

PINKY APPLE PIE

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Note: The title is presented here exactly as shown in the on-screen credits.

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the library during the day. Tilt up slowly toward its uppermost boughs, then dissolve to Twilight Sparkle inside, hunkered down on the floor amid stacks of books. One volume, whose cover depicts a tree marked with labels on its branches, stands open in her magic and has grabbed every bit of her attention. She flips a page, then closes the book and sets it on a stack; next she stands up and crosses to the shelves, floating another volume out. Pinkie Pie's face appears in the gap.)

Pinkie: Whatcha doin'?

(Twilight yells in surprise, propelling the book away from herself, and Pinkie copies the noise as the rest of her body pushes itself into view.)

Pinkie: ...yourself! *(Close-up.)* But that doesn't answer my question, silly. *(Giggle; back to Twilight on the start of the next line.)*

Twilight: Just some genealogical research.

(This shot establishes the scene as taking place in her upper-story living quarters. The dropped book has fallen to the ground, but she magically closes it and floats it away.)

Pinkie: *(stretching out from shelves)* Ohhhh!

(She overbalances and falls to the floor, then gets woozily to her hooves as Spike walks in with an armload of scrolls.)

Pinkie: *(whispering, to him)* I don't know what that is!

(He steps up onto a pile of books, alongside a very tall and narrow stack of scrolls that is defying the laws of physics by not falling over.)

Spike: Genealogy is the study of family history. *(He adds his paperwork to the stack; it totters a*

bit.) You know, where ponies come from and who they're related to. (*Cross the room.*)

Pinkie: Ooooh! Fascinating!

(Close-up of the topmost scrolls, tilting down to ground level; she leans in, gets the end of one in her teeth, and gingerly begins to pull it away. On the start of the next line, cut to a very apprehensive Twilight and Spike.)

Twilight: Maybe you should pick one from the...

(Ground level again. The principles of equilibrium and balance have now gone right out the window, as the stack is remaining upright with only a single off-center point of support. Zoom out; Pinkie stands nearby, having unrolled the scroll she took onto the floor, and is starting to read it over.)

Twilight: *(from o.s., incredulously)* ...top?

(She and her assistant trade helplessly confused glances, and the visitor starts to reel out the document, backing toward/down the stairs so she can keep reading.)

Pinkie: Uh-huh...interesting...I see...ooh, that makes sense... *(now out of view; Twilight/Spike stare after her)* ...not much of a surprise there... *(distant)* ...WHAAAT?!?

(Cut to just outside the bedroom window; they throw it open, and the camera zooms out quickly to a long shot of the library. The scroll Pinkie chose now stretches out the front door and down the road.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s., really worked up)* This is the most amazing thing ever!

(Pan quickly along the parchment to its far end, where she is reading the final lines.)

Pinkie: Why didn't you tell me how amazing this is? *(jumping around from various angles)* Genealogy is better than cotton candy on top of a fountain of chocolate!

(By the end of this, she has stuck her head into view from above; one quivery, big-eyed smile later, and she plunges to the ground. She is upright in a flash.)

Pinkie: *(holding up scroll end)* You'll never believe who it says I'm related to!

(Cut to an extreme close-up of a closed door, seen from inside. An enthusiastic string of knocks is heard from its other side, and it swings open to reveal Pinkie out there.)

Pinkie: Heeeeey, cousin!

(Her side. She is looking in at a very, very puzzled Applejack, and the door is that of the main barn at Sweet Apple Acres. The farm pony gets a pair of bright pink hooves wrapped around her

neck in a monster hug, but this greeting has locked her mental gears solid and put a healthy scare into her to boot. Zoom in to a close-up of her frozen, slightly horrified expression and snap to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the family property, zooming in slowly. A happy little sound is heard from Applejack inside the barn; during the following, cut to the living room. She, Big Macintosh, Apple Bloom, and Granny Smith are here, and Pinkie is on the couch, sitting on her haunches. The door's top half stands open behind them.)

Applejack: This is just so excitin', I can't hardly believe it!

Pinkie: I know! Isn't it the best? *(Bloom bounds across as she speaks.)*

Bloom: *(giddily)* I have another sister! *(jumping onto couch, around Pinkie)* I have another sister!

Pinkie: Well, you actually have a fourth cousin twice removed by a fifth cousin, but—that's, like, exactly like a sister!

(The camera cuts to Bloom during this line—lost in the family tree tangle, but managing a sympathetic smile—and then back to Pinkie at its end. She stitches on a big squeaky grin.)

Applejack: I'd try to tone it down a little bit around non-family members— *(to Granny)* —because I don't want to make them jealous, but—

Bloom: *(jumping on couch)* This is the best family ever!

(The same cannot be said of the couch, as the spring under her end chooses this moment to pop through the upholstery and catapult her out of view. Applejack steps over.)

Applejack: It really is. *(covering spring with a pillow)* You are gonna love bein' an Apple. *(Bloom crashes to the floor and sits up, dazed.)* I mean, you've got the playful one...

(Little sister takes the hint and zips away, bouncing across the room on a beach ball. An o.s. crash and the return of the unoccupied ball tell that she has used a little too much gusto. Pinkie claps at the display.)

Applejack: ...the strong one... *(Close-up of Macintosh, lifting something and sweating a bit.)*

Macintosh: *(with a little effort)* Ee-yup.

(Zoom out. He is hoisting the kitchen stove with one foreleg, but when he tilts it a bit to show off, a pie resting on the burners connects squarely with his face.)

Applejack: ...and of course, there's Granny Smith, who knows everythin' about everythin'.

(A rocking chair begins to creak under her words; cut to the elderly mare on the end of this, now ensconced in the corner.)

Granny: A Ponyville snail can hibernate for up to forty-eight moons.

