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THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.  
"A TRANSFORMERS CHRISTMAS CAROL."

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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. THE AUTOBOT ARK - CHRISTMAS EVE.

**CAPTION:** December 24, 1986...

WITH A SPLASH PAGE - Inside the Ark, SPIKE, CARLY, SPARKPLUG and CHIP CHASE are helping SEVERAL AUTOBOTS: POWERGLIDE, BLUESTREAK, WHEELJACK, JAZZ, HUFFER and even GRIMLOCK (in dino-mode), decorate for Christmas Day. OPTIMUS PRIME is lifting BUMBLEBEE into the air, who in turn, is lifting Spike to place a LARGE GOLDEN STAR atop the MASSIVE CHRISTMAS TREE.

WHEELJACK

A little the left. A little bit more.

OPTIMUS PRIME

Almost there.

BUMBLEBEE

That's it, Spike.

SPIKE

Just about... got it.

GRIMLOCK

(to Wheeljack)

Me, Grimlock thought we did this last year?

**PAGE TWO:**

**PANEL 1:**

Wheeljack explains to Grimlock, as Huffer looks on.

WHEELJACK

We've been over this, Grimlock. Christmas is a tradition the humans partake in **every** year.

HUFFER

Yeah, it's the one human holiday even **I** can enjoy!

GRIMLOCK

Hmm. Then me, Grimlock love Christmas, too.

**PANEL 2:**

TRACKS appears in the DOORWAY of the room, ARMS CROSSED with DISGUST. Powerglide turns to face him.

TRACKS

Well, not me. I still don't understand this absurd human tradition at all.

POWERGLIDE

Ah, c'mon, Tracks. Weren't you surly enough around the holidays **last** year?

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks LOOKS DOWN HIS NOSE at Powerglide, both FIGURATIVELY AND LITERALLY, while the smaller, gung-ho Autobot remains CONFUSED by Tracks' attitude.

TRACKS

Seriously? A holiday in which I'm supposed to go out of my way to prepare gifts for everyone **except** me? What's the point of that?

POWERGLIDE

Well, you know, its...

**PANEL 4:**

Bluestreak and Jazz insert themselves into the conversation.

BLUESTREAK

It's **fun!**

JAZZ

Exactly, Daddio! Don't tell me you got somethin' against fun?

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks WAVES OFF both Jazz and Bluestreak, turning away to instead look off into the distance as though recalling a past memory.

TRACKS

Not at all. Why I remember, back on Cybertron, before the war...

**PAGE THREE:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. TRACKS' PENTHOUSE HOME, CYBERTRON.

WITH A FLASHBACK to before the war, Tracks stands within his LAVISH, APARTMENT-LIKE HOME on Cybertron. Beside him are several other ARISTOCRATS, WELL-OFF BOTS and general CYBERTRONIAN SNOBS.

In particular, laughing alongside Tracks, stands MIRAGE, CHROMEDOME and Highbrow. Each of the guests are being attended to by what look like SERVANT DROIDS, while in the distance, SKY LYNX can also be seen at the party, regaling others with his 'charm'.

TRACKS

(captioned)

... **my** shindigs were the talk the town! **Any** town! No one knew fun better than us.

**PANEL 2:**

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK - CHRISTMAS EVE.

In the background, Powerglide, Bluestreak and Jazz stand together with FOLDED ARMS, disappointed by Tracks and his demeanor. However, as Tracks attempts to exit the frame, he is confronted by Grimlock.

TRACKS

And I must say, those days were a million times better than **this** lame fiasco of a holiday... UGH?!

GRIMLOCK

Tell Grimlock more about fancy party. Why they so much better than Christmas?

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks RAISES A FINGER to pontificate further, only to be interrupted by Wheeljack PHYSICALLY INTERJECTING himself between Tracks and Grimlock and gently PUSHING the Dinobot back-and-away from Tracks.

TRACKS

Well, for starters...

WHEELJACK

Yeah, okay, that's enough of that, Tracks. Grimlock, he's just teasin' you, buddy. No way his parties were better than Christmas. I mean, how could they be, right?

**PANEL 4:**

Wheeljack WHISPERS INTO Grimlock's T-REX EAR as in the background, Tracks inspects his hand like someone who thinks he's in need of a manicure.

WHEELJACK (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Besides, I doubt you would have made the guest list anyway, big guy.

**PANEL 5:**

With one LAST DITCH ATTEMPT, Bumblebee, Spike and Chip approach Tracks, who remains DISINTERESTED.

CHIP

Tracks, Christmas is a time that brings the world together. Even in times of war, mankind has always celebrated this festive season.

SPIKE

Yeah! Sure, gifts are a big part of it. But that's because people **want** to give presents, not because they **have** to.

TRACKS

Well, good. Because I **don't** want to. I don't want **any** of it.

**PANEL 6:**

Tracks TRANSFORMS into car-mode and RACES OUT OF the Ark, leaving Spike, Chip, Bumblebee and Wheeljack in a CLOUD OF EXHAUST.

