**SURF AND/OR TURF**

**Written by Brian Hohlfield**

**Produced by Devon Cody**

**Story editing by Nicole Dubuc, Josh Haber**

**Supervising direction by Jim Miller**

**Directed by Denny Lu, Mike Myhre**

**Transcribed by Alan Back (**[**ajback@yahoo.com**](mailto:ajback@yahoo.com)**)**

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to an overhead shot of the throne room in the Castle of Friendship. Twilight Sparkle sits in her seat, placidly regarding the magical map on the central table. Zoom in slowly and cut to a close-up; there is the sound of the doors being opened, and the camera pans slightly to frame the Cutie Mark Crusaders galloping in with cutie marks pulsing.*)

**Scootaloo:** Princess Twilight! (*Twilight hops down to face them.*)

**Crusaders:** We’re glowing!

**Twilight:** (*giggling*) That’s what happens when you’re summoned by the map.

**Sweetie Belle:** Somepony needs *our* help?

**Apple Bloom:** *We’re* being called by the map?

**Scootaloo:** Did I mention we’re glowing?

(*She turns this way and that in search of a better viewing angle as Twilight giggles again, once she gets herself under control, the three fillies hoist themselves up to survey the little terrain.*)

**Scootaloo:** So, where exactly in Equestria are we needed?

**Twilight:** Actually, where you’re going isn’t even in Equestria.

(*The camera zooms out to the opposite edge of the table, where copies of the trio’s cutie marks are circling lazily around the peak of Mont Aeris.*)

**Sweetie:** Wow! That’s almost…off the table!

**Bloom:** But…what’s way out there?

**Twilight:** Mount Aeris, the home of the hippogriffs. And that’s where you’re headed.

**Crusaders:** (*awestruck*) Whoa…

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the platform of the Ponyville train station, crowded with travelers passing one way or another during the day. A train stands at the ready; Twilight, Bloom, and Sweetie are just outside one open door, each with an assortment of luggage. The fillies’ marks have quieted down; the same will be true for Scootaloo when she appears next.*)

**Sweetie:** You *really* don’t need to come with us, Twilight. We can take care of this mission just fine on our own.

**Bloom:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm.

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s.*) Yeah!

(*Here she comes, helmet strapped on and riding her scooter at a truly ridiculous speed—just in time to get hit broadside by a fully loaded luggage cart. The impact sends her, the suitcases, and their contents flying every which way, accompanied by two grunts from o.s. Bloom and an engineer stallion find the other two Crusaders on opposite ends of the pile—Scootaloo on top, Sweetie half-buried at the bottom. The disgruntled young unicorn spits out a scarf as the pegasus offers a weak grin. Twilight’s magic makes short work of tucking all the fallen items away, straightening up the suitcases, and setting Sweetie upright.*)

**Twilight:** I know that. (*dusting off Sweetie’s horn*) But I’m not so sure the ponies who care about you want you going off so far on your own. (*The engineer gives Scootaloo a dirty look and pushes the luggage cart away.*) Besides, there’s some school business I need to take care of on Mount Aeris.

(*She floats out a scroll and unrolls it: a form bearing a head-and-shoulders picture of Silverstream.*)

**Twilight:** This permission slip is for Silverstream. It’s very important that her mother and father sign it, or else no field trips.

**Scootaloo:** (*aside, to Bloom/Sweetie*) Sounds like somepony just wants a vacation. (*All three giggle.*)

**Twilight:** (*rolling/stowing scroll*) Okay, yes, I have been wanting to visit Mount Aeris ever since the hippogriffs moved back. But it’s…purely research. Silverstream’s brother is gonna meet us there and take us to their houses.

**Bloom:** Wow! They have more than one house?

**Twilight:** I guess so. The social structure of the hippogriffs and sea ponies is a bit of a mystery.

(*A conductor stallion emerges from the next car down.*)

**Conductor:** All aboard! Last stop, the new Mount Aeris Station!

(*His retreat inside is met by a babel of excited talk and a general move toward the doors. Once all have boarded, the engineer—having taken his place in the locomotive—lets the whistle sing out and the wheels start to roll. Clouds of steam hiss up to fill the screen, then clear to show the Ponyville quartet seated in one car, Twilight and Scootaloo facing Bloom and Sweetie. Bloom watches the passing scenery through the window, while her two partners in cutie mark mayhem are perusing brochures. Scootaloo has removed her helmet and stashed her scooter.*)

**Sweetie:** I don’t know if I’d like being a hippogriff. Part bird, part pony?

**Scootaloo:** (*flexing wings*) I’m happy with just my pony parts, thanks. (*Close-up of Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** I think hippogriffs *are* pretty neat. I learned all about them from Applejack. (*Zoom out slowly; all eyes gradually turn to her.*) The hippogriffs all once lived happily on Mount Aeris. But when the Storm King invaded, they used a magic pearl to turn into sea ponies and escaped to the underwater safety of Seaquestria. (*dramatically, in close-up*) Then, in the Battle of Canterlot, when Applejack defeated the Storm King—

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Wait. What? (*Cut to her and Scootaloo.*) She told you *she* defeated him? By herself?

