

DUNGEONS & DISCORDS

Written by Nick Confalone

Produced by Devon Cody

Story editing by Josh Haber

Supervising direction by Jim Miller

Directed by Denny Lu, Tim Stuby

Transcribed by Alan Back (ajback@yahoo.com)

Prologue

(Opening shot: fade in to an extreme close-up of a set of saddlebags. Fluttershy's hoof reaches into view and opens one flap so she can drop in a pair of earmuffs, and a longer shot frames the bags and assorted cold-weather gear spread out on the floor in her cottage. She flies across the room to pick up a small coin purse in her mouth, the camera panning to follow; by the time she returns, Discord has appeared out of nowhere and is holding a teapot and two cups on a tray.)

Discord: Tea? *(She gasps and drops the purse; he scans the floor.)* Trendy coat, bedroll, saddlebags? *(laughing, throwing a forelimb around her shoulders)* Oh! A surprise vacation just for the two of us? How thoughtful!

(He has set down the tray by this point, and in another moment he has backed off and is lounging in a beach chair under an umbrella among drifts of sand. Black sunglasses cover his eyes.)

Discord: I hear Puerto Caballo is lovely this time of year. *(He scoops up some of the...)* Sand like powdered sugar.

(A puff of air sends the fine grains across the room toward Fluttershy, who regards them worriedly.)

Fluttershy: Um...Princess Celestia's taking us on an overnight goodwill tour of Yakyakistan. I just found out.

(Her nervous grin is answered by the draconequus' gasp and his eyes very nearly popping out of their sockets, the lenses of his shades flipping up in the bargain.)

Discord: So, what you're saying is... *(removing them)* ...no tea?

(He stands up with a disdainful scoff, now holding the tea tray again and with all traces of the shoreline relaxation gone.)

Discord: Well... *(clearing throat)* ...that's fine. I wasn't thirsty anyway.

(The whole rig is folded up like a piece of paper, and he stretches out the upper edge of his brown body fur like a shirt collar and drops it in. Fluttershy thinks for a moment, then smiles.)

Fluttershy: If you're looking for something to do, you could spend the evening with Spike and Big Mac.

(This suggestion earns her a round of hearty laughter, during which Discord describes a slow loop-the-loop. It only peters out once he realizes that the hopeful smile has not left the yellow face.)

Discord: You aren't kidding.

Fluttershy: *(pulling saddlebags toward herself)* They're very nice. They have a top-secret thing they do whenever we leave Ponyville— *(laughing, shifting a box)* —although everypony knows about it, so it's not a very good secret. I think you'd have fun with them.

Discord: *(scornfully)* Fun with sidekicks? Oh, you must think that we're in a dimension where everything is opposite.

(A snap of his talons, and all the colors of the room and its occupants have become their own photographic negatives. The next two lines echo weirdly.)

Discord: *(sappily)* Da-de-la! I'm Opposite Discord, and I want to hang out with Spike and Big Mac. I'm sure I'd have fun.

Fluttershy: *(flying up into his face, borderline unhinged)* Well, guess what, sassafras! I'm Opposite Fluttershy, and I'm sick of being nice and quiet all the time!

(By the time she finishes, she has managed to back him down far enough to bend him triple. Another snap restores the natural colors; she instantly backs off and he stands upright.)

Discord: Let me explain it to you as simply as I can. Me, amazing. Them? Uh, well, I've already forgotten who we're talking about. You see? *(Fluttershy settles down to the floor.)*

Fluttershy: All I'm saying is, it's an opportunity to expand your circle of friends.

(She transfers the coin purse into her bags and stands up with a teasing little smile.)

Fluttershy: Unless you're afraid they won't like you?

Discord: Oh, please. Don't stoop to tedious reverse psychology. *(disdainfully)* You're better than that.

Fluttershy: It never hurts to make new friends.

(Nipping the end of a rolled blanket in her teeth, she pulls it closer to the bags as he lets a snort convey his low opinion of this idea.)

Discord: Consider it considered.

(Away he goes with a poof; she adds a bedroll to her pile of equipment and shuts the open saddlebag flap, humming to herself. An instant later, it flips back thanks to the miniature Discord that has shown up inside; she gasps sharply upon noticing him again.)

Discord: *(pleadingly, clasping paw/talons together)* Couldn't I just come with you instead?

(She meets his beseeching expression with a gentle smile. Fade to black.)

OPENING THEME

Act One

(Opening shot: fade in to the sun in a peaceful blue sky and tilt down to a long shot of the Ponyville train station. Fluttershy and Discord are on the platform, the former fully loaded up with her luggage and wearing a sweater, the latter back to his normal size.)

Discord: *(overwrought)* I suppose this is goodbye, then. *(airily, smiling in close-up)* Have an absolutely fabulous voyage.

(A surreptitious snap of the digits on his lion paw causes a smoldering volcano to appear on the horizon—and the train tracks to corkscrew their way straight up the slopes and into its crater. Once Fluttershy gets an eyeful of it, she fixes him with a steely gaze.)

Fluttershy: Discord...

Discord: *(gasping, feigning innocence)* Well, it's not my fault the new train route leads into an active volcano. Guess you'll have to stay.

(Finding himself on the receiving end of an eyebrow that slowly rises to mark its owner's complete lack of amusement, he drops the act.)

Discord: Oh, you're no fun.

(The volcano disappears at his next snap; she smiles, and in short order here come Twilight Sparkle, the rest of her friends, Spike, and Big Macintosh. All but the baby dragon and the big stallion are kitted out for cold-weather travel.)

