

FAMILY APPRECIATION DAY

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

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres at night and zoom in slowly on the main barn. A wolf's lonely howl echoes in the distance before the view dissolves to Applejack asleep in her bed, sans hat. Her slumber comes to an abrupt halt thanks to a sustained clatter of metal on metal; as she sits up in bed, Apple Bloom comes to her door, a cloth cap pulled down over her mane. Cut to the closed window curtains, which Applejack opens so she and Bloom can look out over the farmyard.)

Granny Smith: *(from o.s.)* The timber wolves are a-howlin'!

(Cut to outside the window and zoom out quickly to a nearby hill on the end of this. Granny gallops by, pots and pans hung over her back to create the racket that woke the sisters up.)

Granny: The timber wolves are a-howlin'!

(Now Big Macintosh peeks out from the next window as another howl pierces the stillness.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup. *(Cut to Granny, still on the move.)*

Granny: The Zap Apples are comin'! *(Zoom out to frame Applejack and Bloom watching.)* The Zap Apples are comin'!

(Big and little sisters trade a slightly concerned look, then break out in smiles.)

Applejack, Bloom, Macintosh: *(Macintosh in next room)* Yay! *(Outside, framing all three.)* The Zap Apples are comin'! *(Granny stands up into view, having stopped.)*

Granny: That's what I said!

(She rears up to bang two pots around her neck as the camera zooms in on the three grandchildren, the younger two of which trade a slightly embarrassed smile at these words. Fade to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the barn. It is now the following morning, and Granny looks out from the loft window above the main door.)

Granny: Hey, silly goose! Quit your gawkin' and move your caboose!

(During this line, pan away from her across a stretch of healthy apple trees and stop on a tract of magenta-hued ones that are totally barren. No fruit, no leaves, nothing. Macintosh hauls a cart stacked with empty tubs, while Applejack—with her hat on—has brought a smaller one in.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

(Applejack throws a couple of tubs into position by the trees, grabbing their handles in her teeth to do so. Zoom out to just inside one window; Bloom is looking on, her bow in place, and she turns to call to Granny.)

Bloom: Ready, Granny! *(Quick pan to Granny, in a rocking chair by the stairs. Pause.)*

Granny: Ready for what? *(Bloom crosses to her.)*

Bloom: For makin' Zap Apple jam! *(Granny perks up.)*

Granny: Darn tootin'! It's time for some good old-fashioned Zap Apple jammin'!

Bloom: *(saluting, jumping)* Yes, ma'am! I can't wait, ma'am!

(Despite her enthusiasm, the matriarch goes back to her leisurely rocking.)

Granny: Wait for what?

Bloom: To make Zap Apple jam with you! *(Granny perks up again.)*

Granny: Of course! *(She jumps down and crosses the room.)* Now I've been doin' this ever since I was a little pony— *(Bloom falls in behind her.)* —so be warned, pickle pear. There's a whole mess of steps in this process, and you gots to get each one of 'em just right—

(On the end of this, she enters the kitchen and retrieves a large platter from a cupboard. The camera then zooms in slightly.)

Granny: *(ominously)* —or no Zap Apple jam!

(Cut to Bloom; a broom is held out to her.)

Granny: *(from o.s.)* Take this.

Bloom: *(excitedly)* Uh, is this one of your gazillion secret herbal ingredients for the Zap Apple jam?

(Longer shot; Granny is right in front of her, with the handle in her mouth. She passes it to Bloom, who gets hold of it likewise.)

Granny: That there's a broom. *(winking)* Now get sweepin', pipsqueak! Now while you sweep, I'll get to... *(trailing off)* ...uh...say...somethin' or, uh... *(frustrated)* ...aw, pony feathers! *(walking off)* Why, I'd forget my mane if it wasn't attached to my head.

(The pipsqueak in question plies the broom on the kitchen floor. Cut to the barren trees, many of which have had tubs set at their bases now. Applejack gets another one in position as a strong gust of wind sets a few stray leaves swirling around her. Macintosh steps into view near the camera; cut to him, head lifted to sniff the air. The sky darkens to a foreboding gray as storm clouds rapidly move in to form an impenetrable blanket above the lifeless grove. While Applejack and Macintosh watch in trepidation, a few sparks of electricity begin to crackle among the branches, causing them to vibrate wildly on the trunks. The discharges grow, leaping from tree to tree and spreading to the outermost limbs; in close-up, one cluster instantly sprouts a set of broad, deep magenta leaves at the end of each. Cut to the two siblings, the sunlight reasserting itself from above.)

Applejack: *(smiling)* There's the Zap Apple leaves! *(All the trees now have them; the sky clears.)* Right on schedule.

(Pan back to the road leading to the main entrance of Sweet Apple Acres. Two ponies are approaching, one of which is Diamond Tiara. The other is a light brown earth pony stallion with a dark gray-brown mane/tail, blue eyes, and a cutie mark of three money bags. He wears a white shirt collar, dark gray suit jacket lapels, and a red necktie that is not wholly visible due to the camera angle behind the pair. This is Filthy Rich.)

(Cut to a close-up of a watering can set on the ground and zoom out slightly. Two others stand to either side of it, with spaces in between them, and Granny hops through them while singing the alphabet. She is now dressed in a lavender bunny suit, and Bloom follows in a blue one. After Granny reaches G, cut to Diamond and Filthy; now the latter can be clearly seen to have prominent eyebrows and a dollar sign on his necktie. Diamond is less than impressed by the spectacle, which is accompanied by Granny singing her way to P as she hops past them. The stuck-up little filly snickers nastily as the camera cuts to an overhead shot of the yard. A total of seven cans have been placed in a circle, and the two Apples stop short at the laughing.)

Granny: Well, howdy do there, Filthy Rich!

(Filthy speaks with the voice of a genial older Southern gentleman.)

Filthy: Hello, Mrs. Smith. Did I hear right that there's a Zap Apple harvest comin' in a few days?

Granny: Four days, to be exact. *(Diamond smiles wickedly.)*

Filthy: Excellent news! And as usual, I get your first hundred jars?

