**THE PERFECT PEAR**

**Written by Joanna Lewis, Kristine Songco**

**Produced by Devon Cody**

**Story editing by Joanna Lewis, Kristine Songco**

**Supervising direction by Jim Miller**

**Directed by Denny Lu, Mike Myhre**

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

Note: All lines marked with one asterisk (\*) are delivered as a voice over.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a head-on, extreme close-up of Apple Bloom’s hooves trotting purposefully down a Ponyville street lined with market stalls. It is daytime, and she has her saddlebags slung on her back. Zoom out to frame all of her; she looks to this side and that, then stops short as a great many ponies cross in front of her.*)

**Bloom:** Hmm…

(*They are all gathering at a stall topped by a giant wooden pear, and they have clustered in so thickly that only the head of its proprietor can be seen above them. Zoom in slowly. The face is that of a kindly old stallion with a light yellowish-brown coat and a short, curly white mane shot through with streaks of gray and brown, the eyes are a deep green, and he does not have a horn. Bloom shoulders up to the front row, finding the table stocked with jars of spread—made from pears, no doubt—and a plate of biscuits. She throws an apologetic grin to the ponies on either side of her, and Bon Bon nips a jar in her teeth and walks away. The old stallion, Grand Pear, grins warmly down at Bloom; now the camera is close enough to pick out a green kerchief tied around his neck and a display case behind him. He clamps his jaws around the handle of a knife stuck into an open jar long enough to slather a generous portion of the stuff onto a biscuit, which he then offers to Bloom. When he speaks, his voice is slow, gravelly, and quite genial.*)

**Bloom:** (*taking it*) Oh! Thank you! You must be new. I’m Apple Bloom. (*Now rows of other treats are visible at one end of the table.*)

**Grand:** I’m Grand Pear.

**Bloom:** Welcome to Ponyville! (*A stallion laughs.*)

**Stallion:** You mean “welcome *back* to Ponyville.” Grand Pear was originally from here before he opened his famous pear jam store in Vanhoover.

**Bloom:** (*to Grand*) Really? Why’d you move back?

**Grand:** I, uh… (*Smack lips thoughtfully.*) …well, I needed a change of pace.

**Bloom:** Huh.

(*She chomps into the biscuit; her eyes popping as the taste hits her tongue.*)

**Bloom:** This is delicious!

(*The rest of it goes down just as easily; now a unicorn mare floats some coins to Grand and gets hold of a jar, and the crowd disperses. Baskets of whole fruit can now be seen at both ends of the counter and behind it.*)

**Bloom:** I can’t believe I’ve gone my whole life without ever havin’ this. (*Two more ponies approach.*)

**Grand:** Glad you like it.

**Bloom:** How much? (*He pushes a jar toward her.*)

**Grand:** (*waving her off*) Nooo.

**Bloom:** Wow! Thanks, Mr. Grand Pear, sir!

(*She flips the flap on one bag and transfers the jar to it with her mouth.*)

**Bloom:** It was real nice meetin’ you!

(*The filly hurries off. Cut to a close-up of Grand, smiling benevolently, and zoom out slowly as prospective buyers cluster in again with a buzz of excited chatter. From here, dissolve to the kitchen in the house at Sweet Apple Acres, the sky beyond the window now close to sunset. Big Macintosh stands at the oven, a chef’s white toque covering the shaggy orange mane, and has bent down to hold the handle of a skillet in his mouth. One expert flip sends a pancake arcing backward over his shoulder and onto a plate held in Applejack’s teeth. She dips her head to one side, allowing it to join a plated stack on the kitchen table, as Bloom lets herself in from outside and shuts the door. Applejack sets down the plate she used to make the catch.*)

**Applejack:** Glad you’re back, sugar cube— (*holding up full plate*) —just in time for breakfast for dinner!

**Bloom:** I got the perfect topper for flapjacks at the market today!

(*In no time flat, she has opened her bags and pulled out the jar of pear spread with her teeth. The sight of it causes her older sister’s eyes to shrink to panicked points and her lungs to suck in a sharp gasp.*)

**Applejack:** (*throwing pancakes aside*) *Pear jam?!?* (*She snatches it away.*) What were you thinkin’?

(*The distant sound of a closing door halts any further remonstration. Cut to the middle of the staircase leading to the upper floor, the camera pointing down at the kitchen doorway; Applejack peeks into view around the frame just in time for the shadow of Granny Smith to start descending toward her. Green eyes broadcast her freak-out, and the camera cuts back to the kitchen, Macintosh having shed his toque.*)

**Applejack:** (*tossing jar to him*) Quick! Hide it!

(*Snagging it in his jaws, he looks frantically around himself, then stomps hard enough on the floor to break away a section of one plank. The oldest and middle siblings dig madly at the exposed dirt; cut to the very confused youngest one.*)

**Bloom:** Huh?

(*Zoom in slowly and fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to just below floor level, framing Applejack and Macintosh as they scrabble madly at the earth and Bloom peeks in behind them.*)

**Bloom:** What’s the big deal? (*Cut to her.*) It’s just pear jam. (*Applejack rounds on her.*)

**Applejack:** (*jabbing her chest*) The big deal is that there is a long-standin’ feud between the Apples and the Pears. (*Macintosh drops the jar into the new hole.*)

**Macintosh:** Ee-yup!

**Bloom:** Why? (*Macintosh stands up.*)

**Applejack:** Why?!? (*Long, puzzled pause.*) Well, uh…a-actually, I-I’m-I’m not really sure. You have any idea, Big Mac?

**Macintosh:** (*scratching head*) Uh…nope.

**Bloom:** Then I guess we should ask Granny?

**Granny:** (*entering kitchen*) Ask me what?

(*Terrified grimaces snap onto the red and orange-tan faces; Macintosh hastily shoves the loose dirt over the hole to form a sloppy heap, and Applejack slaps the broken-out floorboard onto this. The soil that had been caked onto her hooves from the digging is now gone.*)

**Applejack:** (*lounging against it, trying to sound casual*) U-Uh…what goes better with apple-fritter flapjacks! (*She whips over to Granny and produces containers of….*) Caramel syrup or praline?