**Bloom:** Uh…maybe she didn’t say that exactly, but it makes for a better story.

(*The audience quickly loses interest, but Twilight allows herself an indulgent little giggle as the train’s whistle asserts itself.*)

**Conductor:** (*from o.s.*) Final stop, Mount Aeris Station! (*Scootaloo zips to the window.*)

**Scootaloo:** Huh!

(*Cut to just outside the windows on this side as nearly every rider crowds to the glass.*)

**Crusaders:** Whoa…

(*Long shot of Mount Aeris, tilting down from summit to base. Where the near-vertical rock face and its switchback trail had been completely barren when Twilight and company visited during My Little Pony: The Movie, they now display lush meadows and clusters of houses. The train chugs along an isthmus that connects the mountain’s island to the mainland and pulls in at a station overlooking the beach. A flight of steps leads down from its platform to a pier. The train stops, its doors opening to allow travelers—mostly ponies, with a couple of hippogriffs mixed in—to stream out. The hippogriffs wear crystal pendants similar to the one used by Silverstream and General Seaspray in “School Daze”; the same will be true of nearly all other members of their race when later seen. Twilight and the Crusaders are last to leave, Scootaloo and Sweetie having disposed of their brochures.*)

**Sweetie:** All right. So what kind of cutie-mark-related friendship problem do you think we’re supposed to solve?

**Twilight:** I don’t know, but hippogriffs don’t have cutie marks. So it might not have anything to do with that at all.

(*This throws the youngsters for a loop, but a glance at the haunches of the two who left the train confirms the truth of her words. Zoom in on one unmarked patch of hide, then cut to a pensive Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** Huh. Still, the map called us, so it must be a kinda problem that only we can solve.

(*One yellow, one orange, and one white hoof clunk together in a three-way high five in close-up; zoom out to frame the fillies.*)

**Crusaders:** Go, Crusaders! (*Break.*)

**Sweetie:** But…how do we know exactly who we’re supposed to help?

(*Tossing her a sly wink, Scootaloo steps away from the group and clears her throat.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*voice raised*) Attention, please! Anygriff here have a problem?

(*Heads are shaken and passersby go about their business.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*normal volume*) Eh, that’s all I got. (*She rejoins the others.*)

**Bloom:** (*to Twilight*) Maybe if the map could be a little more specific about our mission, like maybe an address?

(*This last word is spoken with emphasis on the first syllable, not uncommon in the South.*)

**Twilight:** The map doesn’t really work like that, but I’m sure you and whoever needs help will find each other.

(*All four trot down the steps and along the pier, but a bit of o.s. splashing and a young male voice bring them up short.*)

**Male voice:** Excuse me! Miss Sparkle? Over here!

(*Cut to the speaker, Terramar, a sea pony who has surfaced from the water only as far as his head and shoulders to wave them down. White hide; two-tone pale blue-green mane/hoof fins with a faint green tinge, the former short and slightly unruly; eyes matching the darker portions of the fins; crystal pendant.*)

**Terramar:** Sorry I’m late. I’m Silverstream’s brother, Terramar. (*Back to the pier.*)

**Bloom:** (*to Scootaloo, Sweetie in turn*) A hippogriff can have a sea pony for a brother? How does that work, exactly?

**Sweetie:** (*hushed*) Shhh! It’s rude to ask a question like that!

(*A wave of light begins to play over them from his direction; cut to the water again. Terramar has touched a hoof to his pendant, triggering a brilliant burst that leaves him as a hovering hippogriff. His beak, talons, and rear hoof tips are pale gray, as are the tips of the feathers that fringe the ends of his forelegs. His flight toward the pier indicates that he is roughly the same height as Twilight.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s.*) Whoa! (*Cut to the group; he lands nearby and turns to them.*)

**Bloom:** (*to Sweetie*) Can I ask now? (*Sweetie throws her a sour, sidewise glance.*)

**Terramar:** (*chuckling*) It is kinda strange. See, after the Storm King was defeated, the sea ponies didn’t have to hide anymore, so some of them changed back to hippogriffs and went home to Mount Aeris.

**Twilight:** But others got used to living under the water and stayed in Seaquestria. (*Terramar nods.*)

**Terramar:** And me? (*scratching back of neck*) Well, I kinda go back and forth with this.

(*He points out his pendant.*)

**Terramar:** It’s a tiny piece of the magic pearl. It was split up among our kingdoms. (*The Crusaders eye it closely.*)

**Crusaders:** Whoa! / Cool!

**Twilight:** (*pacing*) Well, I’m pretty eager to see the hippogriff village— (*floating her scroll out from behind herself*) —you know, to get this form signed. (*putting it away*) And…research! So…

(*She leads the other four away.*)

**Bloom:** Hey, Terramar, does anygriff you know up there have a problem they need help with?

**Terramar:** (*chuckling*) On Mount Aeris? No, everygriff is pretty happy up there. (*sighing happily*) It’s a great place to live.

