**ALL BOTTLED UP**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the Castle of Friendship, seen through the houses on the outskirts of Ponyville at dawn. Zoom in slowly and dissolve to the kitchen, where Starlight Glimmer and Trixie are each doing their own thing at a table. The former is manipulating an icing bag in her aura to decorate a tray of small cakes, while the latter has focused on a set of salt and pepper shakers. Trixie is not wearing her wizard’s hat and cape. The slow zoom continues.*)

**Trixie:** Come on, come on! Turn into a teacup!

(*She shoots the salt shaker with a beam, but the only result is to tip it slightly off balance for a moment.*)

**Trixie:** (*trying again*) No…teacup! (*Again.*) No! Teacup! (*snarling*) No!

(*She glances toward the other unicorn in the room, who is assiduously going about her own task, and voices a whiny moan.*)

**Trixie:** Starlight, I can’t put a trick that’s not working into my act. (*petulantly*) How come it’s not working?

**Starlight:** (*chuckling a bit*) It could be because you’re just yelling “Teacup!”— (*tapping own temple*) —and not picturing it in your mind.

**Trixie:** Oh. Yeah, that could be it.

**Starlight:** What does your teacup look like? What shape is it? What color?

(*The performer gives it a moment’s hard thought, takes a deep breath, and lets the salt shaker have it with both barrels. This time, it does become a teacup in two shades of pink; when Trixie cracks one eye open to see the result, her whole face lights up.*)

**Trixie:** Ooh! Starlight, I did it!

(*And she follows up with an overly enthusiastic hug that causes Starlight to lose control of her icing bag and drown the cakes in the sweet stuff. Close-up of the ruined treats as Trixie’s giddy laughter rings out, then pan/tilt up to her and Starlight.*)

**Trixie:** I did it, I did it, I did it! (*She squeals as Starlight shoves her off.*)

**Starlight:** Hey!

(*Now the blue mare goes way overboard, firing beams at one piece of kitchenware after another and calling “Teacup!” on each, the camera alternating between her and the targets. Once the barrage ends, cut to a close-up of an irked Starlight.*)

**Trixie:** (*from o.s.*) You know what you need. (*Zoom out to frame her.*) A teacup!

(*Now the icing bag gets it, ending up as an inverted cup with a large reddish-pink dab on its base. The handle has been replaced by a similarly decorated tail, and four stubby legs protrude out past the rim, showing reddish-pink fur at the upper joints. Starlight gapes in utter disbelief at this creation, which lands amid the cakes and bounds among them to make an even worse mess as it yips like a puppy. After some seconds of confectionary chaos, it jumps off the table and runs off. Starlight directs a thoroughly annoyed groan at Trixie, who just grins innocently.*)

**Trixie:** Oops! I guess I pictured a teacup poodle?

**Starlight:** Trixie, you ruined my tea cakes!

**Trixie:** I just got excited. This is the first time I did a transfiguration spell—real magic! (*Laugh.*) Come on. Be impressed by me.

(*Zipping behind Starlight, she lowers her voice and starts to move the forelegs around to make the uncooperative baker “cheer” for her.*)

**Trixie:** “Yay, Trixie! You’re so great at magic and having good hair!”

(*To which Starlight responds by levitating her across the kitchen with a chuckle.*)

**Starlight:** Good job, Trix. But I was baking these to give to Twilight and the girls for their friendship retreat. Pinkie Pie gave me her recipe and everything.

**Trixie:** Oh! You need some snacks to give to Twilight? I have got you covered.

(*Cut to a close-up of a very discomfited Starlight as Trixie’s humming drifts over to her, then zoom out. The blue cake-wrecker has returned, floating a bag of pretzels in her field, and she lets this drop with a final splat into the remains of Starlight’s project.*)

**Trixie:** Problem solved.

(*She walks off, taking no notice of Starlight’s furious narrowed eyes—or the cloud of unwholesome, sparking red vapor that boils up from her horn. It retracts back in as she lets out a held breath.*)

**Starlight:** (*dryly*) Not exactly.

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the roof of a stopped train at the Ponyville station, steam pouring from the locomotive’s smokestack as the whistle splits the air. It is now later in the day. Pan/tilt down on the start of the next line to frame Twilight Sparkle and her friends making their way along the platform. Starlight, Trixie, and Spike are with them, Starlight toting a pair of saddlebags.*)

**Twilight:** I am so excited for this friendship retreat. I can’t remember the last time we all got to hang out without having to save Equestria.

(*Applejack, Fluttershy, Pinkie Pie, and Rarity board the train, but Rainbow Dash hangs back for a moment.*)

**Rainbow:** Well, we *are* awesome, but technically we weren’t the last ponies to save Equestria.

(*Trixie beams at this, while Starlight allows herself a slightly sheepish smile.*)

**Twilight:** I was speaking in a broader sense. (*to the other three, as Rainbow boards*) Are you sure you don’t want to come with us?

**Spike:** Yeah. I have three new comics to get through.

**Starlight:** (*crossing to Twilight*) And I promised Trixie we’d practice more magic. It might be better if the Castle was empty, if you know what I mean.

