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# THE TRANSFORMERS REANIMATED

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THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.  
"FLIGHTFALL, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP  
WORRYING & LOVE BEING A CAR."

Written by

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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:**

EXT. AN OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY.

SPLASH PANEL - SOUNDWAVE brings the SPINE of POWERGLIDE down across his knee to all-but BREAK HIM IN HALF, reminiscent of that classic Bane Vs Batman moment.

POWERGLIDE  
Aaaaaaaaaghhh!

**PANEL 2:**

SMALL INSERT PANEL, CLOSE ON the horrified face of BLASTER.

BLASTER  
Powerglide!

**PAGE TWO:**

**PANEL 1:**

WIDE SHOT - As Powerglide lies CRUMPLED at his feet, Soundwave DODGES Blaster's AGGRESSIVE PUNCH, ducking beneath the Autobot's fist.

In the background, beside two nearby OIL TANKERS labelled BLACKROCK INDUSTRIES, more Autobots: JAZZ, PROWL and BLUESTREAK are holding off the Decepticons: RUNAMUCK, RUNABOUT, FRENZY and RUMBLE.

BLASTER (CONT'D)  
I shoulda done this a long time ago, you musical miscreant!

RUNAMUCK  
Give it up, losers! This oil is ours!

RUMBLE  
Yeah! Ain't you heard of '*Finders, Keepers*'?

JAZZ  
Oh, man! Bluestreak, we got a Bot down over here!

**PANEL 2:**

Prowl BLASTS Runabout with his ACID PELLET GUN, while Bluestreak uses his BEAM RIFLE to fire a barrage of energy bolts all around a PANICKED Runamuck.

Meanwhile, Jazz moves towards the edge of the frame.

PROWL  
Lousy punks.

JAZZ  
Hold on, Powerglide! I'm coming!

RUNAMUCK  
Aaaagh! Time out! Time out! Time out!

**PANEL 3:**

Still UNDER FIRE by Bluestreak and Prowl, Runamuck and Runabout TRANSFORM into their auto-modes, leaving Rumble and Frenzy to turn and look off-panel.

RUNABOUT  
Forget this! We gotta get outta here!

RUMBLE  
Yo, Soundwave! The Battle-Chargers are makin' a getaway!

**PANEL 4:**

While Runabout and Runamuck ZOOM AWAY towards the distant HORIZON, Soundwave, Rumble and Frenzy LEAP into the sky to escape the Autobot assault.

Bluestreak, Prowl and Blaster continue to fire their weapons at the absconding Decepticons, as Jazz CRADLES Powerglide's broken body in the foreground.

SOUNDWAVE  
Then we have lost the advantage.  
Rumble, Frenzy, retreat.

FRENZY  
Eh, I didn't want those stinkin' oil tankers anyway!

JAZZ  
Prowl, we gotta get Powerglide back to the base. He's hurt bad... **real** bad!

**PAGE THREE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Blaster TRANSFORMS to boom-box-mode.

BLASTER  
Ratchet! Ratchet! This is Blaster  
comin' at ya! We got a real  
situation out here! Powerglide  
needs radical reconstructive  
repairs! Right now!

RATCHET  
(voice only, from  
Blaster's boom-box-mode)  
Blaster? What's going on? Where are  
you?

**PANEL 2:**

Lifting an UNCONSCIOUS Powerglide into his arms, Jazz turns  
to look at both Prowl and Bluestreak.

BLUESTREAK  
We don't have time for this.  
Powerglide needs help **now!**

JAZZ  
Hmmm, I got an idea, if you trust  
me.

PROWL  
Trust... oh, no. What did you have  
in mind?

**PANEL 3:**

SPLASH PANEL - With Powerglide in his arms, and Blaster's  
boom-box-mode resting on Powerglide's chest, Jazz SURFS down  
the highway with one foot standing on each of Prowl and  
Bluestreak's almost-identical vehicle-modes.

They SPEED Jazz over the road like a pair of high-powered  
ROCKETSKATES.

JAZZ  
Hold on, Powerglide, we'll get you  
home in no-time. Surf's up!

**PAGE FOUR:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. THE AUTOBOT ARK, MOUNT ST HILARY - DUSK.

The Autobot HQ sits in its mountain home.

JAZZ  
(captioned)  
So, what's the haps, Ratchet..?

**PANEL 2:**

INT. INSIDE THE ARK, MAIN CONTROL ROOM.

RATCHET enters the command center like a doctor fresh out of surgery to find Jazz, Prowl, Blaster and Bluestreak waiting EAGERLY before TELETRAAN-1.

