



THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.
"GANGSTER'S PARADISE."

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. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

THRONGS OF PEOPLE stand within TIMES SQUARE, all of them CHEERING and jumping up-and-down, wearing PARTY HATS with their WINTER COATS AND GLOVES.

The HAPPY, SMILING crowd is surrounded by SKYSCRAPERS as CONFETTI falls from high above.

CAPTION: Times Square, New York. December 31, 1988. Ninety minutes until midnight...

PANEL 2:

DICK CLARK appears before a LIVE TV CAMERA, broadcasting to the world. Behind him stands more of the large crowd, all smiling with their party hats and blowing NOISE MAKERS.

Many people in the crowd are wearing silly '1989' GLASSES on their faces.

DICK CLARK
Hello, everyone and welcome to *Dick
Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve!*

PANEL 3:

TELEVISION CAMERA'S P.O.V. - Dick Clark appears, being broadcast to millions of television sets all across America.

The word "LIVE" is displayed on the TOP RIGHT, with the LOWER THIRD 'BROADCAST' BAR plastered across the bottom of the screen that reads: "Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve!"

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
It's going to be a real special show this evening, with musical acts from all over performing for you right here in New York City!

PANEL 4:

INT. THE BACK SEAT OF AN AUTOMOBILE.

FROM THE BACK SEAT - Elsewhere in New York City, parked in a BUICK LESABRE COUPE, THE GEDDIS BROTHERS (PHIL and JIM) can be seen sitting in the front seats, listening to Dick Clark on the RADIO.

DICK CLARK
(from the radio)
Also later tonight, we will be
joined by President Elect, George
Bush to help us count in the New
Year.

JIM GEDDIS
Hmm.

PANEL 5:

INT. THE FRONT SEAT.

Jim Geddis reaches over to the RADIO KNOB and twists it to
the OFF POSITION with a CLICK.

JIM GEDDIS
(off panel)
Did you hear that, Phil?

PHIL GEDDIS
(off panel)
I sure did. It sounded like
opportunity to me, Jim.

PANEL 6:

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT.

The Geddis Brothers drive their Buick down the ally.

JIM GEDDIS
That's right, my brother. A
lucrative opportunity if ever there
was one.

PAGE TWO:

PANEL 1:

INT. INSIDE JAZZ'S ALT-MODE.

SIDE ANGLE - A perfect view of JAZZ'S driverless interior
reveals his radio is also tuned to Dick Clark's broadcast.

Outside, the New York City freeway SPEEDS BY like a BLUR.

DICK CLARK
(from the radio)
Then, to help us ring in the New
Year right, we will also be joined
by two of the Autobots!

PANEL 2:

IN THE PASSENGER'S SEAT, rests BLASTER in boom-box-mode.
Behind him appears Jazz's steering wheel.

BLASTER
Hey, all right! They're talkin'
about us, Jazz!

JAZZ
They sure are, Blaster, my man! The
two coolest party bots in this here
city!

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Jazz's radio.

DICK CLARK
(from the radio)
You heard me right, folks. We will
be joined by both Autobots, Jazz
and Blaster, who will help us rock
in this New Year by DJing a special
concert right after midnight!

PANEL 4:

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK CITY, A FREEWAY - NIGHT.

LOOKING IN through Jazz's windshield, we get a good look at
Blaster and the car's interior.

DICK CLARK
(from the radio)
So, stay tuned, because we will be
bringing you live music from all
across the city, minute-by-minute,
before counting down the final ten
seconds of 1988... **live!**

BLASTER
Honestly, Jazz, I'll never
understand how the humans track
time. Minutes, seconds,
nanoseconds, milliseconds. It's all
overly-complicated to me.

PANEL 5:

FROM BEHIND JAZZ as he RACES closer towards New York City.

JAZZ

Don't worry about it, my boom-box buddy. We're not headed to Times Square to actually tell the time. We're headed there to put on one unforgettable show!

BLASTER

You're right! We'll be rockin' in the New Year in a way the humans have never experienced before! Ow!

