

The Vinyl Scratch Tapes Season 2

First Transcript: The Second Call-In Show

[In the year 1001 of the Celestian calendar, Equestrian scientists developed advanced magic making it possible to broadcast music over long distances. This innovation led to the creation of the first independent radio station, K-COLT, and the first talk show, "The Vinyl Scratch," hosted by DJ-P0n3 (aka Vinyl Scratch), and her co-host Octavia.]

[The Vinyl Scratch quickly became the most popular show in Equestria, despite (or perhaps because) of DJ-P0n3's eccentric, boastful behavior, leading to some of the most interesting, memorable interviews with famous ponies in any media. Their show was also notable in that events of their show's first season also contributed to mass public disapproval, hatred, and scorn of Prince Blueblood, nephew of Princess Celestia.]

[After initially disliking DJ-P0n3, Octavia eventually warmed up to the strange pony and the two became close friends and eventually roommates, further fueling speculation of the nature of their relationship. Their show continued to be widely popular, Octavia and DJ-P0n3 themselves becoming famous celebrities.]

[After a brief hiatus following the incident in front of Blueblood Theater, The Vinyl Scratch returned for a second season. These episodes were recorded and transcribed for historical significance.]

DJ-P0n3: It's that time again! All power to amps, fire up the pyrotechnics hotter than the sun, play until your hooves split apart, and blast the volume till it cracks the heavens and the earth! Hail to the good times, because ROCK has got the right of way! It's time for THE VINYL SCRATCH!

[A record is scratched.]

DJ-P0n3: That's right! We're back and *louder than ever!*
[Giggles.] Did you miss me, listeners? I missed you! But don't worry, we've returned to give your lives meaning

once more! This is the very first Equestrian talk show with me, the Mad Minstrel Mistress herself, DJ-P0n3!

Octavia: Do you just... have a thing for alliteration or something?

DJ-P0n3: And the pony who just used a word I don't understand is my lovely co-host, Octavia.

Octavia: [Sigh.] Did you ever pay attention in school for even a ... wait, why am I even asking? Of course you didn't.

DJ-P0n3: Nope. [Chuckles.] Seriously though, it's good to be back. Isn't it, Octy?

Octavia: [Giggles.] Of course it is. As much as I enjoyed our trip, it does feel nice to be back.

DJ-P0n3: For those of you who don't know, we took a brief hiatus after the concert after we ran into some minor legal issues. Now, we're all adults here, so I'm not going to name names ... *but it's entirely Prince Blueblood's fault you were deprived of happiness!*

Octavia: Vinyl, calm down. Let's discuss this rationally.

DJ-P0n3: Yes ... Yes, rationally. [Cough.] What I meant to say is ... *you should all go out and tar and feather that little--*

Octavia: Vinyl ...

DJ-P0n3: Alright, alright. [Cough.] Well, after that concert we held of ... questionable legality ...

Octavia: Which is to say, no legality at all.

DJ-P0n3: Basically. After that, ol' Princy tried to have us sued. However, this was quickly thrown out of court due to the fact nopony cares about anything the Prince does or says at any given moment, from now until the end of time. And that's not just my opinion, that's what the judge put in the court record!

Octavia: It was ... tiring.

DJ-P0n3: After dealing with all that, we had a bit of a vacation. Me and Octy went to Manehatten for a show her and the ensemble put on. Which KILLED, by the way.

Octavia: Aww, thank you, Vinyl.

DJ-P0n3: It was just a ton of fun. I even helped a little bit organizing the whole thing and selling merchandise to support the band!

Octavia: Ensemble.

DJ-P0n3: Whatever.

Octavia: I do ... appreciate the thought and enthusiasm Vinyl, but you really didn't have to make all that merchandise. Part of being a cultured musician is to realize art and music are more important than material gain. In fact, the true meaning of being a musician is to play even in the face of--

DJ-P0n3: Incidentally, if any of you ponies at home would like to buy some stuff, please go to your local retailer and ask for them. If they do not have them, DEMAND them! 100% of the proceeds go to supporting Octavia and her ensemble. We got Beauty Brass brand glow sticks, Frédéric Horseshoepin cups and plates, a photo of Harpo signed by me PRETENDING to be him... you can even buy a t-shirt with Octavia's face on it!

Octavia: [Facehoof.] Oh Celestia...

DJ-P0n3: Aww, come on, Octavia shirts are cool. Any shirts without your face are therefore lame, so I urge every filly at home to replace their entire wardrobe with these and burn all other clothes!

