**DISCORDANT HARMONY**

**Written by Michael P. Fox, Wil Fox**

**Produced by Devon Cody**

**Story editing by Joanna Lewis, Kristine Songco**

**Supervising direction by Jim Miller**

**Directed by Denny Lu, Mike Myhre**

**Transcribed by Alan Back (**[**ajback@yahoo.com**](mailto:ajback@yahoo.com)**)**

Note: Wil Fox’s first name is incorrectly spelled with two L’s in this episode’s credits.

Prologue

(*Opening shot: fade in to a slow pan through a stretch of meadowland outside Fluttershy’s cottage during the day. The camera follows a couple of birds toward the dwelling and stops on it, to the sound of two laughing voices within—hers and Discord’s. Cut to them inside, seated facing each other across a small table set up with tea and snacks; a small cart of additional supplies rests near Fluttershy’s chair. Both hold cups and saucers.*)

**Fluttershy:** Care for a carrot-ginger sandwich?

**Discord:** Oh! (*briefly forming two taloned digits into scissors and snipping them together*) You remembered to cut off the crusts for me.

(*Close-up of the sandwiches in question on a plate. He reaches into view toward them, then passes them over in favor of a second plate stacked with the trimmed crusts. Plucking one of these away, he dunks it in his tea.*)

**Fluttershy:** Of course I did. (*Down the hatch.*) I know how you like them.

(*Now he holds his lion paw near the sandwich plate; three of those digits pop off, sprout faces just like his, and make short work of the lot.*)

**Discord:** You really do make the best finger foods. (*One cranks off a loud belch and blushes; he addresses it crossly.*) What do you say?

**Little Discord:** (*higher-pitched*) Excuse me.

**Discord:** Oh, I really can’t take them anywhere.

(*His hostess giggles as he mashes his paw down on the plate, reattaching the gluttonous trio and dispelling their faces.*)

**Discord:** (*holding up cup*) Can I trouble you for another sugar cube?

(*Fluttershy nods and reaches for the sugar bowl; extreme close-up of it as she lifts the lid. Nothing but a few last crumbs.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*from o.s.*) Oh, no! (*Back to her.*) I’m so sorry, but I seem to be out. (*He pokes his head up from it, ready to snap; the lid balances between his horn/antler.*)

**Discord:** Well, I can just pop us in some more.

**Fluttershy:** Oh, that’s all right. (*He vanishes and reappears in his seat; the lid falls back into place.*) I need to go to the market anyway. I have to restock my pantry for our tea party next week.

**Discord:** Oh! I never realized how much work you put into hosting these tea parties.

(*Pan quickly from him to the waiting cart, then to the table, then to one end of the couch on which he sits. Two throw pillows are laid out here, one decorated with both their faces, the other showing Discord strutting among the stars.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh, it’s really not that much.

**Discord:** (*standing, pacing*) No, no, no, no, no. I’ve been taking advantage of your hospitality for far too long. It’s high time I do something about it. (*He sits back down and thinks hard, stroking his beard in close-up.*) What to do? What to do?

(*A second lion paw reaches down into view and pulls his ear wider open. After it comes a duplicate of Discord’s head, this one wearing eyeglasses.*)

**Discord 2:** Why don’t *you* host the next tea party?

(*The original ruminates for a second, then whisks away to the foreground, beaming and wearing a “#1” foam-finger hand over his talons.*)

**Discord:** I’ve got it! (*Back to his seat; the hand is gone.*) Why don’t *I* host the next tea party—at my place? (*Discord 2 pokes an irritated paw digit against his nose.*)

**Discord 2:** Hey, that’s my idea.

(*A smug snap creates a hole on the ceiling, directly above the hind legs of the bespectacled new arrival, and a longer shot picks out the copy of Fluttershy’s couch that now stands behind him.*)

**Discord 2:** (*dryly*) Why didn’t I see that coming?

(*He drops up and through the hole, which disappears behind him, and a poke at the second couch causes it to pop and sail crazily all over the place like a deflating balloon. Fluttershy watches, mildly perplexed, as it flies past the camera; behind it, the view wipes to black.*)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of the table, which has been fully restocked. Discord reaches into view and picks up a sandwich.*)

**Discord:** (*from o.s.*) So, Fluttershy— (*Cut to frame both; he takes a bite.*) —mmm!—what do you think of my brilliant, genius, amazing idea of having the next tea party at my place?

(*Another bite dispatches the rest of the treat. Noticing a splotch of filling on his lion paw, he snaps his talons and conjures up a midair faucet, which starts to run so he can wash up.*)

**Fluttershy:** Are you sure? I wouldn’t want you to go through any trouble.

**Discord:** You? Trouble? Never! I insist.

(*His next snap deposits a small bighorn sheep to hover alongside the faucet. It is set whirling with one nudge, and both palms are placed against it to dry off. The ovine bleats its protest and is left sopping wet and rather out of sorts.*)

**Fluttershy:** Then count me in. I’m already looking forward to it.

**Discord:** Me too! I’m so excited. I can’t wait! (*leaning toward her*) No, really, I can’t!

(*He snaps a beanstalk into existence between them on the next line, sprouting up yards and yards and carrying the table with it.*)

**Discord:** How about we have the tea party tomorrow afternoon?

(*Finding a slender side branch within easy reach, he breaks it off and uses it as a toothpick.*)

**Fluttershy:** Sounds good to me. You know, Discord, I’ve never been to your house before. (*He picks an entire sandwich crust loose and tosses it away.*)

**Discord:** Well, that’s okay, because I’ve never hosted a tea party before.

(*With no warning, the entire top of his head blows off in a small nuclear explosion and clatters back into place, the red eyes popping wide in sudden shock. He stands up from the couch.*)

**Discord:** Ohhh! I’ve never hosted a tea party before! (*paw/talons to head*) So much to do!

(*His teacup has wound up nestled at the base of one side branch on the beanstalk, and he takes it down for a calming sip.*)

**Discord:** (*making it vanish, walking off*) Thank you so much for the tea and nibblies, but I really must be going. (*Close-up of Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** Uh, Discord, before you go, would you mind helping me tidy up?