Applejack: I got my bedroll, parka, unattractive but functional hikin' boots...uh, anything I forgot, Pinkie Pie? You're our resident Yakyakistan expert.

Pinkie Pie: Nope! I brought yeti food!

(Her cheery grin stands out in sharp contrast to the concerned looks that steal over all the other faces. Long pause.)

Pinkie: Did I forget to mention there's a pony-eating yeti on Frost Field Glacier? *(Another pause.)* We're gonna have so much fun! *(Bigger grin.)*

Rainbow Dash: Heh. If he messes with us— *(punching at air)* —I'll turn that yeti into confetti!

(The whistle of an approaching train cuts off any further braggadocio, and it pulls in at the platform. Almost as soon as the doors slide open, Applejack finds herself being bulldozed toward one of them by Macintosh.)

Applejack: Heh. Somepony's in an awful quick hurry to get us outta here. *(She steps on board, followed by Fluttershy and Rainbow.)* Don't y'all have too much fun without us.

(Pinkie hops after them, leaving Twilight, Rarity, Spike, Macintosh, and Discord on the platform.)

Twilight: *(smoothing Spike's head spines, elbowing him)* I bet you boys have big plans. Right, Spike? *(His eyes and Macintosh's pop in surprise.)*

Spike: I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about. *(Macintosh nods; he whips over to Rarity.)* Although if I did, I certainly wouldn't be allowed to discuss it with you girls.

(The white unicorn gives him a slightly irked look and heads for the train, with Twilight close behind.)

Twilight: Bye-bye!

(Spike and Macintosh grin at each other as the whistle sounds off again; now the doors are closed and the wheels begin to roll. Applejack waves from a closed window.)

Applejack: *(slightly muffled by glass)* Bye, y'all!

(The other five mares copy her gesture, each at a different window, and in short order the train has departed to leave Discord and Spike/Macintosh standing at opposite ends of the platform. The trickster waves a handkerchief in farewell, but quickly folds his forelimbs and adopts a surly expression. Spike and Macintosh hunker down for a quick private talk, their next three lines being delivered in barely audible whispers.)

Macintosh: Nope? Yup?

Spike: Uh, I don't know what to say. I mean, I hope he comes and I kinda don't. What do you think?

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

(The exchange ends with a pair of calculating smiles. Discord, still doing his best not to take notice of them, has stowed the hanky and now conjures up a magazine whose cover depicts him as a 1980s-era yuppie. He gets to reading.)

Discord: Fascinating article, yes. (*Chuckle; whisper to himself.*) Don't let 'em come over, please don't let 'em come over. (*Spike and Macintosh move toward him.*) Please don't let 'em come over, please, please, please...

(*Realizing that the battle is lost, he throws the periodical aside and turns to them with a big smile.*)

Discord: Oh! Salutations, my friend. Wish I could stay and chat, but...I don't want to. (*He turns to walk away.*)

Spike: Uh, wait! (*Freeze.*) Um...w-we were...wondering. What are you up to tonight?

(*He and Macintosh grin nervously, the former scratching the back of his neck and the latter nodding, and Discord slaps his lion paw over his face and pulls it down with a weary sigh.*)

Discord: (*whispering, to himself*) Here we go... (*He pivots back to them.*)

Spike: Do you want to...I don't know...hang out? Is that, like, something you do?

Discord: (*smiling, normal volume*) Ohhh! Twilight's friend and Applejack's monosyllabic brother. If only I weren't super-busy this evening.

(*Cross forelimbs. Glower at the pair.*)

Spike: (*to Macintosh*) I guess Guys' Night will just be you and me.

(*Their move toward the steps leading down from the platform prompts Discord to rethink his attitude, and he flies over to intercept them as they descend.*)

Discord: A Guys' Night? You mean a rowdy evening of reckless revelry? Zoot suits, fedoras, swing dancing? (*He claps with nervous excitement.*)

Spike: Uh, something like that. You should totally come. (*scratching back of neck*) The three of us would be way better than two.

(*Again the double grin, accompanied by Macintosh's nodding.*)

Discord: (*stroking beard*) That does sound fun, actually.

Spike: Too bad you're busy.

(*Discord vanishes in a burst of light, then reappears in front of the pair as a business-suited executive seated behind a desk that floats just off the ground. A bit of rooting around in a drawer yields a calendar, which he inspects. Nestled behind his bushy white eyebrows is a dark gray toupee.*)

Discord: Well, I suppose I could squeeze you in if I move a few very important ponies around.

(*Cut to an extreme close-up of an intercom speaker at one corner and zoom out as he pushes its button and leans down to address it.*)

Discord: *(New York accent)* June, honey, be a dear. Re-schedule Luna and K-K.

(Finger off button; he addresses the camera as an aside in his normal voice.)

Discord: That's what I call Princess Celestia. What a hoot! *(On again; accent resumes.)* In fact, clear the whole evening. Tonight is Guys' Night.

(Cut to Spike and Macintosh, a touch perplexed by this new scenario.)

Discord: *(from o.s., gesturing toward them)* These fellas invited me to spice things up and bring a little class to the whole affair.

(Desk and Discord flash away, only for the joker to emerge from the ground and sweep one male up in each forelimb. His suit and toupee are gone, and he reverts to his normal voice.)

Discord: Tonight will be the best night of your lives, and not just because you get to bask in my greatness.

Spike: I do love basking in things. *(winking)* See you tonight. *(Grab one of Discord's ears; whisper into it.)* Twilight's castle. The fun starts promptly at sundown.

