

## The Vinyl Scratch Tapes Season 2

### Third Transcript: The Luna Interview

[What follows is a transcript of episode 2F07, one day following the interview with Octavia's ensemble and the first broadcast of rival radio station, National Pony Radio.]

Octavia: [Imitating Vinyl's voice.] Good morning, Equestria! Time for me to say something over-the-top that makes no sense and use the word ROCK a lot because of my limited vocabulary! It's time for ... THE VINYL SCRATCH!

[Record scratch.]

Octavia: That's right, the Vinyl Scratch. A show that is the brainchild of me, the Elegant Elitist Egotist herself, DJ-P0n3!

DJ-P0n3: [Imitating Octavia's voice.] And I'm Octavia, the prissy assistant who likes to speak in an overly dignified manner to try to make myself seem mature, when I truly enjoy my cohort's antics.

Octavia: [Stops impression, chuckles.] That's actually not a bad impression.

DJ-P0n3: [Still imitating.] In fact, I enjoy everything about Vinyl, that charismatic filly. Her talented wordplay, her angelic voice--

Octavia: Uh huh, okay, joke's over.

DJ-P0n3: [Octy voice.] Sometimes when I see Vinyl, I indulge in certain ... thoughts.

Octavia: Ha, okay Vinyl, that's enough.

DJ-P0n3: [Not stopping.] Those red eyes, that blue mane ... she just seems so *virile*--

Octavia: *Vinyl!*

[DJ-P0n3 laughs.]

DJ-P0n3: Oh, come on, I'm just kidding around.

Octavia: Just because you think something is fun doesn't mean everypony else does!

DJ-P0n3: Yes it does.

Octavia: [Sigh.] It's like talking to a child.

DJ-P0n3: [Teasing.] I know you are, but what am I?

Octavia: A moron.

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, but I mean besides that?

[Octavia snickers.]

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

DJ-P0n3: Alright! Well, first of all, I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Octavia and her ensemble on their recent *ascent to godhood!*

Octavia: Um ... I think you might be overstating it a bit.

DJ-P0n3: Maybe a little. You see, her ensemble (under the management of yours truly) has signed a big deal with Stallion Stereophonics! It's a big step for them and they should feel very proud!

Octavia: [Nervous laugh.] Well, it is ... a big opportunity, to be sure.

DJ-P0n3: What's wrong? You still feeling iffy about this?

Octavia: Well ... I dunno. I've never really been in it for the money. It's about the music.

DJ-P0n3: That's very true... buuuut it's nice to have both. Like ... one is good, but both, that's awesome. Just saying. Besides, it's not really about money! It's more about getting your name out there!

Octavia: [Dryly.] Yes, because being on the most popular show in Equestria isn't enough exposure.

DJ-P0n3: Oh ... yeah. But still!

Octavia: Listen, I am very grateful for all your help, Vinyl. And I do realize this is a big step for us. It's just ... it feels weird. Our ensemble has been playing for a while, yes, but ... we were never widely popular until the concert. I've always been used to ... struggling, I guess. I suppose it's a bit weird to think of myself something other than, well, an underdog.

DJ-P0n3: Hm ... I guess that could be a bit strange. But the thing about underdogs is that they always win in the end!

Octavia: Well ... either that or fall into obscurity and depression.

DJ-P0n3: Heh, gotta love your cheery outlook on life sometimes, Octy.

Octavia: [Chuckle.] You have enough dumb optimism for the both of us, Vinyl.

[Octavia pauses.]

Octavia: [Quietly.] But ... I realize my ensemble and I wouldn't be at this point if it wasn't for you and this show. So I just ... I just wanted to say ...

DJ-P0n3: Octy?

Octavia: Yeah?

DJ-P0n3: Just give me a hug, stupid.

[Octavia chuckles.]

Octavia: You're impossible.

DJ-P0n3: Heh ... guess I am.

[They hug.]

Octavia: Thanks.

DJ-P0n3: Anytime.

Octavia: [Pause.] Um ... didn't we have a show?

DJ-P0n3: [Wistfully.] Yeah ...

Octavia: Then you should probably stop hugging me now.

DJ-P0n3: Wha- OH. Oh right ... [Nervous cough]. Right then. The interview. Yeah. We should like ... do that thing.

Octavia: [Chuckles.] Way to stay professional, Vinyl.

DJ-P0n3: Anyway! All you listeners are in for a treat today! We have a show unlike any other! We have the one, the only, Princess of the Night! That's right, we have Princess Luna here for an interview! Are you excited? I sure am!

Octavia: Yes, because the last time we had a Princess here, that went *so well*.

DJ-P0n3: [Nervous chuckle.] Heh, yeah ... well, that's all in the past! This time will be different! Seriously, it'll be awesome! She'll be able to set the record straight, we'll all laugh and make friends, I'll show her my rock opera ...

Octavia: Oh dear. No. No. Just ... no.

DJ-P0n3: What? Why?