(*A long shot of the room points out the reason for her request. The faucet he created has continued to run throughout this entire exchange, and the water is now high enough to reach the cushions of his couch and her chair. Several small items bob in the impromptu lake, among them a basket containing the sodden sheep and Fluttershy’s rabbit Angel rowing along in a bucket. One casual snap instantly dries the place out and banishes the faucet and sheep.*)

**Discord:** (*bowing*) There you go, back to normal, just the way you like it. (*eagerly*) See you tomorrow!

(*He winks out but immediately reappears, startling her into almost dropping her teacup.*)

**Discord:** I can’t wait!

(*Off he goes again, prompting a giggle. Cut to a patch of grassland outside Ponyville proper, where he poofs back in.*)

**Discord:** (*pacing*) Okay. Since Fluttershy always goes out of her way to host the perfect tea party for me, how do I make my tea party for her even more perfect?

(*An elderly mare’s voice interrupts his pondering. On the start of the next line, cut to frame the speaker sitting on a bench; he has paused near her end, the only one in view.*)

**Old mare:** I’m sorry, dearie. Uh, were you talking to me?

**Discord:** Actually, madam—

(*Zoom out to frame the other end, where Discord 2 has manifested and is feeding the birds.*)

**Discord:** —I’m talking to myself. (*He sits.*)

**Discord 2:** Well, I’m not talking to you.

**Discord:** It’s for Fluttershy!

**Discord 2:** (*adjusting glasses*) Oh, all right. No more holes, though. (*A snap, and he holds a baseball bat.*) You have to knock this tea party out of the park for her.

(*As he finishes, a ball is thrown toward him and he swings for a solid hit.*)

**Discord 2:** She was our first friend, after all.

**Discord:** You don’t have to tell me that. She gave us a chance when no other pony would.

(*Both stand and rest their heads against each other on the next line, squashing the mare down slightly and annoying her a good bit more than that. Discord 2 has put away the bat.*)

**Discord 2:** She makes us want to be a better draconequus. (*They back off.*) Fluttershy deserves the best of everything. (*Close-up of Discord.*)

**Discord:** Of course! I should get her the best of everything. Why didn’t I think of that? (*Pause.*) Well, are you going to answer me or not? (*Zoom out to frame the mare.*)

**Old mare:** Me? (*gesturing to other end of bench*) I thought you were talking to—

(*A short pan brings that end—now unoccupied—into view and leaves her at a loss for words.*)

**Discord:** No time! (*standing, walking away*) I’m off to prepare a tea party worthy of Fluttershy!

(*As he finishes, he magicks up a helmet, dons it, and zaps a jetpack onto his back. The ignition buttons are pressed to start the engines and send dense clouds of gray exhaust boiling around his form. At the moment when he seems ready to blast into the stratosphere, though, he simply vanishes in a flash to leave the oldster very, very confused.*)

(*Cut to the interior of a shop whose shelves are well stocked with a range of loose and boxed teas. He rematerializes here without the helmet and jetpack and strides to the counter, behind which the mare in charge of the place is standing. Earth pony, dark red-violet coat, light pink mane/tail, the former cut short and falling down one side of her face, light blue eyes and scarf, cutie mark of a teacup surrounded by leaves.*)

**Discord:** Excuse me. (*He leans down to her.*) Is this where Fluttershy usually buys her tea?

**Tea shop owner:** Why, yes, it is.

**Discord:** (*straightening up*) Oh, wonderful! I’ll be enjoying her company tomorrow, so I will be needing your very best tea, please. (*tossing confetti*) Something especially special.

**Tea shop owner:** (*bringing up a box*) I’m sure Fluttershy would enjoy some of our rose-hip green tea.

**Discord:** Oh, interesting. Does it decorate your hips in roses or turn you green?

(*He demonstrates each feature in time by making the named flowers bloom all around his waist and imparting a greenish tint to his entire body. The proprietor is very much caught out by the exhibition, but puts on a humoring smile.*)

**Tea shop owner:** Uh, neither. It just tastes good. (*The flowers crumble off.*)

**Discord:** (*petulantly*) How boring. (*He flashes himself back to normal.*) Pass.

(*Something on the shelves catches his eye; cut a slow pan along one of them. The camera passes a particular box, then reverses sharply to stop on it as he continues.*)

**Discord:** (*from o.s.*) Hold on! (*Back to him.*) Ginseng tea! (*The owner gets it for him; he leans in close.*) Now that sounds promising. What does it sing?