PAGE THREE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

HIGH ANGLE, LOOKING DOWN on a BLACK CADILLAC LIMOUSINE that stands surrounded by a multitude of New Year's PARTY GOERS.

Like those from earlier, they too are happily blowing noise makers, wearing party hats and silly '1989' plastic glasses, as confetti falls from the sky.

CAPTION: Times Square. Sixty minutes until midnight...

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON the limo's REAR PASSENGER SIDE DOOR being opened by a SECRET SERVICE AGENT, dressed with customary DARK GLASSES and EARPIECE.

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #1

(off-panel)

Wait! Is that the President?!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #2

(off-panel)

He's getting out of the limo!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #3

(off-panel)

Tonight is amazing, man!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #4

(off-panel)

I'm gonna party like it's 1999!

PANEL 3:

From out of the limo emerges PRESIDENT ELECT, GEORGE BUSH; all smiles and waving to a myriad of the celebrating public, all standing behind nearby POLICE BARRICADES.

GEORGE BUSH
Happy New Year, New York!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #5
Woohoo!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #6
Oh, wow! He's **really** here!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #7
Happy New Year, Mr. President!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #8
Hey, Mr. President! Will you sign this?

PANEL 4:

As the mass of people reach out, The President Elect leans into the celebrating people to shake several of their waiting hands.

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #9
I can't believe I'm shaking the President's hand!

GEORGE BUSH
It's so nice to see you all here!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #10
It's nice to see **you**, Mr. President! Thanks for being here!

GEORGE BUSH
It's great to **be** here!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #11
You're the man, Mr. President!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #12
You rock!

GEORGE BUSH
No, **you** rock!

PANEL 5:

At the edge of the crowd stands Phil Geddis, wearing his signature FEDORA HAT. At his right side, he holds a HAND GUN pointed to the ground.

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #13
Dude! That's the new president!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #14
Come on, Sally! Lets see if **we** can
get close enough to shake his hand!

PAGE FOUR:

PANEL 1:

Phil Geddis raises his gun into the air and FIRES A SINGLE SHOT.

The crowd PANICS, running every which way for cover and creating the perfect the kind of CHAOS for a man like Phil Geddis to disappear in.

PANEL 2:

As the crowd DISPERSES in every direction, the President Elect is suddenly stuffed into his limo by one of the Secret Service agents.

Two other agents stand with their REVOLVERS at the ready, trying to assess who fired that shot. A fourth agent, also with gun in hand, speaks into his CUFFLINK.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
Lower your head, sir and get in.
Now!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Did you see where the shots came
from?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #3
I think they came from over there!
But, I can't tell, there're too
many civilians in the way!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #4
(into his cufflink)
Shots fired at Times Square! The
package is secured in the limo.
Requesting immediate evac! Now,
now, now!

PANEL 3:

INT. INSIDE THE PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE.

Inside the vehicle, George Bush sits in PANIC.

GEORGE BUSH
What are you waiting for? We've got
to get some place safe. Drive!
Drive!

PANEL 4:

GEORGE BUSH'S P.O.V. - The thickset Jim Geddis turns back from the DRIVER'S SEAT.

JIM GEDDIS
Don't worry, Mr. President...

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON the driver's ARM REST CONTROL PANEL as Jim Geddis presses his FAT FINGER onto the 'LOCK' button.

JIM GEDDIS (CONT'D)
(off-panel)
... You're in safe hands.

PAGE FIVE:

PANEL 1:

CLOSE ON the rear passenger door's LOCK STICK as it shunts down to the LOCKED POSITION with an audible 'CLUNK'.

JIM GEDDIS (CONT'D)
(off-panel)
Very safe hands. Ha-Ha!

PANEL 2:

George Bush sits even more PANIC STRICKEN than before.

GEORGE BUSH
Wait... You're not my driver! Who
are you? What is the meaning of
this? Let me go! Help!

PANEL 3:

GEORGE BUSH'S P.O.V. - The reflection of Jim Geddis's eyes can be seen in the limo's REARVIEW MIRROR.

JIM GEDDIS
Who am I? Think of me as... a
concerned voter.

