

## **ONE BAD APPLE**

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### **Prologue**

*(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the Sweet Apple Acres barn during the day. Zoom in slowly.)*

**Apple Bloom:** *(from inside, whining)* Awwwww...

*(Cut to a closed wardrobe inside, which shakes back and forth; the doors are briefly jarred open just far enough to reveal her within it.)*

**Bloom:** *(from inside wardrobe)* Awwwww... *(knocking doors open; articles of clothing fly out)*  
...oh, what to wear, what to wear?

*(She is wearing a white dress with a blue bow and matching trim—still on its hanger, which is in turn still hanging from the clothes bar. Running a quick eye over herself, she shakes out of it.)*

**Bloom:** *(racing o.s.)* Oh, what to wear? *(Pan to the door, which Applejack opens.)*

**Applejack:** *(as Bloom gallops back and forth, scattering clothes)* Scoot your boot, Apple Bloom! It's not like it's the Harvest Day Parade. We're just goin' to the train station.

*(A moan from the o.s. filly; cut to her standing on the room's four-poster bed, which is strewn and hung with outfits. Although this is her room, the walls have been painted the same shade of green as Applejack's, rather than the lighter shade seen in previous episodes. She has ended up in a sailor-style blouse trimmed in pink and red, and a pair of red shorts.)*

**Bloom:** Hmm...too casual.

*(She yanks down the overhead canopy with her teeth as if it were a window shade; when it snaps back up, she has on a blue sun visor, black sunglasses, and an inflated beach ball from which her head, legs, and tail protrude. A splotch of sunscreen covers her nose.)*

**Bloom:** Too summery.

*(Another yank, and she has shed this idiotic getup in favor of a pink/blue toboggan cap trimmed*

*in white fuzz. Applejack is now next to the bed, glaring at her, and sighs.)*

**Applejack:** Your cousin isn't gonna care what you're wearin'. Just pick somethin'!

*(Bloom yanks a white blanket off the bed and darts over to a mirror, wrapping the cloth around her body and shedding the cap.)*

**Bloom:** This is my first time meetin' her, and she's from Manehattan! *(A spin, and she now wears it as a hooded cloak with starry cat's-eye shades.)* I want to make a good impression.

**Applejack:** *(crossing room)* You know what would make a good impression?

**Bloom:** What?

**Applejack:** Bein' on time to pick her up!

*(She yanks Bloom away, the sunglasses falling, and ends up dragging a tangle of blanket and uneasy little sister toward the door.)*

**Bloom:** Uhhh...

*(Shaking free, she plunks on a hat lying nearby; cut to Applejack, who realizes that she has come loose in time with an o.s. moan. The accessory is flung into view, hitting her in the head, and is followed by other articles.)*

**Applejack:** *(shaking Bloom's hat off)* You got nothing to worry about, sugar cube. Y'all are gonna get along great. You already have somethin' in common.

*(Back to Bloom, who has wound up in a random conglomeration of clothing that makes absolutely no sense—least of all the snorkel tube in her mouth. It causes her next words to reverberate as they pass along its length.)*

**Bloom:** Oh, yeah? What's that?

**Applejack:** *(shaking pieces away)* Neither of you have your cutie mark.

*(Cut to an extreme close-up of the unadorned yellow haunch.)*

**Bloom:** *(from o.s.)* What?!? *(Zoom out to frame her; she throws off everything and gallops for the door.)* How could you forget to tell me somethin' like that?

**Applejack:** Well, I— *(Bloom, now outside, looks back in.)*

**Bloom:** Oh, this changes everything! *(Out she goes.)* Meet you at the train station! I gotta go tell Sweetie Belle and Scootaloo!

*(On the start of the next line, the camera cuts to a shot that frames the entire bedroom and the devastation that Bloom has wrought in search of the ideal outfit. Clothes and toys are scattered all over the place, one drawer has been yanked out of the dresser, and another hangs open.)*

**Applejack:** *(calling after her)* You know, your cousin is supposed to sleep in here!

*(A nightgown slides off the bed's canopy and rustles to the floor. Fade to black.)*

## OPENING THEME

### Act One

*(Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the Ponyville train station. All three of the Cutie Mark Crusaders are on the platform, laughing and jumping around an immobile Applejack, who is seen to be in a rather sour mood when the camera zooms in quickly on her. They calm down after a few seconds, Scootaloo's wings buzzing as she brings herself down for a soft landing.)*

**Scootaloo:** *(to Bloom)* You really think she'll want to join?

**Bloom:** She doesn't have her cutie mark. Of course she'll want to join the Cutie Mark Crusaders. *(Sweetie Belle slides over to them.)*

**Sweetie:** I'm just so excited I could burst!

*(This declaration is accompanied by a jump and a couple of sparks from her horn. The sound of an approaching train draws all four pairs of eyes down the track, and it soon rolls up.)*

**Bloom:** Is that the train from Manehattan?

**Applejack:** Yep.

*(Steam roils up as it brakes to a stop; cut to inside one car, framing the Crusaders through a window, as passengers begin to exit.)*

**Bloom:** That's her!... Uh, wait, no, no, that's not her... *(She zips to another window, near the conductor.)* Oh, wait! No, that—that-at's her! *(The others join her.)* Um, no, uh... *(Next she spots a cow.)* Oh, wait! Tha...that-that's...not her either, uh...

*(The blond workhorse, framed in the cow's window, faces them down testily.)*

**Applejack:** Apple Bloom... *(Cut to the platform.)* ...you've never met Babs Seed, remember?

**Bloom:** Oh... *(chuckling sheepishly)* ...yeah.

*(A cloud of steam hisses up at a distance behind the three fillies.)*

**Applejack:** Ah! *(Close-up of it, clearing to reveal an open door; she continues o.s.)* That's her.

*(Once the view has cleared, Babs Seed can be seen in full detail: dark tan earth pony filly, green eyes with birdcatcher spots similar to Applejack's, two-tone deep pink-striped mane/tail cut short so that the forelock partially covers one eye, no cutie mark. Her suitcase rests next to her, and she looks nervously around herself.)*

**Bloom:** *(from o.s.)* Babs! *(She zips up.)* Babs! *(Extreme close-up.)* It's me, your cousin Apple Bloom! *(Pan to each in turn; she continues o.s.)* And this is Sweetie Belle, and this is Scootaloo— *(Back to Babs, then all four as she finishes.)* —and we are so, so, so glad you're here!

*(By the end of this, the three have crowded themselves in so close that their eyeballs are practically touching hers. Once they back off, she recovers her composure and speaks with a thick Brooklyn accent.)*

**Babs:** Thanks. I'm happy to—

**Sweetie:** This is gonna be the best week of your life!

**Babs:** Sure hope it's gonna be—

**Scootaloo:** Seriously. *(Zoom out to frame Applejack, who gets the suitcase handle in her teeth.)* We are gonna have a blast!

