

The Vinyl Scratch Tapes

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Transcript One:

The Celestia Interview

[In the year 1001 of the Celestia calendar, Equestrian scientists developed advanced magic making it possible to broadcast music over long distances. This innovation was called "radio," and quickly became a sensation throughout Equestria.]

For a period of time, only one frequency playing classical music was available. This changed when a popular young disk jockey with the stage name DJ-P0n3 (born Vinyl Scratch) formally proposed the creation of an independent radio station called K-COLT. It was approved, with DJ-P0n3 as the host.

In addition to playing rock-and-roll and other popular music, DJ-P0n3 also hosted the first Equestrian talk show known as "The Vinyl Scratch." These broadcasts were recorded for historical significance.

What follows is a transcript of the first morning broadcast of the Vinyl Scratch].

DJ-P0n3: Goooooooood morning, Equestria! The sun is up and so are you! You're listening to K-COLT and it's time for THE VINYL SCRATCH.

[Record is scratched repeatedly].

DJ-P0n3: Yes that's right, the best show on the airwaves by virtue of being the *only* show on the airwaves. But even if it wasn't, no other station would have me, the turntable temptress herself, DJ-P0n3! Droppin' all the hits and rockin' all of Equestria!

[Indistinct mumble is heard away from mic].

DJ-P0n3: Oh, don't be such a killjoy. We're here to have fun! [Cough.] Forgive me, listeners. Apparently when I pitched the idea for this station, the Princess thought it necessary to assign me a co-host. Allow me to introduce my lovely assistant, Octavia.

Octavia: Pleased to meet you all.

[Long pause.]

DJ-P0n3: What?

Octavia: "Lovely" assistant?

DJ-P0n3: It's a compliment. Something wrong with that?

Octavia: Well, no, it's just a little ... odd.

DJ-P0n3: Okay, so you don't want me to call you lovely. I can deal with that.

Octavia: Wait, I didn't--

DJ-P0n3: My homely, train-wreck of an co-host will be here to give you all perspective on jazz and classical music, while I comment on music ponies actually listen to.

Octavia: Lots of ponies love classical music!

DJ-P0n3: Yes, usually the same ponies who play shuffleboard and no longer have any of their original teeth left.

[Octavia mumbles angrily].

Octavia: Philistine. Let's just get on with the show.

DJ-P0n3: Alright then! Today we've got a very special treat for all you foals and fillies out there! We have an interview with the boss pony herself! That's right, we have the one, the only Princess Celestia here in the studio! Not bad for our first show, eh?!

[Sounds of objects hitting the floor]

Octavia: W-will you sit back down? You're going to break something!

DJ-P0n3: Psh! Yeah right. This is all my equipment. It's just like me: durable, made to last, and flexible! Not like your -- hmmm -- what instrument did you play again?

Octavia: The cello but--

DJ-P0n3: Right! It's not flimsy like your stupid cello.

[Octavia sighs.]

Octavia: [Muttering.] It's too late to quit, isn't it?

DJ-P0n3: Yep. Anyway! It's time to give the ponies what they want! Let's bring Celestia on in here.

Octavia: Right after a word from our sponsors. Vinyl, why don't you go ahead with the ad?

[Pause.]

Octavia: Go ahead Vinyl.

[Another pause.]

DJ-P0n3: We ... have sponsors?

Octavia: [Shouting.] *Do you ever pay any attention to anything?! We had a meeting this morning about it!*

DJ-P0n3: Oh. Right. That. [Silence.] Why don't you do the honors this week, Octy?

Octavia: *How can you possibly be my boss?! And don't call me Octy!*

[Octavia instantly switches to a sweet tone of voice, as if nothing had happened.]

Octavia: Today's episode of the Vinyl Scratch is brought to Musky Mustang Hoof Polish, the only waterproof hoof polish on the market and 20% less expensive than the leading brand. *Musky Mustang is a must-have!*

DJ-P0n3: [Giggle.] Sell-out.

Octavia: *What'd you say?*

DJ-P0n3: We'll be right back with that interview! Until then, here are some of the latest tunes.

[INTERMISSION]

[After approximately fifteen minutes of songs, the show abruptly resumes. For several minutes, DJ-P0n3 and Octavia seem unaware they are on the air.]

Octavia: [Whispering.] It's just that you seemed to be egging me on.

DJ-P0n3: [Whispering.] Yeah but--

Octavia: Do you enjoy messing with me or something?

DJ-P0n3: Well, of course.

Octavia: What? Why? What's wrong with you?

DJ-P0n3: Hey listen--

Octavia: I don't believe yo--

DJ-P0n3: Listen. Listen to me. It's what they want.

Octavia: What are you *talking* about?

DJ-P0n3: It's what the audience wants. They want to be entertained.

Octavia: Making fun of me is supposed to be entertaining?

DJ-P0n3: Yes. Yes, that is exactly what I'm saying.

Octavia: Maybe the punk outfit you associate with would enjoy that, but *civilized* ponies like myself wouldn't like such drivel. It is base and vulgar!

DJ-P0n3: Trust me, relax. Enjoy it. You just have to argue back.

Octavia: I can't do that. I have a reputation to uphold.

DJ-P0n3: You were fighting with me fine a few minutes ago.

Octavia: That wasn't fighting. That was called being the voice of reason. I imagine you've never heard that before.

DJ-P0n3: Whatever, just play along, okay? Now when we go back on, hit me with a really good one, see

how it feels, and I'm sure you'll start to like it. Know what I mean?

Octavia: ... you're a sociopath. That's all there is to it. I'm working for a crazy pony.

DJ-P0n3: You're cute when you're mad.

Octavia: And another thing! Stop with ... um ... does that red light mean we're on?

DJ-P0n3: Wha? OH CRAP!

[Sounds of loud thumping against the mike, followed by the broadcast cutting out for half a minute.]

DJ-P0n3: And we're back! Sorry about that, folks. We had some technical difficulties. Caused by, um, technical ... things. But we're fine now! So we're about to bring Princess Celestia into the studio now but first, I think Octavia had something to say.

[Silence]

Octavia: [Whispering.] Now?

DJ-P0n3: [Whisper] Yes, dummy.

Octavia: Um, yes. Well. Miss Vinyl, you are ...

DJ-P0n3: Yeah?

Octavia: A ... horrible individual to know. Yes! And you should, um, learn some manners and act like a productive member of society! You... rascal.

[Long pause.]

Octavia: [Whisper.] Did, did I do it wrong?

DJ-P0n3: [Barely keeping herself from laughing] No, no. Not at all. [Clears throat.] And now, listeners, we won't keep you waiting a moment longer! It's time to bring out Princess Celestia!

[Sound of rickety door opening and shutting.]

Octavia: Your Majesty! It is an honor for you to grace us with your prescience.

Celestia: No, the pleasure is all mine. I am enjoying the show so far.

DJ-P0n3: Oh reeeeeeeaaally? Hm, Octavia, what was that you were just saying?

Octavia: Vinyl...

DJ-P0n3: Something about anypony who likes this being base and vulg-

Octavia: Princess! Thank you for joining us. Why not start telling the listeners about yourself?

Celestia: Hm. Well, my sister and I created Equestria. So there's that. I've been princess ever since then. I like to think I do a pretty good job. I sincerely want to make every citizen in Equestria happy.

DJ-P0n3: Still single?

Celestia: Pardon?

DJ-P0n3: Nevermind.

Octavia: Any hobbies?

Celestia: In my spare time, I enjoy teaching. I've actually been helping my sister a lot as of late.

Octavia: Aww, isn't that nice?

DJ-P0n3: Ah. Since you brought it up, how is your sister doing?

Celestia: Great. She's just been having some ... difficulties adjusting to modern life.

DJ-P0n3: And that would be because she was imprisoned on the moon?

Celestia: Yes.

DJ-P0n3: For a thousand years?

Celestia: That's right.

DJ-P0n3: By you?

Celestia: [Pause.] Yes. I-it's not something I was terribly proud of.

DJ-P0n3: I see. Well then, why don't we talk about that a little, shall we?

Octavia: Um, Vinyl? What are you doing?

DJ-P0n3: Princess Celestia! Is it not true you and Luna were very close?

Celestia: Yes, and--

DJ-P0n3: From what I recall, Princess Luna simply wanted to be appreciate more? Isn't it true that's what started the troubles?

Octavia: Seriously, what are you doing?

[Princess Celestia starts to say something, but is cut off]

DJ-P0n3: Didn't she want the night to be longer? Isn't that all she's guilty of? I'd say throwing her on the moon is a pretty steep punishment, wouldn't you?

Octavia: I-- I just want to say I'm not with her. Can we just make that clear?

DJ-P0n3: Princess, do you really think that was the correct decision?

Celestia: That ... my sister was very proud of her nights. They were beautiful. On a clear one, you could see every star that ever was. She wanted everypony in Equestria to enjoy it. B- but she became jealous and refused to raise the sun. I tried to reason with her. I truly did. But she wouldn't listen. Her jealousy and bitterness transformed her into Nightmare Moon. Everypony was so frightened, they didn't know what was happening. I had to do something. I had no choice but to--

DJ-P0n3: But to space her.

Celestia: T-that's a bit out of context.

DJ-P0n3: Fair enough. Please explain the context of hurling your little sister into the dark reaches of space.

Octavia: Please stop.

Celestia: I tried to avoid that. I attempted diplomacy first, but she would not listen. I ... I had to do it.

DJ-P0n3: Okay, so you said you tried reasoning with her. That didn't work. So your next logical plan was intergalactic exile?

Celestia: I--

DJ-P0n3: I mean, I'm sure there were other options. I don't want to seem like a backseat deity, but I would probably, you know, try a few other things before jumping to "ENJOY SPACE, LITTLE SIS!"

Celestia: That's not what happened at all! It tore my heart out to do that. I never wanted to do that to my dear sister!

Octavia: [Muttering.] This can't be real. I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming and we're not actually tearing apart the princess live, destroying my entire career. We're not.

DJ-P0n3: Did you ever visit her on the moon?

Celestia: Well. [Pause.] No. No, I ... suppose I didn't.

DJ-P0n3: Not even once. For a thousand years? That doesn't seem very kind to your "dear" sister?

Celestia: That ... she's fine now! We hold no ill will towards each other! She understands what I had to do.

DJ-P0n3: *Fine*? Oh I beg to differ. According to my sources, Princess Luna is afraid of microwaves and modern technology! That doesn't seem so fine to me!

Octavia: I'd just like to announce I have no idea how this pony got into the studio. I am not affiliated with her in any way, she just started rambling and wouldn't leave. Never seen her before in my life.

Celestia: She's not afraid, she's just ... curious.

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, I think it'd be do. Anything would be curious after being on the moon for a millennia. We have microwaves, turn-tables, rollerblades, razors, restaurants, and rock-and-roll. The moon has, like, craters. And that's it.

Octavia: I- I'm sure the moon isn't that bad. There must be other things there.

DJ-P0n3: Okay, craters *and* dust. So yeah, two things. Must be a boring thousand years.

Celestia: Well I ... I didn't ...

Octavia: [Obvious forced laughter.] HAHAHAHA, Vinyl. You are such a kidder. Hahahaha, excuse us Princess...

Octavia: [Whispering to DJ-P0n3.] Are you trying to get us killed?!

DJ-P0n3: [Whisper.] Don't worry. I'm going somewhere with this.

Octavia: Yes, you are going somewhere. *Prison.*

DJ-P0n3: [Raising her voice.] So Princess, I have one last question. You say Luna is fine now?

Celestia: Certainly! That's what I've been trying to tell you!

DJ-P0n3: And she apologized for returning earlier this year and attempting to bring eternal night to Equestria?

Celestia: Of course she did!

DJ-P0n3: Well then, my question to you is this: if Princess Luna was classy enough to say sorry for the trouble she caused, did you ever apologize for sending her to the moon?

[Silence.]

Celestia: ...no. No, I never did. [Pause.] W- would you excuse me? I ... have something urgent to attend to.

[Rickety doors swing open, a flutter of wings is heard.]

Octavia: ...unbelievable.

DJ-P0n3: Told you.

Octavia: You can't possibly have planned any of that. You couldn't have known that'd happen.

DJ-P0n3: Haha.

Octavia: You know what? I was wrong. You're not a sociopath. You're just very, very stupid. And the depressing part is that I agreed to this of my own free will. [Thumps head on desk.] It's contagious. I'm dumber just by being near you.

DJ-P0n3: All I know that this first show has been quite memorable.

Octavia: What if Celestia hadn't been as nice as she was? Did you stop to think of that? What if she actually put you on the moon? What would you have done then?!

DJ-P0n3: Honestly? [Chuckle.] Then we'd be airing episode two in from space.

Octavia: How can you be this reckless?

DJ-P0n3: Because that's what I'm here for, my lovely assistant!

Octavia: I told you not--

DJ-P0n3: [Yelling.] That is the spirit of radio! There's no limits!

Octavia: Why are you standing up again?! Don't get so--

DJ-P0n3: We're here for truth, justice, and the power of rock and roll! It is our way! It is the *only* way! Even if we stop broadcasting, our signal will just travel across the universe forever! Stars fade away, comets burn out, black holes devour suns, but even out there in the black, *ROCK will always live on!* That means music will last longer than the heavens themselves! That is radio! That is K-COLT! And THAT. IS. THE VINYL SCRATCH!