Pinkie: *(mind blown)* Who knew? *(Cut to just outside the door.)*

Applejack: *(approaching it)* And then, there's me.

(She rests her front hooves on the lower half and breathes deeply, exhaling as Pinkie comes up alongside.)

Applejack: You smell that Sweet Apple air, Pinkie Pie? *(Pinkie breathes, but Applejack shoves a hoof in her mouth before she can speak.)* That was rhetorical. Of course you smell it. *(She opens the lower half and bounds out.)* You're an Apple now!

Bloom: *(galloping out)* And Applejack is the one responsible for it!

Applejack: Aw, Apple Bloom, that is sweet, but— *(Cut to Bloom, now in the farmyard.)*

Bloom: It's true! I mean, she keeps us all organized and on schedule— *(galloping back)*—and does her own part on top of it all. *(Macintosh and Granny put their heads out; his face is now clean of pie residue.)*

Macintosh, Granny: Mmm-hmm! *(Applejack blushes at the compliment.)*

Pinkie: *(hopping around the yard)* I was already super-happy as a Pie, and now I get to be a part of this amazing family too?

Bloom: *(crossing to her)* It's even more amazin' now that you're in it!
(In time with a drum cadence.)

We're family, we're family, you and me are family!

(Accompanied by the following routine: face away from each other, then toward, then she circles around Pinkie, who turns in place and ends up twirling away at high speed.)

Pinkie: Best family twirl eveeeeerrrr!

(During which she spins past the other goggling family members and wipes out o.s., hard enough to shake the camera. Applejack has brought out Pinkie's scroll.)

Applejack: Huh. I just can't believe we never heard anything about this before. *(She studies it intently.)* Hmmm... *(Here comes Bloom.)*

Bloom: What's wrong, sis?

Applejack: *(as Macintosh, Granny gather for a look)* I'm not seein' where exactly it says we're family.

(Pinkie zips in and whisks the document away; a moment later, she has it laid out so that it stretches into the barn through the open door.)

Pinkie: *(following it inside; camera pans to track her)* It's riiiiiiiiiiiiiii—

(Midway through, she stops for a deep breath.)

Pinkie: *(emerging from back door)* —iiiiiiiiiiiiight... *(pointing at the end)* ...here! *(A puzzled Applejack comes over.)*

Applejack: It is?

Pinkie: Uh-huh. *(She bends down to it.)* Applesauce of the Apple family lineage is a fourth cousin twice removed of the Pie family!

(She shoves the scroll end into Applejack's face on the end of this, and both stand up.)

Applejack: *(pulling it loose)* I see the part about our Great-Great-Auntie Applesauce and “fourth cousin twice removed” part, but that last bit’s awful smudged. Are you sure it says “Pie”?

Pinkie: *(squinting one eye at lines)* I guess it is a little smudged— *(She drops the scroll and beams ear to ear.)* —but I see most of it there. *(turning away, eyes widening/shining)* And when I read it, I knew in my heart it was true!

(Now Macintosh and Granny step out the back door.)

Granny: Well, ain’t that just the sweetest thing! *(Bloom races out for a group hug with them and Pinkie.)*

Applejack: It is, it is. I’d just hate for us to get all excited before we found out for sure.

Bloom: *(kicking up a little dust)* So how are we supposed to find out for sure?

(Her grandmother mumbles to herself for a second, then lets off a shout of triumph.)

Granny: Cousin Goldie Delicious! Her cabin’s practically an Apple family history museum! If anypony has the records to back up Pinkie’s theory, it’s her!

Applejack: *(sighing a bit, scratching her head)* I suppose we could always...I mean, Goldie Delicious doesn’t live all that far away.

(Close-up of Granny, panning to Macintosh, then past a slightly confused Pinkie down to Bloom. All three Apples are grinning expectantly.)

Applejack: *(from o.s.)* And we haven’t been on one as a family in a real long time.

(The camera backs up to Pinkie, who slaps on a grin to match the others’, then cuts back to Applejack.)

Applejack: Are y’all thinkin’ what I’m thinkin’?

(Close-up of Pinkie, who nods, then zoom out to frame the whole family gathered around her.)

Applejack, Macintosh, Bloom, Granny: FAMILY ROAD TRIP!

(Judging from Pinkie's suddenly perplexed expression, this was most definitely not the idea at the front of her mind. However, she quickly catches on and smiles. Wipe to a wagon piled with a random mishmash of belongings, everything from trunks to buckets to the trombone Pinkie acquired to fight off the parasprites in "Swarm of the Century." Bloom walks up with a small bag in her teeth, while Macintosh works on stowing away the gear; he lifts her into the wagon. Pan quickly to the barn door, where Granny steps out wearing a flowered bonnet.)

Granny: Has anypony seen my travelin' bonnet?

Bloom: Isn't that it on your head? *(Granny glances up at it. Long pause.)*

Granny: *(testily)* No! *(She crosses to the wagon.)*

Bloom: It looks an awful lot like—

Granny: Well, it ain't, and that's final! *(Applejack comes out, saddlebags on back.)*

Applejack: Hey, everypony? Since Pinkie Pie's back home gettin' her stuff for the trip—*(Close-up.)*—can y'all gather 'round? *(Zoom out; the other three do so.)* I just wanted to say somethin' real quick.

Granny: Aw, I've had somethin' in my teeth this whole time, haven't I? Gadsnickety! What a way to welcome a family member!

Applejack: Uh...no, Granny, your...teeth are fine. I just wanted to be sure that we're all on the same page about showin' Pinkie Pie how awesome a family we really are. We want her to get to know the family she's been born into—but, like, the *best* version of it. You know? *(Granny sidles up to her.)*

Granny: Oh, pfffft! Don't you worry, honey. We're a great family, and she can't help but see it. *(Cut to Bloom, now in the wagon.)*

Bloom: *(hanging rump over the side)* I'll bet my future cutie mark's gonna be a picture of me bein' the best-behaved pony ever!