(The moment he lets go, the chaos master drops both him and Macintosh to the dirt.)

Discord: Technically, the fun starts when I arrive, but I'll make sure it's around sunset. *(bowing)* Adieu, fellas.

(Instead of walking away, he twists his serpentine body into a whirling circle that shrinks down to a point and finally winks out. Smiles pass between Spike and Macintosh as they set off. Dissolve to the sun sinking behind the hills that stand past the farthest reaches of Sweet Apple Acres.)

Spike: *(from o.s.)* And...we have sundown.

(The sky has now completed its transition into the starry purple of early evening, and the camera tilts down to frame the little guy, standing on a balcony of the Castle of Friendship. He has an excellent view of Ponyville from here.)

Spike: *(turning away from rail)* Repeat, we have sundown.

(Cut to just inside the doorway that gives onto this balcony; he bounds in toward the waiting Macintosh.)

Spike: I declare tonight's Guys' Night ceremonies officially open!

Macintosh: *(rearing up)* Eeeeeee-yup!

(The two start dancing around each other in the corridor, occasionally bumping together.)

Spike: It's Guys' Night
Macintosh: Yup
Spike: Aw, yeah
Macintosh: Yup
Spike: Having fun now
Macintosh: Yup
Spike: Oh, yeah
Macintosh: Oh, yeah

(A trumpet fanfare brings an abrupt end to their jubilation; they hurry down the stairs leading to the entrance hall, but stop on the landing.)

Spike: What the hay?

(Zoom out to put two horns in the foreground, one extending from either side of the screen. The arms holding them are clad in jacket sleeves with ruffled shirt cuffs and one set of digits is clad in a glove, but enough features are left exposed to mark the blowers as clones of Discord. The camera then cuts to a long shot of the main entrance's open double doors, confirming their identities and marking them as heralds. As they finish the fanfare and lower their instruments, a tiny figure scurries in from the front steps; a close-up picks it out as a miniscule third duplicate, dressed the same as the others. He stops just past them and unrolls a scroll.)

Tiny Discord: *(reading, high squeaky voice)* “Announcing the much-anticipated arrival of the Spirit of Chaos and Disharmony, the Purveyor of Pandemonium—” *(Cut to Spike and Macintosh, trading confused looks; he continues o.s.)* “—Lord of Lawlessness, Earl of Turmoil, Bringer of Bedlam...”

(Back to him; now he imitates a trumpet flourish and spreads his forelimbs wide, showing the scroll to bear only a rough doodle of his own face.)

Tiny Discord: *(gesturing toward doors)* ...Discord!

(Pan quickly to them. The lights have been lowered, but a broad spotlight shines on a huge sheet of paper that has been strung up to depict the mayhem master as a basketball player going up for a slam dunk. Cheers are heard from nowhere as clouds of artificial fog boil out from behind it and a second, brighter spot flicks on to rove all over the hall. This eventually stops on the sheet, through which the real McCoy bursts in the same outfit and carrying a ball, which he dribbles back and forth and spins on one lion-paw digit. Finally he lets it fly as if trying to sink a half-court shot; it arcs toward Spike and Macintosh, but bursts into a shower of confetti and streamers just short of their heads. He poofs onto the stairs a moment later, having stripped out of his game apparel; normal lighting resumes in the hall.)

Discord: So, shall we hop to it? (*pulling out a scroll*) I made a list of the rowdiest establishments in Ponyville.

(*This is unrolled, proving to be roughly half as long as it is wide and contain only two entries.*)

Discord: It's rather short. (*Spike and Macintosh trade a look.*)

Spike: Actually, we're staying here. (*Macintosh nods.*) I hope you like awesome games! (*They trade a high five.*)

Discord: Games?! I love games. I'm great at games.

(*A taloned snap transforms the area into a wood-paneled living room that would not be out of place in the 1970s, complete with a bar and stools at one end. A coffee table stands in the center; a bewildered Spike and Macintosh sit on a couch near it, and Discord has taken an armchair across from them. He produces a bowl filled with paper slips.*)

Discord: Famous pony charades? (*Draw one and read.*) Oh, this is an easy one.

(*Both it and the bowl are tossed aside in opposite directions.*)

Discord: Who am I?

(*Passing his paw and talons over his head and neck, he turns them white and changes his mane to the multicolored, flowing one of Princess Celestia. Duplicates of her horn, tiara, and necklace manifest themselves as well, and the white of his neck gradually shades downward into its natural brownish-gray at the base. The camera is positioned to frame him only from the waist up, but a sliver of pastel hair can be seen poking up into view from below to indicate that he has replicated Celestia's tail as well.*)

Discord: (*pointing to himself*) Huh? Huh? (*Spike and Macintosh stare blankly.*) Oh, come on! (*Close-up of Spike.*)

Spike: Uh...I'm talking about a real game.

(*Back to Discord, who has resumed his normal appearance except for the added tail, which is purring contentedly like a cat as he strokes it.*)

Discord: Oh, you mean like trapping best friend ponies in hedge mazes and turning them against each other. (*fondly*) Those were the days.

(*The hank of hair grows four legs, jumps off his lap with an irritated meow, and bounds away. A snap transports the trio back to the entrance hall of the Castle.*)

Spike: Not exactly. Wait here. (*He hurries away.*)

Discord: (*to Macintosh*) Whatever it is, it can only get better by adding me to the mix.

Spike: (*from o.s.*) Okay!

