**28 PRANKS LATER**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a treetop view of the Everfree Forest at night and tilt down to an overhead shot of a misty path. Fluttershy is walking along it, accompanied by four animal friends: her rabbit Angel, Harry the bear, and a squirrel and mouse. The following line begins during the camera motion, before she is in view.*)

**Fluttershy:** I’m so sorry I lost track of time at our picnic. (*Close-up.*) I didn’t mean for us to get caught out here after dark. But there’s really nothing to be afraid of. The forest at night is the same as the forest during the day.

(*A sudden gust of wind brings the whole group up short and prompts her to rethink that statement as leaves whirl on the air currents. Close-up.*)

**Fluttershy:** Only…darker.

(*Her face stretches into a very uneasy grin just before she is lifted off her hooves by something very large, brown, and furry rising from below. Its color, and the grunt that accompanies the hoist, tell the tale even before the camera tilts down to ground level: a spooked Harry has taken shelter underneath her as best he can. His teeth chatter mightily as the other three animals perch on his head.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*losing her nerve*) Still, maybe we should…hurry back to the cottage.

(*A shadowy form rockets past in the foreground; she and the small animals all get down, and Harry sits up so he and she can have a look.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*patting his shoulder*) Nothing to worry about. No reason to—

(*Now a rustle in the undergrowth stops them both cold, and the inky shape looms partway up to face them, showing only a head with a long, jagged, most unfriendly-looking beak. It utters a tormented moan that sets the entire quintet to huddling against each other for protection. Two glowing, lurid pink eyes with no trace of iris or pupil open to stare them straight on.*)

**Fluttershy:** *RUUUNNN!!*

(*They waste no time in doing so; she falls to the rear of the pack, but the others hit the brakes and she skids to a stop just short of slamming into Harry’s back. The apparition is now emerging from the mists dead ahead, its outline now exposed as a quadruped with bat wings and gnarled horns and hooves. It leaps skyward with another moan and rises to a hover as a lightning bolt rends the air, throwing it into a moment’s sharp relief. Cut to a close-up of Fluttershy and zoom in as her features reconfigure themselves into a look of soul-freezing terror. The creature opens its beak for a screeching roar, which is all the excuse the timid pegasus needs to let go with a shrill scream and pop into the air, legs pistoning madly as she hovers. Harry is quick to snatch her up and shield her with his brown bulk as she sobs out her fear.*)

(*Now the beast advances into the light—it is Rainbow Dash, having used branches for the horns, strips of bark as the beak, and bits of cloud to alter her general shape. She proceeds to laugh herself stupid as Fluttershy continues to cower into Harry’s furry grip. After a moment or two, Fluttershy opens one watery blue-green eye and Rainbow shakes herself clean.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotcha!

(*More laughter, accompanied by a flip onto her back and float down to ground level—and a bout of full-tilt hyperventilation on Fluttershy’s part that lasts for several seconds.*)

**Fluttershy:** That wasn’t funny! You really scared me! (*glaring sidewise*) I hope you’re happy.

(*Harry is equally unamused, and he adds a growl to back it up. Rainbow gets to her hooves.*)

**Rainbow:** Nope, you’re too easy. You’re scared of everything.

**Fluttershy:** That’s not true! (*Long pause.*)

**Rainbow:** Boo.

(*Fluttershy uncorks a shriek and takes off in a yellow blur, leaving a very puzzled Harry behind. She ends up hanging from a tree branch, holding on with all four hooves, and shivering as if she had just been dunked in an ice-cold lake. Harry aims an irritated huff at Rainbow, who responds with a half-shrug as if to say, “I rest my case.” Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Rainbow sitting in her seat within the throne room of the Castle of Friendship.*)

**Rainbow:** I mean, how could you not appreciate *that?*

(*Overhead shot: Twilight Sparkle stands nearby, facing her, and the rest of the six mares are all on their respective thrones. Rainbow is on the receiving end of dirty looks from both Twilight and Fluttershy, the latter sitting with her forelegs tightly crossed. Spike is not present, and the central map table is bare.*)

**Fluttershy:** Because I don’t think being scared is very fun!

**Pinkie Pie:** (*jumping up briefly from her seat*) I do! Your heart gets all racy, your hooves get all tingly, your mouth gets all draggy…

(*Accompanied by the following, in sequence: her heart trying to pound its way out of her chest, her front hooves wobbling as if made of Jell-O, her lips stretching a bit to hide her teeth and take on a contour similar to those of Granny Smith. She ends the demonstration by clapping her mouth shut, returning it to normal, and letting her spirits deflate.*)

**Pinkie:** Actually, I don’t like that part. (*smiling*) But the rest is great! (*Cut to Twilight/Fluttershy/Rainbow; Pinkie in the fore.*)

**Rainbow:** See? Everypony likes a good prank. They’re just jokes.

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Now, Rainbow Dash… (*Cut to her.*) …I don’t think Fluttershy would’ve called us all here to talk about this if she thought it was funny. Everypony has things they like and things they don’t.

**Applejack:** (*pounding table*) And scarin’ Fluttershy is just lazy.

**Rainbow:** (*scoffing*) Lazy?

**Twilight:** A prank isn’t very good if you’re the only pony laughing.

**Pinkie:** (*hopping over to her and Fluttershy*) But what if it’s really, really, really, really, *really* funny?

**Rainbow:** (*propping forelegs behind head*) And I can do funny.

**Twilight:** (*pacing behind her*) I know you can. I guess the trick is making sure that your idea of funny matches the pony you’re pranking.

(*The blue trickster stifles a snicker on the end of this; now Twilight reaches her seat and begins to lower her haunches onto the cushion.*)

**Twilight:** That way—

(*She gets no farther before the distinctive sound of a whoopee cushion cuts her off. It lasts for some seconds, making itself heard loud and clear in the sudden dead silence, and Rainbow gives voice to her merriment as it dies away. The Princess levitates the flattened item out from beneath herself and regards it with visible vexation. Applejack, Fluttershy, and Rarity mirror her reaction, but Pinkie instead comes down with a giggle fit of her own. She zips over to Rainbow, the camera cutting to that side of the table, and the two joke lovers break into full-voiced laughter and trade a high five as Twilight glares daggers at them.*)

**Pinkie:** Good one, Rainbow! (*to Twilight*) You have to admit, that was funny! (*Twilight floats the cushion away.*)

**Twilight:** Not really.

**Applejack:** (*from o.s,*) Yeah. (*Cut to her.*) A whoopee cushion is like a joke shortcut. (*Cut to Pinkie and Rainbow.*)

**Pinkie, Rainbow:** (*shocked*) *Whaaat?!?*

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Honestly, Rainbow Dash. (*Cut to her.*) If you are not willing to put forth the effort required to pull a prank that everypony can enjoy, you may as well not pull one at all.