(*Twilight grins and bites back a giggle as Trixie sighs wearily.*)

**Trixie:** Relax. If anything breaks, Starlight will just go back in time and fix it.

(*A funny look from the Princess; a weak chuckle from the time traveler.*)

**Trixie:** Kidding.

**Starlight:** We’ll take good care of the Castle while you’re gone. (*Twilight boards the train.*)

**Trixie:** (*waving*) Have fun on your friendship retreat! (*whispering, to Starlight*) What in Equestria *is* a friendship retreat, anyway? (*Both keep their voices down.*)

**Starlight:** They’re gonna bond, share laughs, and if I know them, they’re gonna sing a song.

**Trixie:** (*giggling*) We are gonna have so much more fun than them. (*Both laugh.*)

**Starlight:** Shh!

(*Extreme close-up of one of Starlight’s bags as Trixie’s magic extracts the pretzels she procured as an alternate snack.*)

**Trixie:** Twilight, wait! Starlight has something for you!

(*The latter’s face falls a notch as Twilight puts her head out an open door.*)

**Twilight:** Huh?

**Starlight:** (*thinking fast, taking hold from Trixie*) Here! I, um…brought you snacks. (*The bag is floated over to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** (*forcing a smile*) Oh! How…thoughtful. Thanks. (*passing it inside*) We will…not get hungry on the train.

**Starlight:** It was supposed to be tea cakes, but… (*shooting Trixie a look*) …it’s a long story. Have a great time!

**Twilight:** You too!

(*As soon as she has ducked back inside, the door slams and the train chugs away. Starlight, Trixie, and Spike head off the platform. Dissolve to an overhead shot of the Castle throne room, the central table bare. Spike sits in his small seat, reading a comic book, and the unicorns eye a book held in Starlight’s magic as she flips pages.*)

**Starlight:** Okay, Trixie. (*Floor level.*) What kind of spells did you want to work on next?

**Trixie:** Well…every self-respecting magician has a disappearing act, so maybe we could start with that?

**Starlight:** Hmmm…nothing just disappears, so that’s technically a teleportation spell—and those are pretty hard. Maybe we should start with something smaller.

**Trixie:** (*scoffing*) No, no, no, no. The Great and Powerful Trixie goes big or not at all! Just tell me how *you* do it.

**Starlight:** Well, I’ve always found magic is tied to my emotions. Whatever I’m feeling fuels whatever I’m doing, and the stronger I’m feeling, the stronger the magic.

**Trixie:** Riiight. Like when you were so upset that cutie marks took away your friend, your magic was strong enough to enslave an entire village!

(*She utterly fails to spot the very great unease that her words cause Starlight. So great, in fact, that the latter scowls and lets a gout of red mist surge from her horn before sucking it back down.*)

**Starlight:** Yep. Thanks for bringing that up.

**Trixie:** See? I’m already learning. If anypony is gonna teach me how to do a disappearing spell—

**Starlight:** Teleportation spell.

**Trixie:** (*scoffing*) Whatever. I’m complimenting you—and me. We can do this ’cause we’re amazing! (*nudging her*) And magic is friendship, and stuff.

**Starlight:** (*laughing*) I guess we can give it a whirl. Now…

(*Her perspective, panning across the room to stop on Spike.*)

**Starlight:** …we just need to find you something to teleport. (*He looks up with sudden alarm; cut to just behind him, framing the others.*)

**Trixie:** Spike! How ’bout it? (*He gets out a scared chuckle before Starlight cuts her off.*)

**Starlight:** Uh, let’s pick something…I don’t know…not living?

**Trixie:** (*grudgingly, sitting on haunches; zoom in*) I mean, it won’t be as impressive, but okay. (*smiling*) Teach away, Mini-Twilight!

(*“Mini-Twilight” just groans to herself. Wipe to a hallway filled with doors in assorted styles, along which Twilight and company are proceeding behind a young and very bored earth pony stallion. Very light yellow-brown coat; blue eyes with birdcatcher spots behind red-framed glasses; braces on buck teeth; short, two-tone blond mane/tail, the former held back by a dark blue visor; matching shirt; cutie mark of a padlock. The clothing and dull tone of his voice mark him as an employee of this facility.*)

**Employee:** Welcome to Manehattan Escapes.

**Rarity:** (*to Twilight*) Ooh, I’m going to start with a facial, and then get my hooves done, and—

**Twilight:** Oh, it’s not *that* kind of retreat.

**Rarity:** Isn’t it called Manehattan Escapes because it’s a deluxe spa where you can escape all of your troubles? (*They have stopped by this point.*)

**Twilight:** Nope. It’s because we get locked in a room and we have to solve puzzles and riddles in order to escape!

(*Cut to within one room, whose door opens to admit the six and their guide, and zoom out to frame more of it. The place has a “jungle temple” feel to it, and the implements for various challenges are laid out on floor and walls: treasure chests, central platform bearing a wheel studded with gems, nets filled with rocks to act as pulley counterweights, and so on. The employee turns to a clipboard hanging by the door.*)

**Employee:** The clues will lead you to a key to get out.

**Twilight:** (*enthusiastically*) Team building! (*Discontented sighs from all but Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Come on, girls. This could be fun.