(The workhorse gallops after Spike and Discord follows on wing. Snap to black, against which a flashlight beam flicks on to the sound of its switch. It is angled upward to illuminate a close-up of Spike's face; the light, held under his chin, throws his features into eerie relief. The remainder of the screen beyond the beam's edges is dimly lit. He sits in one of the throne room's seats.)

Spike: *(hushed, dramatically)* In a world where evil reigns supreme, a small band of warriors stands tall against the darkness. This is...

(He flicks off the flash as normal illumination resumes and the camera zooms out.)

Spike: ...Ogres and Oubliettes.

(The motion, which stops at the opposite side of the central map table, shows him in Fluttershy's seat and an eagerly grinning Macintosh in Rainbow's. Instead of the magic map, the table bears all the essential paraphernalia of a role-playing game: spread-out map, dice and screen, guidebooks, character note sheets. Spike lowers the flash just before the camera cuts to Discord, who recoils in horror and can manage no vocal reaction except a shaky little gasp. Snap to black.)

Act Two

(Opening shot: fade in to an overhead shot of the table. Discord flies closer to it so he can run an eye over the map; cut to a close-up of his disgusted expression.)

Discord: Ohhhh, this looks like— *(Pan quickly to Spike; he has put the flashlight away.)*

Spike: —the best game ever? You're right! *(Discord settles onto Rarity's throne.)*

Discord: Uh, yes.

Spike: *(holding up one guide)* Ogres and Oubliettes is a fantasy role-playing adventure game. *(Set it down.)* Our goal? Defeat the evil Squid Wizard— *(stifling a giggle with Macintosh)* —or as we call him—

(A snort of laughter; cut to a close-up of a flat cardboard token standing vertically in a base as he holds it up. On it is an angry-looking cephalopod that sports a starry wizard's hat and a white collar trimmed with a stylized gold S; it holds up two star-tipped wands in separate tentacles.)

Spike: *(from o.s.)* —the Squizard!

(Zoom out to frame him snickering over the name as Macintosh's chuckles drift over, then cut to Discord, drumming his lion-paw digits on the table in a very bored manner. After a few sullen seconds, the camera cuts back to the young dragon, who gets himself under control. Clearing his throat, he climbs onto the table.)

Spike: *(placing token on map)* The Squizard has laid siege to the last free city in Spiketopia—that's the name of the land. He's kidnapped a beautiful unicorn princess named Shmarity.

(The similarity of that name to the object of his affection hits him after a delay, and it brings nervous sweat to his face.)

Spike: Uh, which is like a normal name in Spiketopia, so, you know, don't think about it too much. *(Blush.)*

Discord: Fear not. Your romantic delusions are safe with me.

(He underscores the point by pulling his lion-paw digits across his mouth to magically zip it. Spike settles back onto the seat cushion.)

Spike: First things first. *(holding up a sheet for a moment)* You gotta create a character. Name?

Discord: How about...Discord?

(The teeth of the zipper part and move normally with his lips for this line. Spike rolls his eyes with a smile and sigh as Macintosh catches his lower lip in his teeth to keep from bursting into laughter.)

Spike: The whole point of the game is, you get to use your imagination and be someone you're not.

(A nod from the big red gamer; cut to a close-up of the box that held all the supplies as a clawed hand dips inside. It comes up holding a token that shows a caricature of himself, with a long beard/mustache/eyebrows in two shades of pale green, blue-green wizard's hat and darker cape, dark gray boots/belt, and a staff topped by a carved hand holding a pearl between thumb and forefinger. The mage retains Spike's tail and head spines and is flashing a V-for-Victory sign with his free hand. Zoom out to frame Spike standing over the box on the start of the next line.)

Spike: I'm Garbuncle, a famous magician. Everyone treats me with the utmost respect.

(Back to Discord, who has removed the zipper and produced a set of clippers to trim the claws on his reptilian hind leg.)

Discord: *(dryly)* Just like in real life? *(Clip.)*

Spike: *(returning to seat)* And don't get jealous. *(holding up a sheet)* But I'm a level-thirty enchanter with major skill points assigned to intellect and perception.

(Now the draconequis sits with his mane in curlers and under the hood of a salon-style hair dryer, reading a magazine. The clippers are gone.)

Discord: *(distractedly)* Go on, I'm listening.

(Close-up of one section of the map. The tokens for both Garbuncle and the Squizard have been set down, and a third is quickly added—a bulked-up, battle-scarred unicorn version of Macintosh in dark gray armor and helmet. Two lighter gray horns mounted on the helmet curve down and forward from the ears to frame the face, and he carries a shield in his magic and a sword strapped to his back.)

Spike: *(from o.s.)* Big Mac’s character is Sir McBiggin, a level-twenty-seven black knight unicorn from Castle Chadwick.

(Back to Discord, who has shed the dryer/curlers/magazine and turned his attention to building a gargantuan house of cards. It is tall enough to reach the ends of the strings of gems that hang from the throne room’s tree-stump chandelier, and he hovers near its peak with cards in hand.)

Discord: *(distractedly)* I’m listening.

(Two more are set in place; back to Spike and Macintosh.)

Spike: When his king allied himself with the Squizard, Sir McBiggin would not besmirch his honor.

Macintosh: *(proudly)* Nn-nope.

(Discord, meanwhile, has gotten rid of all the pasteboards and tucked himself into a floating bed, with a sleep mask over his eyes.)

Discord: *(clearing throat, half-mumbling)* I’m listening.

Spike: *(dramatically)* And so it came to pass. *(holding up his and Macintosh’s tokens)* The magician and black knight vowed to rid Spiketopia of the evil Squizard.