(The camera shifts slightly to reveal that Diamond's attention is trained wholly on Bloom, who in turn is staring worriedly at her grandmother.)

Granny: 'Course, Filthy.

Filthy: Uh, I prefer Rich. *(Granny hops off; he walks after her.)*

Granny: Oh, and how is your pappy doing?

Diamond: *(to Bloom, mockingly)* Oh, you poor, poor thing. Having to make all that Zap Apple jam with Granny Smith.

(Bloom's bunny ears droop sadly during this line, after which Diamond mimes shoving a hoof down her throat to make herself vomit. However, the yellow filly quickly perks up again.)

Bloom: Actually, I've been lookin' forward to makin' Zap Apple jam for years.

Diamond: I'm not talking about the jam, I'm talking about Granny Smith.

(Cut to just behind Bloom, who confusedly takes in the sight of Granny stuffing her head in an overturned caldron that rests in front of Filthy.)

Diamond: *(from o.s., as Granny stands up)* You must be so embarrassed.

Granny: *(mumbling, muffled)* Soup's on! *(Back to the two fillies.)*

Bloom: Uh, what do you mean?

Diamond: You know. With all her silly ways... *(walking closer)* ...how she forgets things—*(pulling at Bloom's bunny suit; ears droop)*—and makes you wear these ridiculous costumes? *(Close-up of Bloom.)*

Bloom: *(perking up)* Granny said that the water needs—

Diamond: *(from o.s.)* Thank goodness you're here on the farm and not in town where everypony could see you!

(During this line, the camera zooms in on the farm filly's expression as horror gradually steals over it. It then zooms out to frame Diamond; the floppy ears fall yet again.)

Diamond: *(whispering cruelly)* Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me. *(She zips off.)*

Bloom: *(to herself; ears pop/droop)* Silly ways?

(Cut to the two adults. Filthy fetches the caldron a good hit with a ladle he now holds in his teeth; the strike sets the pot vibrating and sends Granny stumbling backward.)

Granny: *(muffled, mumbling)* Thank you kindly, Filthyyyyy!

(Dissolve to a close-up of a very preoccupied Bloom walking down a Ponyville street, then zoom out to frame Granny alongside. Both have ditched their bunny suits and are hauling loaded saddlebags; Bloom wears a light blue bonnet, while Granny has a broad-brimmed purple sun hat with orange polka dots and a green ribbon and white feather. The caldron is gone.)

Granny: (*grinning*) Shake a leg there, slowpoke! We got a gaggle's worth of goods to gather before the harvest. Come along!

(She begins to sing while hopping ahead of Bloom, drawing more than a few puzzled stares from the onlookers.)

Granny: Gonna make Zap Apple jam, hoop-de-hoo
(*now o.s.*) Gatherin' the goodies and hoop-de-hee
Singin' and dancin', yeedle-ay-doo

(She reaches a display of pots and pans.)

Flippity-floo, my darlin'

(Neither Bloom nor Daisy, the vendor behind the counter, is particularly amused at the outburst. However, the latter quickly recovers her composure and points out her wares with a smile. Cut to Granny, who eyes the spread carefully.)

Granny: (*to herself*) They don't make 'em like they used to.

(Bloom arrives at the stall, the camera cutting to a close-up of her after a moment. She recoils in shock and catches her lower lip in her teeth at the sound of something striking against metal. A cut back to Granny reveals that she is trying to gnaw through the rim of one pot—the sound was made by her teeth clamping onto it.)

Daisy: (*from o.s., irritated*) Hey! You bite it, you buy it!

(The elderly mare backs off, leaving her teeth—false ones, dripping with saliva—stuck on the rim. She is quite at ease, ignoring both Daisy's dirty look and Bloom's sudden bout of revulsion at what she will have to do next. The opening of the filly's mouth is followed by a cut to her on the move, with the dentures jammed in there to give her the world's worst smile. However, the lighting of a bee on her nose gives her the perfect excuse to spit them out. Surprise spray-paints itself all over her face, and a longer shot reveals why: Granny stands among the beehives at a honey stall and is wearing a beard of bees. Bloom sucks in a terrified gasp; when Granny speaks, her false teeth are seen to be back in her mouth.)

Granny: (*to the bees*) Why, hello, Bea, Beatrice, Beecher. Oh, you've all been busy little bees, haven't you?

(During this line, she picks up one hive and the camera cuts to a close-up of a waiting jar as she tips honey into it. She then buzzes happily to the bees while her granddaughter starts to ponder the idea of sending her to Ponyville Retirement Village.)

Bloom: Granny, isn't there a less...silly way to get the honey?

(She gasps again, having noticed the arrival of Diamond and Silver Spoon, and dives behind a hive to stay out of their line of sight. Her respite lasts for only a moment before two green

forelegs reach down to yank her back up by the edges of her bonnet. Cut to frame both on the start of the next line.)

Granny: Oh, isn't this just precious? (*Close-up of Bloom on the end of this.*)

Bloom: Please stop. (*Cut to frame both and zoom out.*)

Granny: And it is perfect for makin' our Zap Apple jam!

Bloom: Shh! (*Diamond and Silver spot her.*) Stop it, Granny! (*They laugh.*) Granny, please! Those ponies over there are watchin' me!

Granny: What? Are those fillies your friends? (*waving to them*) Hello, half-pint's friends!

Silver: (*sarcastically, waving back*) Hi, Granny Smith! (*Diamond joins in.*) Hi, half-pint!

(Back to Bloom's floored countenance on the end of this. Mocking laughter drifts over to her as she sinks to the ground, trying to hide as much of herself under that light blue bonnet as will fit.)

Granny: (*as Diamond, Silver leave*) What dolls. Why, when I was little, ponies didn't come that purty. (*Bloom stands up.*)

Bloom: Are we done shopping, Granny? (*trying to push her ahead*) 'Cause I'd like to get back to the farm, fast. (*Granny starts walking; she follows.*)

Granny: All done, smelly belly.

(Again she begins hopping along and singing.)

Granny: I got my honey, gooey goo

(Cut to Bloom, who pulls her bonnet down to hide her face from the onlookers.)