(*She thumps a hoof against the table on “everypony.” This bit of chastisement prompts Pinkie and Rainbow to exchange a worried look, which leads the pegasus to lean across the table, her dander up.*)

**Rainbow:** Fine! If you ponies want effort— (*hovering out of her seat*) —then that’s just what you’ll get!

(*She flies off. Cut to just outside an open upper window as she cruises out, hiding a devious grin. The others, framed in a long overhead shot from this angle, stare out after her with concern.*)

**Twilight:** I’m not sure she understood what we meant.

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the Carousel Boutique and zoom in slowly. It is daytime.*)

**Rarity:** (*voice over*) I know you’re excited about the Filly Guide cookie drive—

(*Cut to a closed door inside; her magic swings it open so she and Sweetie Belle can enter.*)

**Rarity:** —but I still have to do a few finishing touches on your uniform.

(*They stop short, the older sister’s face radiating puzzlement, the younger’s delight. Cut to a close-up of a foal-sized mannequin dressed in a green beret-style cap with a red ribbon hanging by one ear, narrow red neckerchief with a yellow stripe at each end, green sash around the midsection, and a red ribbon knotted at the base of the tail—the aforementioned uniform. The cap has holes cut for the ears and bears a gold emblem of a proud mare’s face in profile. The mannequin is mounted on a pole up near the ceiling, and a zoom out shows it as the topper for an enormous three-tiered cake with white icing, pink/green trim, and pink roses around the edges. The gargantuan dessert is standing in Rarity’s upper-story workspace and living quarters, where she and Sweetie have just entered; they move slowly toward it and find a card propped on the edge of the bottommost tier. Sweetie snags a bit on a hoof and eagerly scarfs it down, while Rarity floats the card off.*)

**Sweetie:** Hmm! Not bad.

**Rarity:** Huh. (*reading*) “You’ve asked for it.” (*Sweetie crosses to her, holding another chunk.*)

**Sweetie:** What does it mean?

(*She eats, smearing the stuff across her mouth and cheeks, as Rarity lowers the message.*)

**Rarity:** Hmmm… (*pacing*) …I assume this is Dash’s idea of a prank, which can only mean she’s rigged some kind of booby trap to your Filly Guide uniform up there.

**Sweetie:** So…how do we get it down?

**Rarity:** (*smiling fiercely*) We don’t! If Dash thinks I’m going to fall for whatever she’s got in mind, she’s got another thing coming. (*crossing to her sewing machine*) There’s more uniforms where that one came from!

(*A length of fabric is telekinetically whipped off the nearby rack and positioned under the needle. As soon as the machine whirs up to speed, though, it collapses into a pile of soft chunks—another cake—and Sweetie promptly gallops over to get a mouthful.*)

**Sweetie:** Hmm! The sewing-machine cake is actually better than the cake cake!

**Rarity:** (*exasperated*) Rainbow Dash!

(*Cue muffled laughter from the original prankster; a zoom out shows her hovering just beyond the room’s closed window. Cut to her outside.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotcha! (*Snicker.*) How’s *that* for effort?

(*She flies off. Cut to the two sisters approaching the window, seen from outside. Rarity alternates her attention between glaring out after the departing Rainbow and at the mess Sweetie has made of her face due to all this dessert gorging. Wipe to a close-up of a different window, seen from inside at night; a rope is strung along the wall, hung with assorted small bells, and a heavy pot lid dangles from a separate loop. Applejack sits up into view to hang a skillet from a hook, having removed her hat. A tap at it causes it to clank against the lid and sets all the bells jingling—a homemade burglar alarm—and a longer shot reveals that her preparations have extended to nearly every inch of her bedroom within the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres. She is sitting up in bed, and Apple Bloom steps to the doorway from the hall, taking surprised notice of the network of strands and pulleys.*)

**Bloom:** What’s all this, Applejack? I thought you were gonna help me get ready for the Filly Guide cookie drive.

**Applejack:** Uh…yeah, sorry ’bout that. But Rainbow Dash has been on a prankin’ tear.

(*She tugs on a free rope, the camera tilting up to ceiling level; it runs through a pulley and is connected to one end of a board over the door that holds a full bucket. Pull the rope hard enough, and the board gives way to dump the contents on an intruder.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) And you can never be too careful. (*Tilt down to Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** (*backing away warily*) Do you really think Dash is gonna try and prank you in your sleep? (*Back to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Not if I have anythin’ to say about it!

(*Grabbing the bedside lamp’s pull cord in her teeth, she gives one yank to extinguish it, then lets go and settles down.*)

**Applejack:** See you in the mornin’, sugar cube.

(*One slightly worried little sister clomps away, switching off the hall light as she goes. Cut to an overhead close-up of the slumbering mare, the light gradually brightening from night to morning. She shifts a bit under the blankets, and the camera zooms out to disclose the fact that she is no longer alone in bed. A large, mud-spattered pig is facing her; the green eyes flutter drowsily open and closed, and a contented grunt brings her around for another sleepy blink. It is followed by a return to full, shocked consciousness.*)

**Applejack:** Huh?!?

(*Cut to a longer shot of the bed—which has been moved into the muddy wallow outside the pigpen outbuilding last seen in “Applejack’s ‘Day’ Off.” Morning has broken, and a rooster perched on a fence post announces it at full voice and flaps away as Applejack stands up on the bed.*)

**Applejack:** (*toppling, flailing for balance*) Whoa!

(*Gravity wins this round and takes her into the mud; as she pulls her head free, one of her frying pans drops into view and embeds itself, handle up. A glance toward the roof reveals the presence of Rainbow, hovering up here.*)

