**HEARTHBREAKERS**

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Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a patch of daytime sky marked by feathery clouds. Snow is falling as the camera tilts down to a Ponyville street, with Twilight Sparkle’s castle standing in the distance. It and every house along this path have been liberally decorated in preparation for Hearth’s Warming Eve: bells, lights, wreaths, garlands, and so on. Ponies wave to each other on the street, and one is up on a ladder to run a string of hanging lights from one side to the other.*)

(*Dissolve to a room within the castle, also liberally bedecked. Twilight levitates a pastry onto a table already loaded with sweets, while Spike eyes a pile of presents near the opposite wall and gives one of them a shake to try and figure out what it is. A fireplace at the far end already has plenty of gifts on its mantel, and a rattling sound from within catches them off guard. Puffs of soot waft down from the chimney, promptly followed by chunks of ash and the badly stained head and forelegs of Pinkie Pie.*)

**Pinkie:** Happy Hearth’s Warming Eve!

(*She falls onto the hearth with a grin, exposing the saddlebags on her back and prompting giggles from Twilight and Spike. Applejack enters through the open doors at the opposite end, her own bags slung up.*)

**Applejack:** Shucks, Twilight. Y’all done it up nice and cozy in here.

**Twilight:** (*levitating dolls of herself and Spike*) We’re about to hang our Hearth’s Warming dolls, if you want to join us. (*Pinkie backs up to Applejack…*)

**Applejack:** Well, that’s mighty sweet of you— (*…then wipes soot off her face and grins.*) —but we’re just stoppin’ in to wish y’all a happy Hearth’s Warmin’ before we go. (*Pinkie nods.*)

**Twilight:** (*crossing to fireplace, floating dolls onto mantel*) I think it’s sweet that your families are spending the holiday together.

(*The filthy pink pony zips over to her and throws a foreleg across the violet shoulders, gesturing with the other as she speaks.*)

**Pinkie:** Picture the most fun-tacular thing you can think of. Now multiply that times infinity! (*She jumps over to Applejack with a squeal.*) Gonna be great!

(*Now the farmer finds herself getting swept up and spun around before a train whistle sounds off somewhere beyond the castle walls. Applejack pulls loose at this point.*)

**Applejack:** That’s us. (*waving to Twilight, Spike*) See you later! (*Pinkie hops toward the door; she walks a bit more slowly.*)

**Spike:** (*to Twilight*) Now can we open presents?

(*The orange-tan hooves come to an instant dead stop, the face above them rearranging to show its bemusement.*)

**Applejack:** (*turning back to them*) But tonight is Hearth’s Warmin’ Eve. Everypony knows you don’t open presents ’til tomorrow.

**Twilight:** When Spike and I spent our first Hearth’s Warming Eve together, he couldn’t wait all night to open his presents. (*stroking his head spines*) Ever since then, we’ve always opened them the night before.

**Spike:** It’s kinda like our tradition. (*Pinkie peeks in.*)

**Applejack:** That’s not how our family does it, and I reckon it can’t be how Pinkie’s does it. (*to her*) Is it?

**Pinkie:** No-sirree!

**Twilight:** To each their own, I suppose.

(*The train whistle butts in on the discussion, bringing a yelp of panic from Pinkie.*)

**Pinkie:** Gotta go! Bye!

(*The sooty hooves latch onto Applejack and whisk her out of the place. As Twilight shakes her head with a humoring smile in close-up, Spike clambers onto her back. She throws him a puzzled look, the camera zooming out to show that he is trying to get at the gift-laden mantel that is just out of reach. A bit of magic floats one box into his grip, and her smile and nod are all the permission he needs to turn its wrapping paper into confetti. Once he gets through it, the gleeful grin on his face turns into a look of sheer disappointment; seeing the hopeful grin on Twilight’s face, though, he forces himself to smile.*)

**Spike:** Just what I always wanted! (*He holds up…*) A book.

(*Both grins widen a notch, and the view fades to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a stretch of railroad tracks running through a snowy expanse of flatland. A train chugs into view, the camera swiveling slightly to follow it, and the view cuts to within one heavily decorated car. Passengers in assorted winter gear are arrayed on the seats; among them are Applejack, a fully cleaned-up Pinkie, Big Macintosh, and Granny Smith, on two seats facing each other. Apple Bloom’s bow is visible between them at floor level, Granny is asleep and snoring loudly, and both Applejack and Pinkie have shed their bags. The conductor stallion pushes a snack cart down the aisle.*)

**Conductor:** Chancellor Puddinghead puddings! How about a windigo frosted snow cone? (*Bloom hurries after him.*)

**Applejack:** (*to the others*) It’s so excitin’! Related or not, it’s gonna be a hoot havin’ our families together under one roof.

**Pinkie:** (*picking up an apple and a pie, smashing them together*) Apples and Pies, together again for the first time, maybe. (*stroking chin/cheek, smearing on pie filling*) Unless we’re related, which maybe we’re not—aw, I think I just confused myself.

(*A reference to “Pinky Apple Pie,” in which no definitive proof of a relationship between the Pie and Apple families was ever found. Applejack is quick to put a foreleg across her shoulders and perk her back up.*)

**Applejack:** Friends or family, this here’s about togetherness.

(*Bloom pops up between the two mares, carrying a hoof-load of rock candy on sticks and with plenty of gooey residue all over her face. Her next two lines are delivered through a very full mouth.*)

**Bloom:** Have you tried the Equestria-flag crepes? (*Applejack shields herself from a spray of droplets.*) The blue is blueberry!

(*Cut to Pinkie; Bloom pops up next to her.*)

**Bloom:** (*aside, to her, very giddy*) And don’t tell Granny I saw, but her trunk is full of presents!

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Now hang on, sugar cube. (*Bloom wipes her mouth; cut to Applejack.*) You know Hearth’s Warmin’ isn’t just about candy and presents, right?