Octavia: Because there are laws against *cruel and unusual punishment*.

[DJ-P0n3 laughs.]

DJ-P0n3: Well, we'll just see what she thinks herself. Please welcome ... Princess Luna!

[Silence.]

DJ-P0n3: Ahem ... *Princess Luna!*

[Nothing happens.]

DJ-P0n3: *Princess Luna?* [Whisper.] Uh oh.

Octavia: Um ... are you sure she's here?

DJ-P0n3: Of course she is! I mean, every guest before has always been on time!

Octavia: So ... you didn't actually check?

DJ-P0n3: Well ... not as such, no.

Octavia: You mean you don't check if our guests are here before we go on the air. *Ever?*

DJ-P0n3: Um ... heh, well it sounds bad when you say it like *that*.

Octavia: So ... let me get this straight. You mean every single show, you've never checked to see if our guests actually showed up first? You just loudly said their name and they always walked in? *Is that what you're telling me?*

DJ-P0n3: Yes. That's basically the jist of it.

Octavia: *How do you function like this?!*

DJ-P0n3: Pretty good, apparently.

Octavia: GAH! [Head hits the desk.]

DJ-P0n3: So um ... sorry for the technical difficulties, folks ...

Octavia: [Muttering.] More like mental difficulties.

DJ-P0n3: Heh ... well, we're gonna put some music on while we sort of ... figure out what's going on. Don't touch that dial. You're listening to THE VINYL SCRATCH!

[Cuts to music.]

The Blueblood Tapes

Transcript: The Argument

[Crackling sound heard over transmission.]

[Door swings open.]

Trixie: [Grumbling.] Not sure why I even bother showing up early. Probably isn't even here yet, that miserable sack of--

Blueblood: Hello, Trixie.

[Sound of cider being poured into glass.]

Trixie: [Shocked.] Prince?! Oh ... [Clears throat.] Trixie didn't expect to see you here so early. You're lucky the GREAT and POWERFUL Trixie returned at all.

Blueblood: [Dejected.] Lucky? Me? Heh ... you clearly don't know me that well. [Takes sip of cider.]

Trixie: Um ... [cough.] Are ... are you drinking?

Blueblood: No, I'm knitting a quilt, *yes I'm drinking*. [Takes sip.] Was that good? I've been practicing my sarcasm. Was that funny?

Trixie: [Uncomfortable.] Not ... not as such, no. [Tries to raise voice.] The GREAT and POWERFUL Trixie is ... [Voice falters.] Okay, seriously, are you alright? You're drinking at like ... eight in the morning.

Blueblood: It's morning now? Oh ...

Trixie: You've been drinking *all night*?!

Blueblood: Not all night. Don't be ridiculous.

Trixie: Oh. Good.

Blueblood: I mean, at some point I had to get up and go to the bathroom. Wasn't drinking then. [Takes sip.] At least I don't think I was.

Trixie: Uh ... huh. [Pause.] Are ... are we on the air now?

Blueblood: I dunno, probably.

Trixie: *Probably?*!

Blueblood: Well this thing seems to turn off and on when it wants to.

Trixie: Ugh! You must be doing something wrong, then. Machines don't just do that on their own.

Blueblood: They might if they were *set on fire*.

Trixie: Oh, oh, that's real mature! What are you trying to do, make Trixie feel stupid?

Blueblood: No... [Takes sip, slurs.] I'm just saying a stupid thing happened and you were the direct cause. Take from that what you will.

Trixie: ... what ... did you just say to Trixie?

Blueblood: [Slurs.] And another thing, why do you call yourself "Trixie" like that? Trixie this, Trixie that. Are you afraid you'll *forget your name* if you don't? Are you that dense?

Trixie: [Eerily calm.] Say that again.

Blueblood: I didn't stutter. Let me put this in terms you'll understand. Blueblood (that's me) just asked Trixie (that's you, in case you needed a reminder) if she really is that dense. Then Trixie (that's you again) asked Blueblood (that's me) to say that again. Evidently Trixie (you) didn't hear it right the first time. [Takes sip.] Is that sufficient?

[There is a pause, then Trixie grabs glass and shatters it against a wall.]

Blueblood: Hey! That was only half-empty!

Trixie: I DON'T CARE! [Slams hoof down on the table.] You know,



Trixie took this job thinking that you could make her look good. And you know what, you did! Because ANYPONY would look like a saint next to YOU! I almost felt SORRY for you, because I thought I had hurt your feelings by turning you down, that that was the reason you got sauced! But you know what, if this is how you treat somepony, I don't care! I don't care because YOU don't care. You don't care about anything or ANYPONY but yourself. If you're drinking yourself into a coma because you're depressed, you know what, YOU PROBABLY DESERVE TO!

Blueblood: [Shaking with rage.] Oh, and I suppose you think you know everything about me, huh?! And who are you to call me selfish? All you talk about is yourself! If you think I'm that horrible, I suppose that makes us two peas in a pod!