Octavia: [Deadpan.] She's joking. Don't do that. We don't need more lawsuits.

DJ-P0n3: They're so cool that I'd be wearing one right now if Octy didn't ask me not to. Party-pooper.

Octavia: I don't think it counts as party-pooing. It's more

like ... thinking it's *monumentally* creepy to see the pony you're living with walking around in a shirt with your face on it.

DJ-P0n3: [Gasp.] Oh, so you think I'm creepy now?

Octavia: [Deadpan.] Very.

DJ-P0n3: [Giggles.] Come on, it's all in good fun. You should wear one!

Octavia: That's just narcissistic!

DJ-P0n3: Come on, I'd do it!

Octavia: *Precisely!*

DJ-P0n3: [Giggles.] It'd be cool for you to wear it! That way it'd be like there's two of you! [Flirtatious.] Which actually reminds me of that one dream I had where--

[Octavia loudly coughs.]

Octavia: ANYWAY! Why don't we actually start the show?

DJ-P0n3: Right! Time to get back in action! We don't have an interview today, but we've got some stuff in the works that will knock your socks off! Even if you don't actually own socks, *they will be knocked off!* But today, we're going back to an old favorite. We had so much fun with the first call-in show, we decided to give it another shot! Why didn't we ever think of doing another one before?

Octavia: Because you threw our last telephone out a window.

DJ-P0n3: Ohhh, *right...* that did happen. [Pause.] Ah well, good thing we got another one.

[Drops rotary phone on the console.]

DJ-P0n3: So listeners, once again we will be taking your calls! More ponies have telephones than the last time we tried this, so I'm sure we'll be getting lots of great calls from interesting ponies! Or maybe we'll just get a bunch

of telemarketers. Either way, it's sure to be exciting!

Octavia: Also, I should mention this phone was provided as a donation by this week's sponsor, the Ponyville Library. For books of all size and shape and obscurity, just visit the current caretaker in residence, Twilig--

DJ-P0n3: Also, this library has a dragon!

Octavia: Um ... I don't see what that has to do with the library ...

DJ-P0n3: Because he's a dragon. And dragons are just ... *metal!*

[Clicks button, guitar riff.]

DJ-P0n3: So go to Ponyville Library, and see a great big, giant, humongous, terrifying--

Octavia: It's a baby dragon.

DJ-P0n3: --compact-sized dragon! Ah, well, still cool.

Octavia: Um ... and the library?

DJ-P0n3: Oh yeah. They have like one or two books there too, I guess.

Octavia: Wow, Vinyl, you're just so good at this advertising thing.

DJ-P0n3: Anyway, time to hit the ground running! Start calling in now! We can't wait to hear from you. It's easy, just pick up that phone and dial ... [Pause.] Dial ... ummm ...

Octavia: [Deadpan.] It's 4.

DJ-P0n3: Oh yeah! Just give us a call at 4!

[Phone rings.]

DJ-P0n3: And that sounds like our first caller. [Picks up receiver.] Hello caller, you're on the air with Vinyl Scratch.

[The pony on the other line is a mare who speaks in a very giddy yet heavily slurred speech.]

Berry Punch: [Overly cheerful] Heeeyyyyyy there! :)

Octavia: Oh dear...

DJ-P0n3: Wow, you sure seem to be in a good mood, caller.

Berry Punch: [Giggles loudly] S'cause I like ta have a good time all the time. 'Scuse me for a minute. [Takes sip of drink.] Ah! Theeeere we go. Mah name ish Berry Punch. I ... I run a bar in da town I'm in now... can't 'amember which one ... ya know... tha' one town? With the ... thing? And the guy?

Octavia: [Sarcastic.] Very descriptive.

DJ-P0n3: Ah, a bar! Sounds like you enjoy working there.

Octavia: [Whispering.] No kidding.

Berry Punch: [Giggles.] Ahm I on the radio? Tha's so cool.
Hiiiiiiiiii everypony! [Giggles some more.] So coooooool~

Octavia: Umm ... Did you have a question or anything, Miss Punch?

Berry Punch: Huh? Oh! Yes. Yes! It is like ... So good of a question tha' ... Hang on. [Takes long sip, followed by several gulps] Ah! Okay! I'm ready! [Pause] Wha' was I talkin' 'bout--

Octavia: [Frustrated.] The question!