PANEL 4:

WIDE SHOT - The limousine BURNS RUBBER to leave the Secret Service agents BEFUDDLED, watching as the President Elect is kidnapped from under their noses.

In the background, ONE ASTOR PLAZA can be seen, and the SHADOWY-YET-FAMILIAR SILOUHETTE of SOUNDWAVE stands on its rooftop.

Behind him, a large BILLBOARD advertising 'HYBRID TECHNOLOGIES' can be seen.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Hey!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2

Mr. President Elect!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #3

No! Come back here!

PANEL 5:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP OF ONE ASTOR PLAZA - NIGHT.

OVER SOUNDWAVE'S SHOULDER - He stands looking down towards the New York street as the limousine continues to hightail it away from the pursuing (on foot) Secret Service agents.

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Soundwave as he presses one of the COMMUNICATIVE BUTTONS on his chest.

CAPTION: Forty-five minutes until midnight...

SOUNDWAVE

Megatron, we have encountered a complication.

PAGE SIX:

PANEL 1:

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

The AUTOBOT BASE remains lodged in its mountainous home.

CAPTION: Meanwhile...

PANEL 2:

INT. THE ARK, CONTROL ROOM.

Wearing his EXOSUIT, CHIP CHASE looks up at SKIDS, as the two walk through the Ark's control room and toward the reader.

NOTE: Chip's exosuit's FACE DOME is open, leaving his head and neck exposed, much like Spike's from early on in the 1986 Movie.

CHIP CHASE

So, you're telling me, Skids, that Cybertron's orbit is infallibly precise?

SKIDS

Of course, Chip. The planet itself is almost entirely mechanical. Everything about it runs like clockwork. Including its orbit. At least it did, before the war.

PANEL 3:

Both continue to walk, although Chip now looks forward.

CHIP CHASE

Man. That's so different than Earth.

SKIDS

I've noticed. Your planet is so open and dusty compared to mine, I have to have my axles lubricated every two weeks!

PANEL 4:

The two allies continue walking.

CHIP CHASE

Ha-Ha! You see, Skids, Earth's orbit is not precise. Every few years we have to accommodate the slight difference between the **exact** time of Earth's atomic clocks and the less-than-precise time observed by **solar** time.

SKIDS

Oh, I see. Fascinating stuff, Chip.
I'm learning something new every
day.

RED ALERT

(off-panel)

Skids, is that you? You're going to
want to check this out.

PANEL 5:

RED ALERT sits at TELETRAAN-1'S computer console. On his
left, stands Chip, now with his exosuit hands on his hips.

Skids stands to the right, leaning down onto Teletraan's
console.

All three are watching the DATA SCREEN and its image of a
SOLEMN Dick Clark.

DICK CLARK

(From Teletraan-1's
screen)

Folks, I am sorry to have to
interrupt our music act right now,
but I have just received word that
President Elect, George Bush has
been kidnapped by unknown
assailants.

CHIP CHASE

What?!

PANEL 6:

Skids, Red Alert and Chip continue to watch Dick Clark on the
data screen.

DICK CLARK

(From Teletraan-1's
screen)

I am speechless, everyone. It looks
like we'll be going into 1989 on a
somber note.

CHIP CHASE

We have to do something!

SKIDS

Way ahead of you Chip. Red Alert,
contact Jazz and Blaster. They
should be reaching New York City
right about now.

RED ALERT

New York City? Why wasn't I told about th... I mean, I'm on it, Skids. Right away!

PAGE SEVEN:

PANEL 1:

Red Alert presses a button on the console as Teletraan-1's screen displays a shot of Jazz's interior, with Blaster on the front seat.

LOUD MUSIC has begun to blare from Teletraan-1's speakers.

RED ALERT (CONT'D)

Blaster, do you read me? We have a situation in New Yor... Aagh!

PANEL 2:

WIDE SHOT - Holding their ears, Chip, Skids and Red Alert DOUBLE-OVER in pain as LOUD POP MUSIC pours through Teletraan-1 and into the Ark.