Trixie: Psh! If Trixie was EVER as big a jerk as you, Trixie would throw herself out the window.

Blueblood: Go right ahead, I'll open it for you! Need a push? You'd probably be too chicken to go through with it otherwise, *coward*.

Trixie: Oh! Oh, is that what you think? Keep talking. That fire yesterday is about HALF of what Trixie can do to you, you failure!

Blueblood: Oh, *really*? I doubt that very seriously. You couldn't even fight an Ursa Minor!

Trixie: WHAT?!

Blueblood: Yeah. Bet you didn't know I knew that. I looked into it. I know all about what happened in Ponyville. You couldn't defeat an Ursa Minor and my auntie's apprentice had to bail you out. You're all talk! You act like you're the big hero, but I know that, underneath all that, you're just ... *small*. You think *I'm* a failure? LOOK IN THE MIRROR!

[Long pause.]

Trixie: [Voice shaky.] You ... you ...

Blueblood: [Softly.] Oh Celestia, are you crying?

Trixie: [Voice cracks.] Just shut up!

Blueblood: I ... oh dear. Listen, I was ... look, I didn't mean ... here, let me--

Trixie: [Furious.] *Get away from me!* Forget this! Trixie QUILTS!  
Trixie never wants to see you again!

[Rises from chair, chair clatters to the floor.]

Blueblood: But I ... I'm--

Trixie: Save it! Do the show yourself, *oh gallant* Prince! I'm--

[Door knocks loudly.]

Trixie: Oh, for Celestia's sake ... [Yelling.] Whoever it is, go away! We're busy! Or not home! Or dead! Whatever Trixie has to say to make you go away!

[A great, booming regal voice emerges beyond the door.]

Voice: **CLEARLY GREETING ETIQUETTE HAS GROSSLY CHANGED IN OUR ABSENCE! IT WAS ONCE CUSTOMARY TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR A GUEST!**

Trixie: Wait ... what?

Blueblood: [Stiffens.] Uh oh.

Voice: It is of little import. Tis our duty to adapt to modern customs. We shall gently allow ourselves in.

[The sound of a horn glowing is heard, followed by the door being shot off its hinges and crashing to the floor.]

Voice: Oh ... pardon. We are having difficulty practicing restraint.

Trixie: [Stammering in shock.] You ... you're ...

Blueblood: ... auntie Luna?

Luna: Yes, little Prince. But 'auntie' is not the only title we bear. Is this the speaking apparatus for this contraption?

Trixie: You mean the microphone?

Luna: Yes, what thou said. [Raises voice, room shakes. Speakers distort.] **HEAR ME, CITIZENS OF EQUESTRIA. ALL WITHIN THE SOUND OF OUR VOICE, HEAR AND BEAR WITNESS TO THE TRUE PRINCESS OF THE NIGHT!**

[Speakers distort, loud pop is heard.]

[Transmission disrupted.]

The Vinyl Scratch Tapes Season 2

Third Transcript: ~~The Luna Interview~~ The No-Show Episode  
(Continued)

[Music ends after several minutes.]

Octavia: Hello, listeners. Just wanted to give an update on this um ... unconventional situation here. Vinyl is currently on the phone trying to contact the castle and see if we can locate Princess Luna's whereabouts--

DJ-P0n3: [On telephone.] What do you mean you don't know where she is?!

Octavia: Which is going swimmingly, as you can tell.

DJ-P0n3: She left already? Well, she sure isn't here! [Pause.] Yes, I'm sure. [Pause.] Look, I don't think I'd just overlook a Princess being there or not. [Pause.] Okay, look, can you put Princess Celestia on the phone? [Pause.] Yes, she knows who I am. I made fun of her publicly. We're like best friends! [Pause.] No, I don't have any shame, what does that have to do with-- hello? *Hello?*

[Slams phone down.]

DJ-P0n3: ... nice guy.

Octavia: So ... basically we're right back where we started. We have no idea where she is. Did we have a Plan B?

DJ-P0n3: "Winging it" is Plan B.

Octavia: Why do I have a feeling that was Plan A too?

DJ-P0n3: Um ... I could ... I dunno ... pretend I'm Princess Luna and you could interview me. [Clears throat, speaks in deeper voice that sounds nothing like Princess Luna.] I AM PRINCESS LUNA. I USED TO LIVE ON THE MOON ... MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON.

Octavia: ...

DJ-P0n3: ... that's all I got. Can we pad that out to a half hour?

Octavia: [Sigh.] I just don't understand. No pony's ever stood us up before.

DJ-P0n3: Yeah. I mean, no pony but the Prince. [Pause.] Hey ... you don't ... you don't think ...

[Pause.]

Octavia: [Half-hearted chuckle.] No, no, that's impossible. He couldn't have anything to do with this.

DJ-P0n3: Psh! Yeah, t-that'd just be ridiculous. Like he'd ever do anything competent. I mean, look who we're talking about!

