**SISTERHOOVES SOCIAL**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the upper story of the Carousel Boutique, seen from a nearby tree branch during the day. Zoom in slowly between two chirping birds at opposite ends.*)

**Rarity:** (*from inside, drowsily*) Oh…are those sweet…carrot…

(*Dissolve to the workroom/living space up here.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) …pancakes I smell?

(*Pan to the bed, where she is comfortably tucked in with a sleep mask over her eyes. She gasps contentedly.*)

**Rarity:** Mmm…ah, divine.

(*She smacks her lips softly as curls of vapor drift into the room.*)

**Rarity:** The aroma…spiced warm apple cider. (*Sniff; the vapor darkens into gray smoke.*) Ahhh…and the smell of…smoke.

(*She sits bolt upright in bed as a smoke detector sounds off.*)

**Rarity:** Smoke? (*She jumps out, dragging the blanket with her.*) Smoke?!

(*Thud to the floor, then out the door, blanket and all.*)

**Rarity:** SMOOOOO—

(*She trails off into a yell while tumbling to the bottom of the stairs; the smoke is coming from somewhere down here.*)

**Sweetie Belle:** (*from o.s.*) Rarity!

(*Once Rarity gets her eyes clear, she finds her younger sister in the kitchen, whose floor, countertops, and cooking pots are liberally besmirched with batter. A pot on the stove is the source of the cooking mishap, and the little unicorn voices an irritated groan.*)

**Sweetie:** You ruined the surprise! I was gonna serve you breakfast in bed!

(*Big sister sighs wearily. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to Rarity, who angrily throws her sleep mask across the kitchen and trots in to stare down Sweetie, separating herself from the blanket she dragged with her. She passes a table in the corner of the room without noticing it; this has been set with the slightly charred breakfast items and has two older ponies, a stallion and mare, seated at it. Once she is face to face with her sister, she takes a deep breath, ready to deliver the tongue-lashing of a lifetime, but a voice from the corner stops her cold.*)

**Stallion:** (*from o.s., Chicago accent*) Well! (*Pan to the table.*) Good mornin’, Rarity!

(*Light grayish-white coat, brown mane/tail, blue eyes, dark gray hoof tips, cutie mark of three footballs. He has prominent eyebrows and mustache and wears a broad straw hat, as well as a flower-patterned violet shirt with white collar and sleeve cuffs. Whether he is an earth pony or unicorn is impossible to tell, due to the size of that hat. She is a light pink unicorn, also with blue eyes, and wears white stretch pants, a red blouse trimmed in white lace, and yellow earrings. Her mane and tail are two shades of purple, with the former gathered into a bouffant and corralled by a blue sun visor. Close-up of the stallion.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s., shocked*) Father! (*Pan to the mare.*) Uh…Mother!

(*Sweetie crosses the room; zoom out as she sets something on the table.*)

**Father:** (*patting her head*) I’ll have you know that Sweetie Belle here cooked this yummy-lookin’ breakfast all on her own.

(*Close-up of said breakfast; every item—including the contents of a juice glass and a cereal bowl—is charcoal-gray and fuming unpleasantly. Zoom out to frame all of it as Rarity crosses to the table.*)

**Rarity:** (*uncertainly*) I…figured. (*sniffing the glass*) I didn’t know you could burn juice.

**Mother:** (*thumping table; Long Island accent*) I’ve been giving her lessons. I wouldn’t be surprised if she’s got a cutie mark in fancy cooking by the time we get back from our vacation.

**Rarity:** Vacation? (*suddenly shocked*) Is that this week—as in “starting this very instant” this week?

(*Close-up of another glutinously bubbling bowl as Sweetie sets it on the table, then zoom out to frame both sisters. Rarity voices a nauseated little moan.*)

**Rarity:** Let me guess. Applesauce?

**Sweetie:** Nope. Toast. We’re gonna have the bestest time two sisters could ever have. (*walking out*) I’m gonna go grab my stuff from Dad’s wagon.

**Rarity:** (*to her parents*) So…now when you say “a week,” is that, um… (*clearing throat*) …seven whole days?

**Mother:** And six nights. I know, such a short time to spend with your little sis. (*Close-up of Rarity on the end of this; Father leans to her.*)

**Father:** (*pointing at a plate*) You gonna eat that? (*She pushes it to him; he whisks it away.*)

**Rarity:** But I’ve got such a long “to do” list! (*resignedly*) Oh, well. I suppose “spend time with your sister” will just have to be added to the list.

(*A crash from o.s. shakes the entire room; she looks toward the source and finds Sweetie at the doorway. A huge scramble of luggage lies around her, and a suitcase on top of the pile slides down and thumps to the floor.*)

**Sweetie:** Just a few necessities.

(*Rarity throws a sheepish smile to her parents, having realized that she has absolutely no way out of this one. Dissolve to a cabriolet carriage outside, painted yellow with black/white checkerboard stripes in the style of a taxi. The stallion pulling it wears a yellow jacket and cap, the latter sporting the checkerboard stripe as well, and the sisters watch it pull away with a honk to take their parents off for vacation. After it has gone, cut to the kitchen, the camera pointing from the filthy countertop toward the doorway, as Rarity walks in.*)

**Rarity:** Now, let’s get that kitchen all cleaned up. (*Close-up of Sweetie, who follows her in.*)

**Sweetie:** Cleaned up? But we haven’t even eaten yet.

**Rarity:** (*now o.s.*) Well, now, Sweetie Belle— (*Cut to frame both.*) —I appreciate the gesture, but we simply can’t eat *this* breakfast. It’s burnt.

