

Carolyn Williams shifts nervously in her chair as she watches the launch monitor in Mission Control.

“We are good to go...on 10...on 9...on 8...,” the launch narrator’s voice booms over the loudspeakers.

“This had better go all right or I’ll be out of a job, most likely,” Carolyn mutters to herself.

Seated next to her is Keith MacKenzie. He is in mid-thirties and is the Mission Specialist.

“There’s no one board, so what are you worried about,” Keith reassures.

Annoyed, Carolyn jabs a finger at the launch monitor.

“Keith, whose name is all over the side of that rocket?”

The omniscient voice of the launch narrator continues.

“Yours of course.”

“Well then that’s who is going to get the bill if that Roman candle blows up on the pad,” Carolyn states angrily.

“On 2...on 1...liftoff! We have lift-off of the Adventurer II Orbiting Storage Pod!”

“Well, take off was OK,” Keith states.

“Congrats to you, Keith. Let’s see what the news is saying about us,” Carolyn states.

Keith pulls a tiny mike closer to his mouth.

“Bill, patch through Space News Network into the mission control room, please.”

A tinny voice comes back over mini speakers.

“Will do.”

One of the screens switches from the Adventurer II rocket to a reporter in the SNN studio.

“As you just saw, Williams Aerospace successfully launched their Adventurer II rocket early this morning. We had Ms. Williams visited us here at SNN earlier this week and taped this interview with her,” the reporter states.

“Miss Williams, what is the purpose of the Adventurer series of launches?”

“As you know here on good old Earth, space is at a premium. Extra storage space is becoming a necessity for nearly everyone as we buy and accumulate more and more material things. Currently, storage is coming at a steep price. What we are attempting to do here at Williams Aerospace is have unlimited storage space....in orbit!”

The reporter laughs.

“Storage is orbit. Boy, could I use that. My apartment looks like it is in orbit,” the reporter quips.

“That’s incredible! How will it work?”

“Well, the rocket we are placing in orbit this week is just a test run. Adventurer II contains a storage pod about fifty feet long.

Future rocket bodies may contain more than one pod or a larger pod. The pod is released from inside the rocket body and attains a low Earth orbit...approximately 150 miles or so. The test pod we are launching contains a sampling of what a typical American consumer may own and want to place in storage. We placed a smattering of different items...everything from electronics to bedding to furniture...even a motorcycle.”

Carolyn continues to speak to the newscaster.

“We specifically picked these items for their weight, structure, and density. Many of these items have never been placed in orbit... some have only been in orbit on board the ISS for a short duration. We wanted to see how these items would respond after months and years of being placed in orbit and in zero gravity.”

The reporter seems anxious to keep the interview moving along.

“We’re kind of running out of time here, Ms. Williams. Now, you brought some of the items with you,” the reporter adds.

As she watches telemetry from the rocket on screens, Carolyn Williams relaxes somewhat and goes into the control room pantry. She places a cardboard cup under a Bunn coffee machine, pushes several buttons on the Bunn’s front panel, and waits as the coffee

is brewed and then pours down. She continues to listen to the news story as he waits for the coffee.

“Yes we have some of the items here in the studio.”

During the TV interview, Carolyn Williams exits her seat and walks over to a table.

The reporter rushes over. A technician holding a bulky, hand-held camcorder hurries over trailing cables, focusing the camera on the items spread out.

Before Carolyn can speak, the reporter picks up a compact disc and vinyl record. The band’s name on the album is: TIME WARP. The vinyl record shows three men with a dark-haired girl in the forefront.

One of the men is holding an electric guitar while another man is seated at a drum set. The third male member is seated behind a keyboard. The woman is holding a microphone. Behind them is an image of Jupiter which appears to be from the Webb telescope.

“I see you’ve included the latest hit pop music,” the reporter notes.

“Yes...we have included a little bit of everything just to show potential renters that no matter what they choose to place in low orbital storage, the items will be as safe as they would be here on Earth’s surface,” Carolyn states so quickly she is out of breath.

“That leads me to my next question. Do you have any restrictions as

to what can be placed in orbit?”

Carolyn smiles, anticipating the inquiry.

“Well, we do. Just like any long-term storage facility we do bar certain items. Don’t forget we are talking about long-term storage in a zero-gravity environment. Most things will be okay, but items such as perfumes, hairsprays, and paint could separate after several

months in zero G. Our R&D team is currently working on an alternative design for the storage satellite that would have some degree of gravity inside utilizing a small centrifuge built-into the walls of the craft,” Carolyn concludes.

“That’s amazing! Please let me know what that’s ready...my husband will be so happy to send all of our unused house paint up there,” the reporter jokes.

Carolyn Williams laughs.

“Do you have any rates yet? I mean how much will it cost to rent space in the low-orbital storage craft? The reporter inquires.

“Unfortunately, everything is still in the testing phase. We do not have any rates yet, but if today’s test goes off without a hitch maybe we will start looking at a rate table,” Carolyn quickly responds.

The reporter smiles broadly and turns to the portable video crew.

“There you have it. The future of off-site storage. Good luck, Ms.

Williams on the launch.”

The technician reaches over picks up a tiny remote and shuts off the TV monitor.

The tech swivels in his chair to face Carolyn Williams.

“I thought the interview went well.”

Carolyn looks slightly annoyed, gets up and starts to leave.

“Yeah, but I hated the way the studio make-up girl fixed my hair. Someone should send her into orbit”.

The tech laughs loudly then swivels the chair back to look at his control screen monitoring the launch.

The voice of another tech in another part of the control room booms over the loudspeakers.