Octavia: Right.

DJ-P0n3: Right!

Octavia: [Whisper.] Right.

[Pause, followed by knocking at the door.]

DJ-P0n3: Yeah! See, that's probably the Princess right now. She's probably just late because she's on ... I dunno, lunar time or something.

Octavia: There's no such thing.

DJ-P0n3: Well, why don't we ask her?

[Hoofsteps, door opens.]

DJ-P0n3: [Cheerful.] Welcome to the studio, Princess Lu-- you're not Princess Luna.

[A pegasus with a ditzy voice and a cheerful attitude is at the door, holding a mailbag.]

Derpy: [Confused.] Um ... am I supposed to be?

DJ-P0n3: No, I guess not ... how can I help you?

Derpy: Are you ... [Checks mail bag.] Ms. Vinyl Agatha Scratch?

Octavia: [Yelling in background.] *Agatha?!*

DJ-P0n3: [Yelling back.] Shut up! [Turns back to Derpy.] I mean ... yes ... yes, that's me.

Derpy: I have a letter for you.

[Derpy hands DJ-P0n3 a letter held in her mouth.]

Derpy: Thank you for choosing Derpy Express. Have a nice day.

[Flaps wings.]

DJ-P0n3: Watch the ceiling!

[Thud.]

Derpy: Ouch! Sorry ...

[Wing flapping disappears in the distance, door closes. DJ-P0n3 sits back down.]

Octavia: [Snicker.] Agatha ...

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, yeah, I know! Enough about that. Should we open it?

Octavia: Well ... it's not like we have anything else planned right now.

[DJ-P0n3 tears letter open.]

DJ-P0n3: [Muttering.] Alright, let's see here ... ah, it's from Princess Luna! [Mutters to herself while reading.] "Apologize for such short notice," yada yada, "with heavy regret," blah blah, "we shall not be able to grant an audience with thee as previously scheduled ..." Wait, *what?!*

Octavia: Does it say why?

DJ-P0n3: Hang on, hang on! It's hard to read with sunglasses!

[Pause.] Wait ... [Sudden anger.] Oh, that arrogant little two-faced snake!

Octavia: What?!

DJ-P0n3: [Reading.] "Unfortunately, we have an urgent meeting of a most personal matter to attend to with our nephew, Prince Blueblood." [Crumples letter.] That jerk! He probably snaked the interview right from under us by lying to the Princess!

Octavia: That ... well, maybe there's another explanation.

DJ-P0n3: Oh, don't be naïve! This ... [Frustrated grunt.] Well, I'm not going to take this lying down!

[Vinyl stands up, chair falls over, followed by hoof steps.]

Octavia: Vinyl! W-what are you doing?

DJ-P0n3: Getting to the bottom of this! I'll be back in a bit!  
Bail money is under the desk!

[Door opens.]

Octavia: Wait! What am I supposed to do about the show?

DJ-P0n3: I dunno, do something cute.

Octavia: *Something cu--*

DJ-P0n3: Be back in a bit. Later, sweetie!

[Door closes.]

Octavia: [Sigh.] Why do I have a feeling I'm going to end up in court again? [Nervously.] Um ... so ... listeners. Um ... how 'bout them Wonderbolts? Heh heh ... [Groan.] I have a bad feeling about this.

The Blueblood Tapes

Transcript: The Luna Interview

[Crackling sounds heard over transmission.]

Trixie: ... I think it's working now.

Luna: Our apologies! We had no idea modern technology could not contain the Royal Canterlot voice. We are sincerely sorry for making thy speakers collapse.

Blueblood: [Muttering.] Kind of day I've had, there was a fifty-fifty chance of that happening *anyway*.

Luna: Pardon?

Blueblood: Nothing. [Sigh.]

[Trixie and Blueblood begin whispering to one another.]

Trixie: [Whispering.] You could summon up a bit more enthusiasm, you dolt.

Blueblood: [Whispering.] What do you care? Weren't you in middle of storming out of here anyway?

Trixie: Trixie is not staying for *your* sake, if that's what you think. The Princess showing up is the only interesting thing that's happened on this show. It would be a disservice to deprive her of a chance to meet with the GREAT and POWERFUL Trixie.

Blueblood: [Sigh.] Should have known better ...

Trixie: What?

Blueblood: Nothing. Forget it.

Luna: [Loudly.] Is this whispering normal? Should we be whispering now also?

Trixie: [Raises voice, overly cheerful.] No, no, of course not.

Blueblood: So auntie ... to what do I owe the pleasure?



Luna: [Hesitates.] Oh. I ... [Cough.] We simply wished to drop in on our nephew. Is that not normal?

Blueblood: Well ... no. I ... don't get very many visitors. Ever, really. Not even on holidays.

Trixie: [Pause.] Are ... are you being serious?

Blueblood: [Bitter.] What do you care?

[Silence.]

