**UPROOTED**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the sun in a happy blue daytime sky and tilt down a few hundred feet. Rainbow Dash, outfitted in her Wonderbolt flight suit and goggles, zigzags and loops through the clouds and is closely followed by Silverstream. The pegasus is first to touch down near a cluster of houses at the edge of Ponyville proper; the young hippogriff follows suit, hitting the ground hard enough to send a web of cracks radiating out across the turf. She straightens up proudly and turns to face Rainbow, who hovers over to her while propping goggles on forehead.*)

**Rainbow:** Congratulations, Silverstream. (*pulling out a medal, passing it over*) You’re officially the first non-pegasus Wonderbolt! (*Silverstream tucks it away.*)

**Silverstream:** Really? (*blushing*) That is such an honor! (*shaking Rainbow’s hoof*) I don’t know how to thank you, Professor Dash!

**Rainbow:** Easy. You’re kicking off our show— (*poking Silverstream’s chest*) —right now! So get up there and make me proud!

(*She goes airborne, leaving a thoroughly befuddled Silverstream to stare up after her.*)

**Silverstream:** Wait! (*waving*) I don’t have my uniform!

(*Here comes Ocellus at a frantic gallop, clad in a mortarboard cap and graduation gown with a stole draped across her shoulders.*)

**Ocellus:** Silverstream! Somehow I missed a class all year and the final is today! If I don’t pass, I can’t graduate!

(*She gets no farther before a distant, full-throated scream from Yona cuts in. Cut to her, limbs flailing wildly as she free-falls her way past a distinctly bizarre area—much of it candy-themed—that stands across the stream from a more conventional stretch of architecture. She sweats buckets and covers her eyes in extreme close-up, then uncovers them and buttons her lip as she comes to an abrupt stop. A glance here, a glance there, and a zoom out reveals that she has stopped under her own power just inches short of the ground. So short, in fact, that she can extend her legs and put her hooves on the grass without stretching. As she voices a relieved sigh and wipes her brow, the other two students cross to her.*)

**Ocellus:** Whoa. That was weird.

**Silverstream:** (*pointing o.s.*) And that’s even weirder.

(*Crossing a chocolate-bar bridge, the three find Smolder perched on the edge of a giant teacup saucer that serves as a fountain; tea pours into it from an equally outsize pot and streams over one edge. The orange dragon is wearing a fancy gown, tiara, and makeup, a sight that boggles the minds of the others. She sips placidly from a regular-sized cup of tea.*)

**Smolder:** Ahhh. (*noticing them; eyes pop*) Hmmm? (*The cup is thrown aside.*) Uh…this isn’t mine.

(*She strips off all the finery—including the makeup—as if taking off a T-shirt and tosses it after the discarded beverage. This is followed by a supremely embarrassed grin, but none of her fellow students have any time to react before a terrified scream from the o.s. Gallus shreds the air.*)

**Gallus:** (*from o.s.*) MAKE IT STOP!!

(*Cut to him, hanging on for dear life at the top of a spiraling staircase as a door slowly creaks shut toward him. This in itself would not be worth mentioning, except for three facts. One, the stairs are rotated a quarter-turn, so that they descend from one side of the doorframe rather than floor level. Two, the door’s hinges are at the top edge of the frame. Three, the top of a desk is attached to one side, bearing a book, cup, and giant inkwell that stay put on the vertical surface. About the only normal aspects of the situation are the articles of clothing hung from hooks attached to the door.*)

**Gallus:** MAKE IT STOP!!

(*He whimpers and heaves for breath, the light narrowing inexorably to a pencil-thin beam before it stops.*)

**Gallus:** Huh?

(*Blue eyes stare uncomprehendingly toward the suddenly widening brightness, and one set of pink talons reaches in to pull him clear. Now Sandbar backs into view, staring worriedly up at an angle at something o.s.; he gets out only a couple of choked, fearful cries before the camera cuts to behind him and tilts up slowly. The object of his concern is a display case at least five times his own height, every one of its shelves stocked with an array of jumbo-sized, mouth-watering cakes. Cut to ground level again; before he can resolve the dilemma, a flare of bright pinkish light spills into view toward the six. It resolves into a glimmering image of Twilight Sparkle—the same one used by the Tree of Harmony to communicate with them in “What Lies Beneath.” Now, as then, the voice is level, serene, and possessed of a slight reverberation; however, the figure is translucent rather than solid.*)

**Tree TS:** Good. You have all answered my summons.

**Silverstream:** Wait. You mean this isn’t my dream?

**Yona:** Friends must be dreaming together!

**Gallus:** More like a nightmare!

**Sandbar:** (*stepping toward case*) I know, right? How do I pick just one? They all look so good!

**Smolder:** (*sourly*) *That’s* your version of a bad dream? (*Tree TS begins to flicker erratically.*)

**Ocellus:** (*to Tree TS*) But why did you bring us here, Headmare Twilight?

**Tree TS:** I am not Twilight. I am merely the messenger. You all must hurry. The Tree of Harmony needs you.

(*One twinkling foreleg slams to the red/white-checked ground, sending out beams in the coat colors of the real Twilight and her friends. One connects with each of the students, causing them to vanish from the surreal scene. Cut to a six-way split screen, one sitting bolt upright with a stunned gasp inside each section. The darkened rooms visible behind them, and the absence of Ocellus’s graduation regalia, tell the rest of the story—they have just been jolted out of this bizarre shared dream. Snap to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the School of Friendship during the day. Zoom in slowly and cut to Spike scrubbing the floor at the far end of the entrance hall. One last pass with his rag, and the stone surface is clean enough to sparkle and throw back his reflection. He smiles, winks, and throws himself a double index-finger gun and smug click of the tongue.*)

**Spike:** Looking good! (*Twilight teleports in behind him, on the edge of a freak-out.*)

**Twilight:** Spike! I have horrible news!

(*He is scared briefly off his feet, but quickly stands up again and sees a box of supplies hovering in her field.*)

**Spike:** What’s wrong? Is the Crystal Empire under attack again?

**Twilight:** What? No! (*levitating markers from box, lining them up*) We only have twenty highlighters, and they’re all orange! How will everycreature color-code their notes?