Berry Punch: Okay, wha' did ya wanna ask me?

Octavia: Ugh!

DJ-P0n3: I had a question! Where can I get some of ... whatever it is you're on? Cause it sounds AWESOME.

Octavia: Vinyl!

Berry Punch: I... It's actually it's a new drink. My own cre...

create... creat... my own thingy tha' I made. It's called Punch Berry? [Giggles.] Huh? Huh, ya get it?

Octavia: Um... yeah.

Berry Punch: Cause it's like mah name.

Octavia: [Deadpan.] I gathered that.

Berry Punch: Tha's the funny part.

Octavia: Miss, did you actually have a questi-

Berry Punch: Fun tah say too. Punch Berry ... Berry Punch. Punch Punch Punch Berry Berry Punch Punch!

Octavia: Listen--

DJ-P0n3: ... Hey, that is fun to say. Berry Punch Berry--

Octavia: *Don't encourage the drunk!*

Berry Punch: Hey now! I take offense ta that. That is-- hang on a second. [Long sip.] Ah!

Octavia: Now listen, this kind of subject matter is inappropriate. Fillies listen to this show, you know. We have to be good role models. We can't glorify drinking.

DJ-P0n3: Oh, you big hypocrite. You drink too!

Octavia: Only after a show! Or sometimes before ... for ... nerves ... very occasionally! And er ... w-with breakfast that one time, look, I'm not on trial here!

DJ-P0n3: [Low giggle.] It makes you get all ... *affectionate*.

Octavia: [Irritated.] Vinyl!

Berry Punch: [Giggles] Hey. Hey. Hey, Octavia.

[Octavia sighs.]

Berry Punch: Hey ... hey hey, Octavia, hey. Hey! Hey! Heeeeey!

Octavia: [Irritated] *What?!*

Berry Punch: ... I forgot again. [Laughs]

Octavia: Ugh! Next caller!

[Hangs up, dial tone.]

DJ-P0n3: Well, she was nice.

Octavia: [Deadpan.] Nice and sauced.

DJ-P0n3: Come on, I've seen drunker.

Octavia: Like where? [Long pause.] Um ... Vinyl? Why are you staring at me like that?

DJ-P0n3: [Fake innocence.] Oh, nothing~

Octavia: What I don't ... I don't get like that!

DJ-P0n3: Do you remember much when you've been drinking?

Octavia: Well ... not ... really. [Pause.] It's ...I can't possibly act like that. That's just so undignified and--
stop smiling like that!

DJ-P0n3: [Clearly grinning.] I'm not smiling.

Octavia: I'm looking right at you.

DJ-P0n3: You're seeing things, Octy. [Chuckles.] Sure you haven't been drinking?

Octavia: You're insufferable!

DJ-P0n3: You know you love it.

[Octavia pauses, then clearly tried not to chuckle.]

[Phone rings.]

Octavia: I'll get it ... [Click.] Hello caller, you're on the Vinyl Scratch.

[Caller is a vaguely familiar mare with a cool and collected voice.]

Caller: Hey Octavia. Just called to make sure Scratch hadn't gotten you both evicted yet ...

Octavia: Wha? Who? [Pause.] Wait...

DJ-P0n3: [Excited.] Spitfire?

Spitfire: Last time I checked. [Chuckles.]

[DJ-P0n3 laughs.]

DJ-P0n3: Oh, you old mule! I've missed you! I haven't seen you since you helped us move.

Octavia: Speaking of which, I wanted to thank you for the help, Miss Spitfire. I know you have such a busy schedule as it is.

Spitfire: Hey, what are friends for?

DJ-P0n3: Exploitation of cheap labor, of course!

Spitfire: But seriously, I did have a question.

Octavia: Oh! Wonderful. Finally, a proper caller.

DJ-P0n3: Aww, I kind of liked the callers so drunk they can't walk anymore!

Octavia: [Deadpan.] Only because they're the only ones who find your jokes funny.

DJ-P0n3: Of course! Why do you think most raves serve alcohol? [Giggles.] Anyway, go on, Spitfire.

Spitfire: Well I was just wondering ... what is it like for you guys now? You know, living together now.

[Octavia blushes and stammers for a moment.]

Octavia: Um ... well, that's ... kind of a ... personal question that I'm not sure I'm comfortable answering in a--

DJ-P0n3: It is sexy beyond your *wildest* imaginations!

Octavia: VINYL! [Stammers.] T-That's not appropriate for the radio.

