One is the yellow-orange mare with a makeup compact cutie mark; the other is the pale pinkish-gray one with a mark of red chili peppers and seeds.*)

**Makeup mare:** How many hooves does it have?

**Saffron:** (*smiling eagerly*) No hooves yet, but hopefully soon. (*The two onlookers are not impressed.*)

**Pepper mare:** (*as both walk off*) Well, when it gets rated, let us know.

**Pinkie:** (*growling, throwing sign down*) Those stupid hooves!

(*Caught on a chance air current, the cardboard arrow describes a high, fluttering arc over the street and embeds itself, point down, in front of a set of dark blue-green hooves in close-up. A wristwatch encircles one foreleg, and a matching belt secures the hem of a light green shirt with white edging. A stallion’s voice with a Minnesota accent speaks up.*)

**Stallion:** Oh, look at this, hon!

(*Longer shot: he is an earth pony with a short, two-tone dark gray mane/tail/mustache and golden brown eyes, and the garment is a golf shirt. Next to him stands a yellow-orange earth pony mare in a green blouse over a white top; two-tone curly orange mane/tail, the former topped by a red baseball cap; green eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses; cutie mark of an orange slice. Her voice carries the same accent as his; this, combined with their general appearance and the fanny packs strapped around both midsections, suggests that they are tourists on a visit. The stallion’s cutie mark cannot be seen due to her position blocking a clear view of his haunch.*)

**Tourist mare:** Oh, the Tasty Treat. Do you think that’s a restaurant, sugar? (*Saffron crosses to them; Pinkie zips over.*)

**Pinkie:** Yes! Yes, it is!

**Tourist stallion:** We came to Canterlot from Whinnyapolis to be adventurous, but so far, the food in all these hoity-toity places tastes like somepony cooked up nothin’ with a side of nothin’.

**Saffron:** (*bowing, gesturing*) Well, please, come try the Tasty Treat. (*They start in that direction.*) I think it’s going to be exactly what you’re looking for.

(*Zoom in to a close-up as she and Pinkie trade a beaming high five, then dissolve to an extreme close-up of a bottle of window cleaner being magically manipulated by Rarity to spray a glass pane. A rag floats up to wipe, accompanied by a contented sigh from the o.s. fashionista; on the start of the next line, tilt down to frame her. She has been cleaning one of the front windows, through which the sky is seen in an evening shade.*)

**Rarity:** This is going to be exactly what Zesty is looking for!

(*Sound of the door opening; cut to it. In walk Pinkie and Saffron, the latter now carrying the sign and setting it down.*)

**Saffron:** Father, we’re ba—

(*The greeting dies in her throat, replaced by a double gasp of utter shock.*)

**Pinkie:** (*levelly*) Rarity, what did you do?

(*Cut to their perspective of the dining room. It has been refitted to become a near-exact duplicate of the three high-end joints from Act One, with small square tables and stools lining both sides and diamond-shaped paintings on all the walls. Cylindrical overhead lights and table lamps provide the illumination, and Coriander stands before the reception counter at the far end—having put on his vest/shirt/bow tie and fixed up his coiffure. A plate of the bite-size food hovers in his field.*)

**Coriander:** (*woodenly*) Welcome to the Tasty Treat. You can eat here if you want, or not. Who cares?

(*Back to the door, now closed; Rarity has joined Pinkie and Saffron for a look around, and the sign is out of sight.*)

**Rarity:** I know. Isn’t it perfect? Zesty is sure to love it.

**Pinkie:** I thought we were trying to make this the most unique and beautiful restaurant in Canterlot, not make it exactly like every other restaurant!

**Rarity:** (*laughing airily*) We want to help our friends by getting them three hooves. That will only happen if this *is* like every other restaurant.

(*Four eyes give her a very confused look just before Coriander reaches them, plate aloft. Saffron cannot believe the sight of it.*)

**Saffron:** Father! (*Close-up of it; she continues o.s.*) What is *this?!?* (*Cut to a horrified Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Not that! Anything but that!

