**THE SUPER SPEEDY CIDER SQUEEZY 6000**

**Written by M.A. Larson**

**Produced by Sarah Wall**

**Story editing by Rob Renzetti**

**Supervising direction by Jayson Thiessen**

**Directed by James Wootton**

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

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Fluttershy’s cottage at night, then cut to the mare of the house, fast asleep in bed. This bedroom is the upstairs one that she let the Cutie Mark Crusaders use during their sleepover in “Stare Master.” A knock at the door brings her up to a sitting position with a yawn.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*sleepily*) Who could that be? It’s still dark.

(*The noise of Rainbow Dash’s high-speed arrival through the window snaps her fully awake in one terrifying instant. As she cranes her neck to peek over the footboard, the blue pegasus leans frantically up into her face.*)

**Rainbow:** Come on, Fluttershy! Cider season’s about to start!

(*She yanks the blanket off the bed; Fluttershy throws a surprised look at her exposed form, then covers herself with a blush and a squeaky, embarrassed grin. Cut to outside the window as she gets bulldozed through it with a scream. The sky is lightening into sunrise; close-up of Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, where are we? What’s the rush?

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) The rush? (*She pulls away; now they fly separately.*) Don’t you remember what happened last year, or the year before that, or pretty much any cider season ever?

**Fluttershy:** Um, well, uh…

**Rainbow:** Pinkie Pie! She *always* ends up ahead of us in line, and then they *always* run out of cider!

**Fluttershy:** I guess I—

**Rainbow:** Well, not this year!

(*Cut to ground level; a rabbit emerges groggily from its burrow.*)

**Rainbow:** (*from o.s.*) This year, I’m gonna get there before sunrise— (*The pegasi flash past and o.s., blowing it into a tumble on the dirt.*) —so I can drink all the cider I want and laugh when she doesn’t get any!

(*Back to the pair; she is now pushing Fluttershy ahead.*)

**Rainbow:** It’s the perfect plan. (*She zooms ahead, savoring a new thought.*) You know, I might even buy some cider and hold on to it for a while, drinking it drop by drop in front of her.

(*She comes to a screeching halt with a strangled, slack-jawed cry of horror. Zoom out quickly to put her and Fluttershy at a very long distance above a road leading through Sweet Apple Acres; it is lined with tents pitched by eager customers.*)

**Fluttershy:** Gee, Rainbow Dash, looks like a few other ponies had the same idea.

(*On the end of this line, the camera pans away from them and reaches the head of the line, where a cider stand has been set up. Tubs of apples and stacked barrels are on hand, and one barrel has been set up on the counter and hooked to a tap. The first tent in line is three shades of pink and decorated with balloons, both on its fabric and tethered to the frame. Its flap gets unzipped from inside, releasing a few loose balloons and allowing Pinkie Pie to step out as Fluttershy descends to her.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, gosh, Pinkie. (*The balloons float off, revealing Pinkie’s disheveled mane.*) I love your new style. (*Rainbow flies down.*)

**Rainbow:** Who *are* all these ponies? (*Pinkie’s mane snaps to order.*)

**Pinkie:** (*excitedly*) Isn’t this great? I couldn’t sleep last night ’cause I was so excited about cider season, and I had this *brilliant* idea to come down here and camp out, so I told a few others about it, and they all thought it was a great idea too— (*hugging both*) —and now it’s just a big old cider party! (*jumping up o.s.*) Woo-hoo!

(*She comes down a few yards away, face first, and looks off down the line.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, gosh. (*Cut to the other tents; she continues o.s.*) That’s a lot of ponies. (*Back to her, trotting past the pegasi.*) Hope they don’t run out before you get any.

(*Zoom in slowly to a close-up of a snarling Rainbow, then fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the cider stand. All four local Apple family members are on duty: Applejack setting up a megaphone on a stand in front, Granny Smith and Apple Bloom behind the counter, Big Macintosh at the barrel stockpile. Granny wears a green eyeshade visor. Pan away from the stand to frame the line of thirsty equines stretching toward Ponyville, with Twilight Sparkle and Rarity among them and Spike between these two. A quick zoom picks out Fluttershy and Rainbow far, far back in the queue. The irritated blue cider aficionado throws a glare ahead, after which the camera cuts to a close-up of Twilight, seen from the chest down; she steps ahead as the line moves.*)

**Twilight:** Isn’t this exciting, Spike? (*Head level; she looks back.*) Opening day of cider season!

**Spike:** Yeah! That means it’s only thirty more days ’til sapphire season! (*Both unicorns roll their eyes at this; he lets his tongue hang out.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s., amplified*) Attention, everypony! (*Cut to her at the megaphone.*) Cider season is now officially open!

(*Cut to an overhead shot of her and zoom out on the last word. Her announcement sets off excited murmurs among the ponies, while Granny nods to Bloom and glances toward the open, empty cash box on the counter. Pinkie hauls up two full bags in her teeth and empties a shower of coins into the box, prompting Bloom to pump the tap handle and fill a waiting mug. This is plucked away and guzzled down to leave froth on Pinkie’s lips and a blissful expression on her face, which shifts gears into a huge eager smile. A moment later, she is toting all the brimming, bubbly mugs that her forelegs can manage; the line trudges ahead and Rainbow gives her an incredibly dirty look. The blue jaw drops in disbelief.*)

(*At the stand, business continues at a brisk pace. Images of paying customers, drinkers, mugs, and the tap superimpose themselves over each other on the screen for a few moments, ending with a dissolve to one sated stallion who walks off to make room for Cheerilee to buy a mug. After she has had her fill, dissolve to Bloom at the tap—which chooses this moment to dispense only a few drops and a burp of gas. A grab by Macintosh removes the emptied barrel, a nudge from his rear hooves topples a fresh one from the pile onto his back, and he quickly hooks up the new supply. Rainbow glares impatiently from her spot behind Fluttershy in the line.*)