DJ-P0n3: Oh, everypony knows I'm just kidding around. [Giggles.] Besides, it's not like I said anything *embarrassing*.

Octavia: There's nothing embarrassing to tell, really.

[Vinyl is silent.]

Octavia: What?

DJ-P0n3: Oh, it's nothing.

Octavia: Oh, don't try to say that! You're smirking. You're thinking of something.

DJ-P0n3: [Trying not to laugh.] No really, it's ... it's nothing. I'm ... [Giggles.] I can't think of anything embarrassing.

Octavia: [Sigh.] Just go ahead and say it.

DJ-P0n3: No no, it's ... it's too much. [Giggles.] Besides, you'll be mad.

Octavia: I'll be mad if you *don't* tell me!

DJ-P0n3: Oh come on, that's entrapment!

Spitfire: Vinyl feeling *bad* about something? That's not a good omen. Maybe we should just--

Octavia: Just. Say. It.

DJ-P0n3: Ooookay, but remember, I warned you ... [Coughs.] So! Spitfire! When you were over, what did you think of Octavia's cooking?

Octavia: [Shocked.] What?

Spitfire: [Off-guard.] What? Oh. *Oh*. It was... it was ... good.

Really.

DJ-P0n3: Notice the long pause.

Octavia: [Astonished.] I ... there is nothing wrong with my cooking. You said you liked it.

DJ-P0n3: It was ... well ...

Octavia: Well what?!

DJ-P0n3: I'm ... pretty sure most ponies don't make apple pies ... with mushrooms in them.

Octavia: I um ... might have misread the recipe ... a little ...

DJ-P0n3: You don't say? I would *never* have guessed.

Octavia: It... it couldn't have been that bad. Right, Spitfire?

Spitfire: [Awkward.] Well, it wasn't ... *that* bad. I mean ... it had an interesting ... er ... variety. It was certainly ... creative.

DJ-P0n3: Yes. Literally no pony, anywhere else, ever would have thought to do that. I have to give you that.

[DJ-P0n3 lets out a short giggle.]

Octavia: ... [Sigh.]

[Once hearing Octavia's sigh, DJ-P0n3's laugh falters.]

DJ-P0n3: [Hesitant.] H-hey. Hey. Don't take it so hard, Octy. It's just a joke. We joke on each other all the time. Ha-ha-joke, you know! It's ... [Softly.] It's nothing to get upset about.

Octavia: [Sadly.] ... yeah. I know...

DJ-P0n3: Um ... you oka--

Octavia: [Slightly bitter.] Okay, you want to be like that. [Clears throat.] Everypony, let me tell you about some of the things Vinyl likes to do at home ...

Spitfire: Um ... maybe we should just change the subject--

Octavia: Have you ever heard Vinyl sing in the shower? If you haven't, let me paint a picture for you. Imagine everything good about music, then imagine it being trampled to death, before being drawn and quartered ...

DJ-P0n3: Oh come on, don't be like that. I'm not THAT bad.

Octavia: It's like a headache in audio form!

DJ-P0n3: Oh. *Oh!* Is that what you think?

Spitfire: Um ... guys? Just relax for a minute--

Octavia: If you ever sing in public, it'd be a crime against the state!

DJ-P0n3: [Not paying attention to Spitfire] Now you're just exaggerating! You said you liked my singing!

Octavia: [Frustrated.] Well, you said you liked my cooking, but I suppose that was just a lie too!

DJ-P0n3: It wasn't a lie ... just ... enhancing the truth.

Octavia: Yeah, enhancing the truth *with lies!*

Spitfire: Um ... really, maybe you guys should stop and--

DJ-P0n3: I was trying not to hurt your feelings!

Octavia: Yeah, until you thought it would be funny!

DJ-P0n3: I warned you. And, come on, it *was* a little funny.

Octavia: Well not to me! I'm not a bad cook! If you want to know the truth, it's just that I spent half the night wracking my brain, trying to think of something, *anything*, to make that wouldn't be completely plain or mediocre! And when I finally *did*, everything fell apart because I was so nervous, when all I really wanted to do was make something special for our first night in our new home!

[Pause.]

DJ-P0n3: [Sincere.] I'm ... sorry, Octy.

Octavia: Yeah, sure you are. [Angry.] And if it was really that bad, why did you nearly eat the whole thing all by yourself?!

DJ-P0n3: *Because you made it for me!*

[Long pause.]

Octavia: I...

