**THE ENDING OF THE END—PART ONE**

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Note: The transcripts of this episode and the two that follow it were prepared from

the versions available through iTunes, which present them as three separate half-

hour broadcasts. In their original airing on Discovery Family, though, they were

broadcast as a single 90-minute block. Changes between the two versions,

pertaining mainly to the transitions at the start/end of each act, are noted at the

end of each transcript.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the road leading to Canterlot during the day. A unicorn stallion in a chef’s white jacket/toque, red scarf, and saddlebags walks briskly toward the great city, but stops short when Crackle Cosette—the unicorn identity briefly assumed by Chrysalis during “The Summer Sun Setback”—peeks out from behind a tree. She wears a camera in a jointed holder around her neck.*)

**Cosette:** Hey there, my unicorn friend. Have you heard?

**Chef:** About Princess Twilight Sparkle’s coronation? Who hasn’t? I’m on my way there now. So much baking to do, and—

**Cosette:** No, no. (*fearfully, whispering in his ear*) About the earth ponies.

**Chef:** I know their crops have been underperforming, but, uh—

**Cosette:** That’s not it. They’re hoarding the food for themselves! I heard the mayor of Appleloosa say that if unicorns and pegasi want to eat, they can use their own hooves to dig.

**Chef:** How awful!

**Cosette:** We unicorns have to stick together, right?

(*He answers her knowing wink with a solemn nod and continues on his way, making a show of ignoring a cordial wave from Mrs. Cake as he crosses the open drawbridge to the main gate. Cosette chuckles malevolently to herself as she turns away; dissolve to her entering Grogar’s lair and transforming into Chrysalis. She arrives in the meeting area that she, Cozy Glow, and Lord Tirek have used at times in the past; the filly hovers just off the shoulder of the centaur, who sits reading the book that the three stole from the Canterlot Archives in “The Summer Sun Setback.”*)

**Tirek:** Ah, Chrysalis. Another successful field trip, I presume?

**Chrysalis:** Spreading distrust among the unicorns and earth ponies is almost too easy. (*sitting in a chair, in close-up*) We could take down Twilight and her friends a hundred times— (*rolling eyes disgustedly*) —but as long as they have the love of Equestria behind them— (*slamming front hooves on table*) —they’d crawl back to defeat us. Not anymore. (*Cozy drifts over to her.*)

**Cozy:** No friendship, no magic! (*chuckling*) It’s so obvious when you think about it. I did my part, freaking out the pegasi. (*Cut to Tirek on the next line.*)

**Tirek:** And Grogar’s long absence has given me time to prepare the next part of our plan.

(*He stands up with the book, crosses to one of the room’s wall-mounted torches, and blows it out. A quick dose of magic dislodges the stone in which it is set to expose a small cubbyhole that contains Grogar’s bewitching bell, found by the trio in “Frenemies.” He pulls it out and holds it up triumphantly while sliding the stone back into place.*)

**Tirek:** Grogar’s bell! (*returning to table*) This artifact can steal any creature’s magic. (*setting book down, open*) It holds that magic until it is released by this spell.

(*Close-up of the illustrated pages as he finishes; one shows the old goat draining power from a pony and into the bell, while the other depicts him transferring it into himself. Tirek points out the latter before the camera cuts back to him.*)

**Tirek:** (*giddily*) Which means all the power inside is ours for the taking!

(*He plants a few kisses on the cracked metal surface before Cozy yanks it away.*)

**Cozy:** You’re drooling on the bell. (*She wipes it clean.*)

**Chrysalis:** (*levitating it away from her*) Let’s try the spell before Grogar gets back. I’m sick of waiting for that old goat’s master plan.

(*She sets it down on the book as Tirek holds one hand out to each of them.*)

**Tirek:** Take my hands. (*Distrustful glances come his way.*) So we can all be part of the spell. Unless you’d prefer I take all the magic myself? (*Cozy reluctantly lays a hoof on his palm.*)

**Chrysalis:** Our pact stands. (*She follows suit.*) What we do, we do together. Once we defeat the protectors of Equestria, we can claim this land and rule our kingdoms *alone* once more.

(*The centaur fires up a spell between his horns and lets it surge into the bell, the group’s joined hands/hooves glowing faintly and crackling with sparks. The thing rises clear of the table, wreathed in a lurid yellow/black aura and with its inscriptions and clapper lighting up, as the pages flip madly under their own power. It rises to just above the level of Tirek’s head, the corona fading away, and turns to aim its clapper at him before emitting one long, doleful ring. A swirling vortex of black and yellow emerges from the open end, bringing mad grins to all three faces, and pours energy into them from point-blank range. The glare from the power surge fills the screen with its whiteness; when this fades, the bell settles down on the book and goes silent once more in close-up, the vortex gone. The camera pans slowly to a stretch of wall, against which Tirek’s shadow begins to grow…and grow…and grow. The lengthening of his horns and the bulking-up of his entire form speak to the boost he has received, and the shadows of the other two cast themselves to either side. A tiara grows to frame Chrysalis’ face, and a horn pokes out through the ringlets above Cozy’s brow. Wild laughter rings out from every throat as the view fades to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Grogar’s lair in its fetid swamp and zoom in slowly.*)

**Grogar:** (*voice over*) I have returned!

(*Cut to him inside, making his way down from one entrance.*)

**Grogar:** Twilight Sparkle’s coronation is today, and we are going to ruin it with this artifact.

(*On the end of this, he ignites his horns and collar bells to levitate a brooch consisting of a large red gem in a gold setting.*)

**Grogar:** But to succeed, you must work together!

(*He arrives at the main chamber during this line, finding it empty; in addition, the crystal ball on the center table has gone dark and inert. Two glowing yellow eyes open in a shadowy recess.*)