(*Close-up of one smoking plate on the end of this; the failed cook then walks up to it.*)

**Sweetie:** It’s not *that* burnt. (*She approaches Rarity, who backs her off with a hoof.*)

**Rarity:** Never fear, my dear. (*crossing to counter*) I’ll get a proper breakfast going.

(*Sweetie follows her over. At the cupboard, Rarity hums to herself while levitating a box of cereal and a bowl out of the cupboards.*)

**Sweetie:** Can I help?

**Rarity:** Oh, uh…of course…uh, in one moment, Sweetie Belle. (*leaving cupboards*) Let me just get things started.

(*Dissolve to a shot of the entire kitchen, seen from just above the countertops with Sweetie near the doorway again and Rarity levitating a pitcher of juice onto the table. A series of further dissolves show her bringing out silverware, chopping a carrot, taking the burned food away, getting a basket of eggs, crossing to the stove. Sweetie stays put throughout, slumping steadily toward the floor and becoming increasingly out of sorts. Finally, the camera cuts to a close-up of Rarity stirring a pot.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s., petulantly*) Rarity! (*She pops her head up; the spoon drops.*) I thought you said I was gonna help!

(*Big sister cringes, keeping her face out of Sweetie’s view, then turns to her with a smile.*)

**Rarity:** You are! You…can… (*looking desperately about, then getting an idea*) …put the garnish on the plates.

(*Which turns out to be one small sprig of parsley, as seen in close-up. Zoom out; it is on the countertop before the pair.*)

**Sweetie:** You mean this parsley?

(*Getting a nod from Rarity, she nips it in her teeth and trots to the table, where fried eggs and juice for two have been laid out. Before she can lay the parsley down, Rarity rushes over in a sudden fit of worry.*)

**Rarity:** Okay, now, easy. It has to be just right. (*Cut to Sweetie; she continues o.s.*) No need to rush…no!

(*Longer shot of both; Sweetie has climbed on a stool to reach the plates’ level and is starting to tip the table over due to her front hooves resting on the edge.*)

**Rarity:** That’s too slow! Careful! (*Hooves off table.*) Back up!

(*In close-up, Sweetie leans forward and away from Rarity, putting the latter o.s. as the sweat start to run down the straining face.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Looking for perfection here.

**Sweetie:** (*losing her balance and the parsley*) Whoa, whoa, whoooaaa!

(*Down goes the table and everything on it, with the filly ending up face first where the food used to be. She peels her head up as the eggs splat to the floor; they wind up on a plate and the sprig lands neatly between them.*)

**Rarity:** (*floored*) Not bad.

(*Dissolve to a close-up of a messy patch of kitchen floor. A hoof reaches into view and runs a rag past until the floor shines; in a longer shot and pan, the cleaner is revealed as Rarity. The entire kitchen is now back in order, and a pile of dirty rags has accumulated on the table. She tosses the last one on the stack and turns her eye to the clock on the wall; close-up of this as its minute hand ticks ahead to 1:00. A gasp from below; cut back to her.*)

**Rarity:** There are some things I must attend to.

(*She levitates the rag pile. Cut to Sweetie at the other end of the room, scrubbing the floor with a brush in her teeth and a bucket of water. The shadow of the floating pile drifts toward her.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Can you take the dirty towels to the laundry room?

(*Sweetie sets the brush down and lifts her front hooves to catch them, only to have the lot come down on her head. Cut to the doorway of an adjoining room.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from around corner*) No problem! (*She pushes in a basket full of rags with her head.*) I’ll make myself useful!

(*Looking up, she finds a washboard and a tub filled with soapy water, a mop, a scrub brush, a basket filled with wash, shelves of folded linens, a clothesline strung outside the open window, and a sweater hung on a closed cupboard. Her attention quickly homes in on this last item, and she enters the room with a smile.*)

(*Wipe to the spire atop the Carousel Boutique and tilt down to a side entrance. The clothesline is strung up just outside this doorway, marking it as that of the laundry room, and Rarity walks back inside only to turn back with a sudden look of panic. Zoom out as she approaches the clothesline; Sweetie is standing on a box and hanging up some wash, including the sweater.*)

**Rarity:** Sweetie Belle!

**Sweetie:** I told you I’d make myself useful. Surprised?

**Rarity:** Am I?

(*Cut to the young washer-pony and zoom in on the sweater drip-drying behind her.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) You washed my incredibly expensive, one-of-a-kind, designer crocheted wool sweater! (*passing Sweetie*) Do you know how hard these things are to come by?

**Sweetie:** (*following her*) What’s the big deal? (*Rarity looks at it.*)

**Rarity:** The big deal is that in the heat of the sun, wool…

(*In an instant, the body of the garment contracts to perhaps a quarter of its original size. Only the clothespins on the sleeves keep them from doing the same.*)

**Rarity:** (*small voice*) …shrinks.

**Sweetie:** Oh. Sorry.

(*Rarity lets her face run through a couple of infuriated grimaces, making sure to keep it turned away from Sweetie before she can regain her composure. When she does turn around, it is with a smile and two big shining blue eyes.*)

**Rarity:** Well, back to work. I must create!

(*She has barely turned toward the building before a splash from o.s. below stops her cold; a longer shot shows that she has put a hoof into a full washtub.*)

**Sweetie:** Sorry?

**Rarity:** Huh. (*walking off*) Stay out of trouble, okay? Please?

**Sweetie:** (*to herself, pushing tub along with head*) I just wanted to do something nice for my sister.

(*Wipe to the ground-floor showroom. Rarity is nowhere in sight, while Sweetie lies glumly on the floor and lets off a hearty groan. She then begins to push herself around using her hind legs.*)

**Sweetie:** I’m so bored! When is Rarity gonna finish her work?

(*Once she stops moving, a thought balloon appears over her head, with Rarity displayed inside.*)

**Rarity:** (*memory*) Stay out of trouble, okay?

(*The balloon disappears with a poof; now the young unicorn thinks hard for a second, then looks across the room with a smile. Cut to the raised three-mirror platform that has been used to model outfits; on it are a set of markers and a stack of paper in various colors. Zoom in during the following line.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s.*) I never got in trouble for drawing.