(*This verbal onslaught has again sent the little fellow to the floor; he shakes his head clear.*)

**Spike:** (*laughing a bit, pushing nearest marker away*) I’m pretty sure you’re the only one that does that.

(*The writing tools go back in the box, which moves with Twilight as she paces.*)

**Twilight:** Still, twenty isn’t enough for the new school year! (*He pulls even in a lazy hover.*)

**Spike:** We got plenty of time to order more. The friendship students won’t be back until…

(*Comes now the sound of a door opening. Pan quickly to the front entrance, now open; the students fly/race in, but Yona is not among them.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) …uh…now?

(*Here comes the yak, tripping over the steps and yelling her way through a tumble along the entrance hall that dumps her on her belly. Twilight gets the box out of the way just in time to keep it from being flattened.*)

**Twilight:** Well, this is a surprise. Why are you all here so early? (*Close-up; she floats out pages/folders and scans them.*) Did I send out the wrong back-to-school date?

(*Back to the juveniles on the start of the next line, Yona now up and crossing to them.*)

**Smolder:** Oh, we’re not here for school.

**Sandbar:** Yeah, we’re back ’cause the Tree of Harmony called us here.

(*The news brings Twilight around to a sharp gasp and a concerned glance toward Spike.*)

**Gallus:** (*smugly, pacing*) Don’t feel bad it didn’t reach out to you. We kinda have a special connection with it after last year. (*Sit.*)

**Twilight:** But the Tree *couldn’t* have called you! It’s gone! Sombra destroyed it. (*A six-part gasp from the audience.*)

**Spike:** (*to Twilight, hovering*) Mmm-maybe next time, ease in with those truth bombs? (*They cross to the students.*)

**Sandbar:** What about the Elements of Harmony?

**Twilight:** Those are gone too.

**Ocellus:** But doesn’t that mean the Everfree Forest will take over Equestria?

**Spike:** We’ve got that part under control, and Sombra won’t be coming back, so…some good news, right?

(*Cut to a slow pan across the line of thunderstruck youngsters and stop on Silverstream/Yona at one end.*)

**Silverstream:** Can we see the Tree ourselves—or what’s left of it?

**Twilight:** As long as you promise to stick together. The Castle of the Two Sisters isn’t the safest place, as you may remember.

**Yona:** (*defiantly*) Yona not scared of puckwudgies anymore! Friends save whole school from evil pegasus.

**Spike:** (*aside, to Twilight*) She does have a point.

(*Recall that the location in question is also known as the Castle of the Royal Pony Sisters. The headmare accepts this argument with a smile, sparking happy gasps and laughs among the gang. Dissolve to within the cavern in which the Tree had stood, the camera pointing toward the entrance and over some of the fragments scattered by King Sombra’s assault in “The End of the Beginning.” They make their way into view and stop short, the camera zooming in as they utter a round of horror-stricken gasps; cut to a long shot behind them and tilt up slowly. The ugly crystal protrusions that Sombra conjured up have been cleared away, but the gleaming wreckage is still on full display.*)

**Gallus:** How could this happen?

(*Ocellus eases across the rubble-strewn floor, scoops up a few chunks, and gasps softly at the sight of one crumbling to powder.*)

**Ocellus:** (*setting them down*) If only we hadn’t gone home for summer break, maybe we could’ve saved the Tree! (*Smolder snorts out smoke with a growl.*)

**Smolder:** I wish that Sombra guy was still around, so we could teach him a lesson!

**Yona:** That not bring back Tree—or Elements of Harmony.

(*All six lose themselves in their own brooding thoughts for some seconds; Silverstream breaks it with a smiling gasp and flies to the ruined Tree.*)

**Silverstream:** Wait! We all saw and heard the Tree in our dream, right? How could it talk to us if it was really gone? (*hovering*) Maybe if we close our eyes and think really strong friendship thoughts, the Tree will get better!

**Smolder:** (*shrugging*) Eh, I’ve heard worse suggestions.

(*The students join hooves and hands—Silverstream hovering, Smolder standing, the other four on their haunches—and all six shut their eyes and concentrate for all they are worth. Long silence.*)

**Sandbar:** (*whispering*) Is it working? (*Eyes open.*)

**Yona:** (*sadly*) No. (*They break apart.*)

**Ocellus:** I guess the Tree really *is* gone.

**Gallus:** Then we need to do something to honor it!

**Smolder:** Ah! Good idea, Gallus!

**Sandbar:** (*trotting toward Tree*) Hey! Maybe that’s why the Tree called us! It must’ve used the last of its magic to make sure we’d come here and keep its memory alive! (*Cut to Ocellus.*)

**Ocellus:** (*smiling*) It did say it needed us.

**Thorax:** (*from o.s., sharply*) Ocellus!

(*The young changeling’s head nearly spins off her neck, so quickly does she turn with a scared grimace toward the sound of her name. A lick of magic washes over her to leave a large rock floating in midair, marked by the two blue-green eyes. She crashes to the ground and does her best to be inconspicuous as the changeling ruler touches down to unleash his most piercing glare, trailed closely by a very worried Twilight.*)