(She throws her forelegs into the air on this last, promptly falls over the side, and is back upright just as quickly.)

Bloom: That's how good I'm gonna be.

(Pan slightly to frame Macintosh adding a tub of apples to the cargo.)

Bloom: Big Mac?

Macintosh: *(chuckling)* Ee-yup.

Pinkie: *(from o.s., distant)* Are y'all ready to go?

(She trots excitedly into the yard, toting her own saddlebags that shed confetti and streamers with every step.)

Pinkie: Because I'm ready to go, go, go!

(Here comes a grin that exposes every single tooth; at Macintosh's gesture, her bags go flying into the wagon. The shower of gaudy paper bits leaves one on his nose, surprising him quite a bit.)

Applejack: Uh...Big Mac, are you sure we really need all that stuff?

(Close-up of the red stallion, zooming out; he eyes the full-to-bursting wagon.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup. *(Bloom puts her head up inside, knocking a bag loose.)*

Applejack: Are you sure you're strong enough to really pull all that stuff?

Macintosh: *(slightly annoyed)* Ee-yup.

Applejack: *(eyeing one wheel; wood creaks loudly)* Are you sure the wagon's strong enough to hold it all?

Macintosh: *(groaning loudly, really fed up)* Ee-yup!

(He throws his sister a warning look that alerts her to the presence of the happy pink pony directly behind; said sister straightens up and makes herself smile.)

Applejack: Then let's get this show on the road!

(Pinkie grins hugely. Wipe to a profile close-up of Macintosh's flank, the wagon's harness now fixed around his midsection. He trots purposefully along as the camera zooms out to frame the entire rig; Applejack and Granny are in the seat, Bloom and Pinkie sitting high up on the luggage pile; the old green mare has ditched her bonnet, and Applejack has stowed her saddlebags. Pinkie has added a bunch of balloons, one of which is bright red and apple-shaped. The axles creak steadily in a brisk tempo, a couple of cooking pots joining in to bang together, and soon one wheel starts rolling over a rock on every second beat.)

***Cheerful bluegrass banjo melody with bass, handclaps, cymbal/bass drum
Same tempo as the wagon noises (C major)***

(Cut to a head-on view of Macintosh's hooves, then to the balloons.)

Applejack: *(from o.s.)* Come on, Apples! *(Zoom out to frame all five.)* Y'all know this one!
(She/Granny and Bloom/Pinkie clap hooves together and apart.)

Granny: Hot diggity!

Applejack: Yee-haa!

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Applejack: We travel the road of generations
(An apple core hits the ground; a seed falls loose, and a fresh tree instantly springs up from it and bears fruit.)

Joined by a common bond

Tambourine in

(Pinkie picks one of the apples and scarfs it down.)

We sing our song 'cross the pony nation
(Applejack holds up a map of the region, filling the screen.)

From Equestria and beyond

Mandolin in

(It splits along a river, the halves sliding apart to give a view of the four Apples. Applejack and Bloom are on either side of Macintosh, and all three trot and skip together as Granny rides behind them.)

Applejack, Bloom: We're Apples forever, Apples together
(Tilt up to Pinkie bouncing on her high perch.)

We're family, but so much more
(Black clouds slide in overhead; the two sisters jump up and open umbrellas over her to stave off the rain.)

No matter what comes, we will face the weather
(Bloom swings hers down until it is directly underneath Applejack's.)

We're Apples to the core

(The two umbrellas become a giant apple core, which zooms toward the camera; one of the seeds fades away as the view passes through it, exposing Macintosh.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Handclaps out; snare drum in; double-time feel

(As Bloom takes up the melody, the camera zooms out from a close-up of her and Pinkie to frame Applejack lounging alongside and strumming a banjo. The rain has stopped and the umbrellas have been stowed.)

Bloom: There's no place that I'd rather be
(jumping onto Macintosh's back)

Than travelin' with my family
(He throws her a sly look and gallops ahead for a moment, leaving swirls of dust in his wake. Now Granny scrubs at a washboard and Pinkie plucks the strings of her balloons like a harp.)

Friends all around come to join and see
As we sing out across the land

(Again the three siblings trot and skip together.)

Fiddle in

Applejack, Macintosh, Bloom: We're Apples forever, Apples together
(Tilt up to Pinkie, again bouncing atop the luggage.)

We're family, but so much more
(A strong headwind has Macintosh straining to keep his forward motion.)

No matter what comes, we will face the weather
(Pinkie loses her grip and goes over the rear end, only to be lassoed back in; now black clouds clear to expose a cheerful sun.)

We're Apples to the core

(Another giant core appears, zooming in and revealing Macintosh as at the end of the first chorus. The wind has died down.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

(One by one, the four riders put their heads out from beneath a sheet. A wipe frames the four family members playing pirate.)

Granny: We're peas in a pod, we're thick as thieves

(Up pops Pinkie, as a burglar in black/white-striped sweater, knit cap, and eye mask.)

Any cliché you can throw at me

(Her reflection and Pinkie's waver on the water as they begin to parallel a river, now out of their costumes.)

We're here for each other through thick and thin

(All gather in around the pink one, including Macintosh—now out of the harness. They have all shed their outfits.)

You're always welcome with your Apple kin

(spoken) Whoeee!

(The four extend a "take it away" gesture toward Pinkie. Zoom in to a close-up as she smiles hugely, then cut to frame all five. Macintosh is back in his harness, and she hugs the other three.)

Snare drum out; straight time (D major)

Pinkie: You're more fun than the color pink

(She produces a can of that paint and throws the contents toward the camera; the stuff retreats to form a heart-shaped balloon. She is using it and the others to float-trot above the wagon.)