(*On this last sentence, the camera tilts up, putting him out of view, to frame the trail leading up to the now-thriving village at the peak. Dissolve to a close-up of the heads of the two stone hippogriffs that flank the main gate and zoom out. All five have gained the plateau and found the locals amusing themselves with various pursuits.*)

**Twilight:** (*giddily*) Whoa! This looks amazing! Last time I was here, it was a ghost town!

**Terramar:** Yeah. Queen Novo thought it was important to return our village to its former glory.

(*And a zoom out to a long shot points up the success of that endeavor. A flag is run up a pole: two white hippogriffs in gold armor on a gray background, raising a gold-trimmed shield emblazoned with a stylized blue jellyfish. A fanfare is blown on elongated seashell trumpets, and an armored blue male touches down by the flagpole. Dark orange eyes; mane/tail in white and pale gray; beak/talons/rear hoof tips in a darker shade than his coat; white edging on the feathers that line each leg; the blue jellyfish from the flag on his chest plate. This is Skybeak.*)

**Skybeak:** And now, I officially open the “Glad to Be a Hippogriff” Festival!

(*The trumpeters play again as cheers break out up and down the block, and a second male steps up to face Skybeak. His coat/beak/talons/hooves/edging are in shades of pinkish-red, his armor is steel rather than gold, the eyes are dark blue, and his mane/tail sport two shades of light blue. After bowing to one another, they shoot upward amid a fresh burst of cheering. What follows is a round of midair acrobatics that culminates in Skybeak tackling his flying partner before both drop into a hover on either side of the flag. The demonstration complete, they fly off.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*hovering briefly*) Wow! We picked a good day to show up!

**Terramar:** (*slightly deflated*) Not really. We do this every weekend. Hippogriffs really like being hippogriffs.

(*Yet another jubilant response shakes him out of his brief funk; down come the two soldiers for a landing.*)

**Skybeak:** (*chuckling, pointing*) There’s my boy!

**Terramar:** (*brightening*) Hi, Dad! (*They hurry to embrace one another.*)

**Skybeak:** Haven’t seen you in days, son. Wish you’d come around more often. (*He ruffles Terramar’s mane.*)

**Terramar:** Oh, Dad! (*gesturing to others*) These are Silverstream’s friends from Equestria. They came up to—

(*Cut to them on the end of this, Twilight throwing in a bow, then back to Skybeak, gasping happily and putting talons to cheeks.*)

**Skybeak:** Princess Twilight Sparkle!

(*He lets go with a piercing, eagle-like cry that causes all three fillies to yelp in mixed surprise and pain, Scootaloo to pitch to the ground, and the other two to cover their ears.*)

**Skybeak:** (*voice raised*) Attention, everygriff! Princess Twilight Sparkle is here! She’s Silverstream’s teacher.

(*With much gasping and excited murmuring, prompted by one or the other of these two pieces of information, the admiring crowd quickly closes in around the visiting Princess. They make way for Skybeak’s approach, though.*)

**Skybeak:** (*normal volume*) Here to take in the marvel that is Mount Aeris, Your Highness?

**Twilight:** (*beaming*) Absolutely! (*levitating/opening scroll*) And to have you sign a form for Silverstream.

**Skybeak:** Glad to. (*foreleg across shoulders, pulling her close*) But first, let’s show the Princess some real Mount Aeris hospitality! To the refreshment tent, for a stein of salmon juice!

(*All the hippogriffs head in that general direction, followed by Twilight, who pauses briefly to aim a nonchalant shrug behind herself.*)

**Twilight:** Eh, research. See you later! (*walking off*) And good luck! I know you’ll find your mission!

**Sweetie:** (*to Terramar*) Well, your dad’s certainly… (*He and the Crusaders start walking.*) …outgoing, isn’t he?

**Terramar:** He’s a great guy. All my relatives are nice. That’s kinda the problem.

**Sweetie:** (*over end of previous*) Wait! Stop!

(*Cupping a hoof to one ear, she can discern a distant, ethereal melody.*)

**Sweetie:** What’s that wonderful sound?

(*The party of four stops not far from a gateway leading to a lush grove still higher up the mountain. The otherworldly music is emanating from this area.*)

**Terramar:** Those are the Harmonizing Heights. Legend says that—

(*He gets no further before the white filly sprints away at a speed that would earn a nod of approval from any Wonderbolt. She comes to a dust-spreading stop in close-up, the camera zooming out quickly to a long shot of the verdant expanse beyond the gateway. Everything Sweetie finds—birds tweeting on a tree branch, a clear blue stream whose surface is totally unruffled, splashing through the water and hopping across the stepping stones that bridge it—is nothing short of utterly enrapturing for her. She stops on the opposite bank and rises to her hind legs as the others catch up.*)

**Sweetie:** (*twirling/leaping around them*) Woo-hoo! Yeah! Awesome! I love this!

**Terramar:** (*to Bloom/Scootaloo*) Uh, is she okay?

(*Their only response is a humoring, “stick around and you’ll get it” smile from Bloom. A longer shot reveals that the stream is fed by one of several waterfalls that cascade down from the rocky pinnacle.*)

**Sweetie:** This is absolutely the best place ever! (*She comes to rest and addresses Terramar.*) You are *so* lucky!

**Scootaloo:** And you get to swim in the ocean! You have two great places to live!

**Bloom:** How do you make up your mind which one to stay in?

**Terramar:** (*sadly*) I can’t. That’s the problem.

(*Questioning looks flash among the three equine faces.*)

**Bloom:** (*smiling*) Did you say “problem”?

**Sweetie:** *You* have a problem?

(*Cut to him; he nods gravely just before three hooves shoot into view for a high five.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s.*) Yes!