(*In the instant it takes him to back off, he has changed into the orange suit, red fedora, pencil-thin mustache, and other accessories he used during the nightclub visit in “Dungeons & Discords.” The floor is now clean of the cast-off flowers.*)

**Discord:** (*adjusting hat brim*) I’m partial to something upbeat and jazzy. (*Close-up of the mare.*)

**Tea shop owner:** Again, it’s just tasty, like all of our tea here.

(*On the start of the next line, zoom out to show the trickster back to normal.*)

**Discord:** So…all this is just tea you simply drink?

**Tea shop owner:** Uh-huh. (*He leans down to her.*)

**Discord:** Ohhh! It seems that I got here just in time.

(*One quick snap flips open the box lid and causes the tea bags to float out, each one now with a jauntily singing mouth. He laughs as the box winks onto his lion-paw palm and the bags pack themselves back into it.*)

**Discord:** Singing ginseng! (*Lid on; a pile of coins appears on his taloned palm.*) I’ll take it. (*Cut to the owner.*)

**Tea shop owner:** (*skeptically*) Are you sure you’re friends with Fluttershy? You seem so very different from her. (*Zoom out; he has put away the tea and the money.*)

**Discord:** Well, of course we’re friends. (*indignantly, leaning over her*) She gets me, and you obviously do not.

(*He straightens up, his head and neck now the same shade as her coat and his mane and beard colored/styled to match hers. The eyes are shiny black, with whites that are actually white.*)

**Discord:** (*simpering*) “Are you sure you’re friends with Fluttershy?” (*Normal appearance and tone resume with a scoff.*) The very nerve!

(*He vanishes himself from the place, only to reappear a moment later holding a ticket.*)

**Discord:** I’m sorry, do you validate?

(*Wipe to a close-up of a teapot being carefully raised toward a shelf by two yellowish-pink hooves, then cut to the interior of a china shop. The appendages belong to an earth pony mare standing on a short ladder: reddish-pink mane/tail, brown eyes, pottery bottle and bowl as a cutie mark. Discord pops into view directly behind her, no longer holding the ticket.*)

**Discord:** Hello!

(*She loses her hold on the pot and tumbles backward, but both she and it end up floating lazily.*)

**China shop owner:** Um, can I help you find something? (*He leans down over her.*)

**Discord:** Yes, you can. (*Her upside-down perspective of him.*) Your finest tea set, please.

(*Cut to frame both; he stands to full height again.*)

**Discord:** I want only the best for my friend Fluttershy. (*The teapot goes on the shelf.*)

**China shop owner:** (*skeptically*) Uh…*you’re* friends with Fluttershy?

(*Irked at hearing the same inquiry twice over, he lets her drop unceremoniously to the floor. She dazedly sits up to her haunches as he gets in her face again.*)

**Discord:** Yes, judge-y clerk pony! (*Stand up.*) Why is it such a surprise? Sure, she’s on the quieter side, and I’m a bit, well, more showy.

(*On the end of this line, an unseen spotlight picks him out and a spread of peacock feathers fans out behind himself, a similarly colored headdress perching itself above the bushy white eyebrows to the sound of applause. The lot disappears as he continues in a much worse humor.*)

**Discord:** But I’ll have you know we’re besties. And that’s why I need the *best tea set!*

(*These last three words reverberate ominously throughout the shop, after which the owner comes up to her hooves.*)

**China shop owner:** (*indicating a table*) Uh, perhaps then you’d be interested in our classic “Tea for Two” set.

(*One pot, two cups/saucers, all basic white and light blue. Crossing to it, she takes the pot handle in her mouth and fills a cup.*)

**Discord:** (*pacing*) A teapot that just pours tea? How positively dreadful. (*The owner sits.*)

**China shop owner:** (*flatly*) But that’s all teapots are supposed to do.

**Discord:** Not anymore!

(*At his snap, the pot sprouts wings and flies up to perch briefly on one lion-paw digit.*)

**Discord:** Much better. Don’t wrap it. (*walking out; it follows*) I’ll walk it home.

(*Once he has passed o.s., he reaches back into view just long enough for one more snap that clears the cups/saucers away and buries the mare in legal tender. She puts her head up from the shower of wealth and stares wearily after what must be the oddest customer of her entire professional life.*)

(*Wipe to the street outside the Ponyville Spa. Discord winks in here, pushing a shopping cart that holds the boxed tea and cups/saucers. Pan to follow him, the airborne pot trailing.*)

**Discord:** Now let’s see. I have the perfect tea and the perfect tea service. What else do I need for the perfect tea party?

(*He stops outside the joke/novelty shop as an idea hits him.*)

**Discord:** Ohhh! (*hurrying away*) Decorations, of course!

(*Cut to a store shelf loaded with lava lamps and small, brightly colored, pony-shaped piñatas. Discord reaches into view and takes one of each; cut to frame him tossing them into his now-full cart, which also holds the pot. He is standing in an aisle whose wares give this place away as a party supply store.*)

**Discord:** (*thoughtfully*) Good…but not nearly good enough for Fluttershy.

(*At his snap, the piñata sneezes loudly, spraying candy from its nose, and the lamp becomes a miniature volcano complete with lava flow and issuing smoke. He laughs at the result.*)

**Discord:** Better. (*He moves to two stacks of napkins.*) Ohhh! I’ll need napkins! I’ll simply make them… (*mumbling a bit*) …I could, or…no, I’ve got nothing. How do I make these better? (*paw/talons to temples*) What should I do? Uh…make them… (*Gasp; smile and snap.*) …make them glow!