Octavia: ...you're insane.

DJ-P0n3: [Laugh.] Octy, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Octavia: You're seriously going to call me that all the time, aren't you?

DJ-P0n3: Oh yeah. And that's all the time we have for today! Tune in tomorrow!

Octavia: If we're not cancelled ...

DJ-P0n3: And until next time, remember: even if you're spaced, the signal will always follow you!

[End of tape.]

[That was the end of the first historic broadcast of "the Vinyl Scratch," but it was not the last. Despite Octavia's fears, the show was not canceled and, in fact, became phenomenally popular.

Despite Vinyl Scratch's dismissive attitude towards her own advertisements, it managed to attract more sponsors and never had any shortage of funding. To this day, Octavia is not clear if Vinyl Scratch had planned this or if it was simply a side effect of her own psychosis.

Princess Celestia chose not to end the show, even though it was within her full authority. She would later speak fondly of the interview, in spite of its inflammatory nature. She admitted that, after leaving the studio, she visited her sister and apologized. She would not go into further detail about the nature of their conversation, other than saying they spoke at great length.

It may also be of interest that the following night was the longest one in recorded history. It was crisp, clear, and showed off the wonders of the universe. Meteors showered across the sky and galaxies seemed to dance in the distance. Many ponies still speak fondly of that night, where the sun stood still just long enough for everypony to enjoy the beautiful starry sky.]

Transcript Two:

The Spitfire Interview

[What follows is a transcript of broadcast 1F15 of the Vinyl Scratch, approximately two weeks after the infamous first episode interview with Princess Celestia].

DJ-P0n3: You're about to enter another dimension, not of sight and sound but of *ROCK!* You're listening to K-COLT! Next stop, THE VINYL SCRATCH!

[Record scratch.]

DJ-P0n3: You're listening to the first talk show in Equestria. Accept no substitutes! I'm your host, the priestess of punk herself, DJ-P0n3!

Octavia: And I'm her co-host Octavia ... still shocked we haven't been sued yet.

DJ-P0n3: Well, it's still early in the day, so who knows?! Haha!

Octavia: You don't feel the least bit ashamed of what happened on yesterday's show, do you?

DJ-P0n3: DJ-P0n3 does not know the meaning of the word shame!

Octavia: [Sigh.] Why am I not surprised?

DJ-P0n3: Besides, yesterday's show was fantastic! What is there to be ashamed of?

Octavia: Well, let's see. For one thing, you embarrassed our guest. Again.

DJ-P0n3: What? Noooooo, I was a model host to Photo Finish.

Octavia: At first. Then you made fun of her, just like you did the Princess!

DJ-P0n3: Okay, first of all, I did not make fun of the Princess. I used my cunning wit and intelligence--

[Octavia lets out a "Ha!"]

DJ-P0n3: To deliver the truth for the sake of justice! Even Celestia agreed I was right in the end.

Octavia: That doesn't excuse you badgering her on air! She's the ruler of all Equestria!

DJ-P0n3: Well I never voted for her.

[Octavia slams head on console.]

DJ-P0n3: And second, I didn't embarrass Photo Finish. Not exactly.

Octavia: You said her accent was fake!

DJ-P0n3: No, no. That's not what I said at all. I simply asked "What accent are we SUPPOSED to think that is?" There's a difference. She didn't seem that offended. She did give me that free camera.

Octavia: *She threw it at your head!*

DJ-P0n3: Yes. For free.

Octavia: Whatever. The point is I ended up having to apologize for you. *Again!*

DJ-P0n3: Oh, stop being such a stick in the mud. You know you love it. After all, you still come into work every day.

Octavia: [Angry muttering.] That's because I'm afraid if I take a day off, you'll set the studio on fire.

DJ-P0n3: Octy, when has that ever happened, except for that one time?

Octavia: Let's ... let's just get on with the show before I get a migraine.

DJ-P0n3: Right! Well, we have a great show for you today. Now, we were going to have an interview with Prince Blueblood, but for some reason he canceled at the last minute.

Octavia: Probably because he actually *listened* to the show and realized you'd spend all morning mocking him.

DJ-P0n3: [Fake sincerity.] Mock him? *Me*? Why Octavia, I am shocked you'd think such a thing! I ... I think I might cry.

Octavia: Crying would imply you actually *have* emotions.

DJ-P0n3: Well, forget all about the Prince, folks, because we've got a guest who's even better. She's one of the fastest flyers in Equestria and the definition of cool. That's right, we've got Spitfire of the Wonderbolts here in the studio! Who needs some stuck-up snob when we've got her, right?

Octavia: There you go insulting ponies you've never met again.

DJ-P0n3: You're just mad because he'd be the only guest we've had snootier than you.

Octavia: *He is not snootier than me!*

[DJ-P0n3 bursts out laughing.]

Octavia: Wait, I mean I'm not snooty! I mean he's not snooty! I mean, ugh, shut up!

DJ-P0n3: You know, I don't know how I had fun before I had you to pick on. Awww, now your face is all red. So cute...

Octavia: Jerk!

DJ-P0n3: And that's not all, listeners! This interview will be extra special. You may not know this, but Spitfire and I also happen to be best friends!

Octavia: Wait, really?

DJ-P0n3: Yep. Since we were *adorable* babies! Thick as thieves! BFFs! All that junk.

[Pause.]

DJ-P0n3: What, you don't believe me?

Octavia: No, it's just that ... Spitfire is a Wonderbolt. A respected person. And you're ... well, you. You can understand why I'd be a little confused.

[Door quietly opens and shuts.]

DJ-P0n3: Ohhhh? You don't believe it's possible for me to have friends?

Octavia: No, I just expected your friends to be more like ... mental patients or criminal riff-raff.

[Spitfire chuckles in the background.]

Spitfire: Well, Vinyl does drive me crazy, but I'm not a mental patient just yet.

[DJ-P0n3 giggles.]

Octavia: [Yelps.] OH! Um ... Miss Spitfire. I- I'm so sorry. I didn't hear you come in. I wasn't... I didn't mean to ... *she made me say it!*

Spitfire: [Laughing.] Don't sweat it. I'm just kidding around.

DJ-P0n3: Uh oh, who let the ratty mule in the studio?

Octavia: [Aghast.] *Vinyl!* How dare you--

Spitfire: Haha, still the same old Vinyl. Love the show. Nice to see someones paying you to run your mouth.

DJ-P0n3: I know! Can you believe it? I get health insurance too, and all I have to do is play music I like and make fun of our sponsors.

Spitfire: And all I do is fly around and look cool.

DJ-P0n3: We are such thieves!

Spitfire: I know!

[Both laugh together.]

DJ-P0n3: Ah, look at that. Too big to give a hug to your friend? You're such a jerk!

Spitfire: I learned from the best, didn't I? Haha.

[They hug.]

Spitfire: Awww, it's good to see you too, Vinyl.

Octavia: Well ... that's definitely something.

DJ-P0n3: What?

Octavia: Nothing, it's just ... I never took you for the hugging type. It just seems so ... nice of you.

DJ-P0n3: Oh. Thanks!

Octavia: Almost makes me forget you're really a complete lunatic.

DJ-P0n3: [Gasp.] I'll have you know I can be very affectionate!

Octavia: Hmph. I find that hard to believe.

DJ-P0n3: [Slyly.] Say the word and I'll show you just how "affectionate" I can get.

Octavia: S-stop kidding around on the air!

Spitfire: [Whispering.] You think she's joking?

Octavia: Huh?

Spitfire: Oh nothing.

DJ-P0n3: Thanks for joining us, Spitfire. It's been too long.

Spitfire: No problem. I love the show. [Chuckles.] You two are fun together.

Octavia: [Wearily.] "Fun" isn't exactly the first word that comes to mind. "Rock bottom" is more like it.

DJ-P0n3: Haha, Octy's such a kidder.

Octavia: [Deadpan.] Someone help me. Please.

DJ-P0n3: So, Spitfire! Why don't you start by telling our listeners about the Wonderbolts?

Spitfire: Well, we're the best flyers in Equestria. We've done air shows everywhere from Cloudsdale to Manehattan. We have a pretty demanding schedule, but I'm not complaining. Best job in the world.

Octavia: What's the rest of the team like?

Spitfire: Oh, they're all really nice. We all love meeting fans. They're all very cool.

DJ-P0n3: Yes, very cool. Makes me wonder how they let you in, Spitshine.

Spitfire: [Snort.] I ... almost forgot about that nickname.

Octavia: Vinyl! Don't disgrace the only guest who actually likes us! Don't you know anything about showing respect?!

DJ-P0n3: You're right. That was disrespectful. *Miss* Spitshine, I meant to say.

Octavia: *Vinyl!*

Spitfire: [Giggles.] No really, it's fine. Vinyl's just being herself.

Octavia: I know. And that's precisely why it's *wrong*.

DJ-P0n3: Haha, that's a great lesson, Octy. All you fillies listening, remember what Octavia says: never be yourself.

Octavia: No, the lesson is to never be like *Vinyl*.
Ever.

Spitfire: Words to live by.

[DJ-P0n3 laughs.]

DJ-P0n3: Can't really argue with that one.

Spitfire: Trust me, Octavia, I already know. She's always been like this. I could tell you some stories.

DJ-P0n3: Ah yes, my favorite kinds of stories: the ones about *me*!

Octavia: [Sighs.] Are there any where Vinyl gets hurt?

Spitfire: Tons.

Octavia: Tell me all of them.

DJ-P0n3: Psh. Octy, if you're fishing for something to make fun of me for, good luck. I'm an open book! I've never been ashamed of a single thing I've ever done!

Spitfire: Oh? Then I guess that means you've told her about the concert?

[Pause.]

DJ-P0n3: The um ... [Cough.] The what?

Spitfire: The concert? I know you haven't forgotten.

DJ-P0n3: I, er, don't recall that.

Spitfire: Oh really? Good thing I remember it then...

DJ-P0n3: No! I mean ... [Nervous laugh.] Nobody needs to hear that--

Octavia: No, by all means Miss Spitfire, *please* continue!

[Octavia scoots mike closer to Spitfire.]

Spitfire: Well, back when we were fillies, you might not believe it, but Vinyl was a bit of a show-off.

Octavia: ...*really*? I would have *never* guessed.

Spitfire: She loved music back then and just knew that had something to do with her special talent, but didn't know what her "thing" was.

DJ-P0n3: Really, this ... this is nothing anypony needs to hear...

Spitfire: She wanted to get her Cutie Mark so bad so she took every instrument in town, regardless of whether she had actually asked for them or not, and tried all of them. And guess what? She found one instrument she just *loved*.

DJ-P0n3: Ooookay, well that was fun. Wasn't that fun? Yep, fun, er, isn't it time for the ad? Yeah, I think it's time for the ad. Why don't we run that *right now*?! [Muttering.] *Where's that button*?!

Spitfire: I mean, she LOVED playing it and she wanted everyone to see. So she invited everyone in town to have a concert. She even built a little stage out of sticks and everything, made a little sign with her name on it, and everything. She was certain that if she held a big concert, she'd definitely get her cutie mark. She was so *proud* of that instrument ...

Octavia: Well then, Miss Spitfire, I just *have* to ask ...

DJ-P0n3: [Nervous muttering.] Where's the plug on this console?

Octavia: What was the instrument?

DJ-P0n3: Spitfire, don't!

Spitfire: Are you ready for this?

DJ-P0n3: You can't!

Spitfire: *An accordion.*

DJ-P0n3: NOOO!

[Octavia laughs uncontrollably.]

DJ-P0n3: [Groans.] I can't believe you told them. *I was young and confused!*

Spitfire: What's there to be ashamed about? [Stifled laughter.] It was beautiful, really. I mean, when you did that polka version of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" ... tears were in my eyes. [Snort.] It was ... it was so moving.

Octavia: Ahahahahaha-- [Bangs hoof on console.]

DJ-P0n3: Yeah just ... get it out of your system,
Octavia.

Spitfire: The tragedy of it all was her concert was cut short because the accordion happened to belong to the sheriff. She didn't really think of that when she invited him ...

Octavia: AHAHAHAHAHA, oh god, I can't breathe,
Hahahahaha!

Spitfire: So he dragged her off-stage. But she wouldn't give back the accordion. I mean, she loved that thing. She was kicking and biting him. They had to practically pry it away from her!

[Laughter continues loudly in the background.]

DJ-P0n3: It's fine. It's fine, Spitfire. [Chuckles.]
You know, I was gonna be nice. You wanna play that game? We'll play that game. How would you like to tell our listeners who your first kiss was?

[Octavia stops laughing.]

Octavia: Vinyl, calm down. There's no need to retaliate. It's not that there's anything wrong ... [Covers mouth to hide laughter.] With you. [Voice cracks with laughter]. *Playing the accordion.*

DJ-P0n3: No, trust me, you'll all love this. Tell them, Spitfire.

Spitfire: Aw, don't be like that, Vinyl.

DJ-P0n3: Inquiring minds want to know!