(*The view alternates between the steadily shrinking inventory and a suddenly worried Rainbow, and in due time Macintosh gets the very last barrel on his back and hauls it in. From here, dissolve to the stand, where Fluttershy has finally made it to the counter. She and Rainbow both pay, and a foamy mug is dispensed for the patient yellow pegasus, who moves off to make room for her friend. The red-violet eyes grow as the tongue lolls greedily out—and then the tap runs dry—and the blue face cycles from anticipation to teary-eyed disappointment to teeth-grinding rage. She does, however, keep herself under enough control to let off only a subdued growl as Applejack walks up, no longer using the megaphone.*)

**Applejack:** Uh…sorry, everypony. That’s it for today.

**Line:** Awww… (*Rainbow flies over to her.*)

**Rainbow:** (*very snarky*) Surprise, surprise. You ran out again! (*Pan to Caramel on Applejack’s other side.*)

**Caramel:** Yeah, you always run out!

**Fluttershy:** For the record, I don’t mind— (*Rainbow lands in front of her.*)

**Rainbow:** Why can’t you make enough cider for all of us—or at least for me?

(*The workhorse finds herself without a ready answer as a throng of annoyed, grumbling would-be customers starts to hem her in. She jumps onto the counter.*)

**Applejack:** Hold on, everypony. (*They fall silent.*) We’ve done our best to improve supply this year.

**Caramel:** You always say that!

**Applejack:** And it’s always true. But Apple family cider is made with love and integrity, and only the highest-quality apples in Equestria.

(*On the end of this, pan from her to the rest of the family at the barrel end of the counter. The camera hen cuts back to her.*)

**Applejack:** Sorry, but *that* recipe takes time.

(*Cut to a pan along the dissatisfied complainers—with Twilight, Rarity, and Spike holding their tongues—then back to the counter as all disperse.*)

**Applejack:** If y’all just be patient, we’ll have plenty more tomorrow.

(*Rainbow turns to leave, but finds the ever-cheerful Pinkie standing directly behind her.*)

**Pinkie:** She’s right, you know. You can’t rush perfection, and this year’s batch was perfection! (*Pan to Fluttershy, standing behind her.*)

**Fluttershy:** Uh, Pinkie Pie? (*Pinkie zips to Rainbow and drops a foreleg over her shoulders.*)

**Pinkie:** (*dreamily*) I’ll never forget the cider I just drank. (*draping herself bodily over Rainbow*) It was a moment in time that will never exist again.

(*She voices an ecstatic little moan, having paid no heed to Fluttershy’s warning or the steadily building fury on Rainbow’s face. Cut to a close-up of said face and zoom in slowly as its owner launches into a rising growl, the sort that would get any self-respecting dog shot on suspicion of having rabies. Her boil-over and Pinkie’s reverie are interrupted by the honking of a horn; zoom out as they look toward it, then cut to a long shot of the source. A vehicle is chugging along the road toward the few remaining ponies; close-ups from different angles reveal wooden wagon wheels mounted in old-style automobile wheel wells, coiled wires, and vacuum tubes.*)

**Applejack:** (*trotting to Pinkie, Rainbow*) What in Equestria is *that?*

(*Chuffing smokestacks are now seen at the rear end of the contraption; now all the ponies eagerly move in toward it, leaving a puzzled Applejack behind. Up front, two headlights are mounted on the front fenders, between which a speaker’s platform is mounted. A lectern stands at the front edge of this, and the front edge of a red couch pokes into view from the area behind the fenders. Two pairs of cream-colored pony hind legs are extended into view, suggesting that their owners are reclining on the couch.*)

(*Macintosh and Bloom stare dumbfounded as the shadow of this thing casts itself over them and the stand, and Granny gapes from her position at a nearby fence. The cowcatcher-style front grille knocks over one post at it chuffs to a stop, and the vehicle is seen in full for the first time. The body is red, the fenders and running boards black, and the front wheels are much larger than the rear ones in the style of old penny-farthing bicycles. Overall, the vehicle design is similar to that of a gigantic, open-topped antique roadster automobile, with machinery stacked up where the rear seats would go and various controls and pipes built into the side. Red/white striped hems hang down from the side edges of the front platform.*)

***Jaunty calliope-style melody with strings, woodwinds, brass, light percussion***

***Lively 4, in time with machine noises (F major)***

***Lines spoken in rhythm are indicated with one asterisk (\*)***

(*A suddenly happy Rainbow inserts herself among the confused onlookers as the two riders jump down just in front of the camera to look them over. From this angle, they are both green-eyed stallions, with carefully styled red/white-striped manes; one has a red mustache. They wear straw boater hats with blue bands, and a head-on view and slow tilt up frames them in full detail. Blue/white striped vests over white shirts with sleeves rolled up, dark gray bow ties, tails that match the manes. The clean-shaven one has a cutie mark that shows a single apple slice, while the mark of the mustachioed one consists of a red apple with one slice cut out. These two are Flim and Flam, respectively, both unicorns.*)

**\* Flim:** Well, looky what we got here, brother of mine, it’s the same in every town

(*He jumps over to the crowd and closes Berry Punch’s incredulous mouth.*)

Ponies with thirsty throats, dry tongues, and not a drop of cider to be found

(*He backs up to Flam.*)

Maybe they’re not aware that there’s really no need for this teary despair

**Flam:** That the key that they need to solve this sad cider shortage, you and I will share

***Machine noises out***

(*General excited talk among a knot of ponies; now both make their way through the crowd, waving their hats.*)

**Flim, Flam:** Well, you got opportunity in this very community (*Cut to Flim.*)

**Flam:** He’s Flim (*Pan to Flam.*)

**Flim:** He’s Flam

**Flim, Flam:** We’re the world-famous Flim Flam Brothers

Traveling salesponies *nonpareil*

**Pinkie:** Nonpa—what? (*Flim zips over to her.*)

[*Note: “Nonpareil” is a French word that means “without equal.”*]