Or balloons flying over your favorite drink

(Now she puts her head up next to Applejack/Bloom/Granny and sets a pitcher of cider on the rail. The balloons float up to fill the screen, and she then pops up in extreme close-up to hug all four and drift back to the rear end. Macintosh briefly shifts to the seat with them.)

The love I feel here is swim, not sink

(She produces a kitchen sink and tosses it down toward them.)

As we party across this land

(Streamers and confetti flutter out around her in a head-on view of that end.)

Applejack, Bloom, Macintosh: *(hidden from view by wagon)* All right!

(Up front; with Granny in the seat, the other Apples trot and skip together, and Pinkie dances across to join them.)

Double-time feel

All: We're Apples forever, Apples together

We're family, but so much more

(Overhead view; storm clouds drift past, leaving first wind and rain, then snow in their wake.)

No matter what comes, we will face the weather

(The rear end again; Applejack/Bloom/Granny/Pinkie all back here now.)

We're Apples to the core

Macintosh: *(hidden from view)* Ee-yup.

Song ends on Macintosh's line

(As soon as the music stops, the wagon completely falls apart in the middle of the road. Wheels off, frame crushed, side panels collapsed, all buried under a landslide of baggage. Snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to a slow pan across the mingled parcels and detritus, under the scrutiny of five very uneasy pairs of eyes. Applejack is first to recover herself and lunges over to Macintosh, who has shed his wagon harness.)

Applejack: *(angrily)* Big Mac, I thought you said—

(She checks herself upon noticing the presence of an innocently smiling Pinkie.)

Applejack: *(thinking on the fly)* —that...I...thought...I mean, not...that I'm blamin' you, because we don't blame in this family, but... *(ushering him away, sotto voce)* ...I thought you said all this stuff wasn't gonna be too heavy.

(Her placating grin is met by his two icy green eyes boring into hers at extreme close range—so close, in fact, that their heads are butted together. Cut to Bloom, half-slumped over a trunk.)

Bloom: *(dejectedly, bow drooping)* How are we supposed to get to Goldie Delicious now? *(Pan to Granny.)*

Granny: I don't know, but I don't see how we can go back now either. We're closer to Cousin Goldie's than we are to home. *(Close-up of Pinkie at the riverbank.)*

Pinkie: *(giddily)* I have the best idea ever! *(Zoom out as she continues.)* FAMILY RIVER TRIP!

(A very long, uncomprehending silence from the current generation of Apples; Bloom's bow has perked up.)

Applejack: Heh. Just one problem. We haven't got a raft. *(under her breath)* 'Bout the only thing that *didn't* get packed.

(That crack merits a hard-eyed little snarl from her elder brother.)

Granny: *(walking to a tree)* Well, back in the old days, we used to use the sap from a sugar pine

tree to glue things together.

(The tree in question has a hapless squirrel stuck to its trunk by the gooey stuff, and a few runnels of it adhere to her hoof when she touches it to the bark on the end of this.)

Applejack: That is, uh, fascinatin'. *(Funny looks from Macintosh and Bloom.)* Don't know that it's helpful, but it *is* fascinatin'.

(Granny has shoved her head beneath one of the wheels and is levering it up.)

Granny: Pfffft! Not helpful, my patootie! We're gonna build ourselves a raft out of these here jalopy parts— *(stamping a hoof onto a board)* —and keep it held together with sugar pine sap!

(The stuff proves strong enough to stick the board to her hoof when she lifts it. Pinkie eyes the three grandchildren from the edge of the sunken riverbank, where she is hanging on by her forelegs.)

Applejack: Hmph. Worth a shot.

Pinkie: Woo-hoo!

(Having thrown her forelegs jubilantly upward, she drops out of sight with a thud. As the other three share a smile, the camera dissolves to a close-up of Applejack and zooms out. She and Bloom, now both wearing life jackets, are on board a craft assembled from tree trunks, vines, and boards that used to be the wagon's bodywork. One of the wheels has been fitted up at the helm for steering. Applejack pulls a vine tight with her teeth, while Bloom checks a different spot.)

Applejack: Could be worse, I guess. *(addressing the o.s. other end.)* Now remember—this time we're only packin' the necessities.

(On the end of this, pan to the stern. Granny sits here in a jacket of her own, having gotten rid of the board she stepped on; Macintosh, looking over the luggage, can be seen wearing a blue duck inner-tube float instead and has removed his collar. The stack is still of a considerable size, and Pinkie emerges from its upper reaches as the two sisters come back toward it.)

Pinkie: Wait a second!

(She emerges fully, having donned a jacket, then whips out a camera and snaps a picture; its flash fades away to yield a close-up of the result. Granny is shielding her eyes with a hoof, and the three youngsters are frozen in assorted goofy looks of shock and surprise. Macintosh wears yellow "floaties" on his forelegs. From here, cut back to Pinkie.)

[Animation goof: Macintosh's collar appears and disappears throughout the remainder of this act, primarily being seen in the pictures Pinkie takes.]

Pinkie: This one is for the scrapbook!

(With a laugh, she pulls one out and holds it up in her teeth, open to expose two very full pages. Close-up of these; the photos mounted on them depict moments from the trip so far and are decorated with buttons and star/heart stickers. What appears to be a knotted bit of grass or reed is also in display. Pan slowly from one side to the other.)

Applejack: *(from o.s.)* Pinkie Pie, when did you have time to make this? *(Both again; Pinkie closes the book and sets it in her bags, suddenly serious.)*

Pinkie: Applejack, when you're family— *(She thrusts her face into Applejack's.)*—you make the time.

(The no-nonsense mood evaporates when she breaks out in a smile and backs off at high speed. A push by Macintosh, and the raft floats away from shore and down the river.)

Applejack: Woo-hoo! We did it! *(Pinkie has her camera on a holder around her neck.)*

Pinkie: Say “soaked”!

