**APPLE FAMILY REUNION**

**Written by Cindy Morrow**

**Produced by Sarah Wall, Devon Cody**

**Story editing by Meghan McCarthy**

**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 an extreme close-up of a cardboard box being dragged away from the camera. The hay underneath it, and the wooden ceiling beams above it, suggest that it is in a barn, and a cut to the pony moving it—Applejack—confirms this. She is standing on the top rung of the ladder leading up to the hayloft in the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres, and she turns to address herself toward ground level.*)

**Applejack:** Hah. Found ’em!

(*Granny Smith is waiting down here; the box is thrown down next to her, raising a cloud of dust as its flaps fall open. A book, a partially eaten apple, and a checked blanket or quilt done in shades of red, yellow, and green are readily visible within. In close-up, the matriarch lets off a huge sneeze that blows her backward. Zoom out slightly to frame Applejack down here as well; Granny creakily walks back over, her mane half fallen over her eyes.*)

**Applejack:** Heh…gesundhoof.

**Granny:** Oh, thank you, Applejack. (*She pats it back into place.*) I still can’t believe it’s been almost one hundred moons since our last family reunion.

(*On the end of this, she goes digging in the box; pulling up a fold of the large textile, she nuzzles it to her cheek.*)

**Granny:** Oh, I remember it like it was yesterday.

**Applejack:** Well, you have been talkin’ about it pretty much every day since then. (*Close-up of Granny.*)

**Granny:** (*glancing aside*) Apple Bloom?

(*Pan slightly to bring the yellow filly into view in the background. She sits behind a hay bale stacked with envelopes.*)

**Granny:** How are them RSVPs comin’ along? (*Cut to Apple Bloom; she continues o.s.*) Who’s showin’ their muzzle at the reunion?

**Apple Bloom:** (*scattering envelopes cheerfully*) Everypony!

**Granny:** (*taken aback*) Everypony? (*to Applejack*) Feathers on a goat! (*to Bloom*) Are you sure?

**Bloom:** Well, I got RSVPs from… (*checking a list*) …Apples from Yonder Hill, Hollow Shades… (*Cut to Applejack and Granny; she continues o.s.*) …Galloping Gorge, Foal Mountain… (*Back to her.*) …Apples from Fillydelphia, Tall Tale Town… (*To a stunned Granny; she continues o.s.*) …and all them Apples from Appleloosa!

(*The old mare can only get out an inarticulate sound of total shock at the end of this roll call. Back to Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** Oh! And how could I forget? (*sweeping envelopes off bale*) Manehattan! (*Cut to Applejack and Granny; she continues o.s.*) Babs is comin’! (*hopping past them*) I get to see my favorite cousin!

(*A reference to Babs Seed, who terrorized the Cutie Mark Crusaders before making nice with them in “One Bad Apple.” Zoom out slightly as the snowstorm of scattered invitations continues around the two adults.*)

**Granny:** Think we’re gonna need a bigger cider trough.

(*Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres at sunrise. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Granny:** (*from inside barn*) Hoo-wee!

(*Cut to her, Applejack, and Bloom at the dining room table—the first two standing, the third with her haunches plunked on a cushion. Granny is examining a letter from a stack, and Big Macintosh wheels in a hopper full of them, pushing with the handle in his teeth.*)

**Granny:** Looks like the family’s grown tenfold since the last reunion. I’m gonna be busier than a worm in a rotten tomater tryin’ to get everything ready.

**Applejack:** I could always help out.

**Bloom:** Me too!

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Granny:** Oh, I sure would appreciate that. (*stretching cheeks upward*) Granny’s a little rustier in the giddyup since the last time the Apples all got together.

(*The maneuver pulls the skin of her face taut so that she briefly resembles her younger self as seen in “Family Appreciation Day.” Within seconds of letting go, though, every last sag and wrinkle reasserts itself; she narrows her eyes at Applejack and Macintosh, who think fast to come up with a response that will not get them disowned.*)

**Applejack:** You may be a tad old, Granny, but you’re as feisty and full of spark as ever. (*Granny leans into her face, incensed.*)

**Granny:** Who you callin’ old?!

**Applejack:** I…I-I just meant… (*She picks up the stack of mail.*) …why don’t you let me take over puttin’ the reunion together this time ’round? (*Her perspective of Granny and Bloom.*) Then all you need to worry about is enjoyin’ yourself.

**Granny:** Hmmm…all right, young’un. (*Cut to Applejack; she continues o.s.*) You got yourself a deal! (*poking her in the chest*) You are in charge!

(*Cut to frame all four and zoom in slowly; Macintosh is now seated on his haunches at the table end opposite Bloom.*)

**Applejack:** I won’t let you down, Granny. (*She puts a hoof around the green shoulders and pulls her closer.*) You just tell me what the reunion needs, and I’ll take care of the rest.

**Granny:** I’ll do better than tell you what the reunion’ll need. I’ll show you!

(*Dissolve to her and both granddaughters all haunch-sitting on the living room couch. The window and open top half of the door give a view of the night sky. Granny has opened the book from the box Applejack found, and all three are hunched in around it for a look. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Granny:** We been hostin’ these things at Sweet Apple Acres every hundred moons since we first planted roots here in Ponyville.

**Bloom:** Hey, who’s that? (*She taps a page.*)

**Granny:** That’d…

(*Close-up of the page, which has a sepia-toned photo mounted on it: a filly in a big floppy ribbon-trimmed hat, similar to those worn by 1920s “flapper” girls. Her tail is tied with a bow, her cutie mark shows a sprouting plant with a couple of fallen leaves, and she stands on a stool behind two caldrons, mixing one with a spoon in her teeth. The book is a photo album.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) …be your Great-Great-Auntie Applesauce when she was just about your age.

(*Pan to a photo on the facing page: same setup, same mare, but now much older. The mane/tail have gone white and fluffy with pale streaks, the tail ribbon is gone, and the hat has been replaced with a sun visor.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) Now she used to go by another name, but everypony started callin’ her Applesauce— (*Tilt down to a third photo; she has dropped her dentures into the caldron.*) —after half her teeth fell out when she was makin’ apple jam.

(*Back to the three family members on the couch.*)

**Granny:** Yeah…never did find them teeth in all those jars. (*Applejack shows bewilderment; Granny flips pages and Bloom points.*)

**Bloom:** Hey! That’s you, Granny!

(*Close-up of this photo: four mares in a meadow, including Granny and Applesauce, gathered around a work in progress—a quilt, judging from the pile of fabric scraps and the squares ready to be put into place. Applesauce has added a neck scarf, and one of the others has the tied-back mane/tail, shirt collar with ribbon tie, and sewing-machine cutie mark of Granny’s mother in “Family Appreciation Day.”*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s., wistfully*) Sure is.