**Rainbow:** Heh. Still think I’m lazy? Gotcha! (*laughing, cruising away*) Pigpen…

**Applejack:** (*sputtering*) RAINBOW DASH!!

(*A fresh gout of mud is kicked up from o.s. to douse her, accompanied by the pig’s happy grunts and squeals, and the camera zooms out to frame it now down in the wallow with her. The besmirched earth pony lets her head flop down with a venomous glower.*)

(*Wipe to a close-up of Cranky Doodle Donkey approaching a mirror in his home. He rubs his eyes and smiles, the camera tilting down from his bald visage to the blond toupee resting on a dummy head nearby. Two sky-blue hooves reach into view, whisk it away, and replace it with a napping skunk. Cranky sets it on his head, grasping the full extent of the switcheroo only when the black/white-striped tail dangles down over his nose. He shoots upright with a bray, turning panicked eyes up toward the now-awake animal, and his ears droop with silent, desperate hope that it will not discharge its noxious payload. Its beady black eyes narrow and the tail cocks up, prompting him to hunch down in silent terror; cut to just outside an upper-story window, where Rainbow hovers to get a good view of the room filling with the dreaded vapors. She laughs over her success under a sky that has advanced to a later morning hour.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotcha!

(*She flies off. Wipe to Spike, standing at a small table in the library of the Castle and writing out a scroll. Once the job is done, he parks his quill in a handy inkwell, rolls/seals the document, and zaps it with his fire to send it off to Princess Celestia. Almost as soon as it has burned away, though, it drops into view and bounces off his head to land on the table. Confused over the sudden return to sender, he picks it up and fire-mails it again; another instantly bonks him in the spines, and he eyes it with increased puzzlement. Cut to Rainbow, sitting on a high ledge with dozens of scrolls stacked up to either side; she grabs one in her teeth, lets it go, and hunkers down to grin over her coup while staying out of sight. Down below, the baby dragon scratches his head and repeats his task time after time, each new scroll appearing as fast as he incinerates the old one. Cut to the throne room of Canterlot Castle, now half-buried in the scrolls. The latest one materializes and tumbles onto the pile, and the white sovereign’s head breaks the surface to aim a thoroughly perplexed look toward the camera over this sudden torrent of junk mail.*)

(*Wipe to a long shot of Big Macintosh hauling a cart up a steep hill on the grounds of Sweet Apple Acres, then cut to a close-up of his stolid face. A sudden tremor shakes the camera and stops him in his tracks, the green eyes popping wide in surprise, and a longer shot picks out the massive boulder that has been dropped into his cart. He is nearly at the top of the hill, but the added weight swiftly drags him all the way back down, leaving him lying on his belly. As he regards the monolith, a few apples fall into view around him; glancing upward, he finds Rainbow hovering gleefully in the air.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotcha!

(*She flies off. Wipe to a close-up of Mr. Cake in the kitchen of Sugarcube Corner, standing at a table and grinning over the sandwich on the plate before him. Licking his chops, he rubs his front hooves together in anticipation and picks up the food to take a bite. As soon as his teeth sink into the bun, there is the sound of them striking something hard; he lowers the sandwich, rubbing his jaw, and opens it to find a brick tucked in among the vegetables and condiments. The baker turns toward the door leading outside, its top half open, and finds Rainbow hovering there.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotcha!

(*Wipe to the classroom of the Ponyville schoolhouse, where a lesson is in progress. The Cutie Mark Crusaders are in the front row, Sweetie having washed her face after her earlier spate of cake-chomping. Cheerilee walks past in the foreground with one end of a pointer rod in her teeth. She stops next to the extra blackboard that was added for “The Cart Before the Ponies” and uses the pointer to swivel it so that its rear side now faces the room. What she finds to her consternation is a caricature of herself, pointer in teeth and stink lines rising from her head, eliciting a gale of laughter from her students. The irked teacher flips the board back, only to find Rainbow wedged into the frame and grinning like an idiot.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotcha!

(*She peels herself off and takes wing to stay ahead of Cheerilee’s furiously galloping pursuit. The view dissolves to a point between several cupcakes resting on a counter, the camera pointing straight up between them. Pinkie leans into view and dispenses sprinkles onto them from a shaker in her mouth; cut to a close-up of the treats—a whole box full, already iced—as she finishes and reaches into view to close the lid. A longer shot frames her working at a table on the shop floor of Sugarcube Corner; having put the shaker away, she gets her teeth onto the box and turns to carry it away. Twilight, Applejack, and Spike are standing here and waiting for her; Applejack has donned her hat and cleaned up after her unexpected visit to the pigs.*)

**Twilight:** Pinkie! (*Pinkie stops short and drops the box.*)We need your help. (*Longer shot: Fluttershy and Rarity are also here.*)

**Pinkie:** Okay. (*Pause.*) For what?

(*A still longer shot picks out the presence of Macintosh, Mr. Cake, Cranky, and all four of the animals who accompanied Fluttershy on the way through the forest in the prologue. Not a single one of these visitors—now twelve in all—is too pleased at the rash of practical jokes. Cranky has put on his toupee instead of the skunk Rainbow used to replace it. Macintosh is no longer pulling his ridiculously over-encumbered cart.*)

**Rarity:** Are you honestly going to stand there and tell us you know nothing about all the pranking Rainbow Dash has been doing?

**Pinkie:** (*cheerfully*) Oh, no! She’s been pranking up a storm! (*Berry Punch, Cheerilee, and a stallion have now joined the gathering; Cheerilee without her pointer.*)

**Fluttershy:** Did she get you too?

**Pinkie:** (*laughing, dropping to haunches*) Oh, yeah. She and Gummy both!

(*Pan quickly to a set of double doors marked with balloons in her bedroom. She crosses to these and stands up on her hind legs to open them; cut to the dim interior as the light from the room widens across it. Hanging side by side among the dresses and above a tumble of party supplies are Rainbow and Gummy—the former suspended by her hind legs, the latter by his tail.*)

**Rainbow:** Boo!

(*Back to the room; Pinkie straightens up with a bug-eyed scream of fear, then shifts into a merry laugh as the camera zooms out to frame the open closet. A quick pan brings the view back to her on the shop floor—the previous was a flashback.*)

**Pinkie:** They got me *good*.

**Applejack:** Well, she needs to stop.

**Pinkie:** Stop? But pranks are so much fun!

**Twilight:** Not for everypony. And it doesn’t seem like Dash is taking the time to find out who enjoys them— (*glancing back at others*) —and who doesn’t.