DJ-P0n3: [Sighs.] Spitfire, you asked that you wanted to know what it's like living together with Octavia? For serious?

Spitfire: Yeah...

DJ-P0n3: [Softly.] All joking aside ... I get to wake up every day, living with the pony who makes me the happiest. I get to laugh together with her, joke with her, and just be there with her. Every second I'm with her makes me feel like I'm in front of a cheering crowd after the best set I've ever done. I'm ... [Chuckles.] I'm just grateful she somehow manages to put up with me every day without punching me in the face ... I really couldn't be happier than I am, right now.

[Long silence.]

Octavia: Vinyl ... that's ... that was so sweet.

DJ-P0n3: Heh ... sorry to get all sappy on everypony.

Spitfire: Awww ... Vinyl ... you big softy. [Laughs.]

DJ-P0n3: You ... still mad, Octy?

Octavia: No ... I suppose you *did* try to warn me. I guess if you, of all ponies on the planet, was afraid something you said might go a bit too far, I probably should have listened.

DJ-P0n3: Nah ... I really should have known better. Heh, I think we should all just admit we're mature adults ... and blame Spitshine for all of this.

Octavia: [Deadpan.] Yes.

Spitfire: *Hey!*

[Octavia and DJ-P0n3 start snickering, and after a moment, Spitfire joins in.]

Spitfire: Whew ... you guys are crazy.

DJ-P0n3: Well, you're the one who hangs around such bad company!
[Snickers.]

Spitfire: Bad? No ... you guys are the best.

DJ-P0n3: Aww!

Spitfire: I guess I better head out.

DJ-P0n3: Keep in touch.

Spitfire: Nothing could keep me from it ... bye you guys ...

[Click, dial tone.]

DJ-P0n3: Well, that was a surprise! It's always fun to talk to ol' Spitshine.

Octavia: ... I ... really mean that much to you, Vinyl?

DJ-P0n3: Octy ... [Pause, then a giggle.] It ... just wouldn't be the same without you, you know?

Octavia: I'm ... glad.

[Phone rings.]

DJ-P0n3: Oops, looks like my plan to snuggle with you in the studio will have to wait for a bit!

Octavia: [Laughs.] Vinyl!

[Click.]

DJ-P0n3: Hello, you're on the Vinyl Scratch.

[There is a brief pause, followed by the slow clapping of hooves. Clap ... clap ... clap ... the voice that follows is one of a stallion, self-important, smug, and familiar...]

Caller: [Sarcastic.] Bravo, Miss Vinyl Scratch. And you too, Miss Octavia. So ... *touching*. Sickeningly sweet even. [Sinister.] Or maybe just *sick*.

Octavia: [Bitter.] That voice ...

DJ-P0n3: *Blueblood*.

Blueblood: Haha! I'm flattered you remember! Yes, it is I, Prince Blueblood. And this time, you will not be able to stop as I deliver the fell hoof of justice upon--

[DJ-P0n3 hangs up. Dial tone.]

DJ-P0n3: Oops, well, would you look at that? We've been disconnected. By my hoof slamming the phone down. I guess we can't--

[Phone rings.]

[Click.]

DJ-P0n3: Hello, you're on the air with--

Blueblood: [Whiny.] *Hey!* I *know* you didn't just hang up on me!

DJ-P0n3: [Mock sincerity.] Why Prince, I'm *shocked* you would even think such a thing.

Blueblood: Good, because--

[Hangs up, dial tone.]

[Ring.]

[Click.]

DJ-P0n3: Y'ello?

Blueblood: Listen--

[Slams phone down, then rings again almost immediately.]

[Click.]

Blueblood: *You little--*

[Hang up.]

DJ-P0n3: [Snickers.] You know, life is pretty good to me
sometimes...

Octavia: Vinyl, this is getting absurd! Let me handle this!

[Phone rings.]

DJ-P0n3: Go right ahead.

[Click.]

Octavia: Is this the Prince again?

Blueblood: [Sigh of relief.] Finally, somepony with a brain. Now
then, could you kindly tell your insane friend to--

Octavia: Call again and I'll knock out the rest of your teeth.

[Slams phone down.]

[DJ-P0n3 dies laughing.]

Octavia: Ooooooh, that felt *good*.

DJ-P0n3: Haha! What was that you were saying before about being
a good role model?

Octavia: I blame you for corrupting me.

DJ-P0n3: Oh, so suddenly I'm Discord or something?