**Bloom:** (*sullenly, mouth empty*) Uh-oh. That’s your “boring sisterly lecture” voice. (*Macintosh hides a grin behind a hoof.*)

**Applejack:** ’Fraid so. (*Clear throat; hold up a pony-shaped cookie.*) A long time ago…

(*A wavering dissolve shifts the scene to a wintertime panorama of mountains and cloudy sky, built entirely from candy and frosted cakes. A gingerbread house and candy-cane flagpole stand in the fore, and a cookie in the shape of each named pony type is held up on the end of a peppermint stick in time with the next line. The following eight lines are delivered as a voice over.*)

**Applejack:** …the earth ponies, pegasus ponies, and unicorn ponies weren’t friends.

**Unicorn:** (*Pinkie’s voice, high-pitched, to pegasus*) I don’t like you!

**Pegasus:** (*Applejack’s voice, deep*) I don’t like you either! (*Snow begins to fall.*)

**Applejack:** But then, the icy chill of the windigos almost iced up everythin’.

(*On the end of this line, the view dissolves to show snowdrifts reaching to roof level; the three cookie ponies, having vanished from sight, pop up from behind them into clear air.*)

**Applejack:** So the ponies decided to work together.

(*Tilt up into the sky, where three blue windigo-shaped cookies hang from the clouds on strings. A stick of rock candy is swung across to sweep them off the screen.*)

**Applejack:** And their friendship drove them nasty critters away. (*The pegasus is lifted into view.*)

**Pegasus:** (*Pinkie’s voice*) Beat it, windigos! (*It is pulled down; back to ground level.*)

**Applejack:** Triumphant, they raised a new flag to celebrate all three tribes, and Equestria was born.

(*During this line, a fourth peppermint stick swings up to display a cookie rendition of the standard raised by the three tribes’ leaders in “Hearth’s Warming Eve”—a stylized Princess Celestia and Princess Luna circling the sun and moon and rendered in icing, with stars at the bottom edge. The majesty of the display is promptly wrecked when a big bite disappears from one corner; cut back to the train car. A rather confused Applejack is holding the chomped treat in place of her original pony cookie and facing Bloom, whose face is now entirely clean, on the seat.*)

**Applejack:** Uh, what happened to the flag?

(*A loud crunch is heard; cut to Pinkie, cheeks bulging and still speckled with pie filling.*)

**Pinkie:** (*innocently, shrugging, mouth full*) I don’t know.

(*She swallows the lot and licks her face clean, bringing the Apple sisters to smiles. Applejack has put down the partially eaten snack.*)

**Bloom:** (*to Applejack, sitting down onto her haunches*) Is that why we celebrate with the flag-raisin’ tomorrow?

**Applejack:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm. And tonight we’ll have the traditional Hearth’s Warmin’ Eve dinner, to remember the shared bounties of our ancestors.

**Pinkie:** We do that too!

**Applejack:** (*pulling Bloom closer*) Then, we’ll hang our Hearth’s Warmin’ dolls over the fireplace, to remind us of the warmth shared on that fateful night.

**Pinkie:** That’s what our family does too!

**Applejack:** And tomorrow, we open presents. (*Bloom grins; Pinkie jumps toward them on the seat.*)

**Pinkie:** Ah! We do that too! (*She sits; Bloom hops down to the floor.*)

**Bloom:** Sounds like the Apples and the Pies do everything the same way!

**Applejack, Pinkie:** Of course! We might be related! (*Pause.*) Hey! I was gonna say that! (*Both scowl at each other.*) Stop sayin’ what I’m sayin’! (*Point angrily.*) You stop it first!

(*Irritation gives way to a double gale of laughter that sends them sliding off the seat. The train’s whistle brings Granny out of her nap; cut to a long shot of the station that served as the setting for the final scene of “Maud Pie.” Under an early-sunset sky, the train pulls in, stops for only a moment, and speeds away again. The five travelers now stand on the platform, Pinkie hopping in place for a moment. She and Applejack have their saddlebags on, Granny sets down a small suitcase in her teeth, and Bloom heaves a trunk up onto Macintosh’s back, slipping and falling flat in the snow.*)

**Pinkie:** I’m so happy, I need to make up a new word for how happy I am. (*A moment’s thought.*) What about…“roof-tastic”? (*Big squeaky grin; cut to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** “Roof-tastic”?

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) As in… (*Zip; Applejack looks worriedly upward.*) “I gotta get on the roof—” (*Long shot; she has done exactly that.*) “—and yell to everypony how roof-tastic this is!”

(*She punctuates the end of this statement by leaping ecstatically skyward, but the impact of the subsequent touchdown shakes all the snow off the roof and half-buries the other four. Close-up of Applejack as she shakes herself clean.*)

**Applejack:** What if our families don’t like each other? (*Pinkie jumps down next to her.*)

**Pinkie:** We are friends, Applejack, and after tonight— (*briefly squeezing Applejack’s cheeks*) —our families are gonna be friends too. (*smiling knowingly*) Do you know what that means? (*rapid fire, counting on hooves*) Number of Apples times number of Pies is twenty-four, minus my pre-existing friendships, plus one for Maud and you, makes five from twenty-four is…

(*Deep breath. As she holds up both front hooves, seventeen more extend into view from the edges of the screen. The surfeit of limbs forms a frame around her beaming face and Applejack’s dumbstruck one.*)

**Pinkie:** *…nineteen new friendships!*

(*She lowers her forelegs; the others retract, leaving the apple farmer at a total loss, and now Pinkie’s sister Maud steps onto the platform. The other Apples have now divested themselves of the snow piled on their heads.*)

**Pinkie:** Maud!

(*She bounds over with a squeal to deliver an enthusiastic hug to the stolid mare.*)

**Maud:** I’m so excited to see you, Pinkie Pie. You too, Applejack. I hope you had fun sledding yesterday. (*Close-up of Applejack, her mind blown.*)

**Applejack:** How’d you know *that?* (*Zoom out; Maud now stands before her.*)

**Maud:** Isn’t it obvious?

(*She lifts one orange-tan foreleg, showing bits of material adhering to the hoof.*)

**Maud:** There’s specks of extrusive andesite on your hoof.

(*Extreme close-up of it, the focus shifting from it to her peering face.*)

**Maud:** It’s a mountain rock.

**Granny:** (*awed, to Macintosh*) Oh, she’s *good!* (*Pinkie pops up alongside Maud.*)

**Pinkie:** How’s school going?

**Maud:** If you thought quartz was high on the Mohs hardness scale— (*heading off platform*) —wait ’til I tell you about corundum.

