

HEARTS AND HOOVES DAY

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Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to a long overhead shot of the town square during the day. Ponies go about their business everywhere and young laughter drifts up as the camera pans to the Cutie Mark Crusaders' clubhouse. The bell rings at the schoolhouse, which stands a short distance away in the background.)

Apple Bloom: *(from inside)* Hmmm...

(Close-up of the floor, which is covered with spilled glue, paint, and scraps of paper, ribbon, and other arts-and-crafts materials. Bloom walks through the mess, visible from the chest down.)

Bloom: I just don't feel like it's quite...finished.

(A different angle frames her head and the glue bottle in her teeth, along with the head of Sweetie Belle when she stands up. The glop has ended up on the walls as well, and a poster depicts a pony silhouette marked with a large heart.)

Sweetie: *(as Scootaloo approaches)* I know what you mean. If it's for Miss Cheerilee, it needs to be perfect. Hearts and Hooves Day only comes once a year, after all.

Scootaloo: *(holding up a spool of ribbon)* I say we add a little more ribbon!

Sweetie: *(nodding with Bloom)* Mmm-hmm, yeah. *(Scootaloo jumps across with it; Sweetie ducks down.)*

Bloom: Yeah.

Sweetie: *(picking up a strip of lace)* And just a tiny bit more lace.

[Animation goof: Sweetie's mouth moves on Bloom's "yeah."]

(The lace is thrown across to fill the screen; when it drops, Bloom walks over to an open paint can of bright violet paint and cheerfully dunks a front hoof in it.)

Bloom: A few more hoofprints!

(A splash of paint drains away to show her stomping her daubed hooves across the floor, which

is just barely cut off by the bottom edge of the screen. Now Scootaloo moves in with a small bucket of...)

Scootaloo: Glitter! It could definitely use just a little more glitter.

(She pours, sending up a swirl of sparkly dust, and the camera shifts to frame the lacy, beribboned edge of the Crusaders' creation. Sweetie runs a critical eye over the thing and smiles, and her two cohorts look on with approval.)

Bloom: Now *that*'ll show Miss Cheerilee how much we care about her!

(Cut to a close-up of the work and zoom out slowly. It is an enormous heart made from pink construction paper, with a lace border and plenty of glitter. Bows in four colors—red, yellow, pink, violet—are stuck on around the edge, and the whole is liberally marked with hoofprints in white, pink, and violet. The zoom frames the Crusaders on the start of the next line.)

Bloom: Just have to get it to the Hearts and Hooves party at school.

(Here comes the little unicorn with a solution: an envelope that is barely big enough to accommodate the bottom corner.)

Scootaloo: I think we're gonna need a bigger envelope.

(Fade to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the schoolhouse and zoom in slowly. Chatter is heard from inside as the camera cuts to the classroom and pans to Cheerilee and the Crusaders; they have propped their giant project near her desk. Multicolored banners and heart decorations have been put up everywhere in the room.)

Cheerilee: It's lovely, and so... *(Very long pause.)* ...big!

Bloom: We just wanted to let you know— *(Upper section sags; the others push it up.)* —that we think you're the best teacher in the whole wide world. *(Cut to Cheerilee; she continues o.s.)* And we think you're super— *(It falls over, just missing her.)* —and that we love you so, so much!

(The last couple of words suddenly take on a muffled tone; the reason, as shown in the next shot, is that the thing has come down on top of the trio.)

Bloom: *(muffled until Cheerilee uncovers them)* And we want you to have the best Hearts and

Hooves Day—

Crusaders: —ever!

Cheerilee: Thank you so much, girls. I love it, I really do. (*Sweetie stands up.*)

Sweetie: (*knowingly, nudging her in the chest*) I'm sure it's nothing compared to the gifts you've gotten from your very special somepony.

(During this line, Cheerilee drops the top edge so that it blacks out the screen, and the view quickly snaps to the pair in time for the last three words.)

Cheerilee: (*crossing room*) Oh, I don't have a very special somepony at the moment.

(All three fillies have extricated themselves from the collapsed paper by now; her statement throws a king-sized monkey wrench into their mental works.)

Bloom: Really?

(Cut to Cheerilee, nipping up a fallen ribbon, then to all four on the start of the next line. She sticks it back onto the wall.)

Sweetie: How could somepony as amazing as you not have a very special somepony on Hearts and Hooves Day?

(The schoolteacher carefully keeps her face turned away so that the Crusaders cannot see the annoyed expression that comes over her face. Evidently she has heard this question countless times in past years, but she turns to face them with a smile.)

Cheerilee: It's all right, Sweetie Belle. (*A colt brings her a card.*) I have lots of good friends and wonderful students who care about me very much. (*She takes it.*) I'm gonna have an absolutely terrific Hearts and Hooves Day! (*addressing the room*) All right, everypony! Who's ready to play Pin the Heart on the Pony?

(The rest of the students clamor for a turn as Cheerilee walks toward them, the camera zooming in slowly on the crestfallen Crusaders still at the front desk.)

Bloom: If anypony deserves a very special somepony, it's her. (*Sweetie gasps deeply and aims a huge smile at her.*) Uh, you all right?

(Across the room, a blindfolded Twist has a paper heart in her teeth and is working her way toward Cheerilee and a pony-silhouette poster identical to the one in the clubhouse.)

Sweetie: I'm more than all right. I've just come up with the best idea ever!

(On the end of this, Twist sticks the heart onto Cheerilee's chest instead of the picture.)

Sweetie: We're gonna find Miss Cheerilee a very special somepony! (*Scootaloo grins.*)

Bloom: That is the best idea ever! *(Sweetie zips back to them.)*

Sweetie: Told you.

Bloom: So what are we waiting for? *(All look up toward the wall.)* Hearts and Hooves Day is almost over!

