

BABY CAKES

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Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to a hospital, as evidenced by the sign out front—white cross with a pink heart tucked into each outer corner, all superimposed on a red circle. The cross/heart design matches that of the cutie mark seen on Nurse Redheart in “Applebuck Season.” It is daytime. Zoom in slowly and dissolve to Twilight Sparkle and her friends, chattering excitedly while gathered outside the long window of the maternity ward. Rainbow Dash hovers above the other five. Zoom in slowly again, then cut to Twilight, Applejack, and Rarity, seen from inside.)

**** Lines marked with one asterisk (*) are delivered by a speaker on the opposite side of the glass from the camera, and are slightly muffled as a result. ****

** **Applejack:** Can you believe the new baby is finally here? (Soft gasp from Twilight.)*

** **Twilight:** Cup Cake and Carrot Cake must be so proud!*

** **Rarity:** I wonder if it’s a filly or a colt.*

(Pan to the other three. Pinkie Pie, at the far end, mashes her face excitedly against the pane as if trying to squeeze herself bodily through it.)

** **Pinkie:** I want to see the new baby pony! I want to see! Which one is it?*

(Cut to inside the ward and zoom in slowly over the rows of bassinets toward Mr. Cake, who stands over one of them. He bears all the hallmarks of a father-to-be who has put in plenty of time in the waiting room: bow tie loose, unkempt mane, cap askew, a faceful of beard stubble. Close-up.)

Mr. Cake: *(softly)* Meet our son... *(pulling blanket down)* ...Pound Cake.

(The movement exposes a sleeping, off-white newborn colt dressed in the pony equivalent of footie pajamas, light blue, with a hood that has openings for the ears. A tuft of brown mane peeks out from the hood’s edge. Newborn Pound yawns, a pair of tiny wings twitching out from his back to mark him as a pegasus. Cut to the six mares, seen from inside.)

** **All:** Awww... (Back to Mr. Cake; he turns to his other side.)*

Mr. Cake: *(turning to the bassinet behind him)* And our daughter... *(pulling blanket down)*
...Pumpkin Cake.

(The occupant is a light yellowish-tan unicorn filly in pink four-footie pajamas; the bit of mane under her hood is orange. She yawns and starts sucking peacefully on a front hoof. Back to the ward side of the window.)

* **All:** Huh?

* **Pinkie:** Two new foals for me to play with? *(Gasp.)* That's two, two, two times the fun! *(The others glance her way, puzzled.)* This is the greatest day ever!

(She darts out of view and is inside the room an instant later, wearing a party hat and with a noisemaker clamped in her teeth.)

Pinkie: We need to celebrate your birthday, babies, 'cause you were just born today! Woo-hoo!

(She sucks in a bushel of air, intending to let it go through the noisemaker, but Redheart arrives in a flash.)

Redheart: Shhh! The babies are trying to sleep.

Pinkie: But I was just—

Redheart: Shhh!

Pinkie: *(dropping noisemaker)* But—

Redheart: Shhh!

(The party pony glances in the departing nurse's direction, then slips between the two newborns and starts to sing quietly.)

Cheerful music-box melody, fast 4 (G flat major)

Pinkie: Happy, happy birthday to you and you today

Music ends

(A threatening look from Redheart stops her cold before she can get another line out. She lets off a deflated little moan; cut to the hall as she is flipped off the white-capped head onto the floor. Applejack turns her attention to the twins.)

Applejack: Now how in thunderation is one of them twins a pegasus and the other one a unicorn?

(As she speaks, cut to a close-up of Pound and his twitching wings, then pan to the hoof-sucking Pumpkin. Zoom out to frame Mr. Cake standing over them.)

Mr. Cake: Easy. My great-great-great-great-grandfather was a unicorn, and Cup Cake's

great-aunt's second cousin twice removed was a pegasus. That makes sense, right? (*The ward side of the window.*)

* **Rainbow:** Aw, yeah! (*laughing*) Just you wait. (*pointing to her wings*) Once little Pound Cake there gets his wings going... (*zipping back and forth*) ...he'll be all over the place!

* **Twilight:** And be careful around Pumpkin Cake.

* **Rarity:** Baby unicorns get strange magic surges that come and go.

(*As Mr. Cake leans over Pound, Pinkie springs up with a fully decorated chocolate cake.*)

Pinkie: (*softly*) Quick! Make a wish and blow out your candles—which is easy, 'cause there are zero candles! You are zero years old, after all! (*Redheart leans in.*)

Redheart: Shhh!

(*The new father has reacted to this intrusion with great consternation, and Redheart's shushing causes her to twitch backward slightly and hit herself in the face with the cake. She ends up with an embarrassed smile framed by chocolate icing around her mouth and a beard/mustache of white from the cake's trim. Fade to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner during the day and zoom in slowly. A cut to the shop floor frames Mr. Cake—properly groomed—toting a large box of diapers on his head, while Mrs. Cake moves a smaller box of sweets in her mouth. Pound and Pumpkin are near the stairs and gurgling happily; each wears a diaper and party hat. Pound's eyes are brown, Pumpkin's blue, and the latter sports a small blue bow in her mane. She takes a few tottering steps and falls on her belly before Pinkie bursts in from the kitchen, a cake with a large "1" candle balanced on her head. She hops cheerfully over to the pair and starts to sing.*)

Cheerful pizzicato string/percussion melody, brisk 4 (A flat major)

(*She lets the cake drop and sticks a noisemaker in each foal's mouth.*)

Pinkie: Happy month-iversary to you and you today
(*spoken, rapid fire, out of time*)

I can't believe you're already a month old! Time sure flies, doesn't it? Wow, it seems like only yesterday you were born!