(He grins hopefully across the table at Discord, who has returned to Rarity’s seat and dispelled the bed and mask. However, his attitude has not improved one whit; instead, he deflates into a pile of limp coils and his head flops onto the table.)

Spike: *(brightly)* So, your character’s name? *(Discord sits up.)*

Discord: I already have the best name in the universe. Why would I change it for something like “Captain Wuzz”?

Spike: “Captain Wuzz” it is!

(He enters this bit of data on a sheet as Discord lets off a long, sotto-voce groan and rests his chin on his lion paw.)

Spike: What class are you, Captain Wuzz? There’s archers, mages, rogues... *(Discord snorts out steam.)*

Discord: Can I suggest we take a break and, I don’t know, go out and have some fun? *(holding up a bucket of red paint and a brush)* Ponyville’s not going to paint itself red.

Spike: You’ll love it once we get started.

(He snatches up a die, lets it roll, and leans down to check the result.)

Spike: How about an archer? *(Discord sets down the paint and brush.)*

Discord: *(sourly)* Sounds just as miserable as the other options, so— *(waving forelimb digits)*—fine.

(A fourth token is added to the map: Discord in a green tunic with dark gray sleeves, brown belt/boots/wrist bracers, and a short yellow cape, equipped with a bow and quiver of arrows. The beard is missing, the eyebrows are black instead of white, and the mane is pale blond and grown out longer with a short braid. Pan from it to Spike.)

Spike: Sir McBiggin, are you prepared to enter the world of Ogres and Oubliettes?

Macintosh: Ee-yup!

Spike: Discord—or should I say “Captain Wuzz”—are you—

Discord: Oh, get on with it.

(After a quick look at his guide, Spike grabs a few dice and rolls them behind his screen. He checks the pages again before speaking.)

Spike: We find ourselves trapped in the dungeon of the evil Squizard. The bars are locked tight.

(This bit of narrative only prompts Discord to cock an eyebrow in an extremely unimpressed way.)

Spike: *(dramatically)* The bars exist in our imagination.

Discord: *(sarcastically)* Really! You describe things, and then we pretend it’s real.

Spike: It is real—in our imagination. It’s your turn first. What do you want to do?

Discord: Curse myself for attending this infernal evening? *(laughing)* Oh, oh! No, no, you mean in the game.

Spike: Well, you can do whatever you want. *(getting a die from behind screen)* Then I roll this twenty-sided die to see if you’re successful.

(A set of prison bars slams down in front of the unappreciative guest, who grips two of them and leans his head forward through a gap.)

Discord: I stick my head through the bars and demand for the immediate release of the Lord of Chaos.

Spike: That’s a big risk. You have to roll a seventeen or higher to succeed.

(The icosahedron clatters across the tabletop and stops on a six; Spike consults his guide and looks up with worry in his eyes.)

Spike: Oh. Bad idea. The guard gets mad.

(Talons yank the volume away so Discord can see for himself; after a bit of scrutiny, he points out a certain section. The bars have disappeared from his side of the table.)

Discord: This spell here. I transform him into a parsnip.

Spike: You need eleven intelligent points to cast a “Transform into Root Vegetable” spell.

Discord: *(indignantly)* I’m not intelligent? *(tossing guide away)* I cast it anyway because this game is stupid.

(It lands before the diminutive game master, falling open, and he grabs his die and rolls. Check the number, check the page.)

Spike: The spell backfires— *(trying not to laugh)* —so your claws grow leaves and...transform into...parsnips.

(He claps a clawed hand to his mouth or cork a giggle, but Macintosh has no such inhibitions.)

Macintosh: *(chuckling)* Parsnips.

(The most powerful magical being in the room growls in quiet fury as he keeps laughing and Spike rolls again and looks up the result.)

Spike: The guard laughs. He calls his friends over and they laugh too.

(Now both of them voice their mirth and pay no attention even when Discord leans across the table to point straight at Macintosh’s face.)

Discord: Don’t you laugh at me, Big Mac! *(puzzled)* Does it really say that? Let me see.

(He snatches up the guide for a look as the big galoot commences to pounding the table. Finding something clearly not to his liking, he aims a very hairy eyeball across the way. Spike stops laughing just long enough to roll, then goes right back to it.)

Spike: As you get angrier, everypony laughs harder!

(Having had quite enough of this humiliation by proxy, the walking anatomical smorgasbord throws the guide behind himself.)

Discord: *(gesturing)* I seal Sir McBiggin in a magic bubble until he stops laughing. *(Snarl; gnash of teeth.)*

Spike: I told you, you can’t do magic!

(That does it. Discord’s eyebrows kindle into flame, and a moment later Macintosh is very, very surprised to find himself encased in a spherical force field. It floats him up to the level of the chandelier’s lower reaches, all the laughter coming to an abrupt end as he shouts in surprise.)

Macintosh: *(muffled, trying to break out)* Nope! Nope! Nope!

Discord: *(scoffing, eyebrows extinguished)* Not intelligent enough. Please!

Spike: Cut it out, Discord!

Discord: Oh, this game is insufferable. Let me show you a real Guys' Night!

(A casual snap puts them in a tropically themed jazz/dance club from the 1920s. Discord has shown up in an orange suit whose pants are slightly darker than the jacket, with white shirt and huge purple bow tie, dark red shoes, a pencil-thin mustache, and a red fedora whose brim is at least three times as wide as the crown and cut to accommodate his horns. Macintosh is still caught up in his hovering bubble. A lively tune underscores the festivities.)