**Voice of Chrysalis:** Oh, way ahead of you, Grogar.

(*Enough light comes up to frame her hanging upside down from the ceiling, the whites of her eyes having taken on that unhealthy hue and the irises so dark as to be nearly indistinguishable from the slitted pupils. A green tiara now rests behind her horn, which shades from black at the base to that same color at the tip. She rotates her head 180 degrees to put her face right-side up and spits a gobbet of slime across the room, gluing Grogar’s front hooves to the stepping stone on which he stands. His struggle against the muck comes to an abrupt halt once the entire place begins to shake; the cause is Tirek, who is trying to squeeze in through a doorway far too small for him, but he eventually gives up and just smashes through. Here comes Cozy from the other side of the chamber, with two noticeable changes to her own appearance in addition to the new horn: fuller wings that shade to a deeper pink at the tips, and a pale gold necklace matching the bands in her mane and tail. She vaporizes the brooch with a spell, Chrysalis drops from the ceiling, and all three glare contemptuously down at Grogar from their elevated vantage points as Tirek levitates…*)

**Grogar:** (*straining to break loose*) The bell?! You had it all this time? Why didn’t you tell me?

(*Now Chrysalis can be seen in full light for the first time. The sides of the tiara reach down to her jawline, shading from green to blue-green that matches the necklace and armored shoes she has donned. The glare of Cozy’s horn has subsided to brick red.*)

**Cozy:** We’re villains. Duh!

(*All three hit the bell with their magic, activating it and causing it to ring and generate a vortex faced toward Grogar. He can do nothing but scream in agony as it vacuums up his power, the camera cutting to a close-up and panning away to frame only his shadow on the water. It undergoes a sharp contraction, taking on the contours of Discord’s form, and a moment later the chaos master has gone chin-first onto the rocks. A woozy blink gives way to a start of surprise, and he sits up and offers a sheepish grin and wave to three former minions who absolutely cannot believe this latest turn of events. The slime pinning him in place is now gone, and the bell has shut down.*)

**Tirek:** That was unexpected.

(*A casual snap—and Discord is more than a little puzzled to find himself still in the metaphorical hot seat. He tries twice more, with just as much luck, and then makes a beeline over the stepping stones toward the exit as the three descend to ground level.*)

**Cozy:** (*to Chrysalis/Tirek*) Wait. Discord was Grogar? Like, the whole time. Should we follow him?

**Chrysalis:** (*floating bell up*) Without magic, he’s no threat. (*menacingly, pacing*) Besides, we have plans.

(*The other two fall in, relishing whatever nasty thoughts might be rattling around in their brain buckets. Dissolve to an overhead shot of the Canterlot Castle courtyard, which has been outfitted for a whopper of a coronation festival. A huge circular carpet marked with the pink star from Twilight Sparkle’s cutie mark has been laid out on the grass, runners of red carpeting connect it to the doors and the lawns beyond the courtyard, and stalls and refreshment tables are set up around the perimeter. On the start of the next line, cut to Princesses Celestia and Luna in the throne room.*)

**Celestia:** Doesn’t she look so adorably regal up there?

**Luna:** (*levitating a handkerchief to dab tears from her eyes*) Our little Twilight, all grown up. Should we tell her that we’ve cleared out our royal suites so she and Spike can move in?

(*Cut to just behind them, facing the dais. The twin thrones have been removed, and Celestia’s has been loaded onto a cart for transport; in their place stands a single one with a slightly different contour, topped with a gold rendering of the star from Twilight’s mark. She sits up here, with Spike hovering alongside.*)

**Celestia:** Oh, maybe wait until after the coronation. Twilight doesn’t need anything else to worry about today.

(*On the end of this, the camera zooms in on the incoming Princess and the two outgoing ones take their leave, while a stallion hauls the cart out after them. In close-up, Spike loops a measuring tape around Twilight’s head.*)

**Spike:** So, you freaking out yet?

**Twilight:** About what?

**Spike:** Oh, I don’t know. (*pulling out clipboard/pencil, taking notes*) It’s not every day the princesses that have ruled Equestria for hundreds of moons retire and pass all their responsibilities on to you and your friends.

(*He finishes by putting his notes away, shoving the pencil behind his ear, and plying the tape again.*)

**Twilight:** Oh, that. Actually, I’m feeling pretty good. We’ve all faced so much and come out okay. I know we’re up to the challenge of keeping Equestria safe and happy. There’s nothing we can’t handle together. Which reminds me…

(*The baby dragon finds a small box being levitated into his grip; close-up of this as he opens the lid to find a medal waiting for him. It is gold, with her cutie mark standing out from the center and a horizontal upper bar set with three six-pointed stars.*)

**Spike:** (*from o.s.*) Royal Advisor? (*Both again; her magic pulls it out and drapes it around his neck.*) What’s that?

(*He closes the box, tosses it over his shoulder, and settles down on the throne.*)

**Twilight:** A new position I created for you. (*Zoom in slowly.*) You’ve been at my side for every step of this journey. Knowing I had you to count on gave me the strength I needed to grow and succeed. (*Cut to Spike; his eyes tear up as she continues o.s.*) I wouldn’t be here without you. (*They embrace warmly.*)

**Spike:** Thanks, Twilight. You know I’ll always be your right-hoof dragon.

(*A clawed finger flicks a tear away from a green eye.*)

**Twilight:** I was hoping you’d say that. (*hovering*) Because now that my crown’s been fitted, we have some royal errands to run.

(*Both of them throw their wings in gear and head for the doors. Dissolve to a Canterlot street that is oddly bare of all life except for a tumbleweed blowing forlornly past in the sighing wind. An eagle’s cry echoes in the far distance as Fluttershy and Rarity, the latter with saddlebags slung up, round a corner and find a produce stand bereft of its goods. Cut to their perspective of it on the next line, panning slowly across bins that contain only crumbs and cobwebs.*)

**Rarity:** And you’re sure this is where Pinkie told us to get the blackberries for her special coronation dessert? (*Back to them.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*peeking in*) Maybe they keep their produce in the back?