(*singing, popping out of cake*)

But now you're a month old today, hey!

Song ends

(The remains go flying as both twins blow their noisemakers and jump up onto her with a laugh. She trots happily across the room, then pitches to the floor on her back with them landing on her belly; the party hats tumble away as Mr. Cake sets down a stack of boxes. He registers concern for a moment, but lets the thought drop with a smile and turns back to his work. Pinkie pops up between the kids.)

Pinkie: Are you ready for your favorite-est game in the whole wide world?

(She dives through the batwing doors leading into a storage room, then hangs her forelegs over the top edges once they stop swinging.)

Pinkie: Where's Pinkie Pie? *(She opens them and shoves her head out.)* Here I am! *(Close.)*
Where's Pinkie Pie? *(Open.)* Here I am!

(Cut to the two seated babies.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Where's Pinkie Pie? *(shoving head into view)* Here I am!

(They cheer and laugh, and she pulls her head back; cut to inside the storage room. Mrs. Cake is looking over the stocked shelves as the game continues.)

Pinkie: *(shoving head out)* Here I am!

(Pan slightly away to put her out of view as Mr. Cake enters; his head is piled with boxes of pastries, which he transfers to a table.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Here I am! *(Cut to frame her; she bounds out.)* Here I am!

(The smile on Mr. Cake's face gives way to a worried frown that perfectly matches the one his wife has assumed. On the shop floor, Pinkie blows a vigorous raspberry at the kids.)

Mrs. Cake: Everything okay in there? *(sing-song)* Who needs a diaper change?

Pinkie: *(echoing her)* Don't worry! They're fine!

(Lifting Pound into view, she is immediately proven wrong when some rather nasty fumes begin rising from the colt's rump and she gets a lungful.)

Pinkie: *(revolted)* Ooh!...I mean...

(Mr. Cake bursts in from the storage room with two fresh diapers on his tail.)

[Animation goof: Mrs. Cake is now standing inside the doorway next to him.]

Mr. Cake: *(chuckling)* Oh, I've got it.

(He lays Pound and Pumpkin side by side on an open patch of countertop, and the camera shifts to frame him. A few seconds of o.s. legerdemain leaves the two soiled diapers hanging by a corner in his teeth; he quickly slings them across the room and into a flip-top trash can whose lid slams shut. Next a can of talcum powder is deployed, followed by some more deft mouth-and-hoof manipulation that puts the clean ones where they ought to be. Close-up of the two gurgling newborns, then zoom out to frame Pinkie looking at them while Mr. Cake washes up at a sink.)

Mr. Cake: Is anypony hungry?

Pinkie: Aw, no thanks. I just had a big breakfast.

(He throws her a funny look as Mrs. Cake enters from the storage room, a tray with two bottles balanced on her tail.)

Mrs. Cake: I'm on it!

(A flip of the swirled rose hairs sends the bottles toward the ceiling; they drop precisely into the twins' mouths, nipple first, and both start sucking merrily away. Pinkie regards them with growing impatience, even going so far as to check a wristwatch on one foreleg. A close-up of this shows her own face, surrounded by confetti and streamers, in the 12:00 position.)

(In close-up, Pound and Pumpkin sit up, their bottles now empty and their smiles giving way to looks of general distress. Pinkie eyes them quizzically before breaking out in a huge smile.)

Pinkie: Oh, oh! You're making funny faces! I have one!

(She bugs one eye out and lets her tongue hang loose; no good.)

Mr. Cake: *(from o.s., chuckling)* No, you see, Pinkie... *(Cut to him.)* ...the babies need to be burped.

(He scoops them up, leans one over each shoulder, and starts patting both tiny backs at once. In no time flat he is rewarded with a double-barreled belch that brings great revulsion to Pinkie's face for a brief instant, but she brightens immediately afterward.)

Pinkie: All set now? Everything good? *(rearing up)* Okay, who wants to play again?

(She zips off, the kids jumping down from Daddy's arms and tottering eagerly after her. Pound stumbles and falls near a stack of blocks; he eyes these critically, then stands up on his hind legs and knocks them over. Before he can fall or jump backward onto his rump, Mrs. Cake dives in low to catch him.)

Mrs. Cake: Ah-ah-ah, Pound Cake. *(She straightens up.)* No pounding things.

(He smiles. Now Pumpkin, still following Pinkie, stops by the dropped talcum powder can and

gets its non-business end in her mouth. After a moment's sucking or gumming, Mrs. Cake walks up, clicks her tongue reprovably, and takes it away in her own teeth.)

Mr. Cake: *(from o.s.)* Ah-ah-ah-ah. *(Cut to frame all four Cakes.)* We don't chew on things, Pumpkin Cake. *(Pinkie hops over to them.)*

Pinkie: Except food! *(Mrs. Cake drops the can with a shocked gasp.)*

Mrs. Cake: Food! Great cinnamon sticks, I completely forgot!

Pinkie: No, you just fed 'em bottles, remember?