(*Terramar cringes a bit, the realization sinking in that his dilemma is perhaps about to take a hard left turn. Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the peak of Mount Aeris. A joyful whoop from Sweetie rings over the skies, startling flocks of birds into flight; cut to her.*)

**Sweetie:** We discovered our mission!

**Scootaloo:** All right!

**Bloom:** We did it!

(*Now it is her turn to crank off a whoop as the three share a group hug—but celebration turns to puzzlement on every face as they take note of Terramar. A nervous little chuckle from Sweetie as they fall in line.*)

**Scootaloo:** Sorry. You were talking about your problem?

**Terramar:** (*pacing*) Right. Like I said, Mount Aeris is one great place to live. (*He glances over a row of bushes at the festival farther below.*) That’s why Silverstream and my dad and some of my cousins came back here.

(*Close-up of the stream, his reflection appearing in the calm water.*)

**Terramar:** But Seaquestria is another great place to live. (*The Crusaders join him.*) That’s where my mom is.

**Sweetie:** Ohhhh! I—I didn’t know that. (*Back to the four; they turn from the stream.*)

**Terramar:** So no matter where I am, I feel like I’m letting someone down.

**Bloom:** No wonder you’re having such a hard time deciding.

**Terramar:** And I have to choose soon. Every other griff my age already knows where they belong. (*scratching back of neck*) I’m still not sure.

(*Mildly confused looks on the fillies’ faces turn to smiles of inspiration.*)

**Scootaloo:** When in doubt, chart it out!

(*Her two colleagues nod and grin. Dissolve to a close-up of a sheet of paper and a crayon lying on the grass. The sheet has blanks for a two-column list headed by drawings of Mount Aeris and an ocean wave to represent Seaquestria. Scootaloo’s hoof nudges it forward.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s., pointing out each*) Now, we put down everything great about each place— (*Cut to the four.*) —and everything not so great. Compare them, aaaaand…your decision is made for you.

**Sweetie:** Well, it’s obvious, isn’t it? Mount Aeris is the best of all possible worlds. Pro—it’s beautiful. (*Float up the crayon to put a check mark on that side.*) Con—too far from Equestria. (*Add an X.*) I think that pretty much sums it up.

(*She wastes no time in adding three more checks, but Terramar is far from convinced.*)

**Terramar:** But you haven’t been to Seaquestria yet! How can you even compare them?

**Bloom:** Terramar’s right, Sweetie Belle. It’d be more fair if we visit both places before we decide.

(*Shelving the dispute for the moment, all smile and start across the meadow, but are forced to stop when Twilight comes in for a giddy, skiddy landing just short of them.*)

**Twilight:** Hey, everypony! This festival is fantastic! Look what I won at the ring toss booth!

(*A sizable trophy drifts forth in her magical grip, but fails to get much of a reaction—so she slings it away and clears her throat.*)

**Twilight:** But of course, I’m really here on business. (*to Terramar*) Skybeak’s already signed the form. Now I just need your mom’s signature. Is she around?

**Bloom:** Um…she’s a sea pony, in Seaquestria.

**Twilight:** (*with sudden comprehension*) *That’s* what Silverstream meant by houses!

**Terramar:** (*smiling, nodding*) Mmm-hmm. If you’d like to meet my mom, we’re just heading down there now.

**Bloom:** (*puzzled*) And how exactly are we gonna visit underwater?

(*Dissolve to the five bobbing in the shallows just offshore at the base of Mount Aeris. Zoom in slowly, then cut to a close-up. They join hooves to form a chain, with Sweetie at one end and Terramar at the other; when he touches his free hoof to his pendant, all are briefly engulfed in a multicolored flash of light. New fishtails and dorsal fins break the surface for an instant before the camera tilts down into the water and they dive gleefully in as sea ponies. Scootaloo takes instantly to the change of milieu, swimming through the seaweed growths with fluid grace.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*between giggles*) Whoa! Woo-hoo! Yeah! Whoa! (*She stops.*) This must be just like flying! (*flipping insanely fast loop-the-loops*) Woo-hoo!