**Granny:** (*knocking syrup aside*) Pfft! Praline!

(*She steps farther into the kitchen, sniffing deeply of the air. As she continues, she steps onto and over the badly camouflaged hiding place without noticing or breaking stride. Macintosh’s hooves are now clean as well.*)

**Granny:** Oh-ho-ho, that smells great, Applejack. I’m-a go wash up for supper.

(*She opens the door; an outhouse stands across the barnyard from her.*)

**Granny:** Be right back! (*Exit; door closes. All three Apples sigh, relieved.*)

**Applejack:** (*crossing to Bloom*) Listen, sugar cube. Anytime Big Mac and I ever asked Granny about the feud or the Pears, she’d get so upset she couldn’t talk. Best not bring it up. (*Macintosh nods solemnly.*)

**Bloom:** O-Okay, but… that Grand Pear was really nice to me, even though I’m an Apple. I wonder what happened.

**Applejack:** Me too. But…if we can’t ask Granny, I don’t know who—

(*An idea flashes through her brain and sets her beaming.*)

**Applejack:** We can ask Goldie Delicious! If anypony knows about the feud, it’s the family historian!

(*Goldie Delicious, recall, was the cousin that they and Pinkie Pie turned to in “Pinky Apple Pie” for confirmation of a relationship between their two families. Macintosh and Bloom both smile.*)

**Bloom:** I’m in! What do you say, Big Mac? (*She and Applejack gather around him.*) Siblin’ trip first thing tomorrow?

**Macintosh:** (*hoisting a stack of pancakes on one hoof*) Ee-yup!

(*Dissolve to a long shot of Goldie’s ramshackle cabin and zoom in slowly. It is now the following day, and the three siblings approach the front door as the camera zooms in slowly and cuts to a close-up. Bloom’s knock sets off a great ruckus of clattering items and yowling cats, and the door starts to bulge outward in a most alarming manner. The visitors clear the area an instant before it bursts open, releasing a torrent of books and random possessions. Its momentum dies away to nothing just short of reaching the trio, who glance fearfully toward the resulting pile. They are treated to a good clear view of a massive ball of complaining felines, which bounces down from one mess to another and bursts apart to reveal old Goldie at the middle of it all. The cats scatter in all directions.*)

**Goldie:** Now that’s how you make an entrance! Or is it an exit? (*laughing*) Well, anyway, it’s so wonderful to see you three. (*scratching at her mane*) To what do I owe the pleasure?

(*The agitation partly dislodges a purring white cat.*)

**Applejack:** Well, Goldie— (*It jumps down.*) —uh, we were hopin’ you could tell us about the, uh… (*softly, embarrassed*) …uh, feud…with the Apples and the Pears. (*She worries her lower lip.*)

**Goldie:** Oh.

(*Dropping to her haunches, she lands on a different cat’s tail; it meows loudly in protest.*)

**Goldie:** Oh, dear. (*It pulls loose and runs off.*) Well, does Granny Smith know you’re here?

**Bloom:** No, ma’am. (*moving toward her*) But I ran into Grand Pear yesterday and he was real nice. Maybe the feud was a misunderstandin’ or somethin’, a-and we can fix it? (*Hopeful grin.*)

**Goldie:** (*tapping chin*) Uh, well, I don’t know about that, little one, but if it’s the story you’re after, I-I suppose you have a right to know. (*looking around herself*) Now let’s see here, I got a stack of books here someplace…

(*She pulls one free, studies its cover, and smiles.*)

**Goldie:** Oh! (*turning it to camera; it bears a large red apple.*) *Apple Family History, Volume One-Thirty-Seven*. (*flipping pages*) Hmm…hmm, here we are. “Feud with the Bears.” (*Squint at the page.*) I mean, “Pears.” My eyes ain’t what they used to be. (*The other three sit on their haunches.*) A long time ago…

(*She turns the book to face them; cut to a close-up of the right-hand page, showing one half of a double-width, black-and-white photograph of Sweet Apple Acres.*)

**Goldie:** (*from o.s., pointing it out*) …Sweet Apple Acres wasn’t the only farm in Ponyville. In fact…

(*Pan to follow her hoof to the left half: a second farm, this one filled with pear orchards.*)

**Goldie:** (*from o.s.*) …there was another one just right next door.

(*As she withdraws her hoof, the view undergoes a wavering dissolve to a busy Ponyville street filled with market stalls. One is topped with an apple slice, while its neighbor is styled as a giant pear with counter and shelves nestled inside. The ponies selling the respective wares are Granny and Grand, both in the prime of adulthood. From this distance, Grand’s mane displays two shades of brown, and Granny wears her pale blond one short and in a ponytail. At this point in her life, she is not yet wearing her apple-patterned shawl and he does not have his green kerchief.*)

**Granny:** (*holding up an apple*) Come and get your apples! (*Close-up.*) Nothin’ sweeter than bitin’ into a crisp apple on a beautiful fall day!

**Grand:** (*from o.s.*) Unless, of course—

(*Pan quickly to him. Unlike the prologue, enough of him is now visible to mark him as an earth pony, though his cutie mark still cannot be seen.*)

**Grand:** (*holding up a pear*) —you could bite into a juicy pear.

**Granny:** Pfft! Please. (*polishing apple*) Pears are just what happens when you ain’t no good at farmin’ *apples!* (*Grand trades fruit for cash.*)

**Grand:** Pears are nature’s candy. (*sweeping bits off behind counter*) Apples are…sour, like the expression on your face right now. (*Smug chuckle; zoom out slowly as both trade barbs and onlookers desert them.*)

**\* Goldie:** And so it went. Your granny and Grand Pear were always at each other on who was the best farmer, or who took better care of their trees.