(*An earth pony grocer stallion leans out the door of the nearest shop.*)

**Grocer**: Nope, this is all we got. (*smirking*) But I got a special on these taters.

(*Close-up of two tubers being held out to them on a platter as he finishes. The wrinkled skins, sprouts growing from the eyes, and copious fumes indicate that they are not even remotely fit for consumption. Rarity gags at the stench and claps hooves to mouth to stop herself from vomiting on the spot.*)

**Fluttershy:** Um, no thank you. We’ll keep looking.

(*She wastes no time in pushing her friend away from the toxic foodstuff and around a corner. Rarity coughs out the last of the smell just before Twilight and Spike swoop down on them. Spike has shed his pencil, clipboard, measuring tape, and medal.*)

**Rarity:** Ooh, Twilight, darling, you’re just in time. (*Land; all four get moving.*) Only one more pre-coronation stop. We’re picking up the final touch for your *après hors d’oeuvre* gown.

**Twilight:** (*smiling, eyebrow cocked*) Is that before or after the Royal Marshmallow-Eating Contest gown? (*All stop; Rarity flops to her haunches in a sudden panic.*)

**Rarity:** What?! I haven’t made one of those! (*standing, magically opening bag, pulling out quill/paper*) You must tell me when they add these sorts of things!

(*Cut to the Princess’s perspective of her, writing frantically with the sheet lifted to block her face from view.*)

**Twilight:** (*laughing, pushing it down*) It’s okay, Rarity. (*The three mares again.*) I was just joking.

(*As a smugly smiling Spike hovers into view toward Twilight, Rarity crumples to the sidewalk in a swoon and gets a little fanning from Fluttershy.*)

**Spike:** Joking? Day of her coronation? You’ve come a long way, Twilight.

(*In very short order, the fashionista is on her hooves and crossing the street to a thread shop. Her magic grips the handle of the shut door, but is unable to budge it.*)

**Rarity:** Well, that’s odd. They look open.

(*At her knock, a small window set in the door slides open to expose a pair of narrowed eyes in a mare’s yellow face. She keeps her voice down.*)

**Thread shop owner:** What do you want?

**Rarity:** (*laughing casually*) Oh. Well, this being a thread shop, I thought I might…buy some?

**Thread shop owner:** Put the bits in the mail slot.

(*An understandably puzzled Rarity exerts her horn-power over her bags to pull out a few coins and slip them through the aperture in question. A spool of thread is tossed out to her the same way in a glimmer of magic—the proprietor is a unicorn—and she floats it up with a satisfied smile.*)

**Twilight:** What was that about?

**Rarity:** You know designers. Don’t like being interrupted when they’re on a creative roll. (*She looks the spool over.*) Ooh, with thread this exquisite, can you blame them?

(*It goes in the bags as a shadow passes overhead; on the next line, cut to Rainbow Dash pushing a cloud over the street and out of the way.*)

**Rainbow:** Weather for the coronation is sunny skies! (*She lands facing them.*) It was weird, though. Not many pegasi wanted to help me clear the clouds. They were kinda on edge.

(*So is a unicorn stallion crossing behind her; he plasters himself against a wall and opens the nearest door just long enough to dive inside.*)

**Spike:** They’re not the only ones.

**Rarity:** It’s the first shift in royal power in over a millennium. Of course everypony is a little jumpy. Change does that.

**Fluttershy:** (*to Twilight*) But I’m sure it’s not because they’re worried about you.

**Rainbow:** How could they be? How many times have you saved their flanks by now?

**Twilight:** You’re right. (*pacing; Rainbow hovers*) I’ll just have to let everypony know that even with Celestia and Luna gone, we’ll make sure things stay the same.

(*Dissolve to an overhead shot of the courtyard as all five make their way in. Applejack is now on the scene and unloading a wagon as a Royal Guard pony keeps watch; a close-up picks this one out as a sour-faced unicorn stallion. His foul mood has sapped the farmer’s usual good cheer as she slides a basket of apples down off the tailgate for his inspection, but she brightens upon glancing past him.*)

**Applejack:** Twilight! (*crossing to group*) There you are! (*indicating the stallion*) You mind tellin’ your friend here that I don’t need an official guard wherever I go—especially if he ain’t gonna help carry apples?

**Twilight:** (*to him*) I appreciate you taking such good care of my friends, but we’re fine now. (*He bows curtly and clears out.*)

**Applejack:** It was the strangest thing. He kept callin’ me “earth pony,” like I didn’t have a name, and watchin’ me like he thought I’d steal the silver.

(*The doors burst open with a rumbling crash, spilling a tsunami of cupcakes along the red carpet, and Pinkie Pie burrows partway up to daylight from within the mess. Several specimens of it are squashed into her mane and coat.*)

**Pinkie:** Do *not* go in that kitchen!

**Rainbow:** You look like you were in a sugar war. (*Pinkie jumps clear.*)

**Pinkie:** For some reason, the bakers are super-grouchy with each other. (*leaping/crossing to them*) That unicorn chef started throwing dessert at Mrs. Cake! I tried to help, but I got caught in the crossfire! (*shuddering ecstatically*) Tasty, tasty crossfire.

(*And she proceeds to gulp down a chunk of it from one foreleg and lick her chops.*)

**Twilight:** (*to Rarity, worriedly*) Are you sure this is just pre-coronation nerves?

**Discord:** (*from “o.s.”*) Oh!

(*All turn toward the sound of his voice, which seems to be coming from farther down the courtyard, and shift to one side or the other. Here he stands, looking very much a wreck and massaging his reptilian hind leg.*)

**Discord:** (*flopping onto his back*) My aching metatarsals! (*Fluttershy flies over to him and lands.*) You know, you forget how convenient snap travel is.