“First and second stage booster separations successful. Guess you guys can see that on your screens,” the other tech states ecstatically.

“Yes Atlinson. We see everything...green all the way,” MacKenzie calls out.

“We even saw my bad hair do on TV just now,” Carolyn states. Before leaving the room, she picks up a printout on a nearby LaserJet showing stats on the launch.

“Control...we are starting retro maneuvering rockets on both starboard and port sides,” the tech named Atlinson states.

“Go for it,” Carolyn calls out as she flips through the printouts struggling to balance scanning them with holding her coffee cup.

“Roger that. Going for a five second burn. Starting...now. One elephant...two elephant...”

“Next time Atlinson...please buy a stopwatch,” Carolyn quips.

“Okay...five second burn completed. Shutting down maneuvering rockets.”

Carolyn puts down the laserjet reports seemingly satisfied with what she has read and starts to exit the control room.

“I will be back, Keith. Just going to check on ---”

Suddenly, a loud klaxon is heard. A diagram of the storage container craft displayed on a huge TV monitor shows a thick red bar flashing on the side of the vehicle. The bar flashes red over and over.

“Uh-oh. Hold on. I’m getting an emergency malfunction reading on the port side retro’s,” Atlinson states excitedly.

Now concerned, Carolyn looks up from the printouts.

“What does that mean...did the port side not fire?”

“No...no it means that they are still firing after the shutdown. We can’t shut them!”

Carolyn rushes to the desk, slips headphones on, and sits down.

“Try a complete power down. Everything...rockets, fuel, all electrical systems.”

Mackenzie's hands dance over the control board.

"Not heLPing. Everything's off, but the port retro is still firing. Must be a short in the wiring," MacKenzie concludes.

"If it keeps firing, the container is going to...damn...it's going to overshoot Earth orbit," Carolyn states as he throws down the pile of printouts and her coffee. The cup tilts over and spills onto her seat.

She brushes off the seat and sits down, staring at the monitor displaying a schematic of the Adventurer II with the retro rocket highlighted in red.

Suddenly, the flashing red bar switches to a steady green.

MacKenzie looks up from his keyboard.

"Well, I got it to close. But it already ran longer than it was supposed to. The container has too much thrust."

"Can't we use the other maneuvering rockets to get it back into orbit?" Carolyn asks.

Almost as a punctuation to her idea, the entire side of the Adventurer II flashes red again now followed by a shrill alarm somewhat higher pitched than the first.

"We've got fire!!" Allinson screams over the speakers.

"I don't see anything," Carolyn states as she scans the monitors.

"Check out screen 2A," Allinson yells excitedly.

Keith MacKenzie points to a screen split into several small images with each box broadcasting an image from a series of high resolution digital cameras mounted to the container's fuselage.

"Here. This one. See the smoke". MacKenzie states.

Carolyn sees the side of the Adventurer II with the sun glinting off the metal. Thick, inky black smoke like from a rubber fire pours out of side of the craft. The smoke is so thick it completely obscures the name: WILLIAMS AEROSPACE along with the USAF roundel printed on the vehicle's side.

Eventually, the camera goes to static as the fire destroys the unit.

"Must be burning in between the metal frame," Keith MacKenzie surmises.

"We have a fire extinguisher system built-in...I don't know what happened," Atlinson calls in.

"Can we get a fix on how far out it is?" Carolyn asks.

"The pod has circuitry that can provide location...it transmits every few seconds onboard, but I've lost the signal. Must've burnt up." Atlinson concludes.

"She's way out there...off course I mean. Nothing we can do to get it back into the right orbit," MacKenzie adds.

"Gee Ms. Williams...I-I'm awfully sorry." Atlinson adds.

Another voice booms over the speakers. Misson specialist and

former shuttle pilot Wayne Baker.

“That’s a darn shame, Ms. Williams. Flawless launch, too.”

“That’s okay, boys. That’s quite all right. Don’t forget this was just a test,” Carolynn reassures.

“Keith get Cindy over in media to put out a press release right away. We’ll be washed-up once the news gets wind of this if we don’t get our side of the story out first,” Carolyn insists.

“Okay.”

Keith grabs a pad and pen.

“What do you want it to say?” Keith inquires.

“Tell her to say that we were primarily just testing the launch system and that we were aware that the maneuvering jets needed more work,” Carolyn states calmly.

Keith smiles.

“I like that,” he states as he scribbles on the pad.

“Also, have Cindy write that are going to test launch Adventurer III next Monday morning,” Carolyn adds.

Keith leaps up in his chair.

“You can’t be serious,” Keith blurts out.

“We’ve got to get another rocket up right away,” Carolyn demands.

“But that’s impossible! We’ll…”

Keith checks his phone for a schedule.

“We’ll have to work all night to get it ready on time. Last time I checked the boosters and they needed to be fueled, the electrical systems have to be checked, and ---”

“Get it done, Keith,” Carolyn cuts him off.

Keith calms down slightly.

“Okay. Okay. But...I can’t promise anything,” Keith concedes.

He flips through a notebook on the console.

“I’ll get Harrison on the boosters right now...tonight. I can run the tests on the storage pod’s electrical systems now. It looks like...I mean I can’t be sure...but I think there must have been a short in the wiring that caused the malfunction.”

Carolyn leaps from her seat.

“I’ll call you when I get to my office. By now, my phone must be ---

---ringing off the hook with people hating your new record!”

Music record manager Phil Meade looks exhausted and chain smokes as he falls down into his plush office chair.

He grabs a pile of papers and flips wildly through them.

“What kind of lyrics are these?”

