

SECRETS AND PIES

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Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner, seen from across the street during the day, and zoom in slowly.)

Pinkie Pie: *(voice over)* Okay. All we need is a dot of salt, a dab of sugar, and a spritz of ginger.

(Cut to a close-up of a rather perplexed Twilight Sparkle in the kitchen. A bowl rests on the counter behind her, and ingredients are flung into view to land in it.)

Twilight: Uh, are those real measurements?

(Zoom out; the rest of the work surface is cluttered with assorted sweet foodstuffs, and two pink hooves are slinging items up into the bowl from somewhere behind them. Spills and splatters in various interesting colors decorate the floor and counter.)

Twilight: How do you keep track without a recipe? *(Pinkie stands up into view.)*

Pinkie: Pie baking is more art than science, and this will be my masterpiece.

(After a moment's drop out of sight, she comes back with a stack of containers balanced on each front hoof.)

Pinkie: *(tossing them up; they pile up neatly on the counter)* It's to celebrate Rainbow Dash's seventy-third Wonderbolt training session!

Twilight: Seventy-third? That's specific.

Pinkie: I know! *(picking up/setting aside berries and crust in turn)* The pie is blueberry because Wonderbolt outfits are blue, the crust is rainbow for obvious reasons, but the most special part is the seventy-three super-secret sweets and spices that represent each training session! *(Giggle.)* Could you please pass the... *(rapid fire)* ...brown sugar, pink sugar, sweet root, apple jelly, berry mash, and a towel?

(Twilight has no trouble levitating all these items from their assorted resting places around the room and hovering them over Pinkie's head. The baking ace deftly adds each of the five

ingredients to her mix, the containers being set down by magic as they are used, and Twilight turns her head away in a not-quite-successful attempt to avoid the splashes from mixing.)

Twilight: You sure are going to a lot of trouble for Rainbow Dash's pie. *(Pinkie stops her spoon and wipes her forehead with the provided dishtowel.)*

Pinkie: Phew! That's because I know how much she loves them! My pies are her favorite! It's worth all the trouble to see her happy. *(tossing towel aside; Twilight now clean)* Now I'm gonna need some cocoa powder, cocoa flakes—ooooh! *(Duck away; come up with a slab of chocolate.)* Cocoa bar!

(She chomps into this and offers the remainder to Twilight.)

Pinkie: *(mouth full)* Want some?

Twilight: Isn't that for the pie? *(Pinkie swallows and laughs heartily, wiping a tear from her eye.)*

Pinkie: Oh, Twilight, that's hilarious! You don't mix chocolate into a blueberry pie. *(hefting bar)* This is my mid-morning pie-making chocolate fuel that keeps this Pie baking train chugging down the tracks. *(She takes it in one bite and chews.)* Mmm!

(A glass of chocolate milk is chugged next; tossing the empty over a shoulder, she shakes her head vigorously to mix the lot in her mouth and puts it away in one monster swallow.)

Pinkie: Break time's over! Now let's finish this pie! *(pistoning forelegs back and forth)* Chugga-chugga-chugga-chugga, choo-choo!

(Her grin is met with a soft giggle from her friend as the view fades to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to a long overhead shot of the Wonderbolt headquarters, zooming in slowly as various team members get in a bit of practice, then cut to the front steps of the main barracks. Rainbow Dash, Spitfire, Fleetfoot, and Soarin' come in for a landing, all in flight suits and goggles; the captain flips her eyewear up.)

Spitfire: Good training, everypony. *(tapping Rainbow's chest, as Fleetfoot/Soarin' head in)* Nice work, Crash. You really added that sparkle to that Pressure Diamond Drop.

(Recall that the squad bestowed the "Crash" nickname on Rainbow during her first day on the team in "Newbie Dash." Spitfire goes in; Rainbow flips her goggles up with a happily surprised gasp and makes to follow, but the sudden emergence of Pinkie stops her cold. The pink pony has tied a bunch of balloons around her midsection in order to reach this altitude.)

Rainbow: Oh!

Pinkie: Surpriise! (*hugging Rainbow*) Happy seventy-third Wonderbolt training session! (*She whips out a party horn and blows a blast.*)

Rainbow: My seventy-third training session? (*Horn away.*) That's specific.

Pinkie: I know! (*trotting in place, rapid fire*) I'm just so proud and happy for you, and I've been counting all your training sessions and I was gonna wait until your hundredth, but I got too excited, and I know how much you love pie— (*pulling a pie from her mane*) —so happy seventy-third training session!

(It is the one she was concocting in the prologue, with a blueberry garnish atop the rainbow-striped crust.)

Rainbow: Whaa—? (*Pinkie sets it down.*) You didn't have to do this!

Pinkie: Oh, I know I didn't have to, but I reeeally wanted to.

(One giggly jitter later, she gets a spatula by its handle in her teeth just long enough to cut a slice and hold it up on a plate.)

Pinkie: Have a bite!

Rainbow: (*suddenly surprised, pointing past her*) Whoa! What's that?

(Pinkie turns to look, the camera panning to follow; the motion keeps her in view, but puts Rainbow and the proffered treat out of frame. There is a whole lot of nothing going on in this bit of the compound.)

Rainbow: (*from o.s.*) Huh.

(The pan reverses itself; now her cheeks bulge and the plate is empty save for a few crumbs.)

Rainbow: Guess it was nothing, but wow! (*Chuckle.*) This pie is the best I've ever had! (*Chew and swallow.*) Is that cinnamon?

Pinkie: (*jumping in place*) I knew you'd love it! (*She pushes the rest over to Rainbow, surprising her slightly.*) Have more. I made the whole thing for you.

Rainbow: Really? Oh, that's so great! But I need to go change, and then I have to take Tank to the vet. Heh. His sensitive tortoise tummy's been acting up again. (*lifting pie on a wing*) Do you mind if I take this pie with me?

Pinkie: Of course not! I gotta get back to my shift at Sugarcube Corner anyway. Congratulations again!

Rainbow: Heh. Thanks!

(Pinkie waves goodbye as she enters the barracks, then voices a satisfied sigh as the sound of squeaking wheels asserts itself.)

Pinkie: I knew she'd love it!

(She trots away with a merry giggle, not noticing the reason for the noise—a janitor pegasus stallion pushing a wheeled trash can with his head. Riding atop the piled-high contents is the very pie she brought with her. The janitor pauses to wipe his brow, then goes back to his work; now Pinkie takes notice, drawing in a long, shocked gasp. Pan quickly from her to a close-up of the discarded dessert.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s., softly)* Is that... *(Cut back to her; louder,)* ...is that...

(She peels out after the janitor, one of her balloons coming loose, and comes to a stop at a particular intersection. Zoom out quickly to put her at the mouth of an alley, in which he is emptying the trash can into a chute.)

Pinkie: STOOOOP!!

(To his very great consternation, she dives headfirst into the can and rattles her way to the bottom, coming up with nothing but a banana peel on her head.)

Pinkie: You didn't see a blueberry, rainbow-crust, seventy-three-ingredient pie with a slice eaten out of it in here, did you? *(Big ingratiating grin.)*

Janitor: *(nervously)* Uh, n-no?

Pinkie: *(becoming slightly crazed)* Right. Of course you didn't. That would be ridiculous, because I made it for Rainbow Dash and she loves my pies. *(leaning over him; he hunches down)* She would never throw them away like trash in the trash with other trash, right?

(By this time, he has gone all the way to the cloud "ground"; she yanks him up by his shirt front.)

Pinkie: Right?!?

Janitor: *(really scared)* Um...right?

(She lets go of the fabric and stares confusedly into space as he backs slowly away. A pie appears in the center of the screen, expanding to fill the entire view and shrinking away to nothing; behind its receding outline, the view changes to the upper reaches of Pinkie's hidden party-planning cave as seen in "Party Pooped.")

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Hmmm...

(Tilt down to floor level. She is pacing, having cleaned herself up and shed the balloons, and her alligator Gummy sits on a table.)

Pinkie: That pie couldn't have been the one I made. I must be seeing things. *(smiling)* I did have a lot of chocolate this morning.

(A bar of the stuff rests on the table, and a hoof flicks against the end hanging over the edge to launch it into her mouth. Chew, swallow, start thinking.)

Pinkie: But what if I wasn't seeing things? What if that *was* my pie? *(Smile; scoff.)* That would be bananas.

(The giggle that follows this declaration starts off light enough, but rapidly degenerates into something considerably more unbalanced and yields to a sharp gasp.)

Pinkie: Unless Rainbow Dash has been replaced by an impostor who throws delicious pies away!

(Gummy offers nothing but a slow blink in which both eyelids fail to work in time with each other.)

Pinkie: Or...has she been brainwashed by a pie-hating evil queen?

(Another off-kilter blink, this one accompanied by a glacial emergence of the reptilian tongue.)

Pinkie: You make a good point. *(pacing)* Rainbow Dash is too stubborn to be brainwashed, plus she hates washing. Hmmm...there's something else going on here. *(opening a file cabinet drawer; extracting three folders)* Let's look up a few of the more recent pies I've made for her.

(Close-up of a patch of floor as two of them are tossed down to land open, each containing photos and details of a different type of pie. During the next line, the camera pans slowly across the documents and reaches the third folder, also open.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s., pointing to each in turn)* The boysenberry pie I made for her birthday...and her three half-birthday lemon meringues...and the "It's Not Your Birthday, but Here's a Pie Anyway" Day custard pie! *(Cut to her.)* She ate all of these...right?

(Wavering dissolve to her presenting the first of these three treats to Rainbow at a birthday celebration in full swing; both mares wear party hats, and Rainbow is not wearing her flight suit in this flashback.)

Rainbow: *(gasping happily)* Another pie? Thank you so much! *(pointing past Pinkie)* Whoa! What's that?

(The pink baker turns to look, and one sky-blue hoof knocks the pie away. By the time Pinkie returns her attention to Rainbow, the latter is miming the action of chewing over a bulging mouthful.)

Rainbow: Mmm-mmm...huh. Guess it was nothing. *(Chuckle.)*

(A flash of white shifts the scene to her seated at a table outside Sugarcube Corner. Some cloth-covered object rests before her, and Pinkie nips the fabric in her mouth and pulls it away to reveal the trio of pies from the second file. Neither is wearing her party hat now.)

Rainbow: Awesome! Three lemon meringues? *(pointing)* Uh...hey! What's that over there?

(The distraction again works as intended; this time, she snaps the tablecloth hard enough to send the pies flying so that they land squarely on the three nearest tables. Cut back to her and Pinkie on the start of the following.)

Rainbow: *(miming full mouth)* Mmm-mmm-mmm. Oh, never mind. Heh. Great pies!

(Another flash, and she is walking along a street only to stop short when Pinkie emerges from a bush, the pie from her third file in hoof.)

Pinkie: Happy "It's Not Your Birthday, but Here's a Pie Anyway" Day! *(Rainbow takes it.)*

Rainbow: Thank you! *(looking past her)* No way. Check that out!

(With Pinkie momentarily sidetracked, the daredevil sets the pie on an unattended cart, then slams her hooves down on the harness struts to launch it skyward. It makes a perfect landing on the sill of an upper-story window, and a mildly surprised mare glances out at it and laughs.)

Mare: It's not even my birthday!

(This unexpected development catches Rainbow off guard, and it takes her a second to get her fake-chewing act in gear as Pinkie turns back to her.)

Rainbow: Oh, sorry. Guess it was nothing. *(She licks her chops.)* Mmm. But that custard was everything!

(Wavering dissolve back to Pinkie in the present.)

Pinkie: Have I ever *really* seen Rainbow Dash eat one of my pies? *(to Gummy)* And do I always look when somepony points behind me? *(He blinks and extends his tongue; she pivots to glance behind herself.)* What's there?!?

(The answer: nothing but a tub of some sugary whipped confection, topped with sprinkles and a cherry. She throws him a knowing smile.)

Pinkie: Heh. Good one. *(standing, pacing)* But I need answers.

(A moment's fishing around in the tub yields the checked gray deerstalker hat that she and Twilight passed back and forth during their investigation of the destroyed desserts in "MMMystery on the Friendship Express." Setting it firmly atop the curly magenta mane and

adopting a no-nonsense demeanor, she heads off. Dissolve to a long overhead shot of the Wonderbolt headquarters and zoom in slowly as the flyers go through their drills.)

Pinkie: *(voice over)* I've sent Rainbow Dash a pie every month she's been a Wonderbolt—

(Cut to a close-up of her addressing Spitfire outside the mess hall; she is carrying the bubble pipe that also figured in that earlier bit of detective work.)

Pinkie: —and you're telling me you've never seen her eat one?

(Longer shot; Fleetfoot and Soarin' are here as well, and all three have their goggles up. They respond at first with a round of indecisive mumbling, not meeting her eyes; finally Spitfire gets her words working.)

Spitfire: Uh, a-affirmative! *(Pinkie glares at her.)* Or, uh, negative.

(One blue eye bulges from its socket to intensify the scrutiny.)

Spitfire: Um, I-I-I mean, she wasn't *seen* eating one. *(The eye retracts.)*

Pinkie: Hmmm...interesting. Very interesting.

Spitfire: Are we under investigation?

Pinkie: As chief detective on the pie case, I've labeled you all "ponies of interest." So it's best you tell me everything you know. *(She blows bubbles from the pipe.)*

Spitfire: Well, we *have* been getting mysterious monthly pie donations.

(Both blue eyes pop wide, the pipe falling away as the amateur sleuth gasps softly and circles to put a foreleg across Spitfire's shoulders.)

Pinkie: Would you be able to pick these pies out of a lineup?

(The three pegasi nod confidently. Dissolve to the examination room within the clinic of Dr. Fauna, the veterinarian who found herself swamped with animals to help in "Fluttershy Leans In." The room is empty except for her and Pinkie, who stand facing each other from opposite ends of a long table. The camera points down at them from just above the blades of a creaking, slowly turning ceiling fan, and a light shines on the tableau as Pinkie lounges against her end, bubbling away with pipe in mouth. Zoom in slowly for a moment, then cut to a close-up of these two.)

Pinkie: *(setting pipe down)* I hear Rainbow Dash's pet tortoise Tank has been having tummy troubles. *(steeping front hooves on table edge)* When did it start?

Fauna: About a week ago. *(pulling out/opening a file folder)* Poor Tank had all the telltale signs of sugar overload. Jittery shell, sleeplessness, reptilian indigestion.

Pinkie: *(pipe in mouth, but pacing and removing it)* Hmmm. And this all happened the day after I made Rainbow Dash a "Thanks for Lending Me Your Jacket" peach pie. *(Zoom in quickly to a*

close-up as she chews the stem briefly.) It seems the pieces of the puzzle are plopping into place—but the picture isn't pretty.

(She gasps as an idea hits her, and in no time flat she has a notepad on one hoof and a pencil in her forelock.)

Pinkie: *(writing)* Note to self—"P" alliteration pie. *(The items are put away.)* Is that everything, Doctor?

Fauna: Well, there's also this.

(She pushes one item from her file across the table; close-up of it—an X-ray of Rainbow's tortoise Tank with a whole pie in his gut. Pinkie takes this and holds it up.)

Pinkie: Interesting. Did you have the lab analyze the flavor of that pie? *(She slams it down.)*

Fauna: No. But you know, Miss Cheerilee was in here not long ago. The class hamster was having similar symptoms. *(Horried gasp.)* Perhaps it's a pie pandemic!

Pinkie: Perhaps— *(turning away from table with pipe)* —and I just might know Pony Patient Zero!

(As she blows a few bubbles, a surge of them rises past the screen. Beneath their trailing edge, the view wipes to the classroom of the Ponyville schoolhouse. Cheerilee sits behind her desk at the front, while Pinkie faces her across it, pipe in mouth.)

Cheerilee: Dr. Fauna's right. I do always have to remind the foals and fillies not to share the pies with the class hamster. *(She sets a book on a stack.)* Animals just can't digest pony food. *(Pipe down.)*

Pinkie: Indeed. But where do these pies come from? *(Pipe up; bubble.)*

Cheerilee: Well, they're from Rainbow Dash. She drops off her "Day After Rainbow Dash's Half-Birthday" pie every year.

(The party pony's all-business attitude disintegrates in the very short time it takes her to leap onto the desk and drop the pipe.)

Pinkie: Did you say the day after her half-birthday? *(composing herself, lifting pipe)* Very, very interesting. *(Climb down; pipe in mouth.)* Because I give her a pie on her half-birthday every year—and I have a feeling it's the same pie! *(An indignant little bubble drifts up.)*

Cheerilee: Well, wherever it comes from, the students just love it.

Pinkie: *(a bit sardonically, removing pipe)* I'm so glad. *(aside, under her breath)* At least I can be sure *somepony* is!

(Dissolve to her in the party-planning cave, still wearing the deerstalker but no longer using the pipe as she paces the floor. Hanging on the wall, and illuminated by a single hanging light, is a bulletin board covered with notes, photos, slices of various types of pie, and a plethora of multicolored strings tacked up to connect one item to the next. A picture of Rainbow is stuck at

the center of it all, ringed by a big red circle, and a few of the documents either hang off the board's edge or are affixed to the wall itself.)

Pinkie: She didn't eat the blueberry. She didn't eat the banana. She didn't eat the cream, and she didn't eat the chocolate. *She didn't eat any of 'em! (pointing dramatically at camera)* Why?

(A different angle frames Gummy as the recipient of her query, and a longer shot puts him on a table.)

Pinkie: And don't tell me this all just started recently. It's been going on for years!

(Close-up of a picture of Cheerilee with a red X drawn over it.)

Pinkie: *(from o.s., pointing to it)* Cheerilee said so herself. *(Overhead shot of her, pointing from spot to spot.)* If there's one thing I know, you can't escape the truth.

(In her mind's eye, a glowing blue outline appears around the teacher's snapshot, then roves across the board to pick out four others: Spitfire, Soarin', the janitor, and finally Rainbow in close-up. All but this last are X'ed out. Pie slices slide in from the edges of the screen to fill the circle, the background flaring white behind them, and the dessert becomes an extreme close-up of one constricted blue iris and black pupil. Zoom out quickly to frame all of Pinkie, her mind completely blown by the revelation that has just struck her like a concrete block to the head. Lightning bolts tear the blackness that has replaced the cave interior behind her, but it soon fades into view.)

Pinkie: *(freaking out, forelegs flailing wildly)* Rainbow Dash doesn't like pie, and she's been lying to me about it the whole time!

(Pink front hooves clap against temples as if trying to keep the brain housed between them from blowing itself straight up to heaven, but Gummy just sits and stares impassively. Cut to an overhead close-up of her, now collapsed to her haunches. Zoom out slowly as she uncorks a mind-shattering scream, the camera slowly rotating at the same time, and fade to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to the shop floor of Sugarcube Corner as Applejack enters, a basket of apples balanced on her back. She is just in time to her Pinkie's scream come up through the floorboards.)

Applejack: Pinkie Pie?

(Cut to that mare's upper-story bedroom; Applejack gallops into view but finds it empty.)

Applejack: Pinkie Pie!

(While surveying the area, she backs into the ice-cream-cone newel post for the balcony stairs. Just as in "Party Pooped," it retracts into itself and the trapdoor leading to the hidden cave opens beneath Applejack's hooves to drop her and the fruit out of sight.)

Applejack: Whooooaaaa!

(As she yells, cut to the bottom of the playground slide that empties into this space. She lands upright, the basket plunks onto her back, and every last apple bounces into it.)

Applejack: *(relieved)* Oh! Party-plannin' cave. Right. *(She trots across.)* You okay?

(She has arrived at Pinkie and Gummy around the table; the pink mare stands up.)

Applejack: Or are you just screamin' for fun?

Pinkie: *(brightly)* Screaming is fun! *(angrily, stomping)* But I'm not okay! *(pointing to bulletin board)* I've been making Rainbow Dash pies for years, but she doesn't even like them! She's been lying to me!

Applejack: But everypony loves your pies. They're the greatest thing since sliced apples.

Pinkie: *Thank you!*

Applejack: And I could swear I've seen her eat one of your pies before.

Pinkie: *(leaning into her face)* Have you really?

Applejack: Um...I...thought I had. That's...why I said it?

Pinkie: Are you *sure*?

Applejack: Maybe I...haven't?

Pinkie: Exactly! *(hoof to face)* Because it's all been a sham! Rainbow Dash has been laughing at my pies behind my back and scheming of a way to get rid of them for years!

(Tilt up slowly toward the ceiling and dissolve to a long shot of the Ponyville town hall, looking unusually dark and foreboding, under a sky crammed with angry-looking storm clouds. Thunder rumbles back and forth, and lightning crackles as a lone pegasus mare rises above the scene. She resembles a hastily drawn caricature or parody of Rainbow: dark blue coat, too-bright neon colors on the mane/tail; jagged polygonal contours for most of her form and features, eyes perhaps a shade darker than normal, no cutie mark. She speaks with a voice somewhere between the genuine article and Nightmare Moon, revealing a mouthful of viciously sharp teeth.)

Evil RD: Bring forth the worst-tasting food in all of Equestria!

(Pinkie can only watch in mute horror as one cloaked, hooded pony after another hauls cartloads of pies past her.)

Evil RD: *(descending; the pullers disperse)* And now, I will destroy Pinkie Pie's horrid abominations, freeing the land of these disgusting pies FOREVER!!

Pinkie: NOOOOOOOO!!

(Cut to Evil RD on the end of this; she fires a beam of red energy from her eyes, obliterating two pies in quick succession.)

Evil RD: Good riddance, strawberry cream and Peaches Aplenty! *(Slow pan across the carts; she continues o.s. while blowing others away.)* Begone, apple crumble and Lemon Surprise!

(On the end of this, cut quickly to Pinkie taking tasty shrapnel to the face and then back to Evil RD. The crazed flyer fires wildly in all directions; back to the yummys on the receiving end as they go up in smoke.)

Evil RD: *(from o.s.)* Gone, gone, GONE!!

(A mushroom cloud spreads from the last point of impact, to the sound of her deranged laughter, and the camera zooms in on her as crumbs spray through the air. One last flash of lightning brings the camera back to the party-planning cave.)

Applejack: I really don't think that's what happenin'.

Pinkie: *(smiling)* I don't think so either. *(scowling)* I know so! *(Applejack quails before her glare.)*

Applejack: Well, I've got just the thing to get your mind off all this madness. *(removing basket from back, setting it down)* We've had a great apple harvest, so I was hopin' you could whip up a few of your delicious pies.

(Cut to inside the basket, the camera pointing up at Pinkie's smiling face from among the fruit.)

Pinkie: *(lowering brows, reaching in)* Yes. I will make pies. Lots of pies. *(Overhead shot; she paces around it.)* I'm going to make Rainbow Dash so many pies, it'll force her to admit the truth, or I'll catch her in the act of getting rid of them. *(A hop dislodges a few apples.)* Operation Pie-of-Lies is a go. *(brightly)* Thanks, Applejack! I knew I could count on you to come up with a plan.

Applejack: *(as Pinkie sinks slowly behind the basket)* I don't think that's what I did. *(looking around, now alone)* Also, uh, how do you get outta here?

(Dissolve to a close-up of Rainbow asleep and snoring blissfully in bed, at her cloud house above Ponyville. She has stripped off her flight suit and goggles. The camera follows her roll toward one side and frames Pinkie sitting on the mattress to face her with a smug, narrow-eyed smile. No longer wearing her deerstalker, she allows the sleeper one last moment of quiet before ringing a cowbell on a loop of rope around one foreleg.)

Pinkie: SURPRISE!!

(Rainbow snaps to full consciousness in one terrible instant, yelling in panic and tumbling backward out of bed with her mane in disarray.)

Rainbow: Wh-wh-what's happening? *(Pinkie ditches the bell.)*

Pinkie: Happy unofficial “Wake Your Friends Up” Day!

Rainbow: (*grunting, climbing onto bed, hoof to face*) I’ve never heard of “Wake Your Friends Up” Day.

Pinkie: Well, it’s unofficial. But I made you your favorite pie in celebration. (*She reaches below the bed and whips out a pie.*) Ta-da! Gifts are the second most important part of “Wake Your Friends Up” Day.

Rainbow: (*trying to straighten her mane*) Wh-what’s the first most important part?

Pinkie: (*menacingly*) Accepting the gifts and enjoying them immediately.

(*Her mood shifts back to sunny just as quickly, and she passes the pie to Rainbow with a dazzling grin.*)

Rainbow: (*uneasily*) Uh... (*smiling*) ...well, I-I’m sorry I forgot about “Wake Your Friends Up” Day. (*glancing at open window*) Uh, let me make it up to you.

(*A quick snatch at the flowerbed outside, and the camera cuts to Pinkie as a bunch of uprooted blossoms are waved in her face.*)

Rainbow: (*from o.s.*) Here!

(*Pinkie takes them and promptly lets go with a sneeze that sends petals all over the room. Meanwhile, Rainbow rolls up a Wonderbolt poster tacked up by the window, exposing a chute set into the wall; she throws the pie into this and lets the poster drop back into place. The camera shifts to follow the pie on its journey through a cutaway view of the house’s levels; after a few moments, cut to the kitchen, where the chute terminates in a hatch. The dessert rumbles its way around the final turns and pops out, at the perfect height for Tank to poke his head out of his shell and gulp it down whole without letting it hit the floor or his food bowl.*)

(*Up in the bedroom, Pinkie finishes her sneezing fit in close-up. Zoom out to frame the flower debris scattered around her on the mattress.*)

Pinkie: The pie! Where’d it go? (*Rainbow hovers into view.*)

Rainbow: What do you mean, “where did it go?” (*Chuckle; lick chops and rub belly.*)

Mmm-mmm. (*She flies off.*)

Pinkie: (*looking under pillows/bed*) How? Where? When?

(*Frantic little moans escape her throat as she checks the window and the poster, and one eye begins to twitch in a most alarming manner. Dissolve to several Wonderbolts practicing their maneuvers and tilt down to frame Rainbow on the plateau at headquarters—now groomed, suited up, and with goggles on forehead. As she begins to cross the runway, Pinkie plunges into view and lands face-first on the pavement despite the balloons tied around her midsection. These come loose and drift away as she looks up with a smile.*)

Pinkie: Congratulations on your seventy-fourth Wonderbolt training session! (*She stands up, holding a pie.*) Here’s a pie. (*threateningly*) Now eat it! (*Big grin.*)

Rainbow: Okay, this is getting a little out of hoof. I haven't even trained yet.

Pinkie: Well, I wanted to pre-celebrate because I already know how great you're gonna do.
(*unsmilingly, thrusting pie toward her*) Eat the pie!

(*The ace flyer takes it, ponders it with great trepidation, and suddenly lets her eyes pop.*)

Rainbow: (*pointing past her*) Pinkie! Look out!

Pinkie: I'm not gonna fall for—

(*She trails off into a scream as Spitfire swoops down and rams her away; a moment later she finds herself riding among the clouds on the blue-clad back. Once the captain realizes that she has a stowaway, she flips her rump forward to pitch Pinkie away.*)

Pinkie: Whooooaaaaa!

(*With all the grace and aerodynamic finesse of a brick, she disappears among the boughs of a tree. Tilt down to follow her rustling, yelping path, which ends with her hanging upside down from the lowest branches. Rainbow takes advantage of the mishap to toss this pie aside and fly off; cut back to the tree, where a medic pegasus stallion has parked his ambulance wagon in just the right spot for Pinkie to drop loose and land on her back.*)

Rainbow: (*from o.s.*) Pinkie!

(*She and Spitfire arrive as the medic straps Pinkie down.*)

Rainbow: Are you okay?

Pinkie: (*struggling*) Get me down!

Medic: (*gently pushing her back*) Sorry, ma'am, but we have to make sure you didn't sustain any internal injuries. (*He slips into the wagon harness.*)

Pinkie: But the pie! What happened to the pie?

Rainbow: (*chuckling*) Oh, the pie was delicious. You just get better. (*The "patient" is towed away.*)

Pinkie: NOOOOOOOOO!!

(*Wipe to a close-up of her peeking into view around the corner of a building in Ponyville. A fierce, partly crazed smile comes across her face; cut to just behind her—she has spotted Rainbow cruising over a rooftop down the block, and she ducks out of the mare's line of sight. Rainbow is out of uniform.*)

Pinkie: (*calling out, stilted*) Ahhhh! Somepony help me!

(*The ersatz cry for help brings Rainbow around to her general direction, and she zips away to stay just ahead. Cut to just behind Pinkie, now perched precariously on a tottering pie well above ground level as Rainbow pulls to a hover. On the start of the next line, the camera angle changes to pick out the massive pile of baked goods supporting her.*)

Pinkie: Rainbow Dash, thank goodness you're here! I was trying to fix the top pie on my pie pyramid, but the whole thing became unstable! And there's only one way to save me! *(imploringly)* You have to eat the pies!

Rainbow: Don't worry. I gotcha!

(A tight spiral carries her to the pinnacle, from which she easily evacuates Pinkie and brings her in for a safe landing.)

Pinkie: *(sourly)* Oh, right. Or you could save me that way.

Rainbow: You gotta be more careful, okay?

(She flies off, leaving the pink pony to voice a rising growl of furious frustration that turns into a camera-shaking stomp. The ensuing tremors bring the entire mishmash of pastries down on her in what is surely the most delicious avalanche in recorded history; she puts her head up, covered in filling, crust, and pie tins and stares popeyed after Rainbow. Wipe to a pan down another block, this one serving as a play area for several fillies, the camera panning to follow the blue mare's casual stroll. Out of nowhere, Pinkie races in to cut her off, fully cleaned up and hauling a cartload of pies. She is back to her happy self.)

Pinkie: Rainbow Dash! I wanted to thank you for saving me from the pie pyramid— *(passing one over)* —so have a pie! *(passing more, increasingly unhinged)* Have three! Have fifteen!

Rainbow: Whoa!

Pinkie: I know how much you love them. Now eat up!

(She has managed to empty her cart by this point, and the expression on her face makes her mental breakdown in "Party of One" look like a model of straitlaced sanity by comparison.)

Rainbow: *(sweating profusely)* Uh...thanks!

(She throws a desperate glance back the way she came; pan quickly to the fillies she passed, then cut back to the two mares.)

Rainbow: I can't wait to eat... *(addressing fillies)* ...ALL THESE PIES!!

(Cut to them on the end of this; every eye pops, every mouth smiles, and every little hoof hammers the roadbed in a wild stampede toward the pair. Within seconds, the pint-sized herd has thundered past and left Rainbow holding not one scrap of pie; she does her old fake-chewing bit as Pinkie boggles after them.)

Pinkie: What?!? Where did they—how did you— *(She settles for glaring at Rainbow.)*

Rainbow: *(licking chops, rubbing belly)* Dee-licious! You did it again, Pinkie!

(Cut to a close-up of the pink face and zoom in slowly as it contorts into a grimace of unmitigated, unbalanced fury, an almost inaudible growl escaping through gritted teeth. From

here, dissolve to a pie-decorated banner hanging from the third-story balcony of the town hall. Other decorations have been added at points high and low, and the camera zooms out to frame the town square, which sports an abundance of tables stacked high with pies for ponies to look over. Twilight and Applejack are at a table off to one side, and Rainbow crosses to a different one—only for Pinkie to spring out from beneath it with a pie balanced on her head. The magenta curls and pink face are matted with splotches of ingredients, and the eyes are swollen, watery, bloodshot, and unblinking.)

Pinkie: Rainbow Dash! (*backing her up*) There you are! I made a pie for everypony and you're the only one who hasn't eaten hers yet. (*She removes it from her head.*) So here. Your pie. For you to eat. Now!

Rainbow: (*taking it, hesitantly*) A-Are you okay? You seem to be staring more than usual.

Pinkie: I just *really* like to watch others enjoy my pies.

(The cracked giggle that makes its way out through clenched teeth, coupled with the tilt of her head and uncontrollably twitching ears, does nothing to assuage Rainbow's concern. Red-violet eyes flick between the pie and the crazed pony who made it.)

Rainbow: You sure you don't have to blink?

Pinkie: Me? Nope. I'm not much of a blinker.

(She somehow manages to take the creepy vibe up a notch or three by licking her own eyeballs.)

Pinkie: Uh, don't mind me. Go ahead and take a bite.

Rainbow: (*tentatively*) Well...do I want to take a big bite or a small bite?

(She flashes the tiniest hint of a calculating smile. Cut to Pinkie, gradually boiling over.)

Rainbow: (*from o.s. ,with deliberate slowness*) I just don't know. (*Back to her.*) Or maybe medium...no, no, no. Definitely not medium.

Pinkie: (*breathlessly, straining*) Just try some!

Rainbow: Ahhh...

(The contorted shape of Pinkie's mouth might barely qualify as a smile if one were feeling extremely charitable toward victims of severe mental illness. Rainbow's mouth opens slowly in extreme close-up, then closes again as the camera zooms out.)

Rainbow: Do you have any...milk?

(Pinkie goes into full-body, teeth-grinding shivers as a bell rings; cut to the source—the town's clock tower. In slow motion, the next chime sounds at a lower pitch...and Cherry Berry munches into a slice, spraying her table-mate Caramel with crumbs...and a bird flaps lazily through the sky...and, in a cut to her perspective, Pinkie does actually blink to black out the screen. The moment her upper and lower lids meet, normal speed resumes and the view snaps to the two mares. Rainbow seizes a bunch of balloons from the nearest table, ties them to the pie, and

heaves it upward and out of sight while Pinkie still has her eyes closed. Snap to black, which splits as a slowly opening eye—Pinkie's perspective again—to show Rainbow licking her chops and rubbing her belly in feigned satisfaction. The clock tower rings once again, heard at its normal pitch; Caramel wipes his face; the bird goes on its way. Pinkie is floored by the fact that the pie she forced on Rainbow has gone bye-bye, but at least her eyes have lost their puffy, bloodshot appearance.)

Rainbow: Ah, never mind. Your pies are just too good to resist! *(She walks off; zoom in on Pinkie.)*

Pinkie: What?! No! No! *(glaring after Rainbow, now at Twilight/Applejack's table)* That's it! I can't take it!

Rainbow: Uh, everything okay, Pinkie?

Pinkie: No! Everything is *not* okay! YOU HATE MY PIES!!

(Every eye in the town square swivels disbelievingly toward the face-off.)

Rainbow: What are you talking about?

Pinkie: You know exactly what I'm talking about! I saw what you did—well, I didn't *see* what you did, but I know that you've been fake-eating my pies! You threw away the pie I made for your seventy-third Wonderbolt training session, and I know you secretly somehow got rid of all the other pies I gave you! *ADMIT IT!!*

Rainbow: That's crazy! What do you think I did, somehow make them all disappear into thin air?

(Thin air chooses this moment to return the one she airlifted out, which comes down squarely on the head of the boiling-mad baker.)

Rainbow: *(chuckling weakly, scratching back of head)* Okay. So maybe I made one of them disappear into thin air.

(She earns a round of very puzzled looks from the other consumers and a withering glare from the pie-wearing Pinkie. Fade to black.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to the face-off in the town square.)

Pinkie: *HOW COULD YOU?!?*

Rainbow: What?! I-I, uh... *(hovering, thinking fast)* ...I-I just wanted to share these amazing pies with the folks of Cloudsdale. *(tapping hooves nervously)* So I, uh, I was trying to send them up via...balloon mail.

Pinkie: *(accusingly)* But you just said they were delicious.

Rainbow: Well, obviously that's because... *(A moment's thought.)* ...I have amnesia!

(Blue eyes narrow through the smears of filling as she descends to the ground.)

Rainbow: I've been brainwashed! *(smiling weakly)* I-It's...Opposite Day?

Pinkie: *(advancing on her; the mess falls off her face)* Your memory's working fine, you hate washing, and I know today's not Opposite Day because I bake you a pie for it every year. A pie that you probably just throw away, or give to charity, or destroy with your laser eyes while laughing at me!

Rainbow: *(really puzzled)* Laser eyes?

Pinkie: Oh! Oh! So you admit it! *(She storms off.)*

Rainbow: What?! No! I-I can explain!

Pinkie: *(flipping a pie tin off her head)* I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT!!

(She gallops away from the square as the empty container rattles forlornly to a stop before Rainbow, who stares at it and lets her head droop sadly. Dissolve to the library within the Castle of Friendship; she paces the floor moodily while Twilight and Applejack sit on a couch.)

Rainbow: She won't listen to me, she won't let me apologize... *(Stop; sigh.)* ...I feel terrible. *(Close-up of Twilight.)*

Twilight: Well, you *have* been lying to her. To all of us, actually. *(Pan to Applejack.)*

Applejack: *(accusingly)* Yeah. Is there anythin' else you're lyin' about that we should know?

Rainbow: No! *(wilting a bit)* Well, not that I can think of off the top of my head.

(The brow over one green eye arches just a notch to accentuate a fresh scowl on the farmer's face.)

Rainbow: *(pacing)* Is it my fault that I don't like pies? And not just Pinkie's pies, all pies! I know how much she loves making pies, and if I told her I didn't like them, it would've crushed her!

Applejack: Uh, you kinda crushed her anyway.

Rainbow: *(sputtering)* But I— *(Long, resigned sigh.)* —you're right. I guess I should've just eaten the pies in the first place.

(A pause, then a gasp.)

Rainbow: *(smiling)* Wait. That's it! I know how I can make it up to her!

(She gallops away. Wipe to Pinkie's bedroom, the newel post and trapdoor having reset themselves from Applejack's accidental triggering of them in Act Two. As the pink goofball lies face-down on her bed and Gummy perches on the pillow, a wisp of greenish vapor drifts in through a partly open window. She has fully cleaned herself up from the debacle in the town square, and she sits up to get a lungful of the gas.)

Pinkie: Pee-yew! *(pinching nose)* Gummy, is that you?

(A small stone arcs up just beyond the window to tap against the panes; she lowers her hoof.)

Pinkie: Huh. What is that?

(Cut to outside the upper story of Sugarcube Corner as she opens the window for a peek out, then zoom out on the next line to frame a hovering Rainbow as the thrower.)

Pinkie: *(sourly)* Oh. It's you.

(Close-up of the pie-averse pony, framing Twilight and Applejack on the ground below her and something that stands between them, almost completely hidden by her form.)

Rainbow: Pinkie Pie, wait! *(Sigh.)* I know now that I should've been honest with you from the start because lying to your friends is wrong— *(smiling, embarrassed)* —and because getting rid of all those pies was a giant hassle. *(Applejack puts a disgusted hoof to her face; Twilight grins stupidly.)* I mean, do you have any idea how many pies you've made for me over the years?

Pinkie: *(dryly)* Yes, I know exactly how many. I have a very detailed pie-ling system.

Rainbow: *(deflated)* Of course you do. The point is— *(Cut to Pinkie, forelegs crossed and face turned pointedly away; she continues o.s.)* —I thought the hassle was worth it just to spare your feelings. *(Pinkie turns toward her, surprised.)* But I was wrong. *(Back to her.)* So, to make up for it...

(She shifts position just enough to fully expose the object placed between Twilight and Applejack: a pie that stands nearly as tall as they do and is absolutely unfit for consumption by any living organism. Part of the thick, pockmarked gray crust has broken loose to expose a filling whose color is normally associated with the contents of a backed-up septic tank, and Twilight and Applejack cringe away from the dribbles that have made it over the edge. Bits of badly abused plant matter protrude from the holes in the crust, and the whole abomination is emitting the green miasma that caught Pinkie's attention so unwholesomely.)

Rainbow: ...I made this pie for you.

(A bubble rises within the filling and ruptures with a glutinous pop.)

Rainbow: Well, I guess I made it for me, to eat in front of you. Point is, I'm eating this pie for friendship!

Pinkie: Wait. That smelly circular monstrosity is a pie?

Rainbow: Yeah! *(scratching back of head)* I know I can't go back and eat all the pies you made for me in the past, so instead— *(Cut to a highly concerned Pinkie; she continues o.s.)* —I'm gonna eat this giant one for you now!

(The upper-story onlooker claps hooves to mouth on the end of this, out of fear for her friend's digestive tract and/or to keep the contents of her own where they belong. Back to Rainbow.)

Rainbow: So...here I go!

(She shoots upward and dives smack into the center of the horrid mess, coming up with blots of it on herself and holding a sizable chunk that pops a bubble to douse her. The mouth opens wide, leaning unwillingly toward the worst meal in Equestria.)

Rainbow: *(weakly)* Ahhhh...

Pinkie: *(from o.s.)* Wait! *(Cut to her.)* I can't watch you do this!

(The poofy-maned head pulls itself back in through the window, and a series of jerky camera motions marks her scrambling, clattering progress down to ground level. She throws the front door open to face the three visitors.)

Pinkie: I mean, is that crust or some kind of concrete?

Rainbow: Yeah, honestly, I have no idea.

Pinkie: Oh, I can't believe you're willing to eat this terrible pie for me! *(crossing to her)* It's ridiculous and this whole thing is overly complicated, and... *(Sigh; smile.)* ...I think I finally understand why you lied.

(Wavering dissolve to her flashback of Rainbow's birthday party in Act One: Pinkie is about to give Rainbow the pie she has brought.)

Rainbow: *(pointing)* Whoa! What's that?

(Pinkie turns to look, the pie being knocked away.)

Rainbow: *(fake-chewing)* Mmm-mmm...huh. Guess it was nothing. *(She chuckles as Pinkie squeals with delight and bounces in place.)*

Pinkie: I'm so glad you enjoyed my pies!

(She hugs the guest of honor. A flash shifts the scene to the next memory, among the tables outside Sugarcube Corner. Having just distracted her, Rainbow snaps the tablecloth to send the three lemon meringue pies to the other customers.)

Rainbow: *(fake-chewing)* Mmm, oh, never mind. Heh. Great pies!

(Pinkie squeals and trots in place. Flash to the third memory: she has just popped out of the bush and given Rainbow the custard pie.)

Rainbow: *(looking past her)* No way. Check that out!

(Pinkie does so, the treat being set on the idle cart and launched up o.s.)

Mare: *(from o.s. above, laughing)* It's not even my birthday!

Rainbow: *(to Pinkie, fake-chewing)* Oh, sorry. Guess it was nothing. *(Lick chops.)* Mmm. But that custard was everything!

Pinkie: Seeing you eat my pies makes me the happiest pony in all of Equestria!

Rainbow: (*chuckling*) I know it does.

(*Wavering dissolve back to the pair in the present.*)

Pinkie: You did a lot of ridiculous and overly complex things to get rid of my pies, because it made you happy to see me happy. Just like I went to a lot of effort to make you the pies, because it made me happy to see you happy.

Rainbow: Yes!

Pinkie: And if you're willing to go through all of that, it really shows how much you're willing to do for your friends.

(*Cut to Rainbow on the end of this, Twilight and Applejack trading a smile in the background.*)

Rainbow: (*chuckling*) Aw, shucks. It was nothing.

Pinkie: Now get outta that thing and give me a hug!

(*The besmirched mare extracts herself from the filth—with some degree of effort—and zips down to fulfill the request. Pan slightly to put only these two in frame.*)

Pinkie: Just remember. In the future, you can always be honest with me.

(*She tightens her grip, causing Rainbow's eyes to bulge from their sockets; pan to Twilight and Applejack on the start of the next line.*)

Applejack: (*dryly, to Twilight*) Uh, I coulda told her that.

Rainbow: (*strangled, trying to laugh*) Cool. How about this? Your hugs are too tight.

Pinkie: (*laughing, patting Rainbow's head*) No, they're not.

(*Rainbow rolls her eyes through the brown muck caked onto her face and sighs with a mix of resignation and good humor. "Iris out" to black, the aperture taking the profile outline of a pie in its tin.*)