(*The others approach; Pinkie is now clean except for one glob stuck to her forelock, which she proceeds to pull off and start chewing.*)

**Spike:** Wait. Did you just walk here? On foot?

**Discord:** Yes, actually, and I have a confession to make. You see, I might have made the teeeeeeniest boo-boo—all very well-intentioned and noble on my part, of course, but— (*Cut to Twilight/Applejack/Rarity on the end of this.*)

**Applejack:** Get to the point, Discord. (*Back to him, now standing.*)

**Discord:** Uh, you remember that whole thing with King Sombra? That was slightly my fault, and by “slightly,” I mean “I brought him back.”

**Rarity:** *You did?!?* But why?

**Discord:** Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time— (*holding up three lion-paw digits*) —which is why I also brought back three other villains— (*chuckling weakly*) —who are now on the loose and not really big fans of yours. (*shrugging*) So, uh…my bad.

(*A round of horrified gasps from the seven recipients of this most unwelcome update, followed by a snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Canterlot at sunset and zoom in slowly.*)

**Luna:** (*voice over*) Let me get this straight.

(*Cut to the Canterlot Castle throne room. Twilight is on the throne, the soon-to-be-ex-royals one level down to either side and hopping mad. They are facing Discord and the rest of the Ponyville contingent. Rainbow is the only one hovering, and Rarity no longer carries her bags. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Luna:** You wanted to boost Twilight’s confidence, so you brought back Chrysalis, Cozy Glow, and Tirek to attack her?

**Discord:** (*smiling stupidly*) Don’t forget Sombra.

**Celestia:** And while you united these three villains, *you* pretended to be Grogar? (*Discord deflates noticeably.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*stepping forward*) Discord, how could you do this to Twilight— (*crying*) —and us? (*She drops to her haunches as Applejack moves to comfort her.*)

**Discord:** Look what a great job you did defeating Sombra. All the confidence you gained. Remember the cheering? (*balling talons and lion paw, thumping them together*) The hoof bumps?

**Twilight:** (*quietly*) Except it was all a lie.

**Discord:** (*approaching dais*) A well-intentioned lie.

**Applejack:** For all the time you’ve spent with us, you really haven’t picked up too much in the way of friendship lessons, huh?

**Twilight:** You’ve been setting up challenges for us the whole time, haven’t you? None of our successes were actually real!

**Discord:** Of course they were. (*Close-up.*) You just had an extremely good-looking safety net. (*Cut to Spike, hovering/landing out past Applejack/Fluttershy, on the following.*)

**Spike:** And how was that supposed to help again? (*Discord leans down to him.*)

**Discord:** I intended to prepare Twilight for anything, by orchestrating an epic attack at her coronation.

(*Now Rarity gallops up so close that two furious blue eyes can stare into mismatched red ones at point-blank range.*)

**Rarity:** (*pinning his beard under a hoof*) You beastly beast! (*She lets him stand again.*) Don’t you know how much this day means to Twilight—and me? I made her dress! Why wait until now for such a horrible plan?

**Discord:** You don’t take a final exam on your first day of class. (*showing one talon and two lion-paw digits*) Just think. After defeating *three* baddies, Twilight would have to believe that she’s the leader we all know she is.

(*Here comes Celestia, who hovers to get in his face.*)

**Celestia:** (*icily*) You have made a grave misjudgment, Discord. Do you have anything else you would like to tell us?

**Discord:** Would you like the good news or the bad news?

**Luna:** *That* wasn’t the bad news?!?

**Discord:** All my chaos magic is…gone. Trapped in Grogar’s bell.

**Spike:** (*sighing, hand to forehead*) So what’s the good news?

**Discord:** Chrysalis, Tirek, and Cozy Glow now have all of the real Grogar’s magic.

**Rainbow:** (*flying into his face*) *In what world is that good news?!?*

**Discord:** (*testily*) Compared to me losing my powers, anything else *is* good news.

**Celestia:** (*landing by dais*) Twilight, Luna, we need to make a plan. Maybe it’s not too late to stop this disaster from happening.

(*Twilight cringes mightily, finding the eyes of both sisters on her.*)

**Twilight:** (*massaging temples*) I…I need some time to think first.

**Discord:** Well, there isn’t any time! Look what I overheard them saying!

(*A snap accomplishes exactly nothing due to his lack of magic and leaves him rather vexed.*)

**Discord:** Oh, just listen to my voice and use your imagination.

(*Wavering dissolve to a white-ringed flashback of him watching the nefarious trio from a distance in Grogar’s lair—he has stopped briefly in his run for the exit after being found out in Act One. Each one speaks in his voice, with an appropriate exaggerated intonation—haughty for Chrysalis, goody-goody for Cozy, low-pitched and gravelly for Tirek with a hint of a Southern accent mixed in.*)

**Chrysalis:** (*floating bell up*) Let the fool go. Without magic, he’s no threat. Besides, we have plans. (*They gather around the central table.*)

**Cozy:** The Lame Six are so busy being perfect. (*Tirek flicks the dead crystal ball away and the bell is set down in its place.*) They haven’t even noticed what we’ve been up to. Have I mentioned how great revenge is?

**Tirek:** Oh, I hope you got a name picked out for your future kingdom, because it’s time to destroy Equestria.

(*All three laugh exultantly as Discord’s brain completely freezes up at what he has heard. Zoom in slowly on his stricken visage; a wavering dissolve presents him in the same pose in the present, and a quick zoom out frames the entire throne room.*)

**Discord:** They’re probably on their way to attack Canterlot right now!

**Pinkie:** (*fiercely*) Then we’ll stop ’em!

**Twilight:** (*flying down to floor level*) How? Stopping Sombra by himself was hard enough, and that was with “Lord of Chaos” training wheels!