BUMBLEBEE

Tracks, come back!

WHEELJACK

Wow, what a snob. Where's he going?

CHIP

I don't know. But, I hope he finds what he's looking for.

**PAGE FOUR:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. A LONELY HIGHWAY, OUTSIDE PORTLAND, OREGON - NIGHT.

The CITY can be seen on the horizon as Tracks CRUISES towards it, the only car on the SNOW-COVERED road. In the sky above, more snow FALLS from SEVERAL OMINOUS CLOUDS.

TRACKS

Let's see if this peculiar tradition really is as widespread as they say.

**PANEL 2:**

EXT. THE STREETS OF PORTLAND - NIGHT.

SNOW GENTLY FALLS as Tracks drives through the busy city. A man in a SANTA CLAUS costume RINGS A BELL on the sidewalk beside a group of CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS. Several FAMILIES line the streets, most of them with children and all carrying assorted, WRAPPED PRESENTS.

SANTA  
Ho ho ho! Merry Christmas!

CAROLLERS  
(accompanied with musical notes)  
*Silent night... Holy night...*

TRACKS  
HmMMM.

**PANEL 3:**

EXT. THE CITY CENTER - NIGHT.

In another part of town, Tracks stands on the crest of a hill, looking down at an enormous CHRISTMAS TREE, decorated to the nines and situated in the center of what appears to be a FROZEN LAKE. Several YOUNG COUPLES skate in circles around the tree, smiling and laughing with glee.

TRACKS  
What are they doing? Don't they understand how **cold** it is out here? Lunatics, all of them.

**PANEL 4:**

EXT. THE SUBURBS - NIGHT.

Once again in car-mode, Tracks sits (lurks?) outside a SUBURBAN FAMILY HOME. Christmas lights adorn the roof, a SNOWMAN stands proudly in the front yard, while several tall STANDING LETTERS spell out the word 'NOEL' on the snow-covered lawn.

Through the front window, a family (MOTHER, FATHER, SON and DAUGHTER) can be seen sitting around the FIREPLACE.

TRACKS  
**These** humans have the right idea. Staying inside where it's warm and away from all the... wait!

**PANEL 5:**

INT. THE FAMILY HOME.

Inside, the mother hands HOT CHOCOLATE to both her son and daughter as her husband stokes the FIREPLACE. Each of them is dressed in TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS GARB, including the stereotypical FUZZY SWEATERS.

Over their shoulders, Tracks can be seen through the window, still parked outside.

TRACKS

**They're** celebrating Christmas too?

**PANEL 6:**

EXT. THE SUBURBS - NIGHT.

Outside in the street, Tracks has TRANSFORMED into his flying-car mode, SOARING UP INTO THE SKY and away from the house.

TRACKS

Preposterous. Perhaps it's only the humans in **this** country?

**PAGE FIVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. VANCOUVER, CANADA - NIGHT.

**CAPTION:** Vancouver, Canada...

Tracks flies over the BRIGHTLY-LIT city. From his vantage point, MULTIPLE COLUMNS of COLORED LIGHT shoot into the sky as though shined from KLIEG LAMPS, rising up beside various skyscrapers to bathe the night in hues of red, green and white.

TRACKS

What? Even in Canada?

**PANEL 2:**

EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH PARK - NIGHT.

Tracks sails over the beautiful gardens, its tall trees lit by NEON LIGHTS of blue, red, green and yellow. A MONORAIL glides by on its track, also GLOWING WITH DECADENCE as a dazzling SANTA'S VILLAGE, complete with STEAM TRAIN, GINGERBREAD HOUSE and SIX-FOOT CANDY CANES, entertains the many citizens that fill the park.



TRACKS

Unbelievable! Humans are so easily amused.

**PANEL 3:**

EXT. THE NORTH AMERICAN SKIES - NIGHT.

AMIDST THE CLOUDS, Tracks (still in flying-car-mode) floats through the air.

TRACKS

It doesn't make any sense. Why is Christmas so popular?

**PANEL 4:**

INT. TRACKS' HOME, THE LIBRARY - CYBERTRON.

WITH ANOTHER FLASHBACK to Cybertron, Tracks sits with BRAINSTORM in an EXTRAVAGANT LIBRARY, surrounded by what look to be ANCIENT, METALLIC BOOKS in almost-as-ancient BOOKSHELVES. Both Tracks and Brainstorm sit in tall, illustrious chairs of their own, enjoying the company, the literature and the silence.

TRACKS

(captioned)

It's nothing short of madness. These humans don't know the first thing about **real** culture.

**PANEL 5:**

INT. TRACKS' HOME, THE DISTILLERY - CYBERTRON.

CONTINUING THE FLASHBACK, Tracks stands on a PEDESTAL before a small crowd that includes Mirage, Highbrow, Chromedome, Sky Lynx and Brainstorm. Tracks holds a bottle of REFINED ENERGON in his hands, unveiling it to his friends like a newborn-baby. Behind him, several ENERGON VATS fill the room like a CYBERTRONIAN WINE CELLAR.

