**EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the Castle of Friendship at sunrise and zoom in slowly as a few rays throw dazzling reflections from the crystalline exterior. The camera then cuts to just inside the closed doors of the library, which swing open under magical control to admit Twilight Sparkle and Starlight Glimmer. Both look as if they have just woken up, and the latter lets her horn wind down from the spell she has just used. She stops and yawns, Twilight moving a few steps farther in before doing the same and levitating a sheet of parchment.*)

**Twilight:** I’ve prepared a full day of spells. You’ve been doing great, but now it’s time for a real challenge.

**Starlight:** (*chuckling determinedly*) Oh, it is on! Where do we begin? (*Twilight cranks up her horn.*)

**Twilight:** Teleportation. Multiple locations. Try to keep up.

(*Having put the sheet away, she disappears in a flash, Starlight following suit a moment later. Cut to a long shot of the uppermost balcony, Twilight materializing nearby and Starlight several yards farther away. Both are in midair, the student using the self-levitation spell she exhibited in “The Cutie Re-Mark” to stay up. She turns toward Twilight just in time to see her teleport away; cut to a patch of the Everfree Forest, where the Princess pops back in on the ground and Starlight shows up on a tree branch. They do their one-two vanish again, cut to the bottom of a body of water, where Twilight has already arrived and is holding her breath. Here comes Starlight, who remembers to do the same before trying to inhale as denizens of the deep go about their unhurried business.*)

(*Twilight poofs away; cut to a ledge among a group of sandstone formations, where she pops back in and Starlight reappears on top of a nearby butte; both are instantly dry. The ceiling of a cave filled with slumbering bats is seen next; they appear side by side, hanging from the ceiling, only to wake up all the locals. Taking in the plethora of red-eyed glares, both mares grimace in fear as the last motes of magical energy drift downward from their bodies.*)

(*Wipe to the library, the camera pointing at the pair over a tabletop set with a line of assorted objects.*)

**Twilight:** Transfiguration!

(*A zap from her horn turns an apple into a nest full of eggs, one of which promptly hatches to reveal a cheeping chick. Starlight lets one fly, turning a stack of books into a teacup. They continue to alternate: a quill and inkwell changed to a top hat, a candle and its holder to a carrot hot dog, a book to a watermelon, a scroll to a teapot, a framed picture to a banana, a vase of flowers to a set of dentures. Finally, Starlight blows a breath upward to cool her red-glowing, smoking horn. She and Twilight trade proud looks before the view wipes to a long shot of them, facing each other and standing several yards apart.*)

**Twilight:** Shields!

(*She lets one rip, Starlight quickly conjuring up a barrier to deflect it. Once the shock of the sudden assault wears off, the unicorn grins savagely and returns fire; Twilight puts up a hemispherical field around herself to absorb the ensuing salvo. Once the shots stop coming, she lets it drop, flies up several feet, and shoots again. Starlight lets her first shield dissipate and creates a lattice of small planes that fit together like a giant crystal to envelop her. Twilight’s beam bulldozes the entire assembly backwards, its bottommost tip scraping a groove into the floor, and she keeps up the intensity for some seconds. Once she cuts it off, Starlight gathers her power and causes her shield to fly apart, the pieces consumed by a blinding sphere of radiance that swiftly grows to fill the screen.*)

(*From here, snap to a stretch of shelves being swept clean by the blast, then cut to a table being upended and swept away. The hovering Twilight gets a full-body shield up just in time for the bombardment of heavy reading to slam into her. Popping one fearful eye open afterward, she discovers that every shelf has been stripped bare and nearly all their contents have ended up in one massive pile on the floor. A few books have, most improbably, wound up in tall stacks, among which a few loose pages and scrap papers float lazily down to the floor. Starlight hovers near the base of the utter chaos.*)

**Starlight:** Whoo! (*touching down*) I am on fire! What’s next?

(*Her mentor is far too panicked to get any immediate words out, and it takes her a second to drop her shield and smile weakly.*)

**Twilight:** Maybe there is such a thing as too much studying.

(*Behind her, one of the ladders intended for use in reaching the highest shelves topples over and crashes to the floor. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the pair, now joined by Spike, and zoom in slowly. They are all standing on the floor in the trashed library. Cut to a close-up of Starlight on the next line.*)

**Starlight:** As you know, speed spells like Accelero are not easy. But if done correctly, they can allow you to be much more efficient with your day.

(*A glow from her horn is the prelude to a blur of motion that would draw a nod of approval from Rainbow Dash. As Twilight and Spike stare worriedly, Starlight sweeps all the tumbled books off the floor, re-shelves every single one, and sets all the furniture upright. She skids to a stop, facing the other two across the now-clean floor.*)

**Spike:** Way to go, Starlight!

**Starlight:** (*chuckling*) Oh, I’m not finished. I’ve discovered a very old spell, Similo Duplexis. When combined with Accelero in just the right way…

(*Now she points her horn toward the ceiling and lets the magic blaze from it, brightening into a sudden brief flash of white. Once it clears, she is seen standing exactly where she was—and then a second Starlight pops out from her right flank to stand next to her.*)

**Starlights:** …you can literally be in two places at once!

(*Twilight and Spike goggle at this display, their minds properly blown, and the new Starlight retreats into the original as quickly as she arrived. Starlight lets off a relieved sigh.*)

**Starlight:** *Now* I’m finished.

**Twilight:** I have to admit, your skills with magic really are nothing short of amazing. I’m very impressed.

**Starlight:** (*laughing, toying with mane*) I’ve always been something of a natural.

**Twilight:** (*crossing to her, floating/reading a clipboard*) However, it doesn’t look like you’ve tackled any friendship lessons since you met Trixie.