Mrs. Cake: Not the babies' food! *(It hits Mr. Cake now.)*

Mr. Cake: *(sputtering)* The food for the enormously big catering order we have to deliver today! *(Cut to Pinkie and Pumpkin, trading a puzzled look.)*

Mrs. Cake: *(from o.s.)* Oh, with the new twins, we've been so distracted! *(Back to the couple; she slings up a pair of baby carriers.)*

Mr. Cake: *(sputtering)* Quick, honey bun! *(setting Pound in one of them)* We need to find a babysitter to watch the foals while we take care of this!

(The two head for the door once Pumpkin has been slung up; pan back to an eager Pinkie.)

Pinkie: I could do it! I want to do it! Oh, the babies love playing with me! I'll do it!

(Outside, the Cakes head down the street at their fastest trot.)

Mrs. Cake: I wonder who would be available on such short notice.

Pinkie: *(hopping after them)* Me! Me! Pick me!

(Wipe to the exterior of Fluttershy's cottage. The family is at the front door, whose top half is open, and Fluttershy puts her head out in close-up.)

Fluttershy: Oh! I would love to babysit.

(Her perspective of them on the end of this; broad smiles all around.)

Fluttershy: But I can't today, sorry. *(All faces fall; cut to her.)* I promised Angel we'd go on a picnic.

(Pan to the white rabbit on the end of this; he points impatiently at a loaded basket on the floor beside him. Outside, the Cakes dejectedly take their leave as Fluttershy puts her head out the door.)

Fluttershy: You understand, don't you? You're not mad at me, are you? Please don't be mad at me! *(Pinkie pops up, cradling Angel and rocking him vigorously.)*

Pinkie: I'll do it! Pick me!

(Wipe to the exterior of the library, then cut to Twilight and the Cakes inside. She shakes her head sadly.)

before them, head turned so that she can aim a look at them from the corner of her eye. She has her biggest, whitest, most knowing grin plastered firmly onto her face, much to her bosses' unease. They trade a worried look over the tense silence, while the babies smile from behind Mrs. Cake's shoulders; Mr. Cake is first to speak after a weary sigh.)

Mr. Cake: Pinkie Pie... *(Cut to her; smile widening; he continues o.s.)* ...how would you like to babysit for us?

(The request causes her pupils to grow until they almost fill her eye sockets, and she gasps with enough force to burst any other pony's lungs. She lets the enthusiasm vanish as quickly as it came, replacing it with false apathy.)

Pinkie: I don't know. I'll have to check my schedule.

(She takes her time inspecting a front hoof and flicks an invisible bit of dirt away, then gives them a small, calculating smile. Dissolve to the batwing doors leading to the storage room of Sugarcube Corner; these burst open as the camera zooms out slightly. Mrs. Cake gallops out, boxes stacked on head, followed by Mr. Cake with a tall, unfrosted, three-tier layer cake on his back. Pinkie and the kids watch, and the kids laugh as their mother races back in.)

Mr. Cake: *(jittering nervously)* Now, Pinkie, are you sure you really understand the responsibility of watching over two babies?

(His wife charges out with more boxes during this line.)

Pinkie: I can be responsible. Why, Responsibility is my middle name! Pinkie Responsibility Pie! *(Mrs. Cake zips up into her face.)*

Mrs. Cake: Uh, but this time you need to *take care* of them, not just *play* with them. You have to be responsible.

Pinkie: Yes, I know. I will. *(saluting)* I am!

(The ring of an o.s. bell sends Mrs. Cake racing off past the brand-new caregiver. She immediately returns, pushing a dolly that holds a cake nearly twice as tall as the one Mr. Cake brought out. A scroll rests at the edge of one tier.)

Mrs. Cake: Ohh...here you are, dearie!

(A quick nip sends the document flying toward Pinkie; follow it over to her as it hits the floor and unrolls several feet worth of notes.)

Mrs. Cake: *(from o.s.)* All of your responsibilities are on this list. *(Zoom out slightly.)*

Pinkie: Whoa! *(eyeing it closely)* That's a lotta responsi— *(She stops short, straightens up, and salutes.)* Consider it done.

(The unnerved mother stares back in her direction, but is interrupted when Mr. Cake leans into

view behind the massive dessert.)

Mr. Cake: We'll frost it when we get there! *(pulling it ahead)* Come on, sugarplum! Tick-tick!

(He darts off; Pinkie bulldozes her ahead. Cut to just outside the front door as she emerges onto the step.)

Mrs. Cake: Take good care of our two precious little gingersnaps. *(Pinkie nudges her ahead and o.s.)*

Pinkie: No problemo, Mr. and Mrs. Cake! Everything is under control!

(Cut to just behind her as the two bakers depart, Mr. Cake pulling a cart that holds the giant cake. After they have gone, she closes the bottom half of the front door and turns toward the infants; they stare up at her with steadily building worry. Her big silly grin is met with a stereo outburst of full-throated crying. Cut to just behind them, zooming in slowly on one pink pony who has just realized that she should have asked for overtime pay on this gig.)

Pinkie: Uh-oh.

(Snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to a flustered Pinkie and the bawling twins.)

Pinkie: Uhh...don't cry, little friends. *(pointing ahead)* Look! Look!

(She races across the room and hides behind the storage room doors.)

Pinkie: Where's Pinkie Pie? Where's Pinkie Pie?

(Pound and Pumpkin trade a bewildered look, then start crying all over again; she peeks out over the doors' top edge.)

Pinkie: Oh, no! *(She bursts through.)* I'm right here, see?