BLASTER

(from Teletraan-1's screen)

*"I'll drive a million miles,
To be with you tonight,
So if you're feeling low,
Turn up your radio..."*

PANEL 3:

CLOSER ON Skids, Red Alert and Teletraan-1's data screen as both Autobots still show signs of pain.

BLASTER (CONT'D)

(from Teletraan-1's screen)

*"The words we use are strong,
They make reality,
But now the music's on,
Oh, baby dance with me, yeah..."*

SKIDS

Turn it off, Red Alert! That noise is scrambling my circuits! It's so loud!

RED ALERT

WHAT?!

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Chip's tortured face as he also holds his ears.

BLASTER
(off-panel)
*"Rip it up, move down,
Rip it up, move it down to the
ground,
Rip it up, cool down,
Rip it up, don't hang me on the
borderline..."*

CHIP CHASE
Hurry, Red! My head feels like it's
going to split open!

PANEL 5:

SIDE PROFILE SHOT - Red Alert's determined face SHOUTS at Teletraan-1's data screen, still displaying the inside of the Jazz's alt-mode.

BLASTER
(from Teletraan-1's 1's
screen)
*"Everybody have fun tonight,
Everybody Wang Chung tonight..."*

RED ALERT
Blaster! Blaster! Turn down that
noise before you destroy our audio
receptors!

PAGE EIGHT:

PANEL 1:

Chip, Red Alert and Skids all look worse-for-wear as Blaster cuts the music.

Chip is doubled-over, supporting himself with his robotic hands on his robotic knees. Red Alert looks ANNOYED while Skids holds his head with one hand.

CHIP CHASE
Ugh.

BLASTER
(from Teletraan-1's
screen)
Hey, Red Alert! What's up, bud?

RED ALERT

My oil pressure, that's what. Listening to whatever that was at that many decibels should be a security violation, Blaster. In fact, from now on... it is!

SKIDS

Oh, thank Cybertron that's over. I think my solenoids are completely shot.

PANEL 2:

SIDE ANGLE - Still looking at Teletraan-1, Red Alert rubs his forehead while Chip's expression switches to one of concern.

BLASTER

(from Teletraan-1's screen)

All right, but what's the happens, my man?

RED ALERT

I don't know anymore. My head hurts too much.

CHIP CHASE

Blaster, the President Elect has been kidnapped!

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Teletraan-1's data screen and its image of Blaster within Jazz's interior.

JAZZ

(from Teletraan-1)

We already know, Chip. It was announced on the radio.

BLASTER

(from Teletraan-1)

Yeah, we're headed to Times Square to investigate right now!

PANEL 4:

Blaster remains on Teletraan-1's data screen.

BLASTER (CONT'D)

(from Teletraan-1's screen)

We'll take care of it, fellas.

(MORE)

BLASTER (CONT'D)

Just sit back and welcome the New Year in style!

PANEL 5:

TWO SHOT - Red Alert stands with Skids. Red Alert appears RELIEVED, whereas Skids seems more CONCERNED.

RED ALERT

Oh, thank Prime. Now I can concentrate on updating those security protocols.

SKIDS

And I think I'd better go find Ratchet. My audio receptors won't quit ringing.

PANEL 6:

WIDE SHOT - Chip catches up with Skids to walk away from Red Alert and Telatraan-1, leaving them in the background. Skids is holding his head down and rubbing his neck while Chip also walks as though suffering some kind of injury.

CHIP CHASE

Hold up, Skids! I'm coming with you. I think that noise blew out my exosuit's ability to transform.

SKIDS

Well, if anyone can do that with the power of sound, it's Jazz and Blaster...

PAGE NINE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

TELEVISION CAMERA'S P.O.V. - Live on TV and seated on a TALL STOOL, Dick Clark addresses millions of Americans while a STUNNED CROWD stands behind him.

SKIDS

(captioned)

... I just hope they can save the President Elect!

DICK CLARK

Folks, I assure you, this is far from the evening of celebration we had planned for tonight.

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Dick Clark. More worried faces of the crowd's party goers appear behind him.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)

The crowd here stands stunned by these recent events, as the authorities work to save the President Elect from his abductors. But in the meantime, we'll cross to Whitney Houston and her smash hit, *'I Wanna Dance with Somebody'*.

