

## The Vinyl Scratch Tapes

### 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. Nopony 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: Yes it was. He can make fun of my show all he wants, but nopony insults my crew. Ever! Same as with that prick Blu-- [Falls silent.] Huh ...

Octavia: What?

DJ-P0n3: Now that I think about it ... that guy did sound kind of familiar ...

[The heckler can be heard shouting louder.]

Heckler: Get your hands off me! Do you have any idea who I am? ... what do you mean you don't care?! You little mutt ... yes, I called you a mutt! What are you going to do about it? [Pause.] I-- oh no. Nonononono**NOOOOOOOOOOOO**--

[Again, this tape is audio only. However, according to eyewitness reports, at this point in the recording, a colt was spun around and savagely hurled through the air, over the crowd.]

Heckler: AHHH!

[The heckler soared in the air for several seconds before violently crashing into the stage not far from DJ-P0n3 and Octavia's booth. A white unicorn covered in dirt and muck rose from the splintered wood, barely standing on his hoofs.]

Octavia: *Prince Blueblood?!*

[Everypony in the audience gasps.]

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 barging 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! **YAAAAAAAY!** [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!

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[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"