***Machine noises in***

**\* Flim:**  *Nonpareil*, and that’s exactly the reason why, you see

(*Several others gather around him, including Bloom.*)

Nopony else in this whole place will give you such a chance to be where you need

to be

(*A kiss on Bloom’s head, and he jumps up to the platform.*)

And that’s a new world with tons of cider, fresh-squeezed and ready for drinking

(*Tilt quickly up to Flam, sitting on a nozzle and hose he has bent with his magic. He slides down its length.*)

**Flam:** More cider than you could drink in all your days of thinking

***Machine noises out***

**Rainbow:** I doubt that!

(*The nozzle straightens out; the brothers drop to ground level and do another soft-shoe bit.*)

**Flim, Flam:** So take this opportunity

**Flim, Flam, Crowd:** In this very community

**Flam:** He’s Flim

**Flim:** He’s Flam

**Flim, Flam:**  We’re the world-famous Flim Flam Brothers

Traveling salesponies *nonpareil*

***Machine noises in***

**\* Flim:** I suppose by now you’re wondering ’bout our peculiar mode of transport

(*Pan to it; Flam pops up in front.*)

**Flam:** I say, our mode of locomotion

(*Flim jumps to the lectern.*)

**\* Flim:** And I suppose by now you’re wondering, where is this promised cider?

**Flam:** Any horse can make a claim and anypony can do the same

**\* Flim:**  But my brother and I have something most unique and superb

Unseen at any time in this great new world

**Flim, Flam:** And that’s opportunity

***Machine noises out (D major, modulating back to F major)***

(*Each starts to work the crowd again.*)

**Flim:** Yes, folks, it’s the one and only, the biggest and the best

***Stoptime***

**\* Flam:** The unbelievable

**\* Flim:** Unimpeachable

**\* Flam:** Indispensable

**\* Flim:** I-can’t-believable

***Stoptime ends***

**Flim, Flam:**  Flim Flam Brothers’ Super Speedy Cider Squeezy Six Thousand

**Flam:** (*to Rarity*) What do you say, sister?

(*The white unicorn swoons and comes within an ace of hitting the ground, stopped only by Spike’s straining to hold her up. Twilight looks uneasily toward the enthralled spectators as the camera pans away from the trio.*)

**Crowd:** Oh, we got opportunity in this very community

***Stoptime***

Please, Flim, please, Flam, help us out of this jam

With your Flim Flam Brothers’ Super Speedy Cider Squeezy Six Thousand

***Stoptime ends***

(*Now Flim steps up to the counter and bows gallantly to Applejack, while the rest of the family watches from behind.*)

***Machine noises in***

***Modulate gradually upward in whole steps, stopping at G major in the next octave***

**Flim:** Young filly, I would be ever so honored if you might see fit to let my brother and I borrow some of your delicious, and might I add, spellbindingly fragrant apples for our little demonstration here?

**Applejack:** Uh, sure, I guess. (*He darts away.*)

***Machine noises out***

**Crowd:** Opportunity in our community

**Flam:** Ready, Flim

**Flim:** Ready, Flam

**Flim, Flam:** Let’s bing-bang-zam

(*Two beams of unicorn magic lance from their horns; cut to the machinery and zoom out as the spells kick it into gear.*)

**Flim:** (*from o.s.*) And show these thirsty ponies a world of delectable cider!

***Machine noises in***

(*The overhead nozzle that Flam slid down extends on its hose, and the crowd begins to chant “Cider, cider, cider, cider” in rhythm with the music. Rainbow hovers among them, tongue hanging out. In short order, the nozzle positions itself directly above one loaded apple tree and vacuums all the fruit from its branches.*)

**\* Flim:** Watch closely, my friends

(*The load is sucked into a drum, which spins up to high speed.*)

**Flam:** The fun begins

(*Tilt up slightly; Flim stands among the machinery.*)

**Flim:** Now here’s where the magic happens. (*A glass reservoir starts to fill.*) Right here in this heaving, roiling cider press, the coiling guts of the very machine—

(*Cut to the crowd; Twilight, Rarity, and Spike have now joined the chant.*)

**Flim:** (*from o.s.*) —those apples plucked fresh are right now, as we speak— (*Back to the drum; zoom out to frame him.*) —being turned into grade-A, top-notch, five-star, blow-your-horseshoes-off, one-of-a-kind cider! (*Tilt down to Flam at the controls.*)

**Flam:** Feel free to take a sneak peek

(*Several do so; pan quickly to an irked Granny. The crowd stops chanting.*)

***Machine noises out; stoptime (E major)***

**\* Granny:** Now wait, you fellers, hold it, you went and oversold it

(*getting in Flam’s face*)

I guarantee that what you have there won’t compare

***Stoptime ends***

(*turning toward crowd*)

For the very most important ingredient can’t be added or done expedient

(*Cut to the crowd and back as she continues; they start to nod agreement.*)

And that’s quality, friends, Apple Acres quality and care

(*Now Flim turns his attention to her, having climbed down from atop the rig.*)

***D major***

**\* Flim:** Well, Granny, I’m glad you brought that up, my dearest, I am glad you brought

that up

You see that we are very picky when it comes to cider, if you’ll kindly try a cup

(*He produces a full mug on the end of this line and darts away; she takes a sip and finds that it sits very well with her. Something cranks up from the machine’s general direction.*)

**Flam:** Yes, sir, yes, ma’am

(*Close-up of the side window, through which a pair of conveyor belts can be seen. Good apples are passed with a bell; bad ones are buzzed out and dumped off.*)

This great machine lets just the very best

(*Zoom out to frame him alongside.*)

So what do you say, then, Apples?

(*crossing to them*) Care to step into the modern world

And put the Super Speedy Cider Squeezy Six Thousand to the test?