He puts on reading glasses and looks at the first wrinkled page.

“Your my meteorite, baby and I’m your nebula.”

Phil flings one sheet away and reads the next.

“I’ll meet you over the rings of Saturn and we’ll dance all night on Jupiter’s moons.”

Phil drags on the cigarette, flings the page which flies across his paper, CD, and USB drive strewn desk.

“Oh, I really like this one...baby I want to go through your stargate and

I’ll become your starchild –gee I wonder where you got your sci-fi terminology from.”

Phil glances at another paper.

“Look at these song titles...”Lunar Romance...Dance With Me in The Milky Way...what’s with this stuff. Twenty years ago when I produced your first album you had two tracks in the Billboard Top 40 for five weeks. Now, I think the only billboard your on is one along the highway that says dump your Timewarp albums here.”

The five band members of Timewarp sit opposite Phil Meade’s desk with their heads down. Julia Gallagher, the groups Iowa-born lead singer, nervously twists her jet-lack hair. The thirty-something singer formed Timewarp when she was in college. Seated directly behind her is London-born drummer Val Blacken. He is twenty-five with long blond hair and is wearing a faded black T-shirt that reads: Timewarp appearing live, not dead at The Town Hall, NYC.

Seated next to him is twenty-year-old Colin Wexler from Sydney, Australia. He sits calmly plucking on an acoustic guitar while Phil Meade rips into the band.

The fourth and last member is keyboardist Paul Kelly. He is also in his twenties and is wearing a baseball cap that says: TIMEWARP: The Wormhole Tour 2020.

Phil Meade stabs his half-smoked cigarette into a vintage, 1960's ashtray with sand bottom and launches out of the office chair.

"I'm so nervous I went back to cigarettes instead of vaping," he states.

"What made you guys...and..."

He glares at Julia.

"And you, as well," he adds.

"...what the heck made you convert over to all this space, sci-fi stuff. You used to sing nice songs...love songs...power ballads...the record buyers want that."

Paul Kelly looks up and speaks forcefully.

"That's our new sound. We like it ...we call it...galactic rock!"

Phil lights up another cigarette.

"Galactic garbage is what it is? Tell you what."

Phil paces his office while the band follows him walk back and forth.

“I just booked Abbey Road Studios for you. Don’t ask me how I managed to do it. With the sales on your last LP your lucky any studio wants you. I have a friend there...he’s a studio engineer. You are going there first thing Monday morning and record a new album. I want the old stuff...like you recorded when your first started. Capisco ?” Phil Meade concludes.

For the first time during the ribbing, Julia speaks out.

“Go into a recording studio tomorrow? Why that’s insanity! We don’t have any tracks written!” Julia protests.

“So start tonight,” Phil advises.

“My drums are in repair. I tore the snare drum at our last performance,” Val interjects.

“So use a garbage can cover,” Phil shoots back.

“Another thing...to, hopefully, boost sales of your current album I’ve booked you in the Mercury Theatre tonight at 9. Swifty Trezar is going to be there. He’s an old buddy of mine...we go back a long way. He’s starting a new label and he’s looking for new acts. Get my drift so try to keep the playlist...earthbound...if you know what I mean. Leave the galactic rock for the Trekkies when they have the next ComicCon. Now leave because I must hit the spreadsheets and figure how I am going to recoup all the money your albums are losing me,” Phil concludes angrily.

Val approaches Phil's desk with fists clenched and appears to want to say something.

Julia rushes forward and pulls Val back.

"C'mon Val it's not worth it. You may say something you'll be sorry for. Let's go rehearse for tonight's gig," Julia speaks gently.

Val appears to calm down and begins to exit the office with the other band members. However, he pauses at the doorway.

"Did you see the tele...the news? Val states in his thick, London accent.

Phil looks up from his desk visibly annoyed.

"Sure I saw the news. So?"

"They tested a storage container that holds items in orbit and they placed some of *our* CD's and vinyls in there. They didn't put the Beatles in there," Val states.

Phil shakes his head in annoyance.

"That's exactly where your new LP belongs," Phil screams.

Julia grabs Val by the arm and pulls him through the office doorway.

"Put the album in orbit. Maybe an extraterrestrial will enjoy that garbage more than the people down here," Phil mutters to himself.

In the deep reaches of outer space, the partially damaged Adventurer II Storage Unit continues to move away from the Earth. As the unmanned container travels along its failed trajectory, a news story on the failed maiden voyage plays back on Earth.

“The Adventurer II Unmanned Storage Container was launched from Cape Canaveral this morning. The maiden launch was to have been a test of placing a storage container into low Earth orbit. After a flawless launch, however, the rocket encountered problems entering Earth orbit and instead has strayed off into deep space. NASA engineer and owner of Williams Aerospace Carolyn Williams stated in a press release sent to Space News Network this morning that this result was expected since the container’s tiny maneuvering rockets are still not perfected. She added that another test container will be making its way to the launch pad in two days for a Saturday morning take-off. What are your thoughts, Neal ?”

Another reporter chimes in.

“Shame really. Ms. Williams has such a great idea with this orbital storage system. I hope this next test is successful.”

The storage pod continues to accelerate into uncharted space.

The initial TV reporter comes back on.

“All she accomplished with this launch is creating more space debris.”

The second reporter laughs.

“If anyone finds that floating cigar, they won’t believe how much useless junk people on Earth waste their money on,” the second reporter quips.

The storage container drifts through space with the sun behind it. In the distance, what appears to be a large floating piece of rock becomes visible in the inky blackness illuminated only by stars.

Not a planet with a proper shape, but a lump of grayish stone with seemingly no direction.