(from o.s.) Got my honey, gooey-oooh

Got my honey, yiddle-ee-oooh

(Dissolve to the exterior of the schoolhouse.)

Filthy: (*from inside*) And by capturin' the wholesale market...

(Cut to a pan across the students at their desks, nearly all of whom are completely zonked out. Exceptions: Twist, trying not to do the same; Bloom, quite far down in the dumps; a chubby gray colt in the back, trying to hide a cookie from sight; and a bright-eyed Diamond. Bloom has removed her bonnet and is wearing her hair bow for the first time in this episode. The colt is Truffle Shuffle—earth pony, short, messy dark brown mane/tail, beady violet-gray eyes.)

Filthy: (*from o.s.*) ...purchasin' in bulk, and slashin' our prices, we undermined every other gift market in town.

(Cut to frame the entire room. He stands at the front, next to an easel displaying a sales graph, and Cheerilee is watching him do his presentation. Truffle's cutie mark can now be seen as a knife and fork.)

Filthy: And that's how Rich's Barnyard Bargains became the cornerstone of retail in Ponyville.

(Diamond is the only one to applaud, clapping her front hooves instead of stomping on the floor as ponies have done in past episodes.)

Cheerilee: Well, thank you, Mr. Filthy.

(Close-up of him on the end of this; he reacts very badly to being addressed in that way.)

Cheerilee: *(from o.s., hastily)* Uh, I mean— *(Cut to frame both.)* —Mr. Rich. *(He smiles; she calms down.)* What a wonderful day of sharing. And thank you for being a part of Family Appreciation Day.

(He leaves; she goes to her desk.)

Cheerilee: *(looking at a sheet)* Now, uh, let's see who'll be bringing in a family member for next Monday's Family Appreciation Day.

(On the end of this, cut to her perspective of the paper: a checklist showing the faces of her students. Each one is marked off except the last—Bloom's.)

Cheerilee: Um...oh! *(Sheet lowered; she gets a good look at...)* Apple Bloom!

(The red-maned filly, in the midst of taking notes, lets the pencil drop from her teeth.)

Bloom: *(raising a front hoof)* But, Miss Cheerilee, Monday is Zap Apple harvest day, and Applejack and Big Macintosh will be too busy to come and speak. *(Cut to Cheerilee.)*

Cheerilee: Well, is there anypony else in your family that could—

(Back to Bloom during this line; she leans forward and shakes her head frantically. Diamond, however, seizes the moment and leans gleefully into view.)

Diamond: Miss Cheerilee! Apple Bloom's Granny Smith isn't working harvest. She could come. *(Close-up of Bloom, zooming in slowly.)*

Bloom: Oh, but, uh...no, that wouldn't... *(Zoom out again.)*

Cheerilee: *(from o.s.)* That's a splendid idea, Diamond Tiara!

(Not if the redhead's popeyed expression is any indicator. Long shot of the whole room.)

Cheerilee: Apple Bloom, you shall bring in Granny Smith on Monday.

(The electric bell on the wall sounds off; cut to just outside the schoolhouse door.)

Cheerilee: *(walking out)* Have a great weekend, everypony!

(Students follow her out, with Diamond bringing up the rear and tossing a vicious little squint

back over her shoulder. Bloom is left alone at her desk as the camera zooms in slightly.)

Bloom: Granny Smith? Come Monday, I'll be the laughin'stock of Ponyville!

(She lets her head flop forward onto the desk; snap to black at the moment it hits.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to the grove of Zap Apple trees during the day. Each now sports a full display of leaves. With the cartload of tubs deployed, a cargo of watering cans has taken their place and Macintosh is using one to water a couple of trees. A short pan frames Applejack with a second can in her teeth; she places it in a smaller cart as Bloom trails her. The younger sister drops to her haunches and aims a placating smile up at the older, who just sighs wearily.)

Applejack: I'm sorry, Apple Bloom. *(Bloom's face falls.)* I already told you that we just can't take a break from harvest to come to your school. *(Close-up of Bloom; she continues o.s.)* You know what'll happen.

Bloom: I know. After the fifth day, the Zap Apples disappear.

(Here comes another gust of wind, just like the one that brought the leaves to the trees in Act One. Pan away from the surprised sisters as dark clouds again fill the suddenly gray sky; this time, though, their arrival is marked by flocks of raucous crows from all directions. Granny joins the trio in a blur of white hair and green hide.)

Granny: Oh! The third sign!

(So the timber wolf howls and emergence of the leaves were the first and second signs, respectively. Zoom out quickly through a hole in the clouds to a long overhead shot. The crows have made two concentric, apple-shaped rings that frame the family as the center far below.)

Granny: Right on time! *(Ground level.)* Hot diggity!

(Pan away from them as sparks start to crackle up and down the trees and pale blue buds appear among the leaves. In close-up, one of these unfolds into a star-shaped blossom with a yellow center; the same happens with all the others, and the clouds break as suddenly as they arrived. The sky is blue and clear, the crows are gone, and the sun goes about its normal business of shining down on this flipped-out orchard.)

All: *(awestruck)* Wow...

Granny: All right, you lazy daisies, move your caboose!

(She shambles off at her usual snail's pace; Macintosh hustles out the other way.)

Applejack: I'm sorry, Apple Bloom, but don't you fret. *(winking)* Granny Smith's got no

shortage of entertainin' stories to tell.

Bloom: (*ears drooping*) I know. That's what I'm worried about.

(She glances after Granny. Dissolve to a long shot of the Cutie Mark Crusaders' clubhouse and zoom in slowly. It can now be seen to stand at the edge of the Zap Apple tree grove, and an observatory has been constructed in the top of its tree, with a ramp leading up to it. Cut to a close-up of one window; Bloom's pacing silhouette can be seen through the glass.)

[*Animation goof: The Zap trees are depicted with ordinary green leaves and brown trunks.*]

Bloom: I'll be embarrassed! Shamed!

(Inside, she paces before Scootaloo and Sweetie Belle. A ladder has been set up in here to allow access to the observatory.)

Bloom: Disgraced! Mortified! Humiliated!

(The end of this last adjective gets muffled by Sweetie's hoof shoved into her mouth.)