(*Dissolve to a long shot of the boundary between the rival farms. It is nighttime, and the moon is pocked with the craters that indicate the presence of Nightmare Moon. Pan slowly toward the Apples’ side.*)

**\* Goldie:** If Granny read to her trees at night…

**\* Granny:** (*reading*) “And then…”

(*Cut to the young green mare, sitting on her haunches with an open book in her grip and facing one of her trees. The camera is aimed at her from the Pears’ side of the fence. During the next line, Grand steps into view and regards her with scorn; zoom out slowly.*)

**Granny:** “…the little tree reached its branches up to the moon…” (*Close-up.*) “…and the moon said, ‘Good night.’ ”

(*She pats the trunk gently on the end of this, then throws a smirk back toward her opposite number. Grand’s cutie mark is now seen clearly as a single green pear before he gallops away.*)

**\* Goldie:** …why, then, Grand Pear had special blankets made for his trees so they wouldn’t get cold!

(*During this line, the camera cuts to the tops of three of Grand’s trees, which get giant pear-patterned quilts thrown over them, and tilts down to show him on the job. He sits on his haunches and strokes one trunk lovingly, and the cart that had held the quilts stands nearby.*)

**Grand:** (*softly*) Good night, trees. (*He kisses the bark and hugs the tree.*) I’ve gotcha covered.

(*He throws a smirk and a little growl that is equal parts “come hither” and “top that” across the fence. Granny responds by snarling, shutting and throwing down the book, and stalking away. Dissolve to a stretch of apple trees being bucked and pan to bring Granny into view; it is now the next day. On the next line, she nods her approval to the work crew, but all eyes harden as they glare toward the other side, where the camera pans across a team on ladders to pick pears off the trees and drop them into waiting baskets.*)

**\* Goldie:** In fact, all the Apples and the Pears were rivals to the core.

(*Grand and the two workers nearest him salute each other, and they fire dirty looks of their own across the fence. Cut to one stretch and zoom out along its length as three snarling pairs step up to stare each other down, the last being Granny and Grand.*)

**\* Goldie:** The only Apple and Pear who ever got along were Bright Macintosh and Pear Butter.

(*A very young colt, barely older than a toddler, peeks out from between Granny’s legs on the end of this and sees a filly of similar age across the boundary. His coat/mane colors are the same as those of Bloom, but his eyes are black rather than red-gold; a scatter of birdcatcher spots marks the bridge of his nose. Her coat is pale orange-brown, her mane/tail orange and curly, and her eyes are blue-green. These two are Bright Macintosh and Pear Butter, respectively, both earth ponies. In close-up, Butter noses at a patch of flowers, giving the camera a clear view of the birdcatcher spots at the outside corners of her eyes.*)

**Bright:** (*from o.s.*) Psst!

(*She looks around confusedly; he pops up from his side. Both speak very clearly despite their young ages and with Southern accents, his much more pronounced than hers. They deliver the following seven lines in whispers.*)

**Bright:** I’m not s’posed to talk to you.

**Butter:** I’m not supposed to talk to you either.

**Bright:** My mom says if you hold a buttercup under your chin, it’ll make your chin glow. But it doesn’t work on me.

(*He leans forward, tilting his head back so that one of the flowers rests under his chin. Nothing.*)

**Bright:** See? (*She follows suit, her chin reflecting its yellow hue.*)

**Butter:** Does it work on me? (*Bright’s heartbeat comes through loud and clear.*)

**Bright:** (*warmly*) It sure does, Buttercup. (*She lets the flower drop.*)

**Butter:** “Buttercup.” (*smiling*) I like that name.

(*He extends a hoof through the fence, she shakes it, and both smile.*)

**\* Applejack:** Wait an apple-pickin’ minute!

(*Cut to the present; she snaps indignantly upright.*)

**Applejack:** Bright Mac and Buttercup? Those are our parents’ names!

**Goldie:** ’Course, “Buttercup” was just a nickname your father gave your mother. Pear Butter…well, that was her given name.

**Applejack:** (*flabbergasted*) Are you sayin’ our mother was a…*Pear?!?*

(*Zoom in on the Apple trio as she chews her bottom lip and Macintosh and Bloom voice shouts of unadulterated surprise, then snap to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to the three, zooming out slowly. Macintosh is the first to regain his power of speech.*)

**Macintosh:** So we are half-Pear? (*Applejack shakes her head clear.*)

**Applejack:** I can’t believe it! How did we not know?

**Goldie:** (*from o.s.*) Well… (*Cut to her; she tosses the book aside.*) …uh, nopony called your mother Pear Butter.

(*Waving a number of cats away, she picks up a small blackboard slate. On the start of the next line, cut to a close-up of this; she traces out the outlines of two jars in the thick dust covers the writing surface.*)

**Goldie:** And her cutie mark was a preserve jar, but pear butter don’t look too much different from apple butter, so no clues there.

**Applejack:** (*sighing*) Is there a-anythin’ else you can tell us about them?

**Goldie:** (*scratching head*) I know they loved each other very much. (*Scoop up and cuddle four cats at once.*) They had that magical, star-kissed, other-side-of-a-rainbow kinda love.

(*The pets yowl at being squeezed just a bit too tightly under this last, and they are quick to scatter once she opens her forelegs.*)

**Goldie:** You couldn’t be around ’em too long and… (*laughing*) …and not feel a little bit lighter than air yourself.

**Bloom:** (*standing up*) Anything else?

**Goldie:** (*stroking chin*) Hmm…I’d need Volume One Hundred and Thirty-Eight for that.

(*The camera tilts up to follow her glance toward the higher reaches of the book/junk pile, stopping on a cheetah that opens one eye and utters a softly menacing growl.*)

**Goldie:** (*hesitantly*) I’m sure I could wrangle it, in a…in a couple of days.

(*She begins a laborious climb up and o.s. as Applejack sighs softly and she and Macintosh stand.*)

**Applejack:** That’s all right, Goldie. It was nice just to hear it. (*The old head pokes down into view with a whoop of triumph.*)

**Goldie:** I just remembered somethin’! Your dad and his buddy Burnt Oak would get in all kinds of trouble together as colts.