At first, it appears as though the storage container may collide with the space rock. If one were to be inside the container, they would hear the same ear-piercing siren that Mission Control had when the retro rocket misfired –a warning that the container was on a collision course with another solid object.

However, confused and thinking that this blob of stone is the Earth and this is time for it to place itself in low orbit, the maneuvering rockets fire correctly this time and the cylindrical storage vessel gently slides into orbit around the floating bolder.

A thin, whiplike antennae protrudes out from the top portion of the craft sending a confirmation signal home to Cape Canaveral that the Adventurer II has successfully achieved orbit. It is a signal that due to the onboard fire during launch that Carolyn Williams and

her team never receive.

Upon locking in its orbit around the space boulder, the Adventurer II's signal home to Earth may not have been picked up by Mission Control, but it is picked up by someone...or something may be more appropriate.

Another craft of a vastly different kind and shape is orbiting the rock formation 180 degrees away from Adventurer II – on the opposite side. The craft is small and shaped like an arrowhead with a large viewport in front and bubble shaped view ports along the sides. A light blinks on the ship's control console.

Inside the craft's cockpit, a Throxan stirs at the flickering light. With a reptilian-like face and a body that resembles a cross between a lizard and a human, the Throxan looks out the viewport.

Another Throxan enters the pilot area from the ship's rear.

“What is it, Nexxar?”

“Another vessel...nearby. Looks like the other side,” the Throxan replies.

“Let's take a look. Careful. It could be a Guardian scout ship.”

The Throxan arrow-shaped craft moves slowly around the bolder. Upon seeing the Adventuer II, he moves towards it.

“It does not appear to be one of the Guardian's ships. It is emitting a repetitive signal aimed somewhere, but not towards our

asteroid,” the Throxan pilot determines.

“What shall I do?” The pilot asks.

“Move in closer very slowly. Let’s board it,” the Throxan Commander advises.

The Throxan patrol ship glides over the Adventurer II. Two metal clamps emerge from the craft’s bottom, grasp the storage vessel, and draw it closer. An umbilical with what appears to be something resembling a saw slices an opening into the thin metal frame of the Adventurer II. The umbilical quickly closes the gap and the two Throxan’s moves through the attachment from their ship into the storage container.

The pilot Throxan looks around at the bizarre contents of the container. He grabs a basketball.

“What are these things”?

Without realizing his own strength, he squeezes the basketball and it explodes into fragments.

The other Throxan picks up a bottle of dishwashing soap, drinks the entire bottle in an instant and burps up a storm of bubbles.

“It doesn’t look like anything from Guardia.”

The Throxan pilot picks up a jumbo tube of toothpaste and squeezes it. The tube explodes and paste shoots onto the other Throxan. He does not even notice it.

The second Throxan notices the pile of Timewarp vinyl LP's and compact discs. He examines carefully the LP and CD's grooved surfaces.

“Strange...these appear to...hmmm.”

He holds one of Timewarp vinyls LP's under a box fastened to his forearm.

“What does your analyzer say?”

“What I suspected. The discs hold data. But I do not recognize the formatting.

“We may have stumbled on a Guardian spy ship. Take those discs with us. Zoxan will want to view them.”

The Throxan pilot grabs the CD's and vinyl LP's and places them in a container.

The two Throxan's leave the Adventurer II, detach, and return to their asteroids barren surface.

On the surface, they enter the throne room of Zoxan, Grand Ruler Of the Throxans.

Zoxan emerges quickly into the ornate room. He is lizard like as well, but somehow more refined looking.

“You went into the craft?” Zoxan asks.

“Yes your grandness. We found nothing...no military equipment... nothing that appears to belong to the Guardians...just these,” the

Throxxan co-pilot states as he hands Zoxan the Timewarp's CD and LP.

The Grandness Zoxan stares down at the vinyl record and compact disc.

“What are they?”

“We do not know, your Grandness. But I believe they hold data of some kind,” the Throxxan states.

Zoxan brings them to a console and slides them in. He studies the results.

“Yes, definitely some form of data...primitive, but definitely there. Let me see if I do this,” Zoxan adjusts a control.

The compact disc comes out of the console and a bright red laser strikes the CD's shiny surface. Suddenly, the tracks comes to life with Julia's voice.

“Music. They contain music,” Zoxan concludes.

The two Throxxans listen intently.

“You mean...the same thing we do in the Arena. Sing...and play music,” Ixpl states.

“This sounds different,” the other Throxxan, Rexxar, observes.

“It *is* different...it's...it's uplifting. Not like anything I ever heard,” Grandness Zoxan declares.

He thinks for a moment as the CD and LP play through.

“Would it be possible to get them to sing in our Arena?”

Zoxxan wonders aloud.

The Throxxan named REXXAR looks surprised.

“You mean...bring them here to sing for us?” REXXAR asks.

“Yes. I think they are better than the singers we have now,”

The Grandness Zoxxan replies confidently.

“The craft the data discs were found is not from any race we recognize your Grandness. I don’t believe we can –”

The other Throxxan, named NEXXAR, interrupts.

“Yes we can, your Grandness. I can locate them. The strange ship in our orbit is emitting a homing beacon of some sort. I have already traced it back to a category Mena-class planet in a system not far from our own,” NEXXAR states.

“Wonderful! Wonderful! Get your ship fueled and ready to go,” the Grandness states ecstatically.

“How soon do you think you can bring them here to perform”?

The Grandness adds.

“With the new v-light drive in the ship, I can be there in a matter of seconds,” NEXXAR states.

Turning to several guards flanking him.