**Coriander:** This is what we must cook if we want to succeed here!

**Saffron:** (*voice shaking*) This isn’t what I wanted! (*taking hold of plate, floating it away*) I wanted Canterlot to like us for us! (*Pinkie rounds on Rarity.*)

**Pinkie:** Rarity, how could you ruin the restaurant? (*Rarity sputters through her disbelief.*)

**Rarity:** We’ve helped *save* the restaurant. Now, where are the other guests? How many other ponies are coming?

(*Pinkie and Saffron exchange an unsettled sidewise glance before responding.*)

**Pinkie, Saffron:** Two.

**Rarity:** *Just two?!?* I thought you said you could pack a place with ponies, no matter what!

**Pinkie:** *You* said you would make the restaurant better! (*Rarity gasps.*) So I guess we both didn’t know what we were talking about!

(*A series of staccato knocks at the door frightens a gasp out of Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Zesty Gourmand! Everypony, places!

(*Moving almost too fast to follow, Saffron dashes to the kitchen, Coriander to his post by the reception counter at the far end. Pinkie and Rarity turn their faces apprehensively toward the door, and the white unicorn exerts her magic on the knob and slowly pulls it open. Cut to an extreme close-up of four light gray forelegs clad in black sleeves as they step to the threshold and stop for a moment, then zoom out as they enter. Zesty Gourmand is a mare clad in a white dress shirt buttoned up to the neck and a dark gray overcoat draped loosely over her form; the black sleeves continue up under the hem, suggesting a form-fitting bodysuit. Her gaunt face is set in an expression of quiet, unrelenting scorn, and her gray-violet eyes flick back and forth under a cropped two-tone mane of palest grayish-pink. The tourist couple from Whinnyapolis peek in eagerly behind her; she takes no notice of them, instead letting her mouth curve up into a cruel little smile. Rarity forces down a terrified swallow alongside Pinkie’s fixed grin, and the view snaps to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the dining room. Zesty sits at one table, her overcoat draped over the seat back; Pinkie and Rarity stand alongside, and the tourists sit at the next table. Coriander trudges into view.*)

**Coriander:** (*woodenly*) Welcome to the Tasty Treat. What can I get you this evening?

(*This shot exposes the food critic’s tail, as short as her mane. She speaks with a jaded British accent in close-up.*)

**Zesty:** I hardly think it matters, but by all means, try your best to impress. (*Cut to frame all on the next line.*)

**Tourist mare:** Well, we’ll both try the special this evenin’, maybe with a little kick to it, eh? Yah, we’ve been craving some food with actual taste.

(*An eye roll and imperious little wave send Coriander backing up; cut to just inside the kitchen as he enters, Pinkie and Rarity close behind. Shock quickly registers on all three faces.*)

**Coriander:** Saffron Masala! What are you doing?!?

(*Cut to just behind him, framing her hard at work over the stove and with ingredients zooming toward a soup pot under her control.*)

**Saffron:** (*letting them drop in*) I’m trying to save our reputations! (*Taste from the ladle.*) I’ve given it at least a little bit of flavor. (*Stir with magic; Rarity crosses to her.*)

**Rarity:** No, no, no, no, no. Th-That’s not what Zesty wants! (*Pinkie joins them.*)

**Pinkie:** What kind of food expert doesn’t want flavor? That’s insane!

(*The brimming ladle is levitated out and emptied into a bowl held up in a pink hoof.*)

**Pinkie:** (*setting it on her head*) I’m taking this out there!

**Rarity:** Nooo! Zesty will hate it!

(*Cut to the other side of the doorway; Pinkie pushes through its curtain and starts her approach, only for Rarity to whisk out in a white blur and pivot to cut her off. Coriander and Saffron put their heads out to look on.*)

**Rarity:** You are going to ruin this for them!

**Pinkie:** (*trotting past her*) No! I’m trying to fix it after *you* ruined it!

(*Both white forelegs come down on the fluffy pink tail to pin it to the floor, but inertia carries the bowl off Pinkie’s head.*)