**Applejack:** Burnt Oak? Uh, the firewood sales-pony? I haven’t seen him in ages.

**Goldie:** He and your dad was thick as thieves back in the day. Y’all should talk to him.

(*The three visitors take their leave; meanwhile, she loses her grip and ends up spreadeagle on her belly at ground level, annoying the cheetah into getting up and growling at her. Wipe to a Ponyville street filled with market stalls, one of which is stocked with loose and bundled firewood logs. A chopping block stands out front, and the dark brownish-gray earth pony stallion behind it turns to face the approaching Apples with a smile of recognition. Burnt Oak’s short-cut mane/tail have gone two shades of light gray, his eyes are bright blue, and he wears a brown cowboy hat and a blue kerchief around his neck. A mustache and a case of five-o’clock shadow decorate his face, and his haunch displays a charred tree trunk with one green bough. His voice carries the slow, weathered drawl of a frontiersman who has seen many a winter.*)

**Burnt:** Well, well, if it isn’t the Apples! (*tipping hat*) What can I do for you? I know you’re not here for firewood. You got more trees than anypony in Ponyville.

**Applejack:** You’re right. We’re not here for that. (*All three avert their eyes.*)

**Burnt:** (*gently*) Come to ask about your dad?

**Macintosh:** Uh…ee-yup.

**Burnt:** (*sitting on block*) Well, I wondered if you might. Hoped you would. It’s nice to talk about him. (*They sit. Zoom in slowly; he chuckles.*) We had a lot of laughs. In fact, this one time…

(*As he finishes, a wavering dissolve shifts the scene to a bare field in the daytime. Bright and Burnt, both now young stallions, sprint into view pulling plows to furrow the earth. Bright’s mane/tail have grown out somewhat, his eyes are now dark green, and the tips of his hooves have gone light brown. He wears a brown hat not unlike Applejack’s, and he now has a cutie mark of a gold star overlaid on half a green apple. Burnt is in the lead, his short mane/tail both solid gray, and is not wearing his hat or kerchief at this point in his life.*)

**\* Burnt:** …we were racin’ to see who could till the fastest— (*Bright pulls ahead.*) —and Bright Mac was leavin’ me in the dust. He—he woulda won, too, if he wasn’t so…

(*The yellow stallion glances to one side with a sudden smile and gasp; cut to his perspective of Butter looking over a tract of seedlings on her family’s property. Her mane and tail are both tied back.*)

**\* Burnt:** (*slyly*) …distracted.

(*Back to the racers, Bright peeling off across the field, then cut to a close-up of Butter bending to pull a weed with her teeth. She too has her cutie mark, the jar of preserves described by Goldie.*)

**Bright:** Whoa!

(*He smashes through a fence, spits out a piece of it, and finds a large water tank standing directly in his path. The screen fills with stars on impact, then clears to show the contents gushing over the pear seedlings to leave Butter drenched from end to end. She spits out a mouthful of water and boggles at the tree bits being carried along on the tide before crossing to the wrecked tank. It is lying forlornly on its side, the roof knocked completely off, and the camera zooms out to put a cross Grand in the fore. The lines on his face and the gray streak in his mane show his age, and he is now wearing the green kerchief seen in the prologue.*)

**Grand:** Oh!

(*He gallops down toward the new swamp; Bright surfaces, and Burnt darts over to drag him away. Now out of their plow harnesses, both make it out of earshot before Grand wades across to his daughter.*)

**Grand:** Pear Butter, what did you do?

**Butter:** I-I’m not sure.

(*The two stallions have taken cover in a bush to watch the proceedings, but Bright—now dry—collects himself and strides out. Burnt reaches as if to try and pull him back, thinks better of it, and ducks back in. Cut to Grand and Butter.*)

**Bright:** (*from o.s.*) She didn’t do it, sir! (*All four eyes turn; cut to him sloshing over.*)

**Grand:** (*pushing Butter aside*) Excuse me?

**Bright:** The water silo. (*removing hat, holding it over chest*) It was my fault.

(*Butter giggles behind a hoof; Grand throws her a questioning look that becomes an angry huff directed at the young stallion.*)

**Grand:** (*pointing at him; he quails a bit*) Well, you owe me a new silo, boy! (*rounding on Butter*) And *you*, come with me!

(*She follows him away, head drooping sadly.*)

**Grand:** (*softly, menacingly*) No daughter of mine is gonna make goo-goo eyes at an Apple!

(*Butter risks a furtive smile over her shoulder, catching Bright by surprise; he returns it and dons his hat, hearts floating up to burst around him. Burnt returns to stare after the young mare and wave a hoof in his buddy’s face, but Bright is far too smitten to notice. Wavering dissolve to the present, zooming out slowly from Burnt.*)

**Burnt:** Grand Pear never woulda known it was your father’s fault. (*He climbs off his chopping block and sets a log on it.*) But there was no way he’d let your mother take the blame for somethin’ he did.

**Bloom:** So Dad was super-honest! (*slyly, nudging Applejack*) Apple doesn’t fall far from the tree, huh, Applejack?

(*One quick swing of an axe splits the log, and the old stallion takes his mouth off the handle.*)

**Burnt:** Your dad worked the apple farm all day and then headed over to the Pears’ on his breaks to fix the water silo. I didn’t see him for weeks. Not that he minded. (*picking up a piece, propping it on block*) Gave him a chance to get to know your ma. (*All three Apples stand.*)

**Bloom:** Did you know our mom too?

**Burnt:** (*setting piece on a pile*) Buttercup was a real peach of a Pear. But if you want to know more about her, you should ask Mrs. Cake. (*He starts tying up a bundle.*)

**Bloom:** Mrs. Cake?

**Burnt:** She and your mom were inseparable when they were fillies.

**Applejack:** Then let’s go! Thanks, Burnt Oak.

(*All three Apples gallop off down the street, but Macintosh walks back alone a moment later.*)

**Macintosh:** Uh, would it be okay if we stopped by again sometime, to hear more stories?

**Burnt:** I’d like that very much.

(*With a grin, the big red workhorse throws his hooves in gear to catch up with his sisters. Wipe to an extreme close-up of an icing bag in Mrs. Cake’s mouth, being used to apply detail to the edge of a cake. A longer shot frames the kitchen of Sugarcube Corner; she is standing on a stool to reach the upper portions of this two-tier treat. The side door opens to admit the traveling trio; she puts the bag down with a smile and dismounts the stool.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** Well, cinnamon sugar on toast! All three Apple siblings!