***Machine noises in; modulate upward in two whole steps to G flat major***

(*The crowd starts its “cider” chant again.*)

**Flim:** What do you think, folks? Do you see what the Apples can’t? I see it clear as day! (*pointing around*) I know she does! So does he! Come on, Ponyville, you know what I’m talking about!

***Machine noises out***

(*Crowd stops; the brothers do their soft-shoe bit again while Rainbow does high-altitude backflips behind the entire scene.*)

**Flim, Flam:** We’re saying you’ve got

**Flim, Flam, Crowd:** Opportunity in this very community

He’s Flim, he’s Flam, we’re the world-famous Flim Flam Brothers

Traveling salesponies *nonpareil*

(*As they hold out the last word, the camera cuts to an overhead view of the area and zooms out/jumps back in steps before zooming in quickly to a close-up.*)

**Flim, Flam:** Yeah!

***Song ends with a stinger on this last word***

**Bloom:** You got a deal! (*Agreeable murmurs from the crowd.*)

**Granny:** (*stomping angrily*) Not so fast!

(*The four Apples gather in a huddle, the camera pointing up from the center of the circle to frame their faces. Close-up of Granny, panning to each of the others in turn.*)

**Granny:** No way, nohow that machine matches up with the care we put in our cider!

**Bloom:** But if it really does work, we could make everypony in town happy.

**Applejack:** I just don’t know, y’all. We’ve always made cider the same way.

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

(*Zoom out to frame all of them—and the brothers as well, who have confidently slipped into the huddle.*)

**Macintosh:** (*surprised*) Huh?

**Flim:** We’ll sweeten the deal. You supply the apples…

**Flam:** …we supply the Super Speedy Cider Squeezy Six Thousand.

**Flim, Flam:** Then we split those sweet, sweet profits…

**Flim:** …seventy-five…

**Flam:** …twenty-five. (*Cut to Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** Deal! (*Applejack’s hoof claps over her mouth.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Hold on. (*Cut to her; huddle broken.*) Who gets the seventy-five? (*Flim leans over to her.*)

**Flim:** Why, us, naturally. (*Pan to her other side; Flam straightens up.*)

**Flam:** (*horn flaring briefly*) *And* we’ll throw in the magic to power the machine for free!

(*Applejack steps away from the brothers for a quick talk with the family.*)

**Applejack:** Cider sales keep our business afloat through the winter. We’d lose Sweet Apple Acres if we agree to this.

**Flim, Flam:** So, what’ll it be?

**Macintosh:** No deal.

**Flim:** Hmph. Very well. If you refuse our generous offer to be partners, then we’ll just have to be competitors.

**Applejack:** You wouldn’t dare!

**Flim:** Oh, no?

(*His nod across the way is Flam’s cue to address the crowd from the 6000’s platform.*)

**Flam:** Don’t you worry, everypony! There’ll be plenty of cider for all of you! (*Excited reactions.*)

**Flim:** (*aside, to Applejack*) Once we drive Sweet Apple Acres out of business.

(*A quadraphonic gasp from the Apples.*)

**Bloom:** What?!?

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a very new and very long line of expectant cider buyers stretching over the hills toward Ponyville, just as before. The sun rises over the hills to mark this as the next morning, and a quick pan brings the restocked cider stand into view. The fence post knocked down by the 6000 has been repaired. Pinkie is first up, dropping a few coins into the cash box and receiving a mug, and a partial dissolve superimposes the advancing customers’ hooves against the counter. This latter image cuts to Macintosh, who brings in a new barrel as the former fades away; pan from here to a worried Twilight, Applejack, and Spike.*)

**Twilight:** Still worried about Flim and Flam?

**Spike:** Granny Smith says they were just blowing hot air.

**Applejack:** I’m not so sure. They sounded mighty serious when they threatened to run us outta business.

**Bloom:** (*from o.s.*) That’s it! (*Quick pan to the dripping tap.*) Last cup!

(*The focus shifts from it to the queued-up locals, who groan loudly as Rainbow rises into view from the top of the farthest hill.*)

**Rainbow:** OH, FOR PETE’S SAKE!! (*Cut to Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** Come on back tomorrow, everypony!

(*General disgruntlement; Rainbow has clapped a foreleg over her eyes in disgust, but lowers it at the sound of the 6000 cranking up. Applejack falls out from her position, looking up wide-eyed as the thing’s shadow advances over her, and Granny nails in the new fence post just in time for the front grille to knock it over again. She throws a venomous glare up at the 6000 as Flim disembarks and sidles up to Applejack.*)

**Flim:** What seems to be the problem here? (*Flam slips in on her other side.*)

**Flam:** Oh my, oh my! Out of cider again?

(*Cut to the 6000’s rear end, which sports a shelf loaded with barrels and an attached chute. Flim reclines against one rear fender as a barrel is lowered into position.*)

**Flim:** What have we here?

(*It rolls down the chute and is flipped upward; cut to a close-up as it lands near the front wheels.*)

**Flim:** (*from o.s.*) Who’d like a cup?

(*Twilight, Applejack, and Spike are promptly swept up in a stampede of clamoring ponies, with dust boiling up to fill the screen. After the view clears, Flim and Flam stand before them, each with one foreleg propped on the barrel; Flam levitates a mug.*)

**Flam:** Don’t worry, everypony!

(*Cut to Applejack, who gasps in surprise and ducks down o.s.*)

**Flam:** (*from o.s.*) We’ve got the Super Speedy Cider Squeezy Six Thousand to make more in an instant!

(*On the end of this, the mug floats to Rainbow, who slips a hoof through its handle and prepares to slake her thirst. Before she can get a mouthful, though, Applejack comes up with a rope in her teeth and lassos the barrel away, to the salesponies’ great surprise. It knocks the mug from Rainbow’s grip as she yanks it back and plants it in front of herself, plunking both forelegs on top.*)

**Applejack:** You can’t sell that cider!

(*The airborne tankard hits the dirt, its contents spilling out and soaking in as Rainbow frantically leans down over the mess. With no more liquid handy, she scoops up the saturated earth and shovels it into her mouth.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) That’s made from Apple family apples! (*Rainbow stands up, her face dirty.*)

**Rainbow:** Is this some kind of cruel joke? (*Back to the brothers.*)

**Flim:** Don’t worry, everypony! There are plenty of apples in Equestria. We’ll find some others and make more cider than all of Ponyville can drink!