**Thorax:** There you are! The hive has been worried sick! Why did you leave without telling us? The last time you and your friend did that, it almost brought our kingdoms to war! (*Ocellus resumes her natural form and stands with head bowed contritely.*)

**Ocellus:** Uh, sorry, Thorax. It was an emergency!

**Thorax:** Well, next time, ask before you run off. Now come on. Let’s go home.

(*He and Twilight lead her toward the cavern entrance, but Smolder flies up to intercept the two changelings. Twilight keeps walking.*)

**Smolder:** Wait! She can’t leave! We have a…dragon quest!

**Thorax:** But she’s not a dragon.

(*One flare later, Ocellus has corrected that little hitch by transforming into a skinny tan specimen and is offering a shaky grin.*)

**Thorax:** You know what I mean. (*Ocellus drops the disguise; now Twilight has stopped her exit.*)

**Yona:** This quest for all Yona friends! Need to help Tree!

**Sandbar:** And it might take a while.

**Silverstream:** (*beseechingly*) Can we stay, Headmare Twilight?

(*Said headmare finds herself on the receiving end of a six-way bombardment from big sad soulful eyes. She looks to Thorax, who smiles and nods consent.*)

**Twilight:** (*smiling*) Well…as long as you get permission from your kingdoms, I suppose it’s all right.

**Gallus:** (*fanning out three sheets of parchment*) You want that permission slip in triplicate, or is one enough?

(*The young griffon gets no fewer than seven funny looks.*)

**Gallus:** What? I like to be prepared.

(*Dissolve to a stretch of the barren Dragon Lands under their seemingly permanent pall of clouds and smoke. Dragon Lord Ember is visible as a tiny speck on the edge of the massive natural stone throne in the center of the plain; in the fore, Smolder and another dragon hunker down for a bout of arm wrestling as spectators cheer them on. The two grunt and groan and exert themselves, Smolder soon finding herself at a disadvantage. In turn, the camera cuts to a close-up of each grim-set face and narrows to a horizontal band that frames only the narrowed eyes. A fullscreen view shifts to the straining arms; Smolder pins her opponent with a final shout and stands upright, raising her fists and laughing triumphantly as cheers drift her way. She turns expectantly toward the throne and gets a small smile and nod from Ember, who signs an open scroll and hands it off when Smolder flies up to her—“win the match and I’ll let you do this.” The orange dragon reads over the sheet, pumps a fist, and flies away.*)

(*Wipe to an overhead shot of Yakyakistan and cut to one of its denizens—Yona’s mother, as seen in “The Hearth’s Warming Club”—draping a rug over a rack set up outside her hut. Two others have already been set up in a line, and she pats the newest addition a few times to dislodge quite a lot of dust. She wipes sweat from her brow, but stops short at the sound of hooves pawing the ground. Down the way, Yona has come home and is preparing to charge, steam snorting from the broad nostrils. Here she comes, hitting all three rugs and sending up clouds of dust on both a forward and a return pass, and Mother smiles gratefully at having this bit of drudge work off the books. Wipe to the interior of the hut; Mother enters, climbs up on a chair padded with hay, and lies down just as Yona slides a cushion into place to rest her head. A steaming cup of some hot beverage is pushed across on a stool, followed by a blanket draped across the humped back, and the two share a nuzzle. Dissolve to Mother standing up and crossing the hut, the cover gone, then cut to just outside its blanket entrance as she pushes this aside and smiles out at the blowing snowflakes. A longer overhead shot tells the tale: a blizzard has begun, but Yona has busied herself bulldozing the drifts to clear a walkway leading to the hut. As Yona pushes the last mass aside, Mother emerges with a rolled-up scroll in her mouth and lets it unfurl—another signed permission slip. A beaming Yona hugs her and hurries away with it.*)

(*Wipe to a neighborhood of buildings in Griffonstone, one of which is in considerably worse shape than the others. Gallus lands at its closed front door and knocks, scroll in talons, and is met by the sour-faced visage of old Gruff, who wastes no time in coughing up a lungful of dust. Gallus unfurls the scroll to show it as his own copy of the form and opens his mouth to explain; before he can get out even one word, though, it is snatched away and impaled on his beak, freshly signed. The crotchety elder slams the door in Gallus’s face, not seeing him pull it loose and fly off with a smile.*)

(*Wipe to a long shot of the changeling hive, zooming in slowly, and cut to an extreme close-up of two pencils scribbling over yet another copy of the permission slip. A longer shot puts them in the mouths of two very young changelings—Ocellus’s younger siblings, as seen in “The Hearth’s Warming Club.” The paper is pulled away and signed by her parents, using writing tools of their own in the same way. In a still-longer shot, Ocellus receives the slip from them and hugs it to herself with a blissful grin, then buzzes her wings up to third gear and zooms away.*)

(*Wipe to long shot of Mount Aeris, zooming in slowly, and cut to Silverstream and her family at the shore. Only her mother Oceanflow is in the water as a sea pony; the other three are hippogriffs, Silverstream and her father Skybeak on the sand, her brother Terramar hovering over the surf. She has set up an easel for all three to see, set with a large drawing pad, and Skybeak is holding the permission slip. Flipping one page at a time, she brings up a series of colored sketches that summarize the story so far, explaining as she goes: herself asleep and dreaming of flying with Rainbow…Tree TS asking for the group’s help…the School…the Tree, intact…its smashed remains…her own shocked face and those of her friends. In a blink, the needed signatures are on the parchment and Silverstream gleefully throws herself forward to catch them all in a group hug.*)

(*Dissolve to a long shot of the cavern entrance, in the ravine below the Castle of the Royal Pony Sisters. The five out-of-towners have returned, no longer toting their paperwork, and Sandbar is galloping out of the darkness toward them.*)

**Sandbar:** Hey, you’re back! Great! (*leading them in*) Since I live locally, I figured I’d do a little cleaning up while you were gone. (*Cut to just inside.*) Give us a head start, you know?