(*Zoom in slowly, the camera rotating to frame the photo levelly.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) Apple family’s been workin’ on that same old quilt since our first reunion.

(*On the end of this, full color fades in on the image. The hues on the quilt give it away as the one from the box. Granny and Applesauce have coats that are nearly the same shade of light green, and Granny’s mane/tail can now be discerned as light blond. Her mother has a cream-colored coat, red mane/tail with pink streaks, and blue eyes with lavender shadow; the ribbon tie is light blue. Applesauce‘s hat is red with a pale yellow ribbon to match the bow in her tail, the neck scarf is orange, the mane/tail are fluffy and two light shades of violet, and the eyes are blue-green. The fourth mare is Apple Rose: darker cream-colored coat than Mrs. Smith; bright pink mane/tail in ringlets and green bows; reddish-brown eyes; cutie mark of a red apple flanked by two pink blooms; green ribbon around neck.*)

**Young Granny:** I can do it!

(*Setting her square in place, she picks up a nearby pincushion, grabs a threaded needle from it in her teeth, and expertly stitches up one edge. Minor technical hitch: when she pulls the thread taut, it gets yanked through all the holes and clean away. She drops the needle, frustrated.*)

**Young Granny:** Ohhh…fingle-fangle!

(*Zoom out slightly as the other three laugh and the color fades out, turning the scene back into a photo. A stifled giggle from the o.s. Bloom is heard; cut to her and Granny.*)

**Granny:** Well, nopony told me you actually had to knot the end of the thread! (*Bloom giggles again; pan away from her to frame Applejack on the other side.*)

**Applejack:** (*to herself*) Okay, so I’ll need to get new quiltin’ materials, fabric, needles, thread… (*to Granny*) …you’ve really been workin’ on the same quilt since the first reunion?

**Granny:** Surely have. (*smiling*) I don’t think we’re ever gonna finish that doggone thing.

(*This remark sets the blond mare thinking as Bloom points to yet another page in the album.*)

**Bloom:** Hey, what’s goin’ on here?

(*Close-up of this photo, in color but with an overall greenish tint. A mare and stallion carry long-handled fryer baskets in their mouths, away from a row of caldrons to a stack of baked goods on a table under an open tent. Zoom in slightly and rotate to frame the photo levelly.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) Well, you know us Apples enjoy a good fritter.

(*Full color fades in. The mare carries her basket over to a cowboy-hatted, bandana-wearing stallion behind the table and flips its contents—a freshly made fritter—onto his plate. A close-up frames more details of Half Baked Apple, who licks his chops at the steam rising off the crust. Two-tone brown mane, light yellow-brown coat, birdcatcher spots under green eyes, apple pin on his hatband, yellow polka dots on the green bandana. He takes the whole thing in one bite, then immediately starts juggling it on his overheated tongue.*)

**Half Baked:** Hot, hot, hot!

(*He gallops past the two cooks, exposing his cutie mark as a red apple with steam rising from it, and plunges his entire head into a bowl of cider set up across the way. Meanwhile, the stallion cook just gives him an indulgent smile and transfers a full plate from his back to the table—which has suddenly been picked clean of its dessert cargo. Nothing is left except a few crumbs and a splotch of filling.*)

**Stallion:** Hey, where did all them apple fritters go?

(*A tiny little munching sound from o.s. below draws his attention. He bends down, the camera following, and the view cuts to a close-up of a messy-faced, diaper-clad orange-tan toddler filly that can only be Applejack. Her mane is held back with an apple barrette, and her eyes are pure black instead of green; the litter of plates and fritter bits tell exactly where the lot went.*)

**Stallion:** (*from o.s.*) And…who are you, little one?

**Baby Applejack:** I’m Applejack. Mowwe apple fwitter?

(*He grins in at her, the color taking on the photo’s greenish tone as the camera zooms out to put it back on the album page. On the start of the next line, cut to frame Granny, Applejack, and Bloom, the older granddaughter looking slightly mortified, the younger on the receiving end of these words.*)

**Granny:** That’s how we figured out your sister had the appetite of a full-grown stallion.

(*Close-up of said sister on the end of this; Granny nudges her in the ribs.*)

**Applejack:** (*to herself*) Better get twice as much honey and flour then, fifty more buckets of apples, more oil…

(*Cut to Granny, aiming a quizzical look toward that end of the couch, and Bloom.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) …wood for the fire… (*Granny flips pages and spots a photo.*)

**Granny:** Now stick an apple in my mouth and roast my rump. This one sure brings back memories.

(*Close-up of it, sepia-toned: Young Granny and Young Apple Rose moving side by side through a meadow, Granny’s right foreleg tied to Apple Rose’s left. Zoom in slowly and rotate to put it on the level.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) You know how Babs is your favorite cousin? Well, Apple Rose is mine.

(*Full color fades in as the two fillies start to trot.*)

**Granny:** (*voice over*) The two of us entered the seven-legged race every reunion.

**Young Apple Rose:** We’re gonna win this one, cousin! (*They catch up to two other pairs.*)

**Young Granny:** You bet your hot diggity derriere we are! Come on, cousin! Speed her on up!

(*They do so, gaining ground fast, but lose their balance and end up toppling onto their rumps. Apple Rose is first to get up and start laughing, joined by Granny in due time, then falls over again as the scene reverts to photo form. Cut to Granny and Bloom on the start of the next line.*)

**Granny:** Never won a single one of them races. (*Applejack paces elsewhere in the room.*)

**Applejack:** (*to herself*) Races. We’ll need cloth ties, finish line…not much to a seven-legged race. Hmmm… (*Pan back to the couch as Granny picks up.*)

**Granny:** And of course, we can’t forget to take the big family photo.

(*Cut to a sepia-toned snapshot in the album: Young Granny and her parents standing in front of a barn frame. During the next line, the page flips once to a color picture of a finished, unpainted barn and a slightly larger clan, then again to a shot of the fully painted barn as seen today and still more family members. Only this last photo includes Applejack, Macintosh, and Bloom.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) We always snapped a photo in front of the barn at the end of every reunion. Lets us see how our family’s grown. (*Cut to Applejack, one foreleg draped over the door’s bottom half.*)

**Applejack:** (*to herself*) Photo in front of the barn. (*looking out*) Got it. (*The couch again.*)

**Bloom:** (*to Granny*) You sure have some great memories of these reunions, don’t you?

**Granny:** (*patting her head*) Indeedy, and I’m lookin’ forward to makin’ more at this one. Oh, I’m sure everypony is— (*Wink.*) —and I do mean everypony.