**Pinkie:** I missed you so much!

(*As she hops after her older sister, the four Apples trade a perplexed little grunt and follow them, Granny clamping chompers onto her bag’s handles. Dissolve to the group reaching the top of a hill—Granny no longer with the suitcase—then cut to just behind Maud and tilt up slowly to frame the Pie family rock farm dead ahead, as seen in Pinkie’s flashback during “The Cutie Mark Chronicles.” Lights decorate the house, silo, windmill, and farmyard perimeter, and glowing crystals have been planted in the snow to line the path.*)

**Applejack:** This place looks amazin’! (*Maud reaches the house’s front door.*)

**Pinkie:** Come on, everypony! Meet my super-mega-funderful family!

(*During this line, Maud opens the door and their parents—father Igneous Rock and mother Cloudy Quartz, both as unemotional as when Pinkie was a filly—emerge onto the walk. Blue-gray sister Limestone follows them out, showing four changes from her earlier youthful appearance. One: the rearward portion of her mane no longer hangs straight down, but rather sweeps back from her head. Two: her haunch bears a cutie mark of half a lime and two white stones. Three: her eyes have lightened from the medium brown of her youth to a pale yellow-green hue. Four: her face is set in a permanent scowl. She walks right past Pinkie without so much as a glance; the latter’s puzzlement shifts to elation as she beckons in through the doorway. Out comes her other sister, the gray Marble, who cringles mightily before a pink hoof shoves her into the open. The dark gray mane/tail have each lengthened and acquired lighter stripes, rather than being solidly colored as in her early years, and her forelock is now long enough to completely hide one eye. She has a cutie mark of three marbles and a timid demeanor that calls to mind Fluttershy’s behavior upon first meeting Twilight.*)

(*The families form up into two lines, facing each other uneasily as Pinkie hops to a point between the far ends.*)

**Pinkie:** (*gesturing first to Apples, then Pies*) Everypony, meet everypony!

(*Marble bolts for cover; the others close the distance. Granny to Cloudy and Igneous. This shot is close enough to reveal that his eyes are a slightly darker shade of amber than they were in Pinkie’s youth.*)

**Igneous:** Surely thy name is not but Granny Smith? I am called Igneous Rock Pie, son of Feldspar Granite Pie.

**Cloudy:** Thou shalt know me as Cloudy Quartz.

**Igneous:** (*inclining head just a notch*) May Providence favor thee well, and to thou comfort our humble homestead bring.

(*Husband and wife are both about as uptight and humorlessly pious as they come—evidently the party that Pinkie threw for the family to get her cutie mark had very little in the way of lasting effects. This last tangle of old-school syntax earns a skeptical squint-eye from the old green mare.*)

**Granny:** Y’all gabbin’ with words real funny-like. (*mumbling a bit*) What’d you say them names were? (*pointing, leaning toward them*) Iggy? And I’m-I’m just gonna call you Big Mama Q.

(*She backs off, leaving the couple to trade confused/annoyed stares. Cut to a close-up of Limestone, pulling at her cheek to expose as much of the white of that eye as possible. Her voice is a perfect match for the unveiled hostility on her face.*)

**Limestone:** Gaze into the eyes of Limestone Pie. (*Longer shot; she is staring down Bloom.*) Ma and Pa may own this rock farm, but I keep it running. Cross me and— (*Pinkie whips over to push her back.*)

**Pinkie:** Aye-aye, Captain Grumpy! (*patting her head*) No one’s gonna mess with your precious mine. (*Limestone slaps the hoof away.*)

**Limestone:** Or Holder’s Boulder!

(*The pink sibling sighs wearily, glances back behind herself, and zooms over to a massive egg-shaped rock standing off by itself in a nearby patch of the yard. Balanced on its large end, it is nearly four times her height.*)

**Pinkie:** Everypony stay away from Holder’s Boulder. (*Back to Limestone.*) There. You happy now?

(*The surly sister glares off in some other direction. Now Applejack approaches Marble, who has taken cover behind one corner of the house.*)

**Applejack:** And you must be— (*Marble gets spooked; Pinkie flashes over to drag her out.*)

**Pinkie:** This is Marble Pie, my baby sister who’s only a few minutes younger than me, but she’ll always be a baby to me, isn’t that right? She’s so excited to meet everypony!

(*Punctuated by a pat on the head and a pinch of the cheeks; after she lets go, Marble massages her face to dissipate the flush from her skin.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh, and she wishes you all a happy Hearth’s Warming.

(*When a moment passes without any sound from her “baby” sister, Pinkie gives her an impatient nudge.*)

**Marble:** (*very softly, smiling a bit*) Mmm-hmm. (*Big grin from Pinkie; cut to Applejack and Bloom.*)

**Applejack:** (*hushed, aside, to Bloom*) Guess Pinkie Pie always did the talkin’ for her.

(*Giggle from the filly. A shrill whistle slices the air; cut to the pink mare now standing atop Holder’s Boulder.*)

**Pinkie:** Attention! (*The others gather.*)

**Limestone:** What’d I say about the boulder?!?

**Pinkie:** (*irritated, rolling eyes*) I’ll just be a second. (*cheerfully*) Everypony get settled in. There’s plenty of room upstairs. (*standing up to hind legs*) And then it’s time for Hearth’s Warming Eve dinner!

(*She throws out a burst of confetti on this last word, then jumps down to join the others on their trek to the farmhouse.*)

**Applejack:** (*nudging Pinkie*) So far, so good…cousin.

(*The pink maybe-cousin giggles as they head in. Dissolve to an upper-story bedroom equipped with two pairs of bunk beds and plenty of glowing crystals for light. Macintosh has taken one top bunk, while Bloom bounces gleefully on the other; Applejack sets down her saddlebags, and Granny opens the trunk Macintosh carried in, now resting on the rug. Zoom in slowly.*)

**Bloom:** Oh, I can’t wait to taste their fresh sweet rolls! They’re my favorite part of Hearth’s Warming Eve dinner.

**Granny:** (*fishing out a present, setting it on bunk under Macintosh*) I’m more of a “six-layer bean dip” filly, myself. (*Bloom stops jumping; Applejack has lain on the bunk underneath.*)

**Bloom:** I love that too!

(*The blond mare tilts her hat over her eyes.*)

**Bloom:** (*leaning over edge to her*) Oh, Applejack— (*Close-up of them.*) —do you think theirs’ll be even better than ours?

**Applejack:** (*tipping hat back*) Oh, that’s a mighty tall order, but… (*smiling*) …it wouldn’t surprise me in the least.