(*He stops and gestures proudly ahead; zoom in quickly on the other five, who gasp in undiluted shock.*)

**Gallus:** Sandbar, where’s the Tree?

(*The reason for this question comes into view when the camera cuts to behind the group: all traces of it have been removed, leaving not so much as a speck of crystal detritus.*)

**Sandbar:** I got rid of it, to make room for a memorial.

**Smolder:** (*angrily*) *You* did this?

**Sandbar:** (*a bit uneasily*) Uh, yeah. That’s what you guys were thinking, right?

(*He slaps on a big placating grin, but is met with varied dismay and disgust—and a clawed orange hand slapped to Smolder’s face.*)

**Silverstream:** Soooooo not. (*Ocellus flies toward the vacant site.*)

**Ocellus:** How can we remember the Tree if it’s totally gone?!

**Sandbar:** (*brightly*) Oh, it’s not gone. (*trotting ahead*) Look!

(*The four still back near the entrance hustle after him. Cut to a close-up of a tiny, freshly planted sapling as he hunches down to it.*)

**Sandbar:** I planted a new tree.

(*The others gather around it, clearly unimpressed, and he stands up with a self-conscious growl and grimace. Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the students.*)

**Ocellus:** Sandbar! You know that’s not the same tree, right?

**Sandbar:** But—it’s a symbol, you know? (*Close-up.*)

**Yona:** (*crossing to him*) Pony heart in right place.

(*She rests a hoof on the pale green chest, only to hear a frustrated growl from the o.s. Gallus. Cut to him, Silverstream, and Smolder.*)

**Gallus:** It doesn’t matter! (*hovering up to ceiling*) This cave was supposed to stay exactly the same, so future creatures could come visit and experience the memory of the Tree!

**Sandbar:** Sorry, everycreature. I thought I was helping. (*Gallus drops toward the others.*)

**Smolder:** The Tree of Harmony is a huge part of Equestrian history. (*kneeling over the sapling*) If we’re gonna honor it, we need to do better than *that*.

**Silverstream:** (*excitedly, hovering*) Yeah! Like with lots of artwork that represents the symbolism and deep emotions of the Tree.

**Gallus:** No, it should be a museum, with all the Tree’s history and artifacts!

(*Smolder hops up to stand among the flat-topped outcroppings that line the cavern walls.*)

**Smolder:** Or a really big and imposing monument, so everycreature knows how powerful the Tree was!

(*For her part, Ocellus is putting the finishing touches on a small tower of stones, decreasing in size from bottom to top.*)

**Ocellus:** I think we should turn this cave into a place for creatures to reflect on the Tree’s true gift—the Elements of Harmony.

(*Cut to Smolder, rolling her eyes in disgust. On each of the three lines after hers, the screen splits vertically to frame that speaker alongside the previous ones.*)

**Smolder:** Boring!

**Silverstream:** I like my idea better.

**Sandbar:** What’s more perfect than another tree?

**Ocellus:** What would Headmare Twilight want?

(*An irritated Gallus leans into view in front of the four images.*)

**Gallus:** Yona! (*Fullscreen view of all six.*) You’ve been awfully quiet. Which idea do you like best?

**Yona:** Yona like when friends not argue. (*smiling*) M-Maybe friends listen to each other and make plan together?

(*Long pause.*)

**Others:** Nah.

(*They fan out across the cavern, leaving the bovid to utter a weary little moan. Wipe to Sandbar sitting on his haunches and tending to his sapling, a watering can in easy reach.*)

**Sandbar:** Hey, little guy. (*watering it*) Need a drink?

**Gallus:** (*from o.s., boisterously*) Step right up! (*Green hooves fumble the can, spilling its contents.*) Walk this way! Welcome to the one, the only…

(*On this last, an irked Sandbar gets up, fetches a pair of earmuffs, and puts them on the sapling. Cut to Gallus hovering farther down the length of the cavern—which is now set up as a gaudy combination of museum, gift shop, and carnival sideshow complete with ticket booth. Yona sits reading over a sheet as two visiting mars make their way toward the display.*)

**Gallus:** …the magical Tree of Harmony Museum! (*He ducks into the booth.*) Come! See the birthplace of the Tree! (*Out again; pan quickly to him gesturing at a painting.*) Grown from the tears of a basilisk…

(*Another such pan brings him to a sheet of plywood painted with likenesses of Twilight and Starswirl the Bearded, with holes cut where the faces would go—a setup for tourists to get their pictures taken. He puts his head through first Twilight’s side and then Starswirl’s as he continues.*)

**Gallus:** …and tended day and night by pony magicians!

(*Off he goes; pan quickly to him stopping by the booth.*)

**Gallus:** (*hovering, gesturing around himself*) This is truly one of the wonders of Equestria!

(*A skeptical Yona crosses to him, carrying her paper rolled up, as he settles to the ground.*)

**Yona:** Uh, Gallus? None of that actually true.

**Gallus:** (*normal tone*) So? Honoring the Tree means giving it a story that creatures will care about. (*Zoom out to frame Sandbar on the next line, earmuffs hanging around neck.*)

**Sandbar:** It already *has* a great story!

**Gallus:** Yeah, but mine makes more sense.

**Sandbar:** Whatever. (*turning away*) Can you just keep it down? My sapling doesn’t like the noise.

**Gallus:** Good! It doesn’t belong in the Tree’s memorial anyway!

(*In no time flat, he is back in carnival-barker mode and accosting the two mares.*)

**Gallus:** (*ushering them across cavern*) *And* if you think this is great, just wait until you see the mystical Cave of Harmony!