(*Various sounds of agreement, both articulate and not; Rarity steps across to the pink mare.*)

**Rarity:** Uh, since you and Dash share such an…uh, affinity for pranking, we thought you might be able to get her to, um, uh… (*with sudden rancor*) *…quit it!*

(*Pinkie looks uncertainly past her, the camera cutting to her perspective and panning slowly across the assembled crowd. Cut back to her and zoom in slowly as she mulls it over, eyes flicking here and there and mouth stretching into a pensive frown as she scratches the back of her head and begins to sweat.*)

(*Dissolve to an overhead view of her walking slowly down a path in the park land outside Ponyville, then cut to just behind her at ground level. She has a clear line of sight to Rainbow’s cloud house.*)

**Pinkie:** HEY, RAINBOW DASH!! I HAVE SOMETHING *VERY* IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!! (*Rainbow puts her head out a window.*)

**Rainbow:** Pinkie! Hey. (*flying out to hover*) I actually have something totally important to tell you! (*She descends toward the ground.*)

**Pinkie:** You do? (*Rainbow drops toward her; she trots excitedly in place.*) Ooh! You go first!

(*The airborne joker glances furtively around herself, making sure that the coast is clear before speaking again.*)

**Rainbow:** Okay. You know how I’ve been pranking everypony?

(*A huge grin steals over her face, and she briefly claps both front hooves over her mouth to keep from blowing her cool.*)

**Pinkie:** Yeah. (*giggling*) It’s been pretty funny! (*catching herself, pawing the ground a bit*) Uh, I-I mean, actually, that’s what I have to talk to *you* about.

**Rainbow:** (*whipping out a box of cookies*) Here, have a cookie. (*Pinkie is now down on her haunches.*)

**Pinkie:** Ooh, thanks!

(*One is tossed toward her, and she leaps up to catch it in her mouth and chomp it down.*)

**Rainbow:** So, I got to thinking. Why waste my time pranking everypony one at a time when I could prank everypony at once?

**Pinkie:** (*swallowing, mouth gradually clearing*) Mmm, wow! Everypony at once? (*standing, jumping up*) That sounds amazing!

(*Gravity takes a coffee break, leaving her in midair as she remembers her orders again.*)

**Pinkie:** (*sputtering a bit*) Um, wait! I mean, it’s not. (*She settles back onto her hooves.*)

**Rainbow:** You don’t even know what it is yet! (*Another furtive look around.*) Pinkie, this is gonna be the best prank ever! (*holding box forward*) I special-ordered these joke cookies so the colors would match my mane.

**Pinkie:** And…? (*Rainbow leans down to her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*shoving another cookie into Pinkie’s mouth*) *And* I’m gonna switch them with the Filly Guide cookies.

(*A splotch of rainbow-striped pigment appears on the bridge of the party pony’s nose as she chews during this line. When Rainbow takes her hoof away with a snicker at the end of it, the color is seen marking the entire nose and lips.*)

**Rainbow:** When Scootaloo and her friends sell them— (*Pinkie swallows.*) —everypony in town’s gonna get a rainbow mouth, courtesy of Rainbow Dash! (*She laughs and throws a foreleg around Pinkie’s shoulders, leading her away.*) It’s gonna be so awesome!

(*Close-up of a puddle, in which the pair’s images are reflected once they move close enough. Pinkie regards her tinted embouchure with some worry and scrubs at it a bit.*)

**Pinkie:** Uh, I don’t know. I mean, it doesn’t really seem all that funny. (*Rainbow scoffs in disbelief; cut to a close-up of her.*)

**Rainbow:** *What?!?* (*Pinkie stands up.*)

**Pinkie:** Maybe this is a good time to stop pranking for a while. The other ponies in town really—

**Rainbow:** (*horrified*) *Stop?!?!?* No way! This prank is happening, Pinkie. (*pushing box into her grip*) And it’s gonna be high-larious!

(*She clears out fast enough to blow the fluffy magenta mane/tail sideways for a moment. The owner of said masses of hair stares searchingly after Rainbow, then slowly pulls another cookie from the box and crunches into it. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner, seen from a short distance down the block. Rainbow wings into view and toward the half-open front door, landing on the stoop; cut to just inside as she pushes the bottom half open in a bit of a tizzy.*)

**Rainbow:** (*walking in*) Pinkie, what’s the deal? I told you I needed your help switching out all the Filly Guide cookies for the joke cookies.

(*The top of the stairs in Pinkie’s bedroom.*)

**Rainbow:** (*climbing them into view*) But when you didn’t show, I had to do it all by myself!

(*A look around the place informs her that the pony she seeks is tucked into bed and turned away from her, with the normally vivid mane and protruding ears perhaps a bit muted in their hues. The closet in which she and Gummy pulled their double-team prank is now closed.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, Pinkie?

(*Pinkie turns over with a cough; a quick zoom in picks out the bags under the tired blue eyes, the unkempt mane, and the varicolored smears still around her mouth. Rainbow crosses to her bedside with a chuckle.*)

**Rainbow:** Wow. Your face is still pretty rainbowed.

**Pinkie:** (*weakly*) Yeah. I haven’t really— (*Cough.*) —been feeling well. (*gesturing to nightstand; the box of cookies rests on it*) And these joke cookies are the only thing that makes me feel better.

(*Seeing it empty except for a few last crumbs, she snaps upright in bed and grabs at Rainbow’s chest with a sudden burst of crazed energy.*)

**Pinkie:** *You don’t have any more, do you?!?*

**Rainbow:** (*pushing her back*) Uh…no, I just told you. I used them all for the prank.

**Pinkie:** (*deflating*) Oh. (*She sinks back into bed.*)

**Rainbow:** (*pacing, increasingly giddy*) Pretty soon, the CMC’s will start selling them to everypony in town. (*hugging stairs’ newel post*) Ponies will open their boxes and start eating, then all of their teeth will turn rainbow-colored, and they’ll know it was me! (*She flies back to Pinkie.*) It’s gonna be so awesome! (*tugging at bedspread*) Come on. You don’t want to miss it.