(*Most of the napkins in one stack light up a soft blue at this gesture; he regards the effect critically.*)

**Discord:** Oh, that’s not good enough for Fluttershy. Should I make them fly?

(*They begin to do just that, describing a circle around him.*)

**Discord:** Glow, fly, and…. (*Laugh.*) …and fold! (*They do so, assuming various shapes.*) Glow, fly, fold…into fun shapes, perhaps. (*They reconfigure themselves.*)

**Pinkie Pie:** (*from o.s.*) Uh, Discord?

(*He glances toward the sound of that voice; cut to her at the end of the aisle, with a laden shopping cart of her own.*)

**Pinkie:** Are you okay?

**Discord:** Pinkie Pie! Just the pony I need. (*He snaps the napkins away; she crosses to him.*) As *the* party pony and Fluttershy’s close but not best friend, I need your advice. I’m hosting a tea party for her, and it has to be perfect. No. It has to be even better than perfect!

**Pinkie:** Oh, Discord, you’re *waaaaaaay* over-thinking things. (*She pops up behind his shoulder.*) All you have to do is make Fluttershy feel comfortable. (*Duck away; emerge by his head.*) It should be pretty easy for you. You know her so well.

(*The pink goofball retreats from sight again as Discord gets a flash of inspiration, turning his face into a glowing, red-eyed light bulb for good measure. He reverses the transformation a moment later.*)

**Discord:** And that’s why you’re *the* party expert. (*shaking her hoof*) Thank you, Pinkie Pie. I feel so much better now.

**Pinkie:** Eh. It’s what I do.

(*The chaos master strolls off with his cart, casually conjuring up a pile of coins that surprises the daylights out of the cashier stallion.*)

**Pinkie:** (*galloping to him*) Excuse me! Where can I find the glowing, flying, self-folding napkins?

(*The cashier just gives her a dirty look. Dissolve to the flipped-out floating realm that is Discord’s home turf, as seen in “Make New Friends but Keep Discord,” and zoom in slowly toward the island on which his house is built before cutting to the front walk. He appears here, no longer pushing his cart, and starts to pace.*)

**Discord:** Make Fluttershy feel comfortable, make Fluttershy feel comfortable, comfortable, comfortable…well, I mean, that shouldn’t be a problem.

(*The door opens on its own at the end of this. Cut to inside as he enters and casts a quizzical eye around the place. The enchanted napkins flutter lazily past the stairs; the volcano is now attached to the ceiling and emitting spurts of lava and vapor; the teapot knocks itself silly against a framed picture of the two friends, which falls from its spot on the wall. As it veers across the room, the piñata—now hanging from the ceiling—sneezes out candy and the singing tea bags drift by in fine voice. If anything, the whole living room is even crazier than it was two seasons ago, including such oddities as a small tree with books in place of leaves, a giant frosted donut as a tire swing, a couch and coffee table on the ceiling, and a swirling pool of arcane who-knows-what in the center of the floor. Cut to a thunderstruck Discord and zoom in slowly.*)

**Discord:** Oh, dear. That might be a problem.

(*Fade to black.*)

Act Two

(*Opening shot: fade in to Discord standing amid the domestic bedlam as the front door closes under its own power.*)

**Discord:** (*pacing*) Maybe it’s not as bad as I think. Maybe Fluttershy would be comfortable having a tea party here.

(*He dodges the flying pot and the bags that chorus their way merrily after it. As the napkins cruise by, the piñata—now sitting on a bench styled as a set of piano keys and with a sheet-music-patterned back rest—sneezes candy into the floor pool and dives in.*)

**Discord:** Maybe I just need another set of eyes on this. (*addressing a floating cloud armchair*) What do you think?

(*Discord 2 appears right on cue, sitting in the seat and reading a newspaper. He looks up after a moment and draws in a stunned gasp, rolling the publication up.*)

**Discord:** That bad? (*Discord 2 poofs over to him.*)

**Discord 2:** No, worse! Fluttershy would never be comfortable here. What have you done?

**Discord:** I was trying to make the tea party different and special, like me— (*crushed*) —but all I did was make it chaotic and weird, like me.

(*Discord 2 just stares levelly through his lenses.*)

**Discord:** What if those ponies at the tea shop and the china shop were right? (*He curls into a floating huddle; zoom in slowly.*) What if Fluttershy sees how crazy this place is and realizes how different we are and then doesn’t want to be friends anymore?

(*The literal ball of nerves snatches an offered paper bag from his counterpart’s talons and begins to breathe into it, his neck comically inflating each time.*)

**Discord 2:** Relax! We can fix this! (*crossing to door; the bag pops*) Time to call in the team!

(*He opens it and is immediately met by no fewer than four more Discord copies, none of whom are wearing glasses.*)

**Discord 2:** Okay, chief. What’s the plan?

**Discord:** (*pacing; all the others follow closely*) What to do, what to do, what to do? (*Stop short.*) Oh!

(*The sudden halt leads the five to collide with him and each other from behind.*)

**Discord:** Got it! (*Close-up.*) We know Fluttershy, and we know what she likes. First of all, we need to get rid of all the new stuff.