(And it makes not one iota of a difference to the distraught foals; ditto for the silly faces that she makes as a follow-up.)

Pinkie: *(to herself)* Uh...think, think, think! *(Inspiration strikes.)* Aha!

(Wipe to the darkened storage room. Pound and Pumpkin, both thoroughly confused, are pushed into view to sit at a little table set with a vase of flowers.)

Pinkie: (*from o.s.*) Hey, guys, watch this!

(*Cut to just behind the table. In front of them is a red curtain backdrop, a broom, and a stool; the assistant baker trots into view with a spotlight following her. Applause from an unseen audience accompanies her arrival, and she grabs the broom to use its handle end as a microphone. A bit of feedback is heard. Except where noted, her next four lines are amplified as if being spoken through a real mic.*)

Pinkie: Hey, you're a wonderful crowd here tonight! (*holding end out to kids*) Where y'all from?

(*Pumpkin opens her mouth to answer; but no sound comes out. More feedback, after which Pinkie yanks the "mic" up to herself.*)

Pinkie: Wow, that's great. You know, I used to have an ant farm, but I had to get rid of it because I couldn't find tractors that small!

(*An o.s. drum kit plays a quick sting to emphasize the punchline, but the response is only a pair of big-eyed, puzzled stares and a lot of silence. An Evening at the Improv this is not.*)

Pinkie: Get it? Tractors that small? (*Still nothing except for a distant cough.*) The other day, I spilled spot remover on my dog—and now I can't find him!

(*She zips over to a snare drum and cymbal set up in a corner to play the sting herself this time, getting only a fresh wave of crying.*)

Pinkie: (*to herself*) Yeesh. Tough crowd. (*Quick pan back to the stage; she is now here again.*) Tell me about it.

(*The first three words of the preceding line are the only ones that are not amplified. Now Pinkie gets a new idea and kicks the broom and stool away.*)

Pinkie: Fine! I wasn't gonna pull off the showstopper— (*ducking partway through curtain, head still exposed*) —but you're a lovely audience and I think you deserve it!

(*Retreating entirely behind the curtain, she pokes her head back out a moment later with a rubber pig snout over her nose.*)

Polka with accordion/drums/bass, lively 4 (G flat major)

(*She bounces across the stage on her rump and zips to the twins, surprising them into silence.*)

Pinkie: First you jiggle your tail, oink oink oink

Then you wriggle your snout, oink oink oink

(*bouncing across stage again, dancing in spotlight*)

Then you wriggle your rump, oink oink oink

Then shout it out, oink oink oink

(She sings the verse twice more with further gamboling as the tempo steadily increases. As for the twins, their reaction deteriorates from confusion to a fresh crying jag. On the last “out,” she skids across the floor and thumps against a cabinet, losing the rubber snout and jostling a bag of flour loose so that it falls on her head.)

Song ends

(White clouds puff out in all directions and clear to show that every square inch of the would-be comedienne is thoroughly covered—mane, tail, cutie mark, all except the blue of her eyes. Pound and Pumpkin fall silent, then break into happy gurgles and laughter at the sight.)

Pinkie: *(smiling wearily)* There. See? Nothing to this babysitting business.

(She keels over backwards. Dissolve to a close-up of the end of the very long note Mrs. Cake gave her, resting on the floor, and tilt up to frame her clean of flour. The other end is taped to the storage room cabinet; she is studying it intently. The lights are back on.)

Pinkie: Snack time. That’s easy enough.

(Cut to inside the cabinet as she opens it and looks in, finding two bowls of soft food at the ready. Pound and Pumpkin have been placed in adjacent high chairs, the colt banging on his tray and the filly sucking her hoof. Zoom out as Pinkie arrives with the grub.)

Pinkie: Okey-dokey. *(She serves each.)* Eat up.

(Four big eyes just stare up at her; she smiles and hoists an empty bowl.)

Pinkie: Like this. *(pantomiming eating)* Num-num-num, num-num-num-num! Ahhh!

(Pound just stares at her as if radishes have started growing out of her ears; his sister, on the other hand, stretches her mouth wide and leans slowly toward her bowl. Pinkie smiles hugely at the sight—and then Pumpkin leans far enough out to knock the food off her tray. She comes up with the hem of the cloth on a nearby table and starts gnawing on it. A vase of flowers gets dragged along for the ride as Pound rocks his bowl back and forth.)

Pinkie: No, Pumpkin Cake, we eat food— *(pulling cloth off table and out of reach)* —not tablecloths.

(Pumpkin reacts by crying, Pound by banging his front hooves on the tray so that his bowl flips up and empties itself over his head. The decibels are quickly doubled for the benefit of their frustrated babysitter.)

Pinkie: *(stammering, on edge of panic)* Uh, hey, guys, look at me!

(A lightning-fast trip to the cabinet yields a fresh bag of flour, which she dumps all over herself. After she sneezes out some of the stuff, the suddenly quiet kids start laughing just as they did in the “comedy club.”)

Pinkie: *(dryly)* Yeah. I think I can see where this is going.

(A snort throws out another burst of flour from her nose. Dissolve to the faucet end of a bathtub, which is filling with steaming sudsy water; now cleaned up, she leans into view and turns it off with her teeth. Zoom out to frame Pound and Pumpkin in front of the tub, both stripped of their diapers. They jump up with a happy yell and race off, with Pinkie in hot pursuit. The tub’s placement, and details of the walls and floor, mark this bathroom as a different one from her own as seen in “Feeling Pinkie Keen.” Youthful energy and the slick tile floor combine to leave the harried sitter one step behind her charges at every turn, and Pumpkin starts chewing on a towel to boot.)

