

...The crowd roars along with the master of ceremonies as he dematerializes and in his place a band materializes. The band leader, in his best Bob Dylan fashion, says a few unintelligible words and then the band strikes up playing The Nebula Run theme song. As they finish, they fade away along with the sound of the song does and another band materializes in their place, like a holographic jukebox.

Who's gonna do what to who, and how fast, is the topic at most tables, except at any table Lena is at.

LENA

Seriously guys, I really am looking for a retroverter and I need it as soon as possible.

However, the table Lena is at, erupts in laughter at her continued

ALIEN #1

Little lady I've heard about your reputation and quite frankly this might be in poor taste but... well ya see, nobody wants to race against you.

LENA

Thanks Bub, but I think I've picked up on at least that much.

(Frustratingly loud)

I'm just looking for someone who's not afraid of me. Are you all cowards or do you really not know anyone who can help me beat your asses tomorrow.

GRUMMER

Who you callin' a coward?

I grotesque featured creature slowly stands and approaches her. A hush comes over the table. The moment is tense just before he smiles and opens all four of his arms for a hug.

LENA

You had me scared for a minute there Grummer.

GRUMMER

Scared? Now who's the coward Lena?

The table goes back to a murmur of conversation amongst themselves.

LENA

After what happened last year you'd be surprised who takes it personally.

GRUMMER

Hey I was stuck in the Mobius Gravity Belt and wasn't anywhere near you when you-

LENA

I know, I know.

GRUMMER

So I've got no beef with you, but I wouldn't go near anyone from the Krypton System if you know what I mean.

LENA

(embarrassing sigh)

True dat Grummer, true dat. So can you help me out with the whole retroveter thing?

GRUMMER

No, I can't help you personally but I can give you the name of probably the only one who can. You're looking for Derby Spaceway.

Her eyes roll back with a frustrating grunt.

GRUMMER (CONT'D)

You've heard of him.

LENA

Yeah, I've only left him a dozen messages and haven't heard back yet.

Two tables over, Norble and Zooty eat a mushy, jello substance in the traditional Izodian way, with no hands. Norble's slobbering and sucking is halted when he witnesses an atrocity far across the room. He follows his gut reaction, with rage consuming him, he leaps from table to table in a furious quest. Still a table away from his mission, he screams in desperation.

NORBLE

Nnnooooooooo!

But it's too late. A fellow Izodian just became the dinner of a towering Gorillian.

The Gorillian, like a reptile, is still chewing and swallowing its prey. Norble, Zooty and four other Izodians attack the Gorillians, igniting a brawl that catches like wildfire throughout the entire spaceport. Fists and food everywhere, it is truly a night to be dismembered.

Trying to avoid flying dishes and punches, Derby crawls his way to an exit. Approaching an edge of the chaos, he comes

face to face with himself. He stares at the vid-screen with his picture and a ransom notice set by Kayla, Rotan's daughter. Turning around to see if anyone else has seen the ransom demand, Derby's eyes lock with a huge Veluzian, a snarling creature, with the gaze of a lucky predator. The chase begins.

INT. TARGUS III SPACE PORT - CORRIDOR -MOMENTS LATER

Slamming around corners and running for his life, Derby clears his own path through the corridors, barely making it into the space lift before the doors shut. The Veluzian, unable to stop her own relentless pursuit, slams violently into the space lift doors. Without losing a beat, the Veluzian pries the doors open and starts clawing its way up the inside of the space lift's shaft.

INT. TARGUS III SPACE PORT - SPACE LIFT - MOMENTS LATER

Derby stands up, dusting himself off and making his polite excuse to the other space lift patrons.

DERBY

Old girlfriend. Tough breakup.

Just then his ransom and picture appears on the screen just above his head.

Just as he's realizing why that joke didn't work, a mammoth Veluzian paw claws through the floor of the space lift. The small compartment is evacuated quickly by racers who want to live until tomorrow. Derby is trampled while his leg is kept hostage by the Veluzian ripping up through the floor.

LENA

FREEZE!!

Just outside the space lift stands a very determined Lena, aiming an imposing weapon at them both.

LENA (CONT'D)

So, the famous Derby Spaceway in my sights.

VELUZIAN

I saw him first.

LENA

The screen said dead or alive, I'm just gonna make him easier for you to bring in.

Lena lines up the targeting laser on Derby's forehead.

DERBY

Hey! What have I ever done to you?
(MORE)

DERBY (CONT'D)

It was just a bump! You knocked me
down!

LENA

Shut up and say your last words to
the universe.

The green targeting laser blurs over to the Veluzian and...
Blast! The beast's head splatters in all directions, mostly
onto Derby.

DERBY

Whoa!

Derby opens one clenched eye to see that he is still alive...

Covered with Veluzian blood and guts, but still alive. The
laser site returns to his head.

LENA

Tell me you still have a fully charged
R32 retroverter.