TRACKS

(captioned)

They don't know the **true** meaning of fun.

**PAGE SIX:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. MOUNT ST. HILARY - NIGHT.

Outside the ARK, Tracks glides OUT OF THE SKY to TRANSFORM back into robot-mode and LAND ON HIS FEET. A WARM LIGHT can be seen through the snow, emanating from inside AUTOBOT HQ.

TRACKS

Well, I don't care if the entire **planet** observes this absurd holiday, **I'm** not going to. Never-ever!

**PANEL 2:**

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK.

Tracks enters the Ark to see RED ALERT standing alone at TELETRAAN-1.

RED ALERT

Hey! Who goes...? Oh, Tracks, it's you. Where have you been?

TRACKS

Investigating. Where is everyone?

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON Red Alert.

RED ALERT

Temporary shutdown mode. Everyone hit the recharge slabs extra early tonight. They want to get some rest before the big day. You know it's Christmas tomorrow, right?

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks STORMS OFF in a huff, pushing past Red Alert with disgust.

TRACKS

Ugh. You too? What will it take to get a little class around here?

RED ALERT

Hey! What's the matter, Tracks? You don't like Christmas? I thought **everyone** liked Christmas. At least, that's what they say to my face. Have you heard something different? Is there something I should know?

**PANEL 5:**

In the foreground, Red Alert watches Tracks skulk up a long corridor and towards a doorway in the background.

RED ALERT (CONT'D)  
Tracks? Where are you going? Don't  
you have **anything** to say?

**PANEL 6:**

CLOSE ON Tracks as he looks back over his shoulder with a SOLEMN EXPRESSION.

TRACKS  
Bah, humbot.

**PAGE SEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. TRACKS' PRIVATE QUARTERS.

Tracks moves towards a VAULT-LIKE SECRET COMPARTMENT built into the wall of his suite.

TRACKS  
I don't care what anyone says.  
Christmas is as inane as any other  
boring human celebration.

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks opens the compartment and REACHES INSIDE.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
**\*\*Sigh\*\*** If only I were still at  
home. If only I'd never left  
Cybertron. If only the war had  
never ruined **everything!**

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks removes ONE OF AT LEAST TWO-DOZEN bottles of REFINED ENERAGON from his vault, brandishing it with NOSTALGIC REVERENCE.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
(to the bottle)  
You're my last reminder of home...  
of the good old days. The finest  
batch of refined Eneragon ever  
produced!

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks pours himself a glass.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Should still be okay. Only four million years old. After all, if Christmas is about giving, then I'm going to at least give **myself** the best gift there is.

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks sips his refined Energon, causing an almost EUPHORIC EXPRESSION to spread over his face.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Mmmmmm... simply sublime. There sure don't make it like this any... huh?

**PAGE EIGHT:**

**PANEL 1:**

CLOSE ON Tracks as his expression changes to one of concern. SOMETHING IS WRONG.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Ughh! What... what's going on?

**PANEL 2:**

WITH A SPLASH PANEL, Tracks DROPS TO HIS KNEES, now CLUTCHING AT HIS THROAT as though he's been POISONED.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

It's... it's... **SPOILED?!**

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks collapses FACE-FIRST into the floor with a CLINK to fall unconscious in a heap.

**PAGE NINE:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION.

DARKNESS. The entire panel is filled with COLD, BLACK, NOTHINGNESS.

**PANEL 2:**

TRACKS' P.O.V. - Once more, the panel remains blacked out, but now with TOUCHES OF GREY peaking in, and a STATIC-LIKE INTERFERENCE muddying the image as though seeing through Tracks' waking eyes.

TRACKS  
(captioned)  
Wh-where am I? What... what  
happened?

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks STANDS ALONE amidst the black haze, anxiously looking around for some kind of clue as to what's happened to him.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Hello? Is anyone there? I don't  
understand what's going on? What is  
this place?

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks becomes ENVELOPED WITH FEAR, as a GHOSTLY VOICE cries out to him.

GHOSTLY VOICE  
It is the world of your **nightmares**,  
Tracks... a world of **evil** ... of  
**suffering**... and... **DEATH!**

TRACKS  
W-w-whaaaat!?

**PANEL 5:**

He turns to see a SILHOUETTED FIGURE behind him; it's only visible feature - a MASS OF HEAVY CHAINS wrapped around its distorted body.

GHOSTLY VOICE  
But it doesn't have to be. Change  
your ways! Alter the course of your  
life... before it's too late!

**PANEL 6:**

An INTENSE, YELLOW LIGHT begins to fill the frame. Tracks reaches for the still-silhouetted figure just in time to realize they are both standing in the middle of...

TRACKS  
What are you talking about? Who **are**  
you?

**PAGE TEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. THE CENTER OF VECTOR SIGMA, CYBERTRON.

WITH A FULL SPLASH PAGE - Tracks finds himself standing in the middle of VECTOR SIGMA, its spherical, glowing core BEAMING WITH YELLOW LIGHT, HOPE and LIFE.