(*The first time this cavern has been mentioned by name. Yona directs a worried glance after him, then transfers it to her ignored fact sheet. Cut to Smolder at the edge of the ravine outside; a slow push allows her to topple an irregular rock slab to the bottom. She flies down, takes a few steps to build up momentum, and launches herself into a flying kick that smashes a gouge into the stone. It takes her almost no time to stand up from her crouching touchdown and let go with a blast of fire that washes across the screen. Behind it, the view wipes to a head-on close-up of her, Yona walking up in the background. The dragon closes one eye and lifts thumbs and forefingers in front of the other, ends touching to form a rectangular viewing window.*)

**Yona:** What dragon doing?

(*Digits lowered; eye open; fly up to the slab—now pocked with further fissures and impact craters.*)

**Smolder:** (*punching/kicking/digging fragments loose*) Making a memorial statue of the Tree. When creatures see this, they’ll be super-impressed!

**Yona:** That…look like rock, not Tree.

**Smolder:** (*needled, face reddening*) I’m not finished yet! (*calmer*) And honestly… (*She lands.*) …I’m kinda having a hard time remembering what the Tree looked like. I can’t believe I’m already forgetting.

(*Wipe to a close-up of a can of bright green paint as a brush is dipped into it and withdrawn, then cut to Silverstream. She is in the Cave of Harmony, and she applies the brush to the nearest rocks with enthusiasm. Lifting off, she smears streaks of orange and yellow to the walls, then clamps her beak on the brush and swings her head back and forth to send spatters of paint everywhere. The tool is removed so she can ponder a bit.*)

**Silverstream:** Hmmm…

(*Longer shot; she has been painting abstract, multicolored designs on the walls and floor with the help of several cans of paint. The floor design emanates from an image of the Tree.*)

**Silverstream:** (*hovering, lifting yellow can*) …needs more Loyalty.

(*She sloshes paint onto the floor as Yona approaches and comes within an ace of dousing her. The yak has her scroll of notes in her teeth.*)

**Silverstream:** Careful, Yona! It’s not dry yet. (*She lands and sets the can down; Yona transfers the scroll to a hoof.*)

**Yona:** What hippogriff painting?

(*A still-longer shot picks out more stylized art pieces that stretch up to the ceiling. Tilt up slowly.*)

**Silverstream:** It’s the Tree, silly.

(*Undeterred by Yona’s confused stare, she flies up to point out some of her creations.*)

**Silverstream:** See? These are the emotions its loss made me feel, dancing with the representations of Elements of Harmony.

(*Down she comes, finding her classmate to be no closer to wrapping her head around it all than before. A broad shadow casts itself over both of them, accompanied by the beating of wings…*)

**Silverstream:** Maybe I should label it.

(*…and a drop of water falls from above, followed by a gout that leaves them both soaked. Silverstream shakes herself clean and glares upward as the light returns.*)

**Ocellus:** (*from o.s.*) Oops!

(*Cut to a long shot of the area. The shape-shifter has assumed the giant insect form she used briefly in “School Daze”: somewhere between a mosquito, bumblebee, and dragonfly, her four sets of claws gripping a stone fountain topped by a replica of the six-pointed star in Twilight’s cutie mark. The drenching stemmed from the fact that she is not holding the thing level, allowing some of the water it contains to pour out.*)

**Ocellus:** Sorry! (*Close-up of Silverstream.*)

**Silverstream:** (*glancing down, panicked*) Oh, no!

(*Tilt down to her floor painting, many of its colors having run together due to the water.*)

**Silverstream:** (*scrabbling, smearing it more*) Brown isn’t an Element of Harmony!

(*Zoom out as Ocellus struggles to keep the fountain on an even keel, then cut to her. It seems to level itself out suddenly, but a zoom out shows Yona lending a hoof to the job. The scroll is back in the yak’s mouth.*)

**Ocellus:** (*gasping happily*) Thanks, Yona. This fountain is heavier than I thought.

(*They plunk it down, the entire Cave shaking with the impact, and the sound of tinkling wind chimes draws Yona’s attention elsewhere. Sure enough, several sets of them are now hanging from the ceiling, and assorted relaxation aids have been laid out—cushions, sculptures styled as the Element gems, a small rock garden, and so forth. Ocellus reverts to her natural form and sits on a cushion, crossing her hind legs.*)

**Ocellus:** It’s for creatures to look at as they honor the Tree’s memory in quiet thought and contemplation.

(*After a few seconds’ meditation, she flits over to Yona.*)

**Ocellus:** I got some help and guidance from the counselor at our Feelings Forum back home. (*Circle behind Yona; push her toward the cushions.*) Only positive energy will bloom here.