(*Back to the door; Applejack has started to pay a little more attention.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) We got the whole family together this time ’round. (*Eyes pop.*) Who knows if they’ll all be able to make the next one?

(*The blond mare looks out just in time to see a pair of shooting stars flash through the night.*)

**Applejack:** (*to herself*) That’s true. Busy as everypony’s lives are gettin’ these days, chances are pretty slim we’ll be this lucky next time ’round.

(*She smiles; cut to the couch.*)

**Applejack:** (*walking to them*) Don’t worry, Granny. I’m gonna make sure this is the most memorable reunion we’ve ever had! I better get started. (*walking away*) I’ve got some plannin’ to do!

(*The elderly mare and her youngest grandchild go right back to looking at the photo album. Zoom out slightly.*)

**Granny:** Aw, hootenanny! Would you look what your second cousin is wearin’ on her head?

(*Both giggle. Dissolve to a long shot of the grounds under the quiet night sky and crescent moon. Only a couple of lights are on in the barn, at the front door and the topmost cupola, and the ticking of a clock can be clearly heard. Cut to a close-up of it on a wall inside; clopping hooves assert themselves, keeping time, and the camera tilts down to frame Applejack’s bedroom. Her hat hangs on a wall peg, and she is pacing the floor worriedly with mane slightly askew. A table stacked with papers is set up by the bed, and discarded/balled-up sheets rest in a full trash can and on the floor. The closed door swings open slightly, accompanied by a yawn from Bloom; cut to her, poking her head in with mane disheveled but bow firmly in place. Applejack keeps her voice down from here until the end of the act.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Apple Bloom! (*Cut to her approaching the door.*) What are you doin’ up?

**Bloom:** I was gonna ask you the same thing. (*Applejack hoists herself onto the bed and sits on her haunches, hind legs hanging off.*)

**Applejack:** I can’t sleep. My gears are turnin’ in my head about this reunion. (*She flops onto her back; Bloom lands alongside.*)

**Bloom:** (*sleepily*) Yeah. I can’t wait to see my cousin Babs. We’re gonna do so many fun things together.

**Applejack:** Fun? (*She sits up with a sigh.*) That’s just the beginnin’ of it. Granny Smith handed me the reins of this reunion, and I’m gonna make the most of it.

(*Cut to the other side of the room, where a chart has been set up on an easel and a few books and papers are spread on a bench.*)

**Applejack:** (*trotting over*) Apple Bloom, I’ve got so many things planned, you won’t even have a minute’s rest.

(*Soft snoring drifts through the quiet air; cut to the little sister, out cold on the bed, and zoom out slightly as Applejack pulls a blanket up and pats her.*)

**Applejack:** Trust me, little sis. This reunion I’m puttin’ together is gonna be worth the wait.

(*A particularly vigorous snore causes her to start in surprise, but she turns it into a warm smile. Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the barn at sunrise of the following morning. A rooster on a fence post crows to mark the dawn; inside Applejack’s bedroom, she nips the blanket off Bloom with her teeth. She has her hat back on, and both sisters have their manes/tails back in order. Bloom wakes up with a sleep-scrambled cry of panic; through the windows, the sky has lightened into a clear morning blue.*)

**Applejack:** Rise and shine! We don’t have much time!

(*She gallops out of the room, but Bloom is a bit slower on the draw—falling out of bed onto her face, then dragging herself toward the door without lifting her head or belly off the floorboards. Wipe to a tree in one of the orchards, with an empty tub set at its base. Macintosh backs into view and lays it a good buck that fills the tub in seconds. Bloom and Applejack get in on the act, then the big red stallion again, and the fruit keeps dropping. In very short order they have over a dozen tubs’ worth, and they trade satisfied little nods.*)

(*Wipe to a close-up of Rarity, a roll of fabric in her mouth; she sets this next to others in a wagon, runs a critical eye over the lot, and gets a brainstorm. Her horn comes to life, bringing a piece of ribbon into view from behind her and tying it around the roll she just loaded in. A longer shot frames her outside the Carousel Boutique; the wagon is loaded with fabric and harnessed to Applejack. The two ponies trade a wave before the blond one trots away with her freight.*)

(*Wipe to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner. Applejack and her wagon are parked at one side of the building, and she has stacked up more than a few jars of honey on top of the fabric. Pinkie Pie is leaning out of an upper-story window, holding a beehive and emptying its honey into the topmost jar of the pile. She takes a mouthful for herself, throws the hive away, and lets off a hearty belch that brings up a bee she swallowed by mistake. Giving it an odd look as it flies away, she ducks back inside and comes up with a small bucket full of the golden luster dust Scootaloo borrowed for the Crusaders’ apple float in “One Bad Apple.”*)

**Pinkie:** (*singsong*) Don’t forget the glitter!

(*The bucket’s contents are dumped out; at ground level, Applejack’s eyes pop as she realizes she has been gilded. None of the dust has landed anywhere except on her and the wagon’s harness struts—except for a bit in her lungs which she coughs out. Wipe to a row of buckets set up along a path in one of the Sweet Apple Acres orchards; she trots into view, now cleaned up and out of harness, and adds the one in her mouth at the end. After a quick glance at the setup, she looks upward and gestures; cut to Rainbow Dash steering a gray cloud in the sky. She gets on top of it and starts jumping to set off a shower, quickly filling all the buckets and soaking Applejack from head to tail for good measure. After the rain stops, the earth pony shakes herself dry and waves to the hovering pegasus; the cloud, now right above her, cuts loose with a lightning bolt that leaves her nicely charred. Said pegasus adopts her best “who, me?” posture and whistles idly.*)

(*Wipe to a close-up of a few pieces of split firewood lying in one orchard, with an axe stuck into a stump in the background. Macintosh steps up and grabs one piece in his mouth, adding it to a pile; zoom out to show that the accumulation is at least as tall as he is and several times as long. Cut to a clean and dry Applejack, who grabs Spike out of nowhere, aims his face straight ahead, and flicks his head back as if working a cigarette lighter. The first couple of tries produce only sparks from his mouth, but the third yields a gout of green flame that touches off the wood laid beneath a row of caldrons. These begin to steam and boil as pony and dragon watch.*)

(*Dissolve to a close-up of the apple-capped top of a pole, accompanied by a distant rumbling sound. Applejack rises into view to hook the end of a row of pennants onto it, then drops back as the camera zooms out. The pole is one of two that support a banner stretching over the main path leading to the barn; a pile of apples is laid out alongside the caldrons, and a tent and cider table are set up as well. Applejack is perched on Macintosh’s back, and they proudly survey the area along with Granny and Bloom.*)

**Applejack:** Think that’ll do it. (*Rumbling grows.*)

**Granny:** And just in time, too.

(*Cut to the nearest rise and zoom in as a thick cloud of dust boils up over the far side.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) They’re here!