Scootaloo: What are you, a dictionary?

Sweetie: Snap out of it! (*Hoof down.*) We're here to help you.

Scootaloo: After all, we *are* the Cutie Mark Crusaders. We'll figure out a way to postpone your presentation.

Bloom: (*sighing dejectedly*) But how?

(She sits on her haunches with a groan, forelegs wrapped around her belly.)

Bloom: All this worry is makin' me sick!

(And her gut seems to agree, judging from the rumble that emanates from it. The comment sets both of her friends/partners/accomplices to thinking.)

Sweetie: Sick?

(The little pegasus is first to get an idea and jumps up so vigorously that she hits her head on an overhead lantern, turning it on.)

Scootaloo: That's it! (*Cut to Bloom; she continues o.s.*) Come on!

(One orange foreleg snakes into view and whisks her away. Wipe to the family's kitchen, where dozens of empty jars are arrayed on a countertop, and pan to the doorway. Granny pops up behind the glassware, wearing an old steel Army helmet that is rather too large for her head.)

Granny: Ten-hut! (*pacing*) Now listen here, troops! I don't cotton to any whinin' or cryin' or crackin' under pressure! (*pounding countertop*) Do I make myself clear?

(The hit bumps one jar that stands slightly apart from the others; after a moment, a webwork of cracks spreads over part of its surface.)

Granny: Court-martialed!

(In an instant, the defective jar is flung across the kitchen, smacking against the wall and dropping into the trash can. Wipe to an overhead view of Bloom's bed as she is dumped onto it on her back. Scootaloo pulls the blanket up over her.)

Scootaloo: *(mussing Bloom's mane, darting off)* Stay still, Apple Bloom. You have to look sick.

(Here comes Sweetie with a bunch of green grapes; she crushes a few of them and begins to smear the mush onto Bloom's cheeks. At the other end of the bedroom, Scootaloo has thrust a thermometer into a steaming teapot. When the mercury tops out, she removes it and shoves it into the ersatz patient's mouth, eliciting a cry of pain.)

Bloom: Hey, this is hot!

Granny: *(from o.s.)* What in the hayseed is goin' on in there, silly billy?

(During this line, cut to her at the foot of the stairs, starting to climb them and without her helmet, then back to the bedroom. Sweetie hastily scrubs grape slop over Bloom's entire face, and the teapot and bunch are quickly hidden from view as Granny enters the room.)

Scootaloo: *(laughing nervously)* Oh, Granny Smith! We were just about to come get you.

Sweetie: Apple Bloom's sick. Looks like she might have to stay home all week.

(The elderly mare approaches her sweating, green-faced granddaughter and takes a very close look at the thermometer. Unicorn and pegasus smirk to themselves as Granny mumbles to herself and leans in to feel Bloom's forehead.)

Granny: *(smiling)* Perfect as a Piccadilly pear. *(She zips off; Bloom slumps down.)*

Bloom: *(to Scootaloo, Sweetie)* Now what?

(Dissolve to the exterior of the Crusaders' clubhouse under a pink-tinged afternoon sky. The telescope swings a bit.)

[Animation goof: Same as before.]

Bloom: *(from inside)* It's already almost sundown!

(Inside, she has cleaned herself up and put her mane back in order. She darts toward Scootaloo, who rears up to get her forelegs out of grabbing range.)

Bloom: Tomorrow is Sunday and I only have one more day to figure somethin' out!

(Sweetie pokes her head down from the trapdoor at the top of the ladder.)

Sweetie: Hey! Look!

(Up again; cut to her at the telescope, standing on a stool to reach it. Bloom zips over and mashes half her face into the eyepiece, and the view cuts briefly to outside as the instrument shifts. The next view is her perspective through the lens—first very blurry, then sharper as she gets it in focus. Shooting stars are raining down over the Zap Apple trees through the purple sky of early evening; back to the trio, including a much happier Bloom, now up on the stool.)

Bloom: That's the fourth sign!

(She gets body-checked into the wall by Scootaloo, who takes a peek of her own. A bit more adjusting, and the camera shows her perspective, tilting up from trunk to leaves of one tree. In a fullscreen extreme close-up, one of the light blue blossoms bursts to expose a dull gray apple hanging in its place. Scootaloo's telescope perspective reveals the same thing happening to all the other trees as she shifts her view from one to the next.)

(Inside, Scootaloo gets pushed to the stool's edge when Bloom jumps up for a fresh look.)

Bloom: The Zap Apples have appeared!

Sweetie: And that gives me an idea!

(Wipe to the grove. Applejack and Macintosh haul cartloads of watering cans toward the barn as a bush near one tree starts moving of its own accord. Once it has reached a clear spot, the heads of all three Crusaders pop out—they were using it as cover.)

Sweetie: *(climbing out)* We can't move Family Appreciation Day, so let's move harvest day instead. *(Close-up of one apple.)*

Bloom: *(from o.s.)* They don't look quite ripe. *(Back to the trio.)*

Scootaloo: Harvesting apples early never hurt an apple.

Bloom: I don't know. Zap Apple trees aren't like normal apple trees. *(Sparks crackle up the trees' height.)* They're magic.

Sweetie: *(walking forward)* How different can they be?

(She lifts her hind legs and delivers the strongest buck she can, sending a lick of electricity up the trunk. When it reaches the branches, though, it comes right back down and into the would-be harvester's body; the shock is so strong that she is flung backward past the others.)

Bloom: Well, if we can't buck 'em, let's just pick 'em.

(Scootaloo nods enthusiastically and Bloom gets her jaws locked around one gray apple. Instead of snapping off, the stem stretches like a rubber band to leave her dangling in midair. Tilt down toward ground level as Scootaloo chomps down on her tail and Sweetie does likewise with Scootaloo's; the last filly, standing on the ground, starts backing up. The entire treetop ends up

bent over at a 90-degree angle due to the rising tension in the three-pony tug-of-war. A puddle in the grass causes her to lose traction when she steps in it, and the tree snaps upright to hurl them across the twilight sky.)