Luna: [Clears throat.] Perhaps we should change the subject. Um ... oh! Perhaps, Prince, thou shouldst introduce me to thy ... companion?

Trixie: [Off-guard.] Oh ... I- I'm Trixie.

Blueblood: ... that it? You're not going to give yourself a grandiose introduction?

Trixie: Huh? Sorry, Trixie just has a lot on her mind right now. [Pause.] Like, seriously? You have no visitors at all?

Blueblood: I really don't feel like talking about--

Luna: [Overly cheerful interruption.] We are most honored to meet thee, Miss Trixie. We have heard thou art most talented at magic ...

Trixie: How would you know that?

Luna: Oh. Well ... we have listened to thy program. We recall thee speaking of thy magical prowess.

Blueblood: [Perks up.] Wait, wait ... auntie you ... you *listen* to our show?

Luna: Of course.

Trixie: Yeah, what's weird about that?

Blueblood: Because the ratings from yesterday showed only two ponies actually heard our show ...

Luna: ... oh.

[Pause.]

Trixie: Wait ... does this mean nopony heard Trixie's grand speech yesterday?

Luna: We did. We enjoyed it. Thou hast a flair for dramatic thunder.

Trixie: Oh. Well. [Chuckles.] Thank you.

Luna: We find it more effective in the outdoors though.

Trixie: Yes. I gathered that much.

Blueblood: But I ... I'm afraid I don't understand. Why would you listen my show? I mean, honestly, the whole reason I'm doing this is to make my enemies angry ... disregarding the fact I muffed *that* up too. Why ... why would you, of all ponies, enjoy listening to me? Why are you really here?

Luna: [Honestly confused.] Little prince ... isn't it obvious?

Blueblood: Well ... perhaps, but I'm notoriously dense.

Luna: Tis not necessary to be so hard on thyself.

Trixie: No ... no, he is kinda.

Blueblood: Yes.

Luna: We ... [Lowers voice.] I am your aunt. You are family. I have ... not always been a good at keeping family ties. I was a horrible sister ... a horrible ruler ... and I deserved far worse than the punishment I received. I have a second chance ... and I shall not squander it. I wish to be better family than I once was. I listened because thou art my nephew. And I came because I heard thee in pain ... I hear thy voice echo the same loneliness mine once did. What kind of aunt would I be if I ignored it?

Blueblood: I ... [Whisper.] I've done nothing to deserve such kindness. Ask anypony. I'm horrible. [Bitter laugh.] I spent all night drinking and shouted at my only friend ...

Trixie: [Pause.] You ... you consider me a friend?

Blueblood: You're the only pony who ... tolerates me. Perhaps that's the most I can hope for.

Luna: Prince ... why art thou so sad?

Trixie: Yeah ... this isn't all because I turned you down yesterday, is it?

Blueblood: No ... that's not it. It's all of it ... [Sigh.] I ... know I'm not the best pony alive. I know I've even done selfish things ... but it is hard, knowing that every single pony in this kingdom thinks the world would be better off without me. I ... thought I was doing the right thing, something noble, by standing up to that DJ, doing something clever ... and all it lead to was make her mad enough to embarrass me publicly. I got angry and I tried to get back at her. I wanted *justice*, but that only made everypony hate me more. Heh ... you know, I checked my approval rating not long ago. It's -1%. Which I'm not even sure is possible since that means *less than zero* ponies like me, but I'm inclined to believe it. I was never popular before ... after all, I've only had one bloody date my entire life and I managed to mess that up too ... but at least then, I had *some* respect.

[Sadness vanish as anger slowly rises in Blueblood's voice.]

Blueblood: Now everypony outright hates me. I get shunned, have things thrown at me, get hateful phone calls all the time ... there's even a foal who hurls a rock through my window every month. A *foal* doesn't even like me. And even if I forced him to stop, everypony would just find some reason to hate me for THAT too. I could walk out of the studio now and hand puppies and kittens to every child in Canterlot, and it STILL wouldn't be enough. My name is less than dirt now, my dignity gone, any self-respect I had ... destroyed. All

because of *her*.

Luna: Who?

Blueblood: You mean you don't know?

Luna: No? Should we? We don't believe thou hast mentioned this ... individual on thy show before.

Blueblood: Oh ... I suppose you wouldn't know if you only listen to my show. She is the one who ruined my life ... the one who time and time again goes out her way to humiliate me ... she is --

[Loud hoofsteps ascend the stairs.]

DJ-P0n3: [In the distance.] BLUEBLOOD!

Blueblood: [Shocked.] She's here.

Luna: Pardon?

[The hoofsteps get louder until they suddenly stop as DJ-P0n3 stands in the doorway.]

Blueblood: [Filled with venom.] *Vinyl Scratch*.

Luna: [Surprised.] What?

DJ-P0n3: Alright, Princey, you've got something to answer for this-- hey, who blew the door up?

Luna: That ... that was us.