**Twilight:** “Could be”? Some of the brightest minds in Equestria put together these puzzles!

**Fluttershy:** I’m just happy to be with all of you. (*Pinkie zips over to her and Applejack.*)

**Pinkie:** Me too! (*forelegs around both their shoulders*) I’m not great at solving riddles, but I’m super-great at cheering other ponies on while they do it.

(*Away she goes, returning instantly with a pink/yellow bow in her mane, small pompoms in those two colors around her neck, and two big yellow ones on her forelegs. Seen in close-up for the moment, she gives a view of a blue skirt with yellow pleats.*)

**Pinkie:** Go, us! (*Whoop.*) Woo-hoo!

**Rarity:** Yes, yes, woo-hoo. (*Clear throat.*) But just so we know, exactly how long will we be locked in here?

**Employee:** (*eyeing clipboard*) A group of griffons set the record for the fastest escape. It only took them an hour.

**Rainbow:** Hah! Griffons barely like each other. We’re basically the poster-ponies for amazing friendships. (*She zips down into his face.*) So get your quill ready, bub. You’re gonna have to write down a new record!

(*Wipe to Starlight and Trixie in the throne room, Starlight levitating an apple up to rest it on the table.*)

**Starlight:** If you master this spell before the girls get back, you’d be setting some kind of record.

**Trixie:** Challenge accepted.

**Starlight:** Okay. What you want to do is concentrate on the object that you want to teleport.

(*Spike, still reading his comics, looks up to find that the fruit is a bit too close for comfort.*)

**Spike:** Yeah, I’m gonna go…

(*Zip out of his seat; close-up of him standing before a set of doors.*)

**Spike:** …all the way over here.

(*Zoom out quickly to put him at the opposite end of the corridor outside the throne room. The camera stops on the unicorns.*)

**Trixie:** Concentrate on teleporting. Got it! (*Horn fires up.*) Doing the spell!

**Starlight:** (*panicked*) No, Trix, wait! Not just—

(*Here it comes—but the aim is just a hair off and the beam hits the table instead. It disappears to expose the star-marked gold circle that had been visible in the center of the floor before Twilight and company triggered the table’s appearance in “The Cutie Map.” The apple, intact, falls onto this and bounces to a stop between the two sets of hooves; after an agonizingly long beat of dead silence, Starlight moans and collapses in a dead faint.*)

**Trixie:** (*weakly*) Ta-da!

(*Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to an overhead shot of the throne room. Starlight paces the floor as Trixie lounges in Twilight’s seat.*)

**Starlight:** (*groaning, hyperventilating*) No, no, no, no, no, no, no! You made Twilight’s friendship map disappear!

**Trixie:** (*clearing throat*) Teleport.

**Starlight:** (*ticked off*) Really?

(*Having had her own correction thrown back at her does little to improve her mood.*)

**Trixie:** Well, it was behind the apple. It was bound to happen. On the plus side, my magic is getting better. I made a whole table go poof! *That* was pretty impressive. (*Starlight gets in her face.*)

**Starlight:** Trixie, we have to get that map back.

**Trixie:** We’ll find it, no big deal.

**Starlight:** (*pacing a bit*) Twilight’s never gonna trust me to be alone in this castle again! What were you thinking?

**Trixie:** “Teleport,” like you told me to.

(*That stormy red murk begins to issue from Starlight’s horn all over again.*)

**Starlight:** No, you’re supposed to concentrate on the *object*, not just teleporting!

**Trixie:** (*scoffing*) Well, gee. You probably shoulda told me all the steps before you let me do the spell.

**Starlight:** (*fed up, hoof to face*) I tried.

(*She finally notices the miniature tempest above her head and gasps in shock.*)

**Starlight:** I…need a minute.

(*Out she goes at a gallop, Trixie taking a moment to catch on to the departure. Cut to a close-up of a stack of the teacups made by the overeager mare in the prologue and zoom out/tilt down to frame Spike at the kitchen sink next to them. He has donned a pair of yellow rubber gloves to get at the job of washing all this lot. The door bursts open and Starlight races in and o.s., a steady stream of pots, pans, and dishes flying back from that direction to mark her ransacking of the cabinets.*)

**Spike:** Hey. Are you okay? (*Cut to frame both.*)

**Starlight:** I will be— (*She floats a corked, empty bottle down from one shelf.*) —once I cast a spell to contain my anger in this bottle. (*A new angle picks out the stool Spike is using to reach the sink.*)

**Spike:** Wait, what?

**Starlight:** (*pointing above herself*) Do you see this storm cloud? This has never happened before! All this magical energy has to go somewhere, and if I’m not using it to fight a-a magical duel or-or bend my friends’ wills to obey my every command*…*

**Spike:** Hah. I remember that.

**Starlight:** (*needled*) The point is, I don’t know what my magic’s going to do, so I’m hoping if I bottle up my anger, I won’t do who knows what to Trixie.

**Spike:** Are you sure that’s a good idea?

**Starlight:** What choice do I have? I’ve got to get that map back, and…I don’t want to lose Trixie. (*Zoom in on her.*) If she knew what I was thinking right now, she’d probably never talk to me again.

**Spike:** (*uncertainly, pulling one glove off*) Okay. You do what you need to do. I’ll see if I can find the map somewhere in the Castle.