(*She settles down and returns to the others.*)

**Bloom:** Where’s your mom’s house, Terramar? (*Scootaloo swims past them.*)

**Terramar:** (*leading others in opposite direction*) Come on. It’s this way.

**Scootaloo:** (*corkscrewing lazily after them*) This is awesome!

(*Wipe to the group moving through a darker area, Scootaloo still laughing and looping around them. They arrive in a great domed chamber not unlike the one to which Princess Skystar led them on the way to see Queen Novo in the movie. Instead of being nearly empty as that one was, though, it now bustles with activity by sea ponies and other marine life. As with the hippogriffs, most of the locals wear the magical pendants.*)

(*Terramar leads them up to one of the glowing, jellyfish-like structures hanging from the ceiling, points it out, and approaches. Inside, two females carry a tray of food away as a third puts the finishing touches on a table set for a meal. This is Oceanflow: pale yellow hide, two-tone violet mane/tail/hoof fins, blue-violet eyes, blue-green neck fringe, translucent violet wings and dorsal fin, strands of seaweed and crystals around her neck. She does not wear a pendant.*)

**Terramar:** (*from o.s.*) Mom! (*The five visitors enter.*)

**Oceanflow:** Terramar! (*The two hug.*) Welcome home, baby! (*playfully poking his nose*) No excuses. This time you’re staying for dinner.

**Terramar:** (*laughing, pointing out others*) Scootaloo, Sweetie Belle, Apple Bloom, this is my mom Oceanflow. (*Pan slightly to frame Twilight, putting Oceanflow out of view.*) And this is— (*An o.s. gasp; back to her.*)

**Oceanflow:** (*crossing to Twilight*) Princess Twilight Sparkle, what an honor. You know, Silverstream just raves about you.

**Twilight:** Well, she is one of our most hardworking students. (*telekinetically passing her scroll to Oceanflow*) In fact, I brought this form for you to sign so that—

**Oceanflow:** Both my children are so smart. Would you like to see their baby pictures?

**Terramar:** (*mortified*) Mom!

**Twilight:** (*giddily*) That sounds adorable! I’d love to!

(*The white sea pony youngster just slumps sullenly where he floats as if to say, “Why me?”, prompting Twilight to do her best to become all business.*)

**Twilight:** And, you know, to find out about aquatic early pony development and, uh…

(*The Crusaders giggle among themselves, finding humor in the flimsiness of her cover story.*)

**Crusaders:** (*jokingly*) Research.

**Oceanflow:** (*to Terramar*) Oh! Well, maybe your friends would like a snack while we’re gone? Some kelp chips? (*holding up a cup*) Fish-oil tea?

**Terramar:** No thanks, Mom. I’m gonna go show them around.

(*Exit, followed by the trio, then dissolve to a school of fish out for a leisurely swim.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s.*) Look out!

(*She slams into view with a laugh and a storm of bubbles, scattering the fish—but they are quick to regroup and give her a glare that makes her rethink her approach. She smiles and leads them off, their animosity instantly gone.*)

**Scootaloo:** Can’t catch me!

(*She zips past Bloom, Sweetie, and Terramar, the white swimmer having retreated into a small darkened niche and adopted a critical expression.*)

**Sweetie:** Hmph. Not much sunlight down here, is there?

(*Her orange counterpart swims past laughing, followed by the fish and a surge of bubbles. Behind it, wipe to a close-up of a conga drum and a pair of bongos, both constructed from seashells and being played by sea ponies, and zoom out. Scootaloo darts to the bongos and tries her hoof briefly at them during the next line, eventually backing off to join a dance in progress.*)

**Scootaloo:** Boom-batta-boom-batta-boom-batta-boom-batta-boom-batta-boom-batta-boom!

(*Another wash of bubbles rises past the camera; behind it, wipe to a long shot of Sweetie floating just above the ocean floor. A fish swims slowly into view toward her.*)

**Sweetie:** No grass to run in— (*inspecting her tail*) —and no hooves to run on it with. (*to the fish*) And excuse me, but how do you keep from getting all pruney?

(*It shoots her a narrow-eyed glare and hurries away, prompting an annoyed sigh. Pan/tilt down quickly to Scootaloo riding a sea turtle in a sunlit grotto. Laughing, she lets go and drops into a nose dive that carries her down and o.s.; a hearty thud shakes the camera, which tilts down to show her stuck headfirst in the sand. A passing fish watches as she extricates herself and finds the small end of a conch shell in her mouth.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*speaking through it, very bubbly*) Everything sounds funny down here!

(*The fish smiles as bubbles boil up around them; below their trailing edges, wipe to Bloom and Terramar watching a luminescent jellyfish swim away. Here comes Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** Okay. I’ve seen everything I need to. So, uh, why don’t we find Twilight Sparkle, finish the chart, and, uh, head back up the mountain? (*spinning in place*) I have some serious field twirling to do. (*She swims off, Scootaloo taking her place without the conch.*)

**Scootaloo:** Where’s she going? (*looping around them*) I want to stay and swim some more!

(*A puzzled shrug passes between Bloom and Terramar. They depart, instantly sinking the young pegasus’ mood, and she heaves a deep sigh and follows them away. Dissolve to a close-up of a seagull pecking grumpily at the sand; a flare of light from o.s. startles it into a hasty exit, and the camera zooms out slightly to frame all five wading up onto the beach. Terramar is a hippogriff again, while the others are back to their quadruped selves. A piercing cry tears the air; cut to Skybeak voicing it as he stands by the steps leading up to the pier. He has shed his gold armor, and a few other adults are gathering in around him.*)

