Carole and Tuesday were doing whatever they could (under Gus’s advisement) to drum up some more anticipation for the release of their first album, so they agreed to perform a private concert at an old house at the outskirts of town. Apparently it was owned by a very influential promoter from an old-money family, or so Gus insisted (Roddy seemed a little less convinced and Carole and Tuesday had been put through the wringer so often by his questionable tactics that they refused to even speculate).

As they walked up to the front door, their misgivings became more pronounced; the house was big and was probably a splendor fifty-some years ago, but now it had shingles falling off and there seemed to be a few too many bats flying around (which was strange; both young women wondered if there had ever been bats on Mars).

A shiver ran up Tuesday’s spine and she clutched her guitar case closer.

“Tue, it’s okay,” Carole smiled and put her hand on Tuesday’s shoulder. “We just need to get through an hour set list. And we’ve probably played in plenty of places that were less… safe than this.”

Tuesday nodded and they each lifted a hand to the ornate door knocker. They knocked three times and the echoes sounded within. The door seemed to open on its own as bats burst from the upper windows.

As the duo walked into the foyer the taps of their footsteps echoed throughout the room. The candles set upon sconces seemed to flicker with each of their breaths, and the air somehow felt 20 degrees colder. Despite this, the scrappy musicians proceeded to set up their instruments. Strangely enough, there didn’t seem to be anyone else there to actually listen to their concert, though there appeared to be shadowy figures just out of plain sight.

“Carole, should we start? It’s time, but there doesn’t seem to be anyone here?” Tuesday asked, shuddering.

Carole stiffened her expression. “The sooner we get started, the sooner we can get this over with.” She played a few notes on her keyboard. Just as she took a breath to start singing, the walls began to rattle and ghastly sounds began floating through the air.

“WWwwwwooooOOOOOO!” The wind seemed to say.

Tuesday freaked out and jumped into Carole’s arms. Carole was surprised but definitely wasn’t opposed to the contact.

“WOOOOOOOOOOOO!” The voice said again, louder and more insistent. Carole squinted her eyes and put Tuesday down for the time being. Carole thought she could see something in the distance. She took Tuesday’s guitar case and tossed it toward a dark shadow, and it hit something with a loud clank.

“OUCH!” something exclaimed electronically. Carole stomped over to the source of the sound.

“What he heck is going on here?” She asked. A small, yellow, somewhat rotund entity clanked into the light.

“Hello, I’m IDEA, a movie-making, singing, and haunting AI!” It said. It seemed to dawn on the robot very quickly who he was dealing with. If a metallic entity could sweat drop, he would have.

“I *knew* something seemed shady. And of course it was even shadier than I could have imagined. Tue, come here”. Carole grabbed Tuesday’s hand and they jointly kicked IDEA out an already-broken window. As they picked up their instruments and left (to give Gus a piece of their mind) they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had once again saved the world from bad AI influence, and perhaps had embarked upon the road to something even better than mere friendship.

THE END