**Pinkie:** (*weakly*) Actually— (*Cough; Rainbow lets go.*) —I don’t think I can even stand up.

(*Again she shoots up to paw at Rainbow with wild fervor.*)

**Pinkie:** *Unless you’ve got more cookies!*

(*The pegasus backs up into midair with an audible shudder as the patient composes herself.*)

**Rainbow:** On second thought, maybe you better stay here and rest.

**Pinkie:** (*sighing, weakly*) Yeah. You’re right. Sorry to miss out. I’m sure it’s gonna be hilarious.

(*She turns away, leaving Rainbow to think very carefully. Wipe to a close-up of the topmost box in a stack of these trick cookies. Applejack leans into view and grabs it in her teeth, flipping it to Rarity so her magic can grab it and pass it on to Scootaloo. The little pegasus catches the box on her head so Sweetie can exert her field and maneuver it upward to Bloom, who stands atop an impressive stack of the parcels. It lands on her rump, and a little flick of her muscles deposits it neatly on the top of the pile. All three Crusaders are now wearing Filly Guide uniforms identical to the one atop the giant cake in the Carousel Boutique, Bloom having removed her bow to make room for the cap. The entire operation starts inside the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres and ends just outside its door. A longer shot of the area shows that the five have been loading up a wagon whose collected boxes reach to the top of the hayloft window. Bloom bounds down as Rainbow flies to the scene.*)

**Rainbow:** All right! Who’s ready to sell some cookies?

**Crusaders:** MEEEE!! (*Applejack steps up through them.*)

**Applejack:** (*sternly*) Look here, Rainbow Dash. (*Rarity does the same.*) I know you promised Scootaloo you’d help out, but I don’t want none of your pranks ruinin’ these fillies’ night.

**Rainbow:** Look. I’ll be with you the whole night, so you can totally keep an eye on me.

**Bloom:** Come on, Applejack! Let’s get started! (*She gallops off.*)

**Scootaloo:** Yeah! We’ve got a lot of ground to cover! (*Ditto.*)

**Sweetie:** (*galloping after them*) We want to hit every house in Ponyville!

(*All three are now o.s., as is the harness end of the wagon. They have moved in its direction, and the vehicle begins to trundle slowly away, marking one or more of them as its motive power. Rainbow hides her grin and silent snicker from Applejack and Rarity before turning to them.*)

**Rainbow:** Come on! You heard her—every house in Ponyville!

(*She flies off, chuckling wickedly under her breath and leaving the other two older sisters to trade a quizzical look before they trot after her. Dissolve to a close-up of the closed front door of Fluttershy’s cottage; three young hooves reach up into view and knock, and the door swings inward to reveal one very skittish pegasus. Harry barges out past her, roaring and all set to attack any potential threat to his pony friend. All three Crusaders fire off ear-splitting screams of terror, Rainbow recoiling from the sheer force of lung as Applejack and Rarity hang back for safety. Before the ursine bodyguard can fall to, a yellow hoof reaches up to tap his chest for attention; zoom out to show Fluttershy smiling and holding a coin in her teeth. She drops it onto Sweetie’s hoof, and Scootaloo holds up a box of cookies for her to take. Through all of this, Rainbow has kept up her cringing pose from Harry’s roar and the Crusaders’ scream. She comes out of it with a timid grin and wave; he responds unsmilingly by pointing two claws at his own eyes and then turning them to point at her—“I’m watching you.”*)

(*Dissolve to the closed front doors of the Castle. The triplicate knock is repeated here, and Twilight’s magic opens the entrance to reveal herself and Spike. Both emerge onto the stoop, finding the Crusaders each holding one box and Rainbow three, and Twilight levitates a pouch out from within and brings up a coin from it. A hopeful nudge and grin from the baby dragon prompt her to roll her eyes disgustedly and float out five more coins. The money drops into a pouch held in Sweetie’s aura, and Twilight floats all six boxes across to herself. She and Spike return inside, taking the sweets and their coin pouch with them. Rainbow grins perhaps a bit too widely at the sale.*)

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the house shared by Cranky and Matilda and zoom in slowly. They stand outside the front door, facing the Crusaders as the older sisters hang back with the wagon. In close-up, Scootaloo passes three boxes to Matilda and Cranky brings forth three coins in his teeth; Sweetie uses her magic to move them into the group’s coin pouch, and the fillies exit as Cranky waves goodbye.*)

(*Dissolve to a close-up of a door whose top half bears a heart-shaped cutout; it opens to reveal Mr. and Mrs. Cake. A door on the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres opens next; Macintosh is behind it. Another door—Cheerilee. Each occupant smiles in turn, and a cut to Mrs. Cake shows her buying two boxes and depositing payment from her mouth to Sweetie’s pouch—now rather fuller than it was before. More coins drop in at a different place as the unicorn watches, then still more in extreme close-up, and the customers eye their boxes eagerly. Cheerilee has three, Macintosh ten, Mr. and Mrs. Cake three each.*)

(*From here, dissolve to the group moving slowly down a Ponyville street. Bloom is pulling the wagon, whose load is considerably reduced from its original height, and Rainbow flaps slowly along at the back, laughing fit to burst. Two more dissolves shift the time into late afternoon and then night, the inventory shrinking each time and Rainbow’s mirth absolutely not doing the same. One last dissolve frames a close-up of the Crusaders leaning in over the sides of the wagon and smiling as Sweetie stacks the few remaining boxes.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) I think you three should be real proud. (*Cut to frame her and Rarity walking up on the end of this; Bloom hops down to her.*) Y’all did a mighty impressive job for your first go-round.

(*She tousles the exposed red forelock on the end of this.*)

**Rarity:** You took the words right out of my mouth, Applejack. (*addressing herself o.s.*) Isn’t that right, Rainbow Dash?

(*Not getting any immediate response, she looks around with a touch of trepidation. Pan quickly to the daredevil, who is hovering just above ground level and watching the quiet street expectantly. Close-up.*)

**Rainbow:** (*softly, rubbing front hooves together*) Any minute now…

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Uh…

(*Rainbow snaps out of it; pan slightly to frame Applejack, Rarity, and Bloom approaching.*)

**Applejack:** …“any minute now” what?

**Rainbow:** Huh? Oh, uh, nothing. Have you guys noticed how quiet it’s gotten? (*flying closer*) I mean, it’s still early, right?