Discord: Ohhh! *(Laugh; the bubble pops and Macintosh lands on all fours.)* This is the life. Jazz, dancing, the best table magic can buy.

(For "jazz," he emerges halfway from the bell of a saxophone, played by one member of a trio up on the bandstand. "Dancing": he instantly replaces a mare whose partner has spun and dipped her almost to the floor. "The best table" is one on which he winks into being at a semicircular booth. From here, he teleports back to Spike and Macintosh.)

Discord: This is what Guys' Night is all about. Am I right, fellas?

(A mare strolls past in the fore, and Spike hurries away in her general direction as Macintosh aims an approving look after the both of them.)

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Spike: *(now o.s.)* I know you probably didn't do this on purpose— *(Cut to him, setting up the game on "the best table.")* —but this table's the perfect size and shape!

(A jacket-clad lion paw reaches into view and sweeps the lot away, and the hatted head pops up behind him with a disdainful countenance.)

Discord: I don't think so. *(smiling)* Let's have a drink.

(All three are swiftly teleported over to the club's bar, leading the other customers to storm off in disgust. Discord picks up a pair of...)

Discord: Chocolate milkshakes? *(Spike takes one and sets it on the floor with a testy sigh.)*

Spike: No. We want to go back to Ogres and— *(Discord leans down to him.)*

Discord: Ohhhh! How about a different game?

(A flash, and all three have joined a card game played by three dogs in a different booth. The loosest of loose cannons bends down for a peek at Spike's hand.)

Discord: Those are very bad cards.

Spike: *(throwing them in his face)* Stop messing with us! We want to—

(Another flash takes them onto the dance floor, near the bandstand.)

Discord: A dance contest?

(He gets into the spirit with a few lively steps as the tune comes to a close, and is met with a round of cheers and a rain of balloons.)

Discord: Surprise!

(Close-up of a properly irked Spike as the lion paw reaches into view to hand him a trophy topped with the dancing fool himself, wearing a top hat and holding a cane.)

Discord: *(from o.s.)* We won! *(Spike throws it aside.)*

Spike: *Discord!*

(For a moment, the lights in the club go dim except for one beam that shines on his suddenly sinister countenance as he leans down toward Spike. A sudden silence falls over the place.)

Discord: Yes? *(Macintosh crosses to them; lights come up.)*

Spike: *(sighing)* Look. We don't want to do these things. We want to play our game. If you don't want to play with us, you can...I don't know, sit and watch.

Discord: *(offended)* "Sit and watch." Fine. We'll play your game.

(Close-up of him; he slowly straightens to full height as threatening gray clouds gather overhead. He has removed his clothing, and his narrowed eyes glow a most unfriendly red and yellow.)

Discord: *(dramatically, reverberating)* Are you ready to enter the world of Ogres and Oubliettes?

(Both forelimbs are thrust forward, a beam emanating from each to hit Spike and Macintosh dead-on. The screen flashes white, then clears to show them standing on a plain marked off with a lattice of perpendicular lines to form a grid similar to that on their game map. Giant dice are half-embedded in the turf to serve as mountains, and cardboard trees provide the foliage. The two fantasy enthusiasts are now wearing the attire of their respective characters, and Macintosh sports a unicorn's horn and a faceful of stubble but is not carrying the shield drawn on his token. They glance confusedly around themselves before locking eyes.)

Spike: Sir McBiggin?

Macintosh: *(grinning broadly)* Ee-yup!

Spike: *(looking himself over)* And...I'm...Garbuncle? That means...sweetness! *(jumping in place)* We're in the game! Check it out! *(pointing staff elsewhere)* Ka-zam!

(The pearl clamped between the fingers on the business end fires off a spell, which connects with one of the massive dice and blows it apart into a shower of small ones. Another shot hits a stream that courses through the rectilinear terrain and ices it over. Flush with success, Spike does a backflip and shoots another die, causing it to sprout wings, pull loose from the dirt, and fly off past Macintosh. Now the armored stallion gets into the act, using his newfound magic to pull the sword on his back from its scabbard and cleave one fake tree after another. His last bound brings him down next to Spike, and he sheathes the blade before they go into the same sort of dance they did in Act One to mark the start of their night.)

Spike: It's Guys' Night

Macintosh: Yup

Spike: Oh, yeah

Macintosh: Ee-yup

Spike: In the game now

Macintosh: Yup

Spike: Oh, yeah

Macintosh: Oh, yeah

Spike: *(voice raised)* Discord? Where are you? This is great! *(A cloud drifts slowly into view.)*
You made the game real!

(They are met by a slightly malicious burst of his laughter, and a light gray copy of his head pokes out of the cloud to address them. His next two lines are delivered in a booming, echoing voice.)

Discord: Aren't games fun?

Spike: *(to Macintosh)* Should we be worried he's using his scary voice?

(The pondering is cut short by the tromp of approaching footsteps. Zoom out to show the Squizard and several pony-skeleton minions—all as cardboard tokens—gaining the high ground atop one huge die.)

Squizard: Behold! *(Extreme close-up of his eyes.)* I am the Squizard!

(Spike and Macintosh back away with an unnerved cry as Discord grins savagely down at them.)

Discord: *(chuckling)* Oh, you're welcome.

Squizard: ATTAAAAAACK!!

(He and his troops charge in a yelling body down the die and toward the camera. Fade to black as his eyes fill the screen.)

Act Three

(Opening shot: fade in to a long shot of the board/field and zoom in slowly as the Squizard's forces barrel toward Spike and Macintosh, then cut to a close-up of the latter two.)

Spike: RUUUUNNNN!!