JAZZ  
... Is Powerglide gonna pull  
through?

RATCHET  
He's stable. But, there were  
complications.

PROWL  
Complications? I hate  
complications.

**PANEL 3:**

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK, MEDI-BAY.

Powerglide lies with his chest WIDE OPEN to the waist, surrounded by the team of WHEELJACK, HOIST and PERCEPTOR, assisting FIRST AID in what looks to be a COMPLICATED OPERATION.

RATCHET  
(captioned)  
I know you do. Thankfully, my team  
is wrapping things up as we speak.

**PANEL 4:**

INT. INSIDE THE ARK, MAIN CONTROL ROOM.

Prowl moves closer to Ratchet, while behind them, Jazz, Blaster and Bluestreak turn to each other with CONFUSION.

RATCHET

His aerial circuits were **completely** severed. Which means for now, he can't fly. So we've had to develop a new, **alternate** alt-mode for Powerglide.

PROWL

An **alternate** alt-mode? What does that even mean?

**PAGE FIVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ARK - MORNING.

WIDE SHOT - With the entrance to the Autobot HQ behind them, Wheeljack and Ratchet stand beside a repaired Powerglide and OPTIMUS PRIME.

Nearby, SPIKE and CHIP CHASE look on.

In the far background, still inside the entryway of the Ark, stands Jazz, along with SUNSTREAKER and TRACKS.

**CAPTION:** The following morning...

WHEELJACK

Okay, Powerglide... Hoist and Perceptor are workin' round the chronometer to get your busted aerial circuits back up to speed. But, it could take some time. Those little things are delicate.

RATCHET

He's right. You can still transform, but just... take it easy.

POWERGLIDE

Thanks, fellas. But if I can't fly right now, why do you want me to transform? I mean, no one needs a grounded jet, right? Even one as handsome as I am.

**PANEL 2:**

Ratchet turns to Wheeljack, who now holds his head in his hands in SHAME.

Powerglide appears CONFUSED as Optimus Prime KNEELS DOWN to place a gentle hand on the mini-bot's shoulder.

RATCHET  
You didn't tell him?

WHEELJACK  
I thought **you** did. Oh, boy.

POWERGLIDE  
Tell me? Tell me what?

OPTIMUS PRIME  
Ratchet and his team were forced to amend your alt-mode, Powerglide. For the time being, you cannot transform into a jet.

**PANEL 3:**

Optimus Prime watches as Powerglide PAINFULLY and SLOWLY begins to TRANSFORM.

POWERGLIDE  
What?! Then what... do I transform into...

**PANEL 4:**

Optimus Prime, Ratchet, Wheeljack and Spike look on to see that Powerglide's new alt-mode is that of a RED DMC DeLOREAN!

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)  
... now? What the heck?!

SPIKE  
A DeLorean? Oh, that's so cool!

**PAGE SIX:**

**PANEL 1:**

Wheeljack looks down at Powerglide's new alt-mode as both Spike and Chip move closer.

POWERGLIDE  
A car?! You turned me into a **car**?!  
And a jalopy at that?!

WHEELJACK  
Jalopy? We thought you'd be happy.

CHIP  
Yeah, I think you look great!



**PANEL 2:**

CLOSE ON the PUZZLED FACES of Spike and Chip, REFLECTED in the DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW of Powerglide's new alt-mode.

POWERGLIDE

You thought I'd be **happy**? As just another run-of-the-mill, beached bucket-o-bolts?

**PANEL 3:**

Powerglide TRANSFORMS back to robot-mode to confront Wheeljack and Ratchet.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm the 'Sultan of the Stratosphere', 'Heir to the Airspace', 'Oligarch of the Ozone'! How could **anyone** be happy with a boring, automotive alt-mode like this?

**PANEL 4:**

Powerglide turns to see Jazz, Sunstreaker and Tracks standing behind him, arms folded and staring at him with the equivalent of Cybertronian daggers.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Oh. Hey, no offence, fellas. You do you, but I ain't no car. I was made from sterner stuff!

**PANEL 5:**

Powerglide stands between Optimus Prime and Ratchet with his hands WAVING FRANTICALLY in the air.

Jazz, Sunstreaker and Tracks stand in the background. While Jazz seems EXCITED, Sunstreaker SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS as Tracks FACE-PALMS.

RATCHET

We had to do **something** . If your aerial circuits turn out to be beyond repair, then...