**Pinkie:** Wha—? (*Cut to it, arcing high in slow motion.*)

**Pinkie, Rarity:** (*from o.s., normal speed*) NOOOOO!!

(*Back to them on the end of this, the slow motion ending at this point. A loud splat marks the bowl’s return to earth and sends a few droplets pattering onto Rarity’s face as both of them grimace fearfully. Cut to the Whinnyapolis couple, liberally besmirched and more than a bit flummoxed, and pan to Zesty—wearing the rest of the soup on her face and the bowl cocked over one ear. The narrowed gray-violet eyes glare out through the muck with enough silent disgust to bore a hole through at least two inches of bulletproof glass.*)

**Zesty:** (*setting bowl down*) I think we are done here.

(*She maneuvers a napkin up to wipe her face clean, lets it drop on the table, floats her coat back on, and is on her way out before any of the others can say a word. Cut to her approaching the closed front door.*)

**Rarity:** (*hurrying after her, now clean*) Zesty! Please wait! (*Zesty stops.*) Allow me to explain!

**Zesty:** Rarity, when it comes to fashion, you are adequate. But take some advice from a friend. (*Pinkie joins them.*) Keep your opinions out of restaurants. Substandard food, laughable service, and I would think even *you* could recognize that the décor here is trying desperately, while desperately failing.

(*On the end of this, Coriander and Saffron leave the kitchen to join the tableau.*)

**Zesty:** Recommending a disreputable place such as this could do serious damage to your social standing.

**Pinkie:** (*needled*) Disreputable?! You mean a place with food that actually tastes *good?*

**Zesty:** Anypony can throw ingredients together and create an obvious taste that uncultured ponies like those two can register.

(*On the end of this, she points toward the tourists and the camera cuts to them.*)

**Tourist stallion:** (*miffed*) Hey! (*Back to Pinkie/Rarity/Zesty.*)

**Zesty:** But it takes a true culinary artist to create a subtle taste. The barest hint of a sensation. (*magically opening door, backing through it*) That’s what *I* bring to Canterlot. *That’s* art.

(*She shuts the door, leaving the proprietors and the well-intentioned rescuers to let their heads droop as their spirits sink into their hooves. Dissolve to Pinkie, Rarity, and Coriander sitting glumly around one table; Pinkie has shed her kurti and scarf, and Coriander’s shirt is wrinkled. The tourists have departed. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Pinkie:** I’m *so* embarrassed.

**Rarity:** I don’t know that there are words to adequately express how truly sorry we are.

**Coriander:** The worst has happened. (*Close-up.*) No use crying over spilled food now.

(*Three bowls of soup drift into view, two continuing toward Pinkie/Rarity’s side and the third landing in front of him.*)

**Saffron:** (*from o.s., gently*) Here. (*Zoom out; she moves up alongside him.*) This always cheered me up when I was younger. (*Coriander draws in a wondering little gasp.*)

**Coriander:** My spicy flat noodle soup!

(*He takes the bowl in his aura and slurps it down, while Pinkie bends over to try hers and Rarity spoons it up with a utensil in her grip.*)

**Rarity:** Mmm…mmm…oh, my! This is truly delightful!

**Pinkie:** Mmm…this is the best thing you’ve made so far! And I thought the food before was the best!

(*There is a tiny, happy hitch in Saffron’s voice.*)

**Saffron:** That’s all I’ve ever wanted to do, Father—make food for the ponies of Canterlot like the food we made together when I was younger! (*They clasp front hooves, one each.*)

**Coriander:** (*tenderly*) It has been so long since we cooked together. (*Chuckle.*) Remember how you used to hide the ingredients you did not like?

