



THE TRANSFORMERS REANIMATED

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THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.
"FOR THE LOVE OF H.A.T.E., PART 2."

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Based on the original cartoon series, The Transformers: ReAnimated,
bridges the gap between the seminal second season and the 1986 Movie
that defined the childhood of millions.

PAGE ONE:

PANEL 1:

INT. LORD CHUMLEY'S TROPHY ROOM.

A SPLASH PANEL reveals LORD CHUMLEY, DR. ARKEVILLE and SHAWN BERGER, gloating before a trio of STUCK-IN-PLACE AUTOBOTS: OPTIMUS PRIME, IRONHIDE and GRIMLOCK. Each of the Autobots wears a LANDMINE-LIKE, IMMOBILIZER DISC, fastened to their chests and BEEPING with a FLASHING, RED LIGHT.

CHUMLEY

That's right, Optimus Prime!
Welcome to **H.A.T.E.:** Humans Against
Transforming Extraterrestrials.
I've finally captured the most
dangerous game this, or should I
say, **your** planet has to offer,
which truly makes **me** the greatest
hunter to have ever lived!

IRONHIDE

Ah, can it, you deranged lunatic.
Ain't nobody wanna hear nuthin' you
got ta say.

GRIMLOCK

Me, Grimlock not stay stuck for
long. Soon me get free. Then, me
smash you. Smash you real good.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Easy, Grimlock. Save your strength.
I have a feeling we're all going to
need it.

PANEL 2:

Chumley SMILES as he stands beside his manservant, DINSMOORE, and LAWRENCE MUDD, ESQUIRE. Over their shoulders, ASTORIA CARLTON-RITZ remains stuck in her CELL, hanging from the CEILING like an oversized BIRD-CAGE. Dr. Arkeville LURKS MANIACALLY in the background.

CHUMLEY

What tremendous advice, Optimus
Prime. Yes, indeed you **will** need
your strength. Especially
considering what the good doctor
has in store for you.

ASTORIA

You creeps better let us go, before
I slap you with the biggest lawsuit
you've ever seen!

MUDD

Lawsuit? You think **I'm** afraid of
the law? My dear, I am **master** of
the law! Who do you think freed my
colleagues from their various
prisons? All released, all legally.
Thanks to little old *moi*.

DR. ARKEVILLE

Chumley, I'd like to start
experimenting on these mechanical
misfits right way. After all, I am
a **GENIUS OF SCIENCE!**

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Chumley.

CHUMLEY

Yes indeed, Doctor. You may begin
with Optimus Prime, himself. Right
after you bring me...

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Optimus Prime's face.

CHUMLEY (CONT'D)

...his **HEAD!**

PAGE TWO:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK - MAIN CONTROL ROOM.

Inside the ARK, CHIP CHASE sits before TELETRAAN-1,
accompanied by SPIKE, CARLY and SPARKPLUG. Telettraan-1's DATA
SCREEN is split into THREE PANELS, each displaying the
individual faces of Optimus Prime, Grimlock and Ironhide,
each BRANDED with the word: MISSING.

CAPTION: The Autobot Ark...

SPARKPLUG

Look, I know I'm no computer
expert, but why can't we find them?
(MORE)

SPARKPLUG (CONT'D)

Seventeen giant robots don't just disappear!

SPIKE

Yeah, Chip. I thought if there was **anything** on Earth that could locate Optimus Prime and the others, it'd be Teletraan-1!

CHIP

I don't understand it, either, guys. It's like they just **vanished**!

PANEL 2:

Carly turns to see a MOTORCYCLE and its RIDER arrive at the Ark's ENTRYWAY. It is RAOUL.

CARLY

Uh, guys? We have a visitor.

RAOUL

Hello? Please, I need your help!

PANEL 3:

Sparkplug rushes to greet Raoul, while Spike, Carly and Chip watch from the background.

SPARKPLUG

Hey, I know you. Raoul, right? What are you doing here?

RAOUL

It's the Autobots! They've been taken!

SPIKE

Taken? Taken where?

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Raoul.

RAOUL

I'm not sure. All I know is, we were all out near Las Vegas, when these robo-tanks attacked the Autobots and incapacitated them! It was like they were frozen in place, man!

PANEL 5:

Spike and Carly converse with Raoul, as Chip turns back to face Teletraan-1.

RAOUL (CONT'D)

Next thing I know, they transformed and loaded **themselves** into a cargo plane and flew away! It was like they were being remote controlled!

CARLY

Remote controlled?

SPIKE

Oh no. That doesn't sound good. That doesn't sound good at all.

CHIP

Teletraan, can you track the destination of any aircraft leaving from Las Vegas, large enough to house several Autobots?

TELETRAAN-1

Working...

PANEL 6:

FROM BEHIND Sparkplug, Chip, Carly, Spike and Raoul as they gaze up at Teletraan-1's data screen. It now displays a partial MAP OF THE WORLD, with a RED DOTTED-LINE that starts at LAS VEGAS and tracks down into the SOUTH PACIFIC.

TELETRAAN-1 (CONT'D)

One match. Destination: Seagrass Island, South Pacific.