POWERGLIDE

Wait, what? Beyond repair? You mean, I could be grounded... **permanently**?

RATCHET

At least give it a try, Powerglide.  
A lot of 'Bots worked really hard  
to make this happen.

OPTIMUS PRIME

I agree. This is a rare  
opportunity, Powerglide. You should  
be thankful for the second chance.

POWERGLIDE

But, but, Optimus, I...

JAZZ

C'mon, man, you can do this. Come  
with us and we'll show you the  
ropes. And the **roads**!

**PANEL 6:**

FROM BEHIND - Optimus Prime, Spike and Chip watch Powerglide  
leave with Jazz, Tracks and Sunstreaker as all four drive  
into the distance in their vehicle-modes.

POWERGLIDE

All right, fine. Let's go already!

CHIP

Gee, Optimus... I really thought  
Powerglide would like his new alt-  
mode.

OPTIMUS PRIME

So did I. But, Powerglide can  
certainly be set in his ways, and  
**change** can be a powerful thing.

**PAGE SEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. A MOUNTAIN LEDGE - DAY.

Soundwave, Rumble, Frenzy, Runamuck and Runabout fly towards  
a ROCKY PRECIPICE, where MEGATRON stands waiting.

**CAPTION:** Meanwhile, elsewhere...

MEGATRON

Soundwave, what are you doing here?  
You should still be transporting  
those stolen oil tankers towards...

SOUNDWAVE

We were interrupted, Megatron. The tankers were under Autobot protection.

RUNABOUT

Yeah, those cyber-clowns ruined everything!

RUMBLE

We looked all night, but we couldn't find any other tankers on the roads. Sorry, boss.

RUNAMUCK

Yeah, sorry, Megatron. But really, it wasn't our...

**PANEL 2:**

Megatron TURNS AWAY from Soundwave with DISGUST.

MEGATRON

Bah! I tire of these excuses! I want those oil tankers! Their combined consignments could provide enough Energon to get us off this dust bowl planet and return to Cybertron, for good!

**PANEL 3:**

Both Runamuck and Runabout appear NERVOUS.

RUNAMUCK

Sounds good to me. But, but...

RUNABOUT

What about the Autobots? I mean, they practically **own** the roads out here.

**PANEL 4:**

Megatron moves closer to the Battle-Chargers to stand THREATENINGLY CLOSE.

MEGATRON

I said, no more excuses! What is the point of having you two in my army if you cannot handle a few insipid Autobots?

**PANEL 5:**

Megatron turns to Soundwave, who is already speaking into his POP-UP WRIST COMMUNICATOR, while Runamuck and Runabout SILENTLY ARGUE with each other in the background.

MEGATRON (CONT'D)

Soundwave, contact the Stunticons.  
Show these two idiots how to rule  
the roads. And get me those oil  
tankers!

SOUNDWAVE

As you command, Megatron.  
Motormaster, this is Soundwave.  
What is your current location?

**PAGE EIGHT:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. THE OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY.

In their vehicle-modes, Jazz, Sunstreaker, Tracks and Powerglide RACE across an empty highway that dissects a BARREN LANDSCAPE.

**CAPTION:** Later...

SUNSTREAKER

See, Powerglide? Why would you want  
to be a jet-plane when you can be a  
gorgeous beacon of style like me.  
Well, not **quite** as gorgeous as me,  
but you get the idea.

TRACKS

Oh, please. Everyone knows you're  
only the best-looking Autobot when  
**I'm** not around.

JAZZ

Either way, you can't tell me  
speedin' down the open road like  
this ain't just as much fun as  
cruisin' the skies!

POWERGLIDE

Yeah, if you like being so low to  
the ground. Not to mention the  
dust, and the dirt, and the...

**PANEL 2:**

Jazz SPEEDS in front of Powerglide with a SWIFT, GLIDING maneuver.

JAZZ

Ah, don't be a party-pooper. Let me show you a few things. Try this!

**PANEL 3:**

Powerglide BARELY manages to duplicate Jazz's movement, coming DANGEROUSLY CLOSE to SPINNING off the road.

POWERGLIDE

Sure, can't be too hard, right? I mean... whooooaaa!

JAZZ

No, you gotta accelerate **with** the slide. **With** the slide!

**PANEL 4:**

Powerglide steadies himself as Sunstreaker drives by, off the highway and towards an odd ROCK FORMATION that looks spookily close to a SPEEDWAY RAMP.

POWERGLIDE

Ugh!

SUNSTREAKER

Nice save, Powerglide. Now, follow me!