(*Zoom out slightly; Discord 2 stands nearby, his horn/antler gone.*)

**Discord 2:** You heard him! (*donning a red hard hat with his missing pieces protruding*) Strike the new stuff!

(*Longer shot, framing all six. Discord has plunked on an orange one, and the other four now have yellow ones tucked under their arms and are wearing bright orange work vests. Their horns/antlers are gone, but prove to be attached to the hard hats when put on. A collective nod is the cue for Discord 2 to vanish them and himself. Two workers promptly appear upside down at the ceiling volcano, one with a vacuum cleaner, the other holding a shovel. Most of the stray lava is quickly sucked up, the vacuum is pitched into the crater, and the Discord who did this job then conjures up a second shovel so both of them can get the last rivulets up. At a snap, the volcano shifts off the ceiling just far enough for a four-wheeled dolly to appear between its base and the tiles, and a third crew member comes through to roll it away. The first two trade a high five.*)

(*Elsewhere, a large jar is raised into view and held horizontally, its open mouth aimed at the flying napkins. Once every last one of them has been neatly caught, a Discord screws the lid on—with air holes punched through it for ventilation. A double-palm slap at the sides of the flying teapot causes its wings to vanish. Two workers watch thoughtfully as the piñata jumps on the piano bench; after a few bounces, one snaps to conjure up a swarm of bats. The paper pony retches up some candy, disgusted at the sight, and jumps out the nearest window with the flying mammals in hot pursuit.*)

**Worker:** Piñatas hate bats.

(*Here come the singing tea bags, straight toward an open cardboard box that Discord has set on the floor. It is already addressed for mailing. They abruptly fall silent as he snatches them out of the air and stuffs them in.*)

**Discord:** Enjoy your all-expense-paid trip around Equestria.

(*On this line, he closes the box, produces a giant rubber stamp, and slams a postmark onto the top flaps. The box itself goes bye-bye, and he stands up to address the room.*)

**Discord:** Well done, everybody, but there’s still more work to do.

(*Across the way, the four workers pause, having been interrupted just as they were about to eat lunch—which, for one, consists of an entire box of donuts. They grumble to themselves as Discord and Discord 2 continue to eye the madhouse décor.*)

**Discord:** We need to make this place more “Fluttershy” and less, well, “me.” (*He zaps himself onto a couch, reclining, in close-up.*) One thing I know about my dear friend is that she loves comfy chairs…

(*The camera zooms out and rotates 180 degrees to show him up on the ceiling as Discord 2 watches.*)

**Discord:** …but not on the ceiling! (*Snap; now it and he are on the floor.*) And I’m almost certain she likes stairs… (*Snap again; close-up, standing.*) …that lead somewhere.

(*Zoom out. He is standing near the top of a flight of stairs that rise to ceiling level and simply stop. Now it is Discord 2’s turn to transport himself over to the base of them; he gives a thumbs-up, and both bend down to grab some stone. A sharp upward yank from Discord 2 causes the entire assembly to contract into a flat piece of material; when he lets go of this end, it rolls up and away, throwing back thick clouds of dust that fill the screen. The view clears to show that the stairs have become a tapestry with horizontal stripes in alternating light and dark brown, which Discord hangs on the wall.*)

(*Two workers sit at a ceiling table to play cards; Discord crosses to them.*)

**Discord:** And although we’ve never discussed it, I’m pretty sure Fluttershy likes gravity.

(*A snap sends them and the furniture crashing to the floor, a potted plant/tentacle thudding down behind them for good measure.*)

**Discord:** Okay, fellas. This is a good start, but stand back. (*He backs off a step.*) Let me show you how it’s done. We just need some of this…

(*A talon snap decorates the wall behind him with a pleasant vine/butterfly pattern and installs shelves for plants and books.*)

**Discord:** …and a little of that…

(*A paw snap takes away a giant, overflowing root beer/popcorn float and the couch he was using and replaces them with a sensible end table and cheery sofa. More plants appear on little wall shelves. The next snap changes his book tree and an upside-down staircase to a plant on an end table and a grandfather clock. Discord 2 and the four workers murmur in awed approval.*)

**Discord:** (*gesturing toward door*) …and a whole lot of those!

(*Three more snaps complete the extreme makeover and set a coffee table for tea.*)

**Discord:** Phew!

(*He slithers onto the sofa, one digit on his lion paw red and throbbing from overuse, and turns his talons into a rotary fan for a moment to cool it down. Discord 2 and the crew stand across from him.*)

**Discord 2:** How boring—I mean, normal.

**Discord:** Thank you!

**Discord 2:** (*to one worker*) Good job. The window treatments are perfectly unexceptional.

**Discord:** But we’re not done yet! (*He stands up.*)

**Discord 2:** You don’t mean…?

**Discord:** (*nodding*) Mmm-hmm. (*All six put their heads together, beaming.*)

**All:** Makeover!

(*Wipe to all but Discord sitting/standing in a row and facing a curtained doorway. All have removed their hard hats and work vests, their horns/antlers are back where they belong, and the four workers are goofing with cell phones. The genuine article emerges, also without his hard hat and now garbed in a long brown overcoat with brass buttons, tan breeches, and an off-white ascot; he carries a walking stick, and his mane is smartly styled with prominent sideburns. The overall effect is not too far off from the British “mod” fashions of the 1960s. He strikes a pose.*)

**Discord 2:** Hating it.

(*After his limp-wristed wave of dismissal, Discord steps out again in hip-hop attire: baseball cap, sunglasses, heavy brown shoes, too many gold accessories on neck and wrists, baggy blue pants that fall down to expose heart-printed pink boxer shorts. He hastily whips his paw and talons down to cover himself as the cap turns sideways on his head and the shades slip down.*)