*(The oldest pony chuckles to herself as she leads the group away and the train pulls out.)*

**Sweetie:** The Summer Harvest Parade is going on while you're here. We get to ride in a float!

**Babs:** Really? I've never been on a float before.

**Bloom:** And we've got a really big surprise for you! *(Scootaloo slips in behind Babs, ready to cover her eyes.)*

**Babs:** Yeah, uh...

*(Cut to her perspective on this line; the hooves come down to block her vision entirely and black out the screen.)*

**Babs:** ...a surprise?

**Voice of Bloom:** I give you...

*(Scootaloo pulls her hooves away, revealing that the scene has shifted to inside the Crusaders' clubhouse. She is standing in the doorway.)*

**Bloom:** *(as Scootaloo, Sweetie gallop to her)* ...the Cutie Mark Crusaders' clubhouse!

*(One rather perplexed filly runs an eye over the place, inside and out.)*

**Babs:** The Cutie Mark Crusaders?

**Scootaloo:** A club devoted to helping ponies get their cutie marks!

*(On the end of this, the three pivot to present their haunches as the camera zooms in and the light gleams off the hides. Babs' pupils widen to nearly fill her eye sockets in response, and her tail flicks forward to cover her own lack of a mark.)*

**Scootaloo:** We're its founding members. *(The three step apart.)*

**Sweetie:** Technically, we're its only members.

**Bloom:** But we're always lookin' to expand, and you seem like the perfect candidate.

**Babs:** (*nervously*) I do?

**Scotaloo:** (*trotting up, thumping her flank into Babs'*) Well, yeah, since you don't have a cutie mark and all.

(*Babs steps aside and covers her haunch again.*)

**Babs:** (*dejectedly*) Oh...yeah. (*She blows her forelock out of her eyes.*) That.

(*Cut to Bloom, crossing to her two fellow Crusaders, on the start of the next line.*)

**Bloom:** Allow me to show you just some of the highlights of our clubhouse, should you choose to join us.

(*A long beat of silence, after which she jabs a hoof impatiently toward the other two. They trade a puzzled look, Sweetie winks, and both dash away as Bloom gives a big placating smile and blush. Babs just stares ahead, thoroughly flummoxed; cut to Bloom's perspective of the other two, standing by a tacked-up page with drawings of the three fillies' faces. Bloom and Scotaloo are checked off, but Sweetie is not, and Scotaloo has a pencil in her mouth.*)

**Bloom:** (*pointing out area*) This is where we do our roll call...

**Sweetie:** (*raising a hoof*) Huh!

(*Scotaloo checks the empty spot, and both gallop to a table set with a plate, fork, glass, and pitcher full of flowers. The unicorn stands behind it as the pegasus gets an empty pitcher in her teeth and pretends to pour a beverage—still Bloom's perspective.*)

**Bloom:** (*pointing*) ...this is where we eat our lunch...

(*Sweetie mimes eating off the plate, and both ditch their gear with a grin and zip away. Cut to a bullseye target painted on the floor, directly under a lantern hanging from an open trapdoor. This is where Sweetie stops, and Bloom pops up into view to indicate the area.*)

**Bloom:** Sometimes we stand here and think of great ideas.

(*Illustrated by the curly-maned filly dropping to her haunches and rubbing her chin, deep in thought. Scotaloo reaches into view through the trapdoor and turns on the lantern, then pokes her head down as the latter smiles broadly. The demonstration ends with an enthusiastic gesture from Bloom, but Babs clearly does not share the mood.*)

**Babs:** Yeah, uh... (*Long silence.*)

**Bloom:** Uh, could you excuse us for a moment?

**Babs:** Sure. (*The Crusaders huddle up on the bullseye; cut to inside.*)

**Bloom:** Thought she'd be more impressed.

**Sweetie:** She's from Manehattan. If we want to impress her, we need to really wow her. (*All three glance toward Babs.*)

**Crusaders:** Hmmm... (*Scootaloo gasps and smiles; they huddle again. Cut to inside.*)

**Scootaloo:** The float! She can ride with us on our Summer Harvest Parade float!

**Bloom:** That's perfect! (*Huddle breaks; she points at the bullseye.*) This really is a good spot for thinkin' up great ideas.

**Scootaloo, Sweetie:** (*as all three nod*) Mmm-hmm!

(*Wipe to the exterior of the Sweet Apple Acres barn as all four fillies gallop toward the open main door, Babs hanging back a bit.*)

**Bloom:** Here it is!

(*Close-up of the laggard, now seen from just inside the door and peering about.*)

**Bloom:** (*from o.s.*) The official Cutie Mark Crusaders' float for the Summer Harvest Parade!

(*On the second half of this, cut to Babs' perspective as she enters the barn, where the Crusaders stand next to a giant pumpkin-shaped parade float. It sports three wheels, one up front and two in back; a side door; and a pumpkin-shaped front window for the driver.*)

**Scootaloo:** As a member of the Cutie Mark Crusaders, you'd be able to ride on it with us. (*rearing up briefly*) It'd be totally fun.

(*Cut back to Babs, who manages an uneasy little laugh before Diamond Tiara pokes her head into view around the doorframe.*)

**Diamond:** More like funny... (*Silver Spoon peeks in as well.*)

**Diamond, Silver:** ...looking!

(*Their mocking laughter has its usual effect of getting on the trio's nerves in a very big hurry. Pan from these three to Diamond and Silver, now walking up to the front end of the float, to the sound of the latter's disdainful scoff.*)

**Silver:** What is that thing? A giant orange? (*She and Diamond laugh.*)

**Bloom:** (*stroking bodywork, smiling*) It's a pumpkin.

(*That smile gives way to a scowl, and her words stop both snobs cold for a brief moment.*)

**Diamond:** More like a lame-kin.

(*Silver starts to laugh, but stops when a pink foreleg nudges her in the ribs.*)

**Diamond:** Who's the new blank flank?

*(Cut to Babs on the end of this and zoom in; she once again covers said feature, the accompanying pout giving way to a hard glare.)*

**Bloom:** *(crossing to Diamond, Silver)* She's my cousin, Babs. *(proudly)* She's from Manehattan.

**Diamond:** Manehattan, huh? Well... *(Cut to Babs; she continues o.s.)* ...I guess you have *that* going for you. *(Back to the pair and Bloom.)*

**Silver:** Suppose you're gonna join their little club...what's it called? *(scoffing, as Bloom slouches away)* The Cutie Mark Crusaders?