**Applejack:** Hi, Mrs. Cake. We heard you and our ma used to be real good friends— (*The smile fades.*) —a-and we were hopin’ you could tell us a bit about her. (*It returns.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** Oh, I would love to. I never knew the right time to bring it up, but I’m so glad you came. (*Laugh; she circles behind the counter and climbs up on the stool.*) Uh, uh, for starters, did you all know that it was your mom who convinced me to pursue baking?

**Bloom:** But isn’t your name Mrs. Cake?

**Mrs. Cake:** Not always. (*Push cake aside.*) Back when I was Chiffon Swirl— (*Laugh.*) —I had no idea what I was supposed to do. (*She brings up a mixing bowl and tosses items in as they are named.*) But one day, your mom brought me some candied pears, eggs, flour, sugar, and vanilla and told me to just be creative. Next thing I knew, I was whipping up pear upside-down cake— (*pointing to her haunch*) —and I got my cutie mark! It was like she knew what I was supposed to do— (*Cut to Bloom, eyes shining; she continues o.s.*) —long before I did.

**Applejack:** (*nudging Bloom*) Just like you, sugar cube, or rather— (*laughing, ruffling her mane*) —you’re just like her!

(*On the start of the next line, cut to Mrs. Cake and zoom in slowly as she stirs the bowl.*)

**Mrs. Cake:** That was the first of many cakes for me, and Buttercup was with me through it all.

(*Wavering dissolve to herself as a younger mare, her mane tied in two pigtails that hang behind her ears. She is in this same kitchen and stirring a bowl, but not wearing the earrings and apron she will later adopt. Zoom out slightly as Butter steps over to her, dips a hoof in, and licks; she is slightly older and taller, and she wears her tail loosely tied back like Applejack’s. Her mane is separated into two bunches, one loosely tied and falling behind an ear, the other cascading down the opposite side of her head.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** She’d be my taste-tester…

(*After tonguing the batter back and forth, she grins approval and Mrs. Cake—or Chiffon Swirl—beams from ear to ear. Dissolve to an extreme close-up of a cake being iced and zoom out; it sits on a small stool and Chiffon has an icing bag in her mouth, with Butter looking on.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** …help with the decorating…

(*The orange-maned mare switches the bag for one of several on a nearby table, and Chiffon goes back to work. Dissolve to her rolling out dough on a countertop, bowls filled with sliced pears in easy reach. Having put away the icing tools, she takes two slices, lays them on the flattened sheet, and folds it up to bundle them in. Pan away from her, past the bowls, and stop on Butter with a pile of whole fruit to her other side. A slicer is strapped to one hoof.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** …and prep new ingredients.

(*One pear is stood on end, the implement is brought down to cut it, and the slices are scooped into a bowl. From here, dissolve to a slow pan along a counter loaded with baked goodies of all sizes and magnitudes.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Over the years, I perfected my recipes.

(*On the end of this, Chiffon climbs a ladder to place a pear ever so carefully atop a multi-tiered cake. Once she gets it just so, she climbs down and the camera zooms out to frame Butter watching approvingly without the slicer.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Your mom did so much for me.

(*Dissolve to a single-layer cake being carried through the pear orchards, on a platter balanced on Chiffon’s back.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** One day, I wanted to surprise her with a cake.

(*The young baker peeks out through the undergrowth on the end of this line, then hastily ducks away. She risks another look after some moments, and the camera cuts to behind her and zooms in slowly on a clearing lined with apple trees on one side and pears on the other. It is daytime, and Bright and Butter have set up a picnic complete with blanket. They share a laugh before Bright produces a bouquet of flowers—buttercups, the same that they played with at their first meeting—in his teeth, only to sniffle and uncork a violent sneeze. Wiping his nose, he finds the blooms now matted up and down Butter’s mane, with one resting on her nose. She blows it aside and both laugh at the mishap as she throws him a wink. They suddenly go silent and lean in for a kiss; Chiffon beams, blushes, and steps back, intending to give them some privacy, but her hoof snaps a loose twig. Butter gasps in fright, the mood shattered, and Bright is up in a blink to glare toward the bushes. Chiffon puts her head out and waves, causing his fury to melt into confusion, and Butter hurries over to get a look of her own.*)

**Butter:** (*relieved*) Oh, it’s just you.

**Chiffon:** (*emerging from bushes*) Sorry. I just brought you a little something to say thank you. (*bashfully*) But I…see you’re…busy.

(*Her giggle brings a blush to both lovebirds’ faces, Bright scratching the back of his head and Butter giggling.*)

**Butter:** Promise you won’t say anything?

(*Chiffon mimes zipping her lip, but a new rustle draws her attention. Pan slightly to bring Granny into view—now older than in the first flashback, with her mane/tail in a bun and her shawl now firmly in place. She is picking up fallen apples to add to the saddlebags on her back, but stops short upon taking stock of the three paralyzed ponies in the clearing. Zoom in quickly on Butter’s cutie mark, then cut back to Granny, who recoils with a neigh and an angry huff.*)

**Granny:** (*walking into clearing*) What in tarnation are you doin’, Bright Mac? (*pointing at Butter*) We do not fraternize with Pears!

(*She spits contempt onto the grass, clamps her teeth on a yellow ear, and tows her son away. He manages to return the wink that Butter gave him, and she smiles tenderly and waves goodbye.*)

**Chiffon:** (*to her, dumbfounded*) You and Bright Mac? Ooh, I wouldn’t believe it if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes! Your families hate each other!

**Butter:** I can’t help it. We just sorta…happened. (*Hearts float and pop around her soppy smile; Chiffon waves futilely to snap her out of it.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Then Pear Butter told me the sweetest love story I have ever heard.

(*During this line, the view dissolves to a long shot of Ponyville proper in late afternoon, seen from among the orchards, and zooms out. The star-crossed lovers have set up a new picnic on a hilltop; Butter has cleaned the blooms out of her mane, and her saddlebags rest on the blanket.*)

**Bright:** (*tucking a fresh one behind her ear*) Happy one-hundred-and-thirty-one-thousand-four-hundred-and-fifty-six-hour anniversary, darlin’.