(*He jumps down off his stool. Close-up of the bottle being set on a table and the cork being pulled, then zoom out to frame Starlight. Ever so gingerly, she uses a spell to drain the entire red cloud into the vessel and stopper it, then smiles with relief. Close-up of her saddlebags hanging on the wall; her field opens one flap, lowers the full bottle in, seals the flap, and pulls the pair away and onto her back. Her determination and confidence restored, she trots away.*)

(*Cut to Trixie, idly using her magic to spin the core of the apple she was supposed to teleport—the rest of it has evidently become a snack.*)

**Starlight:** (*from o.s.*) Trixie! (*Zoom out; she is at the throne room doors.*)

**Trixie:** Oh, there you are! (*Core thrown away.*) For a minute, I didn’t think you were coming back and that you might be upset with me for some weird reason. (*Float up a napkin.*) But then I remembered—you never get mad at me.

(*As she wipes her mouth, Starlight lets go with a subdued snarl and a red cloud of anger gushes up from her horn. The cork is pulled from the bottle in her saddlebags just long enough to vacuum it all in, and she sighs with relief as Trixie lets the napkin drop.*)

**Starlight:** (*chuckling*) Nope, not mad at all. So, the map is probably in the last place you were thinking of. Where was that?

**Trixie:** Ooh, great question! I wish you’d asked it, like, right after I did the spell. I don’t remember anymore.

(*Another snarl, another cloud, another Hoover job.*)

**Starlight:** (*trying to keep her cool*) No worries. We’ll just take a walk around town. Maybe that’ll jog your memory.

**Trixie:** (*hopping off throne*) Okay, that sounds fun! (*Gasp; cross to Starlight.*) Ooh!

**Starlight:** Did you remember?

**Trixie:** Nope— (*passing* her) —but I did think we could stop for cinnamon nuts while we’re out.

**Starlight:** (*horn boiling over*) Cinnamon nuts?

(*This batch goes in the bottle too, accompanied by an almost inaudible growl, and she forces herself to smile.*)

**Starlight:** That’s a good idea.

**Trixie:** Yes! I’ve been craving something sweet since I couldn’t have any tea cakes this morning.

(*She finishes this line in a sweetly accusatory tone and moves toward the exit, missing a heavy sigh from Starlight.*)

**Starlight:** (*to herself, following*) You got this, Starlight.

(*Dissolve to a patch of heavy vegetation within the escape room, against which Pinkie pops up in close-up with her cheerleader gear still firmly in place.*)

**Pinkie:** Woo-hoo! Go, Twilight!

(*Longer shot of the entire room, framing her outfit in full: the blue skirt, a sleeveless yellow top edged in pink, bullhorn hanging around neck, pink/gold tail ribbon to match the one in her mane. As Twilight and Applejack study a floor panel that contains a mostly-assembled gem mosaic, Fluttershy, Rainbow, and Rarity pay attention to a fabric “waterfall” studded with smaller stones that has one missing.*)

**Pinkie:** You can do it!

(*Close-up of the panel as Twilight floats one last piece down to fill in the gap; as soon as it makes contact, the whole thing slides apart in two pieces to expose a purple gem whose shape matches that of the outline of the missing one on the waterfall. The egghead Princess floats it up as Pinkie gambols across and the panel closes.*)

**Pinkie:** Woo-hoo!

**Applejack:** Hoo-wee! You solved that triangle-y thing mighty fast. (*toward the waterfall*) Uh, does anypony need a purple jewel?

**Rarity:** Ooh! Plum or boysenberry?

**Applejack:** Don’t both those fruits mean “purple”? (*Close-up of Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Yes, but one’s a lovely purple and one’s…well, icky.

(*A frustrated groan from the o.s. Rainbow; zoom out to frame all six. Pinkie is out of uniform.*)

**Rainbow:** Just put the gem in! We’re trying to set a record here!

(*Taking it in her teeth, Fluttershy flaps her way up to the empty spot and sets it in place, triggering a mechanism that reels the fabric up into the wall. Behind it is a scroll on a ledge. Pinkie darts away and immediately returns suited up to cheer again.*)

**Pinkie:** Yay!

We solved another clue,

’Cause our friendship is so true!

Yay, us! Woo-hoo!

(*She throws an ecstatic grin to the camera before the view dissolves to a close-up of an extremely put-out Starlight, her forelock having gone somewhat limp. Behind her, the display cases of a jewelry store can be seen; pan to follow her glare over to Trixie, who is obliviously pouring snacks into her mouth from a levitated bag. As she chews over the lot, the camera cuts to frame more of the establishment and the mare in charge steps out from a back room. Seen from the back up for the moment, she is a blue-gray earth pony with a curly, two-tone mane/tail in light gray and medium green eyes. The mane is held back by a dark green eyeshade and a gold band, she wears small jeweled earrings, and portions of a dark gray scarf and brown upper garment can be seen. The camera angle and distance obscure her cutie mark.*)

**Jeweler:** Well, hello, fillies. Uh, how can I help you?

(*A close-up picks out the brown garment as a vest, under which the edge of a light yellow blouse trimmed in light blue is visible, and the mark as a pair of earrings. The tail is bound in a gold band of its own.*)

**Jeweler:** Oh! Are those cinnamon nuts?

**Trixie:** (*mouth empty*) Mmm, yes! (*pointing through the open front door*) I got them from the cart outside. They’re delicious!