**Discord 2:** Hating it.

(*Another wave is followed by a close-up of Discord’s reptilian hind leg poking out through the curtain, now in a red-gartered white stocking that has been partially ripped away to accommodate his claws. Both legs emerge beneath the hem of a long red coat with a brown stripe running down its length, and a longer shot shows him dressed as an Elizabethan noble. Jeweled gold sleeve cuffs and collar; white ruffs at neck and coat sleeve cuffs; plumed brown hat. Only the reptilian leg bears a garter.*)

**Discord 2:** Hating it.

(*Thrown into a panic by this judgment, Discord retreats back through the curtain. Cut to the five spectators, seen from ground level; a slacks-clad hind leg plants itself in the fore, causing Discord 2’s eyes to widen.*)

**Discord 2:** Hating… (*All faces brighten.*) …how much I love it!

(*A pair of scissors snips across in the fore; behind them; wipe to Discord sitting in a barber chair with a neck cloth tied in place to cover his body and no longer wearing the slacks. Behind him stands one of the workers, now a barber: white apron, brown vest, red bow tie, gray shirt, black handlebar mustache, and scissors at the ready. After scrutinizing the customer’s features, he goes to work with the snips, sending bits of hair flying in all directions. Discord winds up with his mane styled like Fluttershy’s; he admires it lovingly, but a quick spin of the chair shifts him to a pompadour; after a wink, he is whirled into a beehive hairdo—with prop bees attached to it on springs. Discord smiles and twangs one of them, only for several real ones to emerge from the piled-up black hair. He vacates the chair with a panicked yell, leaving one perplexed, shrugging barber in his wake.*)

(*A can of hairspray drifts past in the fore, venting its contents in a blue cloud that clears to give a close-up of Discord. Now back to his original mane style and free of the neck cloth, he holds a stack of index cards.*)

**Discord:** Okay, let’s give these conversation cards a whirl. (*Clear throat; read from one.*) “It is very nice to see you today.”

(*The addressee turns out to be Discord 2, dressed in a full-body Fluttershy costume with holes cut for his wings/eyes and sitting on the new sofa. Still wearing his glasses, he blinks and says nothing as the four workers gather behind Discord, all having put away the phones they were using while he modeled outfits.*)

**Discord:** “Have you read any good books lately?” (*Check cards again.*) “Your garden looks positively lovely.”

(*He trades grins with the quartet and gets a thumbs-up from one of them. Wipe to an extreme close-up of a point in midair; five lion paws reach into view and pile up, one by one, topped by a sixth in a red sweater sleeve. The gathering is in one corner of the house, and the first five—Discord 2 now out of his Fluttershy costume and no longer wearing his glasses—gleefully back away to both sides to show the sixth, original Discord. The garment is a cardigan, worn over a light blue shirt and yellow necktie with dark gray slacks, and his mane is carefully slicked back. Following a round of encouraging words, the other five vanish to leave him standing alone and not entirely at ease with himself, if the sigh he utters is any indication.*)

**Discord:** Quite strange. For the first time in my life, I don’t feel quite strange. In fact, I feel… (*He dons a pair of reading glasses.*) …completely normal. (*smiling, looking around room*) Everything is finally perfect for Fluttershy. (*The grandfather clock chimes the hour.*) And just in time.

(*He snaps. Cut to a long shot of his house’s island; a flash, and Fluttershy is at the front door. In close-up, he opens it.*)

**Fluttershy:** Discord! I’m so excited to finally see where you live. (*He steps out.*)

**Discord:** Greetings, friend. Please do come in. (*Back in again; close-up of her crossing the threshold.*)

**Fluttershy:** I can’t wait to see how… (*Stop short.*) …uh…oh.

(*She takes in the ticking clock, the table spread, the sheer ordinariness of the place.*)

**Discord:** Is something amiss?

**Fluttershy:** Um, no, no, not at all. It’s just…not what I expected. It’s quite…lovely. (*He beams…*)

**Discord:** Please, have a seat. (*…and slides an armchair past her.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*excitedly*) Where is it?

**Discord:** Right here.

(*Her face falls as she realizes that he has done this with no trickery whatsoever.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh. (*She climbs up and sits.*)

**Discord:** (*picking up teapot and a cup*) I think you’ll be quite pleased with the green tea I’ve selected for us today.

**Fluttershy:** (*eagerly*) Ooh! Does it actually turn us green? Is it really envious of the other teas? What’s it do, what’s it do?

**Discord:** (*pouring*) Uh, uh, well, it tastes delicious. (*He offers it to her; face falls again.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*taking it*) Oh. Okay.

(*He fills the other one for himself and sits on the sofa.*)

**Discord:** What particularly nice weather we’re having.

**Fluttershy:** (*trying to smile*) Yes. (*giving it up*) Yes, we are.

(*Both sip their tea in a silence broken only by the clock.*)

**Discord:** It did rain the other day, however.

**Fluttershy:** Uh-huh.

**Discord:** But the weather today is particularly nice—as I previously mentioned.

(*The yellow pegasus sets her cup and saucer down, all traces of enjoyment fleeing from her face, just before Discord stands to offer her a plate of edibles.*)

**Discord:** Would you care for some milk toast?

**Fluttershy:** Uh, Discord, you don’t seem to be yourself today. Are you feeling all right?

**Discord:** Whatever do you mean?

**Fluttershy:** Well, it’s just…what you’re wearing, and also what you’re saying, and also the way you’re saying it, and, um, pretty much everything else. (*Discord has now returned to the sofa and set down the plate.*)

**Discord:** Oh, dear Fluttershy, worry not. I can assure you that for the first time, I’m feeling perfectly normal. (*picking up teapot*) Now, let me top you off.