**Butter:** What? (*laughing*) That’s way longer than we’ve been together.

**Bright:** (*caressing her cheek*) I know, but it’s the anniversary of the first time I called you Buttercup. (*She blushes.*) It’s okay if you didn’t get me anything.

(*This last is spoken in a fake-hurt tone, in time with the brown hat brim being pulled down over his eyes, but he gives away his playful intent with a sidewise glance and silly little grin. Butter just rolls her eyes at the display.*)

**Butter:** (*pulling out an acoustic guitar*) Actually, I did.

**Bright:** A guitar? For me? (*He takes it, surprising her.*) But… (*Strum discordantly.*) …I don’t know how to play.

**Butter:** Quiet, you.

(*She takes it back and begins to work the strings.*)

***Quiet, country-tinged acoustic guitar melody, triplet feel, moderate 4 (D major)***

(*Zoom in slowly on her deft hooves, then dissolve to her gazing out one of the windows in her bedroom on the Pear homestead. She has a good view of Sweet Apple Acres from here. A bird lands on the windowsill, a rolled-up note held in a clip around its neck. It is daytime.*)

**Butter:** We’re far apart in every way, but you’re the best part of my day

(*She smiles upon retrieving the paper and finding a simple drawing of herself on it. Cut to Bright at his own window; the bird crosses to him with a note.*)

And sure as I breathe the air, I know we are the perfect pair

(*He opens it with a blushing grin; it is the same drawing, with an image of him added and a pink heart drawn around both. Butter’s hoof descends past the screen to apply a pear-marked label, wiping the view to an extreme close-up of a jar of jam she is preparing for sale. Zoom out; they smile and wave to each other as their parents squabble in the families’ adjoining market stalls.*)

On a prickly path that goes on for miles

But it’s worth it just to see you smile

(*Neither Granny nor Grand notices when the two slip out and gallop away together. They share an ice cream soda, drinking it down through separate straws until their noses touch, at which point they back off with embarrassed smiles and a blush on Butter’s cheeks. Now one of Bright’s hooves swings down to apply a label fo tis own, the view wiping behind it to an extreme close-up of an apple jelly jar he has just set in place. It is on a vendor cart just outside Sugarcube Corner, and Granny is on sales duty. He turns away, bowing o.s. and removing his hat.*)

**Butter:** And I cannot be pulled apart from the hold you have on my heart

(*Across the way, she turns from Grand’s cart and curtsies back. A longer shot frames then and couples all over the street repeating these gestures and dancing slowly.*)

And even if the world tells us it’s wrong, you’re in my head like a catchy song

(*Dissolve to the two on their picnic blanket.*)

**Bright:** (*blushing*) Wow! It’s just…wow!

**Butter:** Do you like it? Be honest now.

**Bright:** It’s the best gift you could’ve given me!

(*A leaf drifts past the camera, wiping the view to a head-on shot of them walking side by side through the orchards—apples on his side, pears on hers. The seasons cycle from summer to fall to winter to spring, a single long scarf coiled around both their necks for winter.*)

**Butter:** The seasons change and leaves may fall, but I’ll be with you through them all

(*A downpour begins; they dart for cover. Cut to an extreme close-up of Bright’s now-sodden hat being held aloft and zoom out; he is using it to keep the rain off her, and she hugs him blissfully.*)

And rain or shine, you’ll always be mine

(*Her head rises into view in extreme close-up, teeth locked around a weed, and a longer shot puts her on cleanup detail among the pear trees. Pan from her to Bright pulling a cartload of apples along the road, accompanied by Granny. He has his hat on and is dry again.*)

**Butter:** On a prickly path that goes on for miles

(*He waves blushingly to Butter, gets a dirty look from Granny, and trades a resigned look with Butter as the two go about their chores. Dissolve to the moon in the night sky, which sets and fades from view as sunrise comes, and tilt down to Butter out for a walk among the pear trees.*)

You’re the only one who makes it all worthwhile

(*She stops short, her mouth curving into a tender smile; cut to Bright fast asleep in the grass, a weed in his teeth—he came to help out a bit. She sits down beside him, blushing faintly, and strokes his mane. Zoom out slowly.*)

And you should not blame me too

If I can’t help falling in love with you

(*Dissolve back to their picnic on the end of this last line.*)

***Song ends as last chord dies away (A major)***

(*Any intent she might have had to continue playing or singing fades as well once she realizes what she has just said. All four cheeks tint pink as she puts a hoof to her mouth, but Bright quickly pulls himself together and slides over with a big smile.*)

**Bright:** Hey, no fair! I was gonna tell you the same thing!

**Butter:** (*pushing him back*) You’re just mad I beat you to it.

(*As she sets the guitar aside, the beat-up brown hat gets plunked on her head, blocking her vision until she pushes it up from her eyes.*)

**Bright:** I’m tellin’ you, I was gonna pull you up, cover your eyes, lead you over here…

(*Accompanied by the following actions. Help her to her hooves; pull the hat down over her eyes; guide her toward a particular tract of trees. The sequence ends with a close-up of her; he pulls the hat away and backs out of view.*)

**Bright:** (*from o.s.*) …and say, “Surprise!”

(*Her eyes pop; cut to just behind her shoulder and zoom out slowly. She is facing a boulder that juts from the earth, with both their cutie marks carved into its surface, separated by a plus sign and encircled by a heart. It stands in a clearing at the border between Apple and Pear orchards. She runs a hoof over the strokes as he crosses to her, his hat on again.*)

**Bright:** And then you’d say… (*Falsetto; he faces her over the rock.*) …“Oh, Bright Mac, I love it!” (*normal tone*) And then I’d say… (*Circle back to her.*) …“I love *you.*” Too bad it didn’t work out, though.

**Butter:** (*blushing*) Ee-yup. (*nuzzling his chest*) Too bad.

(*As they lean in for a kiss, the view splits down the middle and the halves fall apart to give a close-up of a door, which opens to admit Grand.*)

**Grand:** The Pears are moving.

(*He has entered Butter’s bedroom, where she sits reading on the bed; daytime sky is visible through the windows. This bit of news catches her like a concrete block to the back of the head, and the camera zooms in quickly on her as she pulls in a sharp gasp and claps hooves to mouth. All three Apples gasp in equal disbelief when the view cuts back to the present. Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the trio and Mrs. Cake.*)

**Applejack:** I mean, I figured the Pears moved, but I didn’t know all that stuff happened before with Granny and Grand Pear.