(Cut to a mud-filled pigsty in which two porkers are having a good wallow. One of them looks up in surprise as the Crusaders drop squarely into the muck.)

Bloom: Any other bright ideas?

(Wipe to the closed front door of the barn. Cheerilee reaches into view and knocks; cut to a shot of the entire structure. It is now the following day.)

Cheerilee: *(voice raised)* Granny Smith, it's Miss Cheerilee! Apple Bloom said you wanted to speak with me?

(She gets no response except the sound of distant farm animals.)

Cheerilee: Hel-loooo?

(Cut to just inside one window; she looks in. Her next three lines are muffled by the glass.)

Cheerilee: Granny Smi—

(She cuts herself off with a gasp as the camera zooms out quickly into the room to frame the back of Granny's head. From this angle, a pair of large, red-framed glasses can be seen on her face, and she is slumped over somewhat. A head-on view shows her in the rocking chair by the stairs; her eyes are greatly magnified by the lenses, and ropes tied around her forelegs lead up toward the second floor. When Granny starts to speak and move, it instantly becomes clear that her granddaughter is imitating her voice.)

“Granny”: *(waving)* Well, hello there! Howdy do!

Cheerilee: Uh, hi, uh, Granny Smith. Is, uh, everything okay?

“Granny”: Of course it is! Why wouldn't it be?

(A sudden turn of the head dislodges the glasses, which turn out to have the eyes painted on the lenses. Granny is in fact asleep and being used as a marionette. A panicked, cleaned-up Bloom peeks out from behind the chair, turns the head to face front, and puts the glasses back in place. One foreleg is adjusted to cover Granny's mouth as if she has just burped.)

“Granny”: Uh—oh! Er, excuse me. Uh—uh, pickles always give me the hiccups.

(Tilt up and pan right during this line to show the rope running along the ceiling and into the kitchen. A cut to this room frames Scootaloo pulling on the free end with her teeth; at the top of the staircase, Sweetie works the other rope, which loops around the banister. They have also cleaned up from their plunge into the pigsty. Cut to Bloom behind the chair, moving Granny's

mouth to simulate speech.)

Bloom/“Granny”: I need to tell you that I can’t make the presentation on Monday after all.

Cheerilee: Oh, no! Is that so? *(Back to Granny.)*

“Granny”: No doubts about it. I gotta...shear the flowers and water the sheep. *(Close-up of Bloom; she realizes her mistake.)* I mean, uh...I have to water the flowers and shear the sheep! *(Chuckle.)*

(On the end of this, cut to Scootaloo, who rolls her eyes and shakes her head disgustedly. The view then shifts back to Cheerilee outside.)

Cheerilee: Oh...well, that’s too bad. We can reschedule.

(She turns to leave and Scootaloo jumps for joy, inadvertently yanking Granny all the way up to the ceiling and waking her up when she hits it. The old green mare ends up dangling in midair, the fake glasses propped on her forehead.)

Granny: *(mumbling)* Huh? Where am I?

(She catches sight of the departing schoolteacher; cut to just outside the door. Its top half bursts open and she looks out, now free of the specs.)

Granny: Well, howdy, Miss Cheerilee! You window-shopping? *(Brief eye roll from Cheerilee.)*

Cheerilee: Um...no. *(as one foreleg strokes her cheek and pats her head)* Uh, you asked me to come here to tell me that you wouldn’t be making it to Family Appreciation Day? *(Both forelegs are pulled straight up.)*

Granny: Fiddlesticks! I wouldn’t miss it for all the tea in Canterlot! *(She is slowly hauled upward.)*

Cheerilee: *(flustered)* But...didn’t you just say—

Granny: See you Monday!

(Cheerilee takes her leave, trying vainly to decide if she has just witnessed a case of galloping senility or the effect of spending a few too many days with the apple trees. Cut to an extreme close-up of a patch of wall, which gets a large and vivid pink dot painted onto it. A longer shot shows Granny hard at work in the kitchen, decorating every vertical surface in this fashion using the paintbrush in her teeth. A paint can and splattered dropcloth rest nearby. Zoom out slightly and pan to the doorway; Scootaloo and Sweetie are watching her with considerable puzzlement. A moan from the o.s. Bloom draws the pair’s attention; cut to her, flat on her face.)

Bloom: *(as Scootaloo, Sweetie approach)* I can’t believe she woke up from her nap!

(Zoom out slightly; they are near the rocking chair, and she lifts her head.)

Bloom: She never wakes up from her nap! *(Face down again.)* I wish I could just run off and hide!

(A brief silence is followed by Sweetie's big smile.)

Sweetie: Well, *you* can't run off...but maybe somepony else can!

(Scootaloo's eyes pop. Wipe to the Zap Apple orchard, now in the throes of a violent thunderstorm, and pan to the barn. Applejack and Granny make their way across the yard, the former clapping a hoof over her hat in order to keep the wind from claiming it and the latter free of the manipulating ropes. Just as in the two previous storms, the sky clears to a tranquil blue. This time, though, a vivid rainbow appears over the trees and the sparks start flying in the clear weather. The gray color on one apple gives way to rainbow stripes that appear one at a time, and multicolored beams start to shoot between the trees. Within seconds, every dull fruit has taken on this vivid appearance, and multicolored auras shimmer around the trees once the beams and rainbow die out.)

Granny: *(leaping high)* Yee-haa!

Applejack: The Zap Apple harvest has begun! *(Granny slams to the ground, then stands up.)*

Granny: *(trotting toward barn)* And tomorry we'll be makin' up some Zap Apple jam!

(She runs face first into a paper being held up by an orange hoof attached to a purple-uniformed foreleg. A longer shot puts Scootaloo right in front of her, dressed as a telegram delivery pony.)

Scootaloo: *(slightly deeper than normal)* Miss Granny Smith? *(Granny takes it in her teeth.)*
Telegram.

(Scootaloo bugs out and Granny lets the sheet drop with a smile after reading it.)

Granny: Well, bust my buttons.

(Long shot; Scootaloo and Sweetie are hiding around the corner of the barn, and Sweetie stifles a laugh behind one hoof.)