**Gallus:** (*from o.s., desperately*) Wait! You can’t go yet!

(*They turn to find him chasing after the two visitors to his overblown museum exhibit as they bolt for the exit. A cut to just outside the Cave picks out the garish decorations he has put up here as well in order to drum up business. He describes a wide arc overhead and lands to intercept the fleeing mares, who stop with a gasp, and comes up with two sock puppets over his talons—one of himself, the other of the Tree.*)

**Gallus:** There’s a whole puppet show of the time the Tree tested us in the catacombs under the School of Friendship!

(*Uneasy, frightened glances pass between the pair a moment before Smolder cruises overhead, hauling a very rough stone sculpture of the Tree. Gallus spots her and rises to a hover, dropping the puppets.*)

**Gallus:** (*flying after her*) Hey! Stop!

(*The tourists wisely choose this moment to bug out.*)

**Gallus:** You can’t bring that hunk of junk into my museum! (*Smolder stops.*)

**Smolder:** It’s not for *your* museum, it’s for *my* Tree memorial!

(*She flies into the Cave. In close-up profile, she stops short partway through the combined art exhibit and meditation area and looks back to find Gallus having grabbed on to one end of the carving. A brisk tug-of-war ensues.*)

**Gallus:** So leave it outside!

**Smolder:** It belongs in here!

(*Both of them lose their grip so that the thing falls squarely into the fountain, crushing it and dousing/ruining everything in sight. Silverstream looks up with a yelp from her latest bit of detail work, finding all her efforts trashed, and the fractured trunk begins to roll slowly toward Gallus—who now has his earmuffs on to block out all the noise as he waters his sapling. Yona’s eyes pop as she takes in the imminent peril to which the colt is utterly oblivious.*)

**Yona:** Huh?

(*She gallops ahead to flip him onto her back and get clear before it thunders past; the sapling goes with him, but its earmuffs fly off, and she drops the scroll she has carried in her mouth. Cut to Gallus and Smolder, who cover/avert their eyes at the sound of a camera-shaking crash.*)

**Gallus:** Uh-oh.

(*A long shot and slow tilt down present an all-too-clear view of the devastation wrought by this string of mishaps. Silverstream pulls in a long, deep gasp as Sandbar removes his earmuffs.*)

**Silverstream:** What did you do?!?

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of the broken fountain topper lying in a spreading puddle of water. Ocellus picks it up and regards it sadly.*)

**Ocellus:** My meditation garden is ruined! (*to Gallus/Smolder*) Why couldn’t you have been more careful?

**Gallus:** This never would’ve happened if you had all just listened to me!

**Sandbar:** And made the Tree some kind of roadside attraction? Uh, no thanks! (*Silverstream hyperventilates into a paper bag for a moment.*)

**Silverstream:** Headmare Twilight is gonna be so mad when she sees what you guys did to the Cave of Harmony!

**Smolder:** Yeah, like some rainbow art project was better?

**Sandbar:** Not cool!

**Silverstream:** It’s impressionism!

**Ocellus:** I’m just glad the Tree isn’t here to see this.

**Smolder:** (*to Sandbar*) This is all your fault!

**Gallus:** I give up!

**Yona:** (*growling, rearing up*) QUIET!!

(*Both front hooves come down with enough force to shake the Cave.*)

**Yona:** Friends doing this the wrong way! (*Slow pan across the others; she continues o.s.*) All remembering Tree of Harmony for what Tree *was*, not what Tree *is!*

**Smolder:** (*very snarky*) You mean gone? (*Yona steps forcefully into view to face them.*)

**Yona:** No! (*pacing around them*) Yona mean, even though Tree not *here* here, Tree here—in hearts.

(*She points to the floor on “here here,” then sits and indicates her own chest in close-up as she finishes.*)

**Yona:** (*holding up scroll*) Tree made friendship even closer. (*She unrolls it to show off sketches of it and them. Spirits begin to rise, little by little.*)

**Ocellus:** (*from o.s.*) That’s right! (*Cut to her and the others, Sandbar has replanted the sapling.*) We ran away to be together right above this spot! The Castle of the Two Sisters!

**Sandbar:** And later on, the Tree tested us to show we’re stronger as a team!

**Smolder:** It *did* call us all here.

**Silverstream:** (*gasping*) You mean the Tree of Harmony lives on in our friendship!

**Gallus:** Wow. I can’t believe we just got schooled by a yak. (*Yona closes her scroll on the end of this.*)

**Yona:** (*setting it down*) Yaks know things not forever. That’s why smash and rebuild.

**Ocellus:** I think we took care of the smashing part.

**Gallus:** Then maybe we should start building. Together? (*Smiles/nods all around.*)

**Smolder:** Just one problem. We still haven’t decided what we should do for the Tree.

(*Eyes turn toward Yona, who thinks hard and gets a spark of inspiration.*)

**Yona:** Yona have idea.

(*She steps off to one side; cut to the Cave wall, where she is backing up and pulling a cart by the harness in her teeth. It is full to overflowing with the broken fragments of…*)

**Ocellus:** (*from o.s., gasping*) The Tree?! (*Cut to her and the others.*) Where did you find it?

**Sandbar:** Oh, I didn’t move it too far.

(*This admission earns him a round of hairy eyeballs.*)

**Sandbar:** It was kinda heavy.

**Gallus:** (*irked*) And you’re just mentioning this now.

**Yona:** What important is that Yona bring back branches so friends can rebuild.

**Smolder:** (*scratching head*) Rebuild what, exactly?

**Silverstream:** (*hovering, waving for attention*) Ooh, ooh, ooh! I know! Something that represents what the Tree is—the gateway to our friendship!