**Bloom:** It musta been really hard on our parents.

**Mrs. Cake:** (*pouring from one bowl to another*) Oh, it was.

(*Wavering dissolve to Butter’s bedroom; she snaps upright into view.*)

**Butter:** We’re moving?! To Vanhoover?! (*Grand steps in.*) But that’s so far!

**Grand:** It’s what’s best. There’s acres of untouched land, and a warehouse to make our jams. We’ll get to expand our business— (*bitterly*) —and get away from those gosh-darn Apples.

(*He leaves; she throws herself face-first onto her pillow.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Pear Butter was devastated. (*She lifts her head, eyes running with tears.*) But seeing no way out of it…

(*Dissolve to her and Bright embracing near the rock Bright carved and zoom in slowly.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** …she did what she had to do.

**Bright:** So that’s it?

**Butter:** What do you want me to do, Bright Mac? We’re movin’. (*voice breaking, hurrying away*) I love you, but I have to stay with my family.

(*He runs a hoof over the engraving.*)

**\* Mrs. Cake:** Then Bright Mac did the most romantic thing I’ve ever seen anypony do.

(*Fierce determination rearranges his features on the end of this line, and he then charges away. Wavering dissolve to the present; Mrs. Cake pulls a pie from the over with her mouth. The next three lines overlap, their speakers instantly animated.*)

**Applejack:** What? What did he do?

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

**Macintosh:** Tell us! Tell us!

**Mrs. Cake:** We’re gonna need one more pony to tell that story.

(*Wipe to the file room within the town hall, the Apples advancing into view.*)

**Bloom:** Mayor Mare, you knew our parents?

(*Longer shot: Mayor Mare slides a cabinet drawer shut and turns to face them. Mrs. Cake is present as well.*)

**Mayor Mare:** Not as well as Mrs. Cake, but I did play a part in their love story. The night before the Pear family moved, Bright Mac asked me to meet him at the edge of Sweet Apple Acres.

*(The end of this is accompanied by a wavering dissolve to the two young lovers, Bright leading a downcast Butter through the orchards. The buttercup he put behind her ear during their picnic is gone. He stops and points ahead, causing her to gasp; cut to a shot of this clearing, at whose far end the carved rock stands. Alternating baskets of both families’ produce have been set out to mark the sides of a broad aisle, and banners are strung from tree to tree above these. The aisle terminates at an arch festooned with curtains and greenery that includes plenty of buttercups, baskets of which stand before the rock on the far side. A few hay bales and casks stand in the distance, and a table set with a three-tiered cake is off to one side in the fore. Burnt stands by the arch on the Apples’ side, Chiffon likewise on the Pears’, and Mayor Mare is in the center with a book of officiating instructions in her hoof. At this point in her life, she is not yet wearing her half-moon glasses and her neckwear consists of a light violet scarf, instead of her shirt collar and ribbon tie. In addition, she is wearing her mane/tail in their natural two-tone pink as revealed in “Ponyville Confidential” rather than dyeing it gray. Burnt is now wearing his blue kerchief, but not his hat. Above the tableau, the sky has deepened to late afternoon. This view is rendered in soft focus, but returns to normal when the camera cuts to a warmly grinning Butter. Zoom out to frame Bright on the start of the next line.)*

**Bright:** I don’t want to be apart from you, ever. I’m not sure what we’ll do, but…I’m sure of us. (*dropping to one knee, offering a hoof*) So sure that I’d marry you today. (*Tears spring to the blue-green eyes.*)

**Butter:** I would too.

(*She rests her hoof in his, a cue for him to nod to Mayor Mare.*)

**Mayor Mare:** I think that’s my cue.

(*Dissolve to a shot of the entire clearing, now lit by lanterns, strings of lights, and candles under the night sky. Other refreshments can now be seen on the side table along with the cake, and Bright and Butter make their way toward Mayor Mare.*)

**\* Mayor Mare:** I had the honor of officiating your parents’ secret wedding, and it was perfect.

(*Her past counterpart begins to read from the book of instructions as the two stand before her, facing one another.*)

**\* Mayor Mare:** Bright Mac knew Buttercup wouldn’t want a big splash. (*Bright holds up an apple seed.*)

**\* Bloom:** Reminds me of somepony else I know. (*Butter lifts a pear seed.*)

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

**\* Mayor Mare:** So they had a special way to seal their vows.

(*Each digs a small hole in the turf, then tosses his/her seed into the other’s hole. The earth is patted back into place, and they touch their hooves together. Chiffon is now holding a handkerchief to take care of any unexpected waterworks.*)

**Mayor Mare:** I now pronounce you—

**Granny:** (*from o.s.*) What is goin’ on? (*Here she comes.*) What’s with all these here candles?

**Grand:** (*from o.s.*) Pear Butter! Where are you? (*entering from one side*) You’re supposed to be packing! (*His eyes pop.*) What are you two doing?

(*A hoof is thrust accusingly toward the couple. With outraged parents closing in from both sides, they decide to make their stand.*)

**Bright:** Ma, Grand Pear, Buttercup and I are in love.

(*Two vertical panels slide in from opposite corners to fill the screen, each showing the face of one gobsmacked elder.*)

**Granny, Grand:** *What?!?* (*The panels are pulled away to left and right.*)

**Butter:** And we’ll be married as soon as Mayor Mare says—

**Mayor Mare:** Oh! (*hastily*) I now pronounce you husband and wife.

(*She backs off, giving the newlyweds plenty of room to smile into each other’s eyes.*)

**Butter:** Doesn’t that feel nice?

(*A quick peck on his nose is followed by a longer kiss, but the nuzzle that comes after it is all too quickly broken up by Granny.*)

**Granny:** What are you talkin’ about, married? (*pushing Bright back*) You two can’t be married!

**Grand:** (*circling to Butter*) Finally, something we can agree on. Pear Butter, enough of this nonsense. We’re movin’, and *you* gotta stick with your family. (*He storms off.*)