Pinkie: Towels are not food, Pumpkin Cake!

(Pumpkin yanks the towel from its rack and races off with it alongside Pound. The chase resumes.)

Pinkie: Drop it...drop it... *(She skids to a stop by the tub.)* ...drop it!

(The room has suddenly gone quiet, so she looks around with growing panic. Cut to the medicine cabinet; a tuft of brown tail can be seen dangling from behind its door, and Pinkie approaches with caution. A laugh from inside bugs her eyes out and brings her attention to the exposed tail. When she opens the door, she is met by the sight of both twins standing on their hind legs, side by side—but only for a moment, as they dart away again. Pumpkin has, however, dropped the towel. The camera now cuts to the shower curtain and the eight little hooves visible beneath its hem; she moves in, and the view shifts to the twins’ side as she slides it open with a big smile. Outside it again; they barrel away through her legs, but she quickly nips them by the scruff of the neck and deposits them in the tub at last. Her reward is a fresh wave of screams and tears.)

Pinkie: *(fishing around in water)* Ooh, look, guys! *(She brings up a hoof-load of...)* Bubbles!

(A gentle puff of air sends them floating overhead to mollify the pair. Pinkie splashes again, generating more bubbles and putting a beard of soap suds on her face. Everything is sweetness and light until a particularly large bubble bursts on Pumpkin’s horn and the crying starts again. The frazzled mare shakes herself clean.)

Pinkie: *(stammering)* Don’t cry. *(showing them a rubber duckie)* Look! Look!

(She gives it a squeeze to make it squeak; cut to the water as it is placed on the surface.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Uh, floaty things! Ooh, ahh!

(Her nervous laugh is met by the twins' happy reaction to the bath toy, and she smiles shrewdly and begins to bring others in, dropping each into the tub. In order: a penguin and sponge, an inflatable crab and beach ball, a tugboat and snorkel with mask, a rubber life raft with paddles. Each addition is larger than the last; by the time Pinkie finishes, there is so much junk stuffed into the tub that the twins cannot be seen. She backs away and the camera cuts briefly a close-up of them among all the toys before shifting back to Pinkie. Zoom out slightly as they go into a new tantrum, sending all the items flying.)

(She recoils in horror as a sudden realization strikes her: Pound's hooves are a little too close to the faucet. He bangs it with enough force to snap the pipe, sending a jet of water across the bathroom that drives Pinkie out of sight. As it subsides, the camera pans in her direction to the door—and the Pinkie-silhouette hole that has just been punched out of it. The storage room is visible beyond this, and an irritated, sopping-wet party pony sticks her head back in. She has yet another bag of flour tucked under a foreleg, but shifts it to her head while glaring back toward the o.s. foals. Cut to the tub and zoom out slightly as she walks up and they go quiet.)

Pinkie: Oh, don't make me do it, guys. *(rearing up, lifting bag)* You know what happens when you mix flour and water, don't you?

(If they do, they evidently do not care, judging by the dirty looks coming her way. Crying ensues—so Pinkie lets the bag's contents shower down over herself. Now, though, she winds up covered in gooey sludge rather than dust thanks to her encounter with the broken plumbing. The kids find this hilarious; she does not.)

(Dissolve to one section of Mrs. Cake's list and pan/zoom out slightly to show a cleaned-up Pinkie studying it intently. Her perusal is interrupted by some rather unpleasant fumes wafting her way; a sniff, a gasp, and the camera cuts to a longer shot as she covers her nose and tries not to vomit. She is now in a nursery, standing next to a dresser stacked with clean diapers. An open toy chest is by the door. The camera follows her glance across the room and stops on the twins, both wearing diapers that are in serious need of a change. Pound bangs a block against some others, while Pumpkin sucks on a pacifier.)

Pinkie: *(nasally)* Smells like somepony needs me to changey-wangey their diaper-wiper right now-a-wow!

(Any enthusiasm she might have had for this task evaporates by the time she reaches the end of this line. Uncovering her nose—and probably wishing that she could grow a fifth leg to keep it covered—she grabs two fresh diapers in her teeth. As stealthily as she can, she works her way toward the pair, zig-zagging between their cribs until she can climb into one and perch herself over its footboard.)

Pinkie: Easy...easy...

(Ground level. The approach of her shadow attracts both noxious foals' attention, and they laugh

and flee from her attempted diving tackle. She stands up, finds them nowhere in sight, and starts across the room with a sigh. A camera shift reveals that they have taken refuge behind the dresser; Pumpkin giggles to herself, the pacifier gone, and draws a glare and growl from Pinkie. Out in the room, she charges in after them and the ensuing fracas is marked by laughs, shaking furniture, clouds of dust, and a couple of flying diapers.)

Pinkie: *(from behind dresser)* Wait...don't...stay there...

(She puts her head up long enough to nip two fresh ones off the stack, then drops out of sight to resume the brawl.)

Pinkie: *(from behind)* No, wait!

(The sound of a ratchet wrench starts to make its presence known now. Pound tries to crawl away, but Pinkie drags him back.)

Pinkie: *(from behind)* Just for a second... *(She puts her head up.)* Stand still, I've almost...