(The other four throw puzzled glances back toward her, not knowing what to make of this—and also not seeing the crest that rises up over the bow. Off goes the camera; this time, the photo has captured four suddenly sodden and out-of-sorts family members. Dissolve to the raft traveling in calmer waters and drifting on the current. Applejack has the helm; Granny and Bloom are playing checkers, and all the passengers have dried out.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s., slightly awestruck)* So what you're saying is, if I have the courage to jump— *(She and Macintosh come into view at the rear; she has put her camera away.)*—the parachute will open.

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Pinkie: Whoa! That is *deep*!

Macintosh: Yup. *(Applejack peers intently ahead for a moment.)*

Applejack: Uh-oh. *(She turns to address the others.)* All right, y'all. Please tell me that the map didn't get wet, 'cause it looks like I'm gonna need it right about now.

(Long overhead shot of the raft on the second half of this, panning ahead to frame the three-way split it is about to encounter. In close-up, the other four travelers look about themselves for a few seconds before Bloom climbs up to where a rolled-up paper protrudes from the luggage.)

Bloom: Found it!

(In time with a drum cadence, along with a bit of dancing in place and tossing it around.)

Who's got the map? I got the map!
M to the A to the yeah, that's right, P
Ain't no other pony find a map like me
I'm Apple—

(The on-the-spot rap ends abruptly once she realizes that she has managed to throw the map out

of sight.)

Bloom: Uh-oh.

(Her sister gasps in fright, and all three siblings make a mad dash for the stern as the parchment bounces ahead of them. A three-part yell, an attempt by Bloom to vault off her siblings' heads and dive after the map, but none of it does any good; the thing sails over the edge and is caught by a leaping fish. Almost as soon as it hits the water again, an eagle swoops down to snatch it away, an event that Pinkie is quick to capture on film. The camera is around her neck again. Zoom out from her to frame a crushed Bloom pacing the planks; as the pink pony steps away, the yellow one blushes mightily and forces out a nervous little chuckle. Applejack approaches, showing a forced grin that quickly goes bye-bye.)

Applejack: *(through gritted teeth)* All you had to do was bring it to me. No singin', no dancin', no games. *(Macintosh plods over, scowling.)* Just walk it over.

Macintosh: *(ditto)* Ee-yup.

Pinkie: *(raising her camera)* Say "best siblings ever"!

(Mare and stallion crowd together, lifting the filly between their heads, and all three get grins in place just before the flash goes off.)

Pinkie: Ooh, that's another keeper! *(Bloom gets dropped; all three glare daggers at each other.)*

Granny: *(from o.s.)* It's okay, y'all. *(Cut to her at the side rail, Applejack passing behind.)* I traveled down this river as a filly, and I know it like the back of my hoof.

(The apple farmer reaches the wheel; cut to her perspective of the rapidly approaching fork in the watercourse, then back to the pair.)

Applejack: Are you sure you know which way to go?

Granny: Does a junebug like to hide in a tree?

Applejack: Uh...I don't know.

Granny: Well, I do know! *(Long overhead shot of the raft.)* And I also know we want to head southeast. *(Close-up; she shoves Applejack away from the wheel.)* Now step aside, young'un.

(The craft veers into the rightmost of the three branches, and Granny twiddles the wheel a bit.)

Applejack: Um, Granny?

Granny: Yuh-huh? *(They are approaching a rather large, overgrown, foreboding cave.)*

Applejack: Are we supposed to go through a cave?

Granny: Ah, don't worry, child. The scariest cave in Equestria was down that other way.

(Macintosh and Bloom are both seized by a sudden bout of fright, which leads to the former being seized by the latter out of reflex.)

Bloom: *(small voice)* Scariest cave in Equestria?

Granny: Oh, it's a fright, all right. Filled with creatures that'll eat you soon as look at you!
(Pinkie straightens up from below with a shudder, having stowed her camera.)

Pinkie: Sounds scary! *(eagerly)* Tell us more! *(Their perspective of the cave ahead.)*

Granny: *(ominously)* Ponies go in, but they never come out.

(Cut to Applejack, then Macintosh/Bloom in turn; all three have been good and spooked by this description. Pinkie, on the other hand, is absolutely loving it and clapping her hooves softly together.)

Applejack: *(pushing Granny aside, pointing ahead)* And you're sure it's not that cave? The one we're headin' straight for?

Granny: *(needed)* Now, Applejack, I taught you better than to question your elder ponies!

(Zoom out slightly from the pair to frame a peacefully smiling Pinkie within easy earshot. Her big squeaky grin prompts these two to smile in return, artificial though it surely is, and Applejack throws a hoof across Granny's shoulders.)

Applejack: Heh...you sure did. *(She backs off.)*

Granny: All righty, then! Now everypony just sit on back and leave the steerin' to your old Granny Smith.

(The shadows of the cave mouth extend over the raft and put a fresh scare into each sibling. Cut to a long profile view of the passage, seen from outside, as the family floats in and is lost to sight. A three-part gulp of fear comes through very clearly—then a beat of silence. The next two lines reverberate slightly through the closed-in passage.)

Granny: *(from inside)* See now? Told you there's—

(Any further words are drowned out by an unearthly roar; a chorus of terrified screams, and the sound of Pinkie's camera.)

Pinkie: *(from inside, singsong)* Got it! *(More threatening and scared-silly noises.)* Best scary unidentifiable creature ever! *(Still more.)* Say "terrified"!

(One last round of screams, another flash pop, and all goes quiet. As the raft emerges into daylight, Pinkie is seen humming at the helm, Granny stands paralyzed with shock, and her grandchildren are clumped together in a multicolored, quivering tangle. It takes a second or two before the matriarch can get her tongue working.)

Granny: Guess that was the scariest cave in Equestria. *(The others three glare at her; she steps to the wheel.)* Uh, of course I meant to take us through it. Unexpected adventure is good for the soul.