PANEL 3:

HIGH ANGLE, ABOVE THE TV CAMERA - Dick Clark remains upset.

CAMERA OPERATOR

(off-panel)

And, we're clear!

DICK CLARK

What is going on tonight? How do we lose the single most important human being on the planet?

PANEL 4:

FROM AN ANGLE OFF TO STAGE LEFT - Jazz's vehicle-mode pulls in as Dick Clark's ASSISTANT comes in from off-panel to hand him a STEAMING-HOT COFFEE in a STYROFOAM CUP.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)

And where are the Autobots? Weren't they supposed to be here by now?

JAZZ

Yo, take it easy, Mr. Clark! Better late than never!

PANEL 5:

Jazz TRANSFORMS, making a RELAXING GESTURE with his hands as Blaster FLIES OUT of the passenger window to also TRANSFORM and stand next to his Autobot ally.

The action STARTLES both the assistant and Dick Clark, who jumps off his stool, spilling his coffee.

BLASTER

Relax, cool cats. I understand there's been a bit of a crinkle, but what's the latest on your elected official?

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Dick Clark as he ANGRILY YELLS up at Blaster.

DICK CLARK

The latest? We haven't heard a thing! No ransom notes. No demands. No nothing!

BLASTER

Don't worry yourself, Mr. Clark. If the President Elect is in New York City, you can bet we'll find him.

PAGE TEN:

PANEL 1:

Blaster, Jazz and Dick Clark all look up to the sky as a VOICE BOOMS from above through a BULLHORN.

JIM GEDDIS

(off-panel)

Citizens of New York! We have your soon-to-be President!

PANEL 2:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP OF ONE TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK - NIGHT.

HIGH ANGLE, LOOKING DOWN - From the rooftop, Jim Geddis talks down towards the people of Times Square through his bullhorn.

JIM GEDDIS

If you want to see him alive again, it will cost you five million dollars!

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - Jim Geddis continues to talk through his bullhorn, now holding up his WRISTWATCH to read the time.

Behind him, George Bush is tied to a pole, his feet dangling two feet from the rooftop.

He looks ANGRILY at Jim Geddis, while Phil Geddis stands with gun in hand beside the President Elect, SMIRKING with a CIGARETTE hanging from his mouth.

CAPTION: Fifteen minutes until midnight...

JIM GEDDIS (CONT'D)

You have fifteen minutes to comply, or Georgie-Boy here will be turned into applesauce.

GEORGE BUSH

You two don't get it, do you? The United States doesn't negotiate with terrorists. Not gonna do it. You'll **never** see that money!

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Jim Geddis beside George Bush. Geddis now points up ABOVE THEIR HEADS.

JIM GEDDIS

Well, if we **don't** see that money, hot shot...

PANEL 5:

HIGHER ANGLE, looking down from the top of the pole that George Bush is tied to, it is revealed to be the very same that the New Year's Eve Apple drops down from.

JIM GEDDIS (CONT'D)

... Read My lips: You'll be crushed by the Big Apple. Literally.

PAGE ELEVEN:

PANEL 1:

Jim Geddis remains standing beside George Bush.

GEORGE BUSH

What is wrong with you thugs? Why are you doing this?

JIM GEDDIS

Well you see, Georgie-Boy...

PANEL 2:

Jim and Phil Geddis stand before the President Elect and his SHOCKED FACE.

PHIL GEDDIS
... We voted for the other guy. Ha-
Ha-Ha!

JIM GEDDIS
Ah-Ha-Ha-Ha!

PANEL 3:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

WIDE SHOT - Dick Clark stands on his stage with Jazz and Blaster nearby. All are looking up at One Times Square as a HORRIFIED Dick Clark speaks.

DICK CLARK
My God. Those monsters.

PANEL 4:

Dick Clark turns to look up at the pair of Autobots while pointing up in the sky toward the One Times Square building.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
If we can't rescue George Bush in
the next fifteen minutes, then that
big, red, shiny apple is going to
drop down and crush him.

JAZZ
Whoa.