Octavia: Do you have any respect for anypony's privacy?

DJ-P0n3: No. Octavia, guess who it was.

Octavia: I'm not going to join in such childish--

DJ-P0n3: Guess.

Octavia: Wha-- How should I know? Some nerdy colt or something?

DJ-P0n3: Not exactly...

Spitfire: Heh, you're seriously going to tell them, aren't you?

DJ-P0n3: No, Octy, it wasn't a nerdy colt. I'll give you three hints: it's a different gender, it's someone you already know, and the answer is me.

Octavia: *What?!*

DJ-P0n3: It's true.

Spitfire: [Chuckle.] I can't believe you'd bring *that* up. It was just a practice kiss.

DJ-P0n3: Hey, if I have to suffer, so do you. That's what friends are for. [Pause.] Also, listeners, for the record? She uses tongue.

Octavia: [Angry.] Vinyl, that is *wildly* inappropriate!

DJ-P0n3: Why so mad? [Grins.] You jealous?

Octavia: Oh, you *wish*!

DJ-P0n3: Cause if you are, we can fix that right now. Your choice, open mouth or closed mouth?

Octavia: *Gross!*

DJ-P0n3: You have kissed before, right?

Octavia: I-I don't see what that has to do with anything!

DJ-P0n3: So then you haven't?

Octavia: I didn't say that!

DJ-P0n3: But it's true, isn't it?

[Octavia stammers.]

Octavia: You-

DJ-P0n3: I already told you. We can fix all this right now...

Spitfire: [Chuckle.] This interview went in an odd direction.

DJ-P0n3: That tends to happen here.

[Octavia stammers some more, then thumps head on console.]

Octavia: [Muttering.] I am ashamed to know you. You know that, right?

DJ-P0n3: Wha? Oh yeah, whatever. Hmm ... you know, I just got a great idea.

Octavia: *No fires!*

DJ-P0n3: No, not this time. [Scoots chair.] I'll be right back. Octavia, go to commercial.

Octavia: What? Wait!

[Sound of hooves clomping on the floor.]

Octavia: *I don't know how to work--*

[Door slam.]

Octavia: ... the console. [Sigh.] It's okay ... if that moron can do it, I should be able to. We'll be right back after these messages, folks! [Long pause.] Um ... which button does she usually ... oh, here we go!

[Hits button. "Boing!" sound effect plays.]

Octavia: No wait, this one!

[Hits button, followed by fart sound effect.]

Octavia: Come on!

[Hits button. Slightly different fart sound plays.]

Spitfire: You okay there?

Octavia: I'm fine! I can figure this out. Okay, now I know for sure. It's this one!

[Hits button. Volume lowers slightly. Octavia continues unaware she is still broadcasting.]

Octavia: There we go. [Exhales.] Today is just one of those days. Miss Spitfire, I just want to say how sorry I am about everything.

Spitfire: [Chuckles.] It's fine. This is pretty fun.

Octavia: Yeah, but that stuff Vinyl said--

Spitfire: It's not a big deal. We were just fillies. I'm not embarrassed. After all, you know how Vinyl is ...

Octavia: I guess. [Pause.] Can I ask you something?
Just between us?

Spitfire: Yeah?

Octavia: Well it's just ... you seem relatively normal.

Spitfire: I try, yeah.

Octavia: And you say Vinyl's always been this way,
right?

Spitfire: Pretty much.

Octavia: Well ... why are you two friends?

Spitfire: That's a weird question. [Laughs.] I'd figure
you'd know already.

Octavia: What do you mean?

Spitfire: Well, you're her friend too, right?

[Silence.]

Octavia: Um, what?

Spitfire: You're not? Oh. Sorry, I just ... well, you
guys sound close.

Octavia: Were we *listening* to the same show?! You think
that's how friends treat each other? I don't
think so! We're not close at all! All she does
is make fun of me. We never actually talk. We're
not friends. We're ... I don't even know what we
are.

Spitfire: Hey, calm down. No reason to get upset.

Octavia: *I'm not upset! I'm just ... [Sighs.] I don't even really know why I'm here. Every morning I wake up afraid of what I'm going to have to put up with today. Am I going to watch someone else get torn down for no reason? Am I going to lose more of my dignity? I've only got so much left ...*

Spitfire: ...are you okay?

Octavia: I don't know. [Glumly.] The thing is, I know that nopony who listens actually cares what I think. They just listen to see me suffer and laugh while Vinyl destroys somepony for shock value. It makes me feel ... dirty. And Vinyl doesn't realize it. And even if she did, she wouldn't care. She doesn't seem to care about anything aside from getting attention. That's really all I'm here for: to be a prop she uses to give herself more attention. I guess that doesn't make me much better than her, when you think about it.

Spitfire: ...

Octavia: That's why I asked. [Sad mumbling.] Why would anyone want to be friends with somepony like her? Or me?

[Long pause.]

Spitfire: Heh, you sound just like me, you know?

Octavia: Yeah. Sure.

Spitfire: No really. I know how Vinyl can seem sometimes. [Pause.] Would you like to hear a story?

Octavia: ...fine.

Spitfire: Well, Vinyl and I were friends growing up, that's true. But ... I wasn't so much her *best* friend as I was her *only* friend.

Octavia: She didn't have any other friends?

Spitfire: Pretty much everypony thought she was obnoxious. Or loud. Or annoying.

Octavia: [Sarcasm.] Yeah, not sure where'd they'd *that* idea ...

Spitfire: So pretty much everypony ignored her. Vinyl hated that. Probably why she talks so loud all the time, so everyone has to pay attention. And even though we were friends, sometimes even I really hated her.

Octavia: Really?

Spitfire: She loved to pick on me. Called me Spitshine, Spittoon, Spit-swapper ... mostly spit puns. She wasn't that original. I actually thought she didn't like me for a long time, even though I hung out with her and everything.

Octavia: So?

Spitfire: Well, eventually I had to leave for Flight School. We were both still pretty young at the time. Neither one of us had our Cutie Marks. When I told Vinyl I was moving, she didn't say anything. She acted like it didn't bother her at all. Tried to play it cool, I guess. So I ended up going to Cloudsdale to learn to fly. After I was there for a couple months, I got a letter from my parents saying Vinyl was in the hospital. I immediately freaked out and flew home.

Octavia: Why was she in the hospital?

Spitfire: That's exactly what I wanted to know. When I got there, I found out she'd broken her leg. I went right to her room and asked her what had happened. Apparently, she'd fallen out of a tree. She had climbed it, built some little "wings" for her hooves out of cardboard, and jumped out of it. She was trying to fly.

Octavia: ...

Spitfire: So I said, "Vinyl, that is without a doubt the stupidest thing I have ever heard. Why would you do something like that?" She said, "I wanted to go to Flight School. You have to *fly* to go to Flight School." As if it was just common sense or something. When I asked her why she wanted to go there, she was quiet for a minute. That was a first, by the way; seeing her quiet about anything. And she just looked up and said, "I wanted to see you again."

Octavia: She said that?

Spitfire: Yep. Evidently, all she had done while I was gone was figure out ways to come see me.
[Pause.] I didn't know what to say to that. After that I always wrote to her and visited when I could, but with my job, we still hardly see each other. To be honest, I was kind of glad when I heard you two on the radio. I figured Vinyl had found someone else she could actually be herself around.

Octavia: I ... I never knew any of that.

Spitfire: I'm not surprised. Vinyl doesn't talk about her feelings much, but she has them. She'll act like nothing bothers her, laugh, and make fun of

you ... but she'll also never tell you a lie, she'll never cross the line once it's been drawn, and she'll never, ever, let you down when you really need her. [Gives a nervous laugh.] Sorry. I'm rambling a lot today I guess. Did I at least answer your question?

Octavia: ...yeah. Yes, I think it does.

[Door slams open.]

DJ-P0n3: Alright! I'm back! Sorry, it took me a few minutes to find this.

Spitfire: A camera?

DJ-P0n3: Yep. Just got it yesterday. For free, too!

[Octavia coughs.]

Octavia: Well, I guess we should go back on the air. Um, where's that button?

DJ-P0n3: Oh, you're already on the air.

Octavia: Huh? Wait, how did you--

Spitfire: What's the camera for?

DJ-P0n3: To take a picture! Duh! Just have to set it up right here ... [Sounds of tripod being set up.] There we go! Get up here Spitfire.

Spitfire: What's this for?

DJ-P0n3: This is the best episode ever, so I always want to remember it with a picture of my best friends! [Pause.] Hey.

Octavia: What?

DJ-P0n3: Well, get up here! We're friends, right?

Octavia: ... yeah. Of course we are ...

[Sounds of footsteps.]

DJ-P0n3: And let me just get her too. Alright, now
everypony smile!

[Shutter snaps.]

DJ-P0n3: Awesome!

Spitfire: Well, I suppose it's time for me to get
going. We should do this again though.

DJ-P0n3: The studio door is always open for you.

Spitfire: That's good to know.

[They hug.]

Spitfire: Bye Scratch.

DJ-P0n3: Till next time ...

[Door opens, then quietly shuts.]

DJ-P0n3: Well, I thought that was a pretty good
interview, don't you think?

[Octavia says nothing.]

DJ-P0n3: Something wrong?

Octavia: You knew we were on the air already ...

DJ-P0n3: Yeah ... turns out someone actually left the
radio on downstairs.

Octavia: ... you heard everything, didn't you?

DJ-P0n3: Yeah. Guess I did.

[Long silence.]

Octavia: Listen, I--

DJ-P0n3: You're wrong, you know.

Octavia: Huh?

DJ-P0n3: You said nobody cares what you have to say.
That's not true. It's a pretty dumb thing to
say. Cause I can tell you, at least one pony
does ...

[Uncomfortable silence.]

Octavia: So ... what are you doing after the show?

DJ-P0n3: I dunno.

Octavia: You want to go get something to eat after
this?

DJ-P0n3: Yeah. I'd like that. [Pause.] *Whoa!* Sorry
about that folks! Things got sappy there for a
second! That's no way to end a show! These
things always have to go out on a big laugh ...
um ... wait I know!

[Clicks button. Fart noise. Dead silence for almost a
minute.]

Octavia: [Genuine laugh.] Way to kill the mood there,
Vinyl.

DJ-P0n3: It's what I do best! That's our show! See you next time folks!

[End of tape.]

[Spitfire remained a loyal friend of the show well into present day, returning to the show frequently enough to nearly be considered a regular character.]

[After the airing of this episode, fan letters flooded K-COLT in droves. Almost all of them were addressed to Octavia, and almost all of them assured Octavia that they, in fact, also cared what she had to say. Octavia never threw these letters away and many of them still decorate the studio walls.]

[Vinyl Scratch said in a later interview on "Late Night with Lyra and Bon-Bon" that she has only had one and only one picture she felt important enough to frame: the very same photograph she took on that memorable episode. She said she keeps it on her desk at the studio, so she can look at it everyday.]

Transcript Three:

The Call-In Show

[What follows is a transcript of broadcast 1F22 of the Vinyl Scratch, approximately one week following the Spitfire interview.]

DJ-P0n3: Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy?
Nope ... it's just *ROCK!* You're listening to K-COLT and there's no escape from THE VINYL SCRATCH!

[Record scratch.]

DJ-P0n3: You're listening to the number one radio show in Equestria! I'm your host, the devious disc diva herself, DJ-P0n3!

Octavia: And I'm Octavia, the sane one.

DJ-P0n3: So, Octy, want to tell the listeners about our date yesterday?

Octavia: *Stop calling it a date!* It wasn't a date!

DJ-P0n3: Why? [Mock despair.] You're ashamed of me, aren't you?

Octavia: Yes. Very.

DJ-P0n3: [Gasp.] How could you say such a thing?! What happened to the proper lady I used to know?!

Octavia: She met you. That's what happened.

DJ-P0n3: [Fake crying.] *You never look me in the eye anymore!*

Octavia: Alright, stop acting silly and tell them if you're gonna.

DJ-P0n3: [Instantly stops crying.] So listeners! I actually went to Octavia's concert last night at Blueblood Hall. Since apparently any no-showing stuck-up coward prince can own a theater now.

Octavia: You're still mad he didn't show up so you could make fun of him, aren't you?

DJ-P0n3: Not at all. I can make fun of him whether he shows up or not. It's just more entertaining to see the look on his face.

Octavia: Heh. You're horrible sometimes. You know that, right?

DJ-P0n3: [Whispering into the mic.] Octavia doesn't want to admit it, but she's smirking right now.

Octavia: [Stifled laugh.] No. I'm not. Don't listen to her.

DJ-P0n3: Liar. Anyway, Octavia's band had a concert there the other night.

Octavia: It's an ensemble, not a band.

DJ-P0n3: Whatever, same thing. For those who don't know she plays the cello. Usually classical isn't my thing ...

Octavia: Because, you know, it's actual music and not just *noise* like you're used to.

DJ-P0n3: Buuuut Octavia was really good and so was the rest of her band. It was very nice, moving music and all of you should go listen.

Octavia: ...oh. Well, thank you. That's a very sweet thing to say.

DJ-P0n3: Does that mean we can make out?