(*She gets right down to it, but lets the marker in her teeth drop after a few strokes.*)

**Sweetie:** Hmmm…this needs something.

(*A sparkly bluish reflection plays across her pupils; the source proves to be an open chest filled with blue jewels, bringing a huge smile to her face. Wipe to Rarity as she comes downstairs into the showroom, a neatly folded piece of cloth and a pair of scissors floating before her. Sweetie’s sudden rush across the floor causes her to let them drop and bug her eyes out. The filly is holding a drawing, seen from the back, that consists of several sheets of paper taped together and liberally decorated with the glued-on blue stones, some of which fall loose. Cut to Rarity and back to the pair on the start of the next line.)*

**Sweetie:** Hi, Rarity! I made a special drawing for y—

(*A horrified, eardrum-pulverizing scream cuts her off as Rarity rushes to the chest and finds it completely empty.*)

**Rarity:** (*levitating it toward Sweetie*) Oh, no! Did you use these gems? (*Cut to Sweetie on the end of this; she huddles on the floor.*)

**Sweetie:** Well, yes, but…I know you have more in your workroom.

**Rarity:** (*throwing chest aside*) But—but—but these are extremely rare baby-blue sapphires! (*Cut to Sweetie; she continues o.s.*) I need them for an outfit for an *extremely* important client!

**Sweetie:** Oh. Sorry. (*Cut to frame both.*)

**Rarity:** (*sighing heavily*) Sweetie Belle, what am I going to do with you?

**Sweetie:** (*perking up, hopping around*) Oh! We could paint together, we could ride bikes, play chess, sing a song, catch frogs, pillow fight—

**Rarity:** (*walking past her*) That’s not what I meant!

**Sweetie:** Oh.

**Rarity:** Now I have to go and find some more of these gems!

**Sweetie:** I’ll go with you and help.

**Rarity:** NOOO!! (*Sweetie’s face falls.*) No, thank you. You can help— (*Cut to Sweetie; she continues o.s.*) —by picking up these papers and stacking them— (*To both.*) —neatly! Put the pens and pencils back exactly where you found them, and *please* find something to do that doesn’t create a large mess for me to clean up!

(*On the end of this, she opens a nearby side door with her magic and exits, slamming it shut behind her.*)

**Sweetie:** (*sighing, walking away*) Geez Louise, can’t I do *anything* right?

(*Cut to another room on this floor, the camera pointing out through its open door. Sweetie clumps sadly into view from outside it and stops short as the camera zooms out slightly to frame part of this room. Yarn balls and ribbon spools littering the floor; a sewing machine off to one side; an untidy worktable to the other; sketches tacked up on the walls, with another on the floor. Cut to her perspective, panning across the rest of the area to show it in equal disarray; a mirror and some pony mannequins stand at the far end, books are piled on a dresser, and a four-poster bed has fabric draped over it. Back to Sweetie, who smiles and trots eagerly into the chaos.*)

(*Wipe to the showroom’s side door, which swings open to admit Rarity and the overstuffed bag of jewels she levitates before her. This is set down to one side—a load of those special blue sapphires—and Rarity looks around in general good spirits.*)

**Rarity:** Sweetie Belle! (*No answer; zoom out slightly.*) I’m back!

(*Cut to just inside the room Sweetie found as she peeks in; all the mess has been cleaned up.*)

**Rarity:** Sweetie Belle!

(*Now it is her turn to give a start, accompanied by a lung-bursting gasp of fright. A cut to her perspective and pan across the room discloses the extent of the little unicorn’s activities: she has tidied up from top to bottom. All the fabrics are neatly folded and stacked, the mannequins have been stripped clean, the books are lined up atop the dresser, and not one loose item is on the floor. The extreme cleaner herself pops up from among the mannequins.*)

**Sweetie:** Surprise!

(*What she gets in return is a few strangled noises of terror as her big sister looks around in a total panic.*)

**Rarity:** (*galloping to dresser*) My inspiration room!

(*Even the colored pencils and paper clips have been neatly arranged.*)

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

**Sweetie:** When I saw the big mess in your room, I thought I’d clean it up for you.

**Rarity:** This wasn’t a mess! It was…organized chaos! I was just about finished planning my new fashion line! (*stuttering*) And…and you… (*Cut to the mannequins; she continues o.s.*) …you…you went and… (*Back to her.*) …and then you…and you put everything *away!* (*She claps a hoof to her face.*)

**Sweetie:** But every time *I* make a mess, you get upset!

**Rarity:** But this was *my* mess, in *my* house! (*Sigh.*) And now I have to start from scratch!

**Sweetie:** But…I…I thought it would…make you happy.

**Rarity:** *Happy?!? Happy?!?* I…

(*Her face does the talking as it did at the clothesline and works its way into a wide-eyed smile that is more than a bit unsettling.*)

**Rarity:** (*walking slowly away from Sweetie*) I just need some time alone.

(*She ends up near the mannequins, her back turned to her sister; the latter opens her mouth to speak, but comes up dry on words and heads for the door.*)

**Rarity:** Hmph!

(*Dissolve to a slow pan toward Sweetie as she walks down a Ponyville street, then cut to her perspective of the patch of ground right in front of her. She stops upon finding a flyer held by a pony standing in the way; it shows some text, a blue ribbon, and the silhouettes of a filly and mare smiling at each other. Both figures have stars superimposed on their heads. A tilt up frames an extreme close-up of a grinning Apple Bloom, who has the flyer in her teeth. Cut to frame both fillies, now in the park outside Ponyville; Bloom sets the paper down.*)

**Bloom:** How’s the sleepover at Rarity’s goin’? (*Brief surprise from Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** (*stepping past, imitating Rarity*) Why, it’s smashing. (*She lets it drop and plods off.*)

**Bloom:** Huh?

(*Near the fountain, many more flyers have been put up on trees and are spread on the ground.*)

**Sweetie:** (*reaching fountain/sitting at edge on haunches*) I just wish we could do something special together that didn’t include me goofing anything up. (*Bloom zips over.*)

**Bloom:** Oh! The Sisterhooves Social! (*holding up flyer*) Applejack and I do it every year. You and Rarity can compete against other sister teams in all these neat events. (*Happy gasp from Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** That sounds like the perfect way for us to hang out! (*Close-up.*) Rarity will think it’s an excellent idea.

(*Around her beaming face, the backdrop dissolves to the interior of the Carousel Boutique.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) What a ridiculous idea!