(*Cheering, whooping ponies emerge from within the haze, some pulling/riding stagecoaches and covered wagons, others galloping alongside. Within seconds they have spilled into the area; three fillies tumble out of one coach and race across the grounds. Behind them comes Apple Rose, her mane/tail faded almost completely to white but still in ringlets and green bows. She has switched her green neck ribbon for a white lace collar, and she wears a pair of gold-framed half-moon glasses on a chain around her neck.*)

**Granny:** (*galloping to her*) Apple Rose! (*Both rise to their hind legs and embrace.*) Ohhhh…

(*Cut to a clear spot, where an airship carrying two stallions and a mare touches down. The cabin resembles a rowboat with wings, wheels, and propeller attached. On the next line, zoom out to frame the entire craft, whose canopy is half metal and half fabric; others—including cousin Braeburn, from Appleloosa, and Carrot Top—look on at the group.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) Ooh, this is more excitin’ than when it rained frogs!

(*Two fillies barrel into each other’s rowdy embrace and trade high fives, while others talk and Hayseed Turniptruck—the bumpkin window washer Rarity came across in Canterlot during “Sweet and Elite”—slaps some skin with a stallion. Applejack’s dog Winona even gets into the act, happily licking a filly’s face, and the buzz of conversation permeates the air before the camera cuts to a close-up of Applejack in front of the barn. She steps up to a megaphone on a stand, yielding a bit of feedback, then speaks into it so that her voice is amplified.*)

**Applejack:** Howdy, y’all…

(*Zoom out; she is on a stage, and others gather in.*)

**Applejack:** …and welcome to the Apple family reunion! (*Cheers and yells.*) My name’s Applejack, and I just want to let y’all know that I got a real big day planned for you. We’re gonna start off with an obstacle course for the young’uns, and some fritter-makin’ and quiltin’ for the not-so-young’uns.

(*Cut back and forth between her and various attendees during this line. On the end of it, Hayseed trades a nod with the mare closest to him, Apple Leaves: orange coat, green mane/tail streaked with white, blue-violet eyes, cutie mark of an apple surrounded by several leaves. Back to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** And there’s lots more to come after that. Hope y’all enjoy it!

(*More hooting and hollering from the crowd; pan/tilt down to a discomfited Bloom looking around.*)

**Bloom:** Where is she?

(*A dark tan hoof reaches through the forest of legs and whirls her in place so that she stops facing away from the stage. The yellow face instantly brightens, and the camera pans to reveal Babs on the other side of the equine line. She blows her forelock aside.*)

**Bloom:** Babs!

**Babs:** Cuz! (*They hug.*)

**Bloom:** I know it hasn’t been that long since we’ve seen each other, but—

**Bloom, Babs:** —it felt like forever! (*They extricate themselves from the back of the crowd.*)

**Babs:** I can’t wait to tell you about my new school!

**Bloom:** I can’t wait to hear all about it!

**Babs:** Jeepers, where do I start? Okay, so first day—

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Babs! (*They stop; zoom out to frame her catching up with a laugh.*) So glad you could come.

**Babs:** What am I, gonna miss out on spendin’ time with my favorite cousin? Forget about it! (*She blows her forelock aside.*)

**Applejack:** Why don’t you two head over to the obstacle course? (*She bulldozes them ahead, to their surprise.*)

**Bloom:** We kinda want to catch up a little bit first.

**Applejack:** Don’t you worry. There’ll be plenty of time for family bondin’ while you’re racin’ against your other cousins.

(*The two cousins of the moment exchange very uneasy looks. Wipe to the banner above the main path, where several pairs of youngsters are lined up with forelegs tied together for a seven-legged race. Bloom and Babs are among them, and Applejack stands off to one side of the starting line; the racers face out away from the barn.*)

**Applejack:** All righty, ponies! Ready to have some fun? (*Close-up of Babs as she points ahead.*)

**Babs:** Whoa! Is that the finish line?

(*Cut to just behind her; she has picked out a pair of trees standing alone on a very tall hill. Zoom in quickly on the spot to reveal a red pennant planted between them.*)

**Babs:** (*from o.s.*) It’s like a mile away or somethin’! (*Back to the starting line.*)

**Applejack:** Actually, that’s just the marker where you go on to the next leg of the race.

**Bloom:** There’s more?

**Applejack:** Much more. Trust me. (*trotting ahead*) I have put together somethin’ you are never gonna forget. (*She turns to address the pairs.*) After the seven-legged race, you’re gonna want to hurry up and head over here…

(*She points to one side; cut to a fully stocked apple-bobbing tub as she zips over to it.*)

**Applejack:** …where you’ll be bobbin’ for apples!

(*Plunging her head in, she quickly brings up three of them at once. Cut to a grove festooned with strings of pennants; she gallops into view and starts doing figure-eights around two trees, having emptied her mouth.*)

**Applejack:** Then you’ll run around these trees fifty times until you’re real good and dizzy…

(*While doing so, she briefly gains so much speed that she disappears into a blur of mane and tail, then totters dizzily out of it. Cut to a set of three hurdles, each made of a board laid across two thick, short logs planted upright.*)

**Applejack:** (*jumping them*) …then you’ll jump these big wooden hurdles… (*Close-up.*) …and then there’s the final lap…

(*Zoom out; she stands next to a table loaded with plates and sticks, with a pennant fluttering alongside. She has a plate balanced on a stick atop her head.*)

**Applejack:** …where you’ll balance plates on your head while sayin’ “Pappy Pony picked a pluck of pickly pluff nuggets” over and over and over again!