Octavia: Oh, shut up.

DJ-P0n3: Okay. Later then.

Octavia: Whatever. So after the concert, we went out to eat.

DJ-P0n3: As a date.

Octavia: It *wasn't* a date.

DJ-P0n3: It was a date, and I can prove it to you with *sheer logic!*

Octavia: [Groan.] Oh, this should be good ...

DJ-P0n3: We went to a classy restaurant, right?

Octavia: Of course. As if I'd go anywhere else.

DJ-P0n3: And our table had candles, right?

Octavia: Yes, but what does that--

DJ-P0n3: So it was a candlelit dinner.

Octavia: ... well, so to speak ...

DJ-P0n3: You had your hair done ... and you were wearing perfume.

Octavia: I was in public, of course I was. Just because you don't care about your appearance doesn't mean--

DJ-P0n3: You asked me if I thought it smelt nice.

Octavia: Well, it was new perfume ... I-I was curious.
There's nothing weird about that.

DJ-P0n3: Uh huh. So it mattered to you what I think?

Octavia: [Pause.] No I--

DJ-P0n3: You wanted to know if I was impressed or not.

Octavia: [Forced laugh.] That's ... now you're just
grasping at straws.

DJ-P0n3: [Grins.] And that's not even getting into the
stuff you said after a few drinks ...

Octavia: What?

DJ-P0n3: About how much you really *loved* working with
me.

Octavia: Okay, no drink is strong enough to make me say
that.

DJ-P0n3: And that it was nice that we were getting
closer. It was quite adorable, really.

Octavia: I'm positive you made that part up.

DJ-P0n3: [Chuckles.] Clearly you're still in denial of
your undying love for me!

Octavia: You're the one who's in denial here. Can we
just drop the subject please?

DJ-P0n3: Okay, fine ... but it was totally a dat-

Octavia: SO! Listeners, if you'd like to see my
ensemble and I play, we're doing shows all this

week, including one tomorrow night. From what I understand, tickets are going fast so you'd better hurry if you want to see us!

DJ-P0n3: See? I am rubbing off on you.

Octavia: What are you talking about?

DJ-P0n3: You're shamelessly promoting yourself. That's definitely something I'd do.

Octavia: I am-- wait. Wait. Jeez, you're ... you're actually right.

DJ-P0n3: Yep.

Octavia: [Deadpan.] Oh god. What have I become?

DJ-P0n3: Well folks! Today's show is going to be a little different. We don't have a celebrity guest today, but today is special because you, listeners, can be on the show! I'm sure all you listeners at home have heard of the latest craze: the telephone! Well we happen to have one right here in the studio.

[Drops heavy rotary phone on console.]

DJ-P0n3: Neat, huh?

Octavia: I still don't see what the big fuss is about it.

DJ-P0n3: You just don't understand progress. Get with the times, granny.

Octavia: *What did you call me?*

DJ-P0n3: Anyway, this magical invention will let you talk directly to us from anywhere in the whole

world ... provided that you've purchased a phone or can mooch one off your friends.

Octavia: This thing has only been around for a week. How did you get one anyway?

DJ-P0n3: We got one for free, thanks to our new sponsors! Speaking of which, this episode is brought to you by the Derpy Express, the most endearing delivery company in Equestria. Derpy Express: making sure your package gets sent in the general direction it's supposed to go.

Octavia: Since when do you actually care about doing the ads?

DJ-P0n3: Since our sponsors started sending us cool stuff. Look, they sent muffins too!

[DJ-P0n3 munches on muffin.]

DJ-P0n3: So folks, if you've ever wanted to chat with us, now's your chance. Just call and you'll be on the air with us. Feel free to ask us any question you want, no matter how intimate or embarrassing!

Octavia: You know, you really shouldn't say that last part so cheerfully ...

DJ-P0n3: Just give us a call at ... um ... hang on I have the number written down here somewhere.

[Sound of things being knocked over.]

DJ-P0n3: No ... no ...

Octavia: Stop wrecking stuff.

DJ-P0n3: Come on, I've got this perfectly under--

[Glass breaking.]

DJ-P0n3: Oops. I'll uh, I'll clean that up later. Oh wait, here it is!

[Paper rustling.]

DJ-P0n3: Just give us a call at, let's see here ... 4. Okay, give us a call at 4 and you'll be on the show!

Octavia: You couldn't remember that?!

DJ-P0n3: Well, when am I ever going to have to dial my own number?

[Phone rings.]

DJ-P0n3: Looks like we have our first caller!

[Picks up receiver.]

DJ-P0n3: Hello! You're on the air with the Vinyl Scratch!

[Caller speaks with a heavy, hissing accent found commonly in Diamond Dogs].

Diamond Dog Caller: Hello, radio DJ pony!

DJ-P0n3: That's quite a strange voice you got there. You're a ... pony?

Diamond Dog: Yesssss, sure. We are perfectly normal Earth horse-ponies. We was just wondering ... is your refrigerator running?

[Snickering is heard in background of call].

DJ-P0n3: Sorry, we don't have a refrigerator in the studio.

Diamond Dog: Well then you-- huh? Um ... [Muttering.]
What, what I say now?

Background Dog: Hang up--

Diamond Dog: [Whispering.] But what is joke?

Background Dog: *Hang up, stupid!*

Diamond Dog: Um ... let us give you call back.

[Hangs up, dial tone.]

DJ-P0n3: Huh ... well, that was different.

Octavia: [Groan.] Yeah, I can *really* see the usefulness of this invention.

[Phone rings].

DJ-P0n3: Okay, now you answer it.

Octavia: What? No, you answer it!

DJ-P0n3: I answered last time, now it's your go.

Octavia: I... I don't feel like it.

DJ-P0n3: Why? [Laughs.] You scared?

Octavia: [Shouting.] Like I'd be afraid of something so dumb!

[Pause. Phone rings again.]

Octavia: Okay, *fine*! [Click.] Hello?

Caller: [High pitched.] HI!

Octavia: Eep!

[Receiver clatters to the floor, followed by muffled laughter from DJ-P0n3.]

Octavia: Stop laughing! I just ... didn't expect it to be so loud. I was ... startled that's all. I--

DJ-P0n3: Ssh, ssh, don't worry. [Snicker.] Don't worry. I'm here now. I won't let the phone hurt you. [Touches Octavia's shoulder.] Everything is gonna be ooookay.

Octavia: I hate you.

DJ-P0n3: [Grins.] I love you too, honey.

[Octavia sighs. DJ-P0n3 picks up phone.]

DJ-P0n3: Sorry about that, caller. You're on the air with the Vinyl Scratch!

[Caller sounds like a filly with a southern accent.]

Apple Bloom: Um, hi. I'm sorry if ah scared Miss Octavia. Is she alright?

Octavia: No, sweetie, it's fine. I'm alright.

DJ-P0n3: Aww, you sound adorable, caller. Did you have a question for us?

Apple Bloom: Well ...

[Other fillies speak in the background.]

Sweetie Bell: [Whispering.] Go on, ask.

Scootaloo: [Whispering.] Yeah, before Twilight finds out her phone's gone.

Apple Bloom: Well, me and ma friends were just wonderin' ... how did ya'll get your cutie marks?

DJ-P0n3: Aha, now there's a good question. You wanna go first Octy?

Octavia: What? Oh um ... no, you go ahead.

DJ-P0n3: No problem! Actually there's a story in that. It all started after I tried to put on my innocent little concert, only to be cracked down by the establishment!

Octavia: That tends to happen when you steal an accordion from a police chief.

DJ-P0n3: So after that, our school had a dance. As part of my punishment, I was told I couldn't go. I had to stay in class and write an essay about what I had done wrong. I begged them to reconsider, but my teachers said no. [Sniff.] It was ... very traumatic.

Octavia: You were so guilty though.

DJ-P0n3: I was a victim of circumstance! I wasn't going to take that punishment lying down. I decided it was time for me to strike against the system. So I flipped my paper over, wrote "STICKIN' IT TO THE MAN!" on the back and started to look for a way into the dance. Luckily, I knew my way around the ventilation system pretty well ...

Octavia: How could you possibly know that?

DJ-P0n3: I um ... had to use it to sneak out of school all the *other* times I was a victim of circumstance...

Octavia: You were one of those kids who never learned a lesson from anything, weren't you?

DJ-P0n3: Hey, I learned plenty of lessons. And one of them just *happened* to be how to sneak out of school. I got much more use out of that than I ever did geometry, let me tell you. Anyway, when I finally crawled into the gym, they just had the gym teacher at a turntable playing slow songs. Stuff with no beat! No rhythm! No soul! Every filly was just standing around, no one was having fun. Clearly it was my civic duty to do something!

Octavia: Why is it that every time you say something is your civic duty, it involves criminal behavior?

DJ-P0n3: So I quickly snuck back to my desk at school, retrieving some of my favorite records ...

Octavia: Wait, you kept records at school? Why? It's not like you'd have anything to play them on.

DJ-P0n3: I loved music, so I took records with me everywhere, even if I couldn't play them.
[Laughs.] You might not be able to believe this but I was a weird kid back then.

Octavia: You're a weird kid *now*!

DJ-P0n3: Then I returned to the gym and used my cunning and stealth to disable the downer music. Luckily, the gym teacher thought the turntable was broken and left to find somepony to fix it. Guess he wasn't smart enough to check if it was unplugged *first*. Once he left, I plugged it back

in and heroically commandeered the turntable for great justice!

Octavia: Nothing about that was even remotely heroic.

DJ-P0n3: So I flooded the entire gym with the sounds of rock-and-roll! Everypony suddenly got in the mood and started dancing! They were so happy, everypony went from not having fun to having the time of their lives, all because of me! That's when I realized the tremendous power of music and rock! It wasn't just about having something nice to dance to; it was about speaking to your very soul! Hearing something that can make you feel like lightning is running through your veins and a wildfire is spreading in your heart! A sound that can shake the heavens and make the entire air electric! That's what I felt every time I heard music and I wanted everypony to feel the same! All they needed was somepony to guide them, to show them the power of ROCK! AND IN THAT MOMENT I KNEW I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD DO IT! WHEREVER THERE WAS ROCK, YOU WOULD LOOK WHO WAS TOWERING OVER THE SPEAKERS, WHO WAS AT THE TURNTABLE, AND YOU WOULD KNOW IT WAS VINYL SCRATCH! HAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

[Long pause.]

Apple Bloom: ... and uh ... and then ya got your cutie mark?

DJ-P0n3: What? Oh yeah. Then that happened. And uh ... then I was put in detention for about a month and a half.

Scootaloo: Wow! That was a cool story.

Octavia: Um ... little fillies? I just want to tell you not to imitate anything Vinyl said. She's not

exactly a role model. She's more like ... the perfect bad example.

DJ-P0n3: Okay, well, why don't you give them a better example? How'd you get yours?

Octavia: Oh well ... it wasn't exactly as fun as your story. I'm sure no one wants to hear it.

Sweetie Bell: No, tell us.

Octavia: Well. [Clears throat.] When I was a filly, I lived in Manehattan. I came from a very good family, but I didn't exactly fit in. You wouldn't know it now, but I used to be rather shy. Lots of ponies used to pick on me. I started taking music classes and I really liked the cello. [Laughs.] Actually, the only reason I picked that instrument at first was so I'd have something really heavy I could swing at the bullies. So I practiced really hard and then one day we had a concert at school. I had a solo and everything. I was so excited about it.

DJ-P0n3: Ah, I see. So you killed and got your cutie mark right? And then everypony respected you?

Octavia: [Nervous laugh.] Um, not exactly. When I got to my solo, I actually got really nervous and I ... I ended up hitting a few wrong notes. [Pause.] Well, more like a lot of wrong notes. [Pause.] I'm ... almost positive I hit the right note at least once.

DJ-P0n3: ...oh.

Octavia: It was so bad some ponies in the audience started laughing ... and a few parents too. I started crying. [Speaks glumly.] Everypony in band got really mad at me. They said I ruined

the concert, teased me in band class. I ended up getting picked on even more than I did before. I got so depressed I didn't want to play anything ever again. All I wanted to do was make music that ponies would enjoy. Kinda like you, Vinyl. I guess.

DJ-P0n3: Um. Yeah, I guess. That ... wow.

Octavia: Oh! Don't worry. This story has a happy ending. Eventually I got so determined to prove how good I was, I practiced the cello more and more. I must have practiced more than any other pony in band class. Then I finally begged my music teacher for another solo in the next concert. She agreed, despite everypony saying I'd just mess up. So finally, when it was my turn, I played despite how nervous I was. I gave a beautiful solo that ended with everypony clapping. And that's how I finally got my cutie mark.

Apple Bloom: Whoa.

Octavia: It was a lot of hard work, but in the end, everything was worth it. [Laugh.] Sorry if my story wasn't as cool as Vinyl's.

DJ-P0n3: [Pause.] No. It wasn't as cool as mine... it was way cooler.

Octavia: ... thanks Vinyl.

Apple Bloom: Well, um, thanks for answerin' our quest-

[A mare is heard in the background.]

Twilight: So *that's* where my phone went!

Scootaloo: Uh oh.