“Tell PEXXER and his band members I want to see them in the throne

room immediately. It concerns their contract to perform in the Arena,” The Grandness states to the heavily armed and armored guards.

Silently, the guards exit the throne room. A few minutes later, another Throxan, Pexxar, strolls in. He appears much different than the others ---he is wearing bohemian style clothing and speaks faster. He is followed by various other alien lifeforms which make up the planetary band. A humanoid shaped robot trails them.

“Hey, your Grandness baby. What’s on your mind ? I was just meditating with my groovy partners. You want to talk about our contract?” Pexxar babbles.

“Yes. I do,” Zoxan states ominously.

“What do you want to do –give us more? Pexxar replies.

“No...I want to cancel your contract.”

Pexxar’s smile vanishes. He appears perplexed.

“Cancel it? On this worthless ball of rock, if they cancel your contract they also cancel you.”

Zoxan raises his hand, signaling the Guards.

“Exactly,” Zoxan whispers.

The Guards fire at the band in unison. Pexxar is hit numerous times with what appear to be beams of light.

The other band members try to escape, but are likewise hit by the

Guards fire.

The robot is left standing while the smoke settles.

“I am just the drummer,” the robot responds.

Suddenly, a beam hits him and he is blown apart.

“Get to that planet right away!” Zoxxan screams.

Julia, Timewarp’s lead singer, stands at a microphone at the stage at the Mercury Theater in Manhattan, New York City. She belts out a slow country/western ballad while picking at an acoustic guitar. A technician rushes about doing a soundcheck.

Val is playing the drums; one snare drum has duct tape across the top.

Paul is behind two keyboards and alternates between each one.

Colin straddles an electric guitar continually adjusting the knobs on the end struggling to come up with the right sound.

The technician runs some wire to a mixing console.

“You sound terrific. Juila....I think you should bring the acoustic a little close to the mike. The guys are drowning you out,” the tech replies excitedly.

“They always drowning me out,” she kids as he moves closer to the mike stand.

Val looks up from his broken drum set.

“Speaking of drowning...why don’t we take a break and have a few beers,” Val states.

“Go ahead...be my guest. I want to practice this a little more,” Juila States.

“What is it your trying to learn to play there...sounds familiar,” Colin asks as he puts the guitar aside and walks towards the bar.

“It’s “Stand By Your Man”. Tammy Wynette sung it originally,” Julia replies calmly as he adjusts the microphone stand and her ear mikes.

Paul laughs out loud while the bartender pours him a Guinness.

“Hah! We are gonna sing *that* song! Cripes...what happened to our signature sound. Galactic rock,” Paul jokes. He appears to be slightly inebriated already.

“Your heard Phil,” Julia shoots back angrily.

“No space-themed or sci-fi inspired tracks,” she continues.

“That’s all our new record is and I don’t have time to write anything new so we’ll go with standards,” she concludes.

Paul stares into his beer mug. He grabs a few pretzels from a bowl on the bar.

“Last time we sang that song everybody in the audience went home crying,” Paul replies, then takes a guLP of beer.

As Julia and the band known on Earth as Timewarp struggle to get ready for their live performance, a small, unnoticed wedge-shaped craft bristling with exterior lights slowly emerges from the nighttime sky. The craft, barely noticeable as it hovers and glides across the Manhattan skyline passes Central Park, Times Square, the Empire State Building, and finally comes to stop directly over the tiny venue in the West Village where Timewarp is practicing.

Rexxar turns in his pilot's chair to face Nexxar.

"Are you positive we have the right place," Rexxar demands.

"Yes. I followed the beacon the craft orbiting our world is emitting. I've compared the sound waves of the singer on the data discs we found with the singer we are monitoring below us. They are the same," Nexxar insists.

Nexxar removes a heavy looking weapon from a compartment. He flips some switches on the side and it begins to hum.

"Set only for cryo mode," Rexxar reminds Nexxar.

"We don't want them injured," he adds

As Julia is looking over her song lyrics, the two Throxxans enter the theatre which is empty except for the band, the sound tech, the bartender, and the bouncer.

Upon seeing them enter, the bouncer quickly comes up to them

“Hey bub...no entry till 9 PM. Please go wait outside,” he demands.

Nexxar and Rexxar simply stare at each other.

“What’s with those masks ? No masks allowed in here guys. Halloween party is still six weeks away,” the bouncer states forcefully.

“We start letting patrons in around 8. Wait in the parking ---”

With one swoop, Rexxar pushes the 300 plus pound bouncer out of the way. The bouncer falls unconscious to the floor.

The sound tech drops some cables and rushes towards to grab his cell phone which he left on the bar counter.

Rexxar fires his weapon one time. The gun flashes a brilliant bluish light and the sound tech falls to the ground. Before the bartender has a chance to respond, Rexxar fires again and the bar attendant also slumps to the floor out cold.

Juila and the bandmembers stand in shock their mouths hanging open at what has just transpired.

Val is the first to speak.

“Hey, you guys that’s a neat trick. How’d you do that ?”

“I d-d-don’t think that w-was a trick, Val,” Julia states terrified.

“Those men are—”

Nexxar steps forwards towards the stage, cutting Julia off.

“Not dead. In stasis,” Nexxar informs.

“Listen...we don’t have much money. We’ll give you whatever we have on us,” Julia states.

Rexxar and Nexxar glance at each other.

“We have not come for.... money...as you say,” Nexxar replies.

“The Grand Highness Zoxxan of the floating body of rock Arrus-2 demands you to perform your...music...I believe is the term...at his private Arena,” Nexxar continues.

Collin jumps off the stage.