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Are you excited for dinnertime? (*She comes up the stairs, having shed her saddlebags.*) Because guess who is! (*to the camera*) Spoiler alert… (*to the room*) …it’s me!

(*Down she goes. Cut to a doorway elsewhere in the house as the Apples step into view around the frame. A cabinet full of dishes stands nearby, suggesting a dining room, and a cut to their perspective discloses a grinning Pinkie, who ducks aside to confirm that impression. A long table is set with bowls of soup for ten—three along each side, two at each end—and a large pot stands in the middle, with a rock sitting among its contents. The three sisters stand along the side opposite the room’s fireplace, Cloudy and Igneous at the far end; their bowls each contain a smaller stone, and a teacup with a little fragment of its own has been placed next to Maud for her pet rock Boulder. Cut to close-ups of the pot, Limestone’s bowl, then of an unoccupied place as the greenish liquid is served up and a rock dropped in after it. This highly unorthodox cuisine throws the Apples for a loop, and Applejack hangs back as the other three family members hesitantly enter the dining room and take places opposite the sisters.*)

**Applejack:** What about hot rolls? And mulled cider? (*walking in*) And double-baked pot pie?

**Granny:** (*stammering a bit, poking at her bowl*) What about six-layer bean dip?

**Maud:** We have rock soup. (*Applejack and Pinkie are at the table’s end; both have been served.*)

**Pinkie:** (*airily*) Po-tay-to, po-tah-to. Double-baked pot pie, rock soup. Dinner is dinner. Am I right or am I right?

(*Very long, uneasy silence. Close-up of Applejack and Bloom, the latter staring glumly down at her full bowl.*)

**Applejack:** (*forcing a smile*) Yeah! Um…you know what? This *is* what we were expectin’! (*Bloom throws her a totally baffled look.*) Right, everypony?

(*Zoom out slowly to frame all the Apples, who can only mumble and smile/grin halfheartedly in reply Macintosh and Granny have their bowls loaded up now. Surprised by Pinkie’s worried expression, Applejack works her way up to a grin and chuckle that are in no way convincing, then turns her eyes toward her bowl as the pink party pony lets a huge grin split her face. Snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of one bowl of rock soup. Applejack leans into view over it, casting her dismayed reflection in the rippling surface; cut to her and Pinkie. She grimaces to beat the band as her table-mate slurps the stuff down and plunks the bowl back onto the table. Both the soup and the rock are gone.*)

**Pinkie:** Is everything all right, Applejack?

**Applejack:** (*smiling weakly*) Of course. I’m just bein’ a rusty fiddle. (*picking up her bowl*) Tune me up and let’s get back to dinner.

(*Easier said than done, judging from the extreme distaste that steals over her face—but she manages to drink some of the funky-looking brew. Cut to her perspective of the table, panning slowly from her family’s side to the Pies’; Igneous bites into the rock from his bowl, while Limestone grins savagely toward Applejack. The camera then returns to the Ponyville farmer, who finishes her bowl and sets it down with a disgusted grimace. Her attempt at a smile gets ruined by a sudden retch and bulge of cheeks, and she proceeds to spit the rock from her serving back into the bowl, completely intact. Her weak grin is met with a wave of one pink hoof, aimed down the table.*)

**Pinkie:** More rock, please!

(*Two ladles extend into view and reload the bowls with soup and fresh stones.*)

**Pinkie:** (*nudging Applejack*) Eat up so we can get to our Hearth’s Warming dolls! (*She lifts her bowl and drinks.*)

**Applejack:** (*smiling*) Now that’s something I know all about!

(*Wipe to a long shot of the rock farm, seen from below the edge of a cliff or ravine, and tilt down to the sound of tools striking stone. The exposed face has had a zigzagging, gradually sloping ramp cut into it, and all ten ponies stand in a small clearing at the bottom of this. A set of cart tracks leads into a mine tunnel. Pickaxes have been provided, and all but Pinkie have a stone to work on; Limestone’s is a boulder nearly as big as she is.*)

**Pinkie:** (*holding up a rock*) Who wants a Hearth’s Warming doll? (*Grin; cut to the Apples, all in low spirits.*)

**Applejack:** Are you sayin’ that rock is a Hearth’s Warmin’ doll?

**Pinkie:** Don’t be silly, silly!

(*Setting the chunk on a handy outcropping, she takes her pick in her teeth and drives the point home once. The mass crumbles into a rough-hewn miniature of herself; zoom out from it to frame her.*)

**Pinkie:** Our dolls are these little pieces! (*looking off to one side*) Isn’t that right, Marble Pie?

(*Cut to the non-talkative sister, who has already carved a stone doll in her approximate likeness and freezes in mid-swing.*)

**Marble:** (*blushing*) Mmm-hmm.

(*She starts chipping at a spot, the camera panning to Maud, the elder Pies, and Limestone, all refining their own mineral avatars. Applejack turns her wondering green eyes away from the industrious work to Granny, who swings her pick only to land a glancing blow that knocks her rock away. Pan slowly toward Bloom and Macintosh, neither having made any progress.*)

**Bloom:** Our dolls are…rocks?

(*Macintosh takes a crack at it, but the head of his pickaxe breaks off and clatters to the ground. Seeing nothing for it, Applejack bites down on hers and slams it into her stone; this one crumbles to pieces.*)

**Applejack:** (*hopefully*) Uh…y’all don’t have traditional crochet dolls passed down in your family? (*Pinkie hurries over.*)

**Pinkie:** Ohhhh, you’re just a frown factory because you got a weird rock.

(*Close-up of the dejected orange-tan face on the second half of this; Pinkie holds up one piece, whose surface has chipped and fractured to resemble a frowning face. Putting it down, she leans toward Applejack in irrepressible high spirits.*)

**Pinkie:** Cheer up! (*throwing foreleg around shoulders*) I’m sure you’ll do great in the flag-finding mission.

**Applejack:** What-findin’ what, now?

(*All she gets is a placid little grin. Wipe to the ten equines gathered at Holder’s Boulder, seen in an overhead shot, and zoom in slowly.*)

**Pinkie:** Limestone Pie, you’re the judge.

(*Ground level; she bulldozes Macintosh over in front of the huge rock at warp speed.*)