Apple Bloom: [Talking fast.] Uh oh!
Gottagokaythanksbye!

[Slams phone down, dial tone.]

DJ-P0n3: Huh. Well, that was fun. Cute kids.

Octavia: ... yeah ...

DJ-P0n3: [Softer voice.] Hey, you alright?

Octavia: What? Oh yeah, sorry. I don't usually think
about the past a whole lot. Drudged up a lot of
memories, I guess.

DJ-P0n3: Hey now, don't get in a sad mood or anything.
What's past is past, right?

Octavia: I guess ...

DJ-P0n3: [Pause.] Wait! [Rustles through stuff.] Here,
have a muffin!

Octavia: O ... k. [Takes muffin.] Um ... why?

DJ-P0n3: No one can be sad if they have a muffin.
That's a scientific fact.

[There is a long pause, presumably consisting of
Octavia giving DJ-P0n3 a blank stare.]

Octavia: Heh, I guess that helps a little.

DJ-P0n3: See! Told you. *Science!* Anyway, we're gonna
take a quick break. In the meantime, enjoy some
of the latest hits!

[INTERMISSION]

[After several songs, the show resumes. Apparently DJ-

P0n3 and Octavia have learned from past mistakes, as this time they seem aware that broadcast has resumed.]

[Paper rustling, followed by quiet laughter.]

Octavia: This ... this is officially the worst idea ever.

DJ-P0n3: Welcome back, listeners! Sorry about that. Octavia and I were just having a discussion over the break. I was proposing a musical project we could work on together. Octavia seems to have doubts about it ...

Octavia: Why don't you let the audience decide?

DJ-P0n3: I was writing a rock opera that I was hoping Octavia would collaborate with me on. I mean, she plays cello, her involvement could definitely class it up a bit ...

Octavia: I don't think I'm suited for that type of project.

DJ-P0n3: Oh, come on, Octy. [Giggles.] We could make such sweet music together.

Octavia: Remind me. Why haven't I filed a restraining order against you yet?

DJ-P0n3: Anyway, listeners, let me explain the plot ...

Octavia: In a very fast-and-loose definition of the word "plot."

DJ-P0n3: I just had Octy read over some of it. It's the story of Princess Luna and Celestia creating the world. I went to great effort to make sure it was historically accurate.

Octavia: *It has robots taking over the world!*

DJ-P0n3: Okay, so maybe I took a *few* liberties ...

Octavia: Well, let's see. According to what you have written here, Princess Celestia apparently starts a nuclear war-

DJ-P0n3: Yes.

Octavia: Creates a dystopian future where she rules over robot ponies--

DJ-P0n3: Uh huh.

Octavia: And Princess Luna, who for some reason has the ability to shoot lasers, comes down from space on a, quote, "chariot of fire and vengeance and more fire"--

DJ-P0n3: Yep.

Octavia: And proceeds to throw the entire moon at Celestia, which explodes on impact for some reason. And then Celestia turns into a dragon.

DJ-P0n3: Serpent. It's a serpent, not a dragon.

Octavia: Whatever! Look, I will admit this is ... creative ... but you just can't have an opera where nonsensical things happen for no reason!

DJ-P0n3: Clearly you've never heard a rock opera before.

Octavia: [Sigh.] Why don't we get back to the call-ins now?

DJ-P0n3: Alright listeners! We've still got some time left, so anyone out there, feel free to give us a call.

[Phone rings. Click.]

DJ-P0n3: Hello?

Diamond Dog: Hi there. Perfectly normal Earth pony-
thing again. So we was wondering if you had
Prince Albert in--

[DJ-P0n3 hangs up the phone.]

DJ-P0n3: Okay, so, anyone else out there, feel free to
give us a call!

[Phone rings again. DJ-P0n3 answers.]

DJ-P0n3: Hi there, you are on the air with the Vinyl
Scratch!

[Caller is an older, disinterested sounding mare.]

Caller: Hello, I'm with the Blueblood Theater. Is
Octavia Ann there?

DJ-P0n3: Um, yes she's right here.

Caller: May I speak to in private?

Octavia: Oh. Um ... sure.

[Octavia takes receiver. The phone is taken away from
the console, magic no longer broadcasting it on the
air. Octavia's voice is low, but can still be heard in
the background, on the phone.]

Octavia: Hello? ... yes, this is she ... uh huh ...
yeah ... [There's a brief pause, after which
Octavia sounds slightly alarmed.] What? But why?
... Yes but-- oh wait, he did. [Pause, followed
by Octavia sounding more dejected.] He said

that, did he? ... oh. Well, I see ... no, no, I understand ... thanks.

[Phone is gently clicked on the receiver. Phone is thrown back on the console. The sound of Octavia scooting back in her chair is heard.]

DJ-P0n3: Okay, sorry about the interruption there, folks! So, what was that about Octy?

[Octavia says nothing, a quiet sniff is heard over the air.]

DJ-P0n3: Hey wait. Are ... are you crying?

Octavia: [Voice cracking.] No, of course I'm not. Don't be ... don't be ridiculous. [Voice cracks more.] I'm fine ...

[Long pause.]

DJ-P0n3: Octavia, what happened?

Octavia: It's nothing. It's stupid.

DJ-P0n3: Tell me.

Octavia: ... my show was canceled. All of our shows at the theater were canceled.

DJ-P0n3: *What?* Why?

Octavia: They said due to lack of interest.

DJ-P0n3: Lack of-- oh, lack of interest, my *flank*! The concert was packed last night!

Octavia: [Deep breath.] Well, she mentioned something else. Apparently the Prince saw my show last night. She said that he ... well, that he thought it wasn't very good.

DJ-P0n3: ...what?

Octavia: "Mediocre" was the word she used.

DJ-P0n3: So he canceled the show?

Octavia: [Voice cracking again.] Well, she didn't exactly say that but yeah ... looks that way.

[Long pause.]

DJ-P0n3: [Seemingly calm.] ... huh. Well ... would you excuse me for just one second, sweetie?

Octavia: [Gives humorless chuckle while still clearly crying.] I told you not to call me that...

[DJ-P0n3 picks up phone, takes it away from the console. Even though the other side of the phone cannot be heard, DJ-P0n3 speaks loud enough for the mic to pick her up clearly.]

DJ-P0n3: Hello, operator? Yes, could you connect me to Prince Blueblood.

Octavia: Vinyl, don't--

DJ-P0n3: Just a second, Octy. [Turns back to phone.] Yes, I would like to speak to him ... [Gives a very dark laugh.] Oh yes, he's expecting this call ... yes, I'll hold.

[Brief pause.]

DJ-P0n3: [Overly cheerful.] *Hi there*, Mr. Blueblood ... oh sorry, *Prince* Blueblood, of course. [Chuckles.] Of course. My name is Vinyl Scratch ... yep, the DJ ... [Hearty laugh.] Yes, that's right, the crazy one ... no, no, this isn't about that interview you canceled, not at all.

Just wanted a little talk. A little *chat*, you know.

[Another pause.]

DJ-P0n3: [Disturbingly cheerful] How am I? Well, haha, that's the funny part. I'm ... I'm really quite mad ... yes, at you ... well, I'll tell you! [Sits back down at console.] You see, I hear you didn't much care for my friend's concert last night and had it cancelled ... no no, I'm quite certain it's not a misunderstanding ... *noooo*, I think we should talk about this now! [Laughs.] See, it's like this...

Octavia: Vinyl...

DJ-P0n3: [No longer laughing, her voice becomes bitter.] Look, Princy, it's like this. I don't know what kind of ivory tower upbringing you had, but clearly if you were listening to my friend's show and you found it, um, "*mediocre*," then you don't understand taste well. Maybe you've just never listened to music played by somepony who wasn't manufactured in whatever snob factory you get most of the musicians who play at your second-rate theater. Apparently you don't know what it sounds like when somepony actually puts they're whole heart and soul into their music, or you just don't understand that I was at yesterday show and know that Octavia's band *killed*. Standing ovation and everything. Maybe you have a difference of opinion and that's *fine*. [Chuckle.] Everypony has a right to their own opinion. And since you so *graciously* gave my friend your opinion, I shall return the favor by expressing my opinion of *you*.

[Inaudible stammering is heard on the other end of the phone.]

DJ-P0n3: Now, now, you shouldn't interrupt other ponies when they're talking. But I can understand that urge. I do love to talk. [Grim chuckle.] Now my opinion is that, I think, you cancelled my friends show because of what *I* have said on this show before about you. [Anger rising in her voice.] Namely, that I believe you are a bland, unintelligent, cowardly, prissy, stuck-up, laughable excuse for a stallion with a silver spoon shoved so, SO very far up his flank that you cannot possibly relate to anypony, anywhere, ever. Now, I have said that, not Octavia. It is fair for you to hate *me*. After all, that's my job. I make fun of ponies. It's entertaining. I mean, even Celestia understand that. She still lets me say what I like, even though she could easily ball me up and throw me into a black hole if she felt like it. Mistakes she's made aside, that's a classy move. She's a class mare. You, however, are not classy. You are ... [Pause.] Well, the words I think of can't really be said over the air. After all, fillies listen to us. Lots of ponies listen to us.

[DJ-P0n3 raises her voice so it can be heard even clearer over the air.]

DJ-P0n3: Lots of listeners who now, thanks to me, are now completely aware that you, Prince Blueblood, are the sole reason why Octavia is not having any more shows at your theater. My listeners like Octavia, Mr. Blueblood. They don't like you. No pony likes you. Heck, I have to wonder if *Celestia* even likes you. Or if your own mother does. Assuming, you know, you actually *have* a mother and didn't just slither out of a pile of filth one day. But anyway! I have to go now. I just wanted to inform you that I'm sure my fans will have a very, very happy response to you

depriving them of the chance to see my co-host play.

[Thinks for a moment.]

DJ-P0n3: Actually, now that I think of it, that won't be the case. Because you know what? I've got the bits, I've got the resources, I can put on my own concert! And we'll do it right outside your theater, for free, whether you like it or not! ... no, sir, I don't really care if you threaten to arrest me or not. I'll go straight to Celestia if it comes to that. Say whatever you like, I don't answer to you or anyone. Now, Prince, I think I have thoroughly wasted enough of my time listening to you. You should be glad that you canceled our interview because, quite frankly, if I see you face-to-face, you *will* be picking your teeth up from the floor. *Good day, sir!*

[DJ-P0n3 slams phone down, then picks up phone and hurls it through window. Sound of broken glass is heard in the background.]

[DJ-P0n3 sits back in her chair. Octavia is silent, almost certainly in shock over what just happened. There is a long silence.]

DJ-P0n3: [Takes a very deep breath.] Well, then, I think that about wraps up today's show.

Octavia: ... wow.

DJ-P0n3: Do you ... feel any better?

Octavia: I ... [Laughs.] Yes, I do feel a little better. You didn't have to do that, you know?

DJ-P0n3: No, actually, I'm pretty sure I did ...

Octavia: ...you really thought my show was that good?

DJ-P0n3: Octy ... do you even have to ask?

Octavia: No, I guess I don't. Vinyl?

DJ-P0n3: Yeah?

[Octavia hugs Vinyl.]

Octavia: I'm glad I met you. You're very sweet. [Nuzzles against Vinyl's neck.] Even if you are completely crazy.

DJ-P0n3: Um. Yes, well. Thank you. Um ...

Octavia: Wait are ... you're *blushing*? *Seriously*?

DJ-P0n3: No! [Coughs, makes voice sound deeper.] No, course not. I-I'm too cool for that.

Octavia: Heh, sure you are, Vinyl. Sure you are.

DJ-P0n3: Well listeners, that's our show for today. Assuming I'm not thrown in jail or sent to the moon, we'll be back tomorrow for a live broadcast from our concert.

Octavia: Wait, what? You ... you were serious about that?

DJ-P0n3: Of course I am! When am I ever not serious?

Octavia: Um, like 100% of the time.

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, well, I'm serious about this!

Octavia: Well listen I'm ... I appreciate the gesture, Vinyl, but you can't just set up a concert in

the middle of Canterlot in one day, without a permit, without any kind of permission!

DJ-P0n3: Oh? Just watch me, Octy. *Just watch me.*

[Beat.]

DJ-P0n3: Also ... I think I'll have to go buy a new phone too...

[End of tape.]

Transcript Four

The Concert

[What follows is a transcript of broadcast 1F23 of the Vinyl Scratch, the day after the call-in show.]

DJ-P0n3: It is 7 PM and you're listening to K-Colt!
It's a nice clear night and we are live onstage
outside Blueblood Theater! And it looks like
we've got a couple ponies out here already. ARE
YOU READY TO ROCK?!

[Yells of approval come from an obviously large crowd.]

DJ-P0n3: You're listening to a very special evening
broadcast of the Vinyl Scratch! I'm the
diabolical musical mastermind herself, DJ-P0n3.

Octavia: And I'm Octavia, hoping I don't get charged as
an accessory before the night is over.

DJ-P0n3: And we'd like to welcome you to Octaviastock!

[Loud cheers and hoof claps.]

Octavia: [Nervous laughter.] I'm ... still not sold on
that name.

DJ-P0n3: Come on, it's memorable.

Octavia: Why did you name it after me?