SPARKPLUG

The South Pacific? Wasn't that where Optimus Prime sent Bumblebee and the others to look for Powerglide's, uh... friend?

CARLY

This can't be a coincidence.

CHIP

You're right, Carly. That's gotta be the place! **That's** where the Autobots have been taken!

SPIKE

Yeah, but Chip... **who** has taken them?

PAGE THREE:

PANEL 1:

INT. LORD CHUMLEY'S TROPHY ROOM.

Dr. Arkeville SITS INSIDE Optimus Prime's truck-mode, as Chumley, Mudd, Berger and Dinsmoore stand to the side, LOOKING UP at their partner-in-crime.

SPIKE
(captioned)
And **why**?

CHUMLEY
Well, Doctor? I assume I'll have my trophy sooner rather than later?

DR. ARKEVILLE
Never fear, Chumley. Once I get this motorized monstrosity into my laboratory, my first task is to divide its Cybertronian constitution into individual pieces. **Then** you'll have your trophy, all right. And we'll **all** have our **REVENGE**!

PANEL 2:

With Dr. Arkeville behind the wheel, Optimus Prime DRIVES OUT OF FRAME, leaving Chumley to stand with Mudd, Dinsmoore and Berger before the (still-paralyzed) RATCHET, BRAWN and WHEELJACK. Like the other previously-seen captured Autobots, they too have immobilizer discs fixed to their chests.

RATCHET
Wait! You can't disassemble him!
He's not **that** kind of machine!

WHEELJACK
Yeah! Taking Optimus Prime apart will kill him!

BERGER
Oh, we know. **That's** the idea. And once Arkeville is done with **him**, the rest of you will be next!

PANEL 3:

Chumley, Dinsmoore, Mudd and Berger move away from Wheeljack to stand before POWERGLIDE, BUMBLEBEE and TRACKS; also wearing the now-infamous immobilizer discs.

BERGER (CONT'D)

After he studies your advanced alien circuitry, Arkeville will invent a slew of advanced consumer products. Products I'll endorse, along with my new legal representative, Mr. Mudd, and sell to the public to make **billions**! The good doctor will go down in history as its greatest inventor, and Mr. Mudd and I will be wealthy beyond imagination!

MUDD

Yes, I can practically smell the money already!

CHUMLEY

And those of you the doctor has no use for will be melted down to create even **more** elaborate contraptions for my big game hunts. Think about it... Autobots tracked down and eliminated by machines built from **other** Autobots! How splendid! Ha-Ha-Ha!

POWERGLIDE

You're a real wacko, you know that, pal?

TRACKS

Melted down? Ugh, how could you even **think** of ruining such a gorgeous chassis like mine?

PANEL 4:

While Mudd and Dinsmoore move off towards the LEFT OF FRAME, Chumley and Berger EXIT through the room's TWIN DOORS on the RIGHT, leaving Bumblebee and Powerglide to ponder their fate. Astoria remains HANGING above them in her cage.

CHUMLEY

Come, Mr. Berger. I believe your tanks are waiting for us outside. Dinsmoore, see to it that their new targets are arranged in place.

DINSMOORE

Yes, sir. At once, sir.

BUMBLEBEE

You know, I always thought if I ever kicked the binary-bucket, it'd be at the hands of the Decepticons, not a bunch of **human** bad guys.

POWERGLIDE

I know what you mean, little buddy. I can't stand the idea that those knuckleheads are gonna get the better of a well-seasoned adventurer like yours truly.

ASTORIA

Then why aren't you **doing** anything? Fight back! Transform! Something! **Anything!**

PANEL 5:

LOOKING DOWN from the cage - As Astoria ADMONISHES Powerglide even further, she REACHES for the back of her head, DIGGING her fingers into her HAIR.

POWERGLIDE

Uh, no-can-do, little-lady. These immobilizer discs have us stuck in place like a Dinobot doing diagnostic dialectology!

ASTORIA

Well, if **you** can't do anything to get us out of here...

PANEL 6:

A SMALL, INSERT PANEL - CLOSE ON Astoria's hand, PICKING THE LOCK of her cage with a HAIRPIN.

ASTORIA (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

... then **I** will!

PAGE FOUR:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK - MAIN CONTROL ROOM.

Chip looks up at Teletraan-1's data screen. This time, its image is SPLIT IN TWO, as Chip converses with the giant, digital faces of both PERCEPTOR and OMEGA SUPREME.

PERCEPTOR

I'm afraid not, Chip. Despite our formidable defensive contingent, we regrettably have our proverbial hands full up here.

CHIP

Really? I know you guys are on the moon, but there isn't **anything** you can do to get back here in time?

OMEGA SUPREME

Current lunar predicament:
Unavoidable. Reinforcement denial:
Regrettable.

PANEL 2:

As the data screen transmission WINKS OUT, Chip TURNS AWAY from Teletraan-1 to face Spike and Sparkplug. Sparkplug has placed a COMFORTING HAND on his son's shoulder.