**Pinkie:** Big Mac… (*She does the same with Marble, leaving them face to face.*) …Marble Pie, you’re Team One.

(*The two avert their eyes with bashful little grins and blushes. Next Pinkie plunks Bloom down next to Maud.*)

**Pinkie:** Apple Bloom and Maud, you’re Team Two. (*Over to her parents.*) Ma, Pa, you’re gonna be with Granny Smith.

(*She ducks out of sight, instantly replacing herself with Granny, and pops up alongside them as they train bewildered/annoyed glances on her.*)

**Pinkie:** Don’t think of it as Team Old. Think of it as Team Three. (*Over to Applejack, throwing a foreleg around her neck.*) And I’m with Applejack, of course, since we might be cousins. (*Both faces break out in grins.*)

**Applejack:** So now that we’re all split up, mind tellin’ us what we’re doin’?

(*Cut to the top of the monolith as Pinkie trots up the side to balance on it.*)

**Pinkie:** As everypony knows…

**Limestone:** (*from o.s.*) Stay off Holder’s Boulder!

**Pinkie:** Sheesh! (*She jumps down.*) …when the three tribes united to form Equestria, the first flag was sewn by Nimble Thimble. It’s tradition to raise the flag on Hearth’s Warming to celebrate that famous day. (*Murmurs of agreement from the group.*) But who gets to put the flag on Holder’s Boulder? (*Cut to Applejack.*)

**Applejack:** (*puzzled*) You mean on the flagpole?

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) No, silly. (*Overhead shot of the group; she gestures toward the top.*) It goes on the highest point. And who’s the lucky pony? (*Ground level.*)

**Applejack:** Uh, traditionally, it’s the youngest—

**Pinkie:** On your mark, get set, go!

(*As Teams One through Three spread out, Applejack just watches them go and scratches her head, good and flummoxed.*)

**Applejack:** Pinkie Pie, will you please tell us what’s goin’ on? (*Pinkie hooks a foreleg around her neck.*)

**Pinkie:** I’ll explain on the way!

**Applejack:** (*as Pinkie yanks her o.s.*) Whoa!

(*Dissolve to an overhead shot of the mine tunnel entrance at the bottom of the cliff and zoom in slowly.*)

**Applejack:** (*from inside, echoing slightly*) I still don’t understand.

(*Inside the tunnel, Pinkie pokes her head out among formations of pink/violet-hued crystals. As she speaks, she ducks here and there and the camera pans to follow Applejack’s uncomprehending walk across this chamber.*)

**Pinkie:** Earlier today, Limestone Pie hid an obsidian stone.

(*The hatted mare stops at a loaded mine cart on the tracks, from which her teammate pops up to scatter crystal chunks everywhere.*)

**Pinkie:** Whoever finds it gets to raise the flag. (*Duck away again.*)

**Applejack:** It’s all just so…complicated. And…rock-based. (*Now Pinkie hangs into view from above.*)

**Pinkie:** Well, how else would we do it? (*Hoist out of sight.*)

**Applejack:** I don’t know. I sure hope everypony else is havin’ a better time.

(*As she plods away, the view dissolves to a long shot of the rock farm. Zoom in slowly; Macintosh and Marble are looking around separate areas of the yard.*)

**Marble:** Mmm-hmm.

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup. (*Close-up of each in turn.*)

**Marble:** (*smiling briefly*) Mmm-hmm.

**Macintosh:** (*ditto*) Eeeeeee-yup.

(*They resume their leisurely search. Dissolve to Granny, Cloudy, and Igneous on a snowy field studded with sizable rocks. The family patriarch flips one of these up for look underneath, then lets it slam down during the next line.*)

**Granny:** (*to Cloudy*) So, how’d you meet this Iggy feller? (*Close-up of Cloudy.*)

**Cloudy:** We were chosen by the Pairing Stone and betrothed within a fortnight. (*Pan to Igneous.*)

**Igneous:** The Choosing Stone decreed, “Thou shalt love one another.” And lo, it was so. (*Cloudy gives the slightest of nods.*)

**Granny:** (*stroking chin thoughtfully*) Hoo-wee! I gots to look into this old-fangled Choosin’ Stone thing. (*She leans slyly toward the couple.*) Do you reckon it knows any apple-farmin’ hunks? (*They smile; next two lines overlap.*)

**Cloudy:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm.

**Igneous:** (*blushing*) Indeed so.

(*Dissolve to a close-up of Bloom standing atop a formation and shading her eyes with a hoof to stare ahead. After a moment, she drops the leg and addresses herself down o.s.*)

**Bloom:** What does the rock look like?

(*Ground level; Maud is down here, poking at a fragment from the luminescent crystals that dot the area.*)

**Maud:** (*kicking it away*) It looks like something that formed when volcanic lava cooled quickly.

**Bloom:** Oh. (*Focus shifts to each speaker in turn.*)

**Maud:** (*holding up another piece*) Have you ever wished you could turn into a rock?

**Bloom:** I had a dream once I was an apple.

**Maud:** We have a lot in common when it comes to thinking about turning into things.

(*In close-up, the yellow filly smiles warmly as a blush tints her cheeks. Dissolve to a close-up of a couple of vividly tinted stones on the ground in the subterranean mine chamber. Applejack leans down over these, picks one up with a scowl of disgust, and throws it aside.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s.*) Found it, found it, found it!

(*This exclamation startles the blond pony into straightening up and clunking her head a good one on a low overhang. Once she gets clear of this, she looks across the cavern and spots Pinkie, who stands up to her hind legs with a drawing of a black stone in her teeth. Zoom in to a close-up of this.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s., annoyed*) A picture? (*Cut to her.*) I’ve been lookin’ for a *real* stone, Pinkie Pie! (*Pinkie lets the paper fall.*)

**Pinkie:** Um, that would be weird.

(*She drops to all fours, instantly regaining her giddiness and bouncing in place for a moment.*)

**Pinkie:** Do you know what this means? I get to raise the flag—and now it’s time to hide the presents! (*She picks up the drawing.*)

**Applejack:** (*incredulously*) Y’all hide your presents?

**Pinkie:** Of course! What’s more fun than getting a present? (*rising to hind legs, spreading forelegs wide; drawing out of sight*) Finding a present! (*To all fours; cross past Applejack.*) Although most years, nopony finds one.