BLASTER
Not cool, my man.

PANEL 5:

Dick Clark, still looking up at the Autobots, now pleads with them to act.

DICK CLARK
You've gotta do something, fellas!

JAZZ
Don't worry, Mr. Clark.

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Jazz's upper body as we see the tops of his shoulders start to SHIFT AROUND in shape.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
We got this.

PAGE TWELVE:

PANEL 1:

WIDE SHOT of Jazz and Blaster. Jazz LOOKS UP as his shoulders now have SPEAKERS sitting on top of them, AMPLIFYING his voice.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Hey, you guys?! What's up with kidnapping such an important dude and bringing down everyone's good time?

PANEL 2:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP OF ONE TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK - NIGHT.

LOOKING DOWN OVER JIM GEDDIS'S SHOULDER - The crowd, Dick Clark and the Autobots look up at him as he speaks through his bullhorn.

JIM GEDDIS

What are you going to do about it, big guy? You're down there and we're up here!

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - Phil Geddis stands beside a still-bound and STRUGGLING George Bush. The ROOFTOP EXIT DOOR can be seen in the background.

PHIL GEDDIS

Ha-ha! You tell 'em, Jim! There ain't no way they're getting up through this door. They're too big!

GEORGE BUSH

Ermph!

PANEL 4:

EXT. TIME SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

Jazz and Blaster look up.

JAZZ

I think I've had enough of these cats and their uncool shenanigans.

BLASTER

Should we show 'em how we used to handle things back on Cybertron, Jazz?

PANEL 5:

Jazz and Blaster turn to each other with a confident FIST BUMP and a shared SMIRK.

JAZZ

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

BLASTER

Pitch-Perfect-Power-Pitch?

JAZZ

Pitch-Perfect-Power-Pitch.

PAGE THIRTEEN:

PANEL 1:

FULL SPLASH PAGE, HIGH ANGLE - Looking down at Jazz, he confidently flings Blaster (in boom-box-mode) by his handle up towards the top of the One Times Square building, reminiscent of the old 'FASTBALL SPECIAL'.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Time to send this delivery up the charts! Hgn-uugghh!

BLASTER

Yeah, man! I dig it!

PAGE FOURTEEN:

PANEL 1:

SPLASH PANEL, BIRD'S EYE VIEW - Dick Clark remains standing beside Jazz, DWARFED by the Autobot and the scope of the panel itself, as with one movement, Blaster continues to sail out of Jazz's hands, heading towards the rooftop to reach the apex of Jazz's pitch.

Blaster then TRANSFORMS from ordinary-sized boom-box to robot-mode, SUPERHERO LANDING in front of the two gangsters and the President Elect.

CAPTION: Ten minutes until midnight...

BOTH GEDDIS BROTHERS

Whoa!

BLASTER
Surprise! Pitch-Perfect-Power-
Pitch. Works every time.

PANEL 2:

EXT. THE ROOFTOP OF ONE TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT.

CLOSE ON the HORRIFIED FACE of Phil Geddis.

PHIL GEDDIS
H-how did you get so... so big?!

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - Blaster looks down at the Geddis brothers as both goons have their hand guns trained on the larger-than-life Autobot.

In the background, still tied to the pole, George Bush also appear CONFUSED.

BLASTER
Simple, you Times Square turkeys.
Mass-shifting.

PHIL GEDDIS
Is that even a real thing?

JIM GEDDIS
What does it matter? This walking
tin-can is going to mess up our
plans! Shoot him!

GEORGE BUSH
(to himself)
But, you can't **create** mass...
Wouldn't be prudent.

PANEL 4:

Jim and Phil Geddis appear concerned as they continue to fruitlessly fire their weapons into an unfazed Blaster.

The bullets RICOCHET off his chest.

BLASTER
You bozos sure didn't think this
through, did you?

PHIL GEDDIS
He's not going down, Jim!

JIM GEDDIS
I know! I know!

PAGE FIFTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Phil looks at his gun in DISBELIEF as Jim throws his off-panel.

PHIL GEDDIS
What? I'm out!

JIM GEDDIS
Nooooo!