**Yona:** Yes!

(*She pulls two pieces of roughly the same length and leans them together to that they support one another’s weight to form a rough triangular arch.*)

**Yona:** What ponies call it? Club…home?

**Gallus:** (*catching on*) A treehouse!

**Ocellus:** (*gasping*) That’s a great idea!

**Smolder:** I know the Tree would’ve liked that.

**Yona:** (*nodding*) Uh-huh.

(*All move in to start, Ocellus taking on her giant cross-breed insect form, and Sandbar tries unsuccessfully to shift a broken portion of the fountain.*)

**Sandbar:** (*calling over shoulder*) Help me lift this piece!

(*Yona cheerfully assists by pushing it with her head.*)

***Bright piano/flute melody with glockenspiel and acoustic guitar accents, fast 4 (C major)***

(*Other hunks of junk are lifted/hauled/swept, while brushes/rags/mops are put to work on cleaning up the spilled paint. As Smolder makes a pass across the floor, the view wipes behind her to a sheet of blueprint paper laid out on the floor, bare except for a grid pattern. Silverstream is the first to start drawing out a design. Ocellus resumes her natural form during this sequence.*)

***Piano only; slightly slower tempo***

**Silverstream:** We celebrate our friendship

**Ocellus:** We celebrate the Tree

***Strings/guitar in***

(*Smolder adds to the sketch, which now depicts a treehouse, and all gather around the cartload of Tree bits.*)

**Sandbar:** The memories inside us

**All six:** We’ll build for all to see

***Piano out; flute/bass drum/glockenspiel in***

(*A full bucket passes the camera; wipe behind it to a stretch of Cave wall and zoom out as Smolder flies it across.*)

**Smolder:** The Tree brought us together

(*Ocellus/Gallus/Silverstream carry a slab.*)

**Ocellus, Gallus, Silverstream:** It brought us together

(*Ocellus dumps her load onto a pile.*)

**Ocellus:** And even though it’s gone

**Ocellus, Gallus:** **Silverstream:** Even though it’s gone

(*The trio’s piece is swung up into view; zoom out to frame Gallus and Yona setting it and another one vertically into place against one another. The griffon brings out a roll of tape to bind the two hunks together, but fumbles the job and ends up secured to them in a tangle of strands.*)

**Gallus:** Our monument to friendship

**Ocellus, Silverstream:** Our friendship

**All six:**  Can make the gift live on

***Brass, full percussion, guitar, bass, strings take over***

(*Ocellus and Silverstream find the two halves of the pink butterfly Kindness jewel and fit them back together.*)

**Ocellus:** A piece from me, a piece from you

(*They swiftly reassemble all the other Elements except for Magic, which is nowhere in sight.*)

**Silverstream:** We’ll use the Tree and we’ll make do

(*Gallus and Smolder start fitting together a rough frame; one side falls loose, but they lift it back into place and Gallus squirts glue onto one joint from a tube.*)

**Gallus:** If things don’t fit, there’s lots of glue

(*Ocellus is more than a little concerned upon comparing the work so far against the blueprint, but her mood improves once the others gather in.*)

**All six:** Friends don’t quit in the end, and together we’ll see this through

***Brass out; mandolin/flute in***

(*Smolder digs a hole with a trowel so Sandbar can replant his sapling.*)

**Smolder:** It’s hard to say farewell

**Sandbar:** To something you hold dear

**Ocellus, Sandbar, Silverstream:** But goodbye isn’t forever

(*Ocellus waters it.*)

**All six:**  As long as we are here

***Vocal harmonies behind lyrics; brass in; mandolin/flute out; intensity builds***

(*Holding a coil of rope, Ocellus throws one stone-weighted end up toward a pulley on the ceiling. It threads through a hook and is caught by a hovering Gallus, and both flyers haul on the line to hoist up a Tree limb on which Gallus and Silverstream are riding.*)

**All six:** The Tree is in our memory

(*Wipe behind them to the nearly-empty cart; Yona retrieves a piece and sets it in place to form part of a staircase, to which Ocellus tapes on a safety rail.*)

Its roots have grown deep in our hearts

(*Sandbar polishes a windowsill as Silverstream applies a coat of paint.*)

**Ocellus:** Deep in our hearts

**Sandbar, Silverstream:** Deep in our hearts

(*Smolder and Yona nail sheets of paneling, using hammer and cranium respectively, and the latter briefly knocks herself dizzy. The other four see to window and stair work.*)

**All six:** Its branches raise our spirits, together we’re all bound

(*Unable to reel in a pulley rope as she is, Ocellus takes on her giant insect form and hauls up a roof frame. The others’ faces and Gallus’s thumbs-up tell their approval, and Smolder hefts a piece and lifts off.*)

Forever it stands, lost, but now it’s found

***Harmonies out; piano in***

(*It is set in place as a roof plank, and Gallus is quick to tie it down.*)

**Smolder:** So lift a beam and build it strong

(*Silverstream flies by, toting a paintbrush, and accidentally nicks Yona’s tail with it while painting one wall.*)

**Silverstream:** Work as a team, it won’t take long

**Yona:** Hey, Silverstream, I think that’s wrong

**Gallus, Silverstream, Yona:** We’ll live the dream and sing our song

(*Ocellus strings up a line of pennants, back in her natural form; Sandbar and Smolder shingle the roof; Yona sets a ladder against a window; Gallus holds one last piece in place against the top of the stairs for Silverstream to tape down.*)