(*Applejack’s mind proceeds to throw about six rods at once.*)

**Applejack:** So…nopony gets presents? (*She hurries after Pinkie; they walk along the cart tracks.*)

**Pinkie:** Eh, not usually.

**Applejack:** So let me get all this straight. You’re only allowed to eat rock soup for dinner, then the pony who finds this rock gets to raise the flag, but not really ’cause you don’t got no flagpole— (*They stop near the exit.*) —and to top it off, you don’t even get presents?

**Pinkie:** Well…doesn’t sound very fun when you say it that way.

**Applejack:** (*smiling*) Well, how ’bout you picture this? (*Zoom in slowly on her.*) Both our families… (*Sit down on haunches.*) …openin’ presents…raisin’ the flag?

**Pinkie:** (*pensively*) Picturing it… (*smiling*) …loving it!

(*The two walk out side by side, an orange-tan foreleg across the pink shoulders. Dissolve to the exterior of the farmhouse, now standing under a crescent moon and star-filled night sky, and zoom in slowly.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from inside*) Good night, everypony!

**Applejack:** (*from inside*) Good night, Pinkie Pie!

(*Inside, the party pony descends the stairs from the Apples’ room, the candle balanced on her hoof providing the only light. As she passes from view, Applejack peeks down after her, having removed her hat; the camera then cuts to her, addressing herself across the room. Normal light is restored up here.*)

**Applejack:** We gotta do somethin’, y’all. Pinkie Pie’s family never had a real Hearth’s Warmin’. (*Cut to Granny, tucked into a bunk.*)

**Granny:** Is that really what she said?

(*Longer shot; Applejack paces the floor, the camera panning to follow her past the other bunks. Macintosh is starting to nod off up top, his weight causing the mattress to sag so badly that it presses against that of the bottom bunk.*)

**Applejack:** Well, I-I’m sure it’s what she meant. (*Bloom pushes her head out from under the sag.*)

**Bloom:** These are their traditions. (*Macintosh shifts position, squashing her.*)

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup.

(*The yellow face retracts out of sight, Macintosh closes his eyes, and the camera shifts to frame all four bunks. Granny is in the other top bunk, and an unconvinced Applejack stands between the two pairs to let out a sigh.*)

**Applejack:** I know they have their traditions— (*pacing*) —and we have ours—

(*Cut to outside the window near the bunks, zooming out slowly as she watches the snow come down.*)

**Applejack:** —but I just want them to see how much better theirs could be.

(*She settles into some heavy pondering. Dissolve to a close-up of Pinkie’s face, peacefully composed in sleep, as a shaft of sunlight falls across it. The distant crowing of a rooster brings her to full, shining-eyed, grinning consciousness in about ten microseconds flat, and she sits bolt upright in the bed she is sharing with her sisters.*)

**Pinkie:** HEARTH’S WARMING!!

(*Limestone and Marble snap awake, Limestone falling out of bed, but Maud does not even stir. A moment later she is in her parents’ room. Cloudy and Igneous are using separate beds, Cloudy’s glasses and a set of dentures in a glass of water rest on a nightstand between them, and Igneous’s hat hangs on his bedpost. This shot reveals that the stallion has gone bald on top.*)

**Pinkie:** Hearth’s Warming, Hearth’s Warming! (*They wake up; now she zips into the Apples’ room.*) Hearth’s Warming, Hearth’s Warming!

(*She throws confetti here, but three heads rise from the pillows this time—all but Applejack accounted for. Her next move is to the front step.*)

**Pinkie:** Hearth’s Warming, Hearth’s—

(*All that gusto vanishes in one terrible instant, her mouth falling open and her hind-legged pose looking as if all her bones might turn to water at any moment. She drops to all fours as her parents step out behind her, their respective accessories back in place, and stare in greatly muted horror.*)

**Igneous:** Oh, my. Oh, my. (*Here come the other three daughters, Limestone shoving to the front.*)

**Limestone:** What—happened—to—my—*FARM?!?*

(*On this last word, the camera zooms out quickly to frame the entire yard. Applejack stands out here, amid a path of giant candy canes and glowing starts on poles that lead toward Holder’s Boulder, and is wearing her hat again. A beribboned, lighted, candy-striped pole has been planted next to it and hung with the flag of Equestria at half-staff. More stars stand atop the farmhouse roof, and a large dose of lights/wreaths/bows has been applied to every square inch of that structure. The apple expert’s absence from Pinkie’s wake-up call is now explained—she spent the night setting this up. Not too far beyond the perimeter fence is the edge of the ravine in which the previous day’s doll carving took place.*)

**Applejack:** It’s Hearth’s Warming, Apple style! (*Close-up.*) We’ve been doin’ everything your way.

(*Zoom out slightly as the Pies step out; on the next line, pan to frame the other Apples doing likewise.*)

**Applejack:** I thought we could mix it up a bit. (*These three pairs of eyes widen confusedly; she shepherds Marble forward.*) Marble Pie, you could raise the Equestria flag up this pole—

(*Cut to a close-up of it on the end of this, then zoom out to frame both mares at the base.*)

**Applejack:** —because you’re the youngest Pie. (*Cut to Pinkie/Cloudy/Igneous; she continues o.s.*) Maw and Paw Pie— (*crossing to them*) —we’ll cook you up a meal you’ll never forget. (*pointing across yard*) And look!

(*Pan quickly to a colossal pile of wrapped gifts, placed to block the glare of the rising sun but allowing its rays to spill around them.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) We all get presents— (*She pops up into view.*) —without havin’ to find ’em!

(*Bloom, standing between the impassive Maud and the gobsmacked Granny, lets her face light up and dashes across to pick one box up and give it an experimental shake in close-up. A penetrating glare from the white-maned mare, and she contritely sets it down.*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., uncertainly*) Yeah! (*Zoom out to frame all.*) This is gonna be great— (*Close-up, with Applejack.*) —all the stuff she said! Right, everypony?

**Igneous:** (*from o.s., sternly*) Pinkamena Diane Pie! (*Cut to him and Cloudy.*) Truly thou do not favor this madness.

**Pinkie:** Well…I-I want to be one big family. (*Limestone crosses to her.*)

**Limestone:** But what about what *we* usually do?

**Pinkie:** I…um…well… (*tearing up*) …I-I don’t know! (*sobbing*) Don’t make me choose! (*She collapses to her haunches.*)

**Applejack:** I didn’t mean to cause a fuss. Why don’t we just open presents around the flagpole? It’ll be fun. You’ll see.