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks joins Sunstreaker in ZIPPING OVER the makeshift ramp, leaving Powerglide to follow behind.

SUNSTREAKER (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah! Nothing better than a little high-speed excitement!

TRACKS

For once, you're speaking my language, Sunstreaker! Come on, Powerglide, follow me. Just like this!

POWERGLIDE

Okay, here's goes nuthin'.

**PANEL 6:**

Powerglide BOUNCES over the makeshift jump, sending his DeLorean-mode HURLING UNCONTROLLABLY through the air.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Uh-Oh!

**PAGE NINE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Powerglide TRANSFORMS back to robot-mode in mid-air, tumbling towards the dusty soil below.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Oh, no... Oh, nooooo!

**PANEL 2:**

Powerglide lands ABRUPTLY in the dirt, as Jazz TRANSFORMS to robot-mode in the background.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Ughhh!

JAZZ

Whoa, Powerglide! You okay, buddy?

**PANEL 3:**

Powerglide stands covered in dust and dirt, APPALLED at his current situation as Jazz, Tracks and Sunstreaker move closer to offer assistance.

POWERGLIDE

No, I'm **not** okay! I can't steer! I can't drift! I can't jump! At this stage I'd fail speeding along a straight stretch of track! Being a car is **awful** ! It's loud, it's rough, it's dirty, not to mention that constant burnin' feeling in my tires.

JAZZ

It's cool, my man. You'll get used to it.

**PANEL 4:**

Powerglide CONFRONTS Jazz HEAD-ON. While he is much smaller than Jazz, Powerglide's POINTER FINGER is ALL UP IN JAZZ'S FACE.

POWERGLIDE

I don't **wannna** to get used to it!  
I'd say being a car is for the  
birds, but it ain't. 'Cause they're  
too busy enjoying the **skies**, just  
like **I** should be! Not stuck on the  
ground with you three.

**PANEL 5:**

Powerglide turns to point yet another ACCUSATORY FINGER  
towards Sunstreaker and Tracks.

SUNSTREAKER

Hey, you're out of line,  
Powerglide.

TRACKS

Yes, talk about making a mountain  
out of a mecha-molehill.

POWERGLIDE

Outta line, **nuthin** '! You've always  
been Belle of the Binary-Ball when  
it comes to alt-modes, 'Streaker.  
And Tracks, what would you know?  
You can **still** fly if you wanna!

**PANEL 6:**

Jazz, Sunstreaker and Tracks (all in robot-mode) look on as  
Powerglide TRANSFORMS back into his DeLorean-mode and RACES  
AWAY towards the HORIZON.

JAZZ

C'mon, Powerglide, you just need  
to...

POWERGLIDE

Look, I'm sorry, fellas. It's not  
your fault. I just feel so...  
small. I gotta go.

**PAGE TEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. CENTRAL CITY - AFTERNOON.

ASTORIA CARLTON-RITZ walks down a BUSY STREET, holding her  
brick-sized CELL PHONE up to her ear.

**CAPTION:** Central City, a few hours later...

ASTORIA

Powerglide, I thought you said you were picking me up? Where **are** you?

POWERGLIDE

(voice only, from the cell phone)

Hey, just hold your hydro-horses, pretty lady, I'm almost there.

**PANEL 2:**

LOW ANGLE, LOOKING UP FROM BEHIND ASTORIA as she peers up into the perfect blue sky. Besides a few rays of SUNLIGHT, the sky is EMPTY.

ASTORIA

What are you talking about? There's no sign of you anywhere.

POWERGLIDE

(off-panel)

No, I'm here.

**PANEL 3:**

Powerglide's DeLorean-mode pulls up at the curb beside Astoria, now ABSOLUTELY FLABBERGASTED at the sight of it, dropping her cell phone in SHOCK.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Ta-daaaa! I know it's not what you were expectin', but whatta you think?

ASTORIA

Powerglide? You're a... a car?! How? Why?

**PANEL 4:**

Powerglide opens his passenger-side GULL-WING-DOOR for Astoria, who remains UNCERTAIN.

POWERGLIDE

It's a long story, but it's me. I promise. I know we made plans to hit the skies, but we can still go cruisin'. Just on the roads instead, right? Right?

ASTORIA

Oh. I, uh... Powerglide. That is, I...



**PANEL 5:**

CLOSE ON Astoria's face as TEARS well up in her eyes.

POWERGLIDE  
(off-panel)  
What's wrong? It's the car, right?  
Could you ever love a car?