But now standing in front of him, Tracks can see the true identity of the CHAIN-WEARING, GHOSTLY BEING. It is... ALPHA TRION!

The ancient Autobot appears WITHERED and DECAYED - like a TORTURED CORPSE. And his once-pristine, SIGNATURE CLOAK is now nothing more than a TATTERED RAG.

TRACKS  
ALPHA TRION?! VECTOR SIGMA?!

**PAGE ELEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

Alpha Trion LOOMS OVER Tracks like an AVENGING ANGEL OF DEATH.

ALPHA TRION  
Tracks... you are in **danger** !  
**DANGER!**

TRACKS  
D-danger?

ALPHA TRION  
Yes... In danger of losing your way!

**PANEL 2:**

CLOSE ON Alpha Trion's DISFIGURED FACE.

ALPHA TRION (CONT'D)  
Your fellow Autobots... your human allies... **they** can see the light. The way forward into a future of peace and prosperity.

**PANEL 3:**

WIDE SHOT - Alpha Trion points an ACCUSING FINGER towards a concerned Tracks.

ALPHA TRION (CONT'D)  
But **you** ! You shun the human traditions. You mock their festivities. While your brothers-in-arms embrace the ways of Earth, **you** remain defiant, stubborn...  
**ignorant!**

TRACKS

But, but, it's only Christmas. It's only a silly holiday!

**PANEL 4:**

Alpha Trion RAISES HIS ARMS (and subsequently, his tattered cloak) to appear like a DEMENTED PREACHER, as the once WARM AND WELCOMING GLOW of Vector Sigma changes to a more OMINOUS, GLOOMY PURPLE.

ALPHA TRION

No! You misunderstand! This is but the first step towards your potential doom, your fall into disrepute, your... **damnation!**

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks attempts to plead his case to Alpha Trion, who merely HOLDS HIM AT BAY with an INTIMIDATING FINGER.

TRACKS

No, you don't understand. All I meant was...

ALPHA TRION

No, **you** don't understand, Tracks! Heed my warning. Should you continue to ignore and detest the humans' traditions, and therefore drive a wedge between you and your fellow warriors, you may find yourself becoming something **less** than an Autobot, possibly something as terrible as...

**PANEL 6:**

Alpha Trion steps aside to reveal a DOPPELGANGER OF TRACKS; one that is TWISTED AND EVIL. Where the REAL Tracks is BLUE, this imposter is PURPLE. His usually-colorful, RED FACE now instead - a MACABRE, ASHEN-GREY.

His WINGS are SHARPER, MORE JAGGED than the real Tracks, almost like GIANT RAZOR-BLADES, while the remainder of his MORE ANGULAR AND SINISTER DESIGN is adorned with the all-too-familair DECEPTICON SYMBOL, affixed to his CHEST PLATE.

This 'new' Tracks GRINS MANIACALLY as he stares at his Autobot counterpart with EERIE, RED OPTICS.

ALPHA TRION (CONT'D)

**BEHOLD!**

**PAGE TWELVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Now disgusted, Tracks **URNS HIS BACK** on both his doppelganger and Alpha Trion, stubbornly looking off into the foreground like some **OVER-ACTING SOAP STAR**.

TRACKS

Ridiculous! To think that I'd ever turn out as hideous as that... that **thing**! Have you no class, Alpha Trion? These parlor games are growing tiresome. All I did was pine for home, for the good old days. Yes, perhaps I was a little too exuberant with my lamentations, but that's no reason to...

**PANEL 2:**

Alpha Trion **AVES HIS LEFT HAND THROUGH** the Evil Tracks, **DISINTEGRATING IT** like **GLASS**.

ALPHA TRION

**ENOUGH** ! You **will** recognize my warning, Tracks. You **will** answer the call. And you **will** be visited by **THREE SPARKS** tonight to teach you the error of your ways!

**PANEL 3:**

**CLOSE ON** Tracks' **WORRIED FACE**, as Alpha Trion continues.

ALPHA TRION (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

Listen to each of them, Tracks, lest your fate be worse than mine. Worse than Cybertron's, itself!

**PANEL 4:**

Alpha Trion **STEPS BACK** as Tracks **APPROACHES HIM** in **ANGUISH**.

TRACKS

Wait! Three sparks? Who? When? Alpha Trion, please, tell me!

ALPHA TRION

Farewell, Tracks...

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks **LIFTS HIS LEFT ARM** to shield his face from the **BLINDING LIGHT** now emanating from Alpha Trion's **CHEST** and **EYES**.

ALPHA TRION (CONT'D)

Farewell, Tracks...



TRACKS  
No, wait... please!

**PANEL 6:**

Alpha Trion's light has now CONSUMED THE ENTIRE PANEL, leaving nothing visible besides his final SPEECH BUBBLE.

ALPHA TRION  
Farewell!