(*Sweetie’s face falls and the camera cuts to frame them both, in the inspiration room. She has brought one of the flyers with her, but Rarity steadfastly keeps her back turned to it.*)

**Rarity:** A contest at Sweet Apple Acres? (*levitating cloth onto a mannequin*) It doesn’t sound…mmm…very…clean.

**Sweetie:** (*angrily*) So what? (*as Rarity inspects another swatch*) Now you’re back to *hating* messes? (*It falls to the floor.*)

**Rarity:** (*offended, walking past her*) Sweetie Belle, watch your tone! I am still your big sister. (*Sweetie follows her.*)

**Sweetie:** Right! And any sister who cares about her sister goes! (*Both stop.*)

**Rarity:** Sweetie Belle, honestly! Playing silly little games in the dirt is…just… (*crossing room again*) …uncouth, with or without a sister!

(*The light green eyes cycle from disappointment to resentment in less time than it takes to say “sibling rivalry,” and even well up with tears for a moment during the next line.*)

**Sweetie:** Well, then, maybe…maybe I’ll try the Sisterhooves Social *without* a sister! In fact, I think I’ll try the rest of my LIFE without a sister! (*Two shocked gasps from Rarity.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, *I’m* the one who’s ruining *your* life! Really! Have you looked around this place? (*getting in Sweetie’s face*) *I’m* the one who would be better off with no sister! (*They butt heads.*)

**Sweetie:** Well, it looks like we finally agree on something! Neither of us needs a sister! (*Rarity shoves her back.*)

**Rarity:** Deal! (*Sweetie’s turn.*)

**Sweetie:** Deal! Goodbye, un-sister!

(*She clomps out; the door slams o.s. as Rarity fumes silently in the middle of the very clean floor. Zoom out slowly.*)

**Rarity:** Hmph!

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres and pan to a clearing in the nearest orchard. Sweetie is moodily sprawled out on a hay bale, while Applejack carries another in her teeth and Big Macintosh pushes a third along with his head. A table and two tubs heaped with apples sit out here.*)

**Applejack:** Uncouth? (*She drops her bale.*) She said the Sisterhooves Social was uncouth?

(*This shot reveals that Macintosh’s green-apple cutie mark now has small white sparkles around its upper half, a detail not seen in previous episodes. Bloom pops out from one tub, chewing on an apple with gusto. Her next three lines are delivered through a very full mouth.*)

**Bloom:** Yeah! Uncouth?

(*She scarfs down the rest of it and brings up a hearty belch.*)

**Bloom:** Wait. What’s uncouth?

**Sweetie:** It’s not just the Social. She thinks *I’m* uncouth.

**Applejack:** Honey, Rarity thinks *everything’s* uncouth. (*Bloom crosses to her.*)

**Bloom:** (*wiping her mouth*) What’s uncouth?

**Applejack:** It means uncivil—you know, bad-mannered. (*Louder, longer belch from Bloom.*) Exactly! Sweetie Belle, just give Rarity some time. She’ll come around. Sisters always do.

**Sweetie:** Not sisters like Rarity.

**Applejack:** Come on now. Apple Bloom and I got some chores to finish up on. Maybe you can help.

**Sweetie:** You sure you want me to help? I just mess everything up.

**Applejack:** Oh, come on. That’s just stinkin’ thinkin’. (*trotting away; Bloom follows*) Watch.

(*Cut to a close-up of several apples scattered around a tree and pan to one that has a discolored spot and a worm poking out. Applejack snags its stem in her teeth, while Bloom drags an empty tub over the grass. Once Applejack lets fly with a chuckle and a little whoop, Bloom gets the tub on her head and maneuvers so that the damaged fruit drops neatly in. She laughs.*)

**Applejack:** Good catch there, Apple Bloom!

(*Laughing again, she flips another bad apple up with her hind legs and whips her tail out to propel it toward the yellow filly. A quick sidestep lets Bloom catch this one too. She keeps laughing as the apples sail toward her and Sweetie stares, bewildered.*)

**Sweetie:** This is a chore?

**Applejack:** Since we can’t sell the bruised apples— (*kicking another one*) —we gotta collect ’em all for the pigs to eat.

(*On the end of this, pan to follow both the apple and Sweetie’s gaze over to Bloom, who makes the catch. Another hisses toward her after she sets the tub down, but a jumping hind-leg kick puts it in with the others.*)

**Bloom:** It’s a lot of work, so we make a game of it. (*Cut to Sweetie; she continues o.s. as more apples go flying.*) Want to try?

**Sweetie:** Um…okay.

(*A second empty tub sits next to her. Now Applejack kicks an apple backwards toward her, but this one impales itself on her horn.*)

**Sweetie:** Ow! (*Grunt; she rubs her head.*) You’re right. It *is* hard work.

**Bloom:** That’s why we do it…

**Applejack, Bloom:** (*Applejack’s foreleg over Bloom’s shoulders*) …together! (*Cut to Sweetie; zoom in slowly.*)

**Sweetie:** Hmph. Rarity never wants to do chores together.

(*Wipe to a close-up of Opalescence, Rarity’s cat, snoozing on the floor of the inspiration room in the Carouse Boutique. The four white hooves pass behind her; the unicorn levitates a piece of fabric with an annoyed grunt, waking Opal.*)

**Rarity:** All that work, ruined! (*Long shot; she places it on a mannequin.*) Thanks to Sweetie Belle. (*She opens a drawer and looks in, surprised.*) Oh, my.

(*A close-up of the drawer reveals the neatly arrayed fabrics inside.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) It’s usually a big mess in here.

(*After a quick pan to the fabric stacks and mannequins, the camera cuts back to her as she warms up her horn with a happy gasp. A hat is promptly levitated off its shelf.*)

**Rarity:** (*singsong*) Idea!

(*Her sewing machine and a gale of materials follow it across the room, and the machine is heard running once it has floated o.s. Inspiration has struck her but good.*)

**Rarity:** This is genius!

(*Clock wipe to the mannequins, each of which is now dressed in an outfit of a different color—five in all. The fabric in front of them is gone except for a few scraps, and a couple of hats are lowered into place.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) I shall call it… (*Zoom out to frame her looking on.*) … “Full Spectrum Fashions”! Why, if Sweetie Belle hadn’t…

(*Her expression hardens for a moment, then gives way to disdain as she clears her throat.*)

**Rarity:** (*floating outfits off mannequins*) Well, no matter. She still shouldn’t have touched my things without permission. Hmph!