**Rarity:** Of course it’s quiet. Ponies can’t talk while they’re eating those fabulous cookies. (*Chuckle.*)

**Rainbow:** You think?

**Rarity:** Of course. They’re probably all in a cookie coma right now.

**Rainbow:** Huh…maybe you’re right. I’ll go check.

(*As soon as she flies off, a round of odd looks flashes between the remaining five. Rainbow cruises down the block, glancing all around herself but seeing only empty streets and silent, darkened houses. Now well and truly flummoxed, she stops in front of an upper-story window with drawn curtains and tries with all her might to see through the fabric. Once she realizes that she does not have X-ray vision, she backs off a few yards.*)

**Rainbow:** What is going on?

(*A few flaps carry her across the street to an unobstructed window, through which she can see a living room littered with loose cookies and empty boxes. The camera cuts to within this space and pans quickly from one disordered section to another.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Okay. (*To a third.*) Definite cookie-eating happening.

(*Back to her, seen from inside through the window.*)

**Rainbow:** (*slightly muffled by glass*) But where *is* everypony?

(*Outside again; she turns away from the house.*)

**Rainbow:** They must have seen their rainbow mouths by now. They should all be running out into the streets. (*One occupant stalks past behind her, eyes narrowed to a scowl.*) Unless everypony went to bed early.

(*She zooms off, homing in on the upper stories of Sugarcube Corner, all its windows as dark as the others throughout town. Cut to within Pinkie’s room, the camera positioned near a curtain-covered window; she eases the drapes open for a peek inside. The window itself is open.*)

**Rainbow:** Pinkie?

(*No answer. She flies in, dropping until her hooves make contact with the floor that is just off the bottom edge of the screen. A loud crunching noise greets the touchdown, and she cringes and lifts one front hoof—which is now daubed with the cookies’ rainbow pigments. A downward glance discloses the presence of a box, smeared with crumbs and colors from the cookie she has just stepped on. She gingerly picks her way across the floor, dodging the wild scatter of boxes and their contents; her hoof is now clean.*)

**Rainbow:** The whole town got the cookies, and now everypony is shut up in their houses. (*hesitantly*) You don’t think there’s something wrong with the joke cookies, do you?

(*A sudden clangor from somewhere else in the building jars her out of her spell of ratiocination. Cut to the ground-floor storage room; she flies down the stairs that give onto this area and plants all four hooves on the boards, only to be met with a second round of noise. Boxes and cookies are thrown about here as well, and a look over to the kitchen tells her that it is in the same sorry state. Pan slightly away from her to show Mrs. Cake hunched down over the oven, her face turned away from the camera. Rainbow crosses to the kitchen, her face breaking into a relieved smile. Cut to just in front of the older mare, framed so that one shoulder and a sliver of face are in view; the edge of a discolored smear can be discerned near the mouth, and she mechanically raises/lowers her foreleg, chomping noisily at something. Rainbow approaches.*)

**Rainbow:** Mrs. Cake! (*wiping sweat from forehead*) Phew! Have you seen Pinkie? I was thinking I might have something to do with her not feeling great.

(*She hazards a step or two closer; now the camera cuts to just behind Mrs. Cake, showing the cookie box from which she is gorging herself. The further sound of stertorous breathing, combined with the sight of a slightly messy mane, causes Rainbow to recoil a bit.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh… (*moving closer*) …Mrs. Cake?

*(A tap on the blue earth pony’s back elicits no response for a couple of seconds. When she does turn around, the eyes are bagged and contracted into crazed points and the mouth/chin/nose are smeared with the rainbow gunk. She speaks in the drawn-out, raspy, mindless monotone of horror-movie zombies; and her coloration, like Pinkie’s, is a bit washed out.)*

\*\*\* *All lines marked with one asterisk (\*) are delivered in this fashion.* \*\*\*

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Cookies! Cookies!

(*Back to Rainbow on the end of this; she voices an audible shudder and starts to back away before the reaching front hooves.*)

**Rainbow:** (*hastily*) I-I can see you’re busy! I’ll come back!

(*One hind leg comes down in a box, causing her to stumble backwards and hit the floor on her back near a cabinet. The sound of its latch being undone throws a fresh scare into her, and the door swings open to give her an all-too-clear view of Pinkie in the same condition as Mrs. Cake, with a half-chewed mouthful threatening to spill down her chin.*)

**\* Pinkie:** (*leaning into the light*) Cookies!

(*Back to Rainbow on the end of this, seen in an upside-down close-up from above. Her horrified scream splits the air as Pinkie looms over her and young, inarticulate voices assert themselves.*)

**\* Pinkie:** More cookies!

(*During this line, cut to the source of the new disturbance—Pound and Pumpkin, also afflicted and shambling out from behind the counter. The camera then shifts back to the terror-stricken pegasus and zooms in slowly as Mrs. Cake and the twins advance into view from different directions.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Cookies…

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of the prone Rainbow’s trembling face, lower lip caught in teeth, and zoom out quickly to an overhead shot on the next line. The three Cakes and one Pie have her penned in on three sides, with the kitchen counter along the wall blocking off the fourth, and continue their shambling advance.*)

**\* Pinkie, Mrs. Cake:** Cookies…

(*The instant she gets her brain back into forward gear, she zooms up to the ceiling. The camera cuts first to her and then to her perspective of the stricken quartet during the next two lines, which overlap slightly.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Cookies…

**\* Pinkie:** Cookies…

(*Back to the flying ace on the end of this; it is enough and too much for her, and she bails out. Cut to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner; the top half of the front door bursts open and she hurtles down the block as they come slowly after her, opening the bottom half.*)

**\* Pinkie:** More cookies…

(*Cut to Rainbow on the end of this mindless repetition. Voicing a shuddery little moan, she turns into a side street but comes up short with a gasp upon finding Lyra Heartstrings and Twinkleshine coming her way, just as bad off as Pinkie and the Cakes.*)

**\* Lyra, Twinkleshine:** Cookies…

(*Rainbow zooms up to rooftop level and begins to survey the neighborhood, finding only ponies that have fallen victim to the brain-scrambling sweets. Out of breath due to exertion or fear, she makes a beeline for the town hall and touches down in front of a fountain near it. The sound of crunching draws her ear, and the camera pans to follow her glance off to one side, where Twilight and Spike are sitting with their backs to the camera. On the ground before them is an open box of cookies, from which they are eating their fill.*)

**Rainbow:** Twilight! You gotta come with me to Sugarcube Corner! Something’s going on with the Cakes! Well…not something, exactly…I mean, it may have something to do with these joke cookies.