(On the end of this, pan/tilt up to the wall clock, which ticks a minute closer to 3:00. The camera then cuts back to the trio.)

Bloom: Let's get out there and find somepony special for Cheerilee already!

Sweetie: Yeah! *(All hunch down.)*

Scotaloo: Let's do it!

(They leap up for a three-way high five. Dissolve to a patch of clear afternoon sky and tilt down to frame them on the prowl through the town square.)

Sweetie: Now it can't be just anypony. Miss Cheerilee is one of the best mares in Ponyville. She deserves to have one of the best stallions as her very special somepony.

Light mandolin/synthesizer/string melody with tambourine, brisk 4 (F major)

(Tilt up from the Crusaders as a thought balloon forms above Sweetie's head; within it, Cheerilee appears at her desk, holding an apple.)

Sweetie: Cheerilee is sweet and kind

She's the best teacher we could hope for

(The balloon disappears; tilt down again as she gallops ahead and peers around from a post.)

The perfect stallion you and I must find

(Bloom and Scotaloo bob their heads in time; she leaps over to them.)

One to really make her heart soar

(She holds out the last word, the camera zooming out to a long overhead shot of them in front of the town hall. They scatter in different directions.)

Bongos in

(She finds a colt playing an arcade game, then gives a noogie to the elderly Mr. Waddle as he officiates at a funeral.)

Sweetie: But this one's too young, this one's too old

(She pokes her head out the back doors of an ambulance and puts a thermometer in a sick stallion's mouth.)

He clearly has a terrible cold

(He sneezes; now Bloom spots a clown and leans on a well-dressed one in top hat and monocle.)

Bloom: This guy's too silly, he's way too uptight

Top-hat stallion: *(offended)* I say!

(He moves just enough to let her fall on her face; now Sweetie spots Caramel sitting on his

haunches under a tree.)

Sweetie: Well, nothing's wrong with this one, he seems all right

(As she holds out this last word, the camera zooms out just enough to frame a pegasus mare seated nearby; she and Caramel rub noses affectionately.)

Scootaloo: His girlfriend sure thinks so.

Drums in; double-time feel

(Pan quickly to Bloom, who has come across a gray, brown-maned stallion in an iridescent, rhinestone-studded shirt straight out of the 1970s. He wears sunglasses and has a disco-ball cutie mark.)

Sweetie: How 'bout this one?

Bloom: He's much too flashy

(Doctor Whooves gallops past, splattering both with mud as Scootaloo skids over to them.)

Scootaloo: *(spoken)* He might do

Bloom, Sweetie: If he weren't so splashy

(Embarrassed grin from the pegasus; now the others, cleaned up, eye various other rejects.)

Bloom: Too short

Sweetie: Too tall

Bloom: Too clean

Scootaloo: *(spoken, clothespin on nose)* Too smelly

(Now Sweetie finds herself looking at a stallion who pokes his head out from within one of three full, oversized jelly jars.)

Sweetie: He's strangely obsessed with tubs of jelly

(Hold the note; she backs off in a big hurry and fetches up against Scootaloo, who has rejoined Bloom in the town square. Big sigh from all three as the camera zooms out overhead.)

All percussion/mandolin out; double-time feel ends

Bloom: I don't think that we're mistaken

(Ground level; she scopes out couples at various tables.)

It seems all the good ones are taken

(They start a hopping ascent up a pyramid of hay bales.)

Tambourine in

Sweetie: I really feel that at this rate, we'll never find the perfect date

Bloom, Sweetie: Don't want to quit and give up hope

(They spot Big Macintosh on the other side, loading bales into a cart.)

Scootaloo: Doing anything special for Hearts and Hooves Day? *(She ducks back.)*

Sweetie: Oh please, oh please, oh please, say

Macintosh: Nope.

(Happy gasps from the fillies, who jump down off the stack.)

Mandolin/other percussion in; double-time feel

Sweetie: We did it, girls, we've found the one

(A heart-shaped frame appears around the red stallion and glows warmly; she hops away, the others following.)

Who will send our teacher's heart a-flutter

(Bloom, at the rear, stops short.)

Bloom: Wait a minute! Let me get this straight. *(Macintosh passes behind her, pulling the cart.)*
Are you talkin' about my brother?

Song ends with a stinger

(Cut to a long shot of Sweet Apple Acres, then to Macintosh pushing a loaded apple tub across the farmyard with his head. Zoom out slightly to frame the Crusaders, watching him from inside the open barn doors; they duck hurriedly out of sight as he stops for a slow look around. Finding nothing amiss, he goes back to work.)

Scootaloo: Sweetie Belle is right! *(Long shot of the barn; they peek out as the camera zooms in.)*
Big Macintosh is the perfect match for Miss Cheerilee.

(Close-up of three empty tubs set up around a tree; he taps the trunk with a rear hoof.)

Scootaloo: *(from o.s.)* He's really nice... *(The tubs are full in an instant.)*

...super-hardworking... *(Inside again; he hauls the tubs on his back.)*

Bloom: Hmm...but he's also pretty shy. *(as she, Sweetie cross the barn)* He's never gonna ask Miss Cheerilee to be his very special somepony. *(Sweetie stops and thinks.)*

Sweetie: Maybe he doesn't have to. *(Bloom stops.)*

Bloom: Huh?

Sweetie: If we can get Big Mac and Miss Cheerilee in a really romantic setting, I bet *she'll* ask him! *(Scootaloo, perched on a hay bale, snaps upright.)*

Scootaloo: Sounds like a plan to me!

Bloom: *(crossing to them)* So, what are we waiting for? *(Scootaloo jumps down.)* Let's get out there and create the perfect date!

(They jump and give a three-way high five, the camera cutting to a close-up of their extended hooves as it did in the classroom.)