CHIP

Well, we can forget about getting any help from the Autobots busy with Omega Supreme on the moon. That includes the Aerialbots and the Protectobots, too.

SPIKE

You mean, we're on our own?

SPARKPLUG

It sure seems that way, son.

PANEL 3:

Spike turns to look over at Raoul and Carly.

RAOUL

Then **we** have to do something! **We** have to save Optimus Prime, Tracks and the others!

CARLY

Yeah! They've saved the world a hundred times. Now it's time to repay the favor.

SPIKE

But what can **we** do? How can **we** stand up to someone powerful enough to defeat and capture the Autobots? We're not powerful robots from outer space. We're just human beings!

PANEL 4:

FROM ABOVE - Looking down on the circle of Spike, Chip, Raoul, Sparkplug and Carly.

SPARKPLUG

Carly's right. Whatever we're up against managed to take down even Optimus Prime!

RAOUL

Well, we gotta try, man!

SPIKE

Yeah, but how? I mean, we hear it every time we go up against Megatron and the Decepticons... we're just '*weak little flesh creatures*'.

CARLY

Well, I'm with Raoul. We have to try!

CHIP

I agree. And '*weak little flesh creatures*', or no '*weak little flesh creatures*', I think I know something that can help even the odds.

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Chip's DETERMINED FACE.

CHIP (CONT'D)

And some-**one**!

PAGE FIVE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. QUANTUM LABORATORIES, A U.S. MILITARY BASE - DAY.

CAPTION: Quantum Laboratories...

The NEWLY-REBUILT Quantum Laboratories building sits beneath the MIDDAY SUN.

DR. SHELTON
(captioned)
Chip! A pleasure to see you again!

PANEL 2:

INT. QUANTUM LABORATORIES.

DR. CHARLES SHELTON greets Chip, Spike, Carly, Sparkplug and Raoul, inviting them into his ADVANCED SCIENTIFIC WORKSHOP.

Besides the SCRIBBLED-ON WHITEBOARDS and SCATTERED HIGH-TECH MACHINERY that is dispersed over several MUDDLED WORKSTATIONS, the rear of Dr. Shelton's lab is decorated by a series of FIVE, almost ALIEN-LOOKING, GLASS PODS.

On the wall beside them, a POSTER of a CAT HANGING FROM A BRANCH can be seen with the caption, "*Hang In There!*".

DR. SHELTON
What brings you back to Quantum Laboratories, Chip?

CHIP
I wish it was for a social visit, Dr. Shelton, but I'm afraid it's much more serious.

SPIKE
Someone has captured Optimus Prime and the Autobots!

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - Chip, Spike, Carly, Raoul and Sparkplug stand opposite Dr. Shelton.

DR. SHELTON
But, I thought the Decepticons had been laying low lately?

SPIKE
It's not the Decepticons. Not this time, anyway.

RAOUL
No, but we still need to do something. And fast!

CARLY

And we can't do it alone.

CHIP

We **really** need your help, Doctor.

DR. SHELTON

My help? What do you mean?

PANEL 4:

Chip moves closer to Dr. Shelton.

CHIP

I think it's time, Doctor. Time to
field test...

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON the five, alien-looking glass pods to see the
ROBOTIC OUTFITS stored within.

CHIP (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

... the **EXOSUITS!**

PAGE SIX:

PANEL 1:

INT. DR. ARKEVILLE'S LABORATORY.

CAPTION: One hour later...

FROM ABOVE - Optimus Prime (now again in robot-mode) lies
STRAPPED to what appears to be a metallic OPERATING TABLE.

Several SINISTER-LOOKING CONTRAPTIONS, resembling a mix of hi-
tech CHAINSAWS, WELDING DEVICES, PRECISION LASERS, OVERSIZED
SCALPELS, HAMMERS and SPIKES, sit poised above the Autobot
Leader, seemingly ready to DISASSEMBLE him as Dr. Arkeville
stands nearby.

DR. ARKEVILLE

Well, Optimus Prime. This is it for
you, I'm afraid. You may take
comfort in knowing that your
dismantling will improve mankind
through **my** brilliant inventions.

OPTIMUS PRIME

You're mad, Dr. Arkeville. You only want Cybertronian technology for **yourself!** For **evil!** We Autobots are willing to share our technology, but only with the **good** scientists of your planet for the betterment of **both** our species.

PANEL 2:

Dr. Arkeville lifts his hand towards two DATA SCREENS situated behind him. Displayed within their digital images are several Autobots: WARPETH, SKIDS, CLIFFJUMPER, SMOKESCREEN and SEASPRAY, standing on what appears to be the BEACH of Seagrass Island.

DR. ARKEVILLE

And how exactly do you propose doing that? Right now, you're as helpless as a mouse, while several of your more **superfluous** colleagues are about to meet their demise at the hands of Mr. Berger's robotanks.

OPTIMUS PRIME

(off-panel)

What? No, use my components for whatever inventions you wish, but release my Autobots!

DR. ARKEVILLE

I don't think so, Optimus. Lord Chumley was quite clear. The machines for his big game hunts require new parts. And your warriors can provide them.