**Maud:** (*from o.s.*) Excuse me.

(*Cut to her, hunched down and scrutinizing the ground at the base of the flagpole. She straightens up before continuing.*)

**Maud:** You planted your pole on a fault line.

(*As if it had been waiting for that very cue, the earth begins to shiver and fracture and a crack snakes toward the base of Holder’s Boulder. It settles into the widening fissure and, now unbalanced, starts to roll away toward the fence. Smashing through this as if it were made of toothpicks, the monolith plunges out of sight to a camera-shaking crash that marks its landing at the bottom of the ravine. Cut to a point several yards below the edge, the camera pointing up out of it as all six Pies poke their heads over for a panic-stricken look, then to an overhead of the rock from deeper down and zoom in slowly.*)

**Limestone:** (*from o.s., anguished*) *NOOOOOO!!*

(*The camera cuts back to the yard as her voice dies away, just in time for the flagpole to snap near its base and topple over.*)

**Applejack:** (*sighing*) Oh, boy.

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of a trash can. A string of lights dangles over the edge, and a wreath is flung in to join them. On the start of the next line, zoom out to show it standing outside the house; Limestone has dumped the decorations in, and Pinkie is addressing her. Behind them, Maud takes down another of the wreaths.*)

**Pinkie:** You didn’t have to ask them to leave!

**Limestone:** They wanted to go. We don’t need anypony forcing their way into our family. (*Marble is now out with them.*)

**Pinkie:** This was all a misunderstanding, everypony. I know Applejack, and she’d never do anything bad to anypony.

(*Overhead shot of the yard, whose candy canes and stars have all collapsed amid a scatter of debris that used to be the presents.*)

**Limestone:** Look around, Pinkie Pie! It’s gonna take me ages to get this rock farm back on track! (*Cut to her and Pinkie.*) And how are we gonna lift Holder’s Boulder? (*The family gathers in.*) This is all her fault!

**Pinkie:** (*crushed, plodding away*) Then it’s my fault too.

(*Cut to a close-up of the Apples’ trunk in their room, the lid open and swung up toward the camera. Granny reaches up from behind to close it, having lost every vestige of holiday cheer.*)

**Granny:** Prob’ly best if we head back to Sweet Apple Acres. (*addressing herself o.s.; camera pans to frame Bloom and Macintosh*) Maybe in time we’ll be friends again. (*now o.s.; they hang their heads*) Eh—but for the now, it’s best if we give them a little space.

**Bloom:** I wish we didn’t have to. (*She moves to the window, seeing the cleanup in progress.*) I really like Maud. She’s sweet, once you get to know her. They all are.

(*With the possible exception of Limestone, who locks eyes with the filly and points forcefully toward the edge of the property. So much so, in fact, that she could not make her message any clearer if she shouted “get out” at the top of her lungs through a bullhorn. Bloom flops onto her haunches.*)

**Bloom:** Worst Hearth’s Warming ever. (*Zoom out slowly.*)

**Granny:** (*looking around*) Eh—has anypony seen Applejack?

(*The two younger pairs of eyes join her cursory search but turn up no sign of the prodigal granddaughter. Wipe to the mine tunnel entrance and zoom in slowly to the sound of her quiet sniffling and sobbing inside, then cut to her sitting on her haunches among the crystal growths within.*)

**Applejack:** I really cracked the corn this time.

(*Pan to Pinkie, sitting a short distance away with her back turned and also crying.*)

**Pinkie:** I really popped the piñata this time.

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Pinkie Pie?

(*Pinkie looks up with a yelp; pan quickly back to Applejack, who straightens up as the other mare zips over to her.*)

**Pinkie:** What are you doing here? (*Applejack falls back to her haunches.*)

**Applejack:** What are *you* doin’ here? (*Pinkie follows suit.*)

**Applejack, Pinkie:** I-I came here to think! (*Pause.*) You did? So did I!

(*Just as on the train in Act One, the unison-speaking routine gives way to a round of gentle laughter.*)

**Applejack:** I’m too ashamed to go back up there. Your family, my family, they all must think I’m such a nincompoop. (*Pinkie stands.*)

**Pinkie:** Aw, no one thinks that. (*Applejack smiles; she drops to haunches.*) Pushy, aggressive, mean…

(*These unflattering adjectives cause Applejack to harden her expression and cock one eyebrow.*)

**Pinkie:** Oh. I’m not helping. (*Stand, grin, nuzzle Applejack’s cheek.*) Sorry. (*Sit.*)

**Applejack:** (*standing*) I’m sorry I forced my traditions over yours. I don’t want you to have to choose between the family you were born into and the friends who love you like one. (*She turns away.*) I really hoped we could be one big happy family. (*softly*) I guess not. (*Pinkie stands.*)

**Pinkie:** Don’t say that!

(*She takes a couple of steps toward Applejack, but the distant sound of a train whistle at the surface stops any further words in her throat.*)

**Applejack:** I-I wish I could stay, but…I-I have a train to catch. (*She walks off.*)

**Pinkie:** (*crying*) H-H…Happy Hearth’s Warming.

**Applejack:** (*ditto*) You too.

(*Dissolve to a train car window, seen from outside and framing a downcast Applejack and Macintosh as the train rumbles along, then cut to the Apple family on two facing seats. Granny is morosely leafing through a book next to a curled-up Bloom; after a few silent seconds, she closes it.*)

**Granny:** D’you want to know why Holder’s Boulder’s so dang-ed important? (*She breathes on the window, fogging it up.*) Well, now—

(*Extreme close-up of the surface; she draws a stick-figure pony and adds an upright oval beneath it while narrating.*)

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) —their great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Holder Cobblestone, he found that boulder in a dragon’s nest. Older than time itself. (*Cut to a thoughtful Applejack.*) They built the family farm around it—

(*Back to Granny, who has added a house to the tableau and is drawing a circle around the whole thing.*)

**Granny:** —even though it was just a ordinary rock [*sic*]. It’s always brought them good luck.

**Applejack:** (*hoof to forehead*) Oh, crickets. That *is* important! (*She climbs down off her seat.*) I got so caught up in the things they were doin’, I never asked why they did ’em.