*(She and her fellow elitist aim knowing, expectant smiles across the barn. Cut to Babs, whose eyes flick from side to side and harden again, then to the Crusaders and pan over to their two tormentors. The three stare daggers at the smug pair, who turn their attention toward the o.s. Babs after a moment. Back to her, zooming in slowly; she blows her forelock out of her eyes and lowers her brows over a nasty smile.)*

**Babs:** *(walking into barn)* More like the Cutie Mark Crybabies! *(Overhead shot; she is crossing to Diamond and Silver with a chuckle.)*

**Bloom:** Hey!

**Diamond:** Ooooh! *(chuckling)* Big-city attitude. I like it.

**Silver:** *(nodding)* Mmm-hmm!

**Babs:** *(walking to float)* Oh, yeah? Well, there's more where that came from. *(She reaches its front wheel.)* Check this out.

*(One good kick knocks it off the frame and gets the Crusaders plenty riled up.)*

**Scootaloo:** Oh, no, she didn't!

*(Laughter from the opposition; cut to them as the frame begins to creak, then back to the front end and zoom out. The struts to which the wheel had been attached start to bend under the float's weight, and as soon as they break, the entire rig starts rolling toward Babs. It barely misses her, and the camera cuts to outside the barn as it bounces out the door and down the nearest hill, shedding pieces as it goes. Inside, the Crusaders race up to the door and can only watch the bouncing float's departure helplessly. It drops out of sight over a hilltop, and a final crash and cloud of dust mark its instant conversion to scrap wood. A gasp of fake shock from the o.s. Babs gets their attention; cut to her, Diamond, and Silver on the start of the next line.)*

**Babs:** Looks like somepony's pumpkin just got squashed. *(The other two snicker at this crack.)*

**Bloom:** When I tell Applejack— *(Babs backs her up, causing her bow to droop.)*

**Babs:** You gonna tell Applejack what?

**Bloom:** *(nervously)* Uh, well, you know, uh...

**Babs:** What are you, a snitch?

**Diamond:** *(as she, Silver, Babs head out)* Come on, Babs. You should hang with us—you know, the cool ponies, not these babies.

*(The two cousins trade a look—one of hurt and rejection, the other of sullen glee—and Bloom*

*turns to her friends. Her bow is upright again.)*

**Bloom:** What...just...happened?

**Scootaloo:** I think Babs just went to the dark side.

**Sweetie:** We have to tell Applejack!

**Bloom:** No! We're not snitches!

**Scootaloo:** Yeah, and we're not babies!

*(She drops to her haunches, forelegs crossed angrily, and Bloom's bow sags. Zoom out slowly.)*

**Sweetie:** *(voice ragged)* Then why do I feel like crying?

*(Fade to black.)*

## Act Two

*(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the clubhouse, then cut to the Crusaders inside. Bloom stands sulking, Scootaloo paces the floor, and Sweetie has perched atop a table on her haunches, head cradled in front hooves. Bloom's bow has recovered its normal shape.)*

**Scootaloo:** I still can't believe she ruined our pumpkin float!

**Bloom:** I still can't believe I'm related to such a big stinkin' bully!

**Sweetie:** *(sighing)* What are we gonna do? *(Sudden smile from Bloom; zoom in on her.)*

**Bloom:** We're gonna build a new float, that's what!

**Scootaloo:** *(resignedly)* Why bother? *(Bloom deflates again...)* She'll probably just ruin that one too. *(...and moans, her bow drooping; Sweetie pops up behind her.)*

**Sweetie:** We could always tell Applejack.

*(A thought balloon pops up above the others' heads, showing Babs in the barn.)*

**Babs:** *(memory)* What are you, a snitch? *(Balloon pops; bow snaps up.)*

**Bloom, Scootaloo:** NO! *(Sweetie groans to herself.)*

**Bloom:** *(pacing, as Scootaloo nods)* We're not gonna be a bunch of tattletales!

*(Cut to just outside the window.)*

**Bloom:** *(from inside)* Besides... *(She looks out.)* ...she's only here a couple of weeks.

*(Back she goes, pulling the shutters closed; pan to the open door, where she appears next.)*

**Bloom:** We'll just...avoid her like the plague until she goes home.

*(Slam; cut to the three sitting on their haunches inside, the light having dimmed noticeably.)*

**Scootaloo:** Avoid her. Yeah. How hard can that be?

*(“Iris in” to the exterior of the clubhouse at sunrise of the following day. The door opens so their silhouettes can peek out and sneak down the ramp.)*

***Light, peppy guitar rock, fast 4 (E flat major)***

**Crusaders:** Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

*(They slink toward Sugarcube Corner; cut to a table inside as they pop up at it, in normal light.)*

**Crusaders:** Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

*(An ice cream soda is slung up for each; Scootaloo and Sweetie dig in as Babs briefly peeks in through the window behind them.)*

**Bloom:** First we thought that Babs was so really, really sweet  
*(She gets a cherry tossed onto hers.)*

A new friend to have, and it seemed like such a treat  
*(Door thrown open; all look toward it and the camera cuts to the just-arrived Babs. She blows her mane aside and walks in, smirking, as Diamond and Silver sneer after her.)*

**Scootaloo:** But then we found the truth, she’s just a bully from the east  
*(Babs jumps to the table and spins it, flinging the Crusaders away but leaving their sodas intact.)*  
She went from Babs, yeah, to a bully and a beast

*(The second trio takes over drinking the sodas as the first slouches out, the camera panning past the wall of Sugarcube Corner to reveal that Babs is now in front of the steps. She is chewing an apple, whose seeds she spits toward the camera in close-up.)*

**Bloom:** Everywhere we turn, she’s just a step ahead

*(One seed backs up from the camera to become part of a pattern of alternating, staggered rows of light and dark ones. As the seeds repeatedly peel themselves to switch colors, the Crusaders gallop toward the camera and stop.)*

**Crusaders:** Babs Seed, Babs Seed, what are we gonna do?  
*(Checkerboard two-color pattern, with a seed in each square; it splits horizontally and slides apart to reveal Babs chasing the trio. When the halves come back together, the four heads pop up at the bottom edge, with Babs smirking at the others to scare them off.)*

Got a bully on our tail, gotta hide, we gotta bail  
*(The checkerboard splits and slides away to yield the peeling-seed pattern again as the Crusaders gallop up.)*

Babs Seed, Babs Seed, if she’s after you  
*(Checkerboard again, splitting to reveal the chase; this time, though, the entire rig turns 90 degrees as if it were two ledges. The Crusaders drop off the leading “edge,” and the pieces join*

*up again as Babs fades away.)*

Gotta run, we gotta flee, gotta hurry, don't you see?