(*Wipe to the interior of a vat filled with grapes, the camera pointing up toward the sky. Applejack drops in a fresh bunch.*)

**Applejack:** Apple Bloom! (*Cut to Bloom and Sweetie; she continues o.s.*) You’re up!

(*The unicorn has removed the apple that was stuck on her horn. Tossing a quick glance to her friend, the young earth pony is off like a shot. A few cheerful bounds bring her to the vat, which is set up on metal legs and has a spigot attached to its base. Applejack jumps down and lowers her tail so Bloom can jump onto its end, then whips it up to throw her into the vat. As the four yellow hooves stomp away at the grapes, Applejack opens the spigot with her nose, releasing a stream of juice into a waiting jar while Sweetie eyes it suspiciously.*)

**Sweetie:** You’re making… (*smiling*) …grape juice? (*She zips over to Applejack.*) Rarity would call the fashion police on me if I got grape juice anywhere *near* her precious outfits!

**Bloom:** Well, that’s silly!

(*One over-enthusiastic dive throws crushed grapes all over her sister, completely covering everything except her eyes and hat.*)

**Applejack:** (*incensed*) Apple Bloom!

**Sweetie:** (*as Applejack gallops past*) Please, Applejack! She didn’t mean—

(*Turnabout is fair play here, as Applejack leaps up and plows Bloom down into the grapes.*)

**Bloom:** Whoa!

(*Cut to a close-up of the pair in the vat, with Bloom laughing and getting a thorough noogie. Applejack’s tone of voice indicates that her vexation has given way to good humor.*)

**Applejack:** How do you like them grapes, you little whippersnapper?

(*Longer shot of them on the end of this; Sweetie pops up with a smile to look on.*)

**Bloom:** (*between laughs*) That tickles!

(*Wipe to just inside the doorway of the Carousel Boutique’s laundry room. Rarity enters, levitating the Full Spectrum Fashions outfits ahead of herself.*)

**Rarity:** Now to get these fabrics washed for my fabulous new line.

(*She stops short; cut to the shrunken wool sweater, now pinned up on the curtain rod over the open window, and zoom out in time with a loud groan from the o.s. unicorn. Opal has moved in here to nap on the floor, and Rarity walks across near her.*)

**Rarity:** My favorite sweater! I just can’t believe that Sweetie Belle!

(*A loud crunch marks the contact of hoof with tail, followed by a loud yowl from the owner of said tail, who turns away and starts to clean herself. A fresh idea hits Rarity as she watches the cat’s grooming; an instant later, the clothespins come off the curtain rod and the little garment floats down and is stuck onto Opal in close-up. She is none too pleased with the sudden wardrobe change, but a longer shot reveals that the sweater is a perfect fit, with her forelegs in the sleeves.*)

**Rarity:** (*baby-talk; slow zoom in*) Oh, Opal-wopal! It’s as if Sweetie Belle knew this sweater was perfect for you!

(*As before, she catches herself and straightens up with sudden disdain.*)

**Rarity:** And Sweetie Belle should consider herself perfectly lucky that *this* thoughtless mishap turned out all right. Hmph!

(*Wipe to a flock of sheep stampeding through the Sweet Apple Acres orchards. Applejack—now fully clean of mush from the grape stomping—charges up through them, followed by Bloom.*)

**Applejack:** Apple Bloom!

**Bloom:** Got it, sis!

(*She has pulled even with one sheep and gives it a solid nudge, just as Applejack did to control the cattle stampede in “Applebuck Season.” That hit is enough to drive the sheep aside and into a pen being held open by Applejack; all the others follow it in as Sweetie watches, amazed.*)

**Sweetie:** (*to herself*) How? It’s as if they’re just one pony.

**Applejack, Bloom:** (*high-fiving*) Yee-haa!

**Applejack:** Way to corral some critters, sis! (*Pan slightly to frame the gate.*)

**Sheep:** (*annoyed*) You coulda just a-a-asked.

(*A kick closes the gate, and the two Apple sisters walk proudly past Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** (*dejectedly*) Rarity never high-hoofs me.

(*Wipe to a close-up of a sapphire-studded garment being given a few last adjustments; one more gem is levitated to fit into an empty spot.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Perfect!

(*Longer shot; it is part of a bright blue ensemble on a mannequin in the Carousel Boutique showroom. Rarity regards it with satisfaction.*)

**Rarity:** (*walking past*) Just one more, and this *ensemble* is *finis*!

(*A look into the jewel chest yields a big bunch of nothing and a rising, frustrated growl.*)

**Rarity:** Sweetie Belle! (*crossing room*) Where’s her silly little arts-and-crafts project?

(*Sweetie’s large, taped-together sheet is visible on the three-mirror platform in the background behind her. Rarity stops here, surprise stenciling itself all over her face, and puts a hoof to her mouth. A close-up of the project and zoom out shows it in full detail: a drawing of the two smiling sisters, face to face within a heart made of glued-on sapphires. Tears of instant remorse form in the huge blue eyes, the view briefly dissolving to a softly-focused shot of Sweetie’s rendition. When it cuts back to Rarity, she throws herself down at the platform’s edge, front hooves on the drawing.*)

**Rarity:** Oh, Sweetie Belle! My one and only sister! What have I done? (*backing away with a sad smile*) All the time I could have spent with you was wasted complaining and wishing you were gone! (*She drops to the floor, sobbing.*) Woe is me! (*She snaps fiercely out of it.*) No! I must get her back! (*Stand up.*) I must! As Celestia is my witness, I shall never be sister-less again!