(*The crowd gasps; Bloom jumps out in front of them.*)

**Bloom:** We’ll make more cider than you could ever imagine!

(*Cut to Flam on the end of this; he reacts with alarm, but the nearest onlookers gasp in her direction. In close-up, the defiant filly is suddenly yanked away; a longer shot reveals that Macintosh has her tail in his mouth and is dangling her upside down before Applejack and Granny.*)

**Granny:** Now it ain’t about the speed, young’un, it’s about quality. (*Cut to Fluttershy and several others on the end of this.*)

**Fluttershy, Crowd:** (*disappointed*) Awww… (*Rainbow hovers over them, her face now clean.*)

**Rainbow:** Who cares how good the cider is if I never get to drink any?

(*Flim pinches her cheeks between his forelegs.*)

**Flim:** Aw, look at these poor dissatisfied ponies.

**Bloom:** Ponyville is Sweet Apple cider country! (*Macintosh drops her.*)

**Applejack:** Our cider speaks for itself! (*Flim lounges on the 6000’s couch.*)

**Flim:** Let’s put it to the test.

**Bloom:** Anywhere, anytime!

(*She smirks over her shoulder; murmurs floating from the o.s. crowd; Granny leans in toward her.*)

**Granny:** Uh, that’s enough now.

**Flam:** With our machine, we can make enough cider in one hour to satisfy this entire town! (*Cut to Bloom on the end of this; she pushes Granny back.*)

**Bloom:** We’ll do it in forty-five minutes!

(*The crowd continues to register its surprise; meanwhile, Flim relaxes on the couch with his boater tipped forward over his eyes.*)

**Granny:** Easy, Apple Bloom, easy. (*Focus shifts from her to Flim, in the background.*)

**Flim:** What’s the matter, Granny Smith? Chicken?

(*That last word hits a nerve under the white mane as the focus returns to her.*)

**Granny:** (*icily*) What did you call me, sonny?

**Flim:** If you’re so confident in your cider, then what’s the problem? (*She leans into his face with renewed ire.*)

**Granny:** Tomorrow mornin’, right here!

**Flam:** (*floating an apple toward himself*) But I’m afraid we haven’t any… (*Spit on it; polish on vest.*) …apples.

**Granny:** You can use our south field! It’ll be worth it to teach y’all a thing or two ’bout cider-making! (*Flim sits up.*)

**Flim:** Excellent! We have a bet. Whoever produces the most barrels in one hour wins the exclusive right to sell cider in Ponyville.

(*Cut to Granny on the end of this, then to Applejack. Sweat beads on her brow as her eyes pop wide open and the green irises shrink almost to points, but the brothers just aim a pair of cocky grins straight ahead. Cut to a close-up of one cream-colored hoof and one wrinkled green one being shaken to seal the agreement.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) And after we beat you— (*Cut to frame all three; the shake broken.*) —I don’t never want to see you bambahoozlers around here again!

(*She stalks off; Twilight and Applejack trade an uneasy look, as do Macintosh and Bloom; the onlookers talk amongst themselves. From the 6000’s platform, the brothers regard the scene.*)

**Flam:** Until… (*They bow and tip their hats.*) …tomorrow.

(*The rig chugs away down the road, leaving Applejack staring nervously after them. She turns to Twilight.*)

**Twilight:** Don’t worry, Applejack. I know you’ll win tomorrow.

**Applejack:** We’d better, ’cause if we don’t… (*walking past her*) …we’re gonna lose our farm.

(*The throng slowly disperses to leave the four kinfolk standing despondently around the cider stand. Dissolve to a stretch of clear blue sky and tilt down to it; rows of ponies have gathered at the fence on either side of the stand to observe the goings-on. Beyond it is a dirt path leading through a meadow bordered by groves of apple trees, with the Apples and the brothers set up on opposite sides. Mayor Mare stands on the path in the distance, between the two groups and with an hourglass. Spike is near her, as is a pony who cannot be identified at this distance.*)

(*Close-up of Macintosh, a pair of goggles propped on his forehead, as he trots in place to limber up his hooves. Zoom out to frame Granny at a couple of empty apple tubs; she has traded her eyeshade for a pair of eyeglasses on a jeweled chain and is sniffing deeply at an apple she holds. Elsewhere, Applejack has set up a heavy bag and is taking a few practice bucks, with Bloom hanging on to provide extra weight. Twilight walks over to these two.*)

**Twilight:** Applejack, are you sure this is such a good idea?

**Applejack:** (*between bucks*) Me and the family are…a hundred percent confident…in our cider-makin’ capabilities.

**Bloom:** And besides, nopony calls Granny a chicken!

(*The next buck sends her flying; Twilight turns the situation over a few dozen times in her head before Mayor Mare’s voice cuts in.*)

**Mayor Mare:** (*from o.s.*) Attention, everypony!

**Twilight:** Well, good luck.

(*She walks off as a badly disoriented Bloom staggers back to her big sister.*)

**Applejack:** Thanks, Twilight. (*Bloom collapses; she continues to herself.*) We’ll need it.

(*Cut to frame the entire meadow and the spectators again.*)

**Mayor Mare:** The teams have one hour to produce as much cider as they can— (*Close-up.*) —after which the barrels will be counted and the winner will be named the sole cider provider for all of Ponyville.

(*On the end of this, cut to Flim and Flam on the 6000’s couch; they smirk at each other and the mug Flim holds. A closer shot of Mayor Mare and Spike reveals that the extra pony on the scene is Doctor Whooves, who has put on a white shirt collar and green necktie for the occasion. Murmurs from the crowd.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Are both teams ready?