DJ-P0n3: Cause you're the star, of course!

Octavia: No, no ... it's more the whole ensemble--

DJ-P0n3: The what?

Octavia: [Sigh.] The *band*.

DJ-P0n3: Oh.

Octavia: It's more the whole *band* ponies are here to see. I'm just the cellist. I'm--

DJ-P0n3: [Over speakers.] Hey, everypony! Who thinks Octavia is being way too modest?!

[Roars of approval from the audience. After it dies down, one pony far in the back of the crowd speaks up.]

Heckler: I don't.

DJ-P0n3: No one asked you! [Turns back to Octavia.] See, they all agree with me, which is the next best thing to being right.

Octavia: [Blushing.] Eheh, well ... I guess.

DJ-P0n3: Don't tell me you're nervous.

Octavia: Well, duh. Of course I'm nervous! We're running a concert right next to a theater and we could be arrested!

DJ-P0n3: Haha, don't be silly. I'm sixty percent sure we won't be arrested!

Octavia: [Groan.] Oh, *great*. That sets my mind at ease. Sixty. That's barely a passing grade.

DJ-P0n3: Don't worry your pretty little head! Vinyl's got everything under control. Have I ever steered you wro--

Octavia: Yes. You have. *Frequently*.

DJ-P0n3: Well, this time I won't.

Octavia: I have to admit I am a bit impressed that you threw this all together.

DJ-P0n3: I know, right! Isn't it perfect?

Octavia: [Pause.] Well ... I am grateful and everything but...

DJ-P0n3: But what?

Octavia: You've never really organized a concert before, have you?

DJ-P0n3: I've ... organized raves before. It's almost the same thing.

Octavia: Yeah see, no. No it isn't ... although that would explain why so many ponies in the audience have glow sticks.

DJ-P0n3: I thought it would be appropriate.

Octavia: Most concert halls don't hand out glow sticks.

DJ-P0n3: Well maybe they should! They're cool! Look I have one right here! [Pulls out glow stick, twirls it around with telekinesis.] See! Plus, science has shown glow sticks increase everypony's ability to enjoy music!

Octavia: Okay, first of all, you made that up. Second of all, even if you didn't, what is the logic of that? What about glow sticks makes ponies more able to enjoy music?

DJ-P0n3: Because um ... [Pause.] Because *glowing*.

Octavia: Yeah. That's real scientific. Also the stage looks a bit ... different.

DJ-P0n3: What's wrong with the stage?

Octavia: It's just that most concerts I've played at don't have stages with quite so many speakers ... or with pyrotechnics, for that matter.

DJ-P0n3: Come on, I got a good deal on those from some blue unicorn. Speaking of which, allow me to thank today's sponsor!

[Telekinetically pulls out small stack of note cards.]

DJ-P0n3: Today's pyrotechnics were provided by the Great and Powerful Trixie, most powerful magician in Equestria, Savior of Hoofington ... [Goes to next note card.] Slayer of the Ursa Major, Sorcerer Supreme, Wielder of the Flame of Anor... [Goes to next note card.] Masterful Performer, Snappy Dresser ... [Flips through note cards.] Single, Enjoys Long Walks on the Beach ... jeez, there's like fifty more of these...

[DJ-P0n3 throws note cards aside.]

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, so, Trixie: she's good at magic apparently! Moving on!

Octavia: Wow Vinyl, her ego sounded almost as big as yours.

DJ-P0n3: Psh, what are you talking about? I'll have you know I'm quite modest.

Octavia: Yeah, because all modest people take out giant billboards in Canterlot saying they're the best DJ ever.

DJ-P0n3: Hey, don't knock the billboard. That is well worth the fifty bits a month. And that was to promote K-COLT. I can't help it if the billboard says I'm the best. And that the artist just *happened* to make the billboard a picture of me standing on a radio tower dual-wielding electric guitars that shoot lightning, while you stand next to me waving your cello bow like a sword. Trust me, when you put it in context, that billboard is very, very modest.

Octavia: I'm convinced you don't even know what the word modest *means* now. [Sigh.] I suppose it's almost time for my ensemble to take to the stage. The others should be nearly finished preparing.

[Octavia rubs her hooves together nervously.]

DJ-P0n3: Listen, don't worry, you don't have anything to worry about. You'll do fine.

Octavia: I know. I just always get a little performance anxiety before a show.

DJ-P0n3: [Slyly.] You know, if you're really feeling that stressed, I can think of one or two things we can do to relieve some ... *tension*.

Octavia: [Blushing.] D-don't be stupid. And don't tease me, alright? It's not helping.

DJ-P0n3: But teasing each other is the entire basis of our relationship. Unless, you know, you wanted to change the basis of our relationship to making out and snuggling, because that'd work too. I'm open to that.

[Octavia is clearly trying not to laugh.]

DJ-P0n3: Ah! See? I am helping you feel better.

Octavia: [Stifling laugh.] No, no. I'm ... I'm above being amused by such vulgar jokes. [Pause, followed by chuckle.]

DJ-P0n3: Yeah right! [Giggles.] I knew I'd be a bad influence on you if I just kept at it.

Octavia: That's not something you should be proud of.

DJ-P0n3: But I am anyway.

[Both ponies giggle.]

DJ-P0n3: Just enjoy yourself. You already know you're going to do great, so what's the point of getting worried about it? You and your band are awesome.

Octavia: I keep telling you it's called an ensemble.

DJ-P0n3: Yeah. Your ensemble-band is awesome.

Octavia: Well ... that is very sweet of you to say.
[Looks out at the audience.] I was also worried about something else actually. How much money did you spend on all this?

DJ-P0n3: Eh, I wouldn't worry about that. It wasn't a whole lot.

Octavia: Don't lie to me. This all seems rather expensive ...

DJ-P0n3: Okay, so maybe I spent a little bit on the stage and glow sticks and security...

Octavia: Security? What security?

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, funny story. Remember those Diamond Dogs who called in the other day?

Octavia: Yes?

DJ-P0n3: Well ...

[Door to booth opens. A Diamond Dog sticks his head in wearing a ragged white shirt with the word "SECURITY" printed on it.]

Diamond Dog: Miss Sunglasses-Pony, someponies in the audience is getting restless.

DJ-P0n3: Don't worry, the show should start in a bit. Just keep it under control until Octavia can get onstage.

Diamond Dog: Um, who?

DJ-P0n3: You know, "Bowtie Pony." [Nods head over to Octavia.]

Diamond Dog: Oh! Yes, yesss. Right away, Miss ...

[Diamond Dog exits. Octavia looks at DJ-P0n3 in disbelief.]

Octavia: ... you *hired* them? *Seriously?*

DJ-P0n3: Ah, they're not so bad. Besides, they work cheap. I'm paying them in milk bones and costume jewelry.

Octavia: Okay, but still, this whole concert seems like a lot of trouble for you. All the time and money and everything ...

DJ-P0n3: I don't care about that. It's all worth it if it makes you happy.

[Octavia says nothing for a moment.]

Octavia: I ... I don't know what to say. No one's ever done anything like this for me.

DJ-P0n3: Ah, it's nothing really.

Octavia: No. It's not just nothing. Not to me. [Pause.] You know ... Vinyl?

DJ-P0n3: Yeah?

Octavia: [Smiles.] There's ... actually something I've been meaning to tell you.

[DJ-P0n3 coughs nervously. Her voice starts to crack.]

DJ-P0n3: *Really?* [Clears throat, tries to remain cool.] I mean, yeah. That's cool. Whatever.

Octavia: Well ... I mean I just wanted to say that ever--

DJ-P0n3: Y-yeah?

Octavia: Well, it's just ... I wanted to--

[Frédéric, the dignified Piano player in Octavia's ensemble, pops up from the backstage.]

Frédéric: Pardon me, is this a bad time?

DJ-P0n3: *CRAP!*

[Frédéric raises an eyebrow.]

Octavia: Um ... what is it Frédéric?

Frédéric: I'm afraid we have a problem. We can't go on yet. Beauty Brass still hasn't arrived.

Octavia: What?! What's the hold up?

Frédéric: We're not sure. We cannot get in touch with her. She should have been here an hour ago.

Octavia: Oh, that's just *great*.

Frédéric: I wouldn't worry, she's probably just running late. You know Brass. She always waits until the last minute, especially when she insists on lugging that sousaphone around by herself.

Octavia: Yeah ... yeah, you're probably right.

Frédéric: In any case, we're going to have to stall. Do you two have any ideas?

DJ-P0n3: I can think of something.

Frédéric: Very well. I will search around her, in case she simply got distracted by a shiny object or something.

Octavia: [Nervous laugh.] R-right. Thank you, Fred.

Frédéric: I apologize for the interruption. [Starts to walk backstage.] I shall allow you two to return to your intimacy.

Octavia: WHAT?!

[Frédéric gives a knowing smile, but says nothing as he leaves. The tape is audio only, but it can be inferred that Octavia's face is beet red at this point.]

DJ-P0n3: Well ... um ... [Smiles.] Octavia weren't you saying something?

Octavia: What? Oh. Yeah. Um, well, I ... n-nevermind.

DJ-P0n3: [Muttering under her breath.] Horseapples.

Octavia: Well, what are we going to do now? We can't go on without our sousaphone player. [Slightly frantic.] And for all I know, Brass could have wandered into the Everfree Forest or something! And every second we don't play, all those ponies will be more and more disappointed, assuming the Prince doesn't arrest us first! I--

[DJ-P0n3 gets on hind legs and grabs Octavia by the shoulders, shaking her.]

DJ-P0n3: Listen to me Octavia, calm down!

Octavia: I -- okay, I'm calm. I think--

DJ-P0n3: [Still shaking her.] You have to calm down! Do you hear me?! Get it together!

Octavia: I'm calm now! You can--

DJ-P0n3: *Everything is gonna be ok--*

Octavia: [Yelling.] Why are you still shaking me?!

DJ-P0n3: *Because it's fun!*

[DJ-P0n3 finally stops. Octavia, now slightly dizzy, falls back down in her chair.]

DJ-P0n3: Now don't worry. I have a perfect plan to kill some time.

Octavia: [Deadpan.] It isn't about playing your rock opera, is it?

DJ-P0n3: Well ... not anymore. But here's a better idea. [Over the speakers.] Fillies and gentlecolts, due to some technical difficulties, there will be a short delay starting the show. In the meantime, I'm going to do a very special interview.

Octavia: [Muttering.] Wait, what?

DJ-P0n3: As a special treat to all of you, I, Vinyl Scratch, am going to interview Octavia! With no regard for how personal or intrusive my questions may be!

Octavia: I don't recall consenting to this.

DJ-P0n3: [Whispering.] Do you have a better idea?

Octavia: Good point.

DJ-P0n3: [Over speakers.] So, what do you listeners think? Doesn't that sound great?!

[There is clapping and yells of approval from the audience, followed by silence. There's a distant shout from the back.]

Heckler: Actually, that sounds more like desperate filler.

DJ-P0n3: Well, it's a good thing I don't care about that guy's opinion!

Heckler: I resent that!

DJ-P0n3: So why don't we get started? [Turns to Octavia.] Okay, so here's how it'll work. You be you, and I'll be me.

Octavia: Sounds difficult so far.

DJ-P0n3: Except you'll just act like a normal guest.

Octavia: A normal guest on our show?

DJ-P0n3: That's right.

Octavia: So I guess that means I'll just sit back and be horrified at the insane questions you ask me?

DJ-P0n3: Yep.

Octavia: So ... basically I'll be acting the same way I usually do on the show?

DJ-P0n3: Pretty much. [Settles in chair.] So Octy, why don't you start by telling our audience about yourself?

Octavia: Well, I've been playing the cello since I was a little filly. I love music. I deeply enjoy my job at K-COLT ...

[DJ-P0n3 grins.]

Octavia: Though some mornings I'm not quite sure *why*.

DJ-P0n3: I think everypony here already knew that.

Octavia: You were the one who asked me that! What do you want me to say?

DJ-P0n3: Well, tell us something we don't already know like ... what about the other members of your band?

Octavia: Well, my *ensemble* and I have been together for ... well, as long as I remember. I've actually known all of them since I was in high school. There's Frédéric, who you've already met. There's also Beauty Brass, our sousaphone player. She's a bit of a scatterbrain, but she's quite nice. We've been almost like sisters for as long as I can remember. Heh, I guess kind of like you and Spitfire.

DJ-P0n3: Really? Did you kiss her then?

Octavia: Shut up. And then there's Harpo, who plays the harp. He's sort of the quiet one. Everypony in our group is very nice.

DJ-P0n3: And they're all very talented. Trust me, I heard them the night before last. [Suddenly angry.] Before they were booted out by that no-good sack of--

Octavia: Now now, Vinyl. [Nervous chuckle.] No need to get into that again.

Heckler: She almost said a naughty word. I'm offended!

DJ-P0n3: [Yelling.] Kid, you are on thin ice! [Clears throat.] Anyway, Frédéric seemed very nice.

Octavia: He's very gentlecoltly when he wants to be, yes.

DJ-P0n3: And you've known him since you were in school?

Octavia: Yes.

DJ-P0n3: So ... were you and he ever ...