**Butter:** But…the Apples are my family now, too.

(*That stops both him and Granny cold, and Bright seizes the opportunity to rejoin Butter. Burnt, Chiffon, and Mayor Mare retreat to a safe distance.*)

**Grand:** You can’t be serious. (*advancing on Butter*) Are you choosin’ to be an Apple over being a Pear?

**Butter:** (*tearing up*) Are you makin’ me choose?

(*A moment’s careful deliberation goes into his next three steely words.*)

**Grand:** Yes. I am.

(*Mayor Mare, behind him, goes wide-eyed and puts a shocked hoof to her mouth. His daughter lets her tears flow, but her voice is filled with calm resolve.*)

**Butter:** Then yeah. I guess I am.

(*Her new husband lays a hoof across her back and rests his chin comfortingly on her head.*)

**Grand:** (*viciously*) Fine!

(*That resolve lasts until he has galloped away, and Granny comes up on Butter’s other side as she starts to sob. The elder mare’s rancor has yielded to real concern for the younger’s state of mind, and a pat on the chin brings Butter around to a watery smile. A wavering dissolve brings the scene back to the file room and three distraught Apples on their haunches, with Bloom cuddling against Macintosh’s flank.*)

**Applejack:** I can’t believe Grand Pear just up and left Ma like that! No wonder Granny never told us about any of this.

**Mrs. Cake:** These things are never easy.

**Mayor Mare:** And it’s hard to know when it is a good time. (*Applejack gets upright, fire in her eyes.*)

**Applejack:** It seems to me that now’s as good a time as any. (*The others stand as well.*)

**Bloom:** To talk to both our grandparents.

(*As they make for the exit, the two storyteller mares trade a most uncertain look. Dissolve to Grand at his market stall, closing up shop for the day. The sun is setting, and he is pushing an empty basket farther back with his head as shoppers start for home. Zoom in slowly, then cut to a close-up; he nips down the strip of fabric holding a curtain back so that it falls closed.*)

**Bloom:** (*from o.s.*) ’Scuse me. Grand Pear? (*Cut to just behind him; all three Apples are here.*)

**Applejack:** I’m Applejack, and this here’s Big Macintosh. But you already know who we are, don’t you?

**Grand:** (*smiling wistfully*) Sure do. (*They move a bit closer.*)

**Bloom:** Did you really move to Ponyville just for a change of pace?

**Grand:** No.

**Bloom:** (*tearing up*) Then you came here because you’re sorry and y-you want to get to know us too?

(*The old green eyes mist up as Grand lets his head droop.*)

**Grand:** I’m…so sorry. I…I-I-I was just so angry, and…but I, I never…

(*The filly darts in to embrace him, her tears and his instantly gone.*)

**Bloom:** It’s in the past, Grand Pear. (*Applejack and Macintosh join in; an idea hits.*) Oh! Can I call you Grand-père Pear?

**Grand:** (*chuckling*) Sure can.

(*Being the French word for “grandfather.” Dissolve to Granny feeding the chickens in the yard outside their coop at Sweet Apple Acres and zoom out to frame Applejack looking on.*)

**Granny:** Now where’d you all get to? I ain’t seen hide nor hair of you’s all day!

**Applejack:** (*pointedly*) We’ve been all over, learnin’ about our parents.

**Granny:** (*stammering fearfully*) You have?

**Applejack:** (*crossing to her*) *And* our grandfather.

(*Bloom and Macintosh have hung back near the fence gate that leads into the barnyard. Now they step aside to allow Grand through. Granny narrows her eyes at him.*)

**Granny:** So, you’re back, huh?

**Grand:** Sure am. (*grumbling, under his breath*) Never shoulda left. (*He hangs his head.*)

**Bloom:** Findin’ you and learnin’ all about Mom and Dad, I feel like I found a piece of me I didn’t even know was missin’.

**Applejack:** Hearin’ their story makes me feel closer to them somehow.

(*Granny rests a hoof on her flank, red-gold eyes welling up.*)

**Granny:** I’m sorry. (*crossing to Bloom/Macintosh/Grand*) I shoulda told you all about ’em sooner.

**Grand:** And I shoulda been here. (*crying, grumbling a bit*) I can’t believe I let a silly feud keep me from my family.

**Applejack:** (*crossing to him*) Nothin’s keepin’ you from us now. Let’s not miss anythin’ else.

(*The old stallion dries his eyes with a smile as Granny approaches.*)

**Granny:** Applejack’s right. Welcome back, prickly old pear. (*Chuckle; hold up a hoof.*)

**Grand:** (*chuckling, tapping his against it*) Thanks, you old crabapple. (*They shake.*)

**Bloom:** Now that we’re all together, there’s somethin’ we want to show you. Mom and Dad left us somethin’ to remember them by. Come on!

(*She leads the other four toward the gate. Dissolve to a screenful of bushes as red, orange-tan, and yellow hooves push through from behind and pull them aside. All three siblings quickly widen the gap enough for Granny and Grand to look straight through, eyes widening in surprise. Cut to behind the group and zoom in slowly on the clearing beyond. The seeds that Bright and Butter planted at their wedding have grown into a pair of lush trees whose trunks spiral together for most of their height, before separating into two sets of branches to leave a heart-shaped gap framed by wood and leaves. Each tree bears both apples and pears, and the stone that Bright carved still stands at their base.*)

**Grand:** (*awestruck*) Whoa…

(*Granny makes an amazed noise of her own, and each steps ahead in time, tears in eyes.*)

**Granny:** It’s beautiful.

**Grand:** It’s impossible. (*The younger generation joins them.*)

**Applejack:** If anythin’s gonna make it through, it’s Apples *and* Pears.

(*Grand chuckles warmly to Granny, and all smile at the reconciliation. Cut to a long shot behind them, seated before the lithic and organic memorials to a love that beat the odds. Zoom out slowly and fade to black.*)

(*The usual closing theme does not accompany the credits. In its place is the melody of the song that Butter performed for Bright in Act Two.*)