Octavia: That's the working thesis, yes...

[Phone rings.]

Octavia: Oh for the love of ... [Click.] What did I just say?!
Can't you take a hint?

Berry Punch: [Hiccup.] Aw, baby, why ya gotta be tha' way?

[Octavia's head hits the desk as the phone is softly hung up.]

[Phone rings.]

[Click.]

DJ-P0n3: Yeeeeesss?

Blueblood: Yes. Hi. *Don't hang up.*

DJ-P0n3: [Dark chuckle.] Gotta say, I love it when you call. I
can make fun of you all I want and never once feel
guilty.

Blueblood: In all honesty, I probably should have known better.
I can't presume your social graces would mature beyond
fart jokes and vulgar grade-school level insults.

DJ-P0n3: You say that like it's a bad thing.

Blueblood: Hmph! Enjoy your immaturity while you can. For you
see, K-COLT has just entered it's winter.

Octavia: [Sarcasm.] Oh no, I'm so frightened.

DJ-P0n3: Yes, we're totally soiling ourselves in fear over here
...

Blueblood: [Without irony.] And rightfully so!

Octavia: [Sigh.] Still as good at detecting sarcasm as you ever
were...

Blueblood: Oh ... [Confused.] Well, thank you for the
compliment.

Octavia: No, I was being ... Ugh, you know what, nevermind.

Blueblood: Anyway ... I'm sure you consider yourself clever for squirming through the legal system so well, and leaving me disgraced, humiliated, and forced to work in the spice mines to learn "humility" or some other such gibbersh ...

DJ-P0n3: Haha, yeah, I am pretty awesome, huh?

Blueblood: Well ... until I can become king and repeal such inconveniences as due process, fair trial, and manual labor ... I shall have to do the next best thing. I shall bring K-COLT to its knees with my most ingenious plan yet! Finally, I shall show all of Equestria that you are nothing more than a farce, nothing more than an agent of Discord and menace to all that is just and--

DJ-P0n3: [Ignoring Blueblood.] So Octavia, what were you thinking about for lunch?

Octavia: Well, there is that lovely place on the Boardwalk where--

Blueblood: *Hey! I'm still talking!*

DJ-P0n3: Your point being?

Blueblood: D-don't try to play it cool! I know you're intimidated by the looming threat of my plan!

DJ-P0n3: [Laughs.] Intimidated? You were like ... maybe a serious threat for all of, what, five minutes at the concert?! And then when you tried to pull your last plan, my co-host punched you in the face and you curled up in a little ball.

Octavia: Ah yes ... good times ...

Blueblood: I ... have no memory of any of that happening.

DJ-P0n3: We had it recorded.

Blueblood: Nothing but manipulative editing that I will not dignify with a response. And on an unrelated note, *shut*

up! [Pause.] But that's fine. Perhaps you won't laugh when I reveal to you the specifics ... a plan so crafty and righteous that all of--

Octavia: [Bored.] Get on with it or we're hanging up.

Blueblood: NO WAIT! [Cough, then tries to play it cool.] Ahem. Very well. I will now take this time to announce that K-COLT has been rendered obsolete! For I would like to announce the creation of a *new* radio station starring somepony far more respected and entertaining ... ME! And once my show takes the air waves, the public will clearly see the show of superior quality and leave you penniless and unwatched! [Maniacal laugh.] What do you say to *that*, Miss Vinyl Scratch?!

[There is a brief pause, followed by DJ-P0n3 and Octavia bursting out laughing uncontrollably.]

Blueblood: [While laughing continues.] Er ... clearly you are in denial ... [Laughing continues.] I am sure right now the crushing weight of my inevitable victory is ... [Laughing gets louder.] *STOP LAUGHING!*

DJ-P0n3: [Still chuckling.] Oh, Celestia, are you *serious*?! You really thought that was going to ... to be an earth shattering event?!

Octavia: That's just so ... *cute*.

Blueblood: [Stammering.] C-Cute? CUTE! [Furious.] You ... impudent pieces of *gutter trash*! Laugh all you want. I'll show you ... this isn't just a game to me, Miss Vinyl Scratch and Miss Octavia. No pony treats me the way you have! I am going to go out of my way to completely *ruin* you. Even if it takes me a hundred thousand years, even if I have to CLAW my way up your radio tower just to do so, I will not rest until you are a footnote in the pages of history! I will come down upon you like a thief in the night and ...