(*Referring to the events of “No Second Prances.” Starlight exerts her field over the board and turns it toward herself for a look.*)

**Starlight:** (*a bit hesitantly*) Are you sure? I coulda sworn there were a couple in there somewhere. (*Twilight takes it back.*)

**Twilight:** (*dryly*) I’m sure.

**Starlight:** (*smiling nervously*) I see. (*backing away*) Well, I’m really quite busy this week. (*turning around*) So many commitments. I’ll try and find some time in my—

(*Her attempt to sneak out is cut short when a smiling Twilight teleports over to face her point-blank, the clipboard gone.*)

**Twilight:** No time like the present. Spike and I are headed to Canterlot. Princess Celestia wanted me to give her students a quick overview on the history of enchanted objects in Equestria. (*Zoom out; Spike carries a stack of books to her.*) We’ll be back after the presentation, which should be…

**Spike:** (*snarky*) …twenty moons from now?

**Twilight:** (*needled*) Tonight. (*smiling*) It’s a quick presentation.

**Spike:** (*rolling eyes*) Sure. Keep telling yourself that. (*He and Twilight cross past Starlight.*)

**Twilight:** You can tackle a friendship lesson today, and we can review your progress when I get back later this evening.

**Starlight:** (*forcing a smile*) Of course! No problem. Friendship lesson…on it!

**Twilight:** Great! Can’t wait. Now, Spike—

(*As he sets the books on the floor and she floats up a stack of index cards, neither one sees the uneasy expression on Starlight’s face.*)

**Twilight:** —help me color-code these cards according to time, place, and object.

(*They land in his scaly grip as Starlight eases out of the library; he slumps down on his feet with a weary sigh. Dissolve to a close-up of three wooden shapes—cube, pyramid, sphere—floating and shifting about in her aura. A zoom out frames her lying on a bed and staring worriedly up at the ceiling, ignoring both the daytime sky visible through a nearby window and the potted plant on its sill. A knock startles her into letting them drop; cut to a long shot of this area, one part of her bedroom within the Castle. Plain wooden head/footboards; bookcase with hourglass and another plant; nightstand with framed picture; a second window; stone floor; walls painted with pattern of blue-green bush undergrowth against blue sky. Starlight sits up to her haunches; cut to a close-up of the door, which swings open to admit Spike. He is no longer carrying Twilight’s stack of cards. The smile on his face turns to a look of confusion; zoom out to show that Starlight is no longer on her bed, then pan to follow his gaze and stop on her sitting at a desk in another corner of the room—her living quarters. A book rests open before her, a quill and inkwell stand ready, and she has three sheets floating at eye level. A stack of books, a kite, and a pot filled with scrolls litter the floor, a navigational sextant rests on the windowsill, and several pictures hang on the wall. The stylized tree pattern worked into the windows and banners in other areas of the Castle is here painted to incorporate the doorway.*)

**Starlight:** (*startled*) Huh? Uh… (*Hasty bit of humming/singing to herself as she looks over the papers.*) …ooh, yeah, mmm-hmm…

**Spike:** Hey! Twilight and I are about to head to Canterlot. (*walking in*) Just checking to see if you need anything before we left.

**Starlight:** (*hastily*) Nope, not at all. I’m good here—oh, not good, great, not a problem in the world!

(*By the time she finishes, she has propped her chin on a foreleg and added a most unconvincing little laugh.*)

**Spike:** (*not buying it*) Uh-huh. So…what are you doing, exactly?

**Starlight:** (*thinking fast*) I…was… (*smiling*) …just trying to decide which friendship lesson I was going to tackle while you two are in Canterlot.

(*Humming a bit, she levitates a multitude of crumpled pages out of a handy trash can.*)

**Starlight:** Oh, yep…

(*Close-up of it; one set of intact cards rises from the mess and all the other bits hit the floor.*)

**Starlight:** (*from o.s.*) Right here! (*Back to the pair; she holds them fanned out.*) Where I just left them a second ago.

(*The baby dragon plucks them from the air, re-stacks them, and blows off a puff of dust.*)

**Spike:** (*pacing, reading*) “Bake a cake with Pinkie Pie…scrapbook with Applejack…sew with Rarity…”

(*Starlight’s cheery façade slips as she allows herself a slightly exasperated groan. Cut to Spike’s perspective of the cards, the topmost one showing Fluttershy’s face and some writing.*)

**Spike:** “…help an animal with Fluttershy…” (*The next one has Rainbow’s grinning mug.*) “…chillax with Rainbow Dash”? (*Back to him; he turns, puzzled.*) What is chillaxing? (*Cut to Starlight.*)

**Starlight:** No idea.

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) You know… (*Back to him.*) …uh, if you’re nervous about your friendship lessons, it’s totally okay to say so.

(*The preceding sequence reveals more details of Starlight’s room, including a full second bookcase, a locked chest, a small globe sitting on a couple of books under one window, and a table with a spherical paperweight on a stand in its center. Zoom out to frame Starlight trotting across the floor to him.*)

**Starlight:** (*a bit worked up*) Nervous?! Me? (*Big fake laugh.*) Oh, Spike, you really are hilarious. (*Another laugh; she paces past him.*) You think I’m nervous that I’m gonna fail something as simple as baking a cake?

**Spike:** Well, if you were, it’d be— (*She zips back to him.*)

**Starlight:** —silly! Twilight just said how impressed she was that I combined a speed spell and a duplication spell. (*poking him in the chest*) *That* was a challenge. (*levitating notes, crossing room with them*) These? Pfft! Ha. I could combine all five of these at the same time without breaking a sweat.

**Spike:** I think maybe you’re missing—

**Starlight:** —an opportunity to really impress Twilight? (*Excited gasp.*) Great idea, Spike! I’m gonna get right on that. Good talk. (*She trots away.*)

**Spike:** (*to himself, scratching head*) And I thought Twilight was the master of the freak-out.

(*Wipe to a close-up of Starlight in one of the Castle’s corridors, cards at the ready before her anxiously grinning face.*)

**Starlight:** So, with your help, I figure these should be done in no time.

(*On the start of the next line, her face falls and the camera cuts to frame the rest of Twilight’s friends standing before her. Applejack is harnessed to a cart stacked high with books; Fluttershy has brought several of her animal friends, including her rabbit Angel, Harry the bear, and a bald eagle with one wing in a sling; Pinkie Pie and Rarity wear saddlebags stuffed with baking supplies and fabric rolls, respectively; and Rainbow hovers above the group.*)

**Applejack:** Are you sure this is what Twilight would want? Seems like you might want to take your time with each of these.