(Down again; a jackhammer is heard next, and the camera cuts to a hunkered-down Pound and Pumpkin as the ruckus dies away. Neither is wearing a diaper now, and the reason becomes clear when they look up and the camera zooms out: Pinkie has ended up with one on her rump and the other on her head. Her smug smile turns to embarrassment once she realizes how badly this endeavor has gone wrong, and the twins laugh and zip away.)

Pinkie: Oh, you gotta be kidding me!

(The jingling of a bell at the front door brings up a relieved smile.)

Pinkie: *(trotting off)* Oh! Thank goodness they're home!

(Cut to a close-up of that door, seen from inside; she reaches into view and opens it to reveal Twilight on the step.)

Twilight: Hi! *(Outside; Pinkie puts her head out.)* I finished up the work I had to do, so I thought I'd stop by and see if you needed any help. *(She is yanked in.)* Whoa!

(Door slam. Cut to the pair on the shop floor; the diaper on Pinkie's rump has slid halfway down to her hooves.)

Pinkie: Thank you, thank you, thank you for coming! *(kicking diaper off)* I can't begin to tell you what my day has been like! I mean, these babies just won't listen to reason—and don't even get me started on their taste in stand-up comedy! *(A drum sting is played o.s.)*

Twilight: It's okay, Pinkie. I figured you would need some help. *(crossing floor)* That's why I stopped by.

Pinkie: *(offended)* Excuse me? *(Twilight stops.)*

Twilight: Babies take a lot of work. (*levitating scattered toys, placing neatly on floor*) And some ponies are just not cut out to handle the responsibility. (*Pinkie gets in her face.*)

Pinkie: Is that so?!

(*Cut to the doorstep; the door is open again, and the well-meaning unicorn finds herself being plowed out onto it by one angry earth pony.*)

Pinkie: Well, thanks for stopping by, Twilight. Sorry, I don't have time to visit. I'm very, very busy with my *responsibilities* here. (*She backs into the building.*)

Twilight: I'm happy to help. It's no trouble—

(*Any further words are cut off by the door being slammed into her face—close enough, in fact, to squash her nose a bit. Inside, Pinkie stands sullenly with her back to it.*)

Pinkie: Well, of all the— (*Sputter.*) She thinks I can't handle things on my own! (*dejectedly, pulling diaper off head*) Maybe because I *haven't* handled things on my own.

(*After a moment's hard thought, she straightens up with fierce new resolve.*)

Pinkie: Well, I *can* handle things on my own!

(*Wipe to the partly open nursery door, seen from inside. Happy burbling is heard from o.s. as Pinkie peeks in; cut to one crib, in which Pound is gleefully jumping on the mattress. A quick pan across the room frames Pumpkin having her own grand time chomping on a rubber chicken. Pinkie pushes the door fully open and strides up to stare down the hyperactive little pegasus.*)

Pinkie: Pound Cake! (*He stops, cowed.*) This is a crib. It is only to be used for napping, sleeping, and on occasion with permission, as a pretend old-timey Western fort. (*Cut to him; she continues o.s.*) It is *not* a trampoline. (*leaning toward him*) So stop your jumping right now, mister!

(*The blue eyes fix his brown ones with the hardest glare they can muster. Next their owner moves in on Pumpkin.*)

Pinkie: And you, young filly. We do not put anything in our mouth that we cannot safely and properly digest. (*leaning close*) So stop slobbering on that toy this instant!

(*Said young filly lets the rubber chicken fall from her mouth and allows Pinkie to set her in the crib next to her brother.*)

Pinkie: Now, we have all had a very exhausting afternoon, and it's time for all good little foals to take their nap. So...*fall asleep!*

(*Both foals regard her with dumbfounded, wide-eyed stares for a long moment, then drop onto their backs and start snoring. Pinkie eyes them with a smile and relieved sigh, pulls a blanket up over both, and gives each a kiss on the forehead.*)

Pinkie: *(softly, tenderly)* Sleep tight.

(Pulling the crib's drop-side up into place, she deposits a used diaper into a waiting trash can and tosses the rubber chicken into a closet. The door is slid shut; cut to the hallway outside the nursery as the lights inside are switched off.)

Pinkie: *(walking out)* Now that's what I call handling things.

(Cut to just inside the door. She reaches back in to close it, the camera cutting to her perspective almost as soon as her hoof touches the knob. Zoom in quickly on the crib in which she placed the twins; the drop-side is still up, but they are nowhere in sight, inside or out. Back to her, voicing a disbelieving gasp, and snap to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of the unoccupied crib and zoom out slowly to frame Pinkie looking in, slack-jawed, from the doorway.)

Pinkie: Oh, no, no, no, no. Not good, not good, not good! *(She gallops to the crib and lowers the drop-side.)* Pound? Pumpkin? Where are you?

(Cut to a pile of toys in one corner and zoom out as she leaps onto them; they go flying in all directions, but no twins are found.)

Pinkie: *(trying to keep it together)* Come out, come out, wherever you are!

(Cut to another corner and pan slowly across the room as she frantically peeks in one place after another, with no luck. A toy's squeak draws her attention toward the shut closet; stepping carefully to it, she slides the door open. Pumpkin is inside, nibbling happily at the rubber chicken—a sight that completely blows Pinkie's mind.)

Pinkie: Whoa!

(She sets the little unicorn in a crib, chicken and all.)