[On the end of the phone, a gruff stallion voice is heard in the background.]

Gruff Pony: Blueblood! Your break ended a half hour ago!

DJ-P0n3: Wait ... who's that?

Blueblood: [Embarrassed.] Oh ... I um ... suppose I'm still ... technically at work in the spice mines ...

Gruff Pony: That phone bill is coming out of your pay check! Now get back to work!

Blueblood: [Hopeful.] If I refuse, am I fired?

Gruff Pony: No! Get your pickaxe!

Blueblood: [Angry grumbling.] I have to go ...

DJ-P0n3: Bye Princy! Good luck with your posh lifestyle of self-delusion and digging through dirt clods.

Blueblood: [Pause.] I *hate* you. You listen to me, I'll be back! My radio station is nearing completion, and when it does, I'll--

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, yeah. Don't call us, we'll call you.

[DJ-P0n3 hangs up, dial tone.]

DJ-P0n3: Well now, that was fun. [Giggles.] Can't believe he was actually serious. Can you believe that? Prince Bootlick with a radio show ...

Octavia: Yeah ... [Sigh.]

DJ-P0n3: What? ... oh, don't tell me you're actually *worried*.

Octavia: Not really, it's just ... well, he's titanically stupid.

DJ-P0n3: Uh huh, just discovering that now?

Octavia: No I mean, he's stupid enough to try something really ... I dunno drastic. And, idiot or no, he is still a prince. He has the resources to try something. And if he tries to attack my ensemble again, I just ... I dunno, it's in my nature to worry.

DJ-P0n3: Well, I know we have nothing to worry about.

Octavia: Why?

DJ-P0n3: It's simple ... I have the utmost confidence!

Octavia: What? In yourself?

DJ-P0n3: No. In *us*.

[Pause.]

Octavia: [Softly.] Vinyl ...

DJ-P0n3: Yes?

Octavia: That is *beyond* corny.

DJ-P0n3: [Chuckles.] Yeah, I guess that was pretty bad. Gosh, I'm sappy today.

Octavia: Maybe so ... but you're right. Thank you, I feel much better ... I think ... perhaps I should do something nice for you.

DJ-P0n3: Yeah?

Octavia: Perhaps ... when we get home ...

DJ-P0n3: Y-yeah?

Octavia: I'll ... wear that ridiculous shirt with my face on it.

DJ-P0n3: YES! SCORE! [Chuckles.] Well anyway, everypony, that's all the time we have today. I didn't have to throw the phone out the window this time, so we might do this again sometime! Until then, this has been ... THE VINYL SCRATCH!

ENCLOSURE

Document 1678: Partial transcript of phone conversation,
recorded from Equestrian Telephone Switchboard 7-A

[Several pages of this document are missing, but the remaining pages have been included in this transcript for historical significance. Use of this document into public record was approved by Royal Seal.]

[FIRST TWO PAGES MISSING.]

Caller A: So that's the jist of it. I've never run a radio show before ... and I'm certain I *could* if that drooling moron could do it ... but as much as I hate to admit, I can't do it alone. After all, what is a radio show without a co-host? [Sigh.] Look, I know this might be a bit of an ... odd request, especially considering you've sponsored that ... inane program before. But I've seen your performances. I know you can captivate a crowd, even despite some recent ... er ... shall we say ... mixed reviews?

Caller B: Hmph! The GREAT and POWERFUL Trixie has evolved beyond the need to critics! Trixie is quite reserved and modest towards such pea-brained idiots who wouldn't know a good show if it came back and bit them in the--

Caller A: As ... I was saying ... I'm willing to offer you a very, very, VERY generous paycheck in exchange for helping me run my own competing show. I believe with you on my side, nopony will be able to stop us. And all you have to do is put on a good show. I don't think I have to ask if you're capable of doing that. Besides, this might help you get back on your hooves after the recent unpleasantness.

Caller B: Trixie doesn't NEED anypony's help ... but still ... Trixie must admit the idea is interesting ...

Caller A: Think about it ... everypony in Equestria would KNOW your name.

Caller B: Hmm... Princy?

Caller A: Yes?

Caller B: The GREAT and POWERFUL Trixie ... thinks this is
beginning of a beautiful friendship ... mhahahahaha
MHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! MHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

MHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

[Pause.]

Caller A: Was ... the laughing really quite necessary?

Caller B: Shut up.

[FINAL PAGE MISSING.]

[END OF DOCUMENT.]