(*She gallops away and returns to the starting line before the sound of the two items hitting the ground reaches her.*)

**Applejack:** The last pony standin’ wins! (*Long, silent stares from the foals.*)

**Bloom:** Seriously? (*Close-up of Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** Seriously! Come on, y’all! Let’s start makin’ some memories! On your mark… (*Zoom out; she raises her tail, now holding a checkered flag.*) …get set… (*Flag down.*) …go!

(*As the teams gallop off, the camera cuts to a profile close-up of Bloom and Babs. They move with great energy, but flag greatly once the view dissolves to them farther along the course. Eventually they stop and aim a pair of popeyed glances straight ahead; cut to a close-up of the hilltop pennant and zoom out to put the top of Bloom’s head in the fore. There are still two good-sized hilltops standing between them and the goal, and the yellow face falls while the dark tan one grimaces mightily. Applejack, meanwhile, has put away her starting flag.)*

**Applejack:** Hoo-wee! Lookin’ good, everypony! (*trotting away from starting line*) Hoo…better go check on the quilt.

(*Wipe to an extreme close-up of an old green mare’s gleaming white teeth, seen in profile; Granny leans into view to inspect them.*)

**Granny:** How long you had those new chompers, Auntie Applesauce?

(*During this line, the camera zooms out to establish the second mare as Applesauce, the sun visor from her photo in the album now seen as yellow-orange. Apple Rose stands alongside; the three are under a tent, and a large fabric-covered object stands behind them. The streaks previously seen in Applesauce’s white mane are actually pale violet, and her voice is that of a very prim and proper Southern matriarch.*)

**Applesauce:** A lady never reveals the age of her teeth. (*Granny snickers silently.*)

**Apple Rose:** (*rolling eyes*) Ugh… (*Applesauce rounds on her.*)

**Applesauce:** Don’t you roll your eyes at me, Miss Apple Rose! I imagine you two think I have forgotten what you did to my parasol six reunions ago? (*Apple Rose cringes, but smiles as Granny giggles out loud.*)

**Granny:** We were just usin’ it to help break open that piñata.

(*The two old cousins break into full-voiced laughter, and even Applesauce allows herself a bit of a smile. Their reminiscing is broken up by the arrival of Applejack, quilt in teeth; she deposits this on a table.*)

**Applesauce:** Applejack, delightful to see you. Are you gonna join us in some quiltin’?

**Applejack:** Sorry, Auntie Applesauce. I am busy, busy, busy. Y’all should get started, though. (*Granny looks around, slightly confused.*)

**Granny:** Hey! Couldn’t find our rockin’ chairs.

**Applejack:** I got rid of ’em to make room for these.

(*Nipping the cloth covering in her teeth, she whisks it away; behind its edge, the view wipes to a close-up of an antique sewing machine. Zoom out quickly to frame three of them on a table.*)

**Applejack:** This is the year y’all are finally gonna finish that quilt!

**Apple Rose:** (*surprised*) Finish it?

(*The blond mare lays the quilt under the machines’ bobbins, ducks below, and comes up with a pull string in her teeth. One flick of her head yanks it to full length and causes the rigs to chug to life as if they were pull-start lawnmowers. The din is loud enough to shake the camera, make Granny cover her ears, and shake Applesauce’s dentures out of her mouth; she stuffs them back in with an embarrassed grin. Cut to Applejack and Apple Rose on opposite sides of the table.*)

**Applejack:** WON’T THAT BE EXCITIN’?

**Apple Rose:** WHAT’S THAT?

**Applejack:** I SAID, WON’T THAT BE— (*She shuts off the machines.*) —excitin’?

(*The bespectacled old mare glares at her, then turns a concerned gaze back toward Granny and Applesauce as the camera pans to frame them. Applesauce speaks up after a beat of silence.*)

**Applesauce:** I suppose, although I have been told that too much excitement can wreak havoc on this youthful complexion of mine.

(*Apple Rose groans through gritted teeth, but Granny gets a good laugh out of the whole thing. The three reluctantly step behind the table and yank the machines’ pull-starters with their teeth so they can get to work sewing.*)

**Applejack:** THAT’S THE SPIRIT!

**Granny:** WHAT DID SHE SAY?

**Apple Rose:** WHAT?

**Granny:** GOOD GRACIOUS!

**Apple Rose:** GOLDEN DELICIOUS? I THINK HE’S RACIN’ WITH HIS COUSINS!

(*The local family head shakes her head at the way in which excess noise and/or hearing loss due to old age have derailed this conversation, then turns sadly back to her sewing. Wipe to several pairs of racing foals on the tree-running part of the obstacle course; they are untied from each other now. Instead of doing figure-eights around pairs of trees as Applejack did in her demonstration, each pair is circling a single tree separately from the others.*)

**Babs:** (*woozily*) How are Scootaloo and Sweetie Belle?

**Bloom:** (*ditto*) Great! (*Moan; eyes roll and drift out of alignment.*)

**Babs:** You all right?

**Bloom:** So…dizzy…

(*Her red-gold pupils now completely independent of each other, she tumbles to the ground with a weak scream. Babs stops and walks over to the sprawled-out yellow filly, who moans and lets her face flop into the grass; the upright one sighs wearily.*)

(*Dissolve to a close-up of a steaming caldron fitted with a fryer basket. Macintosh leans into view to grab its handle in his teeth and lift it away, revealing the fritter within; cut to a close-up of a plate on a table in front of him as the dessert is plunked down. Zoom out to frame him as he inhales the aroma and licks his chops eagerly; after a few furtive glances, he takes the whole thing in one bite. The arrival of Applejack scares him into going stock-still for a moment, but he manages to force the mouthful down his throat and grin innocently. Applejack regards the now-empty plate with some surprise and gives him a suspicious glare; he looks away and starts whistling as if nothing is amiss. It takes him a split second to bug out of the place; behind him, two mares are making more fritters at a table under a tent. These two are Leaves and Apple Dumpling—very pale green coat; slightly untidy two-tone pink mane/tail tied back; blue eyes; red apron that covers her cutie mark. Both speak with pronounced Minnesota accents.*)

**Dumpling:** You’ve got eight now, dontcha?

**Leaves:** Oh, sure do. (*Applejack approaches behind them.*) Tell you what, my Apple Tart may just be a baby, but he is a hoot! (*Braeburn brings a plateful by in his teeth.*)

**Applejack:** Havin’ fun?

**Leaves:** Sure are.

**Applejack:** (*nudging Dumpling*) Better pick up the pace on those fritters, though, huh?

(*She grabs a bowl of apple slices and a nearby wad of dough and sets to it, surprising the pair and attracting the attention of others.*)

**Applejack:** Roll, fold, crimp, slide to the left. (*faster*) Roll, fold, crimp, slide to the left. (*still faster*) Roll, fold, crimp, slide to the left. (*to Leaves*) Now you try.