Pinkie: *(raising drop-side)* You be a good little girl now, Pumpkin-wumpkin, and stay in your crib for your pal Pinkie-winkie.

(Pumpkin climbs up to the rail on the end of this, then gives the toy another squeak with her teeth before Pinkie cautiously turns away. The camera cuts to the hapless pony and follows her for a short distance across the room; suddenly she stops, looks back, and sees Pumpkin still in the crib. The chicken's next squeak does not quite settle her mind, so she cuts her eyes away and back again just to make sure. Next Pinkie slowly walks off; cut to the hallway as she emerges

from the nursery and is hit by another terrible thought.)

Pinkie: Pound Cake? *(clicking tongue)* Here, Pound Cake!

(A chance breeze toys with the window curtains as the far end of the hall, and Pinkie trots warily toward the disturbance. She is brought up short by a ghostly, babyish giggle that reverberates through the stillness; pan quickly back toward the nursery door, then tilt up to the ceiling and down to a stair railing. The nursery, therefore, is on a higher floor than the bakery. The giggle is heard again and again at different pitches, with the overall effect of leaving Pinkie's nerves strung even tighter than they already were.)

Pinkie: *(shuddering)* Pound Cake?

(Pound's silhouette passes very close to the camera—upside down, seemingly moving across the ceiling. After another shudder, the camera cuts to an overhead shot inside the nursery door as Pinkie slinks back up; cut to her perspective of the room, with Pumpkin squeaking the rubber chicken in her crib and Pound still AWOL. Back to Pinkie, now entering the room; Pound's upside-down form passes overhead with a sepulchral giggle, throwing a good scare into her.)

(Pumpkin squeaks the chicken, but Pinkie hears the sound at a lower pitch than usual due to the mental strain. Another laugh. A still lower squeak. Now Pinkie apprehensively lifts her gaze upward as the giggle asserts itself again—and a tilt up reveals the wayward pegasus casually walking around on the ceiling. He is using his wings to provide the lift needed to maintain this position, and he gurgles cheerfully down at the overstressed nanny, who yelps in surprise.)

Pinkie: You can fly?!?

(Lights flick on; she starts jumping up and trying to grab him.)

Pinkie: *(between jumps)* You...get down here...this instant...young...colt!

(She crashes to the floor after this last word and ends up gasping for breath and doing her best throw-rug impersonation.)

Pinkie: I'm responsible for you!

(Cut to a close-up of Pound and his tiny, beating wings; a sound as of bubbles popping surprises him, and the camera zooms out and rotates 180 degrees. He is still upside down on the ceiling, and Pinkie is now up here as well, using suction cups on her hooves. She fixes him with a fierce look, after which the view shifts to ground level and she carries him down the wall by the mane.)

(Pumpkin, having dropped the rubber chicken, reaches through the bars of her crib toward a toy butterfly resting on the rail of Pound's. Backing away a step, she scrunches her face in fierce concentration and her stubby horn begins to glow; the magic takes hold of the plaything and lifts it clear, flapping the wings for good measure. Pinkie is so flabbergasted that her jaw drops full

open, allowing Pound to tumble away—but he soon rises again thanks to his wings.)

(The butterfly floats across the nursery toward Pumpkin's crib, accompanied by a duck, monkey, and turtle. She laughs gleefully and gets the butterfly's head in her mouth, earning a glare from Pinkie, who has removed the suction cups.)

Pinkie: No, no, no, Pumpkin. *(She pulls the toy away; switch to the monkey.)* No, no! *(Take it; switch to the turtle.)* No!

(This too is snatched up, and Pinkie gathers up all four toys.)

Pinkie: Hmph! *(crossing to open toy chest)* I am the responsible one— *(dumping them in)* —and I said so.

(She slams the lid down and goes into a lightning-fast blur of activity that leaves the chest wrapped with several turns of heavy chain and secured by a padlock. However, she has barely finished securing it when a cheerful Pound glides past.)

Pinkie: That goes for you too, Pound Cake!

(Up she goes twice, aiming for his legs but getting nothing but air. The second jump sends her face first into the wall, from which she tumbles into a laundry hamper and comes up wearing a winged bonnet. Now plenty fed up with these shenanigans, she leaps out, ditching the headwear, and actually gets her hooves locked onto Pound's.)

Pinkie: Gotcha! *(He slowly starts to lift himself and her...)* I think? *(...and zooms ahead.)* Whoa!

(Quick pan to the hallway, where his flight bounces the yelling babysitter off both walls time after time. One swoop carries her toward the ceiling and down the stairs, her rump banging against every single one. On they go into the storage room; Pound drags her the full length of a counter so that she knocks over several trays of baked goods. After three pies have splatted against her face, she gleefully licks some of the fruit filling away.)

Pinkie: Mmm! Razzleberry!

(Her no-nonsense demeanor takes root again. Cut to just outside the storage room as Pound hauls her, now fully clean of pie filling, back and forth through the doors.)

Pinkie: I'm—not—letting—go!—I'm—re—spon—si—ble!

(She is also in for a very rough ride back up the stairs, but getting her chin bounced against them this time. Quick pan back to the nursery; as Pound flies in, the door swings shut and Pinkie's tail gets tangled in the knob. It stretches out like a fluffy magenta rubber band, then snaps her back to slam against the door. She slumps to the floor, having lost her hold on Pound, and the airborne colt makes his way over to Pumpkin's crib. Twin sister stretches her hooves forlornly up

toward him and does something that no unicorn has accomplished to date in the series: levitate herself. She floats up to his level, and the two gurgle cheerfully and zoom off across the nursery as Pinkie goggles at them.)