ASTORIA  
No. I'm sorry, but no, I don't  
think so.

**PANEL 6:**

Astoria CRIES into her hands as Powerglide ZOOMS down the street.

POWERGLIDE  
Oh. Yeah, right. I get it. Really,  
I do. It's fine, I promise. But,  
look, I gotta go. See ya round, I  
guess.

**PAGE ELEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. THE AUTOBOT ARK, MOUNT ST HILARY - AFTERNOON.

Powerglide's DeLorean-mode drives towards the Ark.

**CAPTION:** Later...

POWERGLIDE  
\*\*Sigh\*\*

**PANEL 2:**

INT. INSIDE THE ARK, MAIN CONTROL ROOM.

Optimus Prime stands looking at Teletraan-1's DATA SCREEN with Prowl, Bluestreak and Jazz.

Displayed on the supercomputer's monitor is an image of another OIL TANKER CONVOY, this time consisting of four heavily-loaded trucks rolling across the open highways of America.

They too, are labelled BLACKROCK INDUSTRIES.

PROWL

It's like I was saying, Prime.  
Blackrock Industries has sent more  
tankers out for transport.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Leaving themselves wide-open for  
yet another Decepticon attack.

JAZZ

Hey, we stopped 'em before. We can  
stop 'em again.

**PANEL 3:**

Bluestreak turns to see Powerglide (in robot-mode) SKULKING  
back into the Ark.

BLUESTREAK

Hey, Powerglide. Welcome home, pal.  
Are you all right?

POWERGLIDE

Oh, hey, Bluestreak.

**PANEL 4:**

With Bluestreak and Powerglide in the background, Optimus  
Prime continues his discussion with Jazz and Prowl.

PROWL

The likelihood of another  
Decepticon ambush on that convoy is  
a near certainty, Prime.

OPTIMUS PRIME

I agree. The only way to ensure  
that oil reaches its destination  
unhampered is with an Autobot  
escort.

**PANEL 5:**

Optimus Prime turns to address Sunstreaker and Tracks, now  
standing in front of Bluestreak and Powerglide.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)

Bluestreak, Tracks, Sunstreaker,  
transform...

**PANEL 6:**

WIDE SHOT - Powerglide watches as Optimus Prime, Prowl and Jazz leave the Ark with Sunstreaker, Tracks and Bluestreak (all in their vehicle-modes).

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)  
... and **ROLL OUT!**

**PAGE TWELVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Powerglide remains DOWNBEAT, alone before Telettraan-1, as Chip, Spike, Blaster and BUMBLEBEE enter from a nearby SLIDING DOOR.

BLASTER  
Yo, Powerglide! Where you been, my man?

POWERGLIDE  
Jazz and the others tried to teach me how to be a car, but it didn't go so hot. And then when I went to see Astoria, that went even **worse**.

**PANEL 2:**

Powerglide looks over to Bumblebee.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)  
I don't know how you do it, little bug-buddy. Bein' a car, stuck on the ground. I just don't feel like **me!**

BUMBLEBEE  
Hey, we all had to adjust to new alt-modes when we arrived on Earth, Powerglide.

POWERGLIDE  
Yeah, but mine was special. No offence.

**PANEL 3:**

Powerglide watches Bumblebee TRANSFORM to Volkswagen-mode, as Spike moves to the driver's side door.

BUMBLEBEE  
Well, if you want some more pointers, Spike and I were about to head into Central City.

SPIKE

Yeah, c'mon, Powerglide. It'll be fun!

POWERGLIDE

Nah, knock yourself out, kid. I ain't in the mood.

**PANEL 4:**

As Bumblebee drives out of the HQ and into the distance, Powerglide turns to see Perceptor, Hoist and First Aid standing behind him.

HOIST

Excuse me, Powerglide.

POWERGLIDE

Oh, hey, fellas. Didn't see you back there. Please tell me you've repaired my aerial circuits.

PERCEPTOR

Regrettably, no. Their reconstruction has been encumbered with numerous abdicable complexities, making things astonishingly difficult for us to...

FIRST AID

Sorry, Powerglide, they're not responding to our treatments. Although, there's one more experimental procedure we haven't tried yet. But, if that fails...

POWERGLIDE

Don't tell me I'll be like this forever? Not stuck as a car! Without my wings, I'm **handicapped!**

**PANEL 5:**

Powerglide turns the other way to see Blaster TRANSFORMING into his boom-box-mode and falling into Chip's arms.