*(The screen splits into three vertical panels, the colors changing to show pastel pink, blue, and yellow from L to R. Scootaloo, then Sweetie, then Bloom fall into view—L, R, C respectively—and are left disoriented and out of sorts.)*

**Crusaders:** Babs Seed, Babs Seed, she's just a bad, bad seed

*(In time with the last three words, they are hit with food items in the same order—a tomato for Scootaloo, an ice cream soda for Sweetie, both for Bloom. The entire view slides down to expose Babs, Diamond, and Silver against a light green field; the last two laugh themselves stupid as the first toys with a tomato and drinks the Crusaders' third, un-thrown soda. Zoom in quickly to an extreme close-up of one eye, whose pupil highlight peels like one of the seeds seen earlier.)*

**Crusaders:** Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

*(The view splits vertically and slides apart to expose a curtained doorway in a darkened room; Bloom, Sweetie, and Scootaloo put their heads through in time.)*

**Crusaders:** Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

*(Zoom out quickly; this is a movie theater, and they move about in the nearly-empty seats.)*

**Bloom:** Hiding from a bully, we know it isn't right

*(They end up together near the front and shake their heads.)*

But the Cutie Mark Crusaders, we aren't looking for a fight

*(On screen, an old-style snack ad runs: food items parade past a smiling film reel.)*

**Scootaloo:** Oh, she'll go home soon, and then we'll have some peace again

*(Babs' image appears on screen, yanking the film stock backward, then grabbing up the snacks and leaning out to scare them into a retreat.)*

But for now, we're staying out of her way 'til then

*(They find her drinking a very unhappy soda at the theater exit.)*

**Bloom:** Everywhere we turn, she's just a step ahead

*(Zoom in quickly on its face, after which the sequence seen on the first repetition of the next four lines plays out again.)*

**Crusaders:** Babs Seed, Babs Seed, what are we gonna do?

Got a bully on our tail, gotta hide, we gotta bail

Babs Seed, Babs Seed, if she's after you

Gotta run, we gotta flee, gotta hurry, don't you see?

*(The pastel pink/blue/yellow three-way split occurs, then slides right until the pink portion is at screen right. Scootaloo appears here; the rest of the screen is filled with an image of the Crusaders hunched over a book in the library.)*

**Crusaders:** Why so mean? *(Babs blows dust off another one at them.)* Why so crude?  
*(The assembly slides left to put Sweetie at the left one-third; now the action has shifted to the Carousel Boutique. The three peek out from a dress rack, in pig costumes; Babs, as a wolf, roars in at them.)*

Why so angry? Why so rude?

*(Her panel slides back to the right and those for the other two resume their old positions.)*

Can't you be nice? Can't we be friends?

*(Babs saunters across, using a pencil in her teeth to draw mustaches on all three and a beard on Bloom to boot.)*

Isn't it sad? Is this how it all ends?

*(Zoom out through a window to show all three bullies on the other side; Diamond and Silver laugh it up as Babs smirks around her pencil. Now the Crusaders—without their added facial hair—gallop against the peeling-seed background, followed by Babs jumping into a puddle on the Sweet Apple Acres grounds to splatter them.)*

**Crusaders:** Babs Seed, Babs Seed, she's just a bad, bad  
*(More galloping; now she shakes a tree, sending apples out at them.)*

Babs Seed, Babs Seed, she's just a bad, bad

*(Dried off, they lose a step; outside the barn, they skid on thrown banana peels and through the door.)*

Babs Seed, Babs Seed

**Scootaloo:** She's just a bad, bad seed

*(Crash; the door swings shut.)*

### ***Song ends with a stinger***

*(Pan slightly to frame the merciless triumvirate, the bunch of bananas in Babs' teeth marking her as the thrower. "Iris in" to three very glum Crusaders walking a path through the orchards.)*

**Bloom:** Babs may have run us outta town... *(Overhead view, the corner of the clubhouse platform rail just in view.)* ...but at least we still have the club...

*(Zoom out; their nemesis is lounging up here. Six eyes pop.)*

**Babs:** Hey! What are you doin' at my clubhouse?

**Scootaloo:** Y...y... *(hovering briefly)* Your clubhouse?!? This is our clubhouse!

*(Back to Babs on the end of this; she blows her forelock from her eyes.)*

**Babs:** Well, it was yours, and now it's mine. *(Silver steps up from one side.)*

**Silver:** And mine. *(Diamond from the other.)*

**Diamond:** And mine!

**Bloom:** That's not fair, Babs! We never did anything to you!

**Babs:** And let's keep it that way. Now scram, crybabies!

*(On the end of this line she collapses the support under the lower section of the ramp and hauls in the rope tied to the upper, flipping it up like a drawbridge.)*

**Babs, Diamond, Silver:** Bump, bump, sugar lump rump!

*(Accompanied by a modified version of the Diamond/Silver routine from "Call of the Cutie." First "bump": all raise a foreleg and touch hooves. Second: touch them low. "Sugar lump": the three knees tap together. "Rump": as Diamond and Silver pivot to present their haunches, she does the same a moment later but flicks her tail down to hide the blank spot. All three laugh and enter the clubhouse, leaving three dumbstruck former tenants staring up after them. Sweetie is the first to start losing her grip on her composure. The other two recoil away from her, seeing her wet eyes, and get an umbrella deployed an instant before she cuts loose with two Pinkie Pie-caliber gushers of tears.)*

*(Dissolve to a long shot of a few houses and a windmill on the shore of a lake. One of them has a small dock in front, on which Rarity's father—flowered shirt, straw hat, and all, as seen in "Sisterhooves Social"—is setting up to do a little fishing. This, then, is her parents' house. Zoom in on it and dissolve to a bedroom inside: walls decorated with hearts, swirls, and hung pictures; big flower-shaped rug; toybox and dresser in one corner; bed with pink blanket and matching heart-covered pillow; nightstand alongside. Sweetie's presence on the bed marks this room as hers; she lies on her belly, still sobbing, as Bloom paces in the foreground.)*

**Bloom:** That Babs has really gone too far this time! *(Scootaloo pops up by the nightstand.)*

**Scootaloo:** Kicked out of our own clubhouse!

**Bloom:** And my own bed!

**Scootaloo:** *(gasping)* Seriously? *(Bloom hunkers miserably on the floor.)*

**Bloom:** Super-seriously. *(Sweetie sits up.)*

**Sweetie:** We need to talk to Applejack.

*(The other two conjure up a quick mental picture of Babs, who looks ready to get medieval on them, and let it pop.)*