**Starlight:** (*smiling, floating cards away*) *But* by working as a team— (*Longer shot; they are in the entrance hall.*) —we can get them done faster. And isn’t teamwork a key factor in friendship? (*Applejack and Rarity trade uncertain looks.*)

**Applejack:** I…guess.

**Starlight:** Super! (*She turns to…*) Pinkie Pie! Since we’re baking— (*Close-up of the pink mare; she continues o.s.*) —you will be in the kitchen.

(*Exactly the words that Pinkie most wanted to hear, if her joyous gasp is any indication. She clamps her mouth shut and lets the air balloon her cheeks to ridiculous proportions before Starlight continues her review.*)

**Starlight:** Rarity, Applejack, you two can set up in the library.

**Rarity:** Oh, I don’t know that the dusty old library has the proper lighting. Perhaps we can stay out here in the foyer.

**Starlight:** I thought that Fluttershy and I could work with the animals right here in the foyer.

(*They pronounce “foyer” differently, Rarity using the French pronunciation so that the last syllable rhymes with “day,” while Starlight goes for the Americanized version and rhymes it with “her.”*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh! Um, whatever you think is best. (*Cut to Starlight.*)

**Starlight:** Great! Now, Rainbow Dash—

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) But it might depend on the animal. (*Back to her.*) For instance, this poor little eagle with a sprained wing might be better off up in one of the towers. (*Starlight again.*)

**Starlight:** Yeah, yeah, yeah, sure.

(*The continuing sound of the pegasus’ voice starts to work a nerve; on the start of the next line, cut to her, hunched down and stroking a chipmunk’s head.*)

**Fluttershy:** And these adorable chipmunks might prefer a nook somewhere. (*She stands up.*) Maybe if you spend some time getting to know—

**Starlight:** (*from o.s., abruptly*) In a minute, Fluttershy. (*Back to her; now Rainbow swings down to her height.*)

**Rainbow:** Uh, I don’t know if we can chillax properly in the Castle. We need very specific conditions for optimal chillaxing.

**Starlight:** Oh. I just assumed chillaxing could happen anywhere.

**Rainbow:** Heh. Shows what you know about chillaxing. Let me do some location scouting.

(*She is off in a multicolored blur, leaving Starlight to pace the hall.*)

**Starlight:** (*puzzled*) Okay. (*recovering herself, reaching Applejack/Rarity*) Uh, it seemed more efficient to start with the scrapbooking, so we could just get it out of the—

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh-ooh! (*hopping into view, saddlebags off*) Can we start with me? We’re gonna need time for the cake to bake. (*Close-up.*) After all…

***Enthusiastic, belted-out vocal melody with orchestral oom-pah backing***

***Moderate 4 (B flat major)***

**Pinkie:** It’s a piece of cake to bake a pretty cake

***Song ends abruptly*** (*Starlight’s hoof stuffs itself into her mouth*)

(*On the start of the next line, cut to frame both mares; Pinkie has dropped to her haunches.*)

**Starlight:** Uh, we’re on a schedule. No time for a song. We can start with baking, then— (*Pinkie zips away.*)

**Rarity:** (*walking into view*) But we can’t design dresses after you’ve been baking with Pinkie. (*whispering, behind a hoof*) She can be a bit messy.

(*Both glance after the party pony with visible unease; pan quickly across the hall and stop on Pinkie, who has procured a can of whipped cream and is gleefully spraying it into her mouth. A few dollops have found their way onto her cheeks.*)

**Pinkie:** Mmmm…

(*Closing her mouth, she lets her cheeks expand, bugs her eyes out, and slaps on a half-crazed grin with runnels of whipped cream and saliva oozing out between her teeth. To their credit, both Rarity and Starlight hold their ground and refrain from blowing their cool; Rarity has now shed her saddlebags.*)

**Starlight:** Fine. We can start with the dresses, and then— (*Zoom out to put Applejack in the foreground, out of her cart’s harness.*)

**Applejack:** While y’all figure that out, I’m gonna start layin’ out the pictures for scrapbookin’. (*glancing at cart*) We got a whole lot of time to cover.

**Starlight:** How much is a whole lot?

**Applejack:** We’ve got at least eighty moons’ worth of memories to go through. (*Starlight zips up next to her.*)

**Starlight:** *Eighty moons?!?*

(*Her slowly growing panic is cut off by a soft, raspy sigh and the return of Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** There is nowhere to chillax in this castle! We’re gonna have to set up somewhere else.

(*All five mares advance toward Starlight, voicing a babel of their own concerns for some seconds before she speaks up. Pinkie has swallowed her mouthful of whipped cream and cleaned her face, and Rarity has her saddlebags on again.*)

**Starlight:** (*backing away, smiling fearfully*) Could you all excuse me for one second? (*She bails out.*)

**Rainbow:** Wow. That pony really needs to chillax.

(*Cut to an overhead view of the library as Starlight’s magic throws the doors open and she steps in, doing a fair bit of hyperventilation that resoundingly fails to get her nerves under control.*)

**Starlight:** Okay, Starlight. You’ve got this. (*Close-up.*) A handful of friendship lessons is nothing compared to the spells you’ve mastered.

(*Weak laugh, followed by a grimace and a snap to black. The view immediately resolves into an extreme close-up of a book being pulled away by her field, the camera having shifted to point out from the bookshelves at the unicorn. She floats the selected volume down to her level.*)

**Starlight:** (*opening it*) Maybe if I cast a little spell to help things along? (*Close-up; she flips pages.*) Something simple and safe. (*eyeing one entry*) Fiducia Compelis? That’s not bad. They would barely notice it, but is it enough? (*floating/opening another book with a grimace*) Oh…maybe Cogeria so they’re more…open to suggestion. (*Another idea hits; she stacks one book on the other.*) O-Or maybe Cogeria combined with Fiducia Compelis! Yes…that could work nicely. (*flicking a wisp of energy from her horn*) Uh, with a hint of Persuaderi to be sure it sticks.