(*After the latter turns out a fritter, Applejack backs away and leaves the pair to it—not noticing that their previous cheer has been replaced by drudgery.*)

**Applejack:** That’s it! Gotta keep this assembly line movin’, gals! (*walking off*) We want every Apple here to get the chance to taste the best darn fritters in Equestria.

(*Out on the obstacle course, Bloom, Babs, and a couple of others have reached the plate-spinning area.*)

**Bloom, Babs:** Pappy Pony picked a pluck of pickly pluff nuggets!

**Bloom:** (*to Babs, quickly*) Any other blank flanks at your new school?

**Babs:** (*ditto*) Yeah, two.

**Bloom, Babs:** Pappy Pony picked a pluck of pickly pluff nuggets! (*One filly drops her plate and stick.*)

**Bloom:** Do they want to be Crusaders?

**Babs:** Totally! (*Close-up of Bloom.*)

**Bloom:** Great!

**Bloom, Babs:** (*Babs o.s.*) Pappy Pony picked a pluck of pickly pluff nuggets! Pappy Pony picked a pluck of pickly pluff nuggets! (*Pan to Babs.*) Pappy Pony picked a pluck of pickly pluff nuggets!

**Babs:** (*tongue hanging out*) I can’t feel my tongue.

**Bloom:** (*ditto*) Me neither.

(*The filly who dropped her plate and stick has them going again now. Dissolve to a long shot of one of the farm’s outbuildings and zoom in slowly; Applejack stands on its porch and speaks into her megaphone on its stand, amplifying her voice. A feedback squeal mars her first words.*)

**Applejack:** All right, Apples! (*Close-up.*) Break!

(*At the sewing tent, the three old mares power down their machines and slump tiredly over the several new yards of quilt they have turned out. The fritter stand is now stacked up to its roof in overloaded plates, and the ponies on duty let their fryers fall and flop to the ground. Over at the obstacle course, Bloom and Babs let off a weary moan in stereo and drop their plates off their heads; Bloom goes flat on the ground as Babs catches her own plate on one hoof. Behind them, one rival team member sheds the gear and gallops off; another does a standing face plant, his plate/stick still going on the back of his head.*)

**Bloom:** Finally.

(*On the outbuilding porch, Applejack has traded her megaphone for an old-style bellows camera and put her eye to its viewfinder.*)

**Applejack:** Whoo! Can’t forget to capture all these memories for Granny’s album.

(*She swings it around on its tripod; cut to her perspective through it, framing several worn-out ponies around the apple-bobbing tub. This shot, plus the two that follow it, take a moment to come into clear focus.*)

**Applejack:** Huh…nothin’ all that memorable there… (*Swing quickly to Granny and Applesauce, working listlessly on the quilt.*) …or there… (*To the exhausted fritter crew.*) …or there. (*Back to her.*) Come on, Applejack, think! You gotta kick this thing up a notch! (*hoof to chin*) Hmmm…

(*Wipe to the exterior of the barn and zoom in slowly as Bloom’s head emerges from behind a stack of hay bales. On the start of the next line, cut to her and Babs, both hunkered down behind the fodder, Babs having ditched the plate she caught.*)

**Bloom:** (*softly*) I get that my big sis wants this to be like a super-awesome reunion, but that was ridiculous!

**Babs:** (*ditto*) I thought we’d never get a minute to just hang out.

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) And your minute’s up!

(*They look upward, caught off guard; cut to their upside-down perspective of the enthusiastic reunion organizer peeking over the bales at them.*)

**Applejack:** Your fellow Apples are waitin’ for you to join ’em. (*Cut to frame all three.*)

**Bloom:** Applejack, I haven’t had any time with Babs! We were so busy with that obstacle course, we didn’t even get to talk. (*Applejack jumps down to them.*)

**Applejack:** There’ll be plenty of time to bond with Babs when we do the hayride.

**Babs:** (*to Bloom, uneasily*) Hayride?

(*Dissolve to these two among a long line of Apples making their way through the orchards.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) All right, everypony! (*They reach a parked wagon and board it; she stands alongside the rear gate.*) Step right up, take a seat, and leave the drivin’ to these stallions!

(*On the end of this line, cut to the front end and the two stallions hooked into the harnesses. Both wear cowboy hats and bandanas. They smile and nod back at the passengers; during the next line, cut to a slow pan along the passengers, now seated on hay bales. Applesauce takes a back seat, having switched her sun visor for a broad-brimmed hat trimmed with apples on its band.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Now I know y’all have been workin’ real hard makin’ some awesome memories, and in all of our past reunions…

(*Head-on view of her, leaning up against the gate and looking in at the group. Macintosh has boarded as well.*)

**Applejack:** …we always had a nice and relaxin’ hayride around the farm.

(*Granny and a couple of younger Apples trade smiles; a green colt crosses his forelegs behind his head and leans back.*)

**Applejack:** Which is why I decided to change things up a bit and try somethin’ just a wee bit more excitin’. (*ducking down, closing gate*) So let’s get this show on the road! (*bucking it*) Giddyup!

(*The two pullers rear up with a neigh and get the wagon rolling with quite a bit of speed; Applejack snickers silently to herself and streaks away.*)

**Passengers:** Whoa!

(*Various unnerved murmurs follow this as the wagon barrels across the fields. One wheel impacts a large rock, giving the group a hard bounce and launching Applesauce’s dentures out of her mouth so that they end up clamped on Macintosh’s nose.*)

**Applesauce:** (*half-mumbling, as he pulls them off*) I just had those professionally polished!

(*With a slightly queasy little grin, he passes the teeth back to her.*)

**Granny:** Where in the world does that girl have us headed? The west orchard? (*Macintosh peers ahead, shading his eyes.*)

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

**Granny:** *What?!?* I was jokin’! Why, we haven’t tended those fields since all the trees went and got filled up with…

(*Sudden, all-consuming fear takes hold and nearly causes her to suck her lips and teeth down her throat with a strangled cry. Farther along the path, Applejack looks out from behind a tree, catches sight of the approaching wagon, and bucks the trunk. No apples come down, but the foliage does start to vibrate and emit a swarm of chittering orange bats. Other trees produce their own flying mammals—yellow from one, red from another—and soon enough colors have congregated to produce a living rainbow that arcs over the wagon.*)