(*A sudden lurch of the train causes a lumpy, sloppily wrapped package to drop into view and whack her over the head. She shakes the sense back into herself as it rolls away, then hurries across the aisle to get a look at its tag.*)

**Applejack:** (*reading, smiling*) “To Applejack. From Pinkie Pie. Cousins forever.”

(*The green eyes water up as Bloom scurries over.*)

**Bloom:** You just found your first Pie Hearth’s Warming present ever!

**Applejack:** (*chuckling*) Only Pinkie Pie could hide a present on a movin’ train. (*A moment’s thought.*) What a great tradition!

(*A bigger idea comes to her.*)

**Applejack:** (*galloping along aisle, toward camera*) STOP THE TRAIN!!

(*Fade to black as her face fills the screen, then in to a long shot of the rock farm, seen from slightly below ground level in the ravine. Tilt down to the sound of straining, and stop on the Pie family pushing with all their might on Holder’s Boulder. They have managed to get it to the bottom of the ramp, but can move it no farther, and Pinkie’s face briefly flushes red with exertion.*)

**Pinkie:** Come on…you…boulder…come on… (*A frustrated shriek.*)

**Maud:** I’m pushing as hard as I can, too.

(*Still totally deadpan. After a few more seconds, Limestone relents with an angry growl.*)

**Limestone:** Oh, it’s hopeless! (*All others stop.*)

**Applejack:** (*from o.s.*) Need a little help?

(*Surprise from Cloudy and Igneous, rancor from Limestone, and a beaming look from Pinkie. Pan quickly across the clearing to frame the…*)

**Pinkie:** (*from o.s., gasping*) Apples! (*Cut to frame all ten.*)

**Limestone:** What do *you* want?

**Applejack:** (*crossing to her*) I wasn’t tryin’ to take your traditions away. (*removing hat*) I was tryin’ to share ours. I was so focused on us being one big happy family, I thought we needed the same traditions right away. What I shoulda done is learn about yours and teach you about ours. (*Slow pan across the Pies; she continues o.s.*) And over time, we’d make new traditions together.

(*Back to her, letting go with a heavy sigh.*)

**Applejack:** I’m sorry, y’all.

(*Donning her hat, she stands her ground before the rock-farming clan as five pairs of eyes train themselves on Limestone. She glares from one to another for a tense moment.*)

**Limestone:** Well, don’t just stand there. (*smiling*) We got a boulder to move!

(*Smiles break out on the other Pies’ faces except for Maud, then the Apples’, and the latter four move in to help.*)

**Limestone:** And I’m in charge!

(*Every single one of them, young to old, puts might and muscle to it with a chorus of heaves and groans. Slowly, ever so slowly, the boulder’s narrow upper end starts to tip toward the ground.*)

**Pinkie:** I think we just invented our first combined tradition—pushing Holder’s Boulder out of the quarry! (*Squeal; tilt up slowly, putting them o.s.*) I can’t wait for Applejack to knock it over next Hearth’s Warming!

(*Laughter floats up from both families as the view dissolves to a close-up of one end of the dining room’s fireplace mantel, on which two rough-hewn rock dolls have been set—Maud and Pinkie. The camera pans slowly to the other end, passing likenesses of Igneous, Cloudy, Macintosh, Bloom, and Granny before stopping on an empty spot, and zooms out to frame Applejack. She has her misshapen, frowning doll in her teeth, and she sets it up here with a smile. Elsewhere in the room, Maud is holding up Boulder for Bloom to pet, and a fiercely smiling Limestone enters with a tray of freshly baked pastries balanced on a front hoof. Her eyes soften a bit as Bloom scoops up three of them, chomping into one and placing another on the floor for Boulder when Maud sets it down. The stolid bluish-gray face displays the tiniest of smiles as Bloom swallows her mouthful and grins. Macintosh and Marble sit on their haunches before the fire, facing away from each other at first but glancing at other from the corners of their eyes with small smiles. The red and gray heads turn toward each other, Macintosh opening his mouth to speak, but Pinkie drops into view before he can do so and pulls them close.*)

**Pinkie:** Marble Pie, you want to wish Big Mac a happy Hearth’s Warming, don’t you? (*Macintosh blushes.*) And you too, right, Big Mac?

**Marble:** (*a bit louder than before*) Mmm-hmm.

**Macintosh:** (*chuckling*) Ee-yup.

(*Pinkie leaves them, trotting across the room and passing the table where Granny, Cloudy, and Igneous have cups of tea set out.*)

**Granny:** Eh, let me see here, uh… (*slowly*) …if thou asketh me, uh, thou two art, uh, okay-eth in my book.

**Igneous:** Y-Yee-haa.

(*All three beam at this first step toward getting a grip on each other’s parlance. Over in one corner, Applejack has sat down with the irregular gift that beaned her on the train; As Pinkie crosses to her and sits as well, she gives it a shake—nothing doing—then eagerly rips into the wrapping paper to find a sizable rock underneath it.*)

**Pinkie:** Happy Hearth’s Warming! (*Applejack stands.*)

**Applejack:** Happy Hearth’s Warmin’, Pinkie Pie. (*The pink mare stands so the two can embrace.*)

**Bloom:** (*from o.s.*) Attention, everypony! (*Close-up of her.*) Maud wants to sing some Hearth’s Warming carols that she wrote!

(*Longer shot: Maud has plunked her haunches on the rug at the center of the room, and Bloom sits next to her as the other eight gather around cheering. Macintosh and Marble are sitting side by side near the fire.*)

**Maud:** The first one is about rocks. (*Extreme close-up.*) They’re all about rocks.

(*Longer shot again, zooming out slowly; she pulls out a sheet of paper.*)

**Maud:** (*reading*) “Hearth’s Warming is great,

Like calcium silicate.”

(*Dissolve to an overhead shot of the house, zooming out slowly under the falling snow. Holder’s Boulder has been returned to its original place, hung with a wreath, and propped up with giant candy canes, and the house has retained the extra lights. All of Applejack’s extra decorations have been cleared away, except for the extra lights she added to the farmhouse roof.*)

**Maud:** (*from inside*) “What a wonderful day,

As good as mica or clay.”

(*Fade to black.*)

(*The usual closing theme does not accompany the credits. In its place is a quiet, lush orchestral string/woodwind piece in E major, not unlike a Christmas carol.*)