(*Celestia swings down to lay a comforting, gold-shod hoof across the violet back, and Luna does the same during the next line.*)

**Celestia:** Twilight, it doesn’t matter if Discord set up your successes or not. We believe in you, and always have.

**Luna:** Lean on your strengths to counter your weaknesses.

**Twilight:** My strengths?

(*She looks ahead of herself, the camera cutting to her perspective and panning slowly across five ponies and one dragon whose mouths are stretched into the most supportive smiles of their lives. That dragon is also giving a thumbs-up. Behind them is one draconequus who is feeling more or less entirely out of place. The view shifts back to her, a new resolve taking hold.*)

**Twilight:** Right! (*trotting ahead a few steps*) Spike! (*He rises to meet her, pulls out quill and scroll, and starts writing.*) Send a letter to Starswirl. Tell him we need the Pillars to guard the borders of Canterlot.

(*The end of this line is delivered as a voice over when the view cuts to Starswirl the Bearded levitating in a meditative pose among an expanse of temple ruins. A wisp of pink smoke swirls into view and forms into a scroll, which he opens and reads.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) If the villains are coming for a fight, we’ll have one waiting for them.

(*The eyes in the lined face narrow in steely determination, and a fold of his star/moon-decorated cape swings past the camera to shift the view to the headmare’s office within the School of Friendship. Starlight Glimmer—newly installed in the post as of “A Horse Shoe-In”—sits at the desk to read her own copy, and rookie guidance counselor Trixie stands by the chair to get a peek, having foregone her hat and cape. Worry and fighting spirit cross both faces.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) With Chrysalis on the loose, she’ll go after Starlight.

(*Both of them gallop away in close-up and leave the letter behind, Trixie’s tail waving across the screen; behind it, wipe to Princess Cadence and Shining Armor perusing a copy within the Crystal Castle, up in the Crystal Empire. Flurry Heart naps peacefully, cradled in her father’s foreleg, and her mother’s field holds the message.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) Warn Cadence and Shining Armor.

(*Longer shot: they are standing atop the dais in the throne room as three of their Royal Guard stallions await orders.*)

**Twilight:** (*voice over*) They’re our final line of defense if we fail.

(*A nod from Shining sends them to their duty stations. Wipe to the Canterlot Castle throne room.*)

**Twilight:** (*hovering*) The ultimate battle for the fate of Equestria… (*Zoom in quickly to a close-up.*) …is coming!

(*Dissolve to a stretch of Grogar’s lair, an incredulous Cozy hovering up into view.*)

**Cozy:** We’re not going anywhere until you two stop arguing!

(*Longer shot: Chrysalis and Tirek stand facing her across the central table.*)

**Cozy:** (*smiling sweetly*) Chrysalis, say something nice about Tirek.

**Chrysalis:** (*groaning loudly*) He’s…red.

**Cozy:** Tirek?

**Tirek:** (*very reluctantly*) She’s, uh, not as annoying as I expected.

**Cozy:** Good! Now we were talking about Grogar’s bell.

**Chrysalis:** We should take the magic inside it. You know how powerful Discord was. That much chaos magic in our veins?

**Tirek:** But taking it all would be madness! It’s impossible for any other creature to control!

**Cozy:** I guess if you need a guinea pig to find out if anypony can use chaos magic, I’ll volunteer.

(*She raises a hoof on the end of this and caps off the thought by dropping to rest her chin on the table, eyes big and gleaming eagerly. Her two fellow conspirators speak not a word, but fire up their horns and give the bell a hearty zap. Energized, it rises from the table, aims its clapper at the souped-up filly, and rings to create a vortex which proceeds to deliver a payload with all the grace and artistry of a fire hose. Reduced to a silhouette under the glare, Cozy begins to grow before the camera cuts to Chrysalis and Tirek, who soon find cause for alarm as her shadow extends to cover both of them. The bell has gone silent now. A gale of frighteningly unhinged laughter echoes through the cavernous space, and the camera cuts to a Cozy who has changed out of all proportion. She is still a winged unicorn, but now dwarfs Tirek roughly fourfold in height; the wings have become webbed and batlike, the mane/tail are masses of ringlets and tresses that wave on their own, and the eyes have gone a manic, pupil-less red with yellow whites and deep red lids above a cruelly fanged mouth. The band in her mane is now wrapped around her midsection, and both it and the one in her tail stream out for yards and yards in the unseen wind that surrounds her. A red helmet covers her head, and she wears an armored chest piece and shoes patterned after the chess castle/rook piece on her haunch. These latter two items fade from red to white, working upward. Her voice, considerably deeper than before, reverberates through the lair.*)

**Cozy:** Fools! Now I have more power than all of you! Kneel before my might!

(*She underscores the order by firing a horn blast into an upper reach of wall—but on impact, it forms into a rain of rubber chickens in various colors. These patter squeakily to the ground, bringing mocking grins to the faces of Chrysalis and Tirek. Angered by the unexpected comedy, the newly minted tyrant tries three more shots but only succeeds in creating a horde of jumping pineapples with mouths full of jagged teeth. The deranged fruits promptly swarm on their creator, chomping any bits of her they can reach and bringing a panicked cry from her throat.*)

**Cozy:** Take it back! Take it back!

(*The others use their magic to ring the bell again and reverse the transformation and Cozy’s spells, and she heaves for breath as it settles onto the table.*)

**Tirek:** Still think chaos magic is a good idea?

**Chrysalis:** Leave it in the bell. We’ve got a kingdom to conquer. (*They step to an exit, Cozy flying and carrying it.*)

**Cozy:** So, where should we strike first?

**Chrysalis:** (*chuckling nastily*) Everywhere.

(*Cut to a long shot of the lair and zoom out quickly as they dive/leap out and head in three different directions, then dissolve to the Canterlot Castle throne room. Twilight is now alone on the dais, all others facing up from ground level and joined by several members of the Royal Guard. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Twilight:** (*descending one level*) We’ve faced enemies of Equestria before, and we’ve always succeeded. That wouldn’t be possible without all of you.

**Discord:** You’re welcome! (*Displeased glares all around.*)

**Spike:** Dude, read the room.

**Twilight:** (*pacing*) So I ask for your help again today, in what is our biggest battle yet. (*hovering over dais*) All of Equestria is at stake, and I can’t do this alone. (*smiling*) But I’m not afraid.