**Passengers:** Ooooh…ahhhh…

**Babs:** Wowza! (*to Bloom*) Never seen real fruit bats before!

(*As Applejack gazes approvingly up at the display, one particular red bat—in close-up, seen to have green leaf-like ears and seeds covering the skin of its belly like a strawberry—fixes its attention on something below. Cut to its perspective of the wagon and zoom in on a bright red apple among the ones on Applesauce’s headband; it gleams as the rest of the screen darkens somewhat. Back to the bat, which licks its chops and leads a mass dive toward the ponies.*)

**Applejack:** Uh-oh.

(*Applesauce cries out and ducks under one swipe, then another, and within seconds the bats are coming down on the entire group. She has her dentures back in by this point. The pulling team takes a sharp left; cut to just inside the wagon’s front end, showing that it is now heading straight for the barn.*)

**Bloom:** (*from o.s.*) Everypony! (*She straightens up into view.*) JUMP OUT!!

(*The two stallions are first to bail, followed by all the passengers, and the bat-infested vehicle smashes a giant hole into the barn’s side wall. As multicolored vermin go flying out the windows, the structure vibrates mightily and falls apart piece by piece. The frame is last to go, leaving a roiling cloud of dust and a mass of shattered timbers and board siding. Once Applejack gallops to the scene, her jaw falls open in pure disbelief; she reels it in, her eyes tearing up, and sadly pulls her hat forward to cover her face. Fade to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of the wreckage and pan slowly to frame Applejack as she walks over to it with a barely audible sob. Her hat is back where it belongs, and her eyes are still full of tears.*)

**Applejack:** Ruined! Everythin’ is ruined! (*A beam cracks; Granny and Bloom join her.*) Oh, Granny, I’m so, so sorry.

**Granny:** Oh, it’s all right, child.

**Applejack:** But it’s not all right. (*pacing, flopping onto haunches*) Just look at this! The barn, and all my plans for the perfect family reunion, are completely destroyed! (*Bloom walks over to her.*)

**Bloom:** Maybe that’s a good thing.

**Applejack:** (*angrily*) How can that possibly be a good thing?

(*Cut to a long shot of the three, seen from a nearby rise where others are gathering. Pan slowly to frame the open grounds in front of the barn; still more walk up from this direction.*)

**Granny:** Applejack, you’ve had us so caught up in all the doin’, we haven’t had a second to enjoy the company of the folks we’ve been doin’ it with.

(*On the end of this, cut to this second group and pan to frame Applejack, Granny, and Bloom.*)

**Applejack:** Really? (*Collective assent; she sighs quietly.*) Oh, Granny Smith, here you let me be in charge of creatin’ great memories, and the only thing anypony’s gonna remember about this reunion… (*voice breaking, eyes tearing up*) …is that it was the worst one we ever had.

**Granny:** (*soothingly*) Oh, hey, now. Everypony’s still here, ain’t they? (*Long shot of the family.*) Still plenty of time to make good memories. (*Ground level.*) You just gotta give everypony a chance to actually make ’em.

(*The wink she tips on the end of this line takes a moment to find a purchase in Applejack’s brain; once it does, she rears up with a smile.*)

**Applejack:** The family photo! (*Down to all fours, deflated again.*) Guess we can’t take it in front of the barn this year. (*smiling again*) Unless…

(*Now she waves to get the crowd’s attention and raises her voice.*)

**Applejack:** Everypony! I have one more activity!

**Granny:** (*warningly*) Applejack…

**Applejack:** (*softly, poking her gently with a wink*) Trust me, Granny Smith. This’ll be one we’ll remember for all the right reasons.

(*This draws a smile from the wizened green face. Dissolve to a close-up of Applejack’s hooves, the front left one stomping four beats as if counting off a band.*)

***Lively fiddle/banjo/drum/bass square-dance melody, fast 4 (D major*)**

(*Zoom out to frame her and the clan. A harmonica/fiddle/banjo trio is providing the accompaniment.*)

**Applejack:** Yee-hoo!

(*She zips past Apple Rose and three others, who brighten on her count.*)

Raise this barn, raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*Twirl Granny around the yard.*)

Together we can raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*Granny spins so close to the camera that one eye fills the screen; when she backs away, she has put on a hard hat and is walking past Macintosh and company pushing up beams with their heads. One stallion hammers in a nail and gets a few more tossed to him by a mare.*)

**Applejack:** Up, up, up go the beams, hammer those joints, work in teams

(*Bloom and Babs link forelegs, turn, and prance to Granny and Macintosh, respectively. Granny is out of her hard hat.*)

Turn ’em ’round quick by the right elbow, grab a new partner, here we go

(*Overhead view of the grounds; several pairs twirl in time.*)

**All:** Yeah! (*Zoom out.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s., amplified*) Come on, Apple family!

(*Cut to her behind the megaphone on the outbuilding porch.*)

**Applejack:** Let’s get to it! (*Zoom out to frame all.*) Wee-hoo!

(*Cut to the outer frame for a side wall. It is upright, and Applejack stands atop the horizontal upper beam next to Dumpling, who is equipped with hammer and nails. The latter has discarded her apron, exposing a cutie mark of two apple slices around her namesake pastry ball. Four ropes run over the beam, tied to the rest of the frame which is being lifted on the heads of three ponies. The ropes are hauled in to tilt it up toward vertical, pulled one at a time as she counts.*)

**Applejack:** Raise this barn, raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*They let go in time.*)

Together we can raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*Now the entire frame is in place and being secured high and low, and a pig and chicken dance.*)

**Applejack:** Finish the frame, recyclin’ wood, workin’ hard, you’re doin’ good

(*Braeburn and a mare bow to each other from opposite ends of a two-pony saw and go to work cutting a log.*)

Turn ’em ’round quick by the right elbow, grab your partner, here we go

(*Several others pop out from the woodpile behind them.*)

**All:** Yeah!

**Applejack:** (*now o.s.*) Hoo-wee!

(*The mare backs away to dance a bit so that her green skirt fills the screen. Dissolve to Applejack as a stack of boards is hosted behind her, then cut to four ponies hammering nails in time with her count.*)

**Applejack:** Raise this barn, raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*She holds up a plate with four fritters; several workers notice and snatch them away in time.*)

Together we can raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*A board is picked up, a nail is hammered in.*)