Powerglide SCRATCHES at his head, knowing he's put his foot in his mouth-plate.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Oh, Chip, I uh...

CHIP

It's okay, Powerglide. No one's ever truly handicapped while they still have courage, and you're one of the bravest people I know. How about we hit the road one more time and see if we can get you feeling better about being a car?

BLASTER

Yeah! And I'll provide the tunes! Road trip, here we come!

POWERGLIDE

Yeah, okay. Why not? One more try can't hurt, I guess.

**PANEL 6:**

EXT. THE AUTOBOT ARK, MOUNT ST HILARY - AFTERNOON.

In DeLorean-mode, Powerglide SPEEDS out of the Ark, with Chip in the passenger seat and Blaster's boom-box-mode resting on the DASHBOARD.

CHIP

Whoooooooo-Hoooooooo!

BLASTER

(music from his speakers)

*'You don't need money, don't take  
fame,  
Don't need no credit card to ride  
this train,  
It's strong and it's sudden and  
it's cruel sometimes,  
But it might just save your  
life...'*

**PAGE THIRTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. THE OPEN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON.

SPLASH PANEL - On an OPEN STRETCH OF HIGHWAY in the middle of nowhere, all four BLACKROCK OIL TANKERS are pulled over on the side of the road as Optimus Prime, Jazz, Tracks, Bluestreak and Sunstreaker are caught in a FIREFIGHT against Soundwave, Rumble, Frenzy, Runamuck and Runabout.

Meanwhile, Prowl has turned to look off-panel.

TRACKS

You were right, Prime! These roadway reprobates just can't stay away!

OPTIMUS PRIME

Indeed, Tracks. But, they are as lethal as they are predictable. Autobots, give 'em everything you've got!

BLUESTREAK

You got it, Optimus!

PROWL

Unfortunately, things are about to get even **more** lethal, Prime. Look!

**PANEL 2:**

WIDE SHOT - THE STUNTICONS have arrived.

MOTORMASTER, WILD RIDER, DRAG STRIP, DEAD END and BREAKDOWN cruise towards the reader in their various automotive-alt-modes.

PROWL (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

The Stunticons!

MOTORMASTER

That's right, Autobot. These roads are **ours**. And now, so are those oil tankers. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

**PAGE FOURTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

Soundwave stands with each of the Stunticons as they TRANSFORM into robot-mode.

SOUNDWAVE

There is no time to waste. Initiate Phase Two.

MOTORMASTER

You got it!

**PANEL 2:**

All five of the Stunticons LEAP into the air to MERGE into...

MOTORMASTER (CONT'D)  
You Road Warrior wannabes are  
finished now. Prepare to face...

**PANEL 3:**

MENASOR stands TOWERING OVER Optimus Prime, Jazz and Tracks.

Prowl is already calling for help with his POP-UP WRIST COMMUNICATOR.

MENASOR  
Menasor!

TRACKS  
Ugh, how distasteful.

OPTIMUS PRIME  
Prowl, we're going to need back-up.  
Contact Blaster at once!

PROWL  
Already on it, Prime. Blaster, do  
you read me? Blaster, we need  
reinforcements, *stat!*

**PAGE FIFTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. ANOTHER OPEN HIGHWAY - DUSK.

As the sun begins to set, Powerglide (still in DeLorean-mode) CRUISES across a stretch of highway, ZIG-ZAGGING his way over its ASPHALT.

Both an EXCITED Chip and Blaster's boom-box-mode can be seen within Powerglide's interior.

Blaster is pumping out more music.

**CAPTION:** Not too far away...

CHIP  
Now you're getting it, Powerglide!  
You've driving like a pro!

POWERGLIDE  
Y'know, kid, I think you might be  
right! This ain't so bad after all!

BLASTER

(music from his speakers)  
*I used to be a renegade, I used to  
fool around,  
But I couldn't take the punishment  
and had to settle down,  
Now I'm playing it real straight,  
and yes I cut my hair,  
You might think I'm crazy, but I  
don't even care...*

**PANEL 2:**

INT. INSIDE POWERGLIDE'S CAB.

Chip looks towards Blaster with CONCERN as the music is interrupted by Prowl's voice.

BLASTER

(more music from his left  
speaker)  
*'Cause I can tell what's going  
on...*

PROWL

(voice only, from  
Blaster's right speaker)  
Blaster, do you read me? This is  
Prowl!

CHIP

Whoa! Prowl?

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON Chip's worried face.

BLASTER

(off-panel)  
Readin' you loud and proud, Prowl!  
What's the situation, top of the  
cops?