(*Macintosh socks his goggles into place, Granny glares toward the adversaries with a snort, Bloom blows her mane back from her face, and Applejack stands resolutely at the fore.*)

**Applejack:** Ready!

**Flim, Flam:** (*leisurely; Flam raising a foreleg*) Ready.

(*Back to Mayor Mare.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Then let’s…

(*Pan to Spike and Whooves; the latter inverts the hourglass. Cut to a close-up of its full upper half and tilt down to frame the Apples, visible through the empty glass below, as the sand starts to run.*)

**Mayor Mare:** (*from o.s.*) …GO!

(*All but Granny race toward their base of operations, while she shambles after them at her usual arthritic pace. The two brothers do not stir from their couch; Flam just yawns in a bored manner as both fire up their horns. Extending over the treetops, the nozzle stops at one particular tree and sucks up its apples. At ground level, Applejack relies on hind-leg power to bring down a load for Bloom to catch in a tub on her head. Quick pan to Granny as the filly brings the fruit over for inspection and whisks an empty tub away. The high end of a chute extends into view behind the old green mare, who sniffs one apple at a time.*)

**Granny:** (*throwing one away*) Ugh! Bad ’un… (*tossing one on chute*) …good ’un…

(*Cut to follow the good one as it rolls toward a large, rotating stone wheel.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) …bad ’un…

(*It drops off the end near the wheel and is crushed to pulp. Tilt up to frame the rig’s upper portion, then down to a treadmill on its other side—with Macintosh’s hooves racing along to power the press. As soon as each good apple drops in, the whirling mass pulverizes it to generate a steady stream of cider that flows from a tap into a waiting barrel. The moment the vessel is full, Macintosh steps off, slaps on a lid, bangs the full one aside with an empty, and gets back on the treadmill.*)

**Applejack:** (*bucking a tree*) Great job, y’all! (*Cut to the falling apples; she continues o.s.*) We’ve already filled an entire barrel!

(*Her little sister zips in with a tub to catch them on the end of this.*)

**Bloom:** (*zipping to Granny, setting it down*) I’ll bet you those guys don’t even have—

(*The sentence trails off as she Granny, and Macintosh voice a wide-eyed triplicate gasp. Cut to a close-up of the 6000’s draining reservoirs.*)

**Bloom:** (*from o.s.*) What?

(*Pan to the rear end; a full barrel is swiftly ejected onto the chute and flipped away to land neatly atop two others. A zoom out frames these three and another row of three supporting them—a pyramid of six barrels in all—and the brothers wave mockingly at the family. Cut to a gobsmacked Applejack, who swallows hard as the camera zooms in on her, and snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the 6000’s nozzle sucking the apples off a tree, then cut to a close-up of the conveyor belts visible through its side window. Good apples are passed through, a bad one is rejected, and the full barrels keep flying off the rear chute. Zoom out to put another tree in the foreground as Applejack bucks it, then cut to the shell-shocked Bloom, who forgets to catch the apples in the tub on her head.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Come on, Apple Bloom, focus! (*Cut to her.*) We gotta forget those guys if we’re gonna have a chance of winnin’! (*Bloom shakes her head clear.*)

**Bloom:** Sorry, sis! (*rushing to Granny with full tub*) Better keep up, Granny! We’re fallin’ behind!

(*The Apple matriarch now stands among a backlog of loads; Bloom grabs an empty in her teeth and sprints back, leaving the sweating Granny to wipe her tired eyes.*)

**Granny:** (*sniffing apple, tossing over shoulder*) Good ’un…

(*Cut to Macintosh, who—incredible as it might seem—is flagging badly on the treadmill hooked to the cider press.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) …ugh! Bad ’un… (*Cut to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Rest when it’s over, Big Macintosh! (*Back to him; she continues o.s.*) Ride! Ride!

(*Summoning up his second or third or seventeenth wind, he puts on a burst of speed so that cider positively gushes from the tap. Cut to Applejack’s five friends at the fence.*)

**Rarity:** This is just dreadful!

(*Close-up of the filling barrel on the end of this; Macintosh seals it and brings in a new one.*)

**Rarity:** (*from o.s.*) Even at top speed, the Apples are only making one barrel to the twins’ three!

(*On the end of this line, cut to the 6000 and its reclining operators; the fresh loads of product join an uncomfortably tall stack. Twilight chews the production problem over in her mind for a second, then advances grimly toward Spike and Mayor Mare.*)

**Twilight:** Um, Ms. Mayor! (*Head-on view; the other four have joined her.*) Are honorary family members allowed to help in the competition?

**Mayor Mare:** Well, I’m not sure. (*addressing herself toward the brothers*) Flim? Flam?

(*Cut to them and the 6000, which is still going great guns.*)

**Mayor Mare:** (*from o.s.*) Would you object to honorary family members helping? (*Flim drinks from a mug.*)

**Flim:** (*smugly*) Are you kidding?

**Flam:** (*ditto*) We don’t care if the whole kingdom of Canterlot helps! It’s a lost cause.

**Mayor Mare:** (*to Twilight*) Oh, my. I guess it’s okay. (*addressing herself toward the Apples*) Applejack, what do you think?