(*A glowing ball of power rises from the tip, shrinking briefly to a point before flaring white to fill the screen. Fade in to Starlight as it floats down to hover before her, multicolored streaks shifting and flowing across its surface.*)

**Starlight:** Everypony’ll probably thank me for getting it all done so quickly, and Twilight will be thrilled I’ve completed so many lessons. (*She beams and sends it across the library.*) Everypony wins!

(*The orb hurtles out the doors, pauses briefly in the corridor for the few seconds it takes her to stroll toward it, and streaks out of sight. Before she can make it outside, a mighty blast of white light spills back from the direction it has gone, leaving her visible only as a silhouette until it retracts to the doorway.*)

**Starlight:** Congratulations, Starlight. (*smiling fiercely*) You’re a genius.

(*Cut to a point several feet below the balcony railing outside the library, the light having returned to normal; she steps up to this and directs a smiling look down toward the entrance hall. Triumph quickly gives way to a stunned gasp as the camera zooms out the rest of the way to ground level, partly framing the faces of Fluttershy and Rarity standing side by side. Tendrils of translucent arcane power curl around these two, and their faces display utterly blank expressions and unblinking eyes shrunken to points. Cut to a slow pan across the quintet, all standing silent and still and lifeless among the wisps of energy, then back to Starlight. Her apprehensive expression tells it all: evidently that three-way combo packed a little more punch than she expected.*)

**Starlight:** Maybe the congratulations were a little premature.

(*Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of Pinkie’s face. Starlight reaches into view and waves a hoof before the contracted blue eyes, getting not a flicker of response; zoom out to frame her giving the mare a searching look.*)

**Starlight:** (*to herself, pacing*) Cogeria…Persuaderi…Fiducia…hmm. (*Brainstorm; she smiles.*) Ah! Of course! Fiducia Compelis needs a trigger.

(*Her soft laugh gives way to a full-throttle horn charge and her eyes blaze white.*)

**Starlight:** (*reverberating*) Ponies! Hear my voice and listen!

(*Rarity has again removed her bags by this point. A flash of white, and the view shifts to a pan across the other five, who begin to blink but retain their contracted pupils/irises. Starlight leans toward Pinkie at one end, her eyes and voice back to normal. The flickers of magic around them have dissipated now.*)

**Starlight:** Pinkie, kitchen! Rarity, Applejack, library! Fluttershy, stay here! Rainbow Dash, find somewhere *inside* the Castle and set up a place where we can chillax.

(*The four she has directed to other locations clear out with a round of acknowledgements, and she ambles out of the entrance hall with a satisfied little smile. Cut to the kitchen, with all the typical accoutrements: ovens, pans hanging from a long overhead light fixture, a central countertop for prep work, and so on. Pinkie stands behind this last, an open carton of eggs and a mixing bowl resting before her, and does not move a muscle even as the door swings open under Starlight’s influence to admit her.*)

**Starlight:** (*crossing to her*) Let’s get to work, Pinkie.

(*The baker responds in a voice that carries a decidedly mechanical quality under its cheery tone.*)

**Pinkie:** Okey-dokey! What would you like to do first?

**Starlight:** Uh, what are we supposed to do first?

**Pinkie:** Whatever you want to do first, Starlight Glimmer.

(*Slightly flummoxed, the ace wizard uses her magic to flip open the nearest cookbook and starts perusing the pages.*)

**Starlight:** (*reading*) “In a medium-size mixing bowl, beat together eggs, sugar, and two teaspoons of vanilla.”

(*Each ingredient is added at warp speed as she names it, and Pinkie gives the lot a quick stir but stops as soon as she looks up from the recipe.*)

**Starlight:** (*reading*) “Mix in flour.”

(*Same routine as before. For the next round, Starlight glances quickly at the book but trains her eyes on Pinkie before speaking again.*)

**Starlight:** (*from memory, rapid fire*) “Add baking soda, salt, and cinnamon.”

(*As before, but this time Pinkie does not stir the batter; Starlight peeks into the bowl, then shifts the book a bit closer.*)

**Starlight:** Hm. I think you can take it from here. (*She turns to leave.*)

**Pinkie:** Take what from where?

(*The unicorn freezes in her tracks, realizing now that her mixed spells have definitely gone a bit farther than she planned.*)

**Starlight:** (*a bit irked*) The baking. (*walking to door*) Just keep following the instructions in the book until I get back.

**Pinkie:** Absi-tively! Instruction following, starting…now!

(*The pink goofball proceeds to pore over the pages and sling one ingredient after another into the bowl in a whirl of frenetic activity. For her part, Starlight just smiles smugly.*)

**Starlight:** Baking a cake, check! (*walking out, horn glowing*) Now on to sewing.

(*The door swings closed behind her. Wipe to Applejack and Rarity in the library. The farmer sits on her haunches at one of the tables, with photographs and an album laid out before her and her stacked-up cart parked alongside, and the designer crosses the room while floating a piece of fabric overhead. She arrives at another table loaded with swatches, where Starlight now stands, and sets it down among the lot.*)

**Starlight:** What did you have in mind, Rarity?

**Rarity:** Whatever you want me to have in my mind, Starlight Glimmer.

(*Like Pinkie, her voice has an unmistakable automaton quality to it. Starlight levitates a paperback from the nearest shelf, flips through it, and smiles at one particular page before bringing it over to Rarity. What she has found is a picture of a mare wearing a gown checkered in light shades of green and brown.*)

**Starlight:** Can you make a dress exactly like that one?

**Rarity:** Just like this one?

**Starlight:** Just like it.

**Rarity:** Absolutely. (*Starlight lets go of the book and walks off.*) It will look perfectly divine.

(*Next stop, Applejack’s table. Cut to a close-up of the scattered pictures and tilt up to Starlight.*)

**Starlight:** That’s a whole lot of photos. How do you usually organize them?

**Applejack:** However you want me to organize them, Starlight.

(*Hearing that same flat affect under the Southern drawl gives Starlight pause, but she smiles after a moment.*)

**Starlight:** (*pointing to a photo*) Okay. Tell me about this one.

(*Close-up of it as she finishes. Once she takes her hoof away, it can be seen in full detail: Granny Smith shrugging helplessly as a fat pink pig wearing swim goggles and reclining on an inner tube floats past, carried on a stream that runs through Sweet Apple Acres.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Sweet Apple Acres. Twenty moons ago. (*Cut to her.*) Granny Smith was lookin’ for her favorite pie tin. She looked in the kitchen, but it wasn’t there. (*Cut to a dismayed Starlight; she continues o.s.*) She looked in the barn, but it wasn’t there.