**Bloom, Scootaloo:** NO!

**Sweetie:** Rarity? *(The others lean into her face.)*

**Bloom, Scootaloo:** NO! *(She thinks for a second.)*

**Sweetie:** Twilight?

**Bloom:** No, no, no! *(moving to bed footboard)* We need to fight back!

**Scootaloo:** *(jumping, landing in fighting pose)* Yeah! Fight back!

*(Cut to just outside the window, framing Bloom as she looks out; Scootaloo pops up next to her.)*

**Scootaloo:** How are we gonna do that?

*(Zoom out quickly to the strains of Pinkie's parasprite-removing polka tune, as heard in "Swarm of the Century." In a street near the lake, ponies are hard at work on preparations for the Summer Harvest Parade; a couple are touching up or moving produce-shaped floats, while others string up a similarly decorated banner. Cut back to the room; Bloom gasps softly.)*

**Bloom:** By makin' her the guest of honor at the Summer Harvest Parade! *(Scootaloo gasps and jumps on the mattress. The music fades away.)*

**Scootaloo:** Yeah! *(puzzled)* Wait. What?

*(The yellow filly chuckles devilishly and rubs her front hooves together before answering.)*

**Bloom:** *(poking Scootaloo)* When you look up "embarrassed" in the dictionary... *(Big gasp; cut to outside and tilt down. She is heard from within.)* ...her face will be there!

*(The camera comes to rest on the mud that covers part of the lake shore and is providing a good wallow for a couple of pigs. Dissolve to the exterior of the Sweet Apple Acres barn that night and zoom in slowly to the sound of quiet snoring. The next cut reveals the source: Babs, sound asleep in Bloom's bed—and a zoom out frames one angry young filly wide awake on the floor, lying on a pile of hay and covering herself with newspapers. She fumes silently before the next voice shakes her back to herself.)*

**Sweetie:** *(from outside)* Moo! *(Outside; Bloom looks out her window. A cow stands in the yard.)*

**Scootaloo:** *(from o.s.)* Moo! *(Close-up of the hay-chewing bovine.)*

**Sweetie:** *(from o.s.)* Moo!

*(The cow aims a confused look toward the camera. Zoom out to just inside Bloom's window; now the other two are seen standing at a distance, buckets and saddlebags at the ready.)*

**Sweetie:** Moo!

*(She waves, and Bloom returns the gesture and whisks back into the room. A moment later, she has her own bags on her back and is easing past the bed, the handle of a lit lantern gripped in her teeth. Babs' sleepy yawn and stretch freeze her for a tense moment, but the bully settles back into slumber and she gets moving again. Cut to the darkened interior of the barn; the door slides open to admit the Crusaders, and in close-up, Bloom hangs her lantern on a peg to illuminate the area. As she climbs down, the camera zooms out to frame all three and the partly completed framework for a new float. Sweetie pulls off her saddlebags, stuffed with rolls of material; close-up of one of these on the ground as she unrolls it.)*

**Bloom:** *(from o.s.)* Are those from the Carousel Boutique? *(Back to the pair.)*

**Sweetie:** Yep. *(She kicks another roll.)*

**Bloom:** Excellent.

*(Here comes Scootaloo, who blows a hoof-load of golden powder into the air so that it fills the screen. Bloom backs up from the cloud, which dissipates to reveal that the young unicorn has acquired a glittering layer of the stuff from hoof to tail.)*

**Sweetie:** Ooh! *(She strikes a couple of poses.)*

**Scootaloo:** Luster dust from Sugarcube Corner. They use it for decorating cakes.

**Sweetie:** That must be what Rarity uses on her emergency edible boots!

*(Close-up of the patch of ground between them; a few gears and components are dropped.)*

**Scootaloo:** *(from o.s.)* The gears and bands for the moving mechanism... *(Cut to Bloom and Sweetie.)* ...my tools and stuff... *(She leans over to Bloom.)* ...did you bring the thing from the place?

*(The earth pony digs in her bags and produces a kitchen timer shaped like an apple half; holding it by the stem in her teeth, she deposits it on Scootaloo's upraised hoof.)*

**Sweetie:** *(from o.s.)* What's that?

**Bloom:** Granny Smith's kitchen timer. *(Cut to Sweetie.)*

**Sweetie:** What's that for? *(Scootaloo holds it up in her face.)*

**Scootaloo:** *(knowingly)* You'll see.

*(She carries it past the gilded filly, followed by Bloom as both voice a wicked little laugh.)*

**Bloom:** Come on, y'all. Let's get to it. *(Cut to all three; zoom out slowly as she indicates the framework.)* We only got a few hours before mornin', and this thing has to look so good, Babs won't be able to resist wantin' to ride in it!

*(Wipe to Scootaloo as she nudges a couple of boards to lie flat on a low square frame, making a platform, then cut to a close-up of a loose board end being nudged into place and nailed down by Bloom. Sweetie, armed with scissors, cuts a long strip off one of the fabric rolls she brought in, and the hammer in Bloom's teeth comes into play to secure a wooden frame member. She drops it and hustles out of the way just before a broad swath of fabric is laid down over the surface and smoothed down with a long-handled brush. A wrench tightens a nut; now the grease-stained rear half of Scootaloo's body can be seen protruding from underneath the float, supported by a mechanic's dolly. She rolls herself out, wrench in teeth, and gets upright to find a dark gray mark shaped like that tool on her haunch. The violet eyes narrow in smug victory as Bloom and Sweetie lean in for a closer look, but Bloom runs a hoof over the area and smears the mark—only a grease spot. Scootaloo grimaces around the wrench handle.)*

*(Sweetie gets into the act, dipping a paintbrush into a bucket of the golden luster dust and*

*liberally covering the fabric outer skin as sparkling clouds fill the screen. When the haze clears, the view has shifted to Scootaloo in the cabin, lying face-up on the platform she built at the start of this sequence. A steering wheel has been fitted up under the driver's window, with a band running from its shaft to the borrowed kitchen timer mounted nearby. The mechanically inclined pegasus makes a few adjustments as her two co-conspirators look on from the side door. Behind them, the light coming in through the open barn door indicates that sunrise has come, and Sweetie yawns expansively. The next four lines betray the extreme weariness that has set in after this all-night build session.)*

**Sweetie:** Is this it? *(Cut to outside the float; Scootaloo climbs out.)*

**Scootaloo:** I think...we're a go. *(Another yawn from Sweetie; Bloom rubs her eyes.)*

**Sweetie:** Good, 'cause we better get outta here before Babs finds us.

*(Cut to a point over their heads; three hooves—one yellow, one gold, one orange and grease-soiled—reach unsteadily up into view.)*