(*Wipe to a close-up of a campfire as three marshmallows on sticks are extended into view over the flames, then cut to a longer shot. It is nighttime, and Applejack, Bloom, and Sweetie have set up a tent among the family apple trees and are sitting around the fire to do a little toasting. Pan from them to frame Rarity a short distance away, looking on; she gasps and breaks into a huge smile.*)

**Rarity:** (*trotting to her*) Sweetie Belle! Oh, I have been galloping all over looking for you! I…

(*The little sister just gives her a very hard glance and tops it by turning scornfully away. The two Apples regard the unicorns with puzzlement, the sticks hanging loose in their teeth.*)

**Sweetie:** Oh, hello, un-sister. What are *you* doing here? Better be careful. You might get some dust on you.

**Rarity:** Oh, Sweetie Belle, I want to apologize. I am *not* better off without a sister. (*Sweetie glances back at her and relents.*)

**Sweetie:** I’m not better off without a sister either. (*turning to her*) Spending the day with Applejack and Apple Bloom made me realize that.

**Rarity:** (*laughing, patting Sweetie’s cheek*) Oh, Sweetie! You don’t know how happy I am to hear y—

(*The mood veers sharply into left field when Sweetie slaps the older unicorn’s hoof away.*)

**Sweetie:** (*beaming*) And that’s why I’m adopting Applejack as my big sister!

**Rarity:** *What?!?* (*Sweetie zips over and hugs Applejack’s foreleg.*)

**Applejack:** *What?!?*

**Bloom:** *What?!?*

**Sweetie:** (*to Rarity*) A sister is someone who loves and takes care of another sister. (*Cut to Rarity; she continues o.s.*) Applejack’s a *real* sister.

(*A scowl from the white mare, then an uncomfortable flinch from the orange-tan one, who forces up a little chuckle before extricating her leg from Sweetie’s grip.*)

**Applejack:** Hold on, Sweetie Belle. Don’t get ahead of yourself here.

**Bloom:** (*irked*) Besides… (*She zips over to grab Applejack’s hind leg.*) …she’s *my* big sister!

(*Sweetie grabs the foreleg again, starting a tug-of-war between the two fillies with Applejack as the rope.*)

**Applejack:** Yeah, um…

**Sweetie:** Or… (*letting go, to Rarity*) …maybe she should be *your* sister— (*Cut to Rarity, then back as she continues.*) —so *she* could teach you what a good sister’s supposed to be! (*Pan to an uneasy Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Heh…um…actually, I… (*Rarity hurries over and hunches down to Sweetie.*)

**Rarity:** But I don’t need lessons on being a good sister, I-I promise! (*She stands up.*) Listen. I’ll show you how to cook my favorite quiche! Or…or…I’ll show you the proper way to beautify your mane. Won’t that be fun? (*Close-up of the disgruntled Sweetie; she continues o.s.*) Hmm?

**Sweetie:** Huh! (*backing Rarity up*) You want me to go home with you so *we* can do what *you* want to do?

**Rarity:** Uh… (*Big grin and nod.*) …yes?

**Sweetie:** (*galloping past Applejack, Bloom*) Just forget it!

**Bloom:** (*to Applejack*) We’re still sisters, right?

(*That question brings a nod, and she turns to follow Sweetie away as Rarity crosses grumpily to Applejack.*)

**Rarity:** Well, that apology went swimmingly. Applejack, why do you have to be so good and make me look so bad?

**Applejack:** (*chuckling*) Oh, Rarity. Once again you’re thinkin’ about yourself. Bein’ sisters is a give-and-take. You’ve been doin’ a whole lot of takin’, but you haven’t been doin’ a whole lot of givin’. (*Rarity mulls this over briefly.*)

**Rarity:** But of course I give! I give lessons, reasonable demands.

**Applejack:** (*prodding Rarity’s chest*) But you never give *in*. Bein’ sisters is like…apple pie. You can have amazin’ apples, and you can have a wonderfully crispy crust, but only *together* can you have a perfect apple pie. (*Rarity thinks again.*)

**Rarity:** But apart, all we are is just a pile of mush and some crumbly dry mess.

(*Now the brainstorm hits full force, causing her to gasp sharply and straighten up with new determination.*)

**Rarity:** I know what I need to do! I just hope it isn’t too late.

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a patch of daytime sky, with a couple of balloons floating up through the clouds. Tilt down to a Sweet Apple Acres field that has been tricked out for a variety of events; tents and a snack stand are set up as well. At one table, two big/little sister pairs have their faces buried in pies for an eating contest, and the first pair to finish gets a blue ribbon from a referee stallion. Zoom out to frame Applejack, Bloom, and Sweetie watching nearby; the first two have green bandanas around their necks, but the third is pretty far down in the mouth.*)

**Sweetie:** (*walking away*) Well, I guess it’s a good thing Rarity isn’t here. (*The other two follow.*) Do I see “uncouth” written all over this contest? (*They stop near a corral fence.*)

**Bloom:** Look at the size of that pig!

(*They have passed another team at an apple-bobbing tub on their way here. A cut to just behind the fence frames two teams, one of whom won the pie-eating contest; their pig chews happily on the ribbon for that event, while the porker belonging to the other pair has received one of its own. The older sister on the winning team is Carrot Top.*)

**Applejack:** He sure is a cutie.

**Sweetie:** That’s the last word Rarity would use. (*close-up; imitating Rarity, toying with her mane*) “Oh, my. What a repulsive monstrosity. This thing needs a head-to-toe makeover.”

(*Pan to Applejack and Bloom on the end of this, after which both trade a concerned look. The sound of a distant trumpet call perks them up in a hurry.*)

**Applejack:** It’s almost time! (*They start across the field; Sweetie stays put.*)

**Sweetie:** Well, you two have fun. (*Close-up.*) Sure wish I had a sister to run the race with.

(*Her slightly teary-eyed pout gets cut off when Applejack plunks a bandana and her own hat onto the filly’s head.*)

**Sweetie:** Huh? (*Cut to the sisters; Bloom has donated her bandana.*)

**Bloom:** You do now!

**Applejack:** AB and I figgered since we do this every year…

**Bloom:** …I’d let you borrow my sis so you can give it a try!

**Applejack:** Sister for a day.

(*Sweetie instantly brightens as the background behind her changes to a light green checked pattern marked with red apples.*)

**Sweetie:** No way! (*Normal background resumes; Bloom leans over to her.*)

**Bloom:** (*emphatically, poking her*) *One day*.

(*She backs off with a big smile, and Sweetie zips over to hug Applejack.*)