(They peel out, only to find more skeletons lying in wait for them up ahead. These are armed with bows and arrows, and they let fly with a salvo—still cardboard markers, held up on the ends of thin poles. Just as the heroes are about to get severely perforated, though, Macintosh levitates his shield up to intercept the missiles. The action comes to a dead stop, and Discord's voice booms out again.)

Discord: *(from o.s.)* You find yourself on a battlefield. A barrage of arrows rains down on you. *(Cut to him.)* If you roll a fifteen or higher, the shield protects you. Fourteen or lower, and, well... *(Laugh.)* ...you get the idea.

(Opening his mouth, he lets his tongue extend to a ridiculous length as an arcing slide so a twenty-sided die can roll down from within his mouth. It free-falls off the end and slams down squarely on top of the waiting arrows, showing a seventeen, and he manifests on top of it with his normal self and voice.)

Discord: Seventeen! Lucky you.

(The few arrows still in the air embed themselves harmlessly in the shield, and Macintosh grunts and lets it drop. The chase resumes, with him and Spike fleeing along a dice-lined path and into the mouth of a cave; inside, they take cover behind a six-sider and try to catch their breath. However, their respite is short-lived, as Discord hangs upside down from the ceiling to look them dead in the eye.)

Discord: Boo. *(A double yell of fright.)*

Spike: DISCORD!!

(Who promptly poofs away and reappears right side up as the horde closes in.)

Discord: Sir McBiggin, I'd cover the entrance if I were you.

(The knight telekinetically draws his sword and races out for a scrap while Spike points the business end of his staff at Discord.)

Spike: This isn't funny!

Discord: *(pushing staff back)* Isn't this what every gamer wants? To live the game... *(viciously, pointing at him)* ...like this?!?

(He vanishes and is replaced by the Squizard, who shoots a spell from one of his two wands; it connects with Spike's staff, pushing him back but doing no other harm. The dragon-turned-wizard leaps away from the next shot and starts running, trading fire until he

slams into a rock formation and pitches backward to the ground. He looks up with a fearful cry as the cardboard villain's shadow falls over him, and here comes the whole evil army with a captured Macintosh being levitated upside down over their heads. He is unceremoniously dumped on top of Spike as the forces encircle them.)

Spike: *(groaning)* This kind of hurts! Like, real pain!

(A very tiny Discord pops into existence on the end of his nose; extreme close-up of the two.)

Discord: Oh, how kind of you to notice. It's the little details that really bring alternate dimensions to life. Wouldn't you say?

Spike: Discord, this is awful! *(He vanishes.)*

Squizard: *(from o.s.)* Of course it is! *(Cut to him, advancing with his ranks.)* Spiketopia will be mine, and Rarity shall be my bride! *(catching himself)* I mean, Shmarity.

(But enough small talk. One wand fires off a spell that hoists the good guys several feet off the ground and sends a few thousand volts through them, dropping them to the ground as a singed, smoking mess.)

Spike: Why are you doing this? You're the worst! *(Discord leans down to them.)*

Discord: *(smugly)* If I'm the worst, then why did you invite me?

Spike: Because we felt bad for you!

(If Discord's sudden look of utter disbelief is any indication, those six words are near the top of the very short list of things he never expected to hear. He is caught so completely off guard that his mismatched eyes briefly become the same size, and he straightens up.)

Discord: Because you...*what?!?*

(Incredulity gives way to boiling rage, and a snap shifts the view to an extreme close-up of the game map on the table in the throne room. Zoom out quickly as the three reappear in their respective seats, Spike and Macintosh having returned to their usual appearances.)

Spike: *(shuddering)* We're okay, we're okay—no thanks to you, Discord! *(He and Macintosh glare across the table.)*

Discord: *You* felt sorry for *me*?

Spike: Who wouldn't? Fluttershy told us you practically begged her to stay, and then at the train station, you were just standing there, all alone!

Discord: *(chastened)* This can't be. I'm supposed to feel sorry for you, because I'm me and you're you.

Spike: *(sighing)* We only invited you to be nice. I mean, you're kind of a...weirdo.

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Discord: I ruined your night and you don't even think I'm cool?

(With a mortified sigh, he conjures up a paper bag to cover his head, which he lets hang.)

Discord: *(slightly muffled)* How embarrassing. I should go.

(He pops up, back turned to Spike and with the bag gone.)

Discord: I have a lot of...other friends I need to see tonight.

Spike: Good.

Discord: *(pacing, forced casual tone)* Yes. So many other friends.

(His body language betrays him after a few steps; he pauses and slumps with a forlorn little whimper; then pokes his head around the side of Fluttershy's throne to eye Spike.)

Discord: *(overwrought)* Farewell, Garbuncle the magician... *(He zips over to Macintosh.)* ...and brave Sir McBiggin. May Providence smile upon thee in thy quest to rid Spiketopia of the dreaded Squizard.

(Pausing for a moment's thought, he continues in his normal tone of voice.)

Discord: *(stroking beard)* Oh. When I say it that way, the game doesn't sound half bad.

(With a shrug, he teleports himself over to a door and plods sadly toward it.)

Discord: Oh, well.

(Vanish; now Spike lets go with a heavy sigh and turns to Macintosh.)

Spike: It...it's better this way, right?

Macintosh: Ee-yup.

Spike: Because...now he can't bother us 'cause he's off somewhere by himself... *(gradually deflating)* ...all alone...with no friends.

Macintosh: *(glumly)* Yup.

(The dragon sighs, clears his throat, and picks up the guidebook.)