(*The Princess and her number-one assistant lift their heads—slowly—and pivot to stare at her—much more quickly. Both of them are in the same state as all the other ponies Rainbow has come across. Spike moans under each of Twilight’s next two lines.*)

**\* Twilight:** Cookies!

**Rainbow:** Oh, no! (*They advance toward her; she takes off.*)

**\* Twilight:** Cookies…

(*Wipe to a long shot of Fluttershy’s cottage, which stands out from all the buildings in Ponyville in that its windows are fully lit. A panicked Rainbow pops up in the fore with a shaky little moan and glances off to one side, the camera panning to follow. She catches sight of the animal lover and several of her charges, including Angel and Harry, gathered around a hollow log; each face is turned away from the camera, but Fluttershy has the telltale paleness of the affliction. In close-up, Rainbow steps over to her and taps her on the shoulder; all but Harry are in view.*)

**Rainbow:** Fluttershy—

(*All faces swivel toward her, confirming that they have succumbed as well.*)

**\* Fluttershy:** Cookies!

(*Harry leans down over her and roars, showing himself to be in as poor a shape, and Rainbow peels out. Wipe to the darkened kitchen within the main barn of Sweet Apple Acres. The door bursts open, and Rainbow zips inside, slams it shut, and leans her back against it to catch her breath. Within seconds, she has grabbed every loose or movable item within easy reach and piled them up in front of the door as a barricade. A wordless moan from a cracked old voice brings her attention around in one high-strung split second; sure enough, here comes Granny, hobbling in from the living room alongside Macintosh. Both have fallen to the scourge, and the massive stallion’s eyes are pointed in two different directions.*)

**\* Granny:** Cookies!

(*Rainbow has just enough time for one freaked-out glance over her shoulder toward them before the camera cuts to just outside this door. She bursts out, nearly smashing it off the hinges and scattering the items she used to block it off, and flies away over the grounds as Macintosh and Granny plod after her.*)

**\* Granny:** Cookies!

(*Wipe to the front door of the Carousel Boutique. Applejack, Rarity, and the Crusaders are out here along with the wagon from which Bloom has unhooked herself, and Rarity floats up a ring of keys to slot one into the lock.*)

**Applejack:** You sure you don’t mind us all comin’ over?

**Rarity:** Oh, of course not. (*hugging Sweetie*) I think the girls have earned a little celebration for all of their hard work—and I have plenty of sewing-machine cake left over. (*floating up a box of cookies*) Unless anypony wants a cookie?

(*A blue/rainbow streak blasts into view and kicks the container away.*)

**Rainbow:** DON’T TOUCH THOSE!! (*Dirty looks from Rarity and Sweetie.*)

**Rarity:** Oh! There is certainly no call for that. There’s plenty for everypony.

**Rainbow:** Come on! We gotta get outta here!

**Applejack:** What in tarnation are you goin’ on about?

**Rainbow:** There’s no time! You have to follow me!

**Rarity:** Oh, Rainbow Dash! If you want all of those cookies, you will have to buy them, just like everypony else.

**Rainbow:** I don’t want the cookies!

(*The all-too-familiar sepulchral moaning kicks up, and she turns to find a brigade of zombie ponies coming her way across the meadow.*)

**Rainbow:** But they do!

**Rarity:** W-W-W-What’s happening?

**Rainbow:** (*grabbing Sweetie*) I’ll explain later. Come on!

(*Scootaloo is already in the wagon by this point, and Applejack boosts Bloom up after her. Rainbow drops Sweetie in after them, stuffs herself into the harness, and starts pulling as fast as wing power will let her go. Applejack and Rarity gallop alongside as the mindless hulks begin to overrun the area. Wipe to a head-on view of a rise in the terrain, the camera retreating quickly as the six refugees advance into view over it.*)

**Sweetie:** We need to find somewhere to hide! (*A wrinkled green hoof plants itself in their path.*)

**\* Granny:** (*from o.s.*) Cookies!

(*Long head-on shot of her, the camera now riding next to one wagon wheel and zooming in quickly; they have reached Sweet Apple Acres. As she stands in their path, eyes out of alignment and giggling madly, Rainbow grimaces and drags the wagon into a hardpan-tearing swerve to avoid a collision.*)

**Applejack:** This way!

(*She leads them through the orchards, a few boxes flying over the tailgate to hit the ground in front of the horde coming in from a side path. As their shadows loom over the dropped treats, the view dissolves to a long shot of a barn standing by itself elsewhere on the property, under a sky thick with unfriendly gray clouds. The main doors and hayloft are closed, and the sound of hammering is heard from within. Cut to an extreme close-up of Applejack’s rear hooves, rising into view to buck a couple of nails into place on a board inside—reinforcing the sealed doorway. The space is dimly lit, and the view cuts to a slow pan across the rest of the interior. As Rarity levitates a pile of nails, Rainbow spits out the hammer in her mouth and heaves for breath. The windows have been secured with a haphazard array of boards running in all directions.*)

**Rainbow:** Did we lose them?

(*Scootaloo peeks through a gap; cut to her perspective, panning slowly across the empty yard.*)

**Scootaloo:** W-Why are we running from the ponies of Ponyville? (*Back to the Crusaders on the end of this; Applejack crosses to them.*)

**Sweetie:** What happened to all of our friends?

(*Rainbow sighs and retrieves a box from the wagon.*)

**Rainbow:** (*opening it, smiling weakly*) I think it’s something in the cookies.

**Applejack:** (*scoffing*) That’s ridiculous. Filly Guide cookies haven’t changed for years. It’s not like there’s a new ingredient that’s turnin’ the whole town into cookie-cravin’ zombies. (*Rainbow flies slowly across to her.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh…unless there is.