(*Both of them are quite surprised to see the pot fall to the floor—not due to a broken handle or fumble, but because the handle has simply passed through his talons. The limb itself has become translucent.*)

**Discord:** Oops! Butterfingers! How embarrassing.

(*He reaches down for the vessel, but the digits go right through it.*)

**Fluttershy:** Uh, what’s going on?

(*Another try yields the same result and brings a measure of real panic to the red-eyed face. He has left his seat and is hunched down over the pot.*)

**Discord:** (*holding up talons*) I have no idea.

(*Now the rest of his body fades slightly to match them; Fluttershy gasps sharply, throwing her cup and saucer aside.*)

**Fluttershy:** Discord! You’re starting to fade away! (*He is back on the sofa.*)

**Discord:** Oh, you don’t say. Have you read any good books lately?

(*His weak chuckle does nothing to take the rattle out of her nerves. Cut to a close-up of her grimacing visage, zooming in slowly, and snap to black.*)

Act Three

(*Opening shot: fade in to a close-up of Discord, flexing his talons wonderingly back and forth.*)

**Discord:** Huh. (*Cut to him and Fluttershy.*) Have you tried the scones? They’re positively delectable. The secret is in the extra butter.

**Fluttershy:** What is wrong with you?! You’re acting so normal, which is *not* so normal for you!

**Discord:** (*straightening tie*) Uh, whatever do you mean? This is just me being me. (*Adjust glasses.*)

**Fluttershy:** *No, it’s not!* It’s you being like everypony else!

(*He glances down at the table, gasps in fright, and sets his cup back on its saucer. As he smiles at having eradicated this bit of disorder, he fades a little more and Fluttershy voices a new cry of fear.*)

**Fluttershy:** The more you do it, the more you fade away! (*An idea occurs to her.*) Of course! (*Hover up to his eye level.*) You’re a creature of pure chaos! Being normal is destroying you!

**Discord:** (*chuckling, adjusting glasses*) How interesting. (*Remove/polish them.*) That reminds me of something I heard at the market today.

(*As he blows on the lenses and settles them back in place, he becomes even more see-through. Fluttershy flies up into his face.*)

**Fluttershy:** Stop it! Please, you need to go back to being your not-normal normal self! Quick, Discord! Uh, do something chaotic before it’s too late! *Please!*

**Discord:** Do something chaotic? I’ll try.

(*Up comes the lion paw for a snap, but one digit just slides into the other.*)

**Discord:** Oh, that’s not good.

**Fluttershy:** (*pacing*) Ooh…then I guess it’s up to me. Uh…okay, all right. How about…uh, uh…

(*She spots the cup that he set back on its saucer and upsets it.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*smiling, stilted*) Oh, no! I tipped over that cup! (*hopeful tone*) That’s pretty chaotic, right?

(*All she gets in response is a bored yawn.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh…what if I…

(*A plate of sandwiches has been set near the edge of the table. She pops her head up to face it point-blank, smiling nastily, and gives the whole thing a vigorous spin while chomping with gusto. By the time it comes to a stop, her cheeks are bulging and every sandwich is missing a bite. She stands up.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*mouth full*) Oh, my! Talking with food in my mouth after taking a bite from every sandwich! (*Swallow; forelegs on table.*) How wacky!

(*She slings her head from side to side, letting her tongue loll out, but gets nothing for it.*)

**Fluttershy:** Doing anything for you?

(*Only making him vanish a little more.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*panicked*) Uh… okay. Hmm. Maybe I need to start thinking like you. Oh…what would Discord do? (*pacing*) Well, I guess he’d probably make another version of himself to bounce ideas off of.

(*Realizing that she does not have a duplicate immediately at hand, she dumps the sandwiches off their plate and props it up to reflect her face.*)

**Fluttershy:** But one wouldn’t be enough. He’d need more. Way more!

(*A wall mirror, a toaster, and a hand mirror are quickly commandeered, and Discord can only stare back and forth in total confusion. By the time Fluttershy finishes, she has the plate, wall mirror and toaster lined up to show her face, as well as a vase.*)

**Fluttershy:** Hey there, Fluttershys! (*Cut to frame her before them.*) Any ideas on how to discord up this tea party? (*The wall mirror and vase reflections.*) Hi, Fluttershy! Thanks for asking. First of all, you gotta redecorate this place. I mean, this is where *Discord* lives! And you’re telling me there aren’t any stairs that lead to nowhere? (*The real deal leans into view.*) On it!

(*In a trice, she is pulling the end table and its plant out from next to the grandfather clock, which she next shoves slightly toward the corner. One big idea later, she is moving her armchair and snatching a throw pillow from the sofa. A few last adjustments, and she has a rough staircase that starts at the end table, rises through the chair and pillow, and stops just shy of the ceiling at the top of the clock. The plant gets a gleeful little shove that sends it to the floor to become a step up to the end table.*)

**Fluttershy:** Better…but it still needs something.

(*Her next move takes her across to the brown-striped tapestry that used to be a flight of stairs; she pulls this down and unrolls it over the conglomeration.*)

**Fluttershy:** Now *that’s* more like it!

(*Discord crosses to her, fading back in a bit; she gasps happily at the sight.*)

**Fluttershy:** It’s working! (*She rockets back for another talk with herself.*) Okay. What else? Furniture on the ground? (*Reflections.*) So predictable. Let’s put them where they *don’t* belong!