PROWL

(off-panel)  
We're under attack. From the  
Stunticons. From Menasor!

CHIP

Menasor? Oh, no!

**PANEL 4:**



EXT. ANOTHER OPEN HIGHWAY - DUSK.

SIDE ANGLE of Chip and Blaster sitting within Powerglide's alt-mode as it continues to cruise down the highway.

PROWL  
(voice only, from  
Blaster's speakers)  
We need backup! According to my  
Intel, you're within thirty astro-  
miles. I'm sending you our co-  
ordinates now.

BLASTER  
Roger that, Prowl. We're on our  
way!

POWERGLIDE  
Hey, wait a minute. I ain't in no  
condition to mount a daring rescue  
maneuver. Not like this!

**PANEL 5:**

INT. INSIDE POWERGLIDE'S CAB.

CLOSE ON Chip's face once more.

CHIP  
Powerglide, what did I say about  
courage? You can do this, I know  
you can!

**PANEL 6:**

EXT. ANOTHER OPEN HIGHWAY - DUSK.

Powerglide SPEEDS along the highway and towards the reader.

POWERGLIDE  
Well, all right. Hold on Prowl, ol'  
buddy, the new 'Ringleader of the  
Roads' is on his way!

**PAGE SIXTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. AN OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT.

Optimus Prime, Prowl and Jazz DIVE out of the way as Menasor fires ENERGY BLASTS into the highway from beneath his forearms.

MENASOR

Menasor... crush! Menasor...  
destroy! Menasor destroy Prime!

**PANEL 2:**

Runamuck, Runabout, Rumble and Frenzy take down Tracks, Bluestreak and Sunstreaker with a series of BLASTS from their laser weapons.

FRENZY

Heh, we should hit the road more often!

**PANEL 3:**

Soundwave stands with his CONCUSSION-BLASTER pointed down at Optimus Prime's head.

Menasor's legs can be seen behind Soundwave.

SOUNDWAVE

You are defeated, Optimus Prime.  
Prepare for oblivion.

POWERGLIDE

(off-panel)

Yo, Soundwave! Tell oblivion to  
take a hike...

**PANEL 4:**

SPLASH PANEL - Soundwave looks back as Powerglide comes FLYING into the center of frame, having LAUNCHED himself from a nearby DIRT MOUND just off the road.

Both gull-wing doors are open, giving him the appearance of a FLYING CAR, and allowing Blaster's boom-box-mode to leap free of the vehicle as Chip PUMPS HIS FIST into the air.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

... Because your roadside  
assistance has arrived!

**PAGE SEVENTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

As Powerglide begins to land, Blaster TRANSFORMS to robot-mode and SHOOTS Soundwave with his ELECTRO-SCRAMBLER GUN.

BLASTER

Nobody likes your new setlist,  
Soundwave. **We** came to play the  
hits!

**PANEL 2:**

Powerglide DRIFTS in a semi-circle to spin round and SPEED towards Rumble and Frenzy.

POWERGLIDE

And for my next trick...

RUMBLE

Hey, who the heck is that guy?

**PANEL 3:**

Powerglide DRIVES THROUGH Rumble and Frenzy as though they were a set of BOWLING PINS.

POWERGLIDE

Ha-Ha! **Two** for the road!

**PANEL 4:**

Powerglide drives into the dirt to stir up a DUST CLOUD that begins to surround Runamuck and Runabout like a TORNADO.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

Y'know, normally I'd **hate** to sully  
my finish with disgustin' road  
dust...

**PANEL 5:**

Powerglide continues to drive in a circle around Runamuck and Runabout and their dirt tornado.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

... But, for you two-turbo-turkeys,  
I'm *auto-ly* delighted! Heh-heh!

RUNAMUCK

Hey!

RUNABOUT

I can't see!

**PAGE EIGHTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

An odd-looking VISOR slips down over Prowl's eyes as the dust cloud continues to build around Runabout and Runamuck.

PROWL  
Well, how about that? He's doing it.

**PANEL 2:**

PROWL'S P.O.V. - Prowl shoots down both Runamuck and Runabout using his INFRARED VISION, allowing him to see the Decepticons as though he were The Predator.

PROWL (CONT'D)  
Time to take out the trash.

RUNABOUT  
Aaaaaagh!

RUNAMUCK  
Urrk!

**PANEL 3:**

Optimus Prime has regained his footing. He watches as Powerglide ZIG-ZAGS over the highway, avoiding several of Menasor's forearm blasts.