**PAGE THIRTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. CYBERTRON - THE GOLDEN AGE - DAY.

Tracks awakens FACE DOWN on a GOLDEN, METALLIC SURFACE. His own CONFUSED EXPRESSION is being REFLECTED BACK AT HIM from the SHINY GROUND.

TRACKS  
Huh? Where am I?

**PANEL 2:**

Now standing, Tracks find himself on CYBERTRON - in its GOLDEN AGE. A WARM, YELLOW HUE bathes the land, while the typical SKYSCRAPER-LIKE SPIRES on the horizon appear in pristine condition; beacons of perfection in this ALTOGETHER IMPECCABLE WORLD.

SEVERAL CYBERTRONIANS, though none we recognize, FROLIC AND PLAY in the distance, while several more (in various auto-modes) RACE BY on a MULTI-LEVEL MOTORWAY.

In the sky above, even more aerial-mode Transformers ZOOM ACROSS THE HEAVENS like a FLOCK OF PEACEFUL DOVES.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
What? **CYBERTRON** ? How? It's not possible!

**PANEL 3:**

A STRANGER'S VOICE causes Tracks to WHEEL AROUND with SURPRISE.

STRANGER  
(off-panel)  
Oh, it's Cybertron, all right, you highfalutin' silicon-snob.

**PANEL 4:**

LOOKING OVER Tracks' shoulder, the stranger is revealed to be none other than KUP.

The wily veteran stands with ARMS FOLDED, unimpressed with the stuttering Autobot before him. With a SUBTLE, TRANSPARENT AURA surrounding his entire body, there is no doubt that Kup is THE FIRST SPARK Alpha Trion spoke of.

KUP

Just not **today's** Cybertron!

TRACKS

K-Kup? **Kup!**

**PAGE FOURTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

Kup remains as CANTANKEROUS as ever, as Tracks EXCITEDLY RUSHES TOWARDS HIM.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

It **is** you! I remember you! You were one of Optimus Prime's most trusted. You stayed behind to continue the fight after the Ark left Cybertron.

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks TURNS TO REASSESS HIS SURROUNDINGS, while Kup STILL HAS NOT MOVED.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

But, if this **is** Cybertron, why does it, I mean, how can it..?

KUP

How come it looks so good?

**PANEL 3:**

WITH A WIDER SHOT - Kup opens his arms to showcase the current Cybertronian landscape.

KUP (CONT'D)

'Cause like I said, ya snooty upstart. This is Cybertron of the **past!** You don't listen so good, huh? Too much refined Energon swirling around in that fancy cyber-cortex o' yours.

**PANEL 4:**

CLOSE ON Tracks and his EXPRESSION OF SURPRISE.

TRACKS

The past? Then... **you're** the First Spark?

**PANEL 5:**

Kup smiles a KNOWING GRIN, watching in amusement as Tracks GRIPS HIS HEAD to try and regain some sanity.

KUP  
The Spark of Cybertronian Past, if  
ya' don't mind.

TRACKS  
Then it's true. It's **all** true!

KUP  
'Course it's true, ya puffed-up  
nano-ninny. Why wouldn't it be? You  
got no reason to doubt *'The Great  
and Powerful'* Alpha Trion, have ya?  
Heck, he's even older than I am!

**PANEL 6:**

Kup places a hand on Tracks' shoulder.

KUP (CONT'D)  
Speaking o' which. We gotta get  
moving.

TRACKS  
What? No, wait!

**PANEL 7:**

Again, the entire panel is FILLED WITH WHITE, as both Tracks and Kup disappear. Only Kup's speech bubble remains.

KUP  
I got something ta show  
ya!

**PAGE FIFTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. TRACKS' PENTHOUSE HOME - CYBERTRON.

Just like the PREVIOUS FLASHBACK SCENE, Tracks finds himself back in his former, EXTRAVAGANT LODGINGS. Kup stands beside him, UNIMPRESSED, while Tracks cannot believe his optics.

A CROWD of WELL-TO-DO TRANSFORMERS, including those we saw earlier: Chromedome and Highbrow, continue to SIP REFINED ENERGN and HOBNOB with other 'ELITE-CYBERTRONIANS'.

KUP  
Whatta ya think? Home sweet home,  
right?

TRACKS

Wait, we're back **here**? In my home?  
Incredible!

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks approaches both Chromedome and Highbrow, who both  
IGNORE HIM COMPLETELY.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Highbrow! Chromedome! I'm back!  
It's me, Tracks! Wait...  
Chromedome? Highbrow?

**PANEL 3:**

Kup LEANS CLOSER TO Tracks to explain.

KUP

Yeah, they can't see you, kid. Or  
**hear** you, either. No one can.

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks TURNS BACK to face Kup in ANGER.

TRACKS

What? No one can see **or** hear us?  
Then what was the point of bringing  
me here?

KUP

Spark of Cybertronian Past,  
remember? I'm here to show you the  
error of your previous ways.

**PANEL 5:**

CLOSE ON Tracks. He remains upset.

TRACKS

The error of my ways? What are you  
blabbering about, you old koot? How  
could **this** be seen as **any** kind of  
error? This was life on Cybertron  
at its **finest**!