DJ-P0n3: [Cheerful.] Oh, hello Princess Luna. It's an honor. I feel bad we couldn't have that interview.

Luna: Wha- oh, we understand now! Thou must be that other radio show host. We apologize that we had to cancel. We--

DJ-P0n3: You don't have to apologize, Princess. I'm just sorry you were tricked by this ... sorry excuse for a colt!

Luna: ... what?

DJ-P0n3: [To Blueblood.] Bet you thought it was really sneaky, trying to snake an interview out from under me! I don't know how you did it. My working theory involves hypnosis and ... a room filled with mirrors or something.

Blueblood: [Sigh.] Look, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't need this right now. Do you think you can destroy my dignity some other time, I've had kind of a day--

DJ-P0n3: [Recoils.] Oh *Celestia*, your breath smells like a sewer! What did you do, drink garbage water and gargle skunk spray?

Blueblood: Not that I know of.

DJ-P0n3: Jeez! You smelt bad enough *before*! [Shakes head.] But anyway, you must have thought it was a pretty sweet plan, but you've got another thing coming if you think I was going to stand for you deceiving one of my guests.

Luna: [Meekly.] Pardon us, but we believe this may be a misunderstanding--

[DJ-P0n3 gives no indication she hears the Princess.]

DJ-P0n3: After all, it must have been a trick. Who would actually CHOOSE to be around you?

Luna: [Raises voice.] Now, see here--

Blueblood: [Bitter.] I don't suppose many would, after you humiliated me.

DJ-P0n3: You messed with my friend!

Blueblood: You started it when you insulted my auntie Celestia!

Luna: [Anger rises.] Wait ... THOU art the one who interviewed our sister?!

DJ-P0n3: [Seems to hear Luna for first time] Huh? Oh yeah. It was the first show. It was all in good fun.

Luna: *Fun?*

DJ-P0n3: Uh huh. [Turns back to Blueblood.] And don't pretend like you're doing this for Celestia! All you care about it yourself! That's all you've EVER cared about.

Blueblood: [Whispering.] And I suppose you just get *everything* about me, don't you?

DJ-P0n3: There's not much to "get." You're just so ... simple. You're just a mad, angry little colt who cries when he doesn't get what he wants.

[Luna gives a low growl, mutters something indistinct. In the background, the sky begins to get dark. Lightning can now be heard in the distance. Meanwhile, Trixie steps forward.]

Trixie: What is your problem, you psycho?! Just lay off and go back to your own boring show.

DJ-P0n3: [Mock joy.] Aww, Princey, you made a friend.

Blueblood: Well ... we're not really--

Trixie: You're darn right Trixie's his friend! No pony insults him but **TRIXIE!**

DJ-P0n3: [Sigh.] Look, Trixie ... you don't seem all that bad and I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this, but ... you're just wasting your time. He's completely selfish and he's just going to hurt you in the end.

Trixie: But not before *I* hurt you.

[The thunder gets louder. The sky outside gets darker.]

DJ-P0n3: He made my friend cry and locked one of HER friends in the bathroom! This is the pony you're defending! He can't even stand up for himself, he has to hide behind you! Why are you defending such a loser?!

Luna: **SILENCE !**

[There is a loud thunderclap punctuating Luna's command. Her eyes glow as the sky outside is covered in black clouds. Luna's voice echoes with such power, each word seems to hit with concussive force.]

DJ-P0n3: [Shaken.] Um ... i-is there a problem, Princess?

Luna: **IN ALL OUR YEARS ... IN ALL OUR MILLENIA OF LIVING ... WE HAVE NOT SEEN SUCH IMPUDENCE ... SUCH LACK OF RESPECT ... SUCH AN INSULT AS THIS!**

[Thunderclap.]

Luna: **THOU DAREST TO INSULT OUR FAMILY BEFORE OUR VERY EYES?!**

DJ-P0n3: I ... um ... A-am I missing something here?

Trixie: [Grinning.] Oh, Trixie wish she had popcorn for *this*.

DJ-P0n3: I ... [Stammers.] But this doesn't make any sense. You ... Blueblood didn't trick you into coming here?

Luna: **WE CAME OF OUR OWN VOLITION! WE CAME TO COMFORT OUR DEAR NEPHEW AFTER HEARING HOW DISTRAUGHT HE WAS OVER THE RADIO. A STATE FOR WHICH WE NOW KNOW THOU ART TO BLAME!**

DJ-P0n3: Hey now, that's not the whole story--

Luna: **QUIET!**

[There is a loud crack of thunder outside, as if the lightning had struck closer.]

DJ-P0n3: Eep!