**Crusaders:** *(from o.s.)* Cutie Mark Crusaders... *(Three-way high five.)* ...ho!

*(Dissolve to the banner-marked street later that day, with ponies lined up along both sides to watch the big parade. Pinkie's polka starts up afresh as a mare with a tray of steaming hot baked goods walks across.)*

**Vendor:** Hot carrot crepes! Get 'em here, get 'em hot!

*(On the second half of this line, pan to bring Twilight Sparkle, all her friends, and Spike into view along the route. Spike is first to get a snootful of the aroma and be drawn up into the air, dropping the pennant he holds, but Pinkie quickly flails a hoof to dissipate the vaporous link. As he hits the ground face first, she sticks her tongue out at him and lets herself be pulled along instead. However, he gets to his feet, licks his chops, and scrambles after her, prompting a smile from Twilight. She shades her eyes with a hoof as Rarity leans up beside her, squinting through opera glasses; quick pan from them to a few floats—tomato and cucumber being most prominent—set up farther back along the street.)*

*(Cut to a close-up of this staging ground, where other contraptions are getting a final once-over: tomato, cucumber, lettuce, squash, zucchini. Diamond, Silver, and Babs saunter up, the out-of-towner blowing her mane aside, but stop short just before the camera cuts to a gleaming golden-apple float tended by Bloom and Sweetie. The little unicorn has washed off her coating of luster dust; when Scootaloo appears next, she will be clean of the grease she picked up during the night. Instead of a single front wheel, this rig has a pair of them.)*

**Babs:** *(from o.s., awed)* Whoa...

**Sweetie:** Isn't it smashing? *(The door opens; Scootaloo peeks out, and she and Bloom glare at Sweetie.)* No! I-I didn't mean "smash"! I mean...isn't it a hit?...No!

*(Cut to the taunting trio; Diamond and Silver get bored and walk off during the following.)*

**Sweetie:** *(from o.s.)* No! Hit, no! No hitting! I-I meant... *(Scootaloo leans into Babs' face.)*

**Scootaloo:** Well, don't even think about riding it, Babs.

*(She throws a wink to the other two; Bloom catches on first and nudges the still-uncomprehending Sweetie in the ribs. One loud grunt and one gesture from the yellow filly later, the unicorn finally gets the idea and leaps into the float to flip a switch on the dashboard. A ratchet is lifted off a gear, allowing it to turn a system of gears and pulleys. Zoom in on a deviously grinning Sweetie as she flicks the leaf on the kitchen timer's stem to start it ticking down from 60. Outside, Bloom tugs a mattress into position behind one rear wheel and gets a nod from Sweetie; both then wink to Scootaloo.)*

**Scootaloo:** *(to Babs, poking her)* You had your chance.

*(She gallops toward the float as her target glances ahead along the parade route, getting a double eye roll and grimace from Diamond and Silver as if to say, "Get on with it!" Meanwhile, Scootaloo opens the door on the Crusaders' float so Bloom and Sweetie can head in, but Babs gets her hooves in gear and knocks all three backward. They land neatly on the mattress; a moment later she is inside.)*

**Babs:** See you later, Cutie Mark Crybabies! *(She pulls the door shut.)*

**Bloom:** *(softly, to Sweetie)* The timer set?

*(All three grin and wink as the float starts to roll, then stand up one by one and shake a hoof after her on the next line—Sweetie, then Scootaloo, then Bloom.)*

**Sweetie:** Teach her to fool with the Cutie Mark Crusaders! *(Zoom out; Applejack now stands behind them, holding three balloons.)*

**Applejack:** Y'all are lettin' Babs ride in your golden apple float?

**Bloom:** *(mock innocence)* Yeah. We thought she deserved to be the...center of attention. *(The Crusaders chuckle evilly; Applejack voices a happy little sigh.)*

**Applejack:** Well, that's just super-sweet of y'all—makin' Babs feel so special, you know, after all the heartache she's been havin' in Manehattan.

*(On the end of this, cut to the trio, rubbing their hooves together gleefully. When the full meaning of her words sinks in, their eyes pop and the gloating stops in a hurry. Bloom is first to recover, turning to her big sister.)*

**Bloom:** Heartache? *(Pinkie rolls past behind them in the lettuce float.)*

**Applejack:** Well, I didn't say nothin' 'cause I didn't want her to feel singled out... *(poking Bloom)* ...but there's been some bullies back in Manehattan just been teasin' her to pieces for her blank flank. *(Scootaloo whips around next to Bloom and stares up at Applejack.)*

**Bloom:** T-T-Teased? *(Sweetie does likewise.)*

**Sweetie:** B-B-Bullies? *(All three hunker down sadly.)*

**Applejack:** Yep. *(giving each one a balloon)* She came up to the farm to get away from all her

problems back home. (*Happy little grin and sigh.*) I'm so proud of y'all. (*trotting off*) You done a good deed.

(*The balloons deflate and they move in for a huddle.*)

**Scootaloo:** So *that's* why she jumped in when Diamond Tiara and Silver Spoon started giving us a hard time.

**Bloom:** She didn't want to be bullied like at home— (*grabbing Scootaloo's cheeks*) so she decided to *be* a bully instead! (*All look out with a grimace; cut to the rolling floats.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s.*) And now we've turned into bullies too!

(*Cut to an overhead view of the banner as the gilded vehicle rolls underneath it, then move quickly back up the street to stop on the Crusaders.*)

**Crusaders:** WHAT DO WE DO?!?

(*Snap to black.*)

### Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the golden apple float, seen from above and behind the mass of cheering parade spectators. Babs is in the driver's seat, and Silver waves before she and Diamond hurry forward to walk alongside.*)

**Diamond:** Nice float, Babs!

**Babs:** Snagged it from those whiny baby blank flanks.

**Diamond:** Too cool for mule, Babs!

(*A sunglasses-wearing mule in the crowd brays unhappily at this crack, just before three panicked Crusaders gallop past him and into the street.*)

**Bloom:** We gotta stop that float!

(*Quick pan to the cabin; Babs stands on the driver's platform to steer, paying no mind to the ticking timer. The cucumber float rumbles ahead, followed by a unicorn stallion who pounds the bass drum around his neck with two levitated mallets. He passes Twilight and company, followed by an earth pony whose blaring trumpet makes it nearly impossible to hear Bloom's next words, directed toward Applejack as she stands with the other five mares. Pinkie is not among them, since she is driving her lettuce float.*)

**Bloom:** Applejack, quick! You have to—

**Applejack:** Huh? (*A cymbal-clashing mare hops past, then Berry Punch on tuba.*)

**Bloom:** Quick! You have to help us—

**Applejack:** What?

**Bloom:** We booby-trapped it!

*(These last words come through loud and clear because all of the musicians have passed this point. Dead silence reigns until Scootaloo finds her tongue.)*

**Scootaloo:** *(trotting frantically in place)* Babs, bully, payback! *(as Crusaders gallop ahead of Pinkie's float)* No time to explain! We just gotta get Babs out of that float!