**PANEL 6:**

Kup STANDS UP TO Tracks, POKING A CROTCHETY FINGER into the  
snobbish Autobot's FLAMING chest compartment.

KUP

Typical pretentious snob-bot! You  
really don't remember? This is  
**exactly** why you need to be here!  
Maybe you should take a **closer** look  
at some of your former guests?

TRACKS

What are you talking about? My friends were the toast of the town! Scholars, academics, socialites! I mean, who exactly do you think you're talking..?

**PAGE SIXTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

Tracks turns to LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER and discover HOOK and the REST OF THE CONSTRUCTICONS are indeed guests of his past-self's party, although none of them are adorned with DECEPTICON BADGES. Instead, they seem to be socializing with the crowd as much as anyone.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

... about? Oh, my.

KUP

Still think your guest lists were always on the up-and-up? You let six soon-to-be Decepticons in, right under your stuck-up nose!

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks is STUNNED. He turns back to Kup in HORROR.

TRACKS

No, this isn't possible! I'd remember them! If those brutes were ever in my home, they wouldn't have remained undercover for long. Their true boorish natures would bulge out of them in an instant!

KUP

Well, not so fast, Mr. Smart-Chassis. Hook was quite the social-climber back in the day. And parties like **yours** let him turn his buddies onto a **lot** of snooty upper-class doings like this one.

**PANEL 3:**

Kup continues to RAIN ON TRACKS' PARADE.

KUP (CONT'D)

The upper class like you and your buddies, the mistreatment of regular, blue collar bots like me, Huffer, Gears and good ol' Ironhide, began to drive a wedge between the haves of Cybertron and the have-nots.

TRACKS

Oh.

KUP

And their disgust led them to joining a much worse band of no-good terrorist delinquents: **THE DECEPTICONS!**

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks TRIES IN VAIN to call out to his former friends. Of course, they cannot hear or see him, accidentally ignoring him as Kup TURNS TO THE PENTHOUSE WINDOWS.

TRACKS

No, this isn't right! I didn't know! None of us did! Highbrow! Chromedome!

KUP

Say yer goodbyes, Tracks. 'Cause we got company.

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks PEERS OUT one the penthouse's TALL WINDOWS to see a PLATOON of DECEPTICON TETRA-JETS screaming their way towards his home. In their CYBERTRONIAN FORMS, the trio of STARSCREAM, THUNDERCRACKER and SKYWARP approach.

TRACKS

No! Now I remember! This is the night of the first ever Decepticon attack on civilians!

KUP

Yep. And your 'buddy' Hook ratted you out for being the oblivious upstarts you were. See ya round, kid.

**PANEL 6:**

Starscream, Thundercracker and Skywarp BLAST THROUGH THE WINDOWS of Tracks' penthouse, PEPPERING HIM WITH A HAIL OF LASER FIRE that glides right through his NON-CORPOREAL FORM and into his home, DESTROYING IT.

TRACKS

No!

**PAGE SEVENTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT.

Tracks is INSTANTLY TRANSPORTED back to Earth, finding himself surrounded by the WELL-LIT and CHRISTMAS-DECORATED TIMES SQUARE of the 1980s. He is greeted by Mirage, also bathed in a GHOSTLY AURA.

TRACKS

No!

MIRAGE

Hey, pal. What's the trouble?

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks DASHES TO Mirage's side, attempting to SHAKE HIS HAND.

TRACKS

Oh, thank Cybertron! Mirage, it's you!

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON Tracks' hand SLIPPING RIGHT THROUGH Mirage's.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

What? No, not again!

**PANEL 4:**

Mirage SMILES at Tracks with a TIP-OF-THE-CAP SALUTE.

MIRAGE

Spark of Cybertronian Present, at your service.

TRACKS

Cybertronian Present? But, this is **Earth!**

**PANEL 5:**

Mirage stands proudly before Tracks, the BRIGHT LIGHTS of TIMES SQUARE blazing behind him in the background.

MIRAGE

That's right. What better place to inspect than your adopted home? What better time than **now?**

**PANEL 6:**

Mirage CREATES HIS TRANSPARENT-BOX FRAME around BOTH HE AND TRACKS, causing both of them to FADE INTO INVISIBILITY.

MIRAGE (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll show you.

**PAGE EIGHTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL, NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT.

Mirage and Tracks REAPPEAR WITHIN Mirage's BOX-FRAME outside a MAJESTIC CHURCH. As SNOW GENTLY FALLS from the sky, Tracks is looking up at the building with CONFUSION.

TRACKS

A church? What could we possibly be doing here?

MIRAGE

Well, not much from the outside. What say we head on in and take a closer look?

TRACKS

Inside? We can't go in there! Imagine the hubbub when these humans see two handsome Transformers strolling into their place of worship!

**PANEL 2:**

Mirage leans back, CHUCKLING with his HANDS ON HIS HIPS, as Tracks continues to ACT PERPLEXED.

