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MY LITTLE PONY II

"Sissy Fit"

Episode 205

Outline by
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Teaser

Sweetly singing sparrows welcome the early morning as Rarity sleeps peacefully in a bed akin to one a princess might have. Fluffy pillows and down duvets delicately comfort Rarity as she rests in a propped up fashion that keeps her hair and body from becoming victim to tangles and wrinkles. A silky mask covers her eyes. Amidst this utopian environment, a grayish waft of air passes by Rarity's nose. She twitches, murmuring sweet nothings, "Oh, are those carrot pancakes I smell? Lovely, I say! Mmmm...the smell of warm apple cider....and...the smell of smoke..." All of a sudden, Rarity darts upwards. "SMOKE?! SMOKE!" The grey waft of air increases. "I SMELL SMOKE!" She jumps out of bed, but with her mask on, she gets tumbled in her cushy blankets. She falls forward, trying to grab at her mask, but trips over her rug, crashing down the spiral stairs. She lands on the first floor. She grabs the mask off of her face, only to see everything upside down. There, in the kitchen, is....her little sister Sweetie Bell, stirring something in a pan on the stove that is burning! "Rarity!! You ruined the surprise! I was going to serve you breakfast in bed!" Rarity lets out a huge sigh....of relief AND irritation.

ACT I

Sweetie Belle and Rarity stand in the kitchen. On the table is a potpourri of badly singed breakfast items. The only pretty thing on that table is a small bouquet of freshly picked snapdragons. Their parents walk through the door. "Now I see why Sweetie Belle went ahead of us. She's cooked you a yummy looking breakfast," replies Father, whom Rarity has received her coloring from, but clearly not her fashion style. Both her parents are dressed in loud tropical attire, and Father had topped his ensemble with a large straw hat. Mother's outfit is slightly less loud but her thick Boston accent makes up for it. "She wanted to suh-prise yah!" exclaims Mother. "And she sure did!" says Rarity, a tinge of sarcasm in her voice. Sweetie Belle looks concerned. "Aren't you excited to spend the week with me?" Rarity, thinks on her toes. "The *week* ??!...What are you talk--OH...Oh, of course I am... uh, the smoke, it just threw me off a bit." Sweetie Belle squeals with excitement. "We're going to have the bestest time two sisters could ever have! I'm going to grab my stuff from Daddy's wagon." Sweetie Belle gallops out of the kitchen. Rarity takes this moment to plead with her parents. "Mother, a whole WEEK? Really?" Mother explains, "Yes, Rarity. Sweetie Belle has been looking forward to this for months!" Father eyes the burnt toast. "Are you gonna eat this?" Rarity lowers her voice, "But...I'm so terribly busy! And, well, Sweetie Belle, sometimes...she just...gets in the way!" Mother sternly replies, "Let me remind ya haw excited ya were when Sweetie Belle was first born. She wahs never in the way then! Sweetie Belle gallops back in with her back filled with bags, blankets, a pillow over her head. She looks like she has enough stuff to survive through the winter season. "So, where should I put my stuff?"

With their parents gone, Sweetie Belle follows Rarity's every step like a shadow. To Sweetie Belle's disappointment, Rarity clears the breakfast table and insists on redoing it just the way she prefers it. "If we're going to have breakfast for two, let's do it right, shall we?" Rarity painstakingly prepares another meal to her exacting specifications and

rebuffs all of her sister's attempts to help. Rarity relents at the very end and allows Sweetie Belle to place the parsley on the plates. But when her sister turns away, Rarity switches it to the other side. As the day progresses, Sweetie Belle tries in vain to impress and help her sister, but Rarity cannot be satisfied. When Sweetie Belle does Rarity's laundry, she accidentally shrinks one of her sweaters. When she tries to make a pretty craft project, she accidentally uses Rarity's finest gems. And when she tries to clean up Rarity's room, she fails to alphabetize Rarity's fashion books or organize her saddlebags in just the correct order. It seems as though no matter what Sweetie Belle does for Rarity, it's not good enough.

Things come to a head when Gabby Gums and Loose Lips, the 2 biggest gossips in town, come to the store. Gabby Gums and Loose Lips are gossiping about Stud Muffin, the new assistant at the saddle shop. What a hunk! Rarity overhears them and blushes quietly, as she's well aware of the new boy in town. Suddenly, she hears Sweetie Belle joining in on the gossip. "Did I hear you talking about Stud Muffin? That's the pony Rarity's been writing all about in her diary! Haven't you, Rarity?" Rarity tries to cover her tracks, "Well, yes, because he is so...knowledgeable... in , uh, rope. Yes! I've been working on this... um....outfit....completely made out of rope, and I had...a lot of inquiries!" Gabby Gums and Loose Lips snicker at each other, "Oh, is that so? O—K!" Rarity turns beet red. She knows she's been caught. After Gabby Gums and Loose Lips leave the store, Rarity lets Sweetie Belle have it. "You've been nothing but trouble since you've gotten here! You've ruined my outfits, used up all my precious gems, burnt my breakfast *AND READ MY DIARY?!!*?" Sweetie Belle replies earnestly, "I...I was just reading your diary because I thought I could maybe figure out a way to surprise you with something!" "But instead you spill the beans to the biggest gossips in town. By the end of the day, I'll be a laughing stock from here to Canterlot!!" Sweetie Belle tries to apologize again but Rarity will have none of it. Rarity sighs. "I...I just need some time alone."

Sweetie Belle mopes through town, when she bumps into Apple Bloom. Apple Bloom asks how it's going over at Rarity's house. "Not so good," explains Sweetie Belle. "Every time I try to hang out with Rarity, I screw things up." Apple Bloom has an idea. "Well, how about entering the Sisterhooves Social down at our farm?" "Sisterhooves Social?" "Yeah!" exclaims Apple Bloom, "It's just for sisters! You compete against other teams in all these neat events—it's really all in fun—but you get a chance to bond! Any sister who cares about her sister goes!" "That sounds like the perfect way for us to hang!" Sweetie Belle runs off back to the Carousel Boutique to tell Rarity all about the Sisterhooves Social. But Rarity scoffs at the idea. "A contest at Apple Orchards Farm? It doesn't sound very....hygienic!" Sweetie Belle insists, "But Apple Bloom says that any sister who cares about her sister goes!!" Rarity is not persuaded. "Sweetie Belle, honestly, having you around has really put me behind schedule. Playing silly little games in the dirt is...just...UNCOUTH, with or without a sister!" Sweetie Belle is devastated, saying to herself, "She cares more about ...being... clean than she does about spending time with me!" She quietly leaves the boutique as Rarity goes about her day.

ACT II

Sweetie Belle finds her way over to Apple Orchard Farms, and tells the Apple Sisters about her sister's rejection. "She said the Social was uncouth." explains Sweetie Belle. "Uncouth? UNCOUTH?!" Applejack is a little ticked off. So is Apple Bloom, "UNCOUTH?! Wait, what's uncouth?" Sweetie Belle responds, "It's not just the Social. She's not interested in doing anything with me. I don't think she even wants to have me as a sister!" Applejack assures her that Rarity just needs a little time to come around. She invites Sweetie Belle to hang with her and Apple Bloom. for awhile. Applejack runs to some trees with bruised and fallen apples. "We collect these for the pigs!" She kicks them, and Apple Bloom catches the apples in the bucket she wears around her chest. "It's a lot of work," explains Apple Bloom, "So we try to make a game out of it!" The Apple gals demonstrate how to play, performing in perfect harmony. "You two sisters sure get along great!" says Sweetie Belle, kicking up a bruised apple.

Meanwhile, Rarity is relieved to have had the day off from Sweetie Belle, as she was able to put her house and boutique back in order. "Everything is so orderly and clean, I can hardly tell Sweetie Belle was even here!" And that reminds her, "Where IS Sweetie Belle?" She looks out at the lowering sun. "She should have been back by now." Rarity sighs with annoyance and heads out to look for her.

It's dark by the time Rarity discovers Sweetie Belle at the farm. She sees over a hill that Applejack, Apple Bloom, and Sweetie Belle have set up a camping tent, and are roasting marshmallows over an open fire. The three ponies are giggling and having a great time. Rarity runs down to them. "Sweetie Belle! I've been galloping all over for you! You were supposed to home before dark. Let's go now." Sweetie Belle resists, "I don't want to! I want to have a campout sleepover with Apple Bloom and Applejack!" Applejack tries to help the situation, "Sweetie Belle, maybe you should listen to your sister. She's responsible for you." Rarity agrees, "Yes, Sweetie Belle, listen to your sister!" Sweetie Belle gets angry. "Sister? Sister?! Is that what you call yourself? A sister is someone who loves and takes care of another sister. Applejack's a SISTER." This upsets Rarity as well. "Oh really? Well, if Applejack's such a great sister, maybe she should be your sister." Apple Bloom interrupts, "Wait, she's MY sister!" Applejack is uncomfortable, "Uh, yeah I'm just—" "Maybe she SHOULD be my sister!" exclaims Sweetie Belle. "Or, maybe she should be your sister, so she could teach you what a good sister is supposed to be!" Rarity has had enough. "I don't need Applejack as a sister! In fact, maybe I don't need a sister at all!" "Well, neither do I!" "FINE!" "FINE!" "Good bye!" yells Rarity. "Good bye, UN-SISTER!" yells Sweetie Belle back. Rarity stomps off in a huff. "Uh, anyone want another marshmallow?" asks Applejack.

The next morning, Rarity awakes in her bed just like she does every morning, propped up slightly to keep her beautiful mane curled properly. She has her silk mask over her eyes. She pulls the mask off of her face. "Ahh, good morning, sweet morning! How quiet you are. Time for breakfast!" Downstairs the table is set impeccably, in Rarity style. She whips up her gourmet breakfast. It's only after she's served everything that she realizes

she set breakfast for Sweetie Belle, too. “Oh, I forgot, she’s not here. Well good, less mess to clean up after!”

She looks around the empty kitchen, when all of a sudden the doorbell rings. She answers the door, only to be shocked at the sight of... Stud Muffin! There he is, standing, big and strong, and there she stands, in a robe, curlers, and slippers. “Oh! My! What...a surprise!” She clasps her robe. “Why hello, Rarity. I overheard that you were interested in learning more about rope.” “Rope?” asks Rarity, momentarily forgetting her white lie, “oh, right! ROPE!” “Well, maybe we would meet up at the Sugar Cube Corner and talk a little bit about rope.” Rarity can’t believe her ears. “Uh, yes! Splendid! I would love to talk about rope, anything about rope, really...” She blushes. Stud Muffin walks away. Rarity can hardly believe what just happened. “I guess if Sweetie Belle had never blabbed about my secret dreams, they wouldn’t actually be coming true!” But Rarity shakes away her grateful smile. “Well, still, no one likes a tattletailing sister.”

Rarity comes in to the house and sees more things that Sweetie Belle has had her hoof in, this time seeing them in another light. Rarity holds up her shrunken sweater. “I guess I was never crazy about this sweater anyway—it’d be much cuter on Opal. And now it’d fit her!” In the kitchen she sees the bouquet on the center table. “I never realized that Sweetie Belle had picked my favorite flowers and put them in the vase for me. No one knows that snapdragons are my truly favorite flower, except Sweetie Belle.” Struggling, she scorns, “Still, I bet she yanked those out of my own garden!” And when she sees the empty box of her precious gems, she remarks, “I could always get more. Still she didn’t have to use them all.” Yet, she’d never bothered to actually look at what Sweetie Belle had made with those gems, a picture of Sweetie Belle and Rarity, and a big gem-studded heart glued around the two. At the bottom, it reads, “Sisters Forever.” And when she sees it, finally it hits her.

Rarity feels horrible! She’s been rude, impatient, and annoyed because she thought Sweetie Belle had been infringing in her daily life. She had never stopped to realize that Sweetie Belle could actually be sweetening it. Rarity resolves that she must get her sister back! NO MATTER WHAT!

ACT III

At the farm, Applejack, Apple Bloom, and Sweetie Belle have started to set up for the Sisterhooves Social. There are a few pies set up on some overturned milk crates. “Now these are some of Granny Smith’s best apple pies, and ---” Rarity comes bounding in and interrupts. “Sweetie Belle! I want us to sign up to be in the Sisterhooves Social together!” “What?” asks Sweetie Belle, confused. “Wait. No! You’ve come a little too late! Apple Bloom has already offered to share Applejack.” “But I want to, Sweetie Belle. We’re sisters.” Sweetie Belle doesn’t buy it. “No. Uh-uh. You couldn’t take it. The social is UNCOUTH, remember?” Rarity insists. “I can do it. I can prove it.” Sweetie Belle still doesn’t believe her. “Oh yeah? Well, there’s a pie eating contest, you know.” Rarity sees the pies, and hesitates. “Well....I love pie!” She looks around. “I just need a napkin, any

old one will do...and um, maybe a smaller pie? That one would be so fattening..." Sweetie Belle has had it. "SEE?! YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT! Everything has to be your way! The RARITY WAY! Well, I'm sick of it. I'm going to be in the social with Applejack, and that's final!" Sweetie Belle runs away.

Applejack tries to offer some sisterly advice to Rarity, who seems at a loss. "Applejack, why do you have to be so good and make me look so bad?" Applejack chuckles. "See Rarity? Once again, you're thinking about yourself. Being sisters is a give and take. You've been doing a lot of taking, but you haven't shown Sweetie Belle that you're ready to give. Being sisters...is like.. an apple pie! You can have amazing apples, and you can have a wonderfully crispy crust, but only together can you have a perfect apple pie." Rarity thinks for a moment. She mumbles as it finally dawns on her, "But apart, you just have a pile of mush and some crumbly, dry mess."

All the sisters of Ponyville are gathered at the Sisterhooves Social at Sweet Apple Acres. Some teams are wearing similar colored bandanas and cowgirl hats, others have matching ribbons or team vests. There are big sisters, little sisters—sisters of all sizes and shapes! And at the middle of this event is a giant obstacle course, full of hoops, bars to climb under, pools of mud, tables of pies, and more. Applejack stands with Apple Bloom and Sweetie Belle, waiting for their turn to compete. Sweetie Belle turns to Apple Bloom. "Thanks Apple Bloom for letting me do this with Applejack this year." "No problem! We do it every year! Maybe next year you can do it with Rarity." Sweetie Belle shrugs. "Hmph! I doubt it!"

Applejack and Sweetie Belle line up at the start next to 2 other sister teams. The whistle blows and they gallop off together towards the first obstacle—a giant muddy pool! As they gallop through, mud splashes all over them, covering Sweetie Belle's back and Applejack's entire body. Then they have to maneuver through a bunch of buckets on the ground, leap over some crates and under some limbo bars. Next they stop at some pies, and gobble them up. They are dirtier than ever before! Then they have to pull heavy bales of hay, run into a chicken coop and come out carrying a basket of eggs (lots of chicken squawks, tons of feathers flying). They have to weave through some vertical poles, kick a couple of apple trees and fill up buckets with apples. It's one final trudge through another muddy pool, and they practically crawl through the finish line, just ahead of the other teams! They've WON!

The crowd all cheers, as a dirty mud and feather covered Sweetie Belle and Applejack are approached by Apple Bloom. "YOU WON! YOU GUYS WON!" cries Apple Bloom. Everyone is so excited and happy! Ponies bring buckets of water to pour over the winners. Sweetie Belle turns to Applejack, "This was so much fun! I couldn't have done it without you, Ap—" Just then, a bucket of water pours over Applejack, revealing... RARITY! "Rarity? Wait—where's Applejack?" A slightly less dirty Applejack comes out from behind a tree and explains, "We switched places over at the first mud hole." Sweetie Belle puts it altogether. "So...we did the whole competition together?" Rarity smiles, "Yes, we did. Well, except for the start line!" Apple Bloom pipes in, "But you finished

together!” Applejack also adds, “And, you both WON!” Sweetie Belle. “You did that all for me?” Rarity corrects her. “Us. I did it for us. See, we ARE apple pie!” Sweetie Belle seems confused, “Huh?” Applejack, Apple Bloom, and Rarity all laugh. Sweetie Belle giggles, too. Rarity adds, “Now, um, can we all get to the pony spa? My pedicure is ruined!”

EPILOGUE

Sweetie Belle is back at the boutique, her mane woven beautifully with satin ribbon. Spike is there with them helping to write the letter. “What should we write to the Princess?” Rarity enters, her mane, in contrast, bunched up in ghastly pom poms and garish ribbons. “Well, I learned that it isn’t always what you do, but who you do it with.” Sweetie Belle adds, “And how much fun you have doing it.” Rarity adds, “ Even if it means getting your hooves a little bit dirty!” Sweetie Belle, “A lot dirty!” “A little bit dirty.” “A lot dirty!” “A little bit dirty!” “A LOT DIR—” Spike interrupts. “How about a medium amount, not too little, not too much, just right.” Sweetie Belle and Rarity smile. “DEAL.”

THE END.