PANEL 3:

EXT. THE BEACH OF SEAGRASS ISLAND - DAY.

Just as Dr. Arkeville said; Warpath, Skids, Cliffjumper, Smokescreen and Seaspray remain held in place by their immobilization discs, as FIVE ROBO-TANKS aim their devastating TWIN-TURRETS towards them. Chumley and Berger WATCH ON with MISCHIEVOUS SMILES.

DR. ARKEVILLE

(captioned)

Once they've been deactivated, of course!

CHUMLEY

I'm sorry to say, but it appears the five of you are of little use to us, either as scientific experiments **or** game to be hunted.

BERGER

But, they **will** make for excellent target practice. Ha-Ha-Ha!

WARPATH

ZING! Uh-oh. Looks like it's the end of the road for us! POW!

CLIFFJUMPER

I can't believe we're gonna get blasted to smithereens without even being able to fight back!

SEASPRAY

Well, you know what they say... life's a beach!

PANEL 4:

FROM BEHIND Cliffjumper and Skids - As the twin-turrets of the robo-tanks begin to GLOW with ENERGY, five HUMAN-SHAPED FIGURES can be seen HIGH IN THE SKY in the distance.

CLIFFJUMPER

Well, nice knowing you, Skids.

SKIDS

Cliffjumper, look! Up there in the sky. Is that..?

PANEL 5:

Each wearing a prototype version of the EXOSUIT from the 1986 Movie; Chip, Spike, Carly, Sparkplug and Raoul FLY TOWARDS the beach in a SUPERHERO-LIKE fashion.

SKIDS (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

... Chip?

PAGE SEVEN:

PANEL 1:

Each of the Exosuit-wearing humans LAND IN-BETWEEN the robo-tanks and the Autobots. Chip in particular, TOUCHES DOWN with the stereotypical SUPERHERO LANDING.

CHIP
That's right, Skids. We're here.

SPIKE
And we're ready to fight!

RAOUL
You know it!

PANEL 2:

Berger and Chumley appear ANNOYED.

CHUMLEY
What?! Who are you? How dare you interfere?

BERGER
Don't worry, Chumley, my robo-tanks will take care of them.

PANEL 3:

One of the robo-tanks BLASTS a BEAM OF ENERGY towards Chip, however; he manages to EASILY AVOID the attack by LEAPING TO SAFETY with a dynamic SOMERSAULT.

CHIP
Uh-uh! I don't think so, Berger!

PANEL 4:

Three more robo-tanks FIRE TOWARDS Carly, Raoul and Spike, who also use their Exosuits to avoid being hurt.

CARLY
This is incredible!

SPIKE
Yeah! With these Exosuits, those tanks can't even come close to blasting us!

PANEL 5:

Berger stands before a pair of robo-tanks, as Sparkplug TURNS BACK to look off-panel.

BERGER
No! Those fools are too small for my tanks to target!

SPARKPLUG

All right, kids... whatta ya say we
give these clowns what they
deserve?

PANEL 6:

Chip, Spike, Carly, Sparkplug and Raoul CHARGE INTO BATTLE
against Berger's robo-tanks.

CHIP

Let's do it!

PAGE EIGHT:

PANEL 1:

INT. LORD CHUMLEY'S TROPHY ROOM.

As the SOUNDS OF BATTLE echo in from outside, Astoria has
managed to OPEN HER CAGE and LEAP DOWN onto the floor beside
Powerglide and Bumblebee.

BUMBLEBEE

Wow, that's some commotion
happening out there!

ASTORIA

Who cares? I say we create an even
bigger one in here!

POWERGLIDE

I like the way you think, honey.

PANEL 2:

Astoria REMOVES the immobilization disc from Powerglide's
chest and he STRETCHES his arms with SATISFACTION.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah! That's **soooooo** much
better!

BUMBLEBEE

C'mon, Powerglide! Quit yappin' and
get this thing off me. We've got to
free the others!

PANEL 3:

A SHOCKED Dinsmoore POINTS AT Mudd as they both turn to see
that Powerglide, Bumblebee and Astoria have freed themselves.

DINSMOORE

What? How did they get loose? Mudd,
stop them!

MUDD

M-m-m-me?! I can't stop them!

PANEL 4:

Bumblebee and Powerglide TRANSFORM to vehicle-mode to RACE TOWARDS Dinsmoore and Mudd, causing both humans to DIVE FOR COVER and out of the way. Meanwhile, Astoria stands CHEERING in the background.

BUMBLEBEE

Yeah, I'd like to see you try now
that we're not stuck in place like
some Cybertronian statues!

POWERGLIDE

Yeah! Ain't nuthin' gonna stop
us...

PANEL 5:

Powerglide CRASHES into a still-immobilized Grimlock.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

...now?! Ugh!

PANEL 6:

Powerglide has returned to robot-mode, RUBBING HIS HEAD as he looks up at the TOWERING DINOBOT above him.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I didn't see you there, big
guy. Whatta you say I take off that
immobilizer disc and you smash up
this place, real good?

GRIMLOCK

If me, Grimlock had mouth... me,
Grimlock would smile right now.