Spike: *(reading, listlessly)* "We find ourselves in the dungeon of the evil Squizard. The bars are locked and—" *(dropping book)* —aw, who am I kidding? *(to Macintosh)* We should give him another chance.

(The stallion responds with a smile and nod, and Spike clears his throat and addresses the room at large.)

Spike: *(voice raised)* Captain Wuzz? Can you hear me?

(The answer turns out to be a big yes, as Discord promptly pops into being to hover over the table. He is in considerably higher spirits.)

Discord: Ohhh! You realized how amazing I am, and that I make you cooler just by being around me?

(He grins broadly but gets only a pair of quizzical stares back, so he dials down the self-aggrandizement a step.)

Discord: Um... *(sputtering a bit)* ...no, no, no. Actually, that's not what I meant to say. *(Again.)* I'm...

(Whatever words he might have intended to use next are lost to an inarticulate series of grunts and hisses through a set of jaws that seem to have instantly locked up. A bulging eye and a tongue protruding through his teeth emphasize the degree of his strain.)

Spike: What?

Discord: I'm... *(Same struggle, same result.)*

Spike: We can't hear you.

Macintosh: Nope.

Discord: I'm trying to say I'm sorry, all right? I'm sorry for ruining your game, and I'm sorry that I thought I was better than you. *(He stops for breath, then flops back onto Rarity's throne.)* Now let's play before this evening gets any sappier, shall we?

(The Captain Wuzz token that Spike set on the map during Act Two appears in his hand and is set down along its counterparts. Spike smiles at the change of heart, and Macintosh leans over to whisper in his ear.)

Spike: *(with growing excitement)* Uh-huh...yeah...yeah...okay. *(Macintosh backs off; he addresses Discord.)* What if we forgot the board and the pieces for a minute? *(Discord cocks an eyebrow.)* I mean, the whole game coming to life was completely terrifying, but also kind of the best thing ever! So, uh... Big Mac and I were wondering...what if you toned it down just a teensy bit?

(The pair's grins spark a calculating smile on the snaggle-toothed face as the mismatched palms rub together. Dissolve to the exterior of the Castle, seen in a long shot during the following day. The six travelers haul their gear toward the front doors, talking and laughing among themselves. Cut to just inside the doors, which swing open under Twilight's influence; the jocularly abruptly shifts to a total lack of comprehension as they stare in.)

All six: Huh?

(What they find is an entrance hall that has been transformed into the full-scale game board, floor and all, and all three players kitted out as their characters—including a horn protruding from Macintosh's forehead. Discord, as Captain Wuzz, floats above Spike and Macintosh; his taloned digits are somewhat swollen and pale. Unlike the character's appearance on Spike's playing pieces, his beard is back where it belongs and his eyebrows are dark gray rather than

black. Waves of cardboard-token skeletons move in to attack and are swiftly dispatched with spell, sword, and arrow, the fragments disintegrating into puffs of magic. However, reinforcements keep pouring in to press the attack. A closer shot of the three reveals that Discord's talons have taken on a gnarled, off-white appearance—the result of the kickback from the “Transform into Root Vegetable” spell he tried to cast during his first foray into the gaming sessions.)

Spike: I've got your back, Captain Wuzz!

(The trio steps up its collective game, knocking out one adversary after another until the battlefield is clear. Weapons are lowered and wielders gasp for breath, but only for a moment before the Squizard's mad laughter rings out. Cut to him, slowly advancing from one side.)

Discord: *(nocking an arrow)* Garbuncle! Follow my lead!

(He lets it rip and Spike launches a spell, which hits the arrow mid-flight and sets it on fire. The enchanted projectile ricochets off a giant die and zeroes in on the flip side of the Squizard's token; a thwack, and the insane mage's eyes pop wide open. He tries to scuttle off with a pained whimper, but only succeeds in falling on his two-dimensional face.)

Spike: Bullseye! *(He jumps up to high-five Discord.)*

Discord: Nice one!

(All three go into the same jumping, bumping dance that Spike and Macintosh have already done twice.)

Spike, Discord:	It's Guys' Night	
Macintosh:		Ee-yup
Spike, Discord:	Oh, yeah	
Macintosh:		Ee-yup
Spike, Discord:	Having fun now	
Macintosh:		Ee-yup
<i>(Discord high-fives both of the others at once.)</i>		
Spike, Discord:	Oh, yeah	
Macintosh:		Oh, yeah

(Zoom out slightly to frame Fluttershy looking on with an approving smile as he inclines his head to her in silent gratitude, then cut to a head-on view of her and Rarity. The yellow mare returns the gesture; on the start of the next line, pan to Twilight, Pinkie, and Rainbow. All five are now inside the hall, and the portion around them is still its normal crystalline self.)

Twilight: We should just close the door and...let them finish. *(Nervous laugh.)* Whatever this...is.

Rainbow: No way! Did you see Big Mac's sword? I totally want in! *(She gallops toward the game.)*

Pinkie: Yeah! I don't know what it is, but it looks like super-duper fun!

(Off she goes after the daredevil. As soon as each crosses the boundary between the normal and game areas, her clothing and gear turn into an ensemble more appropriate for the milieu—Pinkie as a bard or minstrel, Rainbow suited up for clandestine operations. After looking themselves over, they rise cheerfully to their hind legs.)

Pinkie, Rainbow: Guys' Night!

(They embrace and gallop/fly to join the gang of three in the heart of the action as ranks of skeletons close in from both sides. All five leap toward the camera, the action shifting to slow motion as the foes scatter in all directions and dimensions. Snap to black.)