Octavia: Ever what?

DJ-P0n3: Well I mean, he's your childhood friend and everything. So it stands to reason that you two could have been ...

Octavia: Oh! [Chuckles.] No, no. That's ... he's almost like my brother. That would be weird. Besides I-

[DJ-P0n3 instantly perks up.]

DJ-P0n3: You what?

Octavia: I'm not exactly into, er ... never mind.

DJ-P0n3: No, go on, what were you gonna--

Octavia: [Suddenly overly cheerful.] Hey, let's change the subject! Did you know I have a cat? I have a cat. Cats are great! Let's talk about cats instead!

DJ-P0n3: Ooooookay. Say, Octavia, why don't you tell us about your cat.

Octavia: I actually just got her. It's an orange little tabby cat. She's a cute thing. Very affectionate. Sweet.

DJ-P0n3: Sounds like she's the exact opposite of you.

Octavia: [Groans.] You know, at this point, I really should have seen that coming. [Smiles.] But she's a very nice kitty. The only problem is she has a habit of jumping up and clinging to me. Which she does really well. She has very sharp claws. I know she's just being affectionate, but it can be very painful.

DJ-P0n3: Much like being in an actual relationship.
[Chuckles.] She does sound cute. What's her name?

[There's a short pause.]

Octavia: What?

DJ-P0n3: The name. Of the cat.

Octavia: Oh ... well um, her name is ... [Mumbles something indistinct.]

DJ-P0n3: What was that?

Octavia: Well ...

DJ-P0n3: Come on, what's her name?

Octavia: [Shrinking down in her chair.] Lil' Scratch.

[Brief pause, followed by DJ-P0n3 laughing uproariously. Octavia sighs.]

DJ-P0n3: [Crying with laughter.] You're serious? You named your cat after me?

Octavia: Well, what else would you name a cat that scratches everything?! It seemed appropriate, I-
- Stop laughing!

[DJ-P0n3 covers her mouth with her hooves.]

DJ-P0n3: Sorry it's just ... wow.

Octavia: [Sigh.] Never going to hear the end of this, am I?

DJ-P0n3: Okay, okay, I'm just kidding around. That is honestly a very sweet gesture.

Octavia: [Blushing.] It wasn't for any specific reason!
Like I said, it was just the only name I could
think of. It has nothing to do with you.

DJ-P0n3: Riiight. But you know, because we're such
good friends, I am going to take the high road
and not use the ... thousands and thousands of
possible jokes I could fill up the next hour
with. About you ... petting Scratch. [DJ-P0n3
tries to keep herself from laughing and fails.]

[Octavia groans, hits her head on the table.]

Octavia: Remind me, why are we friends again?

DJ-P0n3: Come on, you know I'm just kidding. But
honestly, that is pretty adorable and very nice.
Heh, if I ever get a dog, I'll name it Octy.
[Thinks for a moment.] Come to think of it,
that's not a bad idea. [Calls over speakers.]
SECURITY!

[The sound of footsteps is heard on the tape. Diamond
Dog
opens door and sticks head in again.]

Diamond Dog: Yes, Loud Crazy Pony?

DJ-P0n3: Hi there. Just wanted to let you know I'm
gonna call you Octy from now on.

Diamond Dog: My names is Rover!

DJ-P0n3: You can be both now.

Rover: [Growls.] We finds that very demeaning. We is
not common hounds.

DJ-P0n3: [Grins.] Did I mention that in addition to what I was gonna pay you before, I'm gonna give you a big juicy steak for doing such a good job?

Rover: ...Steak? [Tail wags.]

DJ-P0n3: Mhmm. Now what were you saying?

Rover: We is *absolutely* common hounds! We do whatever you say, Nice Steak-Giving Pony.

DJ-P0n3: Hehe. No problem. Everypony give a big hand to head of security, Octy-slash-Rover!

[There are polite claps in the audience.]

Heckler: Is the show actually going to start soon? Or do you intend to bring every unnecessary staff member up for a bow?

[DJ-P0n3 pauses for a moment, tapping her hoof on the desk. She wears a grimace on her face that makes it look like she's going to yell, but instead she spoke far softer than normal.]

DJ-P0n3: [Whispering.] Alright... I think I've been patient enough. No pony talks that way about my crew. [Looks over at Rover.] Did you hear that, Octy? He called you unnecessary.

Rover: [Aghast.] He did?

[DJ-P0n3 nods.]

Rover: [Glaring.] He *did*, didn't he?

DJ-P0n3: That's right.

Octavia: Vinyl, I really don't think this is--

DJ-P0n3: You know what? I bet he doesn't like dogs at all. Probably thinks they're scruffy.

Rover: Scruffy?

DJ-P0n3: Yep, and dirty too!

Rover: [Barely contained rage.] *Dirty?!*

DJ-P0n3: Yeah! That's not a very nice thing to say, is it?

Rover: No, is not! Is terrible thing!

Heckler: Wait, I never--

DJ-P0n3: Oh, now he's talking back to you!

Rover: *What?*

DJ-P0n3: Are you gonna take that?!

Rover: [Growls.] Grrr, of course not!

DJ-P0n3: [Devious grin.] Well then ... Rover? [Thumps hoof on the table.] *Go fetch.*

[Rover charges out into the audience. There is some hushed conversations the crowd. In the background of the tape, the heckler can be heard.]

Heckler: Wha- hey! What are you doing? Unhand me, you ruffian!

Octavia: Vinyl! I'm surprised at you! That wasn't warranted.

[DJ-P0n3 shakes her head.]

DJ-P0n3: Ha! It was you all along! It all makes sense now!

[Prince Blueblood, still dazed from being the fall, shook his head and glared at DJ-P0n3.]

Blueblood: That's right. I, Prince Blueblood, have come to finally put a end to your reign of terror!

[DJ-P0n3 stares for a moment, then bursts out laughing.]

DJ-P0n3: Hahaha, oh, this ought to be *good*!

Blueblood: Oh, you won't talk your way out of this one! It is time for you to face a true, dignified magnificent hero that will-

[Octavia covers her nose with her hoof.]

Octavia: I'm sorry but ... oh Celestia, what is that *smell*?

DJ-P0n3: I think its Duke Jerkwad over there.

Blueblood: ... a true, dignified hero that will bring an end to--

DJ-P0n3: [Gags.] Jeez, it smells like something crawled in your mane to die. What is that?!

Blueblood: [Angry.] I am trying to deliver a dramatic boast to herald my heroic deeds! Are you going to let me fini--

DJ-P0n3: Trust me, whatever is causing that odor is way more interesting than anything you have to say. Right, audience?!

[There are murmurs of approval from the audience.]

Blueblood: I- It's not even that bad an odor!

DJ-P0n3: Compared to what? *Road kill*?

Blueblood: [Grumbles.] It's pond scum, alright ... and some rotten fruit ... [Telekinetically flicks some of the filth from his hair.] And I think there's some skunk spray in there. [Shouting.] Look, that's not the *point* here!

Octavia: How did that happen?

Blueblood: I'm glad you asked! [Points hoof at both the hosts accusingly.] It is all because of you two that I smell of commoners and algae! And for that reason, I have come to enact my cunning plan to put a stop to your anarchy once and for all!

Octavia: Anarchy? Excuse me, sir, but all we're doing is playing music and hosting a show. That's hardly evil.

Blueblood: You don't understand, do you? [Sigh.] Very well. I will lower myself to your level and grant you an explanation, since you are clearly too embroiled in villainy to comprehend my motives yourself.

Octavia: Listen, we're having a concert here. We don't have time for--

DJ-P0n3: No no, Octy. Let him talk.

Octavia: *What?*

Blueblood: Thank you. I see there is some sense left in you.

DJ-P0n3: [Whispering over to Octavia.] Come on, play along. This'll still buy us even more time.

Besides, this is great! I don't even *have* to make fun of him. He's doing all the work for me!

Octavia: [Whispering.] Are you crazy? He could still have us arrested! We should get out of here.

DJ-P0n3: And deprive the ponies of a show? Trust me, we can make this work, just like we always have.

Octavia: But what if--

DJ-P0n3: Okay, how about this? Look at Blueblood. Does he really look like he's capable of pulling off *anything* dangerous?

[Octavia looks over at Blueblood, who now has flies swarming around his dirty mane.]

Octavia: ... Good point.

DJ-P0n3: Right. [Clears throat, speaks up.] So, Prince Blueblood, thanks for coming to our very illegal concert. Please continue with your not-at-all delusional story about how we're evil and you're the moral paragon.

Blueblood: [Smiling.] Why yes, thank you, I believe I shall.

Octavia: [Whispering.] D-does he not understand you were being sarcastic?

DJ-P0n3: [Quiet laugh.] I don't think he gets the *concept* of sarcasm at all.

Blueblood: [Clears throat.] Do you remember last month when you interviewed my Aunt Celestia?

DJ-P0n3: [Rolls eyes.] No, I had completely forgotten interviewing the ruler of Equestria.

Blueblood: Oh. [Pause, then continues without any irony.] Well, last month you interviewed my--

Octavia: We remember, okay?! What about it?

Blueblood: I listened to that interview. I recall it quite clearly.

Octavia: You actually listened to our show?

Blueblood: I was doing so in an effort to relate to the common folk. Without having to interact with them directly. [Hastily adds.] Not that I have anything against the common folk. I *dearly* love all the mouth-breathing, inbred masses. It's just ... I'd rather not touch them.

DJ-P0n3: Of course.

Blueblood: For health reasons! I don't want to risk catching a disease like the plague or the consumption. Or poverty.

Octavia: [Deadpan.] You're so down to earth, you know that?

Blueblood: [Without any irony.] Thank you. [Points to DJ-P0n3.] Anyway, after listening to you insult my aunt on live radio, I was shocked! Mortified! Horrified! I could not believe such an anarchist radio show could exist, where royalty could be treated with such little respect!

DJ-P0n3: Heh, yeah, it was pretty awesome, wasn't it?

Octavia: Vinyl, that's not funny. You're lucky Celestia was such a good sport about it.

Blueblood: Yes, my aunty is very polite. She told me not to make a big deal of it, and I tried not to think of it. Then I receive an invite to be interviewed on your show. Now, I am no idiot--

DJ-P0n3: *Really?* Cause you could have fooled me.

Blueblood: Quiet! I knew all you'd do is mock me for your own amusement.

DJ-P0n3: Well, that wasn't *all* I'd do. I had other things planned. [Laugh.] They were great, too. One of them involved bees. Lots and lots of bees. I was sad I couldn't use that one.

Octavia: Please tell me you're joking.

DJ-P0n3: Of *course* I'm kidding! [Pause.] Maybe!

Blueblood: So, I turned down your invitation. I mean, mocking my aunt is one thing, but making fun of me? That is a line that the media should not cross!

DJ-P0n3: There is a thing called "freedom of speech," you know.

Blueblood: I have nothing against freedom of speech as long as ponies say exactly what I want them to say! But even though I didn't come on your show, you mock me mercilessly for no reason!

DJ-P0n3: [Angrily.] *For no reason?* Don't act like the victim here! I have plenty of reasons to hate you! Almost everything you do is horrible and selfish!

Blueblood: [Shocked.] What are you talking about? I am a selfless public servant!

DJ-P0n3: Oh really? What about that time you had an ice skating rink bulldozed so you could build a swimming pool for yourself!?

Blueblood: Hey, that swimming pool was not only for me! It's a community swimming pool, open to everypony ... provided, of course, that you have a royal invitation, valid government issue ID, and forty bits. But children get in for half-price (as long as I don't have to look at them), and that is true generosity!

DJ-P0n3: Uh huh. [Over speakers.] What do you ponies in the audience think?

[There are thunderous boos directed at Blueblood.
Blueblood
raises an eyebrow, honestly confused. A rotten tomato strikes
Blueblood in the eye. Blueblood sighs.]

DJ-P0n3: Huh. I guess that means they don't agree with you.

Blueblood: A true visionary is never appreciated in his time.

Octavia: I hardly think canceling a show my ensemble and I poured our heart into counts as being a visionary!

DJ-P0n3: I think it counts more as being a tool.

Blueblood: [Scoffs.] Of course you would say that. After the way you treated me on the air, you expect *me* to give you audience in my theater?! Simply associating with that DJ has corrupted you. For all I knew, your next performance could have devolved into some undignified hootenanny

of glorified rebellion that could spur riots among the carnies and circus folk that compose your show's audience! [Pause, looks at the audience.] Er, no offense, by the way.

[Someone throws a soda can at Blueblood, which is impaled on his horn.]

Blueblood: Ugh. But it didn't matter even then. You refused to listen even then! And on top of that, because of your rude words yesterday, everypony has hurled garbage upon me as if I were a common street urchin! I had a skunk thrown at me! Who *does* that?! And it's all because you have turned me a laughingstock!

DJ-P0n3: You turned *yourself* a laughingstock, Blueblood.

Blueblood: And now, the time for talk has passed! Since both defy me even now, I had to take it upon myself to put an end to this chaos!

DJ-P0n3: [Chuckles.] What chaos? Everypony's having a good time except you. Everypony wanted to see Octavia's show, except you. That's why ponies got so mad at you! Don't you get that maybe what you think is right might not be good for everyone else?