(*The memory brings a round of laughter from both of them as Rarity lets her spoon clink back into her bowl, a thought occurring to her.*)

**Rarity:** You know what? Who cares what some stuffy unicorn thinks of the food here? It’s exquisite!

**Pinkie:** That’s true.

(*Rarity levitates one of her cards over—the one showing the tiny frou-frou food.*)

**Rarity:** (*crumpling it, sending it away*) And you don’t need three silly hooves in your window to prove it.

**Pinkie:** That’s double-true!

**Rarity:** (*climbing off her stool, pacing*) You just need ponies in here to give it a chance! Ponies that will tell everypony else in Canterlot that the Tasty Treat has the best food in the city!

**Pinkie:** That’s true times three! (*Rarity paces back to the table.*)

**Saffron:** But…without Zesty’s approval, nopony will even try our food.

**Rarity:** (*chuckling deviously*) Oh, yes, they will. (*all business*) Pinkie! We *are* the perfect team for this. We were just doing the wrong jobs. *I* will go out and bring the crowd. You stay here and make sure this place is every bit as unique and rustic as it was the moment we walked in. (*Cut to Coriander and Saffron.*)

**Coriander:** (*nervously*) And? What about us?

**Rarity:** You two? You are going to *cook*. Make whatever you want— (*Pinkie grins ear to ear.*) —and make a lot of it! (*Zoom in on her.*) I intend to bring a crowd!

(*Dissolve to two stallions talking over a window table in a restaurant. Rarity pops up just outside, holding Pinkie’s arrow sign for the Tasty Treat and enticing them to abandon their spots. Her first words are muffled slightly by the glass, but the rest come through clearly once the camera cuts to her in the street—now wearing a pair of signs like a sandwich board and walking to point the way. A wipe then follows this; now she has one sign stuck to her flank and the other balanced on her head and is walking backwards to guide a growing crowd toward the eating house.*)

**Rarity:** Would the owner of one of the premier boutiques in Canterlot put her stamp of approval on something that wasn’t fabulous?

(*Cut to a couple of trash cans behind the building, one of which is already stuffed to bursting with scrapped textiles from the ill-advised makeover. Pinkie has a lamp balanced on her head and easily flips it into the empty one; inside, she watches proudly as one member of Rarity’s work crew levitates the original canopy hangings back up to the ceiling. Around them, the accompanying décor is well on its way to being re-established, and a table is quickly slid into place and a lamp re-hung. She restores one of the elephant pictures to its spot on the wall; in the kitchen, Coriander—looking like his old self—and Saffron keep an eye on a boiling pot, which sits under several order tickets taped up on a shelf. After she floats a few ingredients over and plunges them in, he gives her a contented smile, looks around with a degree of puzzlement, and magically lifts the pot away. The movement exposes a small canister of spice, prompting Saffron to snicker—a play on her old trick of hiding unwanted ingredients. Setting the pot back on the stove, he brings this up and sprinkles in a bit of the contents and the two trade a high five.*)

(*Dissolve to Pinkie and Rarity standing in the dining room and zoom out to show it exactly as it was before they hit the scene. The unicorn, having shed her signs, makes with the magic to do one final adjustment.*)

**Rarity:** It’s almost time! (*Coriander and Saffron cross to them.*) Is everypony ready for the grand re-re-opening?

**Saffron:** Before we open, my father and I just wanted to say…thank you for all of your help. We’ve both been so stressed about the restaurant succeeding that we forgot what it was we loved about it in the first place.

**Coriander:** Cooking is something we used to love to do together. No matter what happens next— (*They nuzzle affectionately.*) —thank you for reminding us of that.

**Pinkie:** (*warmly*) Oh, you guys! Group hug!

(*The other three are only too happy to oblige her, with many laughs and chuckles and giddy squeals. Zoom in as they break apart.*)

**Pinkie:** Now come on! We’ve got a party to throw!

(*She flashes over to the door and pulls it open, immediately rewarded with an influx of ponies who rapidly spread across the place as they talk amongst themselves. Coriander and Saffron step out from the kitchen.*)

**Coriander:** Welcome to the Tasty Treat! (*He floats bowls of soup to three mares at one table.*) Make yourselves comfortable!