(*Cut to Celestia/Luna at one end and zoom out slowly to frame the others.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Because with friendship as our armor and teamwork as our power— (*Longer shot of the entire gathering.*) —nopony can ever bring us down!

(*Comes now the sound of the doors being thrown open, accompanied by a camera-shaking crash.*)

**Cozy:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, come on!

(*Cut to her hovering in the doorway and dumping a squad of Royal Guard troops in an undignified, insensate heap.*)

**Cozy:** (*landing on them*) Where’d you get that? A Daily Affirmations calendar? Yeesh!

**Twilight:** Cozy Glow? You’re—

**Cozy:** —about to wipe the floor with you!

(*A carefully aimed spell drives the Princess into the back of her own throne, from which she dribbles to the dais in a moaning, semi-boneless pile. The onlookers voice a unison gasp of undiluted disbelief.*)

**Cozy:** (*from behind them*) Wow. (*They part just enough to allow a clear view of her.*) It’s true. (*Close-up.*) Alicorns really do have more fun!

(*She cranks off another shot on this last, firing directly at the camera. The screen goes pure white with its sheer intensity, then snaps to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of a grassy plain that ends abruptly at a ridge overlooking a wasteland of rocky spires. A cluster of ponies is barely visible on the ridge at this distance, but the next voice gives away one of them. It is now the following day.*)

**Starswirl:** Spread out, and stay ready, friends.

(*Head-on shot: he and the other Pillars of Equestria—Flash Magnus, Mage Meadowbrook, Mistmane, Rockhoof, Somnambula—make up the group, with Somnambula hovering above the others. Canterlot is now visible far behind them.*)

**Starswirl:** Canterlot depends on us.

(*The others fan out. In the air, Somnambula does a quick scan of her surroundings and throws a salute to Magnus, who returns it from a few hundred yards away. On the ground, Rockhoof makes ready with his shovel planted upright on the turf, blade end up; Meadowbrook pulls her bird mask down over her face, while Mistmane prepares a spell. The six guardians watch the silent crags intently for a long, silent few seconds that seem to last a week—and then they get a little action when some of the formations seem to collapse into dust and rubble on their own. Starswirl hurriedly levitates a spyglass up to one eye; cut to his perspective through it and zoom in quickly to a close-up of a ferally grinning Tirek as he surmounts one peak. A mighty leap, and he is gone from sight; cut back to Starswirl, who lowers the instrument because he does not need it to see this one crumbling away under the force of those four broad hooves. They slam onto the grass behind Starswirl, who drops the glass and quick-fires a spell that Tirek casually blocks with one of his wrist bracers. As he advances on Starswirl with a threatening chuckle, Rockhoof bites down on his shovel handle and charges in. One stomp from the colossus buckles the ground, raising a jagged line of stone slabs that Rockhoof hits head-on to knock himself out. Meadowbrook, Mistmane, and Magnus rush to join the fray by hoof, teleport, and wing respectively, but the spells from Mistmane and Starswirl and a packet of powder flung by Meadowbrook have no effect whatever. Tirek laughs off their efforts, snatches Magnus out of the air, and hurls him into the trio, knocking them flat. Somnambula dives toward the foe only to be swatted aside by one meaty red hand, and she winds up skidding away across the hardpan on her back. Tirek fires up his horns and greedily inhales streams of magic from the downed quartet before him.*)

**Tirek:** (*smacking lips noisily*) Magic seasoned with age! Delicious!

(*Cut to Rockhoof on the end of this line, Tirek’s hind leg planted in the foreground. The massive earth pony gradually comes around.*)

**Rockhoof:** NO!!

(*Jaws clamp onto wood for a fresh charge, he swings the shovel—and its blade shatters on contact with Tirek’s leg. Rockhoof barely has time to wrap his mind around the failure before the centaur’s magic envelops him from end to end; the ruined tool falls from his mouth as he is levitated up and drained of his power. By the time he hits the ground, he has shrunk to the scrawny, beardless appearance he originally had when introduced during the storytelling portions of “Campfire Tales.”*)

**Tirek:** (*leaning down to him*) Oh, run along. The big stallions are playing. (*Somnambula struggles to rise.*)

**Rockhoof:** (*weakly*) Go, Somnambula! Warn the Princesses!

(*In a burst of desperate exertion, the pegasus lifts off and rockets toward Canterlot. Tirek, though, leaps up and ahead to plant himself directly in her path; she slams flat into his chest and bounces to the ground, getting scooped up in almost the same instant. He promptly sucks down her power and tosses her aside.*)

**Tirek:** Ahhh.

(*Ground levels, she hits the dirt on her back and slides gracelessly to a stop near the other Pillars. On the start of the next line, cut to frame Tirek clomping away from them toward Canterlot.*)

**Tirek:** The perfect dessert to a legendary meal.

(*Wipe to Sandbar and his five friends in a crystalline cavern. A filly slides down a natural incline; Silverstream tries to catch her but is a bit too slow on the draw, and Smolder makes the interception and sets her down safely. Pan/tilt up quickly to Trixie at the top of the ramp, now wearing her hat/cape and helping another youngster down through an open hatchway in the ceiling. The sliver of library shelves visible through it suggests what the next shot confirms—that this is the library entrance to the caverns under the School that served as the milieu for most of “What Lies Beneath.” The floor grate covering the hatch has been set aside, and Starlight keeps an eye on the students who have lined up for this emergency bug-out.*)

**Starlight:** Stay with your buddy! No running! Just follow Counselor Trixie!

**Chrysalis:** (*from outside*) Starlight, star bright,

Where’s the pony I want to fight?