(*Extreme close-up of a table leg being held upside down against the ceiling and nailed in place. Cut to Discord, who gazes approvingly at the o.s. flurry of activity, then back to her. The tool is in her mouth, and she has donned safety goggles for this bit of unorthodox carpentry. She darts to secure the base of a lamp, and a long shot of the entire room reveals that she has successfully inverted all the furnishings in the immediate area except the doorway curtains and her improvised trick staircase. She tosses her goggles and hammer aside and claps with joy upon seeing Discord become more solid.*)

**Fluttershy:** And he’d have a *chaise lounge* [*sic*] that would actually chase you, because he’s funny like that!

[*Note: The correct French spelling is “longue.”*]

(*She zips away and hunkers down next to the chair in question, next to the front door.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*poking it*) Bet you can’t catch me!

(*Discord chuckles to himself as she bugs out, then grits his teeth and tries to snap his lion-paw digits. The resulting flash tells it all—he is fully himself again, and his body fully restores itself. A disbelieving gasp gives way to exuberant laughter, and the chaise longue bounds playfully after Fluttershy. The two circle around Discord in a blur of yellow coat, pink mane/tail, and flowered blue upholstery; after a few dozen revolutions, Fluttershy skids to a stop facing him.*)

**Fluttershy:** Oh! And Discord would have a special kind of tea, like a ginseng that could really sing!

(*The animate chaise longue is now up in its “hind” legs, panting like a dog, and being petted by the chaos master in the red cardigan.*)

**Discord:** I would. I-I would.

(*All it takes is one snap of the talons to summon a cardboard box covered with stickers, and a second one to open the flaps. Out come the singing tea bags he shipped out in Act Two, not having lost a single note.*)

**Fluttershy:** And he’d serve it on a floating table! We’ve never talked about it, but I’m pretty sure Discord hates gravity.

**Discord:** I do. Who wants to be tethered to the ground when you can do *this?*

(*Another snap sets everything in the room to floating, including himself and the furniture nailed to the ceiling; she hovers at his eye level.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*giggling*) Now *this* is exactly what I was hoping for!

**Discord:** (*incredulously*) This is what you were hoping for? But this is the complete opposite of your tea parties.

**Fluttershy:** I wouldn’t expect you to throw a tea party the way I would. We’re different. (*He turns sadly away.*)

**Discord:** I know. I was afraid that if you saw exactly how different we are, you wouldn’t want to be friends anymore. (*She circles to look him dead in the eye.*)

**Fluttershy:** What? Why would you ever think that?

**Discord:** Because…you and I don’t make sense to anypony else.

**Fluttershy:** That may be true, but we make sense to me. I never would’ve thought to make singing ginseng before I met you. But you open me up to so many more possibilities and *im*possibilities. So I guess what I’m trying to say is…I like you *because* you’re so different from me.

**Discord:** You do?

**Fluttershy:** Of course I do, silly! Besides, what’s Discord without a little chaos?

**Discord:** (*laughing, throwing glasses aside*) Well, in that case, I certainly don’t need to be wearing this.

(*He rips off all his clothes, skin, and everything else to reveal the Fluttershy costume that Discord 2 used to stand in for her during their conversation exercises in Act Two. She giggles at the silliness of it.*)

**Discord:** Oops! (*chuckling*) I forgot that I still had this on. (*He magicks himself back to normal; close-up of Fluttershy.*)

**Fluttershy:** (*laughing*) Now, about that tea party…

(*The background behind her dissolves to seat her in a chair.*)

**Fluttershy:** You know, your garden really is looking lovely.

(*Cut to Discord on a couch—one of those that was present before he overhauled his domicile. The details of the window curtains behind him, and of the nearby tree, suggest that they are upside down.*)

**Discord:** Why, thank you for noticing. (*picking up teapot and cup—both flipped*) I also couldn’t help but notice that you need a refill.

(*Tea pours up into the cup and the pony piñata that the crew drove out in Act Two returns to sneeze out a blast of candy. The next shot establishes that they are indeed up on the ceiling, as is the little volcano that Discord converted from a lava lamp, while the piñata is anchored to the floor. Fluttershy has a freshly toasted marshmallow on the end of a stick.*)

**Fluttershy:** Gesundheit! (*The piñata falls loose and bounds away.*)

**Discord:** It really is nice having you here.

**Fluttershy:** I’m happy to be here, and I really do like your place—because it’s so “you.” (*A butterfly-shaped sandwich flits past Discord.*)

**Discord:** Why, thank you, Fluttershy.

**Fluttershy:** Now, how about we try some of those delicious-looking sandwiches?

(*During this line, the camera zooms out and rotates 180 degrees to show the whole place more or less back the way it was. The most blatant brain-benders have been removed, but he is well at ease sitting on his own ceiling to have tea with his friend. A snap puts a butterfly net in his grip and turns her toasting stick and marshmallow into one as well, and he laughs as several more of those highly edible insects hover here and there.*)

**Discord:** You read my mind!

(*Laughing, Fluttershy swoops down to catch one near the floor. Another lights on Discord’s nose just before she brings her net down on his entire head to catch it. Both laugh and hang their heads down among the singing tea bags, the net instantly gone from his. “Iris out” to black, centered on their faces and pausing briefly before the aperture closes.*)