MIRAGE

Ha-ha-ha! Oh, Tracks, my old friend. Being the Spark of Cybertronian Present has its advantages, you know?

TRACKS

Huh?

**PANEL 3:**

Mirage again ENABLES his BOX-FRAME, surrounding both he and Tracks once more.

MIRAGE

Does the term 'invisible' mean anything to you?

TRACKS

Oh no. Not again.

**PANEL 4:**



Both Mirage and Tracks have now become COMPLETELY INVISIBLE - represented to us, the readers, by seeing their standard BLACK LINEWORK replaced by BRIGHT YELLOW.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

I'm guessing no one can hear us either, right?

MIRAGE

You catch on quick. Come on, we don't want to miss out on all the fun!

**PANEL 5:**

INT. INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL.

WITHIN THE MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL, rows of people sit SINGING the CHRISTMAS CAROL, "*SILENT NIGHT*", led by their PREACHER, standing before them all at his PULPIT.

CROWD

(accompanied by musical notes)

*Silent night... Holy night... All is calm... All is...*

TRACKS

Singing? And **human** singing at that? Ugh, this cacophony is worse than Jazz and Blaster combined.

MIRAGE

Lighten up, buddy. Music during the holidays really brings the human communities together. Look how happy these people are. Look at the joy they bring each other by sharing this moment.

**PANEL 6:**

Tracks has placed BOTH HANDS over where HIS EARS SHOULD BE while Mirage stands DISAPPOINTED with his friend.

TRACKS

I suppose. But, does it have to be so **loud**? And out of key?

MIRAGE

I see this place isn't exactly helping you change your opinion on Christmas, Tracks. No matter.

**PANEL 7:**

Mirage SNAPS HIS FINGERS, creating a WHOLESOME, WHITE LIGHT to overwhelm himself, Tracks and the surrounding panel.

MIRAGE (CONT'D)  
Next stop... Washington, D.C.!

**PAGE NINETEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT.

Tracks and Mirage appear WITHIN THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, still in their YELLOW-OUTLINED STATE. In the background, the WINDOWS OF THE OVAL OFFICE can be seen.

TRACKS  
The White House? What are we doing here?

MIRAGE  
As you know, this is the home of the most powerful human in the world. So, let's take a closer look.

**PANEL 2:**

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE.

As (the still-invisible) Tracks and Mirage PEEK IN from the outside through the room's glass window, PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN can be seen SITTING at the RESOLUTE DESK, a TELEPHONE RECEIVER in his hand and pressed to his ear.

Behind the President, FIRST LADY NANCY REAGAN stands with a CONTENTED SMILE. Both wear stereotypical CHRISTMAS SWEATERS.

**NOTE:** The entire Oval Office is covered in elaborate decorations, including a Christmas Tree.

REAGAN  
Well... I appreciate that, Mr. Gorbachev. A very Merry Christmas to you, too. Give my best to Raisa.

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON Reagan, turning to face the First Lady.

REAGAN (CONT'D)  
How about another cup of cocoa, Mommy?

**PANEL 4:**

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT.

Tracks looks to Mirage with confusion.

TRACKS

Mr. Gorbachev? But, I thought...

MIRAGE

Like we've been trying to tell you. Christmas is a very special time for the humans. Even the fiercest of rivals often put aside their differences at this time of year in the spirit of goodwill. Maybe if we'd had something like Christmas back on Cybertron, the war may never have occurred.

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks is now AGGRESSIVELY CLOSE to Mirage, yet Mirage remains calm.

TRACKS

Well, it **did** occur! And it's all-but destroyed our planet and taken us away from our homes! These humans wouldn't be acting this way if they'd experienced what we Autobots have gone through!

MIRAGE

You think because of the war, the Autobots would never act like this?

**PANEL 6:**

With yet another FULL PANEL OF WHITE, only Mirage's SPEECH BUBBLE can be seen.

MIRAGE (CONT'D)

Then, maybe we should take a look for ourselves?

**PAGE TWENTY:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK.

This time, Tracks and Mirage RETURN TO THE ARK, encased by its familiar ORANGE INTERIOR. Teletraan-1 can be seen behind them, yet unlike earlier, Red Alert no longer mans its control panels.

MIRAGE

Home sweet home, right?

TRACKS

Oh, please. This wreck of a ship is still nothing more than... wait. Where's Red Alert?

**PANEL 2:**

Mirage says nothing, instead POINTING over Tracks' shoulder to SOMETHING OFF-PANEL behind him.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Huh?

**PANEL 3:**

WITH A SPLASH PANEL - Tracks turns to see a GROUP OF AUTOBOTS: Jazz, Bluestreak, Huffer, Red Alert, Powerglide and Bumblebee (in VW-mode), SITTING IN A CIRCLE like SCHOOL CHILDREN, looking up at Optimus Prime, positioned before them in a METALLIC CHAIR. Both Spike and Carly are SITTING on Bumblebee's HOOD, also enjoying the story, while Chip remains nearby by in his WHEELCHAIR.