Granny: Uncle Apple Strudel wants me to pay him a visit! *(Close-up; Bloom zips over to her.)*

Bloom: And you can just make the eight AM train. *(holding up saddlebags)* I already packed you a bag.

(One deft toss lands them across the old green back in close-up; zoom out on the next line.)

Granny: Uh, that was considerate.

(Here comes a smack to the rump that starts her off down the road.)

Granny: But don't you worry, flibbertigibbert. I'll be back in time to make that jam!

(Bloom sighs, relieved, as Scootaloo and Sweetie peek out from inside the barn. Scootaloo has

removed the uniform.)

Bloom: That train ride takes all day. I'm safe. Heh.

(Dissolve to the exterior of the schoolhouse.)

Cheerilee: *(from inside)* For today's Family Appreciation Day—

(Inside, she addresses the class from behind her desk as Twist walks in to take her seat.)

Cheerilee: —we are pleased to welcome Granny Smith.

(Pan to the open door on the end of this. Granny's failure to walk in leaves Cheerilee at a loss.)

Cheerilee: Um...Apple Bloom?

(Cut to the students; Bloom relaxes nonchalantly at her desk, forelegs tucked behind head.)

Cheerilee: *(from o.s.)* Is Granny Smith here? *(Bloom sits up; zoom in slowly.)*

Bloom: *(hamming it up)* Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Cheerilee, but she got called outta town on account of a family emergency.

(On the start of the next line, cut to a long shot of the door and zoom in quickly.)

Granny: Well, howdy, my little ponies!

(She has arrived in the flesh, scaring the bejesus out of Bloom and prompting a very nasty smile from Diamond. Snap to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to the classroom. Granny makes her way over to Cheerilee's desk.)

Granny: Howdy, y'all! I'm as happy as a pig in fresh mud pile [*sic*] to be here. *(Bloom zips up.)*

Bloom: *(to her)* Whoa... *(smiling nervously)* ...what are you doin' here? *(Chuckle.)* Did you miss the train?

Granny: No, it came.

(Cut to a longer shot. A second elderly pony has entered the room: tan stallion, silver/white mane/tail, white beard/mustache, dark blue eyes. He wears a Tyrolean hat with a long orange feather secured by an apple pin, a white shirt, and brown lederhosen and saddle blanket. The latter displays a slice of strudel in the spot covering his cutie mark.)

Granny: And Uncle Apple Strudel was on it!

Strudel: *(leaning forward)* Oh, ah, noogie-noogie-noogie!

(During this line, the camera cuts to a close-up of the hapless filly and she gets her mane thoroughly tousled. A laugh from his direction, and she trudges back toward her desk.)

Diamond: *(mockingly, to Silver)* I can't wait to hear Granny Smith's presentation... *(Bloom sits between the two, who lean in past her.)* ...if she can remember any of it!

(These last seven words are delivered in a whisper and start both spoiled-rotten fillies giggling. Up front, Strudel sets a chair down for Granny, whose rump promptly knocks it back to the wall when she sits.)

Granny: Long ago— *(Cut to Bloom, crestfallen; she continues o.s.)* —when I was a little pony...

(Back to her, now with a rolled sheet in her teeth. She lets it drop open to display a map labeled with the locations of Ponyville, Cloudsdale, Canterlot, and the Everfree Forest. Zoom in slowly on this.)

Granny: ...things were very different here in Ponyville... *(now o.s., ominously; Ponyville fades away)* ...'cause there was no Ponyville!

(Dissolve to a sepia-toned stretch of grass waving in the breeze. The corners of the screen are rounded and blacked out, suggesting a view such as that through an antique stereoscope. Tilt up to frame a band of settlers traveling across this stretch of land and hauling supplies—earth ponies, all.)

* **Granny:** That's right, my little ponies. *(Close-up; they continue their journey.)* Me and my family were pilgrim pony folk, back when I was a little filly.

(The stallion pulling the wagon wears a cowboy hat, shirt, and overalls and has an apple/seed cutie mark partially hidden by the harness. Walking alongside is a light-coated mare whose mane and tail are tied back; she wears a white shirt collar with ribbon tie, and her cutie mark is an antique sewing machine. Granny's past self brings up the rear: light-colored mane/tail braided, bonnet, same apple shawl and pie cutie mark as in the present day. She turns away from the caravan.)

* **Granny:** Oh, we ventured far and wide— *(She gathers seeds from cattails; zoom out slowly.)* —collectin' new seeds and sellin' the old. *(She holds them up for the others.)* But my pa was the finest seed collector in all Equestria.

(Cut to a long shot of Canterlot and zoom in slowly as the travelers approach the outer gate.)

* **Granny:** Then one day, the Smith family found themselves in the most brilliant, most grand, most magnificent of all cities. *(Close-up of the gate; they move to it.)* A place called...

(A nudge swings the portal open; beyond it is the frontier version of the opulent capital. Zoom in on this.)

* **Granny:** ...Canterlot!

(Now inside, Filly Granny leads the way down the dirt road, past the tents and under the strings of banners.)

* **Granny:** Well, I bet you hooves to hindquarters I had never seen anything like it before nor since. *(Close-up.)* And as if the beauty of that city wasn't enough— *(Stop short.)* —suddenly...

(Her perspective of a crowd, all of whom kneel reverently as the camera zooms in on Princess Celestia in her four-pegasus-drawn chariot.)

* **Granny:** ...she appeared. Princess Celestia! *(The vehicle advances.)* The most regal of all ponies. *(Stop; she waves to the crowd.)* When lo and behold...

(She steps out; Granny's father, the wagon puller, sets down his seed bag.)

* **Granny:** ...she stopped to look at my pa's seed collection.

(Celestia turns her attention to the travelers, who look as if they could use at least half a day's sleep.)

* **Granny:** Then Princess Celestia saw that we were plumb tuckered and hankerin' to find our forever home. *(Close-up; she thinks, then smiles.)* And bein' a royal princess and all, she knew exactly the place for us to lay down our stakes.