**Applejack:** Slats of wood come off the ground, hold ’em up and nail ’em down

(*Bloom and Applesauce dance together among the laborers.*)

Turn ’em ’round quick by the left elbow, grab a new partner, here we go

(*Now much of the interior support/flooring work is done, and Apples are stationed at all levels from ground to roof.*)

**All:** Yeah!

**Applejack:** Come on, Apples! Get ’er done!

(*Bloom and Babs push a plane back and forth, shaving a board.*)

**Bloom:** Look at us, we’re family

**Applejack:** Workin’ together thankfully

**Bloom:** We Apples, we are proud to say

**Applejack, Bloom:** Stick together the pony way

(*A stallion and mare bow to each other; Applejack spots a terrified mare clinging to a beam that juts from roof level.*)

**Applejack:** Bow to your partner, circle right, get down if you’re scared of heights

(*Still hanging on, the mare slides so that she is hanging upside down. Next Granny gets a twirl from old Apple Strudel, seen in “Family Appreciation Day.”*)

Forward, back, and twirl around, the barn’s gonna be the best in town

**All:** Yeah!

**Applejack:** Yee-haa! Attagirl!

(*Cut to Bloom, riding a bull that is pulling a cart loaded with supplies.*)

**Bloom:** All right! Let’s get to it!

(*Back to Applejack, who stands up into view in close-up with buckets of paint slung on a stick across her back. Zoom out to frame Granny and Bloom on either side, carrying their own loads.*)

***Stoptime***

(*Four buckets are tossed down on the next count.*)

**All:** Raise this barn, raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*Four family members grab brushes in teeth for her next count.*)

**All:** Together we can raise this barn, one, two, three, four

(*Brushes are dipped into cans; cut to a close-up of the fully built barn and zoom out.*)

**Applejack:** (*spoken*) Take your brushes, young and old

(*sung*) Together paint it bright and bold

(*The boards get a red coating.*)

Turn ’em ’round quick by the left elbow, grab a new partner, here we go

***All instruments in; brief fiddle solo, then tempo slows greatly***

***All instruments but bass out; synthesizer/mandolin in***

(*Dissolve to a slow tilt up the height of the fully painted, sparkling new barn.*)

**All:** We raised this barn, we raised this barn, yes we did

(*Dissolve to a couple of mares, one of whom wipes her forehead.*)

Together we sure raised this barn, yes we did

(*Dissolve to an overhead shot of the clan in front of the building.*)

Bein’ together counts the most, we all came here from coast to coast

(*Dissolve to Applejack’s camera being lifted into view; she stands up behind it.*)

All we need to strive to be

(*She gallops out past it; cut to the weather vane on the cupola and tilt down to ground level.*)

Is part of the Apple family

***Last word held; all instruments back in; original tempo***

(*Stop on the whole family gathered in front of the main door; Applejack slides into view on her flank, coming to rest in front just before the flash goes off.*)

**All:** Yeah!

***Song ends***

(*Zoom out slowly to show that the tableau has become a new photo in the album, then cut to the reunion as it should have been. Ponies of all ages are talking, snacking, galloping happily around; the musical trio is playing a bit as well. Applesauce, back in her sun visor and talking with Apple Rose, loses her dentures for the third time in one day when Granny zips up from behind and yelps to scare them out of her mouth. They end up balanced on Apple Rose’s hoof; she regards them with some distaste, but soon joins her two elders in a round of laughter.*)

(*Dissolve to a slow pan across the grounds as the attendees get on the road, with Applejack and Granny looking on. Bloom watches as Babs loads her luggage onto a taxi carriage.*)

**Bloom:** I can’t wait for the next reunion!

**Babs:** Me neither!

**Bloom:** I mean, obviously we have to get together before then.

**Babs:** (*laughing, putting a foreleg across Bloom’s shoulders*) Obviously.

(*Both young faces grin as the camera zooms out to put Applejack and Granny in the fore, watching at a distance.*)

**Granny:** Oh, you did it, Applejack. (*Head-on view of the pair; Applejack is washing piles of dishes.*) You put on a reunion that everypony will remember.

**Applejack:** Just had a couple of minor hiccups along the way.

**Granny:** (*chuckling*) Yeah…just a couple.

(*She winks to the camera. Dissolve to the living room at night; she and Bloom are on the couch, looking at the album. Applejack sits on the floor in front of them, on her belly and starting to write on a sheet with pencil in teeth, and Macintosh stands behind the couch so he can look over Granny’s shoulder.*)

**Granny:** (*chuckling*) That’s a good one. (*She and Bloom laugh; Bloom points.*)

**Bloom:** Oh!

(*Cut to a photo: Bloom jumping over a crate as Babs and Winona watch.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over, dictating*) “Dear Princess Celestia…”

(*Tilt down to another one: Applejack and Braeburn grinning side by side, with nails and hammer in mouths, respectively.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) “Today I learned a great lesson about family…”

(*Pan/tilt to top photo, facing page: Bloom, Babs, and a couple of adults dance at a banjo hoedown.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) “…which, if you think about it…” (*Tilt down; Bloom and Babs stand with nails in mouths and buckets on heads. Bloom salutes.*) “…is really the first group of friends you ever make.”

(*Page flip: Macintosh and Hayseed find it funny that a stallion has stranded himself on a stack of boards in mid-hoist.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) “Turns out that when you’re with the folks you care about…” (*Tilt down: a mare gallops away from two stallions chasing her with paintbrushes.*) “…you don’t have to do much to make that time memorable.”

(*Up to facing page: Granny and Strudel shake hooves and smile for the camera. Tilt down: Bloom and a hammer-toting stallion gesture at the half-finished barn.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) “Even the simplest of activities can take on a whole lotta meanin’.”

(*Page flip: a stallion eats a sandwich as Applejack waves, Macintosh smiles, and Bloom chews a bite of her own. Tilt down: Granny, Applesauce, and Apple Rose sit side by side in rocking chairs, happily covered by the family quilt. Applesauce does not wear her dentures; they are visible under the lower edge, either being found or hidden by Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) “And you’ll find that you remember the *who* long after you’ve forgotten the *what*.”

(*Cut to the living room; Applejack has joined Granny and Bloom on the couch, the completed letter lying on the floor. Zoom out slowly as the blond mare hugs the white-haired one.*)

**Applejack:** (*voice over*) “Your humble subject, Applejack.”

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the barn and zoom out slowly as two shooting stars flash across the sky, just as they did when she was starting to plan this whole event. Fade to black.*)