**All six:**  And make the Tree something all can see

In a place where we belong

***Same brisk melody/instrumentation/tempo as at start, with mandolin and bass drum added***

(*Ocellus assembles the little tower of stones she was working on in Act Two, and she quickly joins the others as they cluster in around the blueprint in an overhead shot and slow zoom in. Cut to their perspective of the plans, which are lowered to give a full view of the end product—a clubhouse that would be hard put to pass any competent building inspection. It is built on a support slab, with a flight of stairs leading up to the door and attached platform and a second flight protruding from the roof to stop at a small observation post. Crystals hang in the side window, and pieces of wood have been added here and there to shore up the rickety construction.*)

**Sandbar:** Well, what do you think?

(*Cut to Gallus/Ocellus/Yona, whose faces give away their distinctly underwhelmed mindset.*)

**Ocellus:** It’s, uh… (*smiling weakly*) …kinda messy.

(*Cut to the observation post as a bat flies past.*)

**Smolder:** (*from o.s.*) Yeah. (*Tilt down from one section to another, a few drips of paint/glue coming free.*) Like a bunch of different parts all smushed together.

(*Back to the six, now all smiling.*)

**Silverstream:** (*hugging Sandbar/Smolder*) Aw, it’s just like us!

**Yona:** (*rolling up blueprint*) Yona think it perfect.

**Gallus:** (*crossing to treehouse*) Let’s give it a try.

(*The others follow him up the stairs, Silverstream—in the rear—bumping into Yona when the latter stops for a moment, no longer carrying the plans or wearing any paint on her rump. All laugh over the mishap as they explore the structure at every level, inside and out, but their grand tour is cut off by two simultaneous phenomena. One is a sustained tremor that shakes the entire Cave from top to bottom; the other is a sparkling glow that suffuses the treehouse.*)

**Sandbar:** Whoa! What’s happening?

**Ocellus:** It looks like magic!

**Smolder:** Everycreature out!

(*All six students vacate the premises as fast as wings and legs can move them, and are thus privy to an exceedingly clear view of the glimmering blue crystal monoliths that have begun to rise from the ground. The treehouse winds up completely hidden from view as the radiant light intensifies and the intrusions punch through the ceiling of the Cave; the amateur architects quickly cover/avert their faces for protection from both the brilliance and a shower of loose rocks. Once the eruption comes to a halt, the camera cuts to a long shot of the ravine and the Castle of the Royal Pony Sisters, a flare of white kindling near the ruins and growing to fill the screen with a blinding glare.*)

(*From this, fade in to a series of close-ups of the following. A group of mineral limbs stretching toward the sky and sprouting a canopy of blue/pink leaves…a broad trunk rising and forming a balcony with windows accented by hanging crystal ornaments…a gently looping set of stairs filling itself in over and around a ground-floor entrance. Cut to just inside the open entrance to the castle courtyard as the students fly/gallop in and stop short with a unison gasp, then cut to just behind them and tilt up slowly. Now standing on the grounds is a crystalline building incorporated into the trunk of a very new tree, with three levels of balconies/windows and sporting strings of hanging gems not unlike those that decorate the Castle of Friendship. The whole is surmounted by a domed roof that is framed by the sparkling boughs.*)

**All six:** (*awestruck, laughing*) Whoa… (*Close-up of Gallus.*)

**Gallus:** How did *that* happen?

(*As in the prologue, a flare of pinkish light stretches toward him from o.s. and Tree TS appears before the group. The opacity of her form and the steadiness of her body’s gleaming speak to her much-improved condition.*)

**Tree TS:** (*approaching them*) Because of you. The spirit of the treehouse would have perished without your selfless deeds and caring. Whenever you seek solace, come here. (*Cut to its upper reaches; she continues o.s.*) Your friendship, and the friendship of future generations, will always be safe within these walls.

(*Ground level again; she offers a last smile and is gone in a flash, and the door behind her swings open on its own. Behind the group, Twilight and Spike teleport in.*)

**Twilight:** I felt a burst of magic all the way over at the School! Is everycreature okay? (*All turn to her.*)

**Silverstream:** A little confused, but definitely okay.

**Twilight:** (*gasping*) Where did this come from?

**Smolder:** We were kinda gonna ask you the same thing.

**Spike:** It looks like part of the Tree of Harmony—but how? (*to Twilight*) I thought it was destroyed.

**Ocellus:** It was, but when we used the broken parts to build something new, this happened.

(*Twilight considers the end result for a long moment, then smiles.*)

**Twilight:** The Tree has always been good at surprises. (*She flies up toward the uppermost story.*) When Starswirl planted the Tree seed, he didn’t even know what it would grow into. I guess the Tree’s still alive, changing and adapting to be whatever Equestria needs. (*Gallus joins her in midair.*)

**Gallus:** A cool place to hang out? (*Twilight touches down.*)

**Twilight:** Something tells me this is more than that. It seems the Elements of Harmony may still be with us in their own way.

(*Spike wipes his forehead with a relieved sigh.*)

**Spike:** That’s actually really reassuring. (*Gallus descends to the group.*)

**Silverstream:** But why did the Tree need *our* help to become something new?

**Twilight:** I’m not sure. If I had to guess— (*Her perspective of the six.*) —I’d say your friendship is more powerful than you know.

**Yona:** Oh, Yona know. Yona just need to remind friends. (*Long shot of all eight.*)

**Spike:** So, who’s gonna give us the tour?

(*This inquiry is met with a round of chuckling deferrals and buck-passing.*)

**Twilight:** (*giggling*) Why don’t we all go in…together?

(*She starts toward the reincarnated, reconfigured, relocated Tree on this last word, and the others are quick to follow suit. Tilt up slowly along its height to the sound of their mingled laughter and fade to black.*)