**Bloom:** (*emphatically*) *One day*.

(*A squeal of feedback brings the competitors toward a stage, where Granny Smith sits in a rocking chair. A megaphone on a stand is positioned before her, and Macintosh stands behind.*)

\*\*\* *All words preceded/followed by one asterisk (\*) are amplified by the megaphone.* \*\*\*

**Granny:** \* Is this thing on? \* (*turning it 180 degrees*) I don’t think this thing is on. (*into the large end*) \* Hello? \*

(*Macintosh leans in to whisper and point a bit.*)

**Granny:** What the…eh…oh…you have to say so. \* Confangled modern doohickey! \*

(*A good smack sets the rig spinning and leaves it properly positioned again. Feedback squeal.*)

**Granny:** \* Now the event y’all been waitin’ for! \*

(*Cut to the crowd, with Sweetie and the Apples approaching from the rear; Applejack has her hat back on.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) \* The Sistersoci…the Socialhoof… \* (*Back to her.*) \* Oh! \* (*shaking head vigorously*) \* Dabnabit—you know, the big race! \*

(*Long overhead view of the racetrack, which is set up as an obstacle course. Some sections are arranged so as to let all the teams run the obstacles at once, while others force them all into a bottleneck. Bleachers have been set up at a couple of the turns.*)

**Granny:** \* We have five teams this year for the event! \* (*Back to ground level; the racers move out.*) \* So all y’all head on out to the finish line, hear? \*

(*Macintosh tilts her chair backward and whispers in her ear.*)

**Granny:** Eh? (*Cut to the teams at the start; she continues o.s.*) \* The start line! That’s what I said! \*

**Sweetie:** That’s us! (*Bloom zips over.*)

**Bloom:** (*emphatically*) *One day*. (*smiling*) Good luck!

(*She backs off from the unnerved young unicorn. Now Granny yells into the megaphone every time the motion of her chair carries her close enough to it.*)

**Granny:** \* And may the best sisters win!…On your mark… \* (*All tense up.*) \* Get set… \*

(*Sweetie’s eyes narrow just before the elderly matriarch rocks a bit too close and gets the mouthpiece jabbed into one of hers.*)

**Granny:** (*agonized*) \* GOOOO!! \*

(*The five teams gallop toward a broad mud pit; the other four leap over, but Sweetie takes it in four hops while bringing up the rear, her hooves never breaking the surface. A cry and splat from behind her, and Applejack is nowhere to be seen. As Sweetie looks back toward the pit, a sludgy brown figure wearing her hat emerges. Every square inch of the pony is hidden under a layer of mud, but the eyes that pop open are blue instead of green. Clearly this is not Applejack, but Sweetie does not notice.*)

**Sweetie:** You okay, Applejack?

(*“Applejack” grins hugely while pulling herself the rest of the way out, and the two gallop along the track. Up ahead, another team is stepping through two staggered rows of buckets, an obstacle similar to the tire-running agility exercise sometimes used in athletic practice. The younger sister stumbles in a bucket, knocking it toward the stands, but “Applejack” easily clears this challenge and Sweetie also makes short work of it by hopping through the buckets.*)

(*Up next is a pyramid of three crates. Other teams get up and over; “Applejack” reaches the top with ease, but Sweetie winds up stuck at the edge of the lower crate.*)

**Sweetie:** Applejack! Help!

(*The mucky impostor stretches a foreleg down to grab one of Sweetie’s and fling her over the top so they can continue. Now comes a pie-eating station. A team has already dug in, big and little sisters each working on separate pies. “Applejack” and Sweetie zip up, and a pound from “Applejack’s” hoof on the table launches both of their pies. An instant later they have been swallowed whole, and the team is off in a flash as the other two eaters gape after them.*)

(*Now they come to a hay bale and start pushing it forward with their heads. They build up enough speed to move it over a line across the course, well ahead of Carrot and her sister, and barrel around a turn to the next challenge. Here, a vat has been set up for each team. One big sister is tossing grapes into a vat as her little sister struggles to climb in; here comes “Applejack” to another pile, which she launches into her team’s vat by getting her head under them and tossing upward. Right behind her is Sweetie, who jumps onto the muddy tail and gets slung in after them. The four small hooves stomp quickly enough to fill a waiting jar in seconds, and “Applejack” gets this on her head and races off.*)

**Sweetie:** You can do it, sister!

(*She climbs out and gallops on; once “Applejack” has set the jar on a stool, Sweetie passes both her and a set of five tables. Four of them each hold a pile of apples, suggesting that one team has already passed this point. One big sister is throwing one at a time from her pile, but she stares openmouthed as “Applejack” leaps onto the front end of her own table, catapulting its apples downrange. After a quick glance to gauge their trajectory, Sweetie scoops up an empty tub on her head and catches them all at once—all, that is, except for one that she lets bounce off her rump and into the tub after setting it down. She and “Applejack” gallop ahead as the younger sister from another team watches dumbstruck, a neglected apple bouncing off her head.*)

(*Their rush takes them into a chicken coop. From the opposite end, two other competitors—Berry Punch and her little sister—emerge gingerly, each balancing an egg on the tip of her nose. Elder jostles younger, causing both eggs to hit the ground near a full basket and shatter. Hot on their tails are “Applejack” and Sweetie, who have an egg caught between their noses; the muddy mare backs out as the filly eases forward, and they set it gently down in the basket before sprinting off.*)

(*Down the way, the two hop side by side but are set spinning by the passage of Berry’s team. Disappointed murmurs from the crowd as “Applejack” and Sweetie end up sprawled on the ground, but they soon get up and charge ahead with fresh resolve. Here come the four down the home stretch, jumping one hurdle and then another and throwing up enough dust to fill the screen. When the haze clears, “Applejack” and Sweetie are stretched out on the ground, having come up just short in their bid to slide over the finish line. Cheers from the spectators as the camera pans slightly ahead to frame Berry and sibling, who have plowed across the line, and zoom out as the referee awards them the blue ribbon.*)

(*They are hoisted overhead and carried away as “Applejack” and Sweetie stand up and Bloom zips over to them.*)

**Bloom:** Oh, it was so close! You almost won!

**Sweetie:** Thank you, Applejack! (*nuzzling her cheek*) You were amazing! I don’t even care that we didn’t win! (*hugging her; hat falls off*) It was so much fun!