(*The cart in question has Bulk Biceps harnessed to it, in a red apron, white shirt collar, and red/white paper cap. She maneuvers the bag toward the jeweler.*)

**Trixie:** Do you want some?

**Starlight:** (*hastily, slinging it aside*) Have you seen a big table? (*Trixie brings it back.*) Magical map on it, sometimes glowing cutie marks shoot out?

**Jeweler:** A big t—? No, no! Uh, why in Equestria would something like that be in here? (*Chuckle.*)

**Trixie:** Well, I cast a pretty amazing spell that transported it to the last place I was thinking of. But I might have been thinking of how I’d treat myself to a nice brooch instead.

[*Animation goof: Starlight’s forelock briefly resumes its normal appearance during this exchange.*]

(*On the end of this line, cut to her perspective of one in the case right in front of the jeweler as she points to it. The camera then tilts up to the blue-gray mare.*)

**Jeweler:** Ah, well, no huge table here. Uh…are you still interested in that brooch? (*Back to Trixie.*)

**Trixie:** Sure!

**Starlight:** No!

(*With a glare that could etch glass, she magically drags the showboating unicorn away, nuts and all. They settle down on the other side of the shop floor, Starlight’s entire mane now going limp.*)

**Starlight:** We don’t have time for this! (*Trixie eats.*) Twilight and the girls are gonna be back soon!

(*Her horn storms up on the end of this, so she lets her magic bottle do its thing to clear the air and collects herself.*)

**Starlight:** But I’m not upset. What’s our next stop?

(*Wipe to a long shot of the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres, zooming in slowly. The two mares are at the side door to meet with Granny Smith, who has opened its top half for them; close-up. Starlight’s mane has regained its usual curl, though her forelock has not, and Trixie keeps chowing down.*)

**Granny:** Nope, I ain’t seen it.

**Starlight:** Are you sure? It’s really, *really* important that we find it. And it might be here because *somepony* was craving apples.

(*She fires another hard look at Trixie on “somepony” as the red haze swirls up afresh. Into the bottle it goes.*)

**Trixie:** I’m still craving them. They’d go so well with cinnamon nuts. (*She floats the bag over to Granny, who sniffs deeply.*)

**Granny:** Oh, them nuts sure do smell good. (*Chuckle.*)

**Starlight:** (*magically pitching it away*) Granny Smith, *please!* The table?

**Granny:** (*mumbling a bit*) Huh? Well, my eyes ain’t what they used to be, but I’d know for sure if a big old table done appear out of thin air.

(*Starlight just groans and plods away, Trixie following. Dissolve to a patch of earth near the base of a tree somewhere in Ponyville. The “teacup poodle” Trixie created in the prologue bounds out from the roots with a yip and scrambles down the block, the camera panning to follow it and stopping on Bulk and his cart across the street. He is out of the harness and checking over his latest batch of treats. Zoom out to a longer shot as the mares walk past from the opposite direction, Trixie trotting brightly ahead; now all of Starlight’s mane/tail are hanging listlessly off both ends of her, matching her gait and demeanor perfectly.*)

**Trixie:** Darn! I could’ve sworn it’d be at the ice cream parlor, because it was warm in the Castle and I thought I wanted ice cream and— (*Stop; Starlight catches up.*) —ooh! Maybe we should check out the Crystal Empire ’cause Twilight’s castle is made out of crystal, so I totally had crystals on my mind.

(*Here comes the cloud again, which Starlight wearily siphons into her container.*)

**Starlight:** (*trudging off*) Okay, we better start moving if we want to make it to the Crystal Empire.

**Trixie:** Are you okay, Starlight? (*She catches up.*) Because you seem a little… (*Sigh.*) …what’s the word?

(*She finishes the thought by uttering an inarticulate, tongue-lolling sound meant to convey a general feeling of glumness. It stops the disheveled unicorn in her tracks; Trixie pauses as well, and this time she gets a good clear view of Starlight snarling and venting a cloud of anger that ends up in her bottle.*)

**Starlight:** (*woodenly*) Nope. I am great.

**Trixie:** Did your saddlebag just glow?

**Starlight:** (*scared*) No.

**Trixie:** (*trying to levitate it off*) Gimme!

**Starlight:** No…

**Trixie:** Give it here!

**Starlight:** Don’t… (*She pulls back on the bag.*)

**Trixie:** What’s in this?

**Bulk:** CINNAMON NUTS!!

(*Here comes the jeweler to buy a batch; a moment later Granny is standing with her.*)

**Granny:** Ooh, I have had a hankerin’ for these all day.

**Jeweler:** Uh, me too, ever since that Trixie came by with them.

(*The tug-of-war over Starlight’s saddlebags continues for another moment until one heave on her part yanks them out of Trixie’s grip and sends her tumbling across the cobbles and o.s. A camera-shaking thud marks her impact with part of the architecture, and the action shifts to slow motion as the bottle tumbles through the air. It shatters at the hooves of the three ponies at the cart, normal speed resuming, and the scarlet miasma of Starlight’s enmity toward Trixie wells up among them. The pinkish-violet mare straightens up with a choked gasp of terror, seeing the swirls absorb into their bodies and turn all six eyes to a pupil-less, glowing red. The jeweler, having just set her teeth into a bag of nuts to take it from Bulk’s own, lets it drop to the ground, and all three faces harden into expressions of clear hostility. The ponies advance slowly across the street toward the dazed, supine Trixie and loom over her; shaking her head clear, she stands up and looks from one to another with purest bewilderment.*)