Pinkie: Oh, not you too!

(They swoop and dive and end up looking at each other, Pound upside down above the supine Pumpkin, before Pinkie lunges with a crazed grin and a playpen. This is clapped over them upside down, and in no time she has procured a roll of tape and wrapped several turns to anchor it to the floor. Throwing the tape over one shoulder, she leans over the playpen with an even more unhinged grin.)

Pinkie: There! Now who's the responsible one?

(The twins have no immediate answer, but Pumpkin comes up with one soon enough by performing another unicorn-magic first. Namely, she walks through the netting of the playpen's side as if it were not even there. Her happy yell throws a very large monkey wrench into Pinkie's brain; seeing her gallop around, Pound follows up by lifting off with enough force to snap the tape strands. The playpen goes flying, as does Pound, and the freaked-out mare looks over to see Pumpkin telekinetically break the chains on the toy chest and flip it open to get at the fun stuff. A cheer, a shower of toys, and she starts chewing on her turtle.)

(By now, Pinkie's irises and pupils have contracted to paralyzed points, her mane is on its way to a full frazzle, and she looks as if her brain might blow itself to the moon at any second. After a frantic glance here and there, her pupils dilate to ridiculous proportions behind brimming tears as she desperately fights to keep her composure. It is a lost cause, though, and she cuts loose with a full-bore crying fit of her own. This one is so bad that two waterfalls of tears gush from her eyes, just as they did near the end of "Elements of Harmony.")

(Her sobs and wails bring extreme playtime to a quick end; Pound descends to the floor and Pumpkin sets the turtle down. Trading a look of remorse for the havoc they have been causing, they slowly walk/fly o.s. and return a moment later. Pinkie stops crying as the camera zooms out slightly to frame a small bag of flour being levitated over the twins' heads. They smile broadly just before Pumpkin pops it open, dumping the white stuff over themselves in a turnaround of Pinkie's three run-ins with it. She wipes her eyes and giggles at the sight.)

Pinkie: You know, you're right. That is funny.

(Dissolve to an overhead close-up of the pair napping side by side in one crib, then cut to a side view and zoom out slowly across the nursery to frame her looking on. She has put her mane back in order, and they have been cleaned up.)

Pinkie: *(voice over, dictating)* "Dear Princess Celestia..."

(She backs out of the room and turns the lights off.)

Pinkie: (voice over) “I’ve always had fun playing with little kids—” (Cut to the foal-ravaged kitchen; she puts her head in.) “—and I thought babysitting meant just more playtime, right?” (Her face falls.) “Wro-ooong!”

(She trudges in, a bucket of water hanging from her tail; cut to a close-up of her, scrubbing a high chair. A kerchief is tied over her mane, and she has put on an apron.)

Pinkie: (voice over) “Being a caregiver is way more responsibility than just being a playmate.”

(She stops to wipe her forehead with a relieved sigh, having finished cleaning up this chair. However, her mood deflates when the camera zooms out to frame the second, still-filthy one standing alongside. Cut to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner; it is now nighttime, and Mr. and Mrs. Cake are on their way home, Mr. Cake pulling an empty cart.)

Pinkie: (voice over) “And today I learned that sometimes, our desire for responsibility can outrun our actual ability to handle it.”

(Close-up of the bell hanging above the entrance inside on the end of this. The front door opens, jingling it; tilt down to frame Mr. Cake looking in.)

Mr. Cake: (voice raised) Pinkie Pie! We’re back! (Mrs. Cake steps in.)

Mrs. Cake: (flinching a bit) How did everything go?

(Green and violet eyes go wide as she pulls in a shocked gasp; cut to their perspective, panning slowly across the shop floor. Every square inch of the place from floor to ceiling is spotless and sparkling. Back to the seriously bewildered couple.)

Mr. Cake: Are we in the right place?

Pinkie: (from o.s.) Shhh!

(Standing at the top of the stairs, she tosses them a knowing smile while glancing briefly over her shoulder. Cut to the twins, still sawing toothpicks in their shared crib, and tilt up slightly to frame the open nursery door. All three peek in around the frame and keep their voices slightly lowered throughout this scene.)

Mrs. Cake: (gasping) Pinkie! This is just...just...

Mr. Cake: ...amazing, is what it is! (All back off; cut to the hallway.) We had no idea how responsible you really are.

(A nod and smile pass between them, marking the idea that has struck both at once.)

Mr. Cake: Would you be interested in becoming our go-to babysitter on a permanent basis? (Pinkie gasps in full shock, then manages a smile.)

Pinkie: Hmm...uh...let me check my schedule. (She pulls out a notebook.) I should be available

a week from... (*panicked, dropping it*) ...never!

(*A contented double sigh draws her gaze back into the nursery so that she can see the toddlers, each of whom says one word in their sleep.*)

Pound: Pinkie...

Pumpkin: ...Pie.

(*Hearing her own name from the pair—perhaps the first words they have ever spoken—touches the soft spot that makes up most of her heart. A smile appears under two blue eyes that are slowly filling with tears, and she sighs happily.*)

Pinkie: (*turning to face the Cakes*) I have some free time next Tuesday.

(*Fade to black.*)