At the same time, Sparkplug sits ATOP Optimus Prime's shoulder, READING FROM a LARGE STORYBOOK with BLASTER playing gentle music from his BOOM-BOX-MODE. All eyes are focused on Sparkplug with UNDIVIDED ATTENTION.

Grimlock (in T-Rex-mode) NOSES IN OVER Optimus Prime's OTHER SHOULDER to gain a BETTER LOOK. Meanwhile, in the background, Wheeljack ENTERS THE ROOM holding a TRAY of what looks to be MUGS of HOT COCOA.

SPARKPLUG

... not a creature was stirring,  
not even a mouse.

WHEELJACK

Who wants hot Energon? I made it myself!

**PAGE TWENTY-ONE:**

**PANEL 1:**

The group of intently-listening humans and their Autobot friends can be seen behind Tracks as he turns back to face Mirage.

MIRAGE

You see? Your fellow Autobots have embraced the human traditions and accepted their culture. Christmas truly transcends the universe.

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks LIFTS HIS HAND up to his forehead with ANNOYANCE.

TRACKS

I'm sorry, I cannot accept that. A great leader like Optimus Prime is surely just humoring Sparkplug and the others.

**PANEL 3:**

WITH A CLOSE SHOT - Sparkplug continues to read to his Autobot family from atop Optimus Prime's shoulder.

SPARKPLUG

... while visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.

TRACKS

(captioned)

This benign storytelling wouldn't hold an electro-candle to the literature we had back on Cybertron.

**PANEL 4:**

CLOSE ON Mirage. He is now DOWNBEAT, ready to give up. In response, Tracks appears ANXIOUS.

MIRAGE

It seems nothing will please you, Tracks. Your stubbornness might be too much for even me to handle. I was hoping it wouldn't come to this, but I suppose you'll have to receive a visit from **HIM** after all.

TRACKS

Him? Him who? Mirage, what are you talking about?

**PANEL 5:**

Mirage begins to FADE AWAY, leaving Tracks QUITE UPSET.

MIRAGE

Farewell, Tracks. I hope your next visitor has better luck with you that I did.

TRACKS

Wait, you can't leave! Who are you talking about?

**PANEL 6:**

Now Tracks himself begins to FADE AWAY. Staring at his own TRANSPARENT HANDS, he begins to PANIC. Mirage is gone; nowhere to be seen.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
What's happening to me? Mirage,  
come back! Come...

**PAGE TWENTY-TWO:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. AN EMPTY VOID.

Tracks finds himself FLOATING in another VOID OF NOTHINGNESS.

TRACKS  
... back! What? Where am I now?

**PANEL 2:**

Behind Tracks, a BRIGHT BALL OF LIGHT can be seen, far, far in the distance. He turns to look over his shoulder towards its luminosity.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Oh, now what is **that**? Will this  
never end?

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks TRANSFORMS into his flying-car-mode and JETS OFF towards the light.

**PANEL 4:**

EXT. A DARK CYBERTRON - STILL WITHIN THE VOID.

Tracks flies towards what appears to be Cybertron, only this version is DEVOID OF LIGHT. Like a city plagued by a blackout, the mechanical planet is DARK AND DIM.

TRACKS  
Cybertron? But, who turned out all  
the lights?

**PANEL 5:**

EXT. THE SURFACE OF DARK CYBERTRON - NIGHT.

Tracks transforms to land on the metallic ground.

TRACKS  
This doesn't make any sense. What  
happened here?

**PANEL 6:**

STARTLED, Tracks spins around in horror, as a GHASTLY SHADOW falls over him.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
What? No! No, it can't be **YOU!**

**PAGE TWENTY-THREE:**

**PANEL 1:**

WITH A FULL SPLASH PAGE - Tracks stands before his third-and-final visitor; The Spark of Cybertronian Future: MEGATRON!

This Megatron is different, however. Twice his normal size and more BLACK than SILVER, draped in a BLACK CLOAK like a robotic GRIM REAPER, complete with a HIDEOUS SCYTHE that has replaced the customary FUSION CANNON that usually rests on his RIGHT FOREARM.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
M-M-Megatron? **You're** the Spark of Cybertronian Future?

**PAGE TWENTY-FOUR:**

**PANEL 1:**

Megatron SLASHES HIS SCYTHE through Tracks' MID-SECTION.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Aaaahhhh!

**PANEL 2:**

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

The Ark sits wedged in the mountain; however, this time it appears RUSTED OUT and ROTTEN. The sky above is RED and TERRIFYING, as though some kind of APOCALYPSE has occurred not too much earlier.

Tracks stands with Megatron, REACHING for his still-intact body.

TRACKS  
What did you do? I'm alive! But, what's happening? Is that the Ark?

**PANEL 3:**

LOOKING OUT FROM WITHIN THE SHATTERED AUTOBOT HQ - Tracks stands on the horizon with Megatron, gazing at the destruction.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Is this the future? Is this what happens to the Ark?

**PAGE TWENTY-FIVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Tracks LOOