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MY LITTLE PONY II

"Sisterhooves Social"

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! 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.

ACT I

Rarity tries to untangle herself from her bed sheets while her sister finishes serving the breakfast she made under the supervision of their parents. Rarity has received her coloring from her parents, but clearly not her sense of style. Both are dressed in loud tropical attire, and Father had topped his ensemble with a large straw hat. 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. Father swells with pride. "I'll have ya know that Sweetie Belle cooked this yummy looking breakfast all on her own," Mother gives Sweetie an affectionate nuzzle. "I've been giving her lessons in the kitchen. She's a natural! I wouldn't be surprised if she's gotta Cutie Mark in cooking by the time we get back from our vacation!" Rarity's eyes go wide. "Vacation? Is that this week? As in, right now-starting this instant-this week?" 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 turns towards her mother. "So when we're talking about a week, is that a whole 7 days?" Mother replies, "Yes, I know. Such a short time to spend with your sister!" Father eyes the burnt toast. "Are you gonna eat this?" Rarity lowers her voice, talking to herself. "But...I've got such a long To Do List! Ah well, I suppose 'spend time with your sister' will just have to be added to the list.", 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.

The two sisters wave to their parents as they gallop away out of town and then head back inside. 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. Rarity painstakingly prepares another meal to her exacting specifications and rebuffs all of her sister's attempts to help which starts to frustrate Sweetie Belle. Seeing this, Rarity relents at the very end and allows Sweetie Belle to place the parsley on the plates. But Rarity wants it placed just so. Sweetie

Belle gets up on her tiptoes and leans over ever so slowly with the parsley in her mouth. Rarity coaches her. “Careful, careful... Take it slow... No need to rush... We’re looking for perfection here...” Sweetie Belle loses her balance and plants her whole face on the plate instead of the parsley. A table leg breaks under the weight and the whole breakfast slides unto the floor and on top of Sweetie Belle. Rarity’s only reaction is an unconvincing, “Not bad...”

As the morning progresses, Sweetie Belle tries in vain to impress and help her sister. Rarity tries in vain to keep a positive attitude, but with each mess she becomes a little less patient. When Sweetie Belle does Rarity’s laundry, all of her clothing ends up in a heap on the floor, dirty all over again. And she accidentally shrinks one of her sweaters. When she tries to make a pretty craft project, she makes a mess of the supply closet and she accidentally uses all of Rarity’s finest gems. Rarity pleads with her to find something to do that doesn’t create a huge mess for her to clean up!

Sweetie Belle finds just the thing when she stumbles onto Rarity’s ‘Inspiration Room’. The place is a disorganized disaster with pieces of fabric strewn about and fashion books piled in stacks on the floor. She not only puts the fashion books back on the shelf but alphabetizes them. And she color codes all the random pieces of fabric. She’s just finishing polishing the now empty floor when Rarity appears in the doorway. Her older sister’s jaw drops open and Sweetie Belle beams with pride at a job well done. But Rarity is furious! She was in the middle of a long-term project to create a new fashion line and had everything just where she wanted it! Sweetie Belle doesn’t understand, “But every time *I* make a mess you get so upset.” “This was *my* mess, Sweetie Belle. In *my* house! Now I’m going to have to start all over again from scratch!!” Sweetie Belle tries to apologize but Rarity doesn’t want to hear 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 and finds Rarity recreating her stacks of books in the Inspiration Room. She tells Rarity all about the Sisterhooves Social. But Rarity scoffs at the idea. “A contest at Apple Orchards Farm? It doesn’t sound very....hygienic!” This sounds pretty lame to Sweetie. “Oh, so now you’re back to hating messes again?” Rarity doesn’t like her attitude. Sweetie Belle tries pleading, “But Apple Bloom says that any sister who cares about her sister goes!!” Rarity is not persuaded. “Sweetie Belle, honestly, playing silly little games in the dirt is...just...UNCOUTH, with or without a sister!”

This is the last straw for Sweetie Belle. “Well, I guess I’ll try it without a sister. In fact, I think I’ll try the rest of my life without a sister!!” Now Rarity is hurt and upset. “Oh, *I’m* the one who’s ruining *your* life? Really? Have you looked around this place? *I’m* the one who would be better off with no sister!” Sweetie Belle responds, “Well it looks like we finally agree on something. Neither of us needs a sister!” “Fine with

me!” “FINE!” “FINE!” “ “Good bye, UN-SISTER!” yells Sweetie Belle. She stomps out of the room in a huff and slams the door, causing the book stacks to collapse in a heap around Rarity’s hooves.

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. She never is!” 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 a while. 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 at the Carousel Boutique, Rarity is trying to get her Inspiration Room back to the way she likes it. She’s restacked the books once again and goes to get her color swatches. She stops short when she sees how Sweetie Belle has organized them by color. Inspiration strikes for her new fashion line: An entire line of monochrome outfits!! She uses her horn to levitate a pencil and pad and starts sketching furiously.

Several hours later, Rarity emerges from the Inspiration Room with her new fashion line completely planned! “And to think, I owe it all to Sweetie Belle...” She 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.” 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 on her life. She had never stopped to realize that Sweetie Belle could actually be sweetening it.

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!” Sweetie Belle gives her the cold shoulder, “Oh, hello Unsister. What brings you

out this way?" Rarity tries to apologize, "I'm sorry about what I said earlier. I'm not better off without a sister." Sweetie Belle agrees. "I'm not better off without a sister either. Spending the day with the Apple sisters made me realize that. And that's why I'm adopting Applejack as my big sister!" "What?" cries Rarity. "What?" cry Applejack and Apple Bloom. Sweetie Belle continues, "A sister is someone who loves and takes care of another sister. Applejack's a SISTER." This upsets Rarity. "Please Sweetie Belle, I'm sorry! I *want* to be your sister. Don't throw me over for Applejack!" Apple Bloom interrupts, "Yeah, she's MY sister!" Applejack is uncomfortable, "Uh, yeah I'm just—" "Or, maybe she should be *your* sister," exclaims Sweetie Belle, "so she could teach you what a good sister is supposed to be!" She stomps off again and Apple Bloom starts to follow before turning back to Applejack. "We're still sisters, right?" Applejack nods yes and Apple Bloom goes after her friend.

Rarity is depressed. "Well, that apology went swimmingly. Applejack, why do you have to be so good and make me look so bad?" Applejack chuckles. "Oh, 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."

She knows what she has to do to get her sister back. She just hopes it isn't too late!

ACT III

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 for letting me be Applejack's 'sister' for the Social." "No problem! We do it every year!" She suddenly turns serious. "Just remember that I'm *loaning* Applejack to you **temporarily**."

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 of 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.