**Rarity:** What are you saying?

**Applejack:** (*sternly*) What did you do?

(*The joker gets no farther than a very nervous grin before several hooves punch through the boards over the nearest window and reach blindly inside.*)

**\* Ponies:** (*moaning, from outside*) Cookies…

(*A second window gives way next, followed by an alarming creak of wood from the doors as they begin to buckle.*)

**Rainbow:** Cover the windows!

(*She shoves a stack of hay bales over as a barricade for one, Sweetie floats a spare wagon wheel into the frame of the other, and Applejack and Rarity roll a hay-filled wagon in front of the doors. Cut to just outside the gap between them; Cheerilee starts to close in, but is stymied when Applejack slaps a fresh board into place. A longer shot paints a very dire situation indeed, with equine victims trudging toward the barn from a dozen different angles. Inside, Rainbow pushes a crate along the wall and rises to a hover as the other five gather in. The camera is positioned for an overhead shot, and her face is the only one of the six that can be seen.*)

**Rainbow:** Okay. So I may have switched all the Filly Guide cookies for joke cookies that were supposed to make ponies’ mouths rainbow, but somehow turned everypony into mindless cookie-eating zombies instead!

(*Extreme close-up of a lantern resting on the crate as she finishes. One sky-blue hoof punches the button to turn it on, and she lifts it up, the camera panning to her.*)

**Rainbow:** I figure if we just hide out here until the effects wear off, and as long as nopony else eats the cookies, we’ll be fine.

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., woodenly*) That’s lovely, darling.

(*Cut to her, at a short distance with head bowed and eyes closed. Even though she is standing outside the brightest of the lantern’s glow, enough light falls on her to pick out the fresh rainbow smears around her mouth and nose. As she speaks, she steps forward just enough to show that her colors have faded a bit and a few strands have popped loose from her mane.*)

**Rarity:** Except for one thing.

(*Move fully into the light. Raise the head and open the eyes. She is indeed down with the sickness.*)

**\* Rarity:** We’ve already eaten them!

(*If Rainbow were wearing socks, she would certainly be scared out of them by this sight and the cacophony of guttural moaning that accompanies it. A midair pivot brings her nose to nose with Applejack, who has also given in.*)

**\* Applejack:** Looks like your prank up and backfired!

(*The winged mare shoots up to the rafters with a cry, dropping the lantern so that it rolls to illuminate the Crusaders—now victims, one and all.*)

**\* Crusaders:** Cookies!

(*As they and Rarity close in, Applejack bucks the wagon away from the doors; one shocked gasp from Rainbow later, and the ponies outside have battered their way into the barn. An overhead shot shows her hovering over a pile of cookie boxes, with the main horde pouring in through the doors and Rarity and the Crusaders coming at her from the side. Back to ground level; she drops to her hooves and frantically gathers up a few leftovers.*)

**Rainbow:** (*backing up, pushing the rest behind her*) No! No! Stay away! They’re making you sick! You don’t want these!

**\* Pinkie:** But we do. We want cookies!

**Rainbow:** (*whimpering*) Please! Stop! (*She falls to her haunches before the reaching hooves; zoom in slowly.*) I never meant for this to happen! It was just a harmless prank! It was supposed to be funny! BUT THIS ISN’T FUNNY AT ALL!!

(*The camera has reached an extreme close-up of her by this point, and a shadow looms over her.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., triumphantly*) Exactly!

(*One red-violet eye pops open in shock at hearing this perfectly normal, perfectly perky voice, and the camera cuts to her perspective of the throng. Manes, tails, and coats have returned to their full coloration and been properly groomed, but the faces still hang in fixed glares and slack-jawed stupor—all except Pinkie, who displays a broad grin. The others quickly copy her, and the rainbow residue is swiftly wiped off every face.*)

**Rainbow:** What?!? (*She stands up.*) Wait. What’s happening?

**Rarity:** (*floating a comb up to straighten her own mane*) Just delighting in pranking the prankster.

**Applejack:** (*chuckling*) Yeah. How does it feel to get some of your own medicine?

**Rainbow:** (*stammering*) So…you’re…*not* sick? None of you are?

**Pinkie:** (*poking her with a knee*) Of course not, silly!

**All but Rainbow:** GOTCHA!! (*Harry growls amiably along with them.*)

**Rainbow:** This…was all…a *prank?!?*

**Applejack:** Yep, and you can thank Pinkie Pie. After you told her about your plan to prank the whole town, she got everypony together and came up with a way to turn the tables on you.

**Pinkie:** Aw, shucks, it was nothing. Just a little something I threw together.

**Rainbow:** (*mind still blown*) Uhhhh…

**Scootaloo:** Wow! You should see your face!

**Bloom:** (*laughing*) Talk about funny!

**Rainbow:** (*sputtering indignantly*) Well, *I* don’t think it’s very funny, and *I’m* the one that got pranked! I was really scared! I thought I made everypony sick! Y-You can’t just go around—

**Twilight:** —pranking whoever you feel like?

**Fluttershy:** Without thinking about how it might make them feel?

**Rarity:** Or if they’d even enjoy it?

**Applejack:** Or think it’s funny?

**Rainbow:** (*needled*) Yeah! (*It finally sinks in.*) Oh! I see what you did there.

**Pinkie:** Pranks can be a lot of fun when everypony has a good time. I thought you just needed to see what it’s like when they don’t.

**Rainbow:** I…guess I did. I’m sorry, everypony. I haven’t really been thinking about how other ponies feel.

**Fluttershy:** Well, I hope you learned your lesson.

**Rainbow:** Totally! You ponies pulled off an amazing prank. (*Zoom in; she puts on a calculating smile and rubs her front hooves together.*) I’ll have to work extra-hard to top it.

(*Cut to her perspective, panning slowly across the crowd—all staring dumbstruck at her incredible obtuseness. There is no sound except for the chirping of a solitary cricket and the soft creak of the barn’s timbers. After a few seconds, the camera cuts back to her.*)

**Rainbow:** Gotcha!

(*All laugh as the camera zooms out slowly and the view dissolves to the exterior of the barn, their good cheer remaining audible. The zoom out continues before the view fades to black.*)

(*The usual closing theme does not accompany the credits. In its place is an abbreviated version of the background score that played from the start of Act Three to the moment that Rainbow found Twilight and Spike eating cookies. Discordant, suspenseful strings with low brass and deep percussion; funereal 4; starting in E minor and wandering through several keys to end in B minor. The slow, steady, crunching creak of footsteps runs throughout to underscore the mood, and the piece ends with a harp flourish.*)