(*During this rhyme, the camera cuts to just outside the library windows, Starlight peeking fearfully out through one, and pans/tilts up to the hovering changeling. The view then returns to inside, Trixie having put the last student on the basement express.*)

**Starlight:** I have to go. You got this?

**Trixie:** Nopony does a great and powerful escape like Trixie.

(*After a last frantic embrace, the blue unicorn descends into the depths while levitating the grate back into place behind herself. The pinkish-violet one straightens up with a steely glare and teleports herself away; outside, she pops back in on a rooftop several feet behind Chrysalis.*)

**Chrysalis:** (*touching down to face her*) Ahhh. Just the headmare I want to see.

**Starlight:** (*icily*) You didn’t make an appointment.

(*With a savage yell and a blazing horn, she hurls herself across the space and tackles the foe, winking both of them away at the moment hooves meet carapace. They reappear in a snowy, windswept mountain pass, bouncing across the drifts and coming up separately.*)

**Chrysalis:** What is this place?

**Starlight:** (*horn glowing*) Somewhere you can’t hurt anypony.

**Chrysalis:** (*ditto*) Wrong. I can hurt YOU!

(*There begins a life-size game of whack-a-mole, with Starlight popping from one place to another and Chrysalis barely missing with every spell she fires off.*)

**Chrysalis:** (*groaning*) Stay still so I can blast you!

**Starlight:** Oh, yeah! Real motivating!

(*The next shot strikes home before she can teleport away, throwing her to the base of a rocky outcropping. An upward glance tells her of the unstable snow accumulations high overhead; she winks up to one of these ledges and holds her ground until an enraged, screeching Chrysalis flies up to this level. Only now does the unicorn go on the offensive, socking her in the gut with a close-range beam.*)

**Chrysalis:** You’ll pay for that!

**Starlight:** (*smirking*) Put it on my tab.

(*This time, her teleport deposits her just behind Chrysalis in midair; she hurtles backward while firing a blast into the snow-covered ledges to get them shaking. The frozen freight slides loose from its most precarious resting place and thunders down toward Chrysalis.*)

**Chrysalis:** No!

(*Try as she might, she is unable to get ahead of the avalanche before it engulfs her. Starlight poofs down to ground level and turns to walk stoically away from the scene, but a flare of yellow-green light from within the mounded snow stops her cold. This develops into a mighty blast, hurling her across the plateau and allowing Chrysalis to hover in the flurry-filled air. The hard landing leaves Starlight unconscious in close-up, and tendrils of green goo snake around her form and drag her away. By the time she comes to, Chrysalis has wrapped her from neck to tail in a cocoon and hoisted her up.*)

**Chrysalis:** Now I’ll have all eternity to take my revenge on you!

(*She flies off with her prize. Wipe to the Canterlot Castle throne room; a new contingent of Royal Guard unicorns has arrived and is shooting it out with the airborne Cozy, who has constructed a spherical shield to repel the fusillade. Her mocking pout goads them into a yelling charge, to which she responds by dropping the barrier and opening a portal directly in their path that leads to the outside. They slam on the brakes, but are unable to get enough traction on the carpet to stop themselves and end up toppling through. The other end proves to be several yards above the river outside the city’s main gate, and they plunge into the water with a series of undignified splashes. Inside the throne room, Cozy lets go with a maniacal laugh as Twilight, Celestia, and Luna regard her stonily from the dais. The portal has now been closed.*)

**Celestia:** (*stomping for emphasis*) Stand down, Cozy Glow!

**Cozy:** (*sweetly*) Gee, I guess I could, but… (*crazed*) …I’m having too much fun!

(*The full-power beam she fires down at the three leaves Twilight just enough time to cry out and project a force field to cover them.*)

**Celestia:** (*to Luna*) Ready, sister?

(*The younger sibling nods, and both lift off as Twilight drops the shield in confusion.*)

**Twilight:** Wait! What are you—

(*White and blue-violet horns go straight into overdrive and fire, their beams converging on a point a few feet ahead. From here, a single beam emerges in stripes of white, yellow, blue-violet, and dark blue—their respective coat and magic aura colors—and rips toward an insufferably smug Cozy. She levitates the bell out from behind herself, aims the clapper at the sisters, and lets it ring and produce a magic-sucking vortex. Celestia and Luna scream in agony as their power is vacuumed up, and they crash to the carpet once every last drop of it is gone—their manes/tails no longer billowing on their own.*)

**Twilight:** (*horrified*) NOOOOO!! (*She gallops down to them.*)

**Cozy:** That’s the problem with you magic types. You’re so reliant on all your special power, you forget to use your brains!

**Twilight:** Keep telling yourself that. NOW!!

(*Her five friends pour out from behind the throne. Rainbow is first up, flying an impossibly tight circle around Cozy that leaves her spinning out of control.*)

**Cozy:** Whoooaaa!

(*Pan to an extreme close-up of Pinkie, held aloft in a magic field and with a tubular device balanced on one shoulder and aimed directly at the camera. A longer profile shot picks this out as a bazooka sporting the same color scheme as her party cannon and aimed directly into Cozy’s face.*)

**Pinkie:** SURPRISE ATTACK!!

(*She fires a blast of confetti and streamers, knocking the winged terror back and herself in the opposite direction due to the recoil. The lifting power is courtesy of Rarity, who arrests her momentum safely. Cozy has barely had time to cough the colored paper bits from her lungs before Fluttershy is in the air, surrounded by several of the throne room’s guard geese.*)

**Fluttershy:** Fly, my pretties!

(*They do so in a raucously honking mass that sets Cozy to screaming and tumbling, but she gets herself and the bell under control. Spike shoots up to her level and empties his lungs in a mighty belch of fire, which she barely avoids, but Pinkie backs him up with a boost from Rarity and another salvo from her party bazooka. This too is a near miss, but it does leave her off guard for the geese’s next pass; once she has cleared her head, she fires after the birds and finds herself dodging more fireballs from Spike. The two-pronged assault leaves her reeling and yelling—and wide open for a lasso to flick up and catch her around the midsection. Applejack has the other end of the rope in her teeth, and one hard yank is all it takes to dump the adversary on the carpet. The bell clanks down within easy reach, and Cozy clutches it to herself with an almighty scowl as the whole Ponyville crew closes in from all sides. Pinkie no longer has her artillery piece.*)