PAGE NINE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE BEACH OF SEAGRASS ISLAND - DAY.

WITH A SPLASH PANEL - Chip holds one of Berger's battered robo-tanks OVER HIS HEAD like Superman on the cover of *Action Comics* #1.

Behind him, Carly has TORN the twin-turrets off another, while Spike and Sparkplug DIVE out of the way of a third tank's ENERGY ATTACK, accidentally causing it to BLAST a hapless fourth tank to pieces.

CHIP

I think it's safe to say these
Exosuits are a success!

PANEL 2:

Raoul SLAMS a robo-tank INTO THE SAND by its twin-turrets as though he were driving a PICK-AXE into the ground.

RAOUL

You can say that again, man!

PANEL 3:

Chumley and Berger watch on as Carly and Spike begin to remove the immobilizer discs from Skids and Warpath. Behind them lies the ruins of the five robo-tanks.

BERGER

My... my beautiful tanks!

CHUMLEY

It would appear we have
overestimated Dr. Arkeville's
technical adjustments.

PANEL 4:

Chumley and Berger FLEE IN TERROR.

BERGER

C'mon! These aren't the **only** tanks
I have!

CHUMLEY

Then quickly, let's get out of
here!

PAGE TEN:

PANEL 1:

INT. DR. ARKEVILLE'S LABORATORY.

With Optimus Prime on the operating table behind him, Dr. Arkeville watches his data screens in HORROR.

On one screen, Chip and Spike stand amidst the ruins of Berger's robo-tanks, while the second data screen shares an image of Grimlock (now in Tyrannosaur-mode) ROARING at the terrified pair of Dinsmore and Mudd like something out of *Jurassic Park*.

DR. ARKEVILLE
No, how can this be?

OPTIMUS PRIME
It looks like you didn't account for **everything**, Doctor. You were so preoccupied with **us**, that you forgot about your fellow humans and what **they** are capable of.

PANEL 2:

Dr. Arkeville turns back to face Optimus Prime, lifting his ROBOTIC ARM arm to reveal a CONTROL PANEL, comprised of SIX SQUARE BUTTONS (two rows of three) attached to his FOREARM.

DR. ARKEVILLE
We're not beaten yet. I still have a few tricks up my sleeve.

PANEL 3:

INT. LORD CHUMLEY'S TROPHY ROOM.

Grimlock ROASTS the trophy room's GERMAN WORLD WAR II TANK with his FIRE BREATH, while SMASHING HIS TAIL through a FULL-SIZED SKELETON of a creature that appears to be the BONES of a DRAGON.

Behind him, Powerglide removes immobilizer discs from JAZZ and PROWL.

GRIMLOCK
Me, Grimlock destroy dumb trophy room!

PANEL 4:

Powerglide, Jazz and Prowl FAN OUT, ready for action.

POWERGLIDE

There you go, fellas. Welcome back to the world of movin' under your own power.

JAZZ

All right! Let's free the others and start shuttin' down this nutty-knickknack-shack!

PROWL

I like the sound of that, Jazz. Whatever it means.

PANEL 5:

Jazz, Prowl and Powerglide LOOK BEHIND them and the set of TWIN DOORS built into the room's rear wall. A THUNDEROUS SOUND is REVERBERATING from the other side.

PROWL (CONT'D)

Now what?

JAZZ

Uh-oh! Don't touch that dial!

PAGE ELEVEN:

PANEL 1:

WITH A SPLASH PANEL - Optimus Prime BURSTS through the doors, taking out most of the wall along with them. His EYES are no longer their classic AUTOBOT BLUE. Instead, they appear BRIGHT RED, while Dr. Arkeville can be seen SITTING behind the WINDOWS of his CHEST COMPARTMENT as though piloting the Autobot Leader like a GIANT ZORD.

DR. ARKEVILLE

Not so fast, you silicon simpletons!

PANEL 2:

Optimus Prime PUNCHES Jazz, knocking him into Prowl and sending both Autobots CRASHING towards the floor. Inside his makeshift control center, Dr. Arkeville LAUGHS.

JAZZ

Whoa! What gives, Optimus?

PROWL

Ow!

OPTIMUS PRIME
Forgive me, my friends! Dr.
Arkeville is in **COMPLETE CONTROL** of
my body!

PANEL 3:

Optimus Prime HURLS Powerglide towards the LEFT edge of the panel.

POWERGLIDE
Another remote control device?
Didn't we destroy that thing when
we were in France? WHOOOAA!

DR. ARKEVILLE
Yes you did, you maroon muttonhead!
But this new-and-improved, **focused**
control device now targets only **one**
Transformer: the most **powerful** one
it can detect!

PAGE TWELVE:

PANEL 1:

Bumblebee removes the immobilization disc from MIRAGE, while
BLASTER, Ironhide, Tracks and Brawn CHARGE towards Optimus
Prime, causing Dr. Arkeville to CHUCKLE.

IRONHIDE
C'mon, we gotta save Optimus!

OPTIMUS PRIME
No, Ironhide! Stay back!