(*Applejack delivers a furious buck to the nearest tree and stands upright, her perspiring face lined with fatigue.*)

**Applejack:** I think I’d love to have the rest of my *family* helpin’ out. (*Twilight smiles.*)

**Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity:** All right!

(*The decision throws only the briefest of scares into the cider hucksters; now the four backup troops stand to attention as Twilight paces sternly down their line.*)

**Twilight:** Okay, everypony. We’re not gonna let those smooth talkers take our friend’s farm.

**Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity:** Yeah! (*She moves to each in turn.*)

**Twilight:** Fluttershy, help Applejack with the trees.

**Fluttershy:** Got it!

**Twilight:** Pinkie Pie, you’re on apple-catching detail.

**Pinkie:** (*saluting*) Yes, sir, ma’am, sir!

**Twilight:** Rarity, you’ve got a discerning eye. Help Granny Smith at the quality control station.

**Rarity:** Of course!

**Twilight:** Rainbow Dash, do you think you can help Big Macintosh press?

**Rainbow:** In my sleep!

(*The screen is swiftly tiled in with a pattern of green checks and red apples; the faces of the quintet slide in as well, displayed on five large red apples. They end up in a row, with Twilight at the center.*)

**Twilight:** All right, everypony. Let’s save Sweet Apple Acres!

**Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity:** All right!

(*The view slides apart to frame Applejack galloping toward a tree to buck it. As the apples fall loose, Fluttershy flies past and disappears among the boughs of a neighboring tree. A quick shake dislodges all the fruit; she zooms to another one for a repeat performance, and Pinkie gallops up with an empty tub on her head.*)

**Pinkie:** (*pointing ahead*) Over there, Apple Bloom! Don’t miss them! (*Bloom slides up to catch some in her own tub.*)

**Bloom:** (*pointing back*) Right behind you, Pinkie Pie!

(*The pink earth pony does a high backflip, the tub making a perfect touchdown on her cranium so that a few apples land neatly within. Quick pan to Granny, now sorting at high speed.*)

**Granny:** Good ’un…bad ’un…bad ’un…good ’un…

(*Pan to Rarity nearby, standing behind her own clutch of loaded tubs. She uses her magic to toss the apples in the proper direction as Granny’s voice continues underneath hers.*)

**Rarity:** Lovely…horrid…horrid…lovely…

(*Rainbow, meanwhile, is galloping on the treadmill alongside Macintosh; a knowing smile passes between the two while cider pours into the barrel. Once it is full, Twilight telekinetically seals it, whisks it away, and brings in a new one. Cut to the growing pyramid of full loads.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Based on these figures— (*Back to her, now taking notes with a levitated quill/scroll.*) —we’re making five barrels for every three of theirs! (*The crowd cheers.*)

**Applejack:** Keep it up, everypony! We’re back in this!

(*That pronouncement puts enough of a scare into Flim to propel his mouthful of cider into Flam’s face.*)

**Flim:** (*grabbing Flam’s shoulders*) Come on, brother! We’ve gotta pick up the pace!

**Flam:** Right! Uh, double the power!

(*Twin beams from their horns kick the 6000 into overdrive, sending sparks up through the vacuum tubes and flinging the vacuum nozzle toward the trees. It sucks up a fresh load of apples handily enough, but the power boost causes it to pull in entire trees as well. Rotten apples, leaves, twigs, mulch—all are swiftly rejected at the inspection station as a panicked Flim watches.*)

**Flim:** We gotta try something else! (*Zoom out slightly; Flam stands alongside.*)

**Flam:** I’ve got it…

(*Close-up of a set of start/stop buttons beneath a green check mark—the power switch for this module. He reaches into view toward it.*)

**Flam:** (*from o.s.*) …brother of mine!

(*A press shuts off the automatic inspector. Every piece of junk to hit the conveyors gets passed along and winds up in the reservoirs.*)

**Flim:** (*from o.s.*) Well done, Flam! (*Nasty-looking barrels are flung off the rear chute.*) We’re at top productivity!

(*They trade a knee/hoof high five as the crowd cheers; over at the Apples’ cider press, Rainbow is so distracted by the news that she hovers off the treadmill. Macintosh gets dragged under with a yell.*)

**Twilight:** (*from o.s.*) Come on, Rainbow Dash! (*Cut to her.*) Keep grinding!

**Rainbow:** We don’t have time for quality control if we want to win this thing!

(*She flies off, leaving a rainbow contrail and forcing Granny to cry out and duck among her apple tubs.*)

**Granny:** Get back, you! One bad apple spoils the bunch!

**Rainbow:** Applejack, help me!

**Applejack:** There’s no point in winnin’ if we cheat!

(*Cut to Rainbow on the end of this, then to Twilight on the start of the following.*)

**Twilight:** We’ll just have to work harder. Come on, everypony!

**Rainbow:** (*with renewed fire*) All right, then! Double time!

(*“Iris in” to a close-up of her hooves back on the treadmill, racing alongside those of the now-upright Macintosh, then cut to a worried Spike at the rapidly emptying hourglass. The 6000 keeps Hoovering up trees to fill the mechanism with slop, while Applejack bucks for all she is worth and Fluttershy does her aerial agitation. Bloom and Pinkie hurry across the grove with full tubs on their heads, giving the Rarity/Granny sorting operation no shortage of raw material. Stallion and daredevil keep the press whirling at insane RPM’s; Spike covers his eyes as the sand keeps draining; Flim and Flam take it easy on their couch. Levitating a few more barrels onto the Apples’ stack, Twilight throws a split-second glance to Applejack, who returns a fierce one of her own. The baby dragon uncovers one eye as the last few grains slip through the neck of the hourglass.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Time’s up!

(*Cut to Fluttershy, Pinkie, Rainbow, Rarity, Granny, and Macintosh, all of whom have stopped dead. An exhausted moan from all six throats is followed by all six bodies hitting the deck. The crowd erupts into wild cheering as Mayor Mare starts counting the barrels to herself; the camera is positioned so that neither stack is completely in frame. Elsewhere, Twilight and Applejack have dropped to the grass as well and are gasping for breath.*)

**Twilight:** I’m proud of you, Applejack.

**Applejack:** Thanks.

**Twilight:** (*between gasps*) Integrity like that…will always be…rewarded.

(*Now the camera shifts to fully frame both production runs—with the brothers’ stack being nearly twice as tall and broad as the Apples’.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Flim and Flam win!