“Collin...be careful! Don’t talk to them! I’m calling the cops!” Julia shouts.

“Listen here we don’t do performances by request. You have to talk our manager!” Collin shouts.

Rexxar removes a small handheld device and fires it at the band.

In a flash of amber light, all four members along with their instruments and equipment vanish.

“The Grand Highness is your manager now,” Nexxar mutters as two aliens exit the club and return to their ship.

The Throxxan scout ship lifts off and disappears into a cloud bank just as Phil pulls up to the theatre in a yellow taxi.

“Hey, how’s the rehearsal going?” Phill yells as he enters the theatre.

He doesn’t even notice the bartender, bouncer, and sound

tech on the floor.

“It’s almost 6 and there not here yet,” Phil states to himself.

He storms out of the place.

“Next time I manage a group, I’m going with adult contemporary,” he mutters as he exits.

Julia, Collin, Paul and Val wake up in an empty white room devoid of furniture, windows, or any detail at all.

“Whoa my head’s spinning,” Paul claims.

“So is mine and I don’t think it was the beer,” Collin adds.

“Where the heck are we...and who were those creepy guys with the costumes?” Val interjects.

“We’ve been kidnapped,” Julia states.

“Those creeps must have drugged us somehow,” Julia concludes.

Suddenly, the room is illuminated and the two Throxxan’s that “transported” Time warp to their rocky planet are visible.

“You may be dizzy for a short time. It is because we brought you here in a stasis field. It will soon pass,” states Nexxar.

Julia moves forward.

“Who...or what...are you...and why have you brought us here ?”

Julia demands.

“I am known as Nexxar and this is REXXAR. You have been brought

to Arus-2 to sing in our Arena,” Nexxar states calmly.

At first, Julia looks disgusted while she stares at the two reptilian looking aliens.

“What! Are you for real? Is this some kind of joke,” she exclaims.

Rexxar moves closer to Julia.

“He speaks the truth...errr...”

“Oh, I apologize. My name is Julia,” she states.

Pointing to the others.

“This is Paul, Collin, and that’s Val. You seem to know us. How did you know that we sing?”

Rexxar points to the blank white wall. An image appears of the Adventurer II orbiting Arus-2.

“We found the data discs you sent to us in this odd looking module,” Rexxar states.

Collin rushes forward to look closer at the image.

“That’s the ship that ---”

Julia kicks him gently.

“Oww! Whadya do that for?” Collin asks.

“Yes...yes that’s...uh-humph...our ship,” Julia states nervously.

She goes on.

“Uh—In...In order for us to perform in your Arena as you say, we

may need some things from inside. You know...my make-up, hair spray...girl stuff,” Julia states.

Nexxar seems perplexed.

“We have all your instruments and everything you need to perform ready backstage,” Nexxar insists.

“Yes I am sure you do, but I need my...me

She thinks for a moment.

“...oh yes...my lucky microphone. Yes. I may need that.”

“I can take you up to the craft in the statis chamber.”

Rexxar points to a small room brilliantly lit from above.

“Maybe later,” Julia states.

“I think we had better get ready for our concert,” Julia adds.

Rexxar moves towards Julia.

“Yes I concur. We want to start before the next attack.”

Julia looking confused and concerned this time.

“Attack? Who...or again should I say what is attacking you?”

“The Guardians from the planetoid Guardia.”

“Oh, the Guardians. Are they a rock band also?”

“No, they are a treacherous gang of thieves who bomb the upper surface of this asteroid all day and night. That is why we must live here at the center core of the rock. It is also why we have the Arena concerts. It heLPs take our mind off it,” Rexxar

confesses.

“See even now they are attacking. They know we are about to have a concert.”

A wall screen shows the barren rocky surface of Arus-2. Small, wedge-shaped ships shooting back and forth dropping devices. The device explodes throwing up tons of rock.

Nexxar motions to a hovering automaton.

“Take them backstage of the Arena. Make sure they have everything they need...or you’ll end up like the drummer of the last group,” Nexxar states ominously.

The floating automaton zips past Julia and the band members.

“Right this way, folks!”

Julia follows the floating device. Behind her, Paul rushes to catch up with her. Collin and Val trail behind.

“Are you out of your mind?” Paul demands.

“We’ll do the concert then we’ll have to get up to that storage container to get back to Earth,” Julia replies.

“Listen to you...since when did you become a space traveler.

“Even if we’re lucky to get up to that thing how do you suppose to get back to Earth in it,” Paul demands.

“I *don’t* know, but we’ll figure it out,” Julia states.

Paul pauses.

“How do you know we’re really in outer space. Maybe they are lying. Maybe this is like the old Mission: Impossible where they fooled people into thinking they were someplace else.”

He looks at a metal door.

“I’ll bet that we’re in a warehouse somewhere in the Nevada desert and ---” Paul opens the door.

A multi-tentacled creature resembling a cross between an octopus and an eagle shrieks and lunges towards the door.

“Ahhhhh!” Paul screams.

The octopus/eagle monster is just about to wrap around Paul when Rexxar punches it, pushes it back in, and slams the door shut.

“Wh—what the heck was that?” Paul states exasperated.

“That’s our lunch.”

Julia, Collin, Val, and Paul enter a high-ceiling room where the various instruments they are playing are set up on a stage.

“Hey, they brought all our gear!” Val says somewhat pleased.

Julia inspects the stage.

“There are no wires. Is everything connected?” Julia observes.

A Throxxan voice blasts through whatever sound system the alien race use.

“You will find that all your equipment works as it does on your home world. Just play as you normally would.”