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Blaster as Jim's gun bounces off his chest with an audible 'CLINK'.

BLASTER
All right, you one-hit-wonders.
It's over.

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - Jim and Phil Geddis make a run for the rooftop's exit door.

JIM GEDDIS
That's what you think, you
overgrown jukebox. We're outta
here!

PHIL GEDDIS
I'll get the door.

PANEL 4:

Phil's face is one of SHOCK as he opens the door to the stairwell to be greeted by two of New York's finest BOYS IN BLUE.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Not so fast!

PHIL GEDDIS
What? Oh, come on!

PANEL 5:

Jim and Phil Geddis are now UNDER ARREST, their hands cuffed behind their backs by two police officers.

POLICE OFFICER #1

You have the right to remain silent...

POLICE OFFICER #2

Kidnapping the next President of these here United States and holding him for ransom? I hope you two like the sight of prison bars because that's all you're going to see for a **very** long time.

PAGE SIXTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Police Officer #2 is UNTYING George Bush as Police Officer #1 speaks to a kneeling-down Blaster.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Thank you for your help with this case, umm...

BLASTER

Blaster.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Yes, Blaster. Thank you. You have saved New Year's Eve and our city is truly grateful.

PANEL 2:

George Bush, now free, SMILES as Blaster points to the AUTOBOT INSIGNIA on his chest.

BLASTER

No problem, my man. It's all part of wearing this badge.

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON the police officer's own BADGE.

POLICE OFFICER #1

I know exactly what you mean, Blaster.

PANEL 4:

WIDE SHOT - George Bush stands next to Police Officer #1, both looking up at Blaster.

GEORGE BUSH

Thank you, Blaster. I personally can not thank you and your fellow Autobot enough. Our nation is indebted to you.

BLASTER

Think nothing of it, Mr. Prez.

PANEL 5:

Blaster now stands at the edge of the rooftop, looking down with a smile.

CAPTION: Five minutes until midnight...

BLASTER (CONT'D)

But if you'll both excuse me, my partner, Jazz and I were invited to the Big Apple to put on a New Year's Rockin' Eve party! And I don't want to be late!

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

TELEVISION CAMERA'S P.O.V. - Dick Clark is being broadcast on millions of television sets all across America.

The word "LIVE" is displayed on the TOP RIGHT, with the LOWER THIRD 'BROADCAST' BAR plastered across the bottom of the screen that reads, "Dick Clark's New Year's Rockin' Eve!"

But this time, there is a new COUNTDOWN TIMER on the screen, counting down the remaining twenty-one seconds to the New Year.

DICK CLARK

You **really** could not ask for a better night, folks. The Autobots have truly made this an unforgettable New Year's Eve by saving the President Elect from two armed thugs atop the One Times Square building, only moments ago.

PANEL 2:

TELEVISION CAMERA'S P.O.V. - The countdown timer has ticked down to display that twelve seconds remain in 1988.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
Soon they will rock us into 1989
with some Cybertronian flair! But
first...

PANEL 3:

CLOSE PROFILE SHOT of Dick Clark holding his microphone.
Buildings and throngs of celebrating people appear in the
background as more confetti falls all around.

DICK CLARK (CONT'D)
Ten... Nine... Eight...

PANEL 4:

INT. THE BACK OF A POLICE SQUAD CAR.

Both Jim and Phil Geddis are being lowered into the car by
unseen police officers.

DICK CLARK
(captioned)
... Seven... Six... Five...

JIM GEDDIS
You can't treat us like this!

PHIL GEDDIS
We have some big friends, pal! With
deep pockets, if you catch my
drift?

POLICE OFFICER #2
(off-panel)
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Save it for the
judge, wise guy.

PANEL 5:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

President Elect, George Bush stands addressing the crowd,
flanked by Secret Service agents.

He is ALL SMILES as he WAVES at the surrounding crowd of
celebrating New Yorkers.

DICK CLARK
(captioned)
... Four... Three... Two...

GEORGE BUSH
Happy New Year, New York!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #15
New York loves you, Mr. President!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #16
So glad you're safe, sir!