DR. ARKEVILLE
Ha! Let them come! And we'll see
just how powerful you really are,
Prime!

PANEL 2:

Controlled by Dr. Arkeville, Optimus Prime BACKHANDS Tracks
into Ironhide with his RIGHT HAND, while delivering an
UPPERCUT to Blaster with his LEFT.

IRONHIDE
Ugh! Prime, whatta you doin'?

OPTIMUS PRIME
I'm sorry, old friend! I...
cannot... resist!

BLASTER

Guh! I like **chart** hits! Not **chin** hits! Ow!

PANEL 3:

Brawn LEAPS UP towards Optimus Prime's face, ready to STRIKE with a BALLED-UP FIST.

BRAWN

I'm sorry, Optimus. But this is gonna hurt me a lot more than it hurts...

PANEL 4:

Optimus Prime SWATS Brawn away with a DOUBLE-HANDED BLOW.

BRAWN (CONT'D)

...Aaaaghh!

PANEL 5:

As Optimus Prime battles Jazz, Prowl and Mirage in the background, BEACHCOMBER turns to look off-panel and towards YET ANOTHER RUMBLING SOUND.

BEACHCOMBER

Hey, like what's all the hubbub, bub?

PANEL 6:

Beachcomber DIVES FOR COVER as SIX MORE of Berger's robot-tanks STORM into the trophy room through another of its walls.

BEACHCOMBER (CONT'D)

Yow! Not cool, baby. Not cool at all! Oooh!

PAGE THIRTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Bumblebee calls upon the remaining DINOBOOTS: SLAG, SWOOP, SNARL and SLUDGE, already TRANSFORMING into their dino-modes behind the little yellow bug.

BUMBLEBEE

C'mon, guys! You can take care of those tanks, right?

SLAG

Yes! Me, Slag ready for Round Two!

SWOOP

Swoop also ready for Round Two,
too!

SLUDGE

Well, me, Sludge want Round Two,
too, **too!**

PANEL 2:

While the four Dinobots ATTACK the robo-tanks in the background, Grimlock (in robot-mode) looks back and towards Optimus Prime, now SLAMMING Wheeljack into the floor by the foot. Dr. Arkeville continues to LAUGH from within Optimus Prime's chest.

GRIMLOCK

Hrrrrrr.

DR. ARKEVILLE

Ha-Ha-Ha! This is wonderful! The
Autobots beaten by their very own
leader! Nothing can stop us now,
Optimus Prime! **NOTHING!**

PANEL 3:

SHOT FROM BELOW Grimlock's hip - The Dinobot Leader SIDLES INTO FRAME like a GUNSLINGER from the OLD WEST to confront Optimus Prime / Dr. Arkeville.

GRIMLOCK

Me willing to give it a try.

DR. ARKEVILLE

What? Another contender?

PANEL 5:

Grimlock SQUARES OFF against the Dr. Arkeville-controlled Optimus Prime.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Grimlock, you might be our only
chance. As Autobot Leader, I
command you... give me everything
you've got!

GRIMLOCK

Me, Grimlock not want to hurt
Optimus Prime.

(MORE)

GRIMLOCK (CONT'D)

But, me, Grimlock got to do what
me, Grimlock got to do.

PANEL 6:

Grimlock GRAPPLES with Optimus Prime like two PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS locking-up at the beginning of a match, appearing as two MYTHICAL TITANS caught in a PHYSICAL STALEMATE.

PAGE FOURTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Grimlock PUNCHES Optimus Prime across the face.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Ugh! That's it, Grimlock! **FIGHT ME!**

PANEL 2:

Controlled by Dr. Arkeville, Optimus Prime DROPS a HAYMAKER into Grimlock's MIDSECTION.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)

No! Come on, Grimlock! I know you
have more than that!

PANEL 3:

Optimus Prime SMASHES his FIST into Grimlock's face.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)

No! I'm sorry, Grimlock!

PANEL 4:

Now on his knees, Grimlock LOOKS UP as Optimus Prime RAISES BOTH FISTS into the air, ready to strike.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)

Please, Grimlock. Dr. Arkeville
will control us **all** if you don't do
something to stop him. To stop...
me!

GRIMLOCK

(muttering to himself)
All right. But you asked for it.

PANEL 5:

Grimlock TRANSFORMS to dino-mode to BLAST Optimus Prime with a PLUME OF FIRE from his T-Rex jaws.

GRIMLOCK (CONT'D)
ROOOAAAARRRRRGHHH!

OPTIMUS PRIME
Gah!

DR. ARKEVILLE
Aaaaagh! No!

PANEL 6:

Grimlock SWINGS his TAIL into Optimus Prime's NOW-BURNT chest, CRACKING ITS WINDOWS and knocking Dr. Arkeville free of the Autobot Leader's cabin.

DR. ARKEVILLE (CONT'D)
Ugh, no! How can this be?

PANEL 7:

Dr. Arkeville now stands on the floor, holding his control panel arm high to force Optimus Prime into TACKLING Grimlock to the ground.

DR. ARKEVILLE (CONT'D)
It matters little, you dino-dolt. I
still command Optimus Prime!