*(As Babs drives on and waves smugly, the timer keeps doing its thing. The three panicked fillies pull up short behind the zucchini float, then detour sharply into the crowd. Zoom in to a close-up of these spectators and pan slowly along the block, with wincing, glares, and knocked-over items marking their bulldozing low-altitude advance.)*

**Mares:** Ugh!...My popcorn!

**Bloom:** *(from o.s.)* Sorry!

**Scootaloo:** *(from o.s.)* 'Scuse me! *(Cut to them, pushing through the forest of legs.)* 'Scuse me...ugh, whoops!

*[Animation goof: Bloom's mouth moves on the start of the second "'scuse me.']*

*(They break through to clear space.)*

**Bloom:** Whoaaa!

**Mare:** *(from o.s., over previous)* You tripped me!

*(A look ahead informs them that the float is about to reach the end of the street, and a quick zoom in past it shows a hay-bale-lined path that continues on past this point until it turns to parallel the lake shore. The next shot frames the mud that lines the base of a ridge overlooking the water, not far from where Rarity's parents have their house. Tilt up to show that the path briefly runs along this ridge, then doubles back. As the golden apple chugs off the paved road, the Crusaders stare after it in horror and Pinkie's overgrown head of lettuce rolls by. Twelve short legs instantly kick up to fifth gear so they can catch up.)*

**Scootaloo:** Pinkie Pie! Let us in! *(Pinkie thinks for a second, then laughs.)*

**Pinkie:** Funny joke!

**Bloom:** No, really! *(over-enunciating)* Let us in!

**Pinkie:** Ohhh!

*(She mis-heard the first "let us" as "lettuce," but she opens the door and drops a rope ladder.)*

**Pinkie:** Here!

*(Cut to just inside the door; Scootaloo hauls herself up and looks around, dumbfounded. The camera shifts to Pinkie at the rear of the cabin, lounging on a couch and reading a magazine, and pans to the unmanned steering wheel. Zoom in on this; Scootaloo zips up to it and takes the*

*helm, slamming a hoof on one of the pedals. Outside in the street, the float begins to accelerate and weave past the other rolling produce, with Bloom and Sweetie hanging on to the doorframe for dear life. Inside, they step in alongside Scootaloo as a couple of ponies dive for cover; soon they are closing in on their own creation. Cut to a head-on view of both, now side by side.)*

**Bloom:** Babs! You've gotta get out of that float!

**Babs:** You're not gettin' your float back, crybabies!

**Sweetie:** But it's booby-trap—

*(Babs rams them, sending them toward the hay bales. Pinkie pops up among the Crusaders.)*

**Pinkie:** Veggie salad!

**Crusaders:** Huh?

**Pinkie:** *(as float rolls over bales and o.s.)* VEGGIE SALAD!!

*(Comes now a camera-shaking crash, as well as a huge cloud of dust that fills the screen. It clears to reveal a pile of lettuce leaves and loose wheels at the bottom of the ridge; three Crusaders and one Pinkie shove their heads up from the wreck.)*

**Pinkie:** *(pointing to lettuce)* Veggie salad.

*(And she gleefully starts chomping it down, leaving three fillies to stare in hopeless confusion.)*

**Bloom:** Seriously?

*(They bail out; cut to the path as the gilded fruit races along, with them in hot pursuit.)*

**Pinkie:** *(from o.s.)* Hey! Don't leave me!

*(Cut to her and zoom out slowly; she thinks hard, then jumps up with an attack of the giggles.)*

**Pinkie:** "Leaf" me!

*(Babs zooms along toward the ridge as the timer ticks into its final seconds and the Crusaders gallop like sixty. When the thing hits zero and starts to ring, the accompanying vibrations cause the pulley on which it is mounted to start turning. Looped around this is a rope that also encircles the steering wheel's shaft; the wheel yanks itself out of Babs' grip.)*

**Babs:** What the—? *(One rear wheel grazes a hay bale.)*

**Bloom:** BAIL!!

*(Back to her on this; she tries to get control and fails, the float going onto the incline.)*

**Bloom:** BAIL!!

*(With the craft and its pilot now totally at the mercy of gravity, the Crusaders finally pull even with the open door and leap in. Scootaloo broadsides Babs hard enough to propel her through the opposite wall and into the dirt. Bloom is first to aim her terror-stricken eyes ahead.)*

**Bloom:** OH, SWEET APPLESAUCE!!

*(On this line, cut briefly to her perspective of the steep drop, then back to her as Scootaloo and Sweetie peek out as well. The majestic golden float crashes into the mud at long last and slowly begins to sink, while a happy porker gives it an enthusiastic lick. One by one, the mud-splotted fillies drag themselves onto solid ground and flop down with assorted groans of pain.)*

**Bloom:** *(as a pig licks at Scootaloo)* Maybe we'll get our cutie marks in "stupidest ideas of all time."

*(The click and flash of an o.s. camera surprises them; cut to the source—Shady Daze, the light blue-gray earth pony colt who became the new photographer for the Foal Free Press at the end of "Ponyville Confidential." He is up on the ridge, and Twilight, Applejack, Rainbow Dash, and Rarity hurry up alongside him.)*

**Applejack:** *(calling down)* Are y'all okay? *(She comes down to them.)*

**Sweetie:** Yeah, we're fine.

**Scootaloo:** No sweat. *(Bloom claps a hoof to her ear to knock out water; Babs descends.)*

**Babs:** *(disbelievingly)* After I'd been so mean to you...you saved me!

**Bloom:** *(sighing)* About that...

*(Dissolve to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres.)*

**Babs:** *(voice over)* I don't get it! I saw it all happen!

*(Cut to Bloom and Sweetie scrubbing up in a large washtub, with her standing nearby.)*

**Babs:** You pushed me out just when the float was about to head into the lake! *(Scootaloo's head emerges from the suds.)*

**Scootaloo:** *(as Applejack brings towels in her teeth)* Except we were the reason it was headed into the lake. *(Nearly inaudible chuckle.)*

**Sweetie:** We booby-trapped the float. *(Bloom gets out, towel on back, to address Babs.)*

**Bloom:** You see, Babs, we were tryin' to get you back for bein' a big bully. *(Now Scootaloo is out; Applejack brings her a towel.)*

**Scootaloo:** But then Applejack told us about how you were being bullied back in Manehattan.

*(During this line, cut to Bloom and a now-contrite Babs, who once again flicks her tail forward to cover her lack of a cutie mark. The camera then shifts back to the tub; Scootaloo's towel is now over her back as well.)*

**Sweetie:** And we figured out you were just doing it to avoid getting picked on in Ponyville. But

by then, *we* were the ones being bullies...and... (*hooves to head, splashing angrily*) ...oh, why does life have to be so ironic?!