**Trixie:** (*small voice*) Um, why are they looking at me like that?

(*Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to an overhead shot of the face-off and zoom in slowly. Starlight has fetched up near the tree and is watching with deep worry. At ground level, Bulk snarls quietly and Granny smacks her front hooves together, ready for a scrap, as Trixie gets partway upright.*)

**Trixie:** Whoa!

**Granny:** You ruined my tea cakes!

**Trixie:** What?

(*She drops to her haunches and scrambles frantically backwards, only to run into the jeweler.*)

**Jeweler:** You just had to give Twilight those smelly pretzels!

**Trixie:** Were they your pretzels? I don’t understand.

**Bulk:** YOU DON’T PAY ATTENTION WHEN I’M TRYING TO TEACH YOU!!

**Trixie:** (*diving through his legs and away*) Starlight, can you help me, *please?*

(*Wipe to a close-up of a smiling Applejack in the escape room.*)

**Applejack:** (*backing to one side, pointing to a patch of wall*) Uh, Twilight, can you help me, please?

(*Twilight promptly wraps those stones in her power and pulls them away. Behind them are three jewels—triangle, square, circle—set into the masonry. Rainbow flies over for a look.*)

**Rainbow:** I’ve seen those symbols! (*She flashes across to the gem wheel on the central platform.*) Over here!

(*Pinkie is already standing next to it, out of her cheerleader garb.*)

**Pinkie:** You can do it!

(*One violet, one pink, and one blue hoof each press the section for a different one of the three gems, causing them to glow and trip a mechanism. Pan from them to Fluttershy and Rarity, next to a trapdoor in the floor.*)

**Rarity:** Almost there!

(*It drops open so that a small pedestal can emerge up into view, bearing a key.*)

**Fluttershy:** I’ve got the key!

(*Snatch it in teeth. Fly across the room. Slot it into the keyhole on the door through which they entered this room. Twilight pulls into a hover.*)

**Twilight:** This is it! (*landing*) I’m so impressed. (*Rainbow joins them.*)

**Rainbow:** I’m not. I knew we were the best!

(*Wipe to a Ponyville street; Granny stands up into view in close-up.*)

**Granny:** You’re the worst! (*Camera shift: she is facing down Trixie.*)

**Trixie:** That seems harsh.

**Granny:** (*swinging at her*) Hai-yah!

**Trixie:** (*ducking*) Whoa! (*sprinting away*) STARLIGHT!!

(*Cut to her, slumped dejectedly on her hooves with head nearly brushing the ground. Trixie races by.*)

**Trixie:** I don’t know what’s happening! (*now o.s; the other three charge after her*) Starlight, help me!

(*The exhausted unicorn tries to get a spell going, but it fizzles out in a weak spark.*)

**Starlight:** I’m glad Twilight isn’t here to see this.

(*Wipe to a close-up of a proudly smiling Twilight.*)

***Upbeat mandolin melody with bass drum and pizzicato strings, fast 4 (B flat major)***

**Twilight:** I wish that Starlight was here to see how strong friendships can be when we trust each other and work together. You’ve all taught me so much.

***Mandolin out; electric guitar/bass, percussion in***

**Twilight:** Friendship used to make me so queasy, queasy

(*The room behind her fades to black and the other five each train spotlights on her.*)

But you made it all so easy, easy

(*She sings against a backdrop of question marks and fades to a silhouette, with a thought bubble appearing in her head that contains all six mares.*)

Now I don’t have to say what I’m thinking

(*Zoom in on this; a group hug commences.*)

You already know without even blinking

***Pizzicato strings, electric guitar out; mandolin, acoustic guitar, bowed strings in***

(*A rain of apples changes the scene to a path in Sweet Apple Acres; Applejack pulls a loaded cart and all others but Rainbow put their heads up among the fruit.*)

**Applejack:** You girls are the apple of my eye

(*Rainbow loops around them and past the camera, the view changing to a patch of sky.*)

**Rainbow:** The race that doesn’t end in a tie

***Piano in***

(*A checkered flag waves past; now Pinkie stands in close-up, holding a plate of fried goodness.*)

**Pinkie:** You are the funnel cake at my fair

(*Zoom in on it; a cherry drops onto it, splattering whipped cream that clears to show Fluttershy being hugged by her bear friend Harry.*)

**Fluttershy:** The warm hug of a fuzzy bear

(*All six appear together, trotting through a countryside that displays a pronounced curve as if they were on a very small planet. The seasons change through an entire year, their accessories shifting accordingly.*)

***Piano out; lyrics echo slightly***

**All:** Best friends until the end of time

(*They cluster against a backdrop of hearts, then advance toward the camera and peel off to alternating sides.*)

We’ll have each other’s backs and let our true selves shine

***Stoptime; echo ends***

(*Panels showing Twilight and Rainbow slide in from opposite sides to fill the screen, which then splits four more times to show all six.*)

And that’s because everything we need is all right here

(*The panels slide apart; now they are in a pyramid formation, with Twilight at the top.*)