PAGE FIFTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Berger and Mudd watch with DREAD as Slag CHARGES THROUGH one of the robo-tanks with his TRICERATOPS HORNS, and Snarl BASHES IN a second robo-tank with his STEGOSAURUS TAIL.

BERGER
No! This can't be happening!

SNARL
We ready for you this time!

SLAG
Smash you good!

PANEL 2:

Likewise, Chumley and Dinsmoore look on with FEAR as Swoop and Sludge (both in robot-modes) work together to TEAR a robo-tank IN HALF.

CHUMLEY
This day is lost! Quickly, we
must...

PANEL 3:

WITH A SPLASH PANEL, FROM BEHIND Chumley, Berger, Mudd and Dinsmoore - The villains' path to freedom through the wall's GAPING FISSURE is BLOCKED by Warpath's tank-mode and its CONFRONTING TURRET.

Standing in a V-FORMATION on top of the boisterous Autobot is the Exosuit-wearing team of Chip, Spike, Carly, Sparkplug and Raoul, all standing TRIUMPHANTLY with their hands on their hips like the JUSTICE LEAGUE.

Behind Warpath: Cliffjumper, Seaspray, Skids and Smokescreen can be seen outside.

CHUMLEY (CONT'D)
... escape?!

CHIP
Not so fast, Chumley!

WARPATH
KABOOM! Yeah, **tanks** for the
memories, but you aren't going
anywhere but prison! SLAMMER!

PAGE SIXTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Grimlock (now back in robot-mode) holds Optimus Prime off the floor in a VICIOUS BEAR HUG, as Optimus Prime lifts his fists ABOVE HIS HEAD.

On the ground below, Dr. Arkeville MIMICS Optimus Prime's stance, clearly STILL IN CONTROL of his mighty Autobot avatar.

GRIMLOCK
Me, sorry, Optimus Prime. Me not
want to do this!

OPTIMUS PRIME
You must finish me quickly,
Grimlock! Before Dr. Arkeville has
a chance to...

PANEL 2:

Optimus Prime BRINGS HIS FISTS TOGETHER, bashing each side of Grimlock's head. Again, on the ground below, Dr. Arkeville shadows Optimus Prime's movements.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)
... fight back?! No!

GRIMLOCK
Urgghhh!

PANEL 3:

FROM BEHIND Dr. Arkeville, the mad scientist MIMES lifting both hands into the air like a DOUBLE-HANDED UPPERCUT, while in the background, Optimus Prime is doing just that, connecting his fists with Grimlock's jaw.

DR. ARKEVILLE
Now, you see my **true** power,
Grimlock! The power of **SCIENCE!**

GRIMLOCK
UGH!

PANEL 4:

This time, Optimus Prime SMASHES Grimlock FACE-FIRST into the floor like he was SPIKING A FOOTBALL after scoring a game-winning touchdown.

Behind Optimus Prime, Dr. Arkeville's pose is once again synchronized with that of the Autobot Leader. However; behind Dr. Arkeville, Astoria is SNEAKING UP on him.

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Dr. Arkeville as he turns to look behind him.

ASTORIA
(off-panel)
Hey, ugly!

DR. ARKEVILLE
What? You?

PANEL 6:

Astoria drives a RIGHT-CROSS into Dr. Arkeville's face, LIFTING him off his feet like CAPTAIN AMERICA knocking out HITLER.

ASTORIA
Yeah... **ME!**

DR. ARKEVILLE
Gaaagh!

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

PANEL 1:

CLOSE ON Astoria's FOOT, as the FOUR-INCH HEEL of her designer shoe DRIVES INTO and PIERCES the control panel on Dr. Arkeville's forearm, sending SPARKS and ELECTRICAL FLURRIES shooting free of the device.

ASTORIA
(off-panel)
I... have had... enough of... **YOU!**

DR. ARKEVILLE
(off-panel)
NOOOOOOOOOO!

PANEL 2:

On his knees, Dr. Arkeville CLUTCHES at his forearm and its SHATTERED control panel. Behind him, Astoria stands proudly, inspecting her (now in need of a manicure) hand.

DR. ARKEVILLE (CONT'D)
No! No, not again! I **cannot** be
defeated this way! It's **impossible!**

ASTORIA
Oh, get over yourself, already. I
think **I** broke a nail.

PANEL 3:

A large BLUE HAND suddenly REACHES INTO FRAME to LIFT Dr. Arkeville OFF HIS FEET.

DR. ARKEVILLE
What? Oh no!

OPTIMUS PRIME
(off-panel)
Excuse me, Doctor...

PANEL 4:

With Grimlock standing beside him, Optimus Prime holds a DOWNTRODDEN Dr. Arkeville by his LAB COAT, DANGLING him above the floor. In the foreground, Powerglide DROPS TO HIS KNEES, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED as Astoria RACES TOWARDS him.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)
... but your time is up.

ASTORIA
Powerglide!

POWERGLIDE

Hey-hey! You did real good, kiddo!