**Bloom:** Guess what we're tryin' to say is... (*Now Sweetie is out of the tub too, with a towel; all three are dry.*)

**Crusaders:** ...we're sorry. (*Close-up: Babs blows her forelock aside.*)

**Babs:** I'm sorry too. (*Applejack trots over with a relieved sigh. The towels are now gone.*)

**Applejack:** You know, this all coulda been avoided if y'all just came to me in the very beginnin'.

**Sweetie:** That's what *I* kept on saying!

(*Her two friends trade a chastised look, having just realized the part they played in escalating the situation. Zoom out slightly as Babs leans toward the group.*)

**Babs:** So...can we...start over? (*Bloom rests a foreleg on her shoulder.*)

**Bloom:** Definitely.

**Scootaloo:** (*raising a foreleg*) Yeah!

(*A white and a yellow one clap against it, their owners look to Babs with a smile and nod, and she turns it into a four-way high five. Dissolve to the open door of the clubhouse, seen from outside, and zoom in on the group within. The Crusaders are at the far end of the room—Sweetie behind a lectern, Scootaloo ominously pounding on a pair of timpani to her left, Bloom standing to her right. All three are wearing the capes Sweetie made for them in “Stare Master,” and a banner is strung above them, in the same color and with the same rearing-filly patch. Babs stands in the center of the floor facing them. Scootaloo grins madly and bangs out a few bars of a fast swing rhythm, causing the whole room to shake and unnerving the other three, then strikes one last note before Sweetie begins to read from a parchment.*)

**Sweetie:** “We, the Cutie Mark Crusaders, elect Babs Seed to join us as a sister—”

(*During this line, cut briefly to Babs, who smiles gratefully. Next, as Sweetie continues, she reels more and more of the page over the front edge of her lectern—and there is quite a bit of it. Bloom and Scootaloo start to lose their patience in the process.*)

**Sweetie:** “—friend, confi-daynte, alley, boss-um buddy, gal pal, compader, chum of chums...”

(*The corrections to her mangled pronunciation: “confidante,” “ally,” “bosom buddy,” “compadre.” Scootaloo clears her throat loudly; the unicorn addresses her.*)

**Sweetie:** Well, you wrote this!

**Scootaloo:** (*sheepishly*) Oh. (*Laugh.*) Yeah.

(*Cut to Bloom, who watches the still-unrolling parchment with trepidation.*)

**Sweetie:** (*from o.s., reading again*) “...homegirl, amiga...” (*Back to her, now cranking quickly ahead.*) ...blah-blah-blah-blah-blah. (*Stop.*) Oh, yes, here. “...and fellow Cutie Mark Crusader!”

*(Back to Babs on the end of this, now having added a blush to her smile, then cut to frame all four and zoom out slowly.)*

**Sweetie:** “You are solemnly sworn in here this day, in witness of your fellow sisters...” *(reeling out parchment)* “...friends, confidantes, boss-um buddies, compadres—”

*(Note that she only slips up on “bosom buddies” this time. Scootaloo cuts her off by leaning over the lectern and shoving the parchment down.)*

**Scootaloo:** Congratulations! *(pushing it off, ducking away)* Gotta remember to revise that.

*(All three laugh and toss confetti and streamers as she produces a fresh cape and throws it onto Babs’ back. Three pastel-colored vertical panels then slide into view from above and below, with one filly leaping into each. L: Sweetie on yellow. C: Bloom, blue. R: Scootaloo, pink. Bloom hovers in the top half of her panel, and a fourth one—displaying Babs on light green—slides up from below, with the other three contracting to make room for it. She blows her forelock aside, with her cape now tied around her neck to match the others.)*

*(The entire scene rotates 180 degrees around an invisible vertical line drawn through its center, as if it were a section of wall on a pivot. On the other side is the Ponyville train station, with a train ready to depart. On the start of the next line, cut to Applejack and the four fillies on the platform; Babs has her suitcase packed and ready to go, and all are wearing their capes.)*

**Bloom:** So you promise you’re gonna start our Manehattan branch of the Cutie Mark Crusaders, right?

**Babs:** Yeah, and I promise to keep talkin’ to my big sis about the teasin’ back home.

**Applejack:** Good. And if you have any problems... *(backing up to the original three, draping forelegs around them)* ...we’ve got your back too, you hear?

**Diamond:** *(from o.s., viciously)* So you’re leaving, huh?

*(All glance toward the voice; cut to her and Silver approaching from one end of the platform.)*

**Diamond:** Great! Now we’re stuck here with these lame blank flanks.

*(The old insult ruins the general mood, puts Bloom on the verge of tears, and sets Sweetie pouting as the patch falls from her cape. It also makes Babs very angry.)*

**Babs:** Hey! *(advancing on Diamond, Silver)* That’s not how you talk to my friends!

**Silver:** F...friends?

**Babs:** Yeah. You got a problem with that?

**Diamond:** Well, what if I do? What are *you* gonna do about it?

*(The Manehattan filly chews it over for a moment, cocks an eyebrow at the other four behind her, and lets a calculating grin steal over her face.)*

**Babs:** (*backing them up*) Tell your mothers about your bad attitudes!

*(This threat is enough to rattle both of the stuck-up jerks but good; when she follows it up with a faked lunge, they topple backward off the platform edge and out of sight in a splatter of mud. Silver is first to sit up, thoroughly besmirched and with her glasses askew—and a pig wearing Diamond’s signature jewelry item puts its head up in her place. It grunts cheerfully toward Silver, who recoils in horror, and Babs gallops back to the three Ponyville Crusaders for a shared high five before trotting on toward her train. The patch is back on Sweetie’s cape.)*

**Sweetie:** I’m sure gonna miss that bad seed. (*She glances knowingly at the other two on “bad.”*)

**Applejack:** Bad seed?

*(Cut to inside the train; framed through a window; Babs smiles out at them.)*

**Applejack:** I thought y’all were friends now. (*They wave goodbye; the platform again.*)

**Sweetie:** No, see, first we called her “bad seed,” as in actually a bad seed, but now she’s bad as in good. (*Cut to Applejack; she continues o.s.*) Get it?

**Applejack:** Y-yeah...no.

*(The Crusaders laugh as the train pulls away. Zoom out slowly and fade to black.)*