**Skybeak:** Princess Twilight, you’re back! And just in time for the screeching competition.

**Twilight:** Why not? (*to the others*) Could be another trophy in my future. (*waving*) Be back soon!

(*She hustles over to take flight with her hosts, leaving Terramar and the fillies on the beach.*)

**Scootaloo:** All right! Let’s add some positives to the Seaquestria side.

**Bloom:** (*nodding*) Uh-huh!

(*She picks up the group’s comparison sheet, gets the crayon in her teeth, and starts taking notes.*)

**Scootaloo:** Swimming is like flying, multicolor fish, and— (*excitedly*) —did I mention the flying thing?

(*The writing implement is unceremoniously plucked away by Sweetie’s magic as she dryly joins the discussion.*)

**Sweetie:** You forgot the cons. (*Now she floats the list over to herself to add a few entries.*) Dark, wet, sea monsters—

**Scootaloo:** I don’t remember any sea monsters. Apple Bloom, looks like it’s up to you.

**Bloom:** Me? Well…both places have a lotta good things about them. (*All three turn to Terramar.*) I can understand why it’s hard for you to decide.

***Quiet melody of mandolin and synthesizer chords, fast 4 (F major)***

**Bloom:** Your heart is in two places, you can only live in one

(*Terramar watches a couple of hippogriffs taking off as fish splash about.*)

You’re torn between the hilltops and the tide

***Piano in***

(*Scootaloo and Sweetie join the pair, and all four advance smiling toward the camera.*)

**Sweetie:** Thank goodness that the Cutie Mark Crusaders have begun

To give you hope and help you to decide

***Light percussion, strings, bass guitar in; synth/piano out***

***Mandolin takes over melody with occasional flute flourishes (E flat major)***

(*Fade to black, then in to a tilt up from behind a bush that frames them in the Harmonizing Heights.*)

**Sweetie:** These hills, they call to you, they say, “Harmonizing Heights,

This is your home, simple and serene”

(*All bound down into a meadow.*)

The sun-dappled leaves or a mountain terrace

You can see twenty-three different shades of green

***Mandolin out; acoustic guitar in***

(*A flurry of leaves blows past; behind them, wipe to an overhead shot of the four walking through the grasslands and hopping across a stream. Scootaloo’s mood is now souring visibly.*)

**Sweetie:** To dare to compare anywhere to there

Is unfair and just plain wrong

(*Birds, fish, and a rabbit frolic by/in/above the water, the screen filling with the last animal’s face and blacking out as it hops toward the camera.*)

Colt or mare, or you wear feathers, fins, or hair

(*Snap to Sweetie, who twirls to a stop on a ledge overlooking a pair of waterfalls as the others catch up to her.*)

This is where you belong

***Percussion out and flute/piano in only during spoken interlude (modulate to E major)***

**Scootaloo:** Well, on the other hoof, I can think of a place that’s way more exciting and cool, not to mention more “you”! (*taking Terramar’s foreleg, jumping off with him*) Come on! You know exactly where I mean!

***Driving string/mandolin/bass melody with full percussion***

(*Tilt down quickly into the water at the base of the falls, where the two splash in as sea ponies and swim away, soon joined by the other Crusaders.*)

**Scootaloo:** Seaquestria’s the most, you’re supposed to be there

Underneath the sea where you can feel at home

(*Surges of bubbles shift the view to the two weaving past one another, then to her leaping joyfully from the surface as the sun sets behind her.*)

Swimming with your friends, you can spend all day here

Playing in the bay here, splashing in the foam

***Half-time feel; mandolin out***

(*Water drains over the scene, shifting the view to her and Terramar gliding underwater again as a pack of sea turtles passes them.*)

Sailing through the wavy blue

You’ll view a slew of tortoises

(*One passes the camera up close; behind it, wipe to the four turning in a circle with forelegs joined as a couple of dolphins do likewise overhead.*)

Forget the rest, the sea’s the best

For all intents and porpoises

(*She trades a high five with one dolphin as Terramar is yanked away by a pair of small white hooves. Pan quickly to him on the receiving end of Sweetie’s intense stare; they are in their land-based forms again, and a zoom out puts them on a clifftop in the Heights.*)

***Stoptime; mandolin in; half-time feel ends***

**Sweetie:** Build your nest here on Harmonizing Heights

(*Birds stream past; now the view shifts to Scootaloo and Terramar underwater.*)

**Scootaloo:** Live it up here in Seaquestria

(*Sweetie spins past; wipe behind her to the Heights again.*)

**Sweetie:** Nothing compares to Harmonizing Heights

***Stoptime ends***

(*An eagle soars up from the meadow, quickly replaced by Scootaloo swimming with a school of fish.*)