*(Rarity uses her magic to tie a napkin around a stallion’s neck. Outside, Zesty strides regally past the mouth of the alley in which the restaurant stands, but stops as the aromatic vapors drifting forth from the open door reach her nose. The exterior décor, like the interior, has been restored to its original style with two changes. One, the primary wall color is now magenta; two, the blank placard above the logo, indicating no rating, has been removed. Inside, Saffron has stopped by a table of four.)*

**Saffron:** (*floating bowls to them.*) Please! Feel free to sample the food! (*Sound of the door opening.*)

**Zesty:** (*from o.s., flabbergasted*) What’s this? (*Dead silence falls; cut to her.*) What is everypony doing here? This place has no hooves! (*pacing*) It is not in keeping with the level of cuisine that *I* have set for Canterlot! Nopony told you this place was acceptable!

(*An off-white mare with a two-tone light brown mane speaks up.*)

**Customer:** Uh, Rarity and her friends said it was good? *They* told us.

**Zesty:** *They* told you? And who are *they* to tell *you* anything? Rarity can tell you what hats to wear with which skirts. Her friend can tell you how to maintain a tragic look for a frizzy mane. (*Close-up.*) They *can’t* tell you what food you can eat! (*Zoom out to floor level as Pinkie and Rarity step into view.*)

**Rarity:** No, we can’t. (*Cut to them.*) And neither can you! Nopony has the right to tell these ponies what to think. Zesty, you have very— (*fumbling a bit for her next word*) —specific—

**Pinkie:** And very strange!

**Rarity:** —yes, and very strange opinions about food, and that’s your right.

(*Cut to Zesty on the end of this, then back to the two non-monochrome mares.*)

**Rarity:** But just because you like your food a certain way, there is no reason to tell these ponies that they need to do the same.

(*Pan from them to a light tan stallion. Brown mane/tail/mustache/eyebrows; heavy beard stubble; dark green eyes; glasses; striped red apron over a white chef’s jacket; spatula cutie mark.*)

**Chef stallion:** Rarity is right! I, for one, think the food here is delicious! I own the Smoked Oat on Restaurant Row! I *hate* the food we make! From now on, it’s all smoked, basted, and grilled!

(*A quick pan brings the camera to a chubby, deep pinkish-violet earth pony mare. Deep pink eyes; untidy, two-tone pink mane/tail; dark gray apron over a white chef’s jacket; Bundt cake cutie mark.*)

**Chef mare:** This food is an inspiration! I own the Bake Stop. I’m going to bake my mother’s Bundt cake the way *she* made it—full of flavor!

(*These two announcements set off a round of cheers all over the room, but Zesty is unmoved.*)

**Rarity:** Zesty, are you sure you wouldn’t like to try the food? (*pointedly*) Ignoring a unique and fresh establishment such as this could do serious damage to your social standing.

(*The combination of having her own words and attitude thrown back in her face, and the acid glare that Pinkie is aiming squarely at her from a step behind Rarity, is enough to make the haughty connoisseur glance around herself in sudden indecision. She comes out of it with a scoff and strides for the door with all the dignity she can muster, magically opening and slamming it to mark her final word as she goes. There is total silence for perhaps one second, followed by wild cheers and applause and a high-five between Pinkie and Rarity. Coriander and Saffron step over to them.*)

**Saffron:** Thank you so much!

**Coriander:** You are both truly amazing.

(*The Ponyville two flash their happiest grins, but are surprised by the sudden flaring of their cutie marks to indicate “mission accomplished.” They smile at their own haunches, the camera panning quickly from gems to balloons; a moment later, both have quieted down.*)

**Pinkie:** Nothing can stop the dynamic duo of Pinkie and Rarity!

(*They embrace and the hum of pleasant background noise resumes, the camera zooming out slowly to frame more of the lively gathering. Dissolve to the exterior of the Tasty Treat, the zoom out continuing, and fade to black.*)