Small, drone-like automatons whirl about positioning lights, polishing the stage floor, and one even zooms right up to Julia and applies make-up to her. Another automaton styles her hair.

Paul looks around.

“Where’s the audience?”

A few Throxxans are standing in front of the stage structure.

“Is that them?” Paul states referring to the small crowd of aliens.

“This is a worse crowd that we had when we did the Monterey Reunion in Montreal. All we had there were a few drunks,” Collin adds as straps on his electric guitar and adjusts some of the knobs.

Suddenly, the illumination in the room dims.

“Ladies and gentlemen...creatures from across the known universe. You are the luckiest denizens in the galaxy as you will be seeing our latest act here in the Arus-2 Arena right before they embark on a grand tour of our intergalactic neighbors.

Julia looks at the band.

“Intergalactic tour? What’s that about?” Julia inquires.

Zoxxon speaks on.

After tonight’s royal command performance, the band will embark on a seven-star system, two-hundred planet tour of the

galaxy that will last...a mere...99 years.”

“99 years?! Is he for real,” Val asks.

“My contract expires after 5,” Collin adds.

“He’s a worse manager than Phil,” Paul states.

Julia tries to remain rational.

“Ignore it. We are not going anywhere for 99 years except back home,” Julia states.

Zoxxon voice continues.

“Here they are. Replacing our previous group...the Arus 5 who... unfortunately...were shot to death today by me...straight from a planet called..err...what’s it called...oh yes...Earth. A nice little planet not far from here. Maybe we’ll invade and take it over one day.”

Julia looks at the band.

Val speaks first.

“Not only did we screwn up our latest album and mess up the concert Phil set up for us at the Mercury Theatre, now we’re also responsible for leading a gang of music loving Iguanas to Earth so they can pillage it,” Val exclaims.

Julia remains the only levelheaded one.

“Lets just sing and then get outta here,” Julia whispers.

Zoxxan continues.

“Here they are...Timewarp!”

Two enormous doors open in front of the band. As the doors open, Julia, Val, Collin, and Paul hear all kinds of noise ---chattering, clicking, buzzing, slurping, beeping coming from the Arena seats.

The doors continue to slide open. Julia and the others are shocked at what they see.

A stadium-type concert venue the likes that no human has ever witnessed. In the seats, hundreds of thousands of aliens and creatures from all over the galaxy. In one row, a group of five creatures from the planet Delon drink a green liquid out of large glasses. They are obviously inebriated.

In another row are a group of robots from the planet Alumina. One of the robots gets into a fist fight with an alien next to him from the planet Yana-7. The angered alien knocks the robots head off.

Up further from these concert goers, are a group of creatures from the planet Freddo. They are encased in a heavy space suit to protect them from the arctic- like surface of their home world.

Right in the front row are a number of Throxan's. Zexxon is among them.

Collin looks out at them in disgust.

“Oh man! I haven't seen an audience this pad since we played the Hollywood Bowl after they gave out free booze,” Collin quips.

“What are we going to play for them?” Paul asks.

“I don’t even want to look at them,” Val adds.

Julia always the rock of calmness thinks for a moment.

“I’ve got an idea,” she finally blurts out.

“Remember when we first got here. They told us that they liked our music because it made them feel happy, right ?”

Val shakes his head in confusion.

“Yeah. So, what’s that?”

“Let’s give them the opposite.”

Julia grabs her acoustic guitar from a stand. She spins around to the band.

“Give me a good country/western key.”

“Light drums...extra twang on the guitar.”

Julia begins to sing “Stand By Your Man” by Tammy Wynette.

Zoxxon down in the first row of the massive stadium-like structure slams his fist down.

“What kind of music is this?”

One of the aliens in the upper rows suddenly begins to cry.

The alien looks dumbfounded at the tear on his hand.

“What’s happening to me—water is coming out of my eyes!”

A group of what appear to be alien soldiers wearing begin to weep at the sound of the country ballad. The battalions

office stands up.

“What kind of babies are you! You’re not supposed to...

He searches for the word.

“...cry...”

Then he begins crying.

Another officer becomes angered.

“We can’t heLP it! It’s the music!” One of the soldiers exclaims.

“You bunch of fools! You’ve embarrassed me in one front of His Grandness Zoxxon!” The officer exclaims.

The officer fires point blank at the other commander. The commander who was crying falls dead over the seats.

Another creature begins to cry. His tears falls into his drink which causes a chemical reaction. The glass and the alien explode.

In the topmost tiers of the Arena, more fights break out.

One of the robot concert goers turns to his companion.

“I feel like crying but am incapable of it.”

Suddenly, tears stream from his metallic eyes and he shorts out.

Zoxxon stands up and turns to the attendees.

“Stop this fighting. Stop or I will ---”

Zoxxon does not complete this threat. An electrical charge fired from someone in the audience hits him and he falls down dead.

“C’mon let’s get outta here!” Julia yells to the band.

Julia, Val, Collin, and Paul rush out of the Arena while a full scale riot ensues.

Julia rushes out first and heads towards the stasis chamber.

“What happened in there?” Paul asks.

“The power of country music. That’s what,” Julia responds.

Just before they reach the stasis chamber, one of Zoxxon’s automata flies directly in front of them.

“Stop! You are prisoners of the Throxxan army! You may not enter this area!”

Julia swings her acoustic guitar at the drone. The drone is knocked across the room, sliding to a stop on the floor. Her guitar breaks apart, leaving her holding just the arm. She throws the piece aside.

“Get in.” she tells the band.

They squeeze into the chamber.

“It’s tight in here,” Collin observes.

“How do we get moving?” Paul states.