When we’re with our team

***Stoptime ends; original instrumentation resumes***

(*Wipe to Trixie fleeing madly past a dispirited Starlight across a Ponyville street to stay just ahead of her three crazed pursuers.*)

**Trixie:** *STARLIGHT!!* (*climbing a tree*) A spark of magic could be very helpful right about now!

**Starlight:** (*straining, then giving up*) I can’t.

***Mandolin out; electric guitar/bass, percussion, pizzicato strings in***

(*Wipe to a close-up of Twilight walking ahead; Applejack and Pinkie fall in to either side.*)

**Twilight:** I simply can’t imagine there’d be a day

(*Zoom out; all six march in a line, each on a different color of a rainbow.*)

Where I wouldn’t want to be walking your way

(*A quill sweeps past, the view wiping behind it to show her marking off the last box on a checklist that shows the faces of the other five.*)

Whatever new problems there may be, may be

(*It is swept away; now she fits the key to leave the escape room into a door, opens it, and swings it open so the other five can enter in a happy mass.*)

A friendship is always the door with a key

***Pizzicato strings, electric guitar out; mandolin, acoustic guitar, bowed strings in***

(*Rarity trots in place atop one of five diamonds, each showing the face of a different friend.*)

**Rarity:** You are the jewels in my friendship crown

(*Twilight fires a spell into the night sky, setting off fireworks that leave all six faces floating among the stars.*)

**Twilight:** The sparks that make my world go ’round

***Piano in***

(*The pyrotechnic images sing next.*)

**All:** We bring the best out, that’s our goal

(*A blue eye rises into view in extreme close-up; it is Pinkie’s, magnified by a spyglass, and the camera zooms out to put the group on a small boat.*)

There’s no telling how far we’ll go

***Piano out; lyrics echo slightly***

(*A wave washes over the screen and shifts the view back to the small-planet trot of the previous chorus. The visuals accompanying this chorus are identical to the first one.*)

**All:** Best friends until the end of time

We’ll have each other’s backs and let our true selves shine

***Stoptime; echo ends***

And that’s because everything we need is all right here

When we’re with our team

***Song ends***

(*The escape room fades into view behind them as they hold the pyramid pose and the last chord dies away. Behind them, a hidden wall panel slides open to show the employee in a control room behind a window. A microphone rests on the desk before him.*)

**Employee:** (*amplified*) That was lovely. But, um… (*Close-up; he is heard normally.*) …you know the game isn’t over until you turn that key?

(*Pan/tilt down quickly to an extreme close-up of it, still hanging in the door’s lock, then cut back to the six mares. Rainbow yelps in sudden fright and charges toward the door, leaving the other five to hit the floor in a pile, and clamps her teeth on the key to turn it. An electronic chime rings out.*)

**Rainbow:** Did we do it?

(*The control room again; the employee taps a button and looks at a wall clock behind him.*)

**Employee:** So close. (*The room again; Rainbow returns to the others. Voice amplified.*) You missed the griffon record by two seconds. (*Control room again; normal.*) Probably shouldn’t have sung that song.

**Rainbow:** Aw, nuts!

(*Wipe to the upper portion of Bulk’s nut cart; it rises in the red-eyed meathead’s grip.*)

**Bulk:** AWWWWWWWWWW… (*He lets fly toward Trixie.*)

**Trixie:** *NUTS!!*

(*She kicks her hooves into overdrive and disappears between two houses a fraction of a second before the rig crashes down there. In close-up, she staggers woozily around the corner and back into view, taking a moment to shake her head clear as loose nuts rain down around her.*)

**Bulk:** (*galloping to her*) YOU JUST DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO DO!! (*She peels out again…*)

**Trixie:** Starlight! (*…but skids to a stop before Granny and drops to her haunches.*)

**Granny:** (*slightly short of breath*) And you don’t always have to bring up my darned past!

**Trixie:** I didn’t know you had one, Granny Smith!

(*With an inarticulate, mumbling cry, the Apple matriarch whips out a purse and throws it to the ground—a weak attempt at assault. Trixie stands up at the sound of a shout from the o.s. jeweler, whose eyeshade whistles into view; she ducks to avoid it as it arcs back like a boomerang, and the blue-gray mare catches it and settles it back on her head.*)

**Jeweler:** I just can’t believe you sometimes! You make me so mad!

**Trixie:** I barely even know you! (*as they all close in*) I don’t understand why you’re all so mad at me!

**Starlight:** (*from o.s., tiredly*) They’re not.

(*Zoom out slightly to put her in the fore.*)

**Starlight:** I am.

(*She is very surprised to find a white spark with a red corona flaring up at the tip of her horn. The red mist pours from the eyes of the three affected by it, coalescing into a single large cloud, and they return to their normal appearances and behaviors. Starlight’s mane and tail regain their usual curl.*)

**Trixie:** (*floored*) *You* are?

**Starlight:** (*sighing, but gaining strength*) I’m really…mad at you. You lost Twilight’s map table. You make jokes like it’s no big deal. It’s like you don’t even care you could get me in a lot of trouble. If we can’t find that table, Twilight’s never going to trust me again! And the worst part is, *you didn’t even say you were sorry!*

**Trixie:** I…I-I’m sorry. I had no idea you felt that way.

**Starlight:** Yeah! I do!

(*One heavy sigh causes the cloud to dissipate and the spark on her horn to wink out; she continues in a calmer tone.*)

**Starlight:** But to be fair, I don’t know how you could’ve known. I did a spell that bottled up my anger, but when the bottle broke, it infected these three. I’m really sorry. I used magic so I wouldn’t use magic. I should’ve guessed that would backfire. (*Close-up of the jeweler, smiling.*)

**Jeweler:** Oh, that’s all right. It was a slow day.

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) Yeah… (*Pan across Bulk to her.*) …I was gonna get my dentures cleaned ’fore y’all showed up.