Luna: **WE HAD ... REGRETTED HAVING TO CANCEL OUR PRIOR ENGAGEMENT BEFORE ... AFTER ALL, THOU HADST ASKED US KINDLY TO APPEAR ON THY SHOW. WE HAD ASSUMED THOU HADST RESPECT FOR US.**

DJ-P0n3: I *do* have respect for--

Luna: **BUT NOW WE FIND OUT THAT THOU HATH CAUSED OUR OWN BLOOD MUCH DISTRESS! THOU HAST LEFT RUIN IN THY WAKE WITH THY WORDS ... AND THOU DOST NOT CARE EVEN SLIGHTLY!**

DJ-P0n3: Hey, he started it. I was just--

Luna: **THAT ALONE WOULD BE ENOUGH OF AN INSULT ... BUT NOW THOU SAYEST THOU ART THE SAME ONE WHO INTERVIEWED OUR SISTER MONTHS AGO!**

DJ-P0n3: Um ... yeah, but what does that have to--

[Thunder strikes outside, the sound of the wind gusting can be heard.]

Luna: **IT WAS THEE WHO HUMILIATED OUR SISTER ON THE AIR, CRITICIZING HER, ASSASSINATING HER CHARACTER IN REGARDS TO HER DECISION TO BANISH US!**

DJ-P0n3: Um ... well, yeah. That ... did sort of happen. [Confidently.] But so what? Celestia's a class act, but it wasn't right of her to do that. Why would you be mad about--

Luna: **BECAUSE THOU WERT NOT THERE! WE HAD BEEN CORRUPTED BY THE JEALOUSY AND DISCORD IN OUR HEART. WE HAD BEEN PREPARED TO PLUNGE EQUESTRIA INTO DARKNESS. WE WERE WRONG, WE SPAT AT OUR SISTER'S EFFORTS FOR PEACE, WE WERE SELFISH, MALEVOLENT ... OUR SISTER HAD NO CHOICE! THOU HAST NO RIGHT TO CRITICIZE. SHE PUT THE SAFETY OF EQUESTRIA BEFORE HER OWN FEELINGS. SHE LET US LIVE WHEN WE DESERVED TO FALL! SHE ...**

[Luna lowers voice to a whisper. As her voice lowers, the storm outside becomes quiet and stops.]

Luna: She did the same thing we would have. And she had nothing to apologize for ... as much as she may believe now. My sister ... thought she had wronged me, thought she was horrible, all because of that interview. [Quiet anger.] Had we known thou wert the same *creature* that interviewed our sister, we would never have agreed in



the first place.

[There is a pause. DJ-P0n3 struggles to find her words.]

DJ-P0n3: This ... I ... listen, I'm sorry about that. I ... I just wanted to have a good show and I thought somepony, anypony, should say something, ANYTHING about how you were treated. I was ... [Whisper.] I was trying to do the right thing.

Luna: You *failed*.

DJ-P0n3: [Shaken.] I ... but I wasn't ... I didn't ... [Pause.] I ... I have to go ...

[There are quick hoofsteps, as DJ-P0n3 disappears down the stairs.]

Luna: [Takes deep breath.] *Whew*. We ... might have overdone it a bit.

Trixie: No ... no, Trixie thinks that was just the right amount. Who did she think she is? Right, Princey?!

Blueblood: [Oddly quiet.] Yes ... yes, I suppose.

Trixie: Huh?

Luna: [Sigh.] We must learn to control our temper. Justified or not, when we lose control it leads to ... consequences.

Trixie: Like what?

Luna: Nightmare Moon.

Trixie: Oh ... oh, yeah.

Luna: Now ... we must depart! Prince?

Blueblood: Yes?

Luna: We ... understand how hard it is when one feels shunned by Equestria. We felt lonely ... jealous ... and it led only to darkness ... just ... [Pause.] Remember you

are not alone.

Blueblood: [Shakily.] ... thank you, auntie Luna.

Luna: Anytime.

[Hoofsteps, followed by the flap of wings.]

Trixie: Well ... that was interesting. Heh, you know, Trixie had no idea that DJ was such a loony. I mean, Trixie knew you said she was a jerk but jeez ... clearly she didn't recognize she was speaking to the GREAT and POWERFUL Trixie! Guess she got what was coming, right Princey?

[Silence.]

Trixie: Prince?

Blueblood: [Sadly.] Yes?

Trixie: What's wrong? Your arch-nemesis just got told off by a goddess; you should have a stronger reaction to this.

Blueblood: [Weak smile.] Well, I suppose that was a bit cathartic ... but it doesn't really change anything. nopony even listens to this show ... as much as I'm touched my auntie actually cares, I'd be surprised if even one other pony actually heard that. [Sigh.] Tomorrow I'll still be hated, Vinyl Scratch will still be considered the big hero, and foals will still throw things through my windows ...

Trixie: [Softly.] Hey, you don't know. Maybe things will get better.

Blueblood: [Bitter laugh.] I sincerely doubt that ... I've given up thinking will ever get better for me ... [Darkly.] I just want things to get worse for *her*. [Pause.] Hey?

Trixie: Yeah?

Blueblood: Can I ask you something? You were all set to leave me here not long ago. You said I really was horrible ... but you still stood up for me against Vinyl. Why?