The eagles are regal

**Scootaloo:** But the schools are cooler

(*The bird of prey perches on the unicorn’s foreleg and unleashes a cry; the pegasus follows a dolphin through a loop.*)

**Sweetie:** Their claws are so awesome

**Scootaloo:** With their sweet maneuvers

***Half-time feel***

(*Sweetie gazes up at the crescent moon in the night sky, a shower of stars shifting the scene to Scootaloo relaxing on the ocean floor and staring up at the glowing eels that pass above her.*)

**Sweetie:** Star wishes every night

**Scootaloo:** Starfish by eel light

***Urgency builds***

(*Shift quickly from one to the other.*)

**Sweetie:** Better

**Scootaloo:** Wetter

(*Both at once, keeping their respective forms, first in a sunny meadow that irks Scootaloo, then underwater so that Sweetie floats upward while holding her breath.*)

**Sweetie:** Shinier

**Scootaloo:** Brinier

***Half-time feel ends; next four lines spoken in rhythm***

(*Close-up of Scootaloo, wiping to Sweetie.*)

**Scootaloo:** Seaquestria!

**Sweetie:** Harmonizing Heights!

(*Scootaloo tries to bulldoze her image off the screen, but Sweetie pushes back for a standoff.*)

**Scootaloo:** Seaquestria!

**Sweetie:** Harmonizing Heights!

***Stoptime***

(*The two panels slide apart to show the fillies—now back on four legs—standing against a background of a pink heart and turning their backs to one another.*)

**Scootaloo, Sweetie:** (*sung*) That’s it, this is the end, don’t ever talk to me again

***Song ends***

(*On the final note, they cross their forelegs angrily and plunk down their haunches; the background cracks and shatters away to leave them on the beach. Zoom out to show Bloom and Terramar watching them with great concern. Letting his head droop, the hippogriff trudges away between the feuding fillies, who get upright at his passage.*)

**Bloom:** Terramar, where are you goin’? (*He stops with a frustrated growl.*)

**Terramar:** If you all can’t even agree amongst yourselves, how am I supposed to make up *my* mind? It’s hopeless!

(*He stomps away, leaving the contrite Crusaders in his wake. All too quickly, the orange and white faces turn away from each other with expressions of mutual disgust as the yellow one dips gloomily toward the sand with eyes closed. Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the pier and the train station, zooming in slowly, and cut to a close-up of Scootaloo on the sand.*)

**Scootaloo:** Hmph! (*Bloom leans into view behind her.*)

**Bloom:** Sweetie Belle said to tell you it’s your fault that Terramar ran off.

**Scootaloo:** Well, you tell Sweetie Belle that if it weren’t for her, our mission would’ve been over by now— (*turning to glare at her*) —*and* a success!

(*She turns her back. Bloom sighs and plods away; cut to her leaning into view behind Sweetie.*)

**Bloom:** Scootaloo says this whole thing is your fault.

**Sweetie:** (*glaring at her*) Well, tell *her* that I’m not the one who dashed all of Terramar’s hopes and made him give up on the world—*both* worlds!

(*She finishes with her back turned to the yellow filly. Another sigh, and Bloom turns back to Scootaloo; now the camera frames all three.*)

**Bloom:** Sweetie Belle says it’s your fault that Terramar ra—oh, wait. I already told you that, didn’t I?

**Twilight:** (*stepping into view*) Uh, what’s going on? Where’s Terramar?

(*The bad blood evaporates with remarkable speed, replaced by shamefaced expressions and a noticeable failure to look her in the eye when the camera cuts to the Crusaders.*)

**Bloom:** Uh, well, he…he kinda left. He wanted to be by himself.

**Scootaloo:** (*pointedly*) Which was not my fault!

**Sweetie:** (*ditto*) Mine either! (*Cut to Twilight on the start of the next line.*)

**Twilight:** Well, of course not. Why would you think that?

(*Having had quite enough of being caught in the middle, Bloom takes a step backwards.*)

**Scootaloo, Sweetie:** (*sadly*) Because it *was* our fault.  
**Scootaloo:** All we had to do was help him choose which world to live in.

**Sweetie:** And we let him down.

**Twilight:** Whoever said that he had to choose?

**Bloom:** Well, he did.

**Twilight:** Hmmm…maybe Terramar is making it harder than it has to be.

**Oceanflow:** (*from o.s.*) Yoo-hoo!

(*Cut to her and two other sea ponies swimming toward shore.*)

**Oceanflow:** (*waving*) Princess! We’re having a seashell crafting circle. Care to join us?

**Twilight:** Actually, we’re right in the middle of—

**Skybeak:** (*descending into view behind her*) There you are! (*He and two other hippogriffs land by the steps up to the pier.*) The flag folding ceremony’s about to begin.

**Twilight:** (*to both*) Thank you, really. I’ve had a great time in both places today, but… (*whispering, to Crusaders*) Wow. This must be how Terramar feels all the time.