PAGE EIGHTEEN:

PANEL 1:

In the background, Ratchet helps Wheeljack to his feet, while Prowl CONVERSES with Jazz. In the foreground, Cliffjumper and Seaspray MARCH Chumley, Mudd, Dinsmoore and Berger towards the right of the panel at GUNPOINT.

CLIFFJUMPER

All right, you losers. Jail time in five... four... three...

SEAPRAY

Yo-ho!

PANEL 2:

Tracks KNEELS DOWN to congratulate Raoul on their victory.

RAOUL

Tracks! You're safe!

TRACKS

And I believe I have you and these **Exosuits** to thank for it!

PANEL 3:

Optimus Prime, still BATTLE-DAMAGED from his encounter with Grimlock, stands with Chip, Spike, Carly and Sparkplug.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Indeed. We cannot thank you enough, my friends. Without your timely intervention, we would **all** still be at the mercy of H.A.T.E.

CHIP

Yeah, not bad for a bunch of '*weak little flesh creatures*', right?

PANEL 4:

With his CHEST COMPARTMENT now LIT-UP, Blaster RACES FORWARD to gain Optimus Prime's attention.

BLASTER

Yo-yo-yo! As much as I'd love to kick back and chillax, we got an incomin' transmission!

OPTIMUS PRIME
Then let's hear it, Blaster.

PANEL 5:

Blaster TRANSFORMS to boom-box-mode, landing in Tracks' hands as the transmission begins to play.

REAGAN
(voice only, from
Blaster's speakers)
Optimus Prime? This is President
Reagan. Come in, Optimus Prime!

PAGE NINETEEN:

PANEL 1:

Tracks stands holding Blaster, as Optimus Prime LISTENS INTENTLY to Reagan's voice.

OPTIMUS PRIME
Yes, Mr. President. We read you,
loud and clear.

REAGAN
(voice only, from
Blaster's speakers)
Well, that sure is a relief. For a
minute there, I was afraid
something terrible may have
happened to you all.

PANEL 2:

WIDE SHOT - While Tracks continues to hold Blaster, Bumblebee, Powerglide and Astoria stand at Optimus Prime's feet. Bumblebee has LIFTED HIS HAND to Powerglide's FACE in an attempt to SILENCE HIM.

OPTIMUS PRIME
It almost did, Mr. President. A
tale I can soon explain, once we...

POWERGLIDE
Almost? Whatta ya mean, almost?
We...

BUMBLEBEE
Not now, Powerglide!

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Optimus Prime.

OPTIMUS PRIME

The good news is, Mr. President,
we've taken care of those
mysterious tanks, rescued Miss
Carlton-Ritz and apprehended her
abductors.

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Blaster's boom-box-mode, sitting in Tracks' hands.

REAGAN

(voice only, from
Blaster's speakers)

That's fantastic news, Optimus
Prime! To celebrate, I'd like to
invite all of you here to the White
House as my personal guests of
honor.

PANEL 5:

FROM BEHIND Chip, Spike and Carly - Tracks (holding Blaster)
stands beside Optimus Prime as he looks down towards his
human allies.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Then I hope that invitation extends
to our human friends, Mr.
President. Today, **they** are the **true**
heroes.

REAGAN

(voice only, from
Blaster's speakers)

Of course! The more the merrier!
I'll tell Mommy to prepare for **all**
of you!

PANEL 6:

Chip looks up at Optimus Prime, while Spike, Carly and Raoul
all TURN TO ONE ANOTHER with a series of KNOWING GLANCES.

OPTIMUS PRIME

All right, Autobots, you heard the
President. Transform and...

CHIP

Uh, Optimus? If you don't mind, do
you think **I** could give the order?
Just this once? These Exosuits have
one more surprise I think you'll
really like.

OPTIMUS PRIME

By all means, Chip. You've more
than earned it.

PAGE TWENTY:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE BEACH OF SEAGRASS ISLAND - SUNSET.

WITH A FULL SPLASH PAGE - Optimus Prime, Grimlock, Powerglide, Bumblebee, Tracks and Sparkplug (still in his Exosuit) stand in the background before the SMASHED REMAINS of Chumley's PURPLE, PYRAMID-SHAPED, GLASS CITADEL.

Astoria sits on Powerglide's shoulder, KISSING him on the cheek, while Grimlock now holds her former cell like a BIRD CAGE, with Chumley, Mudd, Dinsmoore, Berger and Dr. Arkeville all UNCOMFORTABLY CRAMMED into it like a TIN OF SARDINES.

In the foreground, Chip, Spike, Carly and Raoul all DRIVE FORWARD over the sand in their Exosuits' TRANSFORMED, VEHICLE-MODES.

CHIP

Transform, and roll out!

THE END

We want to thank each and every one of you who took the time to read our script. If you liked what you read here and would like to see more stories in the Transformers G1 cartoon universe, Greig and I would love to keep writing. You could help by contacting SkyBound Entertainment by E-Mail (info@skybound.com) or on Twitter (@SkyBound), and let them know you want to see Transformers: REANIMATED written by Yoshi and Greig Tansley as an ongoing comic book series. Thank You All!