(*The dropped headwear has exposed a white horn, which greatly puzzles Sweetie.*)

**Sweetie:** Huh?

(*Zoom in on the appendage, after which the filly wipes some mud away from her partner’s hindquarters to expose a trio of lozenge-shaped blue gems on a white haunch.*)

**Sweetie:** Rarity?

(*A bit of mud has fallen away from the face to fully expose Rarity’s smile and one blue-shadowed eye. She quickly shakes clean and gives her mane a pat to make sure it too is free of gunk.*)

**Sweetie:** Wait. Where’s Applejack?

(*The mud pit, the race’s first obstacle, is visible behind her; zoom in on this as a second gooey brown figure emerges to gasp for breath. This one’s eyes are green, marking her as the genuine apple farmer.*)

**Sweetie:** I don’t get it. (*Applejack gallops over, her front half clean, and chuckles.*)

**Applejack:** We switched places over at the very first mud hole. (*She shakes herself off.*)

**Sweetie:** (*to Rarity*) So…we did the whole competition together?

**Rarity:** That we did, little sister—oh, well, except for the start line. (*Bloom pops up between them.*)

**Bloom:** But you finished together!

(*Cut to Sweetie’s perspective of the other three; Applejack puts her hat back on.*)

**Sweetie:** You mean…you were all in on it?

**Applejack, Rarity,** **Bloom:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm. (*Back to her.*)

**Sweetie:** (*smiling, tears in eyes*) You did this for me?

**Rarity:** Us. I did it for us. (*Sweetie nuzzles against her.*) You see, we *are* apple pie!

**Sweetie:** Huh?

**Rarity:** Uh… (*Chuckle.*) …I’ll explain later. For now, I think we deserve a celebration.

**Applejack, Bloom, Sweetie:** (*Bloom jumping, she and Applejack rearing*) Yeah!

**Sweetie:** Where?

**Rarity:** The spa, of course.

(*The other three fall all over themselves with laughter at this suggestion, but she does not find this display amusing in the slightest.*)

**Sweetie:** Oh, Rarity!

**Applejack:** Aw, gee whiz.

**Rarity:** No, I-I-I’m serious.

(*Dissolve to inside Rarity’s upper-story room in the Carousel Boutique, the camera positioned near the window, and zoom out. Rarity, Sweetie, and Spike are here, the last holding quill and scroll ready for taking a letter. Both unicorns have plenty of ribbons in their manes and tails.*)

**Rarity:** (*pacing*) Very well, then. What should we write to the Princess? (*Sweetie turns to a mirror.*)

**Sweetie:** I’ll start. (*as Rarity comes up behind her*) “Having a sister is just about the bestest thing in the world, but it sure isn’t the easiest.”

(*The mirror is whisked away; behind its edge, the view wipes to the clothesline outside the building. Laundry is being reeled along, and a clothespin is applied to one piece.*)

**Rarity:** (*voice over*) “I agree that being sisters is a wonderful thing, but it takes teamwork.”

(*During this line, the camera cuts to a longer shot of the pair, with ribbons gone. Rarity, standing on a crate, gets another pin in her teeth from the basket on Sweetie’s head while Opal paces nearby. After this line, a sweater is reeled past the camera, the view wiping behind it to a kitchen filled with dirty cookware and thick gray smoke. The detector is beeping wildly as in the prologue; pan to a horror-stricken Rarity at the doorway.*)

**Rarity:** (*voice over*) “Sometimes it’s about compromising.”

(*Her face rearranges itself into a smile when Sweetie comes over, spotted with flour and carrying a very respectable pie on the platter in her teeth. A smoke cloud drifts past the camera.*)

**Rarity:** (*voice over*) “Sometimes it’s about accepting each other’s differences.”

(*During this line, the view wipes behind the cloud to Rarity’s room. A folding screen moves aside to expose her in an elaborate dress and mane style, then farther away to reveal Sweetie in a decidedly less formal version of the outfit. Rarity is taken aback at both the change-up and her sister’s devious grin, but both laugh after a moment. The screen floats past the camera.*)

**Rarity:** (*voice over*) “But mostly…”

(*Behind it, wipe to Sweetie jumping in a puddle outside during a shower. Rarity is here as well, and each is wearing a bandana and a very soggy mane/tail. For once, big sister does not mind having her immaculate coiffure ruined, but is actually enjoying herself. Sweetie darts o.s.; a moment later, a few leaves flutter down from above.*)

**Rarity:** (*voice over*) “…it’s about having fun together—even it if means getting your hooves a little bit dirty.”

(*On the end of this, cut to above ground, the camera pointing down at her and framing Sweetie crouched on a branch above the puddle. Jump off…*)

**Sweetie:** (*voice over*) “A lot dirty.”

(*…and land in the water, splashing it all over herself, Rarity, and the screen. It drains away to frame the pair back in Rarity’s room, still at the mirror. Spike stares at them, puzzled.*)

**Rarity:** “A *little bit* dirty.” (*Zoom in slowly.*)

**Sweetie:** “A *lot* dirty.”

**Rarity:** (*annoyed*) “A *little bit* dirty!”

**Sweetie:** (*ditto*) “A *lot*—” (*Spike pushes them apart; zoom out.*)

**Spike:** Hold it, hold it! How about “a medium amount of dirty, not too little, not too much, just right”?

(*A split second later, the two are nuzzling against each other and grinning from ear to ear.*)

**Rarity, Sweetie:** Deal!

(*The baby dragon smiles at his success in finding the happy medium. Dissolve to outside the room’s window and zoom out to frame the building’s upper story, the camera backing up past the tree branch and two birds in the reverse of the prologue’s opening shot. This time, though, the birds are not at opposite ends of the branch, but have instead snuggled together under the peaceful blue sky. Fade to black.*)