**Oceanflow:** Oh! Hello, Skybeak!

**Skybeak:** Oceanflow! Heh. You’re looking well.

(*Both trios gather at the water’s edge for a round of casual conversation, accompanied by an embrace between Terramar’s parents. The spectacle sets the gears turning in Sweetie’s mind; a bit of thoughtful chin rubbing gives way to a calculating smile.*)

**Sweetie:** Hmmm…this gives me an idea.

(*Optimism spreads to the other two young minds and soon yields a grinning three-way hug of reconciliation. Dissolve from the tableau to the Crusaders walking along a different stretch of beach, then cut to a small promontory where Bloom and Scootaloo stop to survey the area.*)

**Scootaloo:** Huh. I thought for sure he came this way.

(*Sweetie elbows her way up between the pair, nearly bowling them over, and trains her eyes upward. She gasps after a moment.*)

**Sweetie:** (*pointing*) He did!

(*Zoom out to a long shot that frames the downcast Terramar—perched on a tree branch only a few feet away.*)

**Terramar:** And I’m staying here, too. (*His reflection in the water.*) That way, I don’t have to be on land or in the water. (*Cut to Scootaloo.*)

**Scootaloo:** We’re sorry. We were supposed to help you and—

**Sweetie:** —we just ended up confusing you more. It’s all our fault.

**Terramar:** (*from o.s., sarcastically*) Oh, great! (*Cut to frame all four; he now stands on his branch.*) You’re sorry, and I’m still confused! I’m staying in my tree.

(*As he sits to present his back to the Crusaders, they give each other a thoroughly satisfied grin.*)

**Bloom:** We might have somethin’ worth comin’ down for.

(*The feathered white head turns so the blue eyes can regard her with no small measure of uncertainty. Wipe to the Crusaders leading Terramar across the sand.*)

**Sweetie:** We thought we’d get everycreature together for a picnic on the beach. (*All stop.*)

**Scootaloo:** And we mean *everycreature!*

(*A scramble of whoops and overjoyed noises drifts out to them, and a camera shift tells the story: sea ponies and hippogriffs have come together for a little fun in the sun. Games, flying, food, drumming, the works—and two plunge into the water as hippogriffs and come up as sea ponies so they can swim out to partake of a picnic laid out on a floating platform. One of the feathered locals wings in to deliver a plate of food. The Crusaders and their new friend walk through the merrymaking, but stop and marvel at the trio of Twilight, Oceanflow, and Skybeak laughing together at the edge of the lapping surf.*)

**Skybeak:** Son! There you are! Your friends told us how you’ve been feeling.

**Oceanflow:** And we’re sorry if we ever made you think you had to choose between worlds. That wasn’t our intention, honey.

(*Big happy grins race from one Crusader’s face to another; now Skybeak leans down gently toward Terramar.*)

**Skybeak:** Your hippogriff heritage is something to be proud of, certainly. (*He rests talons across his son’s shoulders; Oceanflow swims up.*)

**Oceanflow:** But you’re more than just where you’re from or who you live with. (*foreleg across Terramar’s shoulders*) We love you because you’re you— (*resting her forehead against his*) —no matter where you choose to be.

**Skybeak:** You don’t have to decide. You can keep doing what you’ve been doing—going back and forth.

**Oceanflow:** (*foreleg across shoulders again*) And enjoying both places.

(*Letting a chuckle bloom into a full-throated laugh, he bounds into the air, transforms on the fly into a sea pony, and dives into the ocean. Up he comes, switching to hippogriff and back before he hits the water again. One more leap, one more flash, and he lands as his four-legged self between Oceanflow and Skybeak and nuzzles each in turn. The Crusaders cross to them, Bloom carrying a rolled sheet in her teeth.*)

**Scootaloo:** Something we forgot to add that both places have.

(*As she speaks, the paper is unfurled—their comparison of the Heights and Seaquestria—and Sweetie brings out the crayon used to fill it out. Both columns are now filled with check marks and X’s; close-up of its top half as a heart is drawn in to enclose both picture headings.*)

**Scootaloo:** (*from o.s.*) Family and friends who love you. (*Bloom sets it down with a smile; cut to the family.*)

**Terramar:** Thanks—for everything. (*suddenly puzzled*) Hey, uh, are you glowing?

(*Zoom out quickly to put the Crusaders in the fore. Sure enough, the emblems on their haunches have started pulsing to indicate “mission accomplished.”*)

**Crusaders:** Yes! We did it! (*Twilight crosses to them.*)

**Twilight:** Congratulations. Your first map mission is a success.

**Sweetie:** Guess that means we’re officially done here. (*to Terramar*) I hope you come visit your sister in Equestria.

**Bloom:** Yeah! Come see us! You’ll love it!

**Scootaloo:** Who knows? You might even want to live there!

(*Cocked-eyebrow sidewise glances from Bloom and Sweetie, and a moment’s unease from Twilight.*)

**Scootaloo:** Yeah, that was a joke.

(*Smiling, Oceanflow and Skybeak flank their son and walk/swim away along the beach; Terramar leaps into the air and transforms one last time. Freeze frame at the peak of his trajectory and fade to black.*)