**Crowd:** (*softly*) What? (*Bloom walks up by her now-erect sister.*)

**Bloom:** W…w…

**Applejack:** We…lost? (*Rainbow, Macintosh, and Granny are now up; the first two have shed their eyewear.*)

**Flim:** (*with mocking consolation*) Aw, too bad, Apples.

**Flam:** Guess you’ll just have to find a new line of work that doesn’t match your names quite so perfectly.

**Flim:** Now should we tear down all these tacky old buildings and put up new ones, brother?

(*During this line, pan quickly to a long shot of the main Sweet Apple Acres buildings and then cut to the crestfallen family.*)

**Flam:** (*from o.s.*) I don’t see why not, brother. (*Back to him and Flim.*) After all… (*magically dropping a cord into view*) …this isn’t Sweet Apple Acres anymore. How about…

(*He pulls it; cut to the cider stand as a rolled banner winks into being in front of the Apples’ sign and opens to block it out. The new one depicts silhouettes of the two brothers’ heads—light blue for Flim, pink for Flam—using their magic on a mug of cider between them.*)

**Flam:** (*from o.s.*) …Flim Flam Fields! (*Cut to Rainbow.*)

**Rainbow:** (*furiously, rising off ground*) I oughta press you into jerk cider!

(*She is stopped short by a yank from the vicinity of her tail, and a longer shot reveals that Applejack has snagged a mouthful of it to halt her just outside striking distance of the brothers. The farmhand lets go a moment later.*)

**Applejack:** No, Rainbow Dash. A deal’s a deal. (*Flim and Flam laugh.*) Congratulations to y’all. The cider business in Ponyville… (*dropping head*) …is yours. (*to the family*) Come on, Apples. (*leading them away*) Let’s go pack up our things.

(*Cut to a close-up of the smirking pair and zoom out to frame a knot of thunderstruck observers nearby. The camera shifts to them.*)

**Flim:** (*from o.s.*) Fear not, everypony! (*Back to the pair.*) There’s more than enough cider to go around!

(*That gloating laugh starts up again as Applejack and her kin plod slowly off; she stops to address the crowd.*)

**Applejack:** Go ahead, everypony. (*None move.*) Go on, y’all. (*turning away, tears in eyes*) It’s okay.

(*She walks past Twilight, a waterfall-crying Pinkie, and Rainbow; cut to Flim and Flam, who have set up shop at the cider stand. The barrels are stacked up behind them, and full mugs of a decidedly strange brew are ready for sampling.*)

**Flam:** Drink up, Ponyville! (*Three are picked up; cut to the takers as he continues o.s.*) Down the hatch!

(*They chug the stuff uncertainly, and the two salesponies smile confidently across the counter. That certainty disappears in the very short time that it takes for the muck to be spat directly into their faces; choking and gagging from the drinkers.*)

**Cherry Berry:** I can’t get this taste off my tongue!

**Bon Bon:** Mine’s got rocks in it!

**Stallion:** I wouldn’t pay one cent for this dreck! (*Back to the pair on the end of this.*)

**Flam:** (*flabbergasted*) You wouldn’t pay even one cent?

**Crowd:** No! (*Quick, whispered conference between the brothers.*)

**Flam:** How about *two* cups for one cent?

**Crowd:** NO! (*Another one.*)

**Flim, Flam:** Two bits for the barrel?

**Crowd:** *NO!!*

**Flam:** (*laughing nervously*) It looks like we’ve encountered a slight… (*He and Flim doff their hats.*) …problem here in Ponyville. (*Both do a soft-shoe bit.*)

**Flim:** Nopony wants our product. (*His hat goes back on.*) Next town? (*Flam’s too.*)

**Flam:** Next town.

(*They race off; cut to the new banner as it rolls itself back up.*)

**Flam:** (*from o.s.*) Let’s go, Flim! (*It winks out; cut to them boarding the 6000.*)

**Flim:** Let’s go, Flam!

(*And with that, the magical cider-making contraption chugs off along the road, back the way it came. A smiling Applejack is left standing alone in the meadow as its exhaust dissipates around her.*)

**Applejack:** They’re gone! (*Twilight walks over.*)

**Twilight:** That means Sweet Apple Acres is still in business! (*Cut to Caramel and the crowd on the start of the next line.*)

**Caramel:** Plus we can have high-quality Apple family cider! (*Quick pan to Bloom at the counter.*)

**Bloom:** Because of this silly competition, we’ve made enough of our cider for the whole town!

(*Zoom out to frame some of the crowd on the end of this; they cheer the good tidings, and the other three family members trade a round of grateful smiles. Dissolve to Fluttershy and Pinkie tapping their mugs—brimming with the good stuff—for a toast.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Dear Princess Celestia…” (*Pan toward the stand; others are toasting and drinking.*) “I wanted to share my thoughts with you.”

(*She clears her throat as the camera stops to frame Rainbow, next in line to buy.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over, gleefully*) “I didn’t learn anythin’!”

(*She prances across, bouncing a mug on her head.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over, laughing*) “I was right all along!” (*Close-up of an expectant Rainbow.*) “If you take your time to do things the right way…” (*Bloom works the tap; dry.*) “…your work’ll speak for itself.” (*This shocks Bloom; Rainbow’s eyes pop, then fill with disappointed tears.*) “Sure, I could tell you I learned somethin’ about how my friends are always there to help me…”

(*Zoom out slightly as a pink hoof reaches into view and offers a full mug, bringing a huge grin to the pegasus’ face, then cut to the other five. All have procured their own mugs.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) “…and I can count on them no matter what…” (*Rainbow takes it.*) “…but truth is, I knew that already too.”

(*With Sweet Apple Acres as a backdrop, she hoists her own drink and flashes a smile acknowledging her friends’ part in saving the family business. The camera tilts up to follow her mug as she and the others lift and clunk theirs together—including Pinkie, who has snagged a replacement for the one she gave to Rainbow. Fade to black.*)