RANDOM PERSON IN CROWD #17
I can't believe this night!

PANEL 6:

With New York City behind him, Dick Clark remains on his stage with Jazz and Blaster, waving his arms in the air as now THICK PLUMES OF CONFETTI fall down all around them.

As it PUMPS OUT MORE MUSIC, Jazz is holding Blaster's boom-box-mode OVER HIS HEAD like John Cusack in 'Say Anything'.

The crowd has collectively gone BANANAS.

DICK CLARK
... One! Happy New Year!

CROWD
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

PAGE EIGHTEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

Most of the crowd has dispersed by now, leaving one of the Secret Service agents to gently guide George Bush towards his waiting limo, as a second opens the door for him.

Barely noticeable, the second Secret Service agent has a somewhat-familiar CASSETTE DECK attached to his belt.

CAPTION: Two hours after midnight...

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
This way, Mr. President Elect.

GEORGE BUSH
Thank you, son. I appreciate the work you've done tonight.

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON the cassette player. Of course, it is Soundwave, hiding in his alt-mode.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
(off-panel)
Thank you, Mr. President Elect.

PANEL 3:

INT. THE REAR OF THE LIMOUSINE.

George Bush SETTLES IN as the door is closed for him, sealing him safely within the vehicle's backseat.

GEORGE BUSH
What a night. That was one for the ages.

RUMBLE
(off-panel)
You ain't kiddin', 'Mr. President'...

PANEL 4:

SPLASH PANEL, WIDE SHOT, GEORGE BUSH'S P.O.V. - Both RUMBLE and FRENZY turn from the front seat to SMIRK at George Bush.

RUMBLE (CONT'D)
... And it ain't over yet!

GEORGE BUSH
(off-panel)
What?! Oh, no!

PAGE NINETEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. UNITED STATES CAPITOL BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY.

SPLASH PANEL, WIDE SHOT - The Inauguration Ceremony of President George Bush.

Now-President George Bush stands before the CAPITOL BUILDING, surrounded by his wife, BARBARA BUSH and several more POLITICIANS and DIGNITARIES.

George Bush has literally just been sworn in, still holding ONE HAND on the BIBLE.

In the foreground, with their backs to the reader, stands Jazz and Blaster, now joined by MIRAGE, IRONHIDE and OPTIMUS PRIME.

CAPTION: Almost three weeks later, January 20, 1989...

GEORGE BUSH
... And will, to the best of my
Ability, preserve, protect and
defend the Constitution of the
United States.

PANEL 2:

OVER OPTIMUS PRIME'S SHOULDER - George Bush now stands alone at his PODIUM, ready to deliver his first speech as POTUS.

GEORGE BUSH (CONT'D)
My fellow Americans...

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON George Bush's face.

GEORGE BUSH (CONT'D)
... As your new President, I have
sworn to act in the best interests
of the country, and **you**, the
people...

PANEL 4:

A CONFUSED Ironhide turns to Red Alert, as Jazz looks to Blaster, who is pointing to something off-panel.

GEORGE BUSH (CONT'D)
(off-panel)
... which is why, effective
immediately, I am signing an
Executive Order that hands full
control of the United States
government, its military and its
citizens...

IRONHIDE
Wait, what is he sayin'?

BLASTER
Oh no, look!

PAGE TWENTY:

PANEL 1:

FULL SPLASH PAGE - Optimus Prime stands IN SHOCK as he looks up to see MEGATRON, Soundwave and ASTROTRAIN rise up from behind the Capitol Building to sail down towards George Bush and his podium.

Higher in the sky, the DECEPTICON JETS create a CRISS-CROSS effect with their EXHAUST TRAILS; THRUST, RAMJET and DIRGE move from RIGHT-TO-LEFT, while BLITZWING, SKYWARP and THUNDERCRACKER move from LEFT-TO-RIGHT.

Barbara Bush and several Secret Service agents appear as STUNNED as Optimus Prime, as the watching crowd has become consumed with PANIC.

GEORGE BUSH
... to the **DECEPTICONS!**

CAPTION: TO BE CONTINUED...

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!