Blueblood: [Raises eyebrow.] I ... don't understand the question.

DJ-P0n3: Okay, let me put it this way. Have you ever heard of *empathy* before?

Blueblood: I don't believe in voodoo.

[DJ-P0n3 facehoofs.]

Blueblood: But that doesn't matter now. I've already put my plan into action, and I will bring *ruin* to this concert... er, in the name of justice. And love and stuff.

DJ-P0n3: What plan? You sat in the back and said things that were kind of annoying for a half hour. That only counts as a clever plan if you're a three year old!

Octavia: [Deadpan.] If he was, I wouldn't be surprised.

Blueblood: Fools! That was only one phase of my plan! To increase agitation in the simpleminded crowd with heroic taunting!

Octavia: Also, great idea insulting the crowd when *they're all listening right now.*

Blueblood: I wouldn't worry about that. My research indicates the average lower-middle-class Earth pony has an attention span of about three minutes. Much like goldfish.

[Boos from the audience. More garbage is hurled in Blueblood's direction, but Blueblood actually dodges this time.]

DJ-P0n3: Okay mastermind, what's the rest of your plan? Have us arrested?

Blueblood: Um ... no actually. Nothing would make me happier than to have you both jailed without trial and sent to the spice mines for a few decades! But aunty said I'm not allowed to do that. [Stomps hoof and whines.] Never get anything I want...

DJ-P0n3: Hehe, good to see Celestia still has a good head on her shoulders.

Blueblood: So instead, I did the next best thing! Made it impossible for your concert to go on at all! And on top of that, put an end to this experiment called radio!

Octavia: What are you talking about? You haven't done anything like that!

Blueblood: *Haven't I?* I guess it hasn't occurred to you where your sousaphone player is right now!

Octavia: [Eyes widening.] *WHAT!?* You know where Beauty Brass is?

DJ-P0n3: Wha, you're serious? You did that?!

Blueblood: Ha, so now you're interested in what I have to say? *Perhaps* I know where she is and *perhaps* not. You can refresh my memory ... if you play your cards correctly.

Octavia: What did you do to her, Blueblood?! I'm not asking you again!

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, this is *not* funny!

[Blueblood gives a heartless chuckle and flashes a creepy grin.]

Blueblood: No, it isn't. Do you see the results of your actions now, Vinyl Scratch? Do you see what your insanity drives me to do for the sake of *justice*?! Hehe, do not worry, your marching band reject is safe. Just ... out of the way.

[Octavia, no longer her calm usual self, is boiling
with
rage.]

Octavia: Tell me where she is, Blueblood!

Blueblood: I intend to. For a price.

DJ-P0n3: You're holding her *ransom*? In front of
everypony?! [Brimming with disgust.] You really
are *vile*.

Blueblood: If a prince does it, it can't *possibly* be a
crime. But I'm not a bad guy. I just want things
back to normal. So I have very simple terms.
I'll show you where she is, and in exchange,
this concert is over. *And the deed to K-COLT is
signed over to me!*

DJ-P0n3: *What?!*

Octavia: How *dare* you?

Blueblood: Those are the terms. What will you do?

[The entire audience boos, begins throwing pebbles and
garbage
at the stage. Blueblood doesn't even bother moving.]

Blueblood: Go ahead, throw more. I don't care anymore!
I'll still get what I want. [Stares at Octavia.]
So, Miss Octavia, Miss Vinyl Scratch, what will
you do?

[DJ-P0n3 says nothing for a long moment.]

Blueblood: Tell me, Vinyl Scratch, how does it feel to
be the one rendered speechless for once? Times
up! What are you going to do?!

[DJ-P0n3 looks down at the floor, biting her bottom lip. She opens her mouth to speak, but Octavia holds out her hoof to stop her.]

[Octavia speaks in a voice not much higher than a whisper.]

Octavia: I've got a better deal...

Blueblood: Oh? And what would that--

[Octavia stands on her hind legs and smashes her right hoof into Blueblood's face. Blueblood flies back, several of his teeth falling to the floor. Octavia stands over him without an ounce of pity on her face.]

Octavia: Here's the deal. Tell me where my friend is or I'll keep hitting you until someone drags me away!

[Blueblood looks up in horror. All confidence that was in his voice is now gone. He scoots away from Octavia as she approaches.]

Blueblood: W-what are you doing? What about your friend?

Octavia: Oh, you'll tell me. [Glaring, gritting her teeth.] I'll make you *sing*!

[The color drains from Blueblood's face as Octavia approaches him.]

[DJ-P0n3 reaches out and grabs Octavia.]

DJ-P0n3: No Octy! You can't do this!

Octavia: But he has Beauty Brass. She's probably alone and scared somewhere, for no good reason! She ... [Voice cracking.] She's my friend.

DJ-P0n3: I know. But you can't do this. You can't lower yourself to his level.

Octavia: But--

DJ-P0n3: Listen, *I* may be a jerk, but I don't want you to be one. You're a better pony than me in pretty much every way. I want you to stay that way.

[DJ-P0n3, for the first time ever, lowers her shades from her face and peeks over at Octavia with her light red eyes. They are sincere, heavy with emotion.]

DJ-P0n3: You get it?

[For a moment, Octavia says nothing, before finally nodding.]

Octavia: You're right. I'm sorry it's ... I was just so angry. Thank you, Vinyl. You're right.

DJ-P0n3: I usually am.

Octavia: [Sigh.] As much as I hate to admit it ... I can't go around beating any jerk up.

DJ-P0n3: That's right, Octy. [Places shades back over her eyes and flashing a devious grin.] *That's what we have security for!*

[As if on cue, Rover the Diamond Dog leaps onto the stage, right by Blueblood, who is still frozen in terror.]

DJ-P0n3: Blueblood, I think you've met Octy, er, Rover.
Whatever. Rover, are you rabid?

Rover: [Grinning.] Dunno.

DJ-P0n3: Not sure? [False surprise.] Wow, that sounds
bad! Blueblood, I suppose you better tell us
what we want to know. If not ... well, I don't
think I could stop Rover from making you his new
chew toy.

[Blueblood begins to stammer.]

Blueblood: I don't--she--she's--

Frédéric: She's completely fine.

[Everypony looks to the side of the stage, where
Frédéric has
returned. Following him is Harpo, the purple harp
player in
Octavia's ensemble. And behind him was--]

Octavia: Beauty Brass!

[A cyan pony carrying a sousaphone approached the
stage.

Octavia runs up and gives her a big hug.]

Octavia: Brass, you had me so worried! Where were you?

Frédéric: I appears she was locked in the fillies'
restroom the entire time. She didn't see who it
was, but it appears the culprit has already
revealed himself here.

Octavia: [Blinks.] Wait, it took this long for somepony
to check for her in the *bathroom*?

Frédéric: I don't make a habit of bargaining into the ladies room. Luckily we were able to hear her from backstage.

Beauty Brass: [Talks in a very loud voice.] I CAN SCREAM REALLY LOUD, YOU KNOW! POWERFUL LUNGS! COMES WITH PLAYING A SOUSAPHONE! [Takes a very deep breath, then speaks in almost a whisper.] Sorry ... been screaming so long it's HARD TO ADJUST my voice...

[Octavia chuckles.]

Octavia: That's okay, Brass. I'm just glad you're okay.

Frédéric: I suspect the Prince's plan was to flee the second he got the deed, hoping we wouldn't notice Brass was not that far away the whole time.

Harpo: [Says nothing, nods significantly.]

Beauty Brass: [Glares at Blueblood.] YOU LOCKED ME IN THE BATHROOM! THAT'S SO NOT COOL!

DJ-P0n3: Well, now we just have to figure out what to do with ol' Blueblood.

Frédéric: [Scratching chin.] I propose we settle it like true gentlecolts.

Octavia: You mean with words?

Frédéric: No. With dueling pistols.

Harpo: [Nods with a grin.]

Blueblood: *WHAT?!*

Octavia: *Fred!*

Frédéric: [Deadpan.] That was a joke.

DJ-P0n3: I think it's best we just get him out of here.
Octy-Rover? Would you kindly take out the trash?

Rover: Of course, Miss DJ Pony!

[Rover throws Blueblood over his shoulder, ready to
carry him
off.]

DJ-P0n3: WAIT!

[Rover stops. DJ-P0n3 telekinetically picks Blueblood's
teeth
off the floor.]

DJ-P0n3: For the tooth fairy.

[DJ-P0n3 drops them in Blueblood's hoof. Blueblood
glares.]

DJ-P0n3: Oh yeah! And here! [Telekinetically reaches
under her seat and throws a glow stick towards
him.] Free glow stick!

[DJ-P0n3 chuckles, very pleased with herself.]

Blueblood: ... I *hate* you. So. Much.

[Rover carries Blueblood off-stage.]

Blueblood: This isn't over! I'll be back! You haven't
heard the last of--

[Rover covers Blueblood's mouth with its paw.]

Rover: Shuts up! Jeez!

[Blueblood is carried off, the entire audience erupts with applause, shouting "Whoo!" "Yeah!" "You go girl!" and the like.]

Frédéric: Well, after that extremely stupid and convoluted interlude, I think it's time we finally played.

Harpo: [Closes eyes and nods.]

DJ-P0n3: Your friend seems pretty chatty.

Frédéric: Oh, he can be when he wants to be.
Nonetheless, it's time we all take the stage!

Beauty Brass: YES! I'M SO EXCITED! YAAAAAAY! [Takes breath, lowers voice.] I mean ... yaaaay~

Octavia: You guys go set up. I'll be with you all in a minute.

[Frédéric, Harpo, and Beauty Brass all go backstage.
Octavia
turns to DJ-P0n3.]

DJ-P0n3: Well ... I sure know how to throw a concert, don't I?! Fistfights, ransom, disappearances ... just need some rifles and dynamite and we'd be in business! Hahaha...

Octavia: ...

DJ-P0n3: What?

Octavia: ...were you really going to agree to Blueblood's deal? You know, back there. Just to save my friend?

[DJ-P0n3 thinks for a minute, then shrugs.]

DJ-P0n3: Doesn't really matter now, does it?

Octavia: But you would have, wouldn't you?

DJ-P0n3: [Brief pause.] Some things are more important than K-COLT. Or me.

[Octavia stares for a moment, then shakes her head.]

Octavia: [Smiling.] You really are a big softy, you know that?

[Octavia and DJ-P0n3 both laugh.]

Octavia: You know ... I never did say what I wanted to tell you, before all this.

[DJ-P0n3 stiffens up.]

DJ-P0n3: Oh yeah! I forgot all about that!

Octavia: Well I ... I just wanted to say ... I don't really get close to a lot of ponies, so I'm really glad I was able to meet you. I didn't really like you at first, but you are a very good friend. You went to the trouble to do all this just for me and, well ... I just wanted to say ... you're my best friend, Vinyl.

DJ-P0n3: Wow ... I'm really touched. Thank you, Octy. I'm glad I met you too. You make me want to be a better pony. I really appreciate that ... you know, even if it means I *am* stuck in the friend zone.

[DJ-P0n3 chuckles. Octavia thinks for a minute, then leans over and gives DJ-P0n3 a small kiss on the cheek.]

Octavia: Well, I don't know about *that*!

[Octavia leans back and smiles. DJ-P0n3's face turns a deep red.]

DJ-P0n3: Um ... I ... I--oh boy--I don't--wow--

Octavia: Quite a way with words you have there, Vinyl.

DJ-P0n3: [Nervous giggle.] Why don't you just go on stage now? I'm going to go drench my head in a bucket of water.

[DJ-P0n3 goes off stage. Octavia goes back stage. Moments

later, the curtain rises. Everypony is at their respective instruments. Octavia is in the center, her bow in her hooves. She smiles out at the crowd as the entire audience claps.]

[Back at the table, DJ-P0n3 goes to the mic and shouts.]

DJ-P0n3: Let's kick it!

=====

[The concert, "Octaviastock," was a resounding success, both critically and commercially. Octavia and her ensemble played their hearts out, and all members would later agree it was their most memorable performance.]

DJ-P0n3 made back all the bits she spent on the concert simply on sales of glow sticks alone. DJ-P0n3 said in an interview

later, "that concert was the smartest bad idea I ever had."

Blueblood tried to sue K-COLT, but was unsuccessful on the grounds that, according to an Equestrian judge, "No pony cares what he thinks." In fact, Princess Celestia, in order to teach him a lesson, arranged for him to spend his weekends working in the spice mine in order to teach him about friendship and humility. When asked if he learned anything from all this, Blueblood said it was, quote, "complete bunk."

Shortly after the concert, DJ-P0n3 and Octavia became roommates. When asked for more details about this arrangement, DJ-P0n3 simply smiled and said, "Draw your own conclusions."

The Vinyl Scratch show continued for a long, long time, leaving many more episodes to be transcribed.

We shall leave you now with the closing message read at the end of K-COLT's broadcast each night.

"This concludes our broadcast day. Good night and good luck."]

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~~THE END~~

...but Vinyl Scratch and Octavia will return in
"Vinyl Scratch Tapes: Season 2"