(*She cranks off a grin that shows them to be in remarkably good shape as it is. After a beat of silence, Bulk yelps in alarm.*)

**Bulk:** (*galloping away*) OH, NO!! (*Zoom out; he brings back the remains of…*) MY NUT CART!!

(*He drops the wreckage to the street; cut to Starlight. With barely a pause, she works up a spell that not only reassembles it good as new but also repacks all the spilled snacks.*)

**Bulk:** YAY!! MY NUT CART!!

**Jeweler:** (*from o.s.*) Uh, hang on. (*Cut to her and Granny.*) Don’t you work at the spa? (*He sucks in a huge, panicked gasp.*)

**Bulk:** I’M LATE FOR MY OTHER JOB!! (*suddenly calm; he shrugs*) What? I wear many hats.

(*He proceeds to trundle the cart away, and the other two victims depart to get back to their daily business, leaving Starlight and Trixie alone in the street.*)

**Trixie:** Not gonna lie. Hearing you and those random ponies say all those terrible things about me wasn’t easy, but I needed to hear it. Why didn’t you just tell me how you felt?

**Starlight:** I didn’t want to lose you as a friend.

**Trixie:** (*smiling, touching Starlight’s shoulder*) Pfft! Come on. (*Starlight smiles as well.*) It’d take a lot more than that to lose me. Our friendship is stronger than a few angry words.

**Starlight:** And a magical temper tantrum?

**Trixie:** Listen. I’d take that over the boring pony you were becoming any day. The Starlight I love is passionate, lively, and yeah, sometimes angry. Those are my favorite parts of you—that, and the fact that you forgive me every time.

(*Starlight touches Trixie’s chest with a giggle.*)

**Starlight:** I’ll forgive you if you forgive me. (*They embrace.*)

**Trixie:** Deal. (*Gasp.*) I remember what I was thinking about!

(*Wipe to the waiting area of the Ponyville Spa; the door swings open to let the pair in. The camera angle frames a portion of a very familiar, flat, crystalline surface directly in front of them, and part of a mare’s forelegs and towel-wrapped head stretch into view on it. A zoom out tells it all: the missing table has wound up here and is being used by Bulk to give a massage to the client lying on it. He has donned the headband and jersey he used while on masseur duty in “Castle Sweet Castle” and “Applejack’s ‘Day’ Off.”*)

**Starlight:** You’re kidding me.

**Trixie:** There’s more to it than that. I was thinking about how glad I am to have met you, and I remembered our first meeting—here at the Ponyville Spa. (*horn glowing*) And now I just have to teleport it back.

**Starlight:** (*tackling her*) No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

(*Recall that the meeting in question occurred in “No Second Prances.” The tackle sends both of them o.s., and a hearty crash marks their wipeout. Bulk just shrugs his massive shoulders and goes right back to his massage.*)

(*Wipe to the throne room. The table is being lowered slowly back into place under Starlight’s control, with Trixie watching and Spike supervising. Close-up of him.*)

**Spike:** A little to the left…Oh! Now rotate it just a hair…

(*The doors behind him swing open so that Twilight and company can come in, scaring him a bit.*)

**Twilight:** Hey, girls. How’d it go?

(*Starlight and Trixie look in her direction, the former losing her concentration so that the table thuds perfectly into place.*)

**Starlight, Trixie:** (*hastily*) Nothing!

**Twilight:** (*puzzled*) What?

**Starlight:** Uh, let’s just say I learned a friendship lesson while you were gone.

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) You’ve barely graduated, and you’re already taking initiative! (*wiping away sudden tears*) Oh…so proud.

**Fluttershy:** We learned about team building, and problem solving…

**Pinkie:** And when not to sing songs!

**Rarity:** We certainly had a good time, but I really was looking forward to a spa day—*and* the Ponyville Spa’s still open. Anyone?

(*She gets a round of agreement from the other five as Spike crosses to them. All eyes turn in the direction of Starlight and Trixie; cut to them. They trade disbelieving looks before smiling back at the bunch.*)

**Trixie:** We’ll meet you there.

(*She waits until the sound of exiting hooves has begun to fade before addressing Starlight.*)

**Trixie:** Quick! Do you have a spell that will make the spa ponies forget that the map table was there?

**Starlight:** Haven’t you learned anything about using magic to solve your problems?

**Trixie:** (*slyly*) No. If we learned *that* lesson, how will we ever have fun?

(*The two partners in mayhem share a giggle. Dissolve to a long shot of the Castle in late afternoon, zooming out slowly through the houses on the outskirts of Ponyville, and fade to black.*)