MENASOR  
Menasor shoot you! Menasor blast you!

POWERGLIDE  
Uh-uh, not today, you Stunticon simpleton!

**PANEL 4:**

As Powerglide drives beneath Menasor's legs, Optimus Prime, Jazz, Tracks and Sunstreaker UNLOAD their weapons into the Decepticon combiner.

OPTIMUS PRIME  
Now, Autobots! While he's distracted!

**PANEL 5:**

Under assault from the barrage of laser fire, Menasor SPLITS APART into his separate Stunticon components.

MOTORMASTER

Ugghhh! Stunticons, we are beaten!  
Retreat!

**PANEL 6:**

Optimus Prime watches as the Stunticons flee the scene in their vehicle-modes, along with Runabout and Runamuck.

Meanwhile, Soundwave, Rumble and Frenzy escape into the sky.

OPTIMUS PRIME

You did it, Powerglide! You turned  
the tide!

**PAGE NINETEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

Now surrounded by Optimus Prime, Jazz and Prowl, Powerglide stands (in robot-mode) with Chip, as Blaster TRANSFORMS to boom-box-mode to land in Chip's hands.

In the background, Tracks, Sunstreaker and Bluestreak are chasing off the retreating Decepticons with more laser blasts.

POWERGLIDE

Aw, shucks. I only did what any  
other handsome and brave, dynamic  
daredevil-superstar woulda done.

BLASTER

Whoa, check it out! I'm receivin'  
another transmission!

WHEELJACK

(voice only, from  
Blaster's speakers)  
Blaster, are you there? It's  
Wheeljack. Is Powerglide still with  
you?

**PANEL 2:**

Still holding Blaster, Chip looks up at Powerglide.

CHIP

He's right here, Wheeljack. What's  
up?

WHEELJACK

(voice only, from  
Blaster's speakers)  
(MORE)

WHEELJACK (CONT'D)

First Aid's experimental treatment worked!

PANEL 3:

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK, MEDI-BAY.

Wheeljack stands in the background, speaking into a HAND-HELD COMMUNICATOR, while First Aid, Hoist, Ratchet and Perceptor stand ADMIRING Powerglide's newly-repaired FLYING CIRCUIT, HOVERING above a podium in the foreground.

WHEELJACK

We can make you a jet-plane again.  
You won't be handicapped anymore!

PANEL 4:

EXT. THE OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT.

Back at the highway, Optimus Prime looks down PROUDLY at Powerglide and Chip (still holding Blaster's boom-box-mode).

Behind them, Tracks and Bluestreak are looking off-panel and INTO THE SKY.

POWERGLIDE

Uh, thanks, Wheeljack. Give the fellas my best. But, I was **never** handicapped. Not while I had friends here to guide me. Isn't that right, Chip, ol' buddy-ol' pal?

CHIP

Sure thing, Powerglide. I knew you could do it!

TRACKS

Uh, not to break up this little lovefest, but what on Earth is **that**?

PANEL 5:

FROM BEHIND Powerglide, he looks on to see Astoria's HYBRID TECHNOLOGIES HELICOPTER landing nearby.

She has already leapt from its cockpit to DASH towards Powerglide.

POWERGLIDE

Whoa. Astoria?

ASTORIA

Powerglide! I'm so sorry! Can you ever forgive me?

**PAGE TWENTY:**

**PANEL 1:**

Powerglide KNEELS DOWN as Astoria runs into his arms. Although despite Astoria's affirmation, he remains a little NERVOUS.

ASTORIA (CONT'D)

I don't care if you're a car! I love you, Powerglide!

POWERGLIDE

Uh, yeah. Ditto, kid. Ditto.

**PANEL 2:**

Now on his feet, Powerglide looks down at Astoria as she STICKS OUT HER THUMB.

ASTORIA

So, how 'bout a ride, Mister?

POWERGLIDE

Y'know what? I think I can stay a car for a little longer. Hop in!

**PANEL 3:**

SPLASH PANEL - In DeLorean-mode and with a JOYOUS Astoria in his cab, Powerglide ZOOMS away from the Autobots (Optimus Prime, Jazz, Prowl, Sunstreaker, Tracks, Blaster, Bluestreak and Chip) as the Blackrock oil tankers move off into the distance.

Both Chip and Blaster are waving. Sunstreaker is again SHRUGGING HIS SHOULDERS at Jazz, while Tracks FACE-PALMS once more.

POWERGLIDE (CONT'D)

And awaa-aa-aay we go!

**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!