(*Twilight spreads her wings to full extension and warms up her horn, ready to let this usurper have it in at least ten different ways. In close-up, a growing light begins to spill toward the terrified usurper from the throne end of the room. Her eyes widen in disbelief, then narrow in malicious glee as she lifts off with the bell, Applejack’s rope trailing behind her. The other seven turn in the direction she was facing and are rewarded with the sight of a blinding white radiance that is pouring through the stained-glass windows in the end wall. A mighty detonation shatters all of them, shreds the draperies, and blows all the occupants toward the doors, and Chrysalis and Tirek make their imperious entrance. She flies in through one frame, no longer hauling the cocooned Starlight; he climbs in after her, lands on the dais, and pushes Twilight’s damaged throne off the side as if it weighed no more than a folding chair. Discord stands exposed, having taken cover behind it; he slithers over the back edge, but Cozy’s magic snags him before he can get away and tosses him down with the other nine. Twilight erects a hemispherical shield around the group, whose members begin to stand up as the diabolical triumvirate approaches. Cozy has shed the rope, but the bell floats behind them.*)

**Chrysalis:** You think your pathetic shield can stop us? (*Laugh.*) The Pillars have been defeated. Your school is abandoned. Face it, Twilight—you’ve lost!

**Twilight:** You can attack us, and we may fall— (*Cut to Celestia/Luna standing by Rarity; she continues o.s.*) —but Equestria will still stand— (*To Fluttershy/Discord/Spike.*) —united in friendship. (*The entire group.*) And we won’t stop until we defeat you— (*To the villains; she continues o.s.*) —no matter how many ponies you take down!

(*This bit of oratory brings derisive laughter from its recipients, and Tirek leans down over the dome.*)

**Tirek:** Didn’t you all notice something was wrong in Equestria? We’ve been busy. (*Chrysalis hovers down by him.*)

**Chrysalis:** A whisper here, a rumor there.

**Tirek:** Destroy some crops, cause some damage.

**Cozy:** (*flying lazily past*) Turn pony against pony.

**Chrysalis:** (*leaning over Tirek’s shoulders*) Until your whole kingdom is on edge, waiting for just one tiny thing to push them over the brink!

**Tirek:** There’s no backup friends or rainbow magic to save you now!

**Cozy:** Golly. I think it’s time for some redecorating!

(*They turn to face the shattered windows and ignite their horns. Cut to a long shot of Canterlot—most of whose castle proceeds to disintegrate into gravel under their cranked-up three-way combo. Those protected by Twilight’s shield can only boggle in despair at their instant open-air view of the surrounding countryside as stone fragments rain down around them. An upside-down Chrysalis hovers into view from above.*)

**Chrysalis:** (*slowly rotating to plant her hooves on the floor*) You know what’s stronger than friendship, Twilight?

(*She slams her front hooves on the barrier, setting off a crackle of green sparks.*)

**Chrysalis:** Fear!

(*The violet mage cries out and strains to keep it in place, but it quickly cracks and shatters under the overload. Cut to a close-up of the group; on the next line, zoom out to frame Tirek approaching, then cut to Twilight being dragged up by his field, then back to him.*)

**Tirek:** Because when you have to protect yourself, you don’t have time for anypony else!

(*She ends up with both wings crushed together in one set of scarlet fingers and facing the whole trio.*)

**Cozy:** Too bad you never taught *that* in school.

(*The centaur prepares a spell…all the auras play across the whites of Twilight’s terror-stricken eyes…she throws up her forelegs in a last, surely fruitless attempt to ward off the inevitable…and then a broken slab goes flying under arcane control and plows the villains toward the doors. Dropped by Tirek, Twilight hits the carpet and looks up in surprise.*)

**Twilight:** Huh?

(*Only now does she see the white unicorn’s glowing horn and the hooves she has planted wide to brace herself. The grins they trade are cut short when the three stand up, Tirek idly brushing dust from his hands, and they let go with a magical triple whammy as Twilight scrambles back toward the others. Another corona-enveloped chunk is shifted into the line of fire, and a zoom out reveals this one to be under Twilight’s influence. She strains with every bit of her ability to hold it in place and let it take the brunt of the attack, but Rarity races up to push against it with plain ordinary leg-power.*)

**Rarity:** Go, Twilight! Get help! (*Applejack joins her.*)

**Applejack:** We’ll hold him ’til you get back!

**Twilight:** No! I can’t leave you here!

**Fluttershy:** (*joining in*) It’s our only chance!

**Rainbow:** (*ditto, from the air*) You’ll come up with something to save the day!

**Pinkie:** (*ditto*) You always do!

(*Celestia and Luna flank Rainbow to offer up a bit of higher-altitude reinforcement, and Spike hovers to pat Twilight’s shoulder.*)

**Spike:** We believe in you!

(*He zooms ahead to hold the line as Discord yanks Twilight back, the latter so startled that she extinguishes her horn.*)

**Discord:** Fly, you foal!

(*Seeing nothing more for it, and with the whole room now shaking and debris raining down from the ceiling, the “foal” in question turns away from the onslaught to face the dais while Discord throws his weight against the barricade. Cut to a head-on close-up and slow zoom in; tears pool in the purple eyes and her whole face scrunches up in a titanic effort as her horn works its way up to an incandescent white. She teleports away, leaving the others to brace a stone that has already begun to crack under the overwhelming magical strain. The glare grows to swallow them up and fill the screen, and the view snaps to a “To be continued…” title card and then to black.*)

**Continued in Part Two**

CHANGES BETWEEN iTUNES VERSION AND DISCOVERY FAMILY PREMIERE

End of Act Three No “To be continued” title card

Scene fades to black after the glare of the three villains’

attack whites it out

Closing credits Deleted