“There aren’t any controls,” Val notices.

“It must be voice activated,” states Julia. “Try saying something.”

“Hurry!”

“Hocus Pocus,” Val states

“Abracadabra,” Collin adds.

“Open sesame,” Paul adds.

“We want to go to the orbiting storage container!” Julia shouts.

The four members of Timewarp vanish.

And then reappear inside the Williams Aerospace Adevnturer II orbiting storage pod.

Back in the chaos of the Arena on the asteroid’s surface.

Nexxar stands over Zoxxon’s dead body.

“It was the music they played that caused this. Find them!”

One of the aliens in the top row stands up.

He hurls something down to the stage. It explodes causing the entire structure to collapse.

Inside the storage pod, Collin frantically searches for controls.

“How do we get this thing moving?”

“Try all the buttons,” Julia advises.

Collin hits a button which opens up communications with Mission Control.

At Mission Control back on Earth, Keith MacKenzie is seated at his console; he hears the band inside the pod.

He throws a switch and speaks into his headset.

“Carolyn...this is going to sound nut, but I’m getting some kind of chatter from inside the pod!”

In her office, Carolyn Williams leaps from seat.

“WHAT!”

She rushes into the control room. She can hear the band yelling in the pod.

“HeLP us!”

“How do we get this thing moving?”

Carolyn put on a headset.

“Who is this?” How did you get on this frequency? This is for Williams Aerospace communications only,” Carolyn states sternly.

Collin smiles and jumps up.

“Hey, I got through to somebody!”

“I’ll report you to the FCC if you don’t –” Carolyn continues.

“This is Collin...from the band Timewarp. We’re in your pod. Aliens took us to their place and wanted us to perform there. We escaped, but we’ve got to get this thing moving!”

“I’m not sure I believe them, but the call is coming from inside the pod,” she tells Keith.

“Do you see three orange switches on the wall?” Carolyn asks.

Collin looks.

“Yes...yes I see them.”

“Push them to the thrust position—all three at once,” she states.

Collin does so and the retro rockets fire.

The container leaves orbit around Arus-2 and rapidly shoots away from the rocky asteroid.

“The pod is set to follow a homing beacon that will return it to the Earth automatically. You don’t need to do anything,” Carolyn reassures.

In orbit around Guardia, Arus-2’s sister asteroid, a Guardian seated in a fighter craft spots the Adventurer II leaving Arus-2.

“That craft is departing. It must have been a Throxxan spy vessel. Pursue it!” The Guardian captain orders.

Several Guardian ships begin to follow the pod.

Val happens to glance out of a thick plexiglass window in the back of the pod.

“Hey guys...we’ve got ships following us. A lot of them. It’s not the lizards..the Roxxans...or whatever their name was. It’s those other crazies that were attacking them,” Val informs.

“Does this thing have any armament?” Paul asks as he looks around at the controls.

“No...no defenses,” Carolyn states over the transmitter.

“I didn’t come all this way to get away from those creeps on that rock just to be taken by these other weirdoes,” Collin states.

Collin becomes panic stricken and starts frantically hitting on buttons and flipping switches.

Carolyn Williams hears him hitting the control boards.

“Be careful,” she shouts over the speaker, “you could hit something – “

An alarm begins wailing along with flashing strobe lights.

A heavy metal door shuts behind Collin, sealing off the back portion of the storage pod.

“Uh-oh,” Collin mutters.

Inside the Guardian lead attack ship.

“We are in range. They appear to lack any defense. Prepare to fi—”

Suddenly, the back door of the pod springs open, exposing all the contents to the vacuum of space.

In an instant, everything stored inside is pulled out.

Volleyballs, baseball bats, end table, tennis rackets, clothing, a four-drawer dresser, bicycles, toys, stuffed animals, paint

cans, hundreds of bars of soap, and even a motorcycle are thrust into space.

The Guardian ship crews go into shock.

“What are those things!”

“They are headed right for us!”

The lead ships are pelted with the accumulation of societies stored items.

Golf balls, candy bars, old cell phones, TV's, laundry detergent --- all strike the Guardian's ships.

Several gallons of house paint splash across the ships' canopy.

“I can't see out!”

The ship's engine draws in several hundred rolls of masking tape, causing the engine and, thus, the ship to detonate.

Another ship is hit by several twin-size mattresses and swerves out of control as the insides of the mattress float about.

A third ship positions itself to fire at the Adventurer II when it is hit by tons of old textbooks. The front canopy shatters from the impact and the two pilots are blown out into the void.

Another, somewhat larger command ship, moves in.

The bigger craft is hit with pieces of small furniture, an oriental rug, old pocketbooks, and various office supplies.

“It's going to take more than some minor space junk to

stop this ship,” the Guardian captain states confidently to his crew.

As if in answer to his boasts, tons of spare change strike the ship causing it to veer sideways.

Several pieces of lumber hit the ship, tearing off the top rudder. The ship lurches, then begins to tumble end-over-end towards the Guardian planet.

“Abandon the assault! We’re losing too many ships!”

The remaining craft turn and return to their home world.

Collin jumps for joy.

“Hey, I did it!”

“I don’t know what you did, but you certainly stopped them,” Julia cries out.

“What do you know? We destroyed two alien civilizations and stopped a possible invasion of the Earth with an old country song and stuff from somebodies’ storage pod”, Collin states.

Carolyn Williams’ comforting voice comes on.

“Don’t hit anymore buttons, guys. We’ll guide you back to Cape Canaveral from her.”

Collin looks out the window.

“Gee I wonder who all that stuff belongs to?”

THE END