Crusaders: *(from o.s.)* Yaaaay! Woo-hoo!

(Snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to an overhead shot of a pair of awnings strung up in a small stand of trees in the park. Sweetie is beneath them, setting up a picnic spread in the area shaded by this rough gazebo; in close-up, Bloom and Scootaloo bring over one empty plate each. A phonograph sits on a stool nearby, and the sky's tinge marks the arrival of later afternoon.)

Sweetie: Flowers! Don't forget the flowers!

Bloom: Oops! *(She jumps o.s.)* I'm on it!

(Scootaloo, meanwhile, spots Cheerilee and then Macintosh approaching from different directions and gasps happily.)

Scootaloo: They're coming! *(Cut to Bloom and Sweetie; she continues o.s.)* This is gonna be perfect! *(Bloom has filled a vase with flowers.)* Miss Cheerilee is gonna have the best Hearts and Hooves Day ever!

Sweetie: With her new very special somepony! *(All three giggle and move toward Cheerilee.)*

Cheerilee: Hi, girls!

Crusaders: Hi, Miss Cheerilee!

Cheerilee: So you three said you needed help identifying a tree you found here near the gazebo?

(They nod and zip over to point it out on a hill close by; it is an ordinary apple tree, catching the red-violet instructor off guard.)

Cheerilee: *(dryly)* That's an apple tree.

Bloom: *(innocently)* Is it?

(The fillies force a sheepish giggle as the camera cuts to Cheerilee; Macintosh walks up, the handle of a toolbox in his mouth. He sets this down, noses the lid open, and comes up with a hammer—only to find nothing within easy reach that needs repairing.)

Bloom: *(from o.s.)* Oh...uh, sorry, big brother. *(Cut to her, now alongside.)* We went and fixed up the gazebo all on our own. *(nudging him ahead; hammer falls)* See? *(Scootaloo nudges Cheerilee up.)*

Scootaloo: As long as you're here, why not have a bite to eat from this romantic-looking picnic?

(Cut to a close-up of said picnic on the last three words, then tilt up to frame the quintet.)

Scootaloo: *(feigning surprise)* Oh, gosh, seems like there's only room for two.

Bloom: I guess we'll just be goin', then. *(Chuckle.)*

(The three fillies bug out with almost enough speed to create their own Sonic Rainboom, leaving two very confused grown-up ponies to stare after them. Sweetie leans back into view just long enough to set the needle on the record and start the phonograph; a light waltz begins to play as the Crusaders watch from behind a bush farther down the path. The next two lines are delivered in hushed tones.)

Scotaloo: You really think this'll work?

Sweetie: Of course it will work. They're perfect for each other.

(At the scene, Cheerilee looks worriedly off toward their vantage point, then tries to get a smile going as she turns to face the puzzled but impassive Macintosh. It takes her a few seconds to work up a remark.)

Cheerilee: Beautiful day we're having. *(Pause; he glances around.)*

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Cheerilee: Any big plans for tonight? *(Another pause.)*

Macintosh: Nn-nope.

(A few more seconds pass with no sound except the record; cut to a close-up of Bloom. The next two lines are delivered in hushed tones.)

Bloom: Oh, come on, Miss Cheerilee, ask him to be your very special somepony. *(Pan to Sweetie, who gasps happily.)*

Sweetie: Oh my gosh! Look!

(The camera cuts back and forth between them and the intended couple several times during the following. Cheerilee leans closer to Macintosh, staring intently...the fillies' eyes and smiles widen...she leans even closer...the young eyes and smiles grow another size...and now the stallion and mare are practically nose to nose.)

Cheerilee: *(quietly, smiling)* Big Mac?

Macintosh: Ee-yup?

(Now the Crusaders' pupils and irises have nearly filled their eye sockets, while their smiles have stretched so far that their faces might split in two at any moment. The camera cuts back to Cheerilee and Macintosh and zooms quickly out a short distance as she backs off, shattering the mood with a cinderblock.)

Cheerilee: You have something stuck in your teeth.

(Taken aback, he lifts a hoof to locate the offending bit. The sound of the needle being yanked off the record comes through loud and clear as the camera pans to frame the bush; one hacked-off unicorn filly pops up.)

Sweetie: OH, COME ON!!

(Scootaloo swiftly drags her back into hiding. The music resumes, but now the tempo and key waver as if the turntable can no longer maintain a constant rotation speed. Pan back to Macintosh and Cheerilee, the former using a toothpick for a moment to dig out the particle.)

Cheerilee: Well, this has been...strange.

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Cheerilee: I need to get going, but it's always great running into a good friend.

Macintosh: *(smiling)* Yup.

(Exeunt, in opposite directions. Dissolve to a close-up of a rock being kicked along by Bloom, then zoom out to frame the trio—walking down a street in Ponyville and in very low spirits. Bloom sighs. The blueness of the sky indicates that at least one day has passed.)

Bloom: Do you think it just wasn't romantic enough?

Scootaloo: Maybe it was *too* romantic. *(Sweetie sighs; Bloom's bow droops.)*

Sweetie: Either way, we failed. *(Close-up of Bloom; she moans.)*

Bloom: There's gotta be somethin' else we can—

(With her attention turned toward the others, she does not notice Twilight Sparkle—or the book she is levitating to read as she walks—coming toward her. The resulting collision knocks Bloom backward and drives the book briefly into Twilight's face. It falls to the ground, allowing a clear view of the loaded saddlebags she carries, and the camera cuts to a longer shot of the group. All three Crusaders have gone down in a heap; the fallen book displays a heart and caldron in its cover, while one in the bags depicts a white rose. Bloom's bow has perked up again.)

Twilight: Oh my goodness! I didn't even see you there! I'm so, so sorry.

Bloom: Oh, it's okay, Twilight. It was an accident.

Twilight: *(smiling, floating book up/walking on)* I've just been reading the most fascinating book about Hearts and Hooves Day. Did you know that this holiday got its start because of a love potion?

(Three pairs of young eyes contract to pinpoints once this last sentence filters into the brains wired up to them. Twilight has resumed her studying, but quickly finds herself at a standstill. Her perspective: the Crusaders have slid to a stop on their backs before her.)

Sweetie: Did you say "a love potion"? *(Their perspective of Twilight and the book.)*

Twilight: That's' right. It even has the recipe.

(During this line, she magically leafs through it and the camera zooms in, putting her o.s. She stops on a page that depicts a crowned stallion and mare gazing rapturously into each other's heart-filled eyes; back to the trio.)

Sweetie: I...don't suppose we could borrow that book for a little while, do you [*sic*]? *(Cut to*

Twilight.)

Twilight: Of course you can.

(She floats it down so Sweetie can grab it; in profile, she levitates another one from her bags.)

Twilight: I have another book here— *(Her perspective of the ground; the Crusaders are gone.)*
—that I think you’ll...

(Longer shot of her and the now-empty street; she looks around a bit, then glares grumpily ahead, having lost her audience. Wipe to the exterior of the clubhouse, zooming in slowly to the sound of giggling, then cut to the three inside. Bloom has the book opened to the right page, Sweetie is studying it, and Scootaloo eyes a pitcher of light blue liquid on the table before them.)

Sweetie: *(reading)* “Take a tuft of cloud...”

(Wipe to a close-up of Scootaloo as she nips a mouthful from a nice white one, then zoom out. She is being held up by Sweetie, who is in turn supported by Bloom; the tottering tower is at the edge of an unreasonably high cliff. Another wipe puts them back at the table, where Scootaloo drops the wad into the pitcher so that it dissolves; the liquid has now whitened somewhat.)

Sweetie: “...a bright rainbow’s glow.”

(Wipe to one end of a vivid rainbow originating somewhere in the Sweet Apple Acres orchards. Scootaloo straightens up into view, holding the end of a vacuum cleaner hose to the colored arc, and the camera zooms out. Backstopped by Sweetie, she is standing on top of a tall stepladder to get the needed height, while Bloom keeps an eye on the appliance below. The bright hues are swiftly sucked away, leaving the rainbow in grayscale. The next wipe puts them at the table again; Scootaloo sticks the end of the hose into the pitcher to discharge the vacuumed colors.)

Sweetie: “Stir with a pegasus feather...” *(She nips one off Scootaloo’s wing.)*

Scootaloo: Hey! *(Close-up of the pitcher.)*

Sweetie: *(from o.s., stirring)* “...fast, not slow.”

(The layered rainbow colors disappear and the mixture becomes translucent violet. Once the stirring is done, Scootaloo fills two cups.)

Bloom: *(closing book)* “Serve to two ponies who aren’t in the know.”

(They stare wonderingly at the cups, which begin to emit heart-shaped bubbles in close-up. Around them, the backdrop dissolves to the picnic blanket under the gazebo. On the start of the next line, Sweetie picks up one of them and the camera zooms out to frame all three Crusaders on the scene. The phonograph and vase of flowers are still here, but the food has been cleared away. Scootaloo keeps a lookout; Sweetie sets one cup on the opposite side of the vase from the other, then adjusts the flowers. It is late afternoon again.)

Bloom: I feel kinda bad trickin' my brother and Miss Cheerilee this way.

Sweetie: What's the problem? We all agree these two are perfect for one another. (*Pan to Scootaloo.*)

Scootaloo: Yeah! They just need a little nudge. (*Back to Sweetie.*)

Sweetie: And what could make them happier than being together—right?

Bloom: (*smiling*) Right!

Scootaloo: Ooh, ooh! Here they come! (*They line up by the spread.*)

Bloom: Hiya, Miss Cheerilee! (*Macintosh and Cheerilee approach on opposite sides.*)

Cheerilee: Hello again, girls. Hello, Big Mac. (*Pause.*) Would you three like to tell us why it was so very important that we meet you here—

Sweetie: Punch!

Cheerilee: Excuse me?

Sweetie: (*hastily, nervously*) Punch! We made punch. We were gonna set up a stand and try to sell it, but...heh...we needed somepony to taste-test it first.

Bloom: Ee-yup.

(Sweetie stretches up toward the pair at the start of each following sentence, then down again at its end.)

Sweetie: We thought you two would be perfect together. To test it. Together.

(Farmhand and teacher trade a very confused stare.)

Sweetie: So, uh, we'll just leave you two alone.

(Which they do, peeling out with nearly enough speed to take the whole spread with them. Sweetie zips back a moment later.)

Sweetie: Together, to test it.

(Off she goes, Macintosh glancing over his shoulder to mark her landing in the bush that served as the Crusaders' cover on their first try. Her giggle makes itself heard from within the leaves.)

Cheerilee: I'm very sorry about this. I mentioned to the girls that I don't have a very special somepony, and I believe they're putting us in these awkward situations because they've decided it should be you.

(She gives him a queasy smile; he laughs in response and she joins in.)

Cheerilee: I suppose we should just humor them for a moment. Uh, this punch does look delicious.

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

(Zoom in to ground level and the two full cups between them, then cut to the Crusaders in their hiding place and zoom in slowly. As before, the Crusaders' lines are spoken at low volume.)

Sweetie: I think they're gonna drink it! *(The cups are lifted...)*

Cheerilee: To good friends. *(...and clinked together; both drink.)*

Scootaloo: They're drinking it! They're drinking it!

(A stereo hiccup is the first reaction, followed by gentle smiles and two wisps of vapor that float together to form a bright violet heart between the two pairs of green eyes. As it floats away, they suddenly fix each other with an intense, close-range stare, the whites and irises cycling through various shades of pink and violet for a moment.)

Scootaloo: *(giddily)* They're looking into each other's eyes! *(Three-way giggle.)*

Crusaders: They're about to be in for a big surprise!

(Back to Macintosh and Cheerilee on the end of this. Their eyes widen a bit...as do the Crusaders'...they lean closer...the trio's eyes and smiles grow again...lean still closer...eyes and smiles even larger.)

Cheerilee: *(tenderly)* Big Mac?

Macintosh: Yup? *(Ecstatic stares from the Crusaders.)*

Cheerilee: Will you be my very special somepony?

Macintosh: Ee-yup. *(Sweetie pops up from the bush.)*

Sweetie: YES!!

(Scootaloo pops up to shove her back in, but an instant later all three are eagerly watching these new developments.)

Crusaders: *(hopping around gazebo, singsong)* He's her special somepony, she's his special somepony!

Cheerilee: He's my special somepony.

Macintosh: *(more drawn-out than usual)* Ee-yup.

(The Crusaders stop their hopping and float slightly clear of the ground with pure glee.)

Crusaders: Awww...

Scootaloo: *(touching Macintosh's chin, sappily)* He's my schmoopie-doopie, sweetie-weetie pony pie.

(That string of lovestruck nonsense leaves the fillies hopelessly confused.)

Macintosh: *(touching Cheerilee's chin, sappily)* You're my schmoopie-doopie, sweetie-weetie pony pie.

Bloom: *(to Scootaloo, Sweetie)* Did he just say...?

(Yes. Yes, he did. As first his eyes and then hers briefly display the effects of the love potion again, the three brewers can only watch helplessly.)

Cheerilee: You're my cutie-patootie, lovey-dovey honey bunny.

Macintosh: (*drawing a heart in air*) You're my hearty-smarty, smoochy-woochy baby-waby.

Bloom: Big Mac! (*The Crusaders zip over.*) Hey! (*She waves a hoof in his face.*) Hel-looo?

(*Her perspective of his stupidly smiling face.*)

Bloom: What's goin' on? (*Cut to frame all five again.*)

Sweetie: Miss Cheerilee, are you all right?

Cheerilee: I have a special somepony... (*sappily*) ...a kissy-wissy, snuggly-wuggly sugar bear.

(*She and Macintosh lean in close to rub noses; zoom in on the Crusaders.*)

Sweetie: I think we may have given them too big of a nudge.

Macintosh: (*from o.s.*) You're my cuddly-wuddly, boopsie-woopsie punkin pie. (*Gagging from Scootaloo and Sweetie.*)

Scootaloo: (*sarcastically*) You think?

(*Snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to the exterior of the Crusaders' clubhouse. It is now the following day.*)

Bloom: (*from inside, anguished*) What have we done?

(*Inside, she paces the floor while her partners study the book borrowed from Twilight.*)

Bloom: My brother's actin' like a grade-A goofball!

Sweetie: Maybe we added too much rainbow.

Scootaloo: Or maybe not enough cloud.

Sweetie: Maybe... (*grabbing book*) ...uh-oh.

Bloom: What do you mean, "uh-oh"?

Sweetie: We might not have given Big Mac and Miss Cheerilee a love *potion*. We may have given them a love *poison*!

Bloom, Scootaloo: *What?!?*

(*Cut to a close-up of the relevant page, with the two enraptured ponies gazing at each other. Zoom out slowly.*)

Sweetie: (*from o.s.*) Apparently some prince a long time ago whipped up this recipe— (*coming into view*) —and gave it to this princess he liked. He meant it to be a love potion, but things didn't turn out so well.

Bloom: How "not so well" did things turn out?

Sweetie: Well, there's something here about a dragon...a kingdom falling...chaos reigning...
(*Cut to her friends, shocked; she continues o.s.*) Okay. Apparently it was all because the prince and princess were so lost in each other's eyes that they couldn't perform their royal duties.

(*She looks up from the pages, her green eyes broadcasting fear and uncertainty clearly enough to be picked up in Appleloosa.*)

Bloom: (*angrily, crossing floor*) Great! We've not only turned Big Mac and Miss Cheerilee into a couple of nonsense-spoutin' nincompoops, we may have put all of Ponyville in jeopardy!

(*Her rancor gives way to a pitiful-eyed pout and a slam of her face against the nearest table. The other fillies' jaws drop at the sight, and they quickly come up on either side of her.*)

Scootaloo: Come on, Apple Bloom. (*Bloom looks up.*) Miss Cheerilee and Big Mac don't have any royal duties.

Bloom: But they still got responsibilities! If we don't fix this...

(*Tilt up to ceiling level as a thought balloon forms above her head. Cheerilee appears within it, teaching a bit of arithmetic, but fades from view during the next line.*)

Bloom: (*from o.s.*) ...oh, no, Miss Cheerilee won't be able to teach!

(*The mental picture dissolves and fills the screen to show Macintosh at an apple tree; he too vanishes.*)

Bloom: (*voice over*) Big Mac won't be able to harvest any apples!

(*Dissolve to the exterior of the schoolhouse.*)

Bloom: (*voice over*) And before you know it...

(*Another dissolve, and the entire property becomes a dilapidated, weed-choked wreck under a windy gray sky. Yet another frames Sweet Apple Acres and afflicts all the trees with a blight. From here, cut to a Ponyville street filled with panicking locals.*)

Bloom: (*voice over*) ...Ponyville will be overrun with uneducated little ponies starved for apples!

(*On the end of this, Lily races up—wearing a dunce cap and rearing up to display an empty, growling stomach. She is replaced by a screaming Bon Bon; zoom in on the latter's open mouth.*)

Bloom: (*voice over*) Oh, it'll be chaos, it'll be chaos!

(*After the camera has zoomed in far enough to black out the screen, snap to the freaked-out yellow filly. Her histrionics have left Scootaloo very confused, while Sweetie keeps reading.*)

Sweetie: There's an antidote! (*Bloom calms down.*)

Bloom: Well, why didn't you say so? Didn't you see me gettin' all panicked back there?
(*Sweetie spreads out the book.*)

Sweetie: If we can keep Miss Cheerilee and Big Mac— (*Close-up of the book during this; zoom in as she continues o.s.*) —from looking into each other's eyes for one full hour, the love curse will be broken. (*Back to the three.*)

Scootaloo: Only an hour? (*Dismissive snort.*) We can pull that off in a second!

(*All smile. Dissolve to the exterior of Sugarcube Corner and zoom in slowly; during the next line, cut to a close-up of an extremely bewildered Mrs. Cake inside.*)

Cheerilee: (*from inside*) You take the first sip, snuggle-wuggles.

(*A slightly revolted look comes over the baker's face; cut to the table right in front of her. The new couple is here, standing with their hind legs on stools to face each other over an ice cream soda; their forelegs rest on the table, propping up their heads. Each pushes the glass toward the other in time with the next three lines.*)

Macintosh: Nope, you take it, schnoodle-bump.

Cheerilee: No, you, schnooky-lumps.

Macintosh: No, you, pookie pie. (*Mrs. Cake crosses to the Crusaders, now inside the front door.*)

Mrs. Cake: I'm all for romance, but this has been going on for hours.

(*On the end of this, zoom out to put the couple in the fore; they now have the soda's cherry caught between their teeth and give it a few nips without breaking the skin.*)

Mrs. Cake: What's happened to these two?

Sweetie: (*forcing a giggle*) Who knows?

(*The shopkeeper aims a skeptical glance at the trio, whose eyes all shift to avoid contact with hers. After a few seconds that feel like a month, she smiles and turns back toward the shop floor.*)

Mrs. Cake: Well, these lovebirds will probably be planning a wedding soon. We can always use the catering business.

(*A few thoughts percolate under the three young manes; Sweetie is first to speak up.*)

Sweetie: A wedding! That's it!

(*Zoom out slowly to put Macintosh and Cheerilee in the fore, now licking at the soda's froth.*)

Sweetie: Miss Cheerilee and Big Mac should get married!

Bloom: How is gettin' hitched gonna keep them apart? (*Back to the Crusaders.*)

Sweetie: They aren't really gonna get married. (*walking ahead*) They're just gonna get ready to get married.

(Bloom and Scootaloo trade a look as if to ask, "Did she leave her brain hanging on the clothesline this morning?" Meanwhile, Macintosh and Cheerilee have resumed pushing the soda toward each other in turn.)

Cheerilee: (*chuckling*) No, you, biscuit-wiscuit bear.

Macintosh: Nope, you, huggy-wuggy-snuggy bunny.

(His push is a bit too energetic and sends the glass off the table; Sweetie chooses this moment to cut in.)

Sweetie: Hi, Miss Cheerilee, how are you?

Cheerilee: (*holding up picture of Macintosh*) I have a very special somepony!

(She hugs it; pan to Macintosh. He lifts a picture of Cheerilee, bopping Sweetie under the chin with its edge.)

Macintosh: I have a very special somepony. (*He hugs it; Bloom pops up.*)

Bloom: (*dryly*) Yeah. We noticed.

(She drops out of sight as they rub noses; Sweetie inserts herself before things can go any farther. However, they keep trying to reach past her and get hooves on each other.)

Sweetie: Gosh. You two are so in love, the next thing you know, you'll be getting married!

(Now she backs away, allowing them to slam together head-on.)

Macintosh, Cheerilee: (*shocked*) Married?

Sweetie: (*pointedly*) That's right. Married. (*Both sink bonelessly onto their stools.*)

Macintosh, Cheerilee: (*blissfully*) Married.

(Bloom claps a hoof over her suddenly bulging cheeks in order to stop herself from blowing chunks all over the room. Once she is able to chew it back, she lets her tongue hang out with a disgusted retch; Sweetie nudges her in the ribs to start her forward. Close-up of the couple; Macintosh retreats from the table without either of them noticing.)

Bloom: (*from o.s.*) 'Course, if you're gonna get married— (*Longer shot; she is pushing him back on his stool.*) —you want to pick out a really nice diamond for your—ugh!—schmoopie-doopie, uh, pookie pie?

(She has nearly bulldozed him out the door by this point; now he starts in fright.)

Macintosh: Diamond!

(He races out, stool and all, the door slamming behind him.)

Cheerilee: Schmoopie!

(She tries to follow, but Scootaloo and Sweetie are there to block.)

Sweetie: Don't you think you should start looking for your wedding dress? You'll want to look your best for your... *(disgustedly)* ...honey-bunny snuggle baby.

(Cheerilee's eyes pop and she jumps up with a gasp, her limbs windmilling in midair.)

Cheerilee: Oh...dress!

(She rockets out of the place, smashing the front door to splinters and nearly inflicting the same fate on Bloom. Cut to just outside it; Sweetie leads her out at a gallop, with Scootaloo bringing up the rear.)

Scootaloo: Now we just need to keep them apart. I'll keep Miss Cheerilee occupied. You two do the same with Big Mac.

Bloom: No problem!

(Cut to a long shot of the Ponyville clock tower, standing on its hill outside the town proper, then to a close-up of its face. The time is 5:00, and the bell rings to mark the hour.)

Sweetie: Meet you back at the clubhouse in an hour when this whole mess is over.

(She peels off to her left, while the other two gallop away to their right. Wipe to the exterior of the Carousel Boutique, zooming in slowly, then cut to Cheerilee and Sweetie inside. The former is frantically looking over a rack of white wedding gowns.)

Sweetie: *(pointing to one)* This one looks nice. *(She pushes it and Cheerilee into a fitting room.)* Better try it on, though.

(Before the marrying mare can do more than look over the swinging doors, her overeager assistant shoves the whole rack in as well. Her next moves leave an assortment of items piled up to block the doors, including a chair, couch, kitchen sink, and ladder. The puzzled red-violet face is left barely visible above the door and junk. Sweetie gallops to a window and looks out; cut to a long shot of the clock tower—5:10.)

Sweetie: *(from o.s.)* Ten minutes down... *(Back to her.)* ...fifty minutes to go.

(Pan to the blocked door as she glances toward it. This shot reveals that a basket and one of the chairs from the boutique's main changing/styling room have been added to the stack. Dissolve to Macintosh and Bloom, looking over the wares on display inside a jewelry shop. The proprietor

straightens up behind the counter and sets a ring out for inspection. Blue-gray earth pony stallion; white/light gray mane/tail; light brown eyes; diamond-ring cutie mark; magnifying spectacles on nose; white shirt with dark gray necktie under a brown vest.)

(Macintosh nods enthusiastically at the ring, but Bloom pushes it disdainfully aside.)

Bloom: No.

(His face falls. Cut to a close-up of the case, panning along its length as the jeweler points out one item after another. Macintosh's reflection nods at each, but Bloom's rejections drop him into the dumps.)

Bloom: *(from o.s.)* No...not that one either...no...too shiny. *(Back to the pair; a new piece is set out.)* No...you know...somethin' less... *(Cut to the jeweler; she continues o.s.)* ...shiny.

(He picks it up and turns away with a low groan of frustration.)

Bloom: *(from o.s.)* Miss Cheerilee deserves the best.

(Cut to the clock tower, now showing the time as just past 5:30, then to Scootaloo watching it from a window inside the shop. Bloom zips up to her.)

Bloom: How much time is left? I'm runnin' out of ways to make diamonds sound bad!

Scootaloo: We still have twenty-five minutes!

(The little earth pony voices a long, pained moan and turns away from the window. A zoom out reveals that Macintosh has vacated the premises; she zips to the counter.)

Bloom: Where's my brother? *(Close-up.)*

Jeweler: *(from o.s.)* He made his purchase and departed out the back. *(Cut to him.)* Said something about needing to see his... *(disgustedly)* ...schmoopie-schmoo.

(Both fillies gag and retch up hearing this latest idiotic pet name. Dissolve to the clock tower, which rings to mark the time as 5:45.)

Bloom: *(from o.s.)* Okay. *(Cut to her and Scootaloo, galloping down a street.)* I'll see what I can do to slow him down. You go on to Carousel Boutique and warn Sweetie Belle.

(They split up. Cut to Macintosh, who has apparently taken a page from Pinkie Pie's book and is hopping down the street in her trademark style. Bloom races up behind him, stops for a moment to time her next move, and leaps to grab a mouthful of tail hair. The added load slows him not one iota and his tail stretches like a rubber band, slamming her down every time he jumps and flicking her upward when he lands. She comes loose after a few hard bounces.)

(Cut to a profile close-up of the blissful stallion. A bit of dust floats up in front, accompanied by

a grinding sound, and a long shot reveals that Bloom has crouched down here in a new attempt to slam on the brakes. Her front hooves are dug into the street, her rear ones shoved up against Macintosh's forelegs—but this too has a negligible effect on his motion. He quickly hops over her and continues down the street as a pair of oxen tow a wagonload of anvils along.)

(A coil of rope lying among the metal blocks catches Bloom's attention; in a twinkling she has part of it in her mouth and a fierce new resolve in her eyes. Quick pan to a close-up of Macintosh's hopping back as a loop flicks into view and catches one of the pegs on his hitching collar. The rope snaps taut under Bloom's calculating grin—she has hooked her brother to the wagon to stop him cold. However, the oxen get a very big surprise when they start to be dragged backward; as they scrabble uselessly for a purchase on the street, Macintosh hauls them and the wagon at his original speed. Bloom moans sadly at the sight and glances up to see the clock tower displaying a time of 5:54; she gasps in surprise and begins to sweat profusely.)

(Cut to the exterior of the Carousel Boutique. Scootaloo gallops up, while Sweetie peeks out through a cat flap set into the diamond-shaped cutout in the front door's bottom half.)

Sweetie: *(with rising panic)* What's wrong? Where's Apple Bloom? Where's Big Mac?
Scootaloo: *(between pants)* On...his...way...gotta... *(Cut to Sweetie; she continues o.s.)* ...keep him... *(Clock tower: 5:55.)* ...out of... *(Back to Sweetie.)* ...boutique!

(The little unicorn looks frantically to each side, then straight ahead, and smiles broadly. Zoom out quickly to frame two shovels leaning against a wall several yards away. The view then dissolves to a house in Ponyville proper; Macintosh hops past in front, while Bloom gallops behind it. One end of the rope from the wagon is still on his collar, the other in her teeth, and she quickly circles the building to form a loop. A quick move knots the rope so that it snaps taut; she grins smugly, but the mood is short-lived.)

Bloom: Huh?

(The rope creaks under the strain and Macintosh quickly slows to a stop as the house's occupant throws open a window. To her great shock and confusion, she is now living in a mobile home—literally, since the stallion is now hauling it down the street. Bloom gallops to keep pace; pan quickly ahead to the Carousel Boutique, with Scootaloo and Sweetie nowhere to be seen. Bloom's lightning-fast glance at the clock tower apprises her of the time—5:57; her eyes pop and she puts on a burst of speed. A few seconds later, she has pulled even with her brother and jumped up to wrap all four short legs around his neck in a new bid to impede him; no good.)

(As the improbable house-mover approaches the Carousel Boutique, Scootaloo and Sweetie look worriedly toward them. Both are now quite filthy.)

Scootaloo: *(waving wildly)* Move away!

Bloom: He'll get to her! He's too strong! *(The rope snaps; now Scootaloo and Sweetie both wave.)*

Sweetie: Let him go!

(Bloom jumps clear, but her two friends look on the verge of freaking out.)

Macintosh: SCHMOOPIE-DOO!! *(He drops out of sight.)* Whoa!

(A longer shot of the area reveals that he has fallen into a freshly dug pit. This explains Sweetie's interest in the shovels and the dirt on both her and Scootaloo; they used sods to camouflage the opening. All three Crusaders look over the edge with relieved smiles, and Scootaloo sighs.)

Scootaloo: *(to Sweetie)* I sure am glad you found those shovels.

(During this line, cut to their perspective; the red workhorse has landed on a mattress at the bottom of the pit, and the two shovels have been placed down here as well. The camera then shifts briefly to a cutaway view of the excavation, with the layers of earth visible, before cutting to the clock tower. A click of the minute hand advances it even closer to 6:00; back to the trio, now cleaned up.)

Bloom: Oh, one more minute and the spell will be broken!

Macintosh: *(from below, raising a hoof)* SCHMOOPIE-DOO!!

(Zoom in quickly through the front door's upper window and stop on the blocked-up fitting room door. Cheerilee shoves her head through the pile.)

Cheerilee: Sweetums?

(The barricade shakes and falls apart under the force of her assault; as Macintosh starts to climb up, the Crusaders shoot a scared look toward the clock tower. The minute hand is easing toward its peak, but more important things are happening at the building. A few strikes from inside bow the front door outward on its hinges and finally knock it down—taking most of the wall with it. Here stands Cheerilee, a bridal veil pinned to her mane.)

Macintosh: *(jumping up into view)* SCHMOOPIE-DOO!!

(The voice brings a smile to the mare's face, but the three fillies grin and tilt their bodies to keep her from getting a clear line of sight. Frustrated, she breaks into a gallop; as Macintosh gets his head clear, the Crusaders step in front of him. The minute hand clicks along; Scootaloo leans over so that Macintosh's next lunge cannot be seen; Cheerilee continues her headlong charge. Another blocked climb occurs just before the minute hand advances up to 12—but the Crusaders cannot appreciate it for long before the crazed teacher barrels straight into them.)

(Three young equines are flung upward in slow motion, their yells echoing at half speed, and Cheerilee leaps toward Macintosh as he gets his head above ground again. For the first, last, and only time since the clock struck five, they get a full-on view of each other's eyes; an instant later, momentum and gravity bring her down for a direct hit between the two skulls. Normal speed resumes; they tumble down into the pit amid clouds of dust that fill the screen.)

(Once the view clears, the clock tower strikes the hour and the Crusaders advance cautiously to the edge of the pit.)

Bloom: Oh, please be normal, please be normal!

(Cut to their perspective on the end of this. Macintosh sits on his haunches, Cheerilee is upright, and both are staring up with a total lack of comprehension. Back to the trio, equally puzzled, then cut to within the pit. When both speak, the cloying tone is entirely gone from their voices.)

Cheerilee: Am I wearing a wedding veil?

Macintosh: Ee-yup. *(Long pause.)*

Cheerilee: Are you sitting on a feather bed in a hole in the ground?

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Cheerilee: *(addressing herself upward)* Girls? *(Cutaway view of the pit.)* Can you explain why I look like I'm getting married at the bottom of a pit?

(Close-up of the trio, who display a combination of placating grins and evasive glances.)

Sweetie: We may have given you the teeny tiniest bit of love potion that may have turned out to actually be a love poison. And you may have gone just the teeny tiniest bit nutty.

(Cut to the befuddled pair, then to the Crusaders, then back during the next line.)

Bloom: But we only did it because we thought you and Big Mac would be really happy if you could be each other's very special someponies on Hearts and Hooves Day. *(The trio again.)*

Scotaloo: Our hearts and hooves *were* in the right place. *(The others nod.)*

Cheerilee: We appreciate that you care about us and want us to be happy, but...

Bloom: But no matter how good our intentions might have been, we shoulda never meddled in your relationship. *(She turns to the other two.)*

Scotaloo: Nopony can force two ponies to be together.

Sweetie: It's up to everypony to choose that very special somepony for themselves.

Crusaders: We're sorry.

Cheerilee: And you can think about how sorry you are while you're doing all of Big Mac's chores at Sweet Apple Acres. *(to Macintosh)* Does that seem like a fair punishment to you?

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

(Dissolve to the interior of a nearly-full apple bin, the camera pointing up at the late-afternoon sky through its open top. A tub is lifted over the edge and dumped in by Bloom; cut to her as Scotaloo and Sweetie bring up one of their own and set it down. All three wipe the sweat from their foreheads and groan wearily. Zoom out slightly to frame Cheerilee approaching, with Macintosh right behind; she no longer wears her veil.)

Bloom: Hey there, Miss Cheerilee. What are you doin' here?

Cheerilee: Since you three are doing all of his chores, Big Mac and I thought we'd have a picnic

at the gazebo. *(Close-up of the pair.)* Ready, sugar bear?

Macintosh: Ee-yup, punkin pie.

(Zoom out to put the Crusaders in the fore; they suck in a panicked triple gasp and Sweetie stuffs both front hooves into her mouth. They are so shocked that they completely miss the knowing wink that passes between the two—evidently the lovebirds have turned pranksters for the moment. Macintosh and Cheerilee amble off together.)

Crusaders: NOOOOOOOO!!

(As they scream, cut to a long shot of the couple walking off toward the sunset. “Iris out” to black, staying focused on them.)