**Starlight:** (*rolling eyes, groaning*) I don’t need every little detail. (*Chuckle.*) Just sum up the story in one sentence. (*Back to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Huh. (*shrugging*) Well, turns out Granny Smith didn’t know how to make a pig do the backstroke.

**Starlight:** (*completely lost*) Uh-huh. (*smiling, circling to Applejack’s side*) Why don’t you keep putting these photos in chronological order, and when I come back, you can give me more…highlights. (*Grin.*)

**Applejack:** Sure thing, Starlight Glimmer.

(*The grin fades in a hurry. Wipe to a close-up of Fluttershy standing at the bottom of a staircase; on the start of the next line, zoom out to frame Starlight descending to her. A door is placed nearby; around them, the blue-painted walls show a landscape of trees and distant mountains.*)

**Starlight:** Fluttershy, where are all the animals?

**Fluttershy:** They ran away.

(*Again the monotonic under-layer to that soft, gentle voice.*)

**Starlight:** And why didn’t you stop them?

**Fluttershy:** Because you didn’t ask me to.

**Starlight:** (*sighing exasperatedly, pacing a bit*) Obviously I wanted you to— (*catching herself*) —never mind. Can you please round up all the animals in the Castle and bring them back here to the foyer?

**Fluttershy:** All the animals. Got it.

(*She has barely taken wing to get after this assignment before Rainbow flaps into view, carrying towels and a bucket.*)

**Starlight:** Did you find a place to chillax, Rainbow Dash?

**Rainbow:** Sure thing, Starlight Glimmer.

(*There it is for the fifth time—a clean sweep of lifeless undertones in the ponies affected by Starlight’s conjurations.*)

**Starlight:** Great. Let me know when it’s ready.

**Rainbow:** Yes, Starlight Glimmer.

(*Off she goes, the camera cutting to a close-up of the pinkish-violet face and its content smile. A wipe frames that same close-up now in the library, but the smile has been replaced by a look of utter weariness and frustration. Zoom out on the start of the next line to frame her sitting next to Applejack, with her chin propped on a foreleg.*)

**Applejack:** Granny Smith knew she was gonna need a bigger boat, so Goldie Delicious says, “If you can’t say anythin’ nice about anypony…”

(*Close-up of one photo, which depicts the elderly Apple relative—last seen in “Pinky Apple Pie”—seated on a park bench and indicating a vacant spot. Several of her cats are goofing off all around her.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) “…come sit by me!”

(*Pan/tilt down to another snapshot: Big Macintosh hunkered down in the farm’s pigsty, next to one of the inhabitants. Both are slathered in mud and doing their best to avoid detection by a hulking, wolf-like beast silhouetted against the full moon.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Big Mac knew if he just covered himself in mud, the creature wouldn’t be able to see him. (*Back to her and Starlight on the end of this.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Starlight Glimmer!

(*Grateful for a reprieve from the bite-size stories, Starlight darts away. Cut to a close-up of a rolled document floating in Rarity’s magic. This is quickly unfurled to expose a very rough colored-pencil sketch of the gowned mare on the book page she was shown; zoom out to frame Rarity smiling with vacant pride.*)

**Rarity:** I have finished the dress. Isn’t it gorgeous?

**Starlight:** (*skeptically*) What is that?

**Rarity:** You wanted me to make a dress exactly like the one in the book.

**Starlight:** (*groaning impatiently*) Go make a *real* dress out of fabric, exactly like the one in the book.

**Rarity:** (*rolling up sketch, dropping/stomping it*) Huh. I see. Yes, of course, Starlight Glimmer.

(*She sprints away and Starlight turns confidently toward the rest of the library, only to have a second thought and pivot right back.*)

**Starlight:** Rarity…

(*Cut to frame both. The dressmaker has a couple of very small fabric bits in her telekinetic grip, along with a needle and thread, and is just about to begin stitching them up.*)

**Starlight:** …make it *bigger* than the one in the book.

**Rarity:** Of course, darling. Bigger it is.

(*She cuts her eyes toward the floor, the camera shifting to the mouse on the receiving end of this attention. It is already wearing a tiny copy of the dress, as well as complementary earrings, and it shrugs and squeaks in confusion at having been called in as a model. From here, wipe to Applejack and Starlight facing each other across the table of photos.*)

**Applejack:** She was just a pony standin’ in front of another pony, askin’ him to love her.

(*The overeager unicorn’s mood rapidly switches from mild irritation to being just plain fed up by the time Applejack reaches the end of this very short yarn. Wipe to the door at the bottom of the staircase where Starlight found Fluttershy without all her animal friends. She walks up, pulling it open with a burst of her magic—and is greeted by a floor-to-ceiling conglomeration of baked goods, utensils, and equipment that spills out to bury her. Beyond the mess, the kitchen can be seen. Starlight pokes her head up, a cupcake impaled on her horn and frosting splattered all over her face and disheveled mane.*)

(*Cut to inside the kitchen; her magic sweeps part of the floor clean, and she leaps in with the cupcake gone and her appearance back to normal. Cakes are stacked up on every square inch of countertop space and have taken over a good bit of the floor to boot.*)

**Starlight:** Pinkie, what are you doing?!

(*Zoom out to put the industrious pink mare in the fore—still reading intently from the cookbook Starlight left for her and slinging ingredients every which way. Dirty dishes have piled up at the end of the kitchen, the overhead light hangs askew, and boxes and bags have spilled out everywhere.*)

**Pinkie:** Following all of the instructions in the cookbook in order, Starlight Glimmer.

**Starlight:** I meant just the one cake! (*crossing to her*) I was only gone a few minutes! How in Equestria did you get all of this done so fast?

**Pinkie:** First I combined three eggs. Then I—

(*She cuts herself off with a gasp as Starlight’s aura clamps her mouth shut and lifts her clear of the culinary disaster area. However, the muffled, unintelligible sounds that continue to issue from her closed lips betray the fact that her tongue is still stuck in overdrive. It takes her a few seconds to wind down.*)

**Starlight:** Think the baking lesson is done.

(*Comes now a very angry, growling roar from parts unknown.*)

**Starlight:** Oh, what now?

(*She gallops off with Pinkie in tow, the camera panning in the opposite direction to stop on the heavily befouled ovens—and the smoke that begins to curl through the grating in one hatch. Cut to Starlight and Pinkie racing/floating down a corridor; as they hustle out, Applejack’s voice is heard from the library and the camera stops on its open doors, beyond which she can be seen still at it.*)

**Applejack:** They can take our farm, but they can’t take our freedom!

(*The fleeing mare slides to a stop with a gasp in the entrance hall, seeing a trail of muddy paw prints that snake along the carpet and up one wall.*)

**Starlight:** (*galloping to them*) What’s going on?

(*What she finds before her is a group of very frightened, shivering animals and more prints where they have absolutely no business being. Harry, the biggest of the bunch and the source of the roar that startled her, manages a scared little growl and points behind himself.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*stepping into view next to Starlight*) I’ve gathered all of the animals like you asked, Starlight Glimmer.

(*And she has clearly not discriminated as to size, behavior, or potential to spread a host of diseases. Crawling all over her body and mane are spiders, ticks, centipedes, a couple of snakes, and one rather displeased-looking rat riding on top of her head. Starlight is so freaked out by the sight of the walking vermin magnet that she inadvertently lets go of Pinkie, who tumbles sideways to the befouled carpeting. Here comes Rarity, whose wide-eyed smile fixes itself back in place as she turns to Harry and company.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, yes. (*exerting her field on the rug under them all*) This will do nicely.

(*It is unceremoniously yanked away and rolled up, dumping all the beasts hard onto the floor, and she walks off with it floating overhead.*)

**Rarity:** A much bigger dress.

**Applejack:** (*from library, slightly muffled*) It was the best of apples, it was the worst of apples. (*Starlight lets out a loud sigh.*)

**Starlight:** I can handle this. It’s just magic— (*Gray smoke begins to descend.*) —and I know magic!

(*Fire safety is perhaps a different matter, as she looks up to find that the haze has thickened to the point that it obscures everything from about head height up.*)

**Starlight:** (*scared*) What’s that?

(*Pinkie, still immobile on the floor, tries to get some words out through her locked lips.*)

**Starlight:** (*briefly exerting magic over her*) What did you say? (*Pinkie stands up.*)

**Pinkie:** The cakes are burning! (*pointing down corridor*) You left the ovens on!

**Starlight:** (*shaking Pinkie in her field*) We need water!

(*Now Rainbow flies in to join the bedlam as she lets the party master hit the ground face first. The daredevil is no longer toting the towels and bucket she had when she came back from looking for a spot to chillax.*)

**Rainbow:** Yes, Starlight Glimmer.

(*She rockets off. Cut to a long shot of the Castle as she and several other pegasi push masses of dark storm clouds to block it from the cheery daytime sun, then back to Pinkie and Starlight. Rainbow returns just as quickly as she left, in time for the unicorn to grab hold of the sky-blue cheeks.*)

**Starlight:** *Storm clouds?!*

(*They have even settled into place over the entrance hall, and they waste no time in beginning to discharge their freight of rain. Harry lets off an unnerved growl as the accumulating water begins to rise, floating him, Fluttershy, and the other animals clear of the floor. The same begins to happen to Starlight, while Rainbow hovers above her and Pinkie floats by on her back with a mindless grin. In a long shot of the Castle exterior, the water begins to gush from the upper-story windows and doors and surges toward the camera, filling the screen.*)

(*The torrent drains away to give a view of the sodden corridor, where all the animals and all the mares except Applejack and Rainbow have wound up in a waterlogged heap. The blue flyer is still relatively dry and hovering above them. Both the smoke and the clouds have dissipated, most of the water has drained out, and Fluttershy has been washed clean of all the creepy-crawlies she rounded up. Zoom out slightly to put a soaked Applejack in the fore, floating by on her library table. Incredibly, she has managed to hold on to one of her photos; the others that were on the table, and the album she was looking at, have all been swept away.*)

**Applejack:** Big Mac told me, “With a whole lotta power comes a heck of a lotta responsibility.” (*Grin.*)

**Starlight:** (*groaning*) This can’t get any worse!

(*But it does, in the form of Twilight entering the Castle with Spike at her side. Purple and green eyes stare in total disbelief at the mayhem for a long moment.*)

**Twilight:** (*with growing anger; zoom in to a close-up*) What is going on?!?

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of a cobweb-covered stretch of library shelves. A broom swings up into view to drive off a spider and sweep the strands away; cut to an overhead shot of Spike on cleanup duty. Several puddles still dot the floor.*)

**Spike:** I had no idea we had spiders in the Castle!

(*He walks off; cut to another area at ground level. Starlight has commandeered a couch and is sitting on her haunches, reading a book held in her magic.*)

**Spike:** (*crossing to her*) I’m never sleeping again!

**Starlight:** Maybe if I had reversed the Fiducia Compelis and Cogeria…or maybe I added too much Persuaderi… (*She sees Spike’s funny look.*) …what?

**Spike:** You’re really missing the point here.

(*On the start of the next lien, zoom out to bring Twilight into view, plodding wearily toward him.*)

**Twilight:** (*moaning*) I finally untangled that mess of a spell and got everypony home. It was really powerful stuff. They’re gonna feel *that* in the morning. (*crossing to Starlight*) Now please try to explain to me how in the name of Celestia things got *this* out of control!

**Starlight:** (*lowering book*) Well, it *was* the first time I cast that particular spell, and I-I didn’t fully think it through. I-I bet if I had reversed—

**Twilight:** I think you might be missing the point here.

(*The sound of Spike’s broom horns in under her words, and the camera then cuts to the smug little guy.*)

**Spike:** Told you.

**Twilight:** (*to Starlight*) What made you think that casting a spell on your friends to do your bidding was even remotely a good idea?

**Starlight:** (*reluctantly, rubbing temple*) Well, when you put it that way, it sounds really bad.

**Twilight:** (*with sudden fury*) That’s because it *is* really bad!

(*The errant unicorn stammers a bit before the camera cuts back to her worried mentor, who has calmed down.*)

**Twilight:** Starlight, I’m not mad at you—but I *am* disappointed. You’ve been doing so well. (*Spike crosses to them, without his broom.*) I-I just don’t understand how a friendship lesson turned into all of *this!*

**Starlight:** (*groaning loudly*) Fine! I’ve been avoiding the friendship lessons on purpose.

**Twilight:** Why?

**Starlight:** I can cast complex spells, but… (*hoof to forehead*) …baking a cake with Pinkie Pie freaks me out! And yes, I know how ridiculous that sounds. (*leaving couch, pacing*) That’s why I didn’t say anything. I thought if I just kept wowing you with my magical abilities, you might just…not notice?

**Twilight:** (*puzzled*) Baking a cake freaks you out?

**Starlight:** (*turning to her*) Yes! Baking a cake, sewing, all of it! What if I was bad at it? (*Close-up.*) I didn’t want to be a disappointment to anypony, and…I ended up being a disappointment to everypony.

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Starlight… (*Zoom out slowly; she approaches.*) …do you think anypony cares if you can bake a cake?

(*She touches Starlight’s chest gently, only for the unicorn to push the hoof away.*)

**Starlight:** But…the lesson…

**Twilight:** …was to get to know Pinkie Pie better by doing something she loves. It was a friendship lesson— (*smiling, rolling eyes*) —not a baking lesson.

**Starlight:** Oh. (*scratching head*) You know, I think I might have missed the point here. (*Spike pops up between them, without his broom.*)

**Spike:** Told you.

**Starlight:** So now what?

**Twilight:** Now it’s time for a pretty advanced friendship lesson. It’s called apologizing.

(*Starlight allows herself a little smile. Wipe to the other five mares sitting/standing around two of a café’s outdoor tables—Pinkie/Rarity at one, Applejack/Fluttershy/Rainbow at the other—and zoom in slowly. All five have had a chance to dry off and sort themselves out properly from their mishaps in the Castle, but none are looking too ready to tackle the day. Based on the blue sky above them and Twilight’s “they’re gonna feel that in the morning” comment, it is now the day after all these events went down. Rarity has donned a pair of sunglasses and a broad-brimmed sun hat. She is the only one whose mane and tail are completely in order; the others show varying degrees of disarray and hairs popped out of place. Applejack utters a prolonged, pained groan and rests her head on her folded forelegs. The eyes and voices of all five have returned to normal, free of the influence of Starlight’s spell.*)

**Applejack:** I don’t know what kinda whammy Starlight put on us, but I feel like I got shoved through the Super Speedy Cider Squeezy Six Thousand.

**Rainbow:** (*grunting*) Tell me about it.

**Rarity:** (*softly*) If everypony could speak in a whisper for the next few days, that would be delightful. (*chin on table*) My head is thumping. (*Cut to Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** I was up all night calming the animals down.

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., normal volume*) Fluttershy, please! (*Pan quickly to her and Pinkie; she continues softly.*) Not so loud.

**Pinkie:** (*angrily*) Starlight’s spell made me burn perfectly good cake! I *never* burn cake!

(*These last four words are delivered with enough force to make Rarity’s shades pop briefly out of place on their own. Pinkie then punctuates them by slamming her whole face flat onto the table.*)

**Starlight:** (*from o.s.*) Yeah. About that.

(*Longer shot of both tables; she walks up to the gathering.*)

**Starlight:** Things got a little out of hand last night. (*Cut to Applejack/Fluttershy/Rainbow.*)

**Applejack:** (*dryly*) Well, ain’t that the understatement of the day. (*Pan to Pinkie/Rarity, Pinkie now sitting up.*)

**Pinkie:** Hmph! Tell it to the cake, sister!

(*One pink hoof bangs into the table, causing Rarity’s sunglasses to fall askew.*)

**Rarity:** (*readjusting them, pulling hat brim over eyes*) Can we all *please* argue at a lower volume? (*Cut to Starlight on the start of the next line.*)

**Starlight:** I *really* messed up. I cast the spell because I was…nervous about working with you on the friendship lessons.

**Rainbow:** (*acidly*) Well, here’s a friendship lesson for you. (*standing up to full height*) DON’T CAST SPELLS ON YOUR FRIENDS!

(*The sudden increase in decibels makes Applejack’s eyes pop and Fluttershy clap hooves to ears. Cut to Starlight.*)

**Starlight:** Believe me, I know. (*Zoom in slowly.*) What I did was wrong, a-and I can’t take it back. You’re right to be upset, and I hope one day I can make it up to you. But…all I can say is…I’m sorry. (*All six again.*) Now if you’ll excuse me— (*walking away*) —I’ve gotta go clean the Castle covered in wet cake batter and spiders.

(*Rainbow waits to speak until she has cleared the area.*)

**Rainbow:** That *was* a pretty good apology.

**Fluttershy:** Seems like she feels really bad. (*Pause, then Applejack gets off her seat.*)

**Applejack:** Hey, Starlight!

(*She trots off. Cut to the contrite unicorn walking slowly down the block; she stops at the sound of Applejack’s voice.*)

**Applejack:** (*hurrying to catch up*) Most of the Apple family photos are still layin’ around in the wreckage. (*winking; Starlight smiles*) I-I think I’ll come along and hunt ’em down.

**Fluttershy:** (*flying to them and landing*) Oh, and I feel awful for disturbing all those cute little spiders and bats. (*winking*) I should check on them.

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Ah, yes.

(*Head on view of her walking up alongside Fluttershy.*)

**Rarity:** And I left some lovely fabric out. I should come and move it to that nice quiet library.

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) Uh… (*Tilt up to her, hovering above the pair.*) …I’ll come and get those storm clouds out of the bathroom.

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., viciously*) Fine!

(*The weather expert gives a startled little neigh at the outburst; cut to the five glancing back at her, still seated at her table.*)

**Pinkie:** (*overwrought*) Somepony has to bake a cake to honor all the poor cakes that sacrificed their batter in last night’s tragedy!

(*On the end of this line, she puts a hoof to her forehead dramatically and the camera cuts to a close-up. She gives the lie to her histrionics with a big, bright grin.*)

(*Wipe to an extreme close-up of a magically held needle and thread stitching up a rip in a piece of cloth, then cut to Rarity and Starlight seated side by side on a carpet. Rarity has done away with her shades and hat. Starlight is mending a torn banner laid out before the pair; once the last stitch is in, she floats it up and hangs it as Rarity grins. Zoom out from them to put a smiling Twilight in the fore, looking on from around a corner; she levitates a quill and scroll, makes a note, and walks off. This area, and all those to be seen following it, are clean of water and paw prints. Rarity is fully rested and groomed now, as will be the other four whom Starlight bewitched when they are seen next.*)

(*Wipe to a close-up of a photo album lying open amid a great many pictures on a table in the library. One finds its way into an open space on the page thanks to Starlight’s aura, and she walks over to it as the camera tilts up to frame her. She grins tentatively across the table, finding a happy Applejack and her loaded cart on that side, and circles around to float up a different picture. The blond mare goes into a story that elicits a laugh from the unicorn; meanwhile, Twilight strolls by, taking notes on a clipboard instead of the loose scroll.*)

(*Another wipe changes the view to the upper reaches of a dimly lit corridor, within which Starlight’s field hoists one end of a string of cobwebs and anchors it to the wall. Fluttershy flies up with a spider on her hoof and gently sets it on the sticky strands; zoom out to show Starlight smiling up at her. The yellow pegasus winks, and the two head off together along the web-choked pathway; Twilight and Spike peek in around a corner, the baby dragon cringing in fear as the Princess jots down some more notes.*)

(*A fourth wipe, and the camera is now in the kitchen, at the level of the repaired overhead light. Tilt down to reveal the entire place has been cleaned from top to bottom; Pinkie is at the central counter, glumly mixing a bowl of batter. A second one floats across and rests itself next to her, followed by a grinning Starlight with a spoon in her field. Pinkie regards her incuriously for a moment, then goes back to stirring; Starlight does likewise, using her magic. In a profile close-up, Pinkie pauses and throws a bewildered glance over her shoulder; zoom out to show that Starlight has succeeded in staining most of her face, mane, and hooves white with the contents of her bowl. They smile at one another, Starlight blushing a bit, and quickly escalate to grins and laughs. These events do not go unnoticed by Twilight, who has gone back to her original scroll for note-taking at her vantage point in the doorway. She walks off, floating the document and quill along.*)

(*Dissolve to Starlight, now clean, walking slowly along a corridor while sweeping the floor with a telekinetically held broom. Twilight hurries up to her, no longer with the quill and scroll.*)

**Twilight:** It seems your apology went well.

**Starlight:** (*sighing with relief*) I’m just lucky to have such understanding friends. (*cutting off spell, gripping broom*) But it’s probably gonna be a while before I try to tackle those friendship lessons again.

**Twilight:** (*laughing a bit*) What do you mean? You’ve been doing them all day.

**Starlight:** What are you talking about? I’ve been cleaning up the mess I made by totally failing at friendship.

**Twilight:** (*knowingly, moving closer*) Really? But didn’t I see you sewing with Rarity?

**Starlight:** Yes, but—

**Twilight:** And you and Applejack did a great job collecting those photos and putting them in the book. (*pacing around Starlight*) Helping animals with Fluttershy…baking with Pinkie Pie…those sound like your assignments to me. In fact, I think there’s just one that you’re missing.

(*Wipe to Rainbow relaxing on a beach chair, forelegs behind head and her favorite black sunglasses over her eyes. Off to one side, Applejack lies on a second chair with her hat tilted forward over her face. The sound of rushing water can be heard, and clouds are visible above the crystalline floor and gilded railing, suggesting that the action has shifted to one of the Castle’s balconies. Starlight walks into view, no longer carrying her broom.*)

**Starlight:** Sun, check. Chairs, check. And thanks to a simple Catadupa Levitata spell, we’ve got water. Is that everything we need to chillax?

**Rainbow:** Nope.

**Starlight:** (*worriedly, pacing*) No?

(*Cut to a longer shot of this balcony, the uppermost one. Seven chairs are arranged in a semicircle around a small pool whose contents are describing a constantly flowing arch and refracting the sunlight into a rainbow. All the mares except Starlight have each claimed one; Twilight is reading a book, while Rarity has put her sunglasses and sun hat back on and is using a folding reflector to angle the rays up under her chin and ears. Spike is up here as well, lounging in the pool itself.*)

**Starlight:** What’d I miss?

**Rainbow:** (*whispering*) Quiet. (*Starlight climbs onto the empty chair; cut to her and Twilight.*)

**Starlight:** Ah! Right.

**Twilight:** (*closing book, setting it down*) Great job, Starlight. Looks like you’ve completed another friendship lesson. (*Blissful sigh.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s., full volume*) Hey!

(*Both glance her way, Twilight starting in surprise; cut to her, sitting up and with shades propped on forehead.*)

**Rainbow:** She completes the lesson when *I* say she completes it. (*leaning back; shades down*) So less learning, and more chillaxing. (*Very long pause.*)

**Starlight:** So…how long do we sit quietly?

(*The others share a laugh, and she joins in once she catches on to the joke. Zoom out slowly and fade to black.*)