Pinkie: Best granny wisdom ever! *(Applejack joins them.)*

Applejack: *(dryly, nudging Granny aside)* Uh-huh. Why don't you just scooch on over there, Granny? Think I'll take it from here on out.

Granny: (*jerking wheel*) Ugh! Is that how I taught you to treat your elder ponies? (*Pinkie pops up between them.*)

Pinkie: (*to Applejack*) Ooh, ooh! Is it?

Applejack: (*to Granny*) You taught me to trust my common sense.

(*Each speaker yanks it back toward herself in turn, with Pinkie turning her head to follow the disagreement.*)

Applejack: And my common sense says we should get to Goldie Delicious' cabin in one piece!

Granny: And that is exactly what *I'm* gonna do!

Applejack: (*smiling tightly*) That is mighty generous of you, but I think you've done enough for one day!

Granny: (*ditto*) And how exactly are you gonna know which way to go?

Pinkie: (*expectantly*) Hmmmmmmmm?

(*Close-up of Applejack; during the next line, she glares back over her shoulder and the camera cuts to a chastened Bloom at the end of it.*)

Applejack: It would be easier if the map hadn't gone overboard!

Bloom: (*anger flaring, stomping a hoof*) Hey! There wouldn't have *been* an overboard if Big Mac hadn't over-packed the jalopy!

(*The end of this comes through gritted teeth; tilt up from her to Macintosh.*)

Macintosh: Ee-yu— (*catching himself, suddenly angry*) —hey!

Applejack: Exactly. So I think we can all agree that from here on out, I should be in charge of everything.

(*The rest of the family reacts very badly to that suggestion, letting it boil over into a four-way shouting match and tug-of-war over the wheel. After a few seconds, the device comes loose from its mounting and is inadvertently sent airborne; Macintosh and Bloom watch helplessly as it splashes down into the river well behind them. It bobs up to the surface, a duck placidly pushing its head through the space between two spokes and quacking as it paddles away. Just as with the fish that snagged the map, though, an eagle dives in with a shrill cry and snatches up the waterfowl—wheel and all. Back on board, Applejack has fallen onto her back, but rises to her haunches in time to find herself on the receiving end of furious glares from the other three Apples. She can only work up a sheepish little laugh in response—and then an apparently oblivious Pinkie comes up alongside.*)

Pinkie: I just want to say... that I think you are all super-duper! And I can't wait to make the page in my scrapbook about the amazing waterfall we went down!

(*None of the others can make any sense of this remark—but the steadily growing sound of rushing water clues them in all too quickly. They look worriedly ahead, the camera cutting to a head-on view of the raft and zooming out to frame the falls they are indeed about to reach. Tilt*

down quickly through several hundred feet of sheer drop, past a flock of ducks which includes the one that stole the wheel, and stop on the foaming pool at the base of this mighty cataract and zoom out briefly. Back to the raft; all four Apples yell in panic and scramble about the deck, their voices transitioning to full-throated screams as they plummet over the brink. The camera is positioned to point up the falls at them, and the view fades to black as their images fill the screen.)

Act Three

(Opening shot; fade in to a long shot of the falls and the free-falling raft with four of its five passengers screaming at the top of their lungs. Cut to a close-up, Pinkie dropping into view at the rear end during the following with camera around neck.)

Pinkie: Wheeeeeeee!

(She starts working the shutter. A series of photos: herself with a terrified Bloom, holding a panicked Granny, giving a noogie to a freaked-out Macintosh, making a silly face as Applejack hollers and covers her eyes. The slide show ends with a cut back to the raft just before it disappears into the foamy torrents with a mighty splash. It breaks the surface after a long delay, still intact and with every piece of cargo and Apple family member still in place, and drifts out to calmer waters. Pinkie is nowhere to be seen, however. Granny has deployed an umbrella, but the thoroughly waterlogged appearance of all four Apples tells just how little good it did.)

Granny: *(folding it up)* Huh. Told you that sugar pine sap would hold this thing together.

(The missing pink pony drifts down into view, hanging onto the balloons she brought along for this very strange trip. She touches down gently atop the luggage pile, but this slight shift in weight is enough to crack the raft from side to side. Timbers, gear, and four ponies vanish into the water, their yells being swallowed up in an instant, and Pinkie is left floating by herself above a scatter of boards. The balloons pop with no warning, dropping her into the drink with a shriek.)

(Dissolve to the three younger Apples clumping along a forest path. Macintosh, now wearing his collar again, is hauling a sledge built from salvaged timbers and loaded with a few surviving possessions and Granny. The family's downcast expressions and groans broadcast just how much of a toll this journey has taken on their spirits. Pinkie hops cheerfully alongside; all five have shed their flotation gear and are dry. Pan to follow her ahead of them, stopping on a thatched-roof log cabin that has definitely seen better days.)

Pinkie: *(hopping in place)* We're here, we're here! *(All stop.)* We made it to Goldie Delicious-es-es-es-es'!

(Close-up of the door, which has a note taped to it; she leans in and pores over this.)

Pinkie: You guys! *(She yanks it off.)* There's a note!

(Turning from the door, she proceeds to study the page—silently—for several seconds, punctuated by a short burst of the giggles.)

Applejack: Uh, Pinkie Pie? Maybe you could read that one out loud?

Pinkie: Ooh, right! Sorry. I haven't even read it yet. I was just looking at how pretty the paper is. Okay. It says that she ran off to run some errands but will be home soon. *(She pins the note under a hoof.)* Ah! That's perfect!

Bloom: Why is that perfect?

Pinkie: Because it'll give me enough time to get more scrapbook paper! *(hopping back along path past others)* See you!

(Four gloomy-faced Apples gather on the front walk.)

Bloom: Worst family road trip ever.

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Applejack: I can't believe she witnessed our family fallin' apart like this. *(sighing, to Granny)* I can't believe I was arguin' with you so much that I tore the wheel right off the raft. It's like I wasn't myself at all.

Granny: Aw, that wasn't your fault. My stubborn streak got ahold of me somethin' fierce. Should've let you take the wheel long afore that.

Bloom: It was *my* fault the map got all wet.

Macintosh: And *I* was the pony who— *(Granny slaps a hoof over his mouth.)*

Granny: Now, now, Big Mac. You gotta know we forgive you for packin' the jalopy so much that it collapsed. You was just eager to please Pinkie Pie like the rest of us. *(He smiles.)*

Applejack: Everypony, I think we have to let Pinkie Pie know that even if she does discover that she's an Apple, she does not have to feel obliged to consider herself one. *(Cut to Macintosh and Granny.)*

Granny: *(glumly)* Sure as applesauce.

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Are you *kidding me?!?*

(Both ponies glance back in the direction of her voice; sure enough, here she stands on the path, a bag of crafting supplies next to her. The scrapbook she has been putting together falls to the ground at her hooves.)

Pinkie: You guys are the best family ever!

Applejack: How can you say that? We started out as one big unit, and now look at us.

Pinkie: Yeah! *Now* look at you! *(Cut to Granny/Macintosh, panning slowly to Applejack/Bloom; she continues o.s.)* You're all here still in one big unit, loving each other and owning up to what went wrong.

(The four trade slightly dumbfounded looks at this; back to Pinkie.)

Pinkie: You never gave up, even when things got tough.

Bloom: (to *Applejack*) She does make a pretty good point.

Pinkie: You aren't just family— (*hopping in place*) —you're best friends! (*She tackles Applejack, knocking her hat off.*) And I want to be an Apple more than ever!

Bloom: And we want you to be one too!

Pinkie: Yippee! (*Giggle.*)

(*A quavery old female voice with a Southern accent cuts in.*)

Old voice: Now *that's* how you run an errand!

(*The speaker comes over the last rise in the path. Elderly earth pony mare, tan coat, bright green eyes marked by birdcatcher spots, very pale blond mane piled in curls atop her head, lace-trimmed pink shawl secured by a cameo brooch, saddlebags stuffed to bursting with cats. Goldie Delicious has just come home.*)

Pinkie: Hel-looooo!

Goldie: Hel-loooo yourself! (*Applejack is upright, with her hat back on.*)

Applejack: You must be Goldie Delicious. So nice to meet you.

Goldie: Uh-huh! And who exactly are you? (*Pinkie throws her forelegs around all four of her fellow travelers.*)

Pinkie: We're Apples!

Applejack: Well, we think we're all Apples, but we need your help findin' out if Pinkie Pie here is our fourth cousin twice removed.

Goldie: Well, why didn't you say so? (*crossing the yard*) If anypony can help solve this genealogy mystery, it's me!

(*The move reveals a short tail behind the saddlebags. As she speaks, the camera cuts briefly to Macintosh/Granny trading an uncertain sidewise glance, then to Applejack/Pinkie smiling at each other. Reaching the cabin door, Goldie strains to push it open with her head, but it only moves a fraction. Her second try shifts it a little more, but it still swings shut when she pulls her head away.*)

Goldie: Oh! I am sorry about this. (*Nervous laugh.*) I wasn't exactly expectin' company. Uh, let me try to squeeze in here. (*pushing on door; cats yelping*) Gotta...get some oil, a thing for the ...for the hinges and...

(*This last is broken up by the occasional grunt or giggle as she slowly manages to back in through the opening, and finally she falls backward into the cabin.*)

Goldie: (*from inside, amid clattering and thrown-out items*) All righty, then...just have to move a few things out of the way of the door...

(*Said items include a wide array of old junk and more than a few protesting felines. Cut to the visiting quintet—four slightly unnerved, one smiling.*)

Goldie: *(from inside, more clatter and cats' yowls)* Ooh! Ah! Oh! Get off of that, Mr. Puffy! Hold it! Mm! *(The closed door; the barrage has stopped.)* Come on, Pooples. Mm. Come here, sweetheart.

(With all more or less quiet, she opens the door and peeks out.)

Goldie: Come on in!

(Cut to just inside the cabin; the shaft of light from outside does very little to relieve the dimness. Goldie has put away her bags, and her cutie mark can now be seen as a tree filled with gold apples, a few of which have fallen loose. Pinkie is first to put her head in, followed by Applejack, and the camera zooms out quickly to frame the entire interior. The place is stuffed floor to ceiling with all manner of haphazardly piled belongings, and cats of various shapes and sizes—including a full-grown cheetah—lounging atop several stacks.)

Goldie: Sorry about the mess.

(In no time, the room is filled with a cacophony of meows, yowls, and snarls; one cat even coughs up a hairball for good measure. As the five cautiously enter, a clatter from ground level brings Applejack up short.)

Applejack: Whoa... *(Tilt down to frame a stack of horseshoes she has just knocked over.)*

Goldie: Oh, careful, now. Those belonged to your Great-Great-Great-Great-Uncle Apple Tart.

(Cut to Bloom, who has found a gingerbread house with a bite or two taken out of the roof. Macintosh soon joins her.)

Bloom: Well, whose was this?

Goldie: *(from o.s.)* Oh, that was my lunch...a couple of weeks ago.

(Cut to the upper end of a very tall stack of books and tilt down to its base as Goldie steps to it. Two cats jump out of the way, exposing a third, brown one behind them—but a good hard puff of air from the overzealous collector causes it to fly apart in a cloud of dust. Nothing is left of the literal dust kitty except the hind legs. Goldie snags the second book from the bottom in her teeth and withdraws it, causing all the others to settle down neatly; the stack totters a bit, but does not collapse.)

Goldie: *(with effort, dragging book to Apples)* And this here is the complete record... *(She props it upright, opens it, and flips pages.)* ...of our family tree.

(Cut to Pinkie, paying no mind whatsoever as she doodles on a mirror. She has given her reflection glasses, thick eyebrows, and a pair of wings and drawn a few balloons in just for fun. Dropping the pencil in her teeth that she has used for this bit of art, she zips away from the glass and trots to the others.)

Goldie: *(turning pages, mumbling to herself)* It's not here...or here...or here...well, it certainly isn't here, is it?...Oh, here it is! *(Pause.)* Oh, dear.

Granny: "Oh, dear"? What is it? *(Pinkie, worried, takes a close look.)*

Pinkie: Am I not an Apple after all?

Goldie: Well, that's just it. I don't know. The page is all smudged.

(Pinkie looks even closer at the volume, then sadly at her own cutie mark.)

Goldie: I sure am sorry, but I don't think I can help you after all.

Pinkie: Don't be sorry. It's okay. I'm just a little disappointed that I'll never know for sure if I'm a part of this family.

(Close-up of Applejack, eyebrows lowering fiercely, then zoom out to frame all six as she smiles.)

Applejack: Well, I know for sure.

Pinkie: What do you mean? You can't know.

Applejack: I can know for sure that it doesn't matter what the book says or doesn't say. After all you've been through with us, and all you've put up with, it's obvious you're an Apple to the core.

Granny: Darn tootin'!

Bloom: Yes-sirree!

Macintosh: Ee-yup!

(The maybe-Apple lets off a tiny happy squeal and slides close enough to gather all five into a group hug around the family history. Her tail rises into view several feet in front, holding her camera and aiming it at them.)

Pinkie: Say "best family hug ever"!

Others: Best family hug ever!

(A click and flash, and the view changes to show this new photo pasted into Pinkie's scrapbook. She reaches into view to add a few stickers and buttons here and there, and the camera zooms out to frame both this entire page and the one facing it. Here are several more pictures from the trip, including a dim one that could only have come from the cave, and a piece of fabric from Granny's flowered bonnet.)

(Cut to frame the Ponyville five. They have procured a new cart, with Macintosh in the harness and Applejack/Bloom/Granny riding. Pinkie, standing on the ground and without her camera, has the scrapbook open in front of her; after a moment, she closes it and flips it up to land on her head. The book slowly sinks into her mane and out of sight, and she jumps on board.)

Applejack: Thanks again for the wagon, Goldie. We'll see you soon. *(Camera shift; they are in the now-clean front yard, and Goldie is at the door.)*

Goldie: Y'all sure you don't want to take any of these Apple family heirlooms home with you?

(Right on cue, a torrent of random items spills out the door, nearly burying her. One cat amid the flood is promptly lifted clear on the head of a second. The four passengers glance toward the big stallion.)

Macintosh: Nn-nope.

Same melody and instrumentation as the final chorus of Act One, brisk 4 (D major)

(Goldie waves goodbye as the group starts down the road.)

All five: We're Apples forever, Apples together

(Close-up of a second, different photo of them with Goldie, then zoom out. She is hanging this one on her wall alongside many others that show both family members and cats.)

We're family, but so much more

(The travelers again. Applejack and Pinkie switch places, and the former opens an umbrella.)

No matter what comes, we will face the weather

We're Apples to the core

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Song ends on Macintosh's line

(Dissolve to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres, with the wagon parked in front of the barn and Macintosh unloading it, then cut to the three mares in the living room. Applejack and Pinkie are gathered around the shared journal, which rests open on a stool, and Granny is watering a plant.)

[Animation goof: The designs on the front and back covers have switched places from their positions at the end of "Daring Don't."]

Applejack: Twilight agreed this was definitely an experience worth puttin' in the journal.

(Close-up; she flips pages. Where "Daring Don't" showed the book from far enough away to only pick out colored spots on the cover's horseshoe, this time they can be discerned as the jewels that comprised the original five supporting Elements of Harmony. Magic still sits within the shoe's bend.)

Applejack: Think I'll write about how bein' a good family—

(Outside again. Macintosh has the folded umbrella in his mouth and sets it down, then gets a surprise when a grinning Bloom straightens up into view in the cart, a bucket of apples on her head. He returns the grin, and she laughs.)

Applejack: *(voice over)* —isn't about bein' perfect as much as it is about bein' able to get through the rough patches together. *(Bloom jumps over the side with the fruit.)* About bein' able to forgive each other for mistakes.

(On the end of this, cut back to the living room. Bloom enters.)

Bloom: *(setting bucket down, hugging Pinkie)* Don't forget to mention how really good friends can also feel like they're family. *(Macintosh looks in from a side door.)*

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

(Applejack leans down, intending to get her teeth around a quill resting on a nearby table, but her little sister is quick to intercept.)

Bloom: You know what? Maybe I should write it. I'm good at makin' things sound excitin'.

Granny: *I have a history of excellent storytellin'. I should probably do it. (Macintosh begins to sneak the quill away; Applejack stops him.)* Hey! Where in the haystack do you think you're goin' with that there pen?

(In less time than it takes to say "creative differences," the four have launched into a lively argument over who gets to sling the ink. Zoom out from them to frame Pinkie in the fore, watching from the other end of the living room.)

Pinkie: *(to the camera)* Look at me! I'm part of the Apple family too! *(She zips into the heart of the fray.)* I'm arguing! Argue, argue, argue! Bicker, bicker!

(Cut to a long shot of the barn exterior and tilt up toward the sky as her laughter rings out through the four quarreling voices. The camera stops on the bright yellow sun, the babel fading away in the process, and the view "irises out." It pauses briefly, leaving a window in the shape of an apple core, and then completes the transition to black.)