(Behind the waving mane, the background dissolves to a view of the tracts laid out below Canterlot and the camera zooms out as she gestures toward them. She and the family are now on a balcony of Canterlot Castle, and the family takes the suggestion with gratitude. Mr. Smith kisses one of the gold shoes, a gesture that earns a disapproving glare from his wife.)

* **Granny:** My pa gave the Princess a mighty thanks.

(Dissolve to a stretch of the land indicated by Celestia, with the Smiths visible as silhouettes coming down a hill, and pan to frame the Everfree Forest not far away.)

* **Granny:** We quickly found that land near the Everfree Forest— *(Dissolve/pan back to a new homestead, cleared of trees.)* —and we built our first home.

(Close-up of a seed being dropped into a freshly dug hole and covered over. A longer shot and zoom out frames Filly Granny watching from inside as her father waters the plantings. She has doffed her bonnet.)

* **Granny:** Next, we planted our first orchards.

(She turns from the window and finds the rest of the family gathering at the dinner table.)

* **Granny:** But an orchard don't grow overnight— *(A few peas are spooned onto her plate.)*—and we were gettin' mighty short on food.

(None of the other ponies has fared any better, and Mr. Smith shares in their dismay when he looks in at the paltry spread. Cut to the exterior of the house; it is now nighttime, and the lights go out just before Filly Granny slips out toward the overgrown wilderness, saddlebags on back and bonnet on head.)

* **Granny:** Now mind you, we were cautioned about the forest, and we knew that it was not fit to enter. *(A wolf howl stops her short.)* But I knew if there was critters livin' there, there must be somethin' to eat.

(Determination trumps fear and drives her to resume her advance. Dissolve to a long shot of her moving cautiously through the tangle of foliage.)

* **Granny:** It was dark and musty, and I won't lie, it was scary. But every inch was covered in plant life— *(Close-up.)*—and before I knew it, wasn't I standin' in front of the most incredible...

(She reaches the base of a broad tree; tilt up in to its branches to frame a profusion of rainbow-striped Zap Apples ready for harvest. The camera shifts to within the branches and zooms out through a hole in them to frame Granny staring wonderingly up at the strange fruit.)

* **Granny:** ...apple trees! *(She nips one down...)* I had never seen anything that bore this kind of colorful fruit. *(...then starts filling her bags.)* Oh, I started pickin' apples quick as a whip.

(An animal shape races past the camera, briefly startling her out of her gathering work. The next one runs behind her and howls; now they have her entire, frightened attention, and snarls cut in as the camera zooms out to the edge of this clearing. Here, two wolf-like beasts stand ready to strike, their bodies constructed from limbs and bark—they are the literal timber wolves whose howls marked the start of the present-day Zap Apple season.)

* **Granny:** I turned, and there before me stood... *(Head-on view of the pair; two more close in.)* ...the timber wolves!

(Slitted eyes shine in the gloom. The formerly intrepid explorer breaks into a full gallop out of the forest, but the creatures are in hot pursuit.)

* **Granny:** Why, I've never run so fast in my life! *(One nearly chomps her tail off.)* I did the only thing I could think of.

(Which is to snap her teeth onto the handle of a pot on a table outside the house and pound it against a larger pot hanging over a dead cooking fire. The noise causes the timber wolves to stop just short of the homestead's perimeter and back off reluctantly; the glowing eyes of many others in the bushes wink away as well. Now Mr. and Mrs. Smith open the door and catch sight of their terrified daughter, her freight of Zap Apples intact.)

(Dissolve to a close-up of a new hole being by Mr. Smith and a seed being planted by Granny, then cut to a longer shot of the pair. It is now the following day, and he covers the seed, one of many new plantings; she pats the dirt into place, having removed her saddlebags.)

* **Granny:** My pa and I planted those special apple seeds— *(Zoom out; the ground rumbles.)*—and before our eyes, they grew like wildfire.

(With a blinding flash and enough sparks and smoke to fill the screen, an orchard of mighty trees springs up. The view clears to show Filly Granny sitting atop one of them and wondering exactly how she wound up here.)

* **Granny:** Why, we had full-grown trees faster than you could say “lickety-split”!

(She laughs as her father eyes the instant orchard happily from ground level. Dissolve to her walking among the trees, which are now in bloom; she has her bags on again.)

* **Granny:** Then each year, I'd pay close attention to the signs of the Zap Apples' special harvestin' times. *(Clouds and wind move in.)* How the weather affects the Everfree Forest.

(Cut to her in bed and ill at ease, and zoom in through her bedroom window to a close-up of a howling timber wolf under the full moon outside at night. She does not wear her bonnet.)

* **Granny:** How the timber wolves howl when the Zap Apples first start growin'.

(Dissolve to a close-up of a Zap Apple being picked by Mr. Smith, then cut to a long shot of the trees. With no warning, the fruit still in the branches disappear in a crackle of sparks, surprising the family members on harvesting duty. Filly Granny has her bonnet, but no saddlebags.)

* **Granny:** And how they zapped away if you didn't pick 'em all in one day.

(Cut to a close-up of a cake and muffin whose rainbow stripes give away their main ingredient and pan along the full length of a table loaded with similar goodies.)

* **Granny:** And the fruits of our labor were the best fruit we ever tasted.

(A large pot boils on the kitchen fire, tended by Filly Granny. No bonnet.)

* **Granny:** Soon enough, I was mixin' up batches of Zap Apple jam.

(She takes a taste and works her tongue around it critically.)

* **Granny:** Just like harvestin' the Zap Apples had its special rules— *(Inspiration strikes.)*—so did makin' Zap Apple jam.

(Dissolve to her at a beehive outside; she taps it and offers a bouquet of flowers to the emerging bees. Bonnet on.)

* **Granny:** I learned that you gotta be extra-friendly with the bees; otherwise their honey won't taste rightly sweet to mix in with the Zap Apples.

(In the kitchen, the army-helmeted filly reviews a row of empty jars.)

* **Granny:** Who'd have thought that glass jars needed talkin' to?

(Just as in the present, she smacks the table to bump one jar slightly. Now she starts painting polka dots on the wall, having put the helmet away and liberally spattered herself.)

* **Granny:** Or that Zap Apples like pink polka dots? *(A taste from the boiling pot.)* But magic is as magic does. Just funny that way.