Trixie: Oh. Oh! [Dismissively.] Heh, well, don't get any funny ideas! It's not as if Trixie *cared* or anything ...  
Trixie was just annoyed by her! Nothing more!

Blueblood: Oh.

Trixie: [Pause.] Besides ... you're not the only pony who thinks nopony cares about them.

[Brief pause.]

Blueblood: [Slightly amused.] Heh ... this has been an interesting show.

Trixie: Yes ... Trixie supposes. [Defensively.] Hey hey! Don't smile at me like that! Trixie thinks you're getting too familiar!

Blueblood: My apologies! [Chuckle.] I suppose Luna was right ... I really am not alone ... I think ... that helps.  
[Sigh.] This would be a more touching moment if my head didn't feel like a chariot ran me over, drug me for several feet, then left me in a ditch.

Trixie: That tends to happen when you drink alone all night, you idiot!

Blueblood: Tell you what, next time I'll invite you.

Trixie: [Playfully.] Hmph! Trixie's sure she'll have better things to do ... but she might on the slim-to-nonexistent chance she has nothing to do.

Blueblood: Heh ... I'll take what I can get. Anyway, I think I'll leave a bit early today. Hopefully the hangover will go away soon ... or ultimately kill me, one of the two.

Trixie: Later.

[Hoofsteps, door swings open.]

Blueblood: Oh, and Trixie?

Trixie: Yeah?

Blueblood: Thank you ... for being my friend.

Trixie: [Mock groan.] Don't be such a sap, Princey.

Blueblood: [Chuckle.] Fair enough ... it's just ... good to know  
Vinyl hasn't made my life *completely* hopeless ...  
farewell.

[Door shuts.]

Trixie: [Whispering.] Oh don't worry, Princey. Vinyl will get  
her just desserts. Just leave that to the Trixie the  
Great.

[Sound becomes distorted.]

[Transmission ends.]

The Vinyl Scratch Tapes Season 2

Third Transcript: The No-Show Episode  
(Continued)

[Due to the radio transmission being distorted by a mysterious storm that suddenly appeared and vanished in Canterlot the day of the recording, much of Octavia's solo show was not recorded. This transcript resumes roughly fifteen minutes after Vinyl's exit.]

Octavia: [Resuming midsentence.] -- and then they made Beauty Brass and I clean up all the broken glass before they threw us out. So that's why we no longer work in a department store. But I liked the bow-tie that came with the uniform, so I've always worn it since then. I think it suits me. [Pause.] Well, it appears Vinyl's still not back yet ... I'm running out of ideas for stories now. I suppose I could call Spitfire, see if she has anything embarrassing about Vinyl to share with--

[Door opens slowly.]

Octavia: Ah, there you are! You missed it, Vinyl. I was sharing embarrassing stories about myself. It wasn't the same without you hear to appreciate it.

DJ-P0n3: [Quietly.] Oh ... okay.

Octavia: ... something wrong?

DJ-P0n3: No, no, I'm ... I'm fine ...

Octavia: So ... is Princess Luna with you?

DJ-P0n3: No. No, she isn't. I ... don't think she'll be coming back for an interview.

Octavia: What? Are you sure?

DJ-P0n3: Pretty sure, yeah. I'm sorry about that, listeners ... [Whispering.] I'm really sorry.

Octavia: ... okay, what happened? You're not acting like

yourself.

DJ-P0n3: What do you mean?

Octavia: Well, you're not all ... "ROCK AND ROLL, ELECTRIC GUITAR, PYROTECHNICS, YELLING RANDOM THINGS!" [Lowers voice.] It's ... strange.

DJ-P0n3: Yeah, it's ... it's a long story. I'll tell you later. [Pause.] C-can I ask you something?

Octavia: Um ... yeah.

DJ-P0n3: And I want you to be honest with me.

Octavia: Of course. What is it?

[DJ-P0n3 pauses for a moment, then there is a clattering sound as she places her sunglasses on the desk. She speaks in a soft voice.]

DJ-P0n3: Am ... am I a bad pony?

Octavia: What? What are you ... why are you asking that?

DJ-P0n3: I ... I don't know. [Pause.] Do ... do you think you'd be comfortable running the show solo again tomorrow? I think maybe I want to take a day off.

Octavia: But ... you never take a day off. Ever.

DJ-P0n3: I know. But ... maybe I should.

[Pause.]

DJ-P0n3: [Quietly.] Well, I suppose we'll just call it a day. Remember to tune in tomorrow for another episode of ... of the Vinyl Scratch.

[Hoofsteps, followed by door opening.]

Octavia: Wait, Vinyl! What's going on? You forgot to turn off the console! I ... [Clears throat.] Sorry about this, listeners. Tune in tomorrow. Hopefully Vinyl will be feeling better. See you next time. [Yelling.] Hey

Vinyl, wait up! What happened?! *Vinyl*?!

[End transmission.]