(She hefts a box of full jars by its rope handle in her teeth and heads out. Cut to a stand set up at the edge of one orchard. Its sign is decorated with Zap Apples, and Mr. Smith stands behind pyramids of jars as Filly Granny, now clean and back in her bonnet, brings up her load. Pan away from this to frame an insanely long line of ponies on the dirt road, ready to buy. The first has already taken on a hefty freight and bears more than a passing resemblance to Filthy.)

* **Granny:** Then ponies started comin' to our farm from far and wide just to get a taste of my Zap Apple jam.

(Back to the stand.)

* **Granny:** Some even decided to stay— *(The big buyer heads out.)*—like Stinkin' Rich, Diamond Tiara's great-grandfather.

(Dissolve to him, now set up at a table next to a decorated tent of his own; his cutie mark can now be discerned as a cent sign. Mr. and Mrs. Smith walk up.)

* **Granny:** Matter of fact, the first thing he ever sold was my Zap Apple jam.

(Dissolve to the exterior of a clapboard store sporting an overhead sign marked with Zap Apples and Stinkin's face and zoom out slowly. Stacked jars of jam can be seen through the window, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith exit as a train rumbles past.)

* **Granny:** And before we knew it, we had ourselves a nice little town, bustlin' with all kinds of ponies.

(By this point, the camera has backed up across the tracks and the train has moved far enough to expose a row of buildings and tents, including a station at which the train stops. Things are busy in the new town; Filly Granny walks along the opposite side of the tracks. The view then dissolves back to the present day, a close-up of the map Granny brought out for her talk, and Ponyville reappears in its proper location. During the next line, zoom out slightly and dissolve partially to a slow pan across a roomful of awestruck students.)

Granny: *(from o.s.)* And that is how Ponyville was founded.

(The map's ghostly image gives way to her gentle smile, with their faces still superimposed. She drops the map before the image dissolves to frame the entire class and cuts to a close-up of a confounded Bloom. A glance off to her right and a zoom out frame what, for her, is a mind-blowing follow-up: Silver smiling and applauding with genuine admiration. The lone sound builds into an ovation as the camera cuts to a close-up of Granny and zooms out slowly.)

Granny: Oh, thank you kindly, little ponies. *(They fall silent.)* Now, now, let's settle down.

Scotaloo: So if it weren't for you and the Zap Apples, Ponyville wouldn't even exist?

Granny: *(stomping for emphasis)* Darn tootin', little filly!

Bloom: *(to Diamond, smirking)* If it weren't for my Granny Smith, your daddy wouldn't have Barnyard Bargains.

(This establishes the relationship between Filthy and Diamond. Bloom backs away to the sound of general assent from the others, leaving her nemesis without a devastating comeback.)

Diamond: But... *(Granny starts to lick the blackboard clean.)* ...but she's just a kooky old lady! *(Collective gasp; zoom in on Granny as Bloom zips to the front.)*

Bloom: She is not a kooky old lady! She is the most amazing pony in all of Ponyville!

(And she nuzzles one lined green cheek to hammer the point home. Dissolve to a close-up of a bellows on the floor of the family's polka-dotted kitchen, with Granny's hooves visible behind. Bloom steps on it; cut to a long shot of the room. The two stand before the stove, which has the bellows hooked into it, and the paint can and dropcloth still rest on the floor as Granny stirs a pot. The yellow filly is offered a spoonful of the rainbow-striped jam and swallows it blissfully. Two more dissolves show her grabbing a full box's rope handle in her teeth, just as her grandmother did, and a properly decorated and stocked jam stand outside. Applejack stands behind this, Macintosh to one side, Bloom bringing up a fresh load. Pan away from here to frame a long line of ponies stretching toward the horizon—many of whom bear an uncanny resemblance to the ones who turned out for the first Zap Apple jam sale so many years ago. The only difference now is that Ponyville stands behind the far end of the colossal queue.)

(Cut to Scootaloo, who bites eagerly into a jam-smear slice of bread, and cut to frame her at a table. Sweetie, Twist, and Truffle are gathered with her around a spread of sandwiches and jam.)

Scootaloo: I think this is the best Zap Apple jam I've tasted yet. *(Bloom walks up.)*

Sweetie: Must be 'cause you had something to do with it, Apple Bloom.

(Close-up of the apprentice jam-maker on the end of this; she smiles gratefully and the camera zooms out to frame Granny behind her.)

Granny: You betcha! *(resting foreleg on Bloom's shoulders; Applejack comes over)* Apple Bloom is one humdinger of a Zap Apple jammer!

Bloom: I am? *(She hugs Granny.)*

Applejack: So I take it Family 'Preciation Day went well? *(Macintosh joins them.)*

Bloom: Did it! My Granny Smith is super-special! *(close-up; downcast)* I just forgot that for a little while. *(Zoom out; Granny leans down to her.)*

Granny: Aw, don't fret. I forget things all the time. Now, I'll get you... *(trailing off, mumbling)* ...something...

(Bloom smiles and hugs her again.)

Granny: *(smiling, tousling her mane)* Aww... *(She walks off; Applejack addresses the other four youngsters.)*

Applejack: Who wants to help Granny sing to the water?

Scootaloo, Sweetie, Twist, Truffle: *(jumping excitedly)* We do! We do!

(They race off after the elderly jam mistress. Wipe to her, back in her lavender bunny suit and jumping over the circled watering cans in front of the barn. This time, she is followed by Scootaloo and Sweetie, each of whom has donned a pair of floppy ears, and all the kids' voices are heard with hers, singing the alphabet. After G, the camera cuts to Applejack and Bloom on the sidelines; the singing fades out by the time they reach K. The next two lines are heard over the end of this.)

Filthy: *(from o.s., sternly)* Diamond Tiara!

(Diamond is pushed into view, wearing her own set of ears and not liking it one bit, and Filthy comes up behind her.)

Diamond: *(sighing, whining)* But, Dad!

(He just raises a hoof, shoves her ahead toward the others, and follows her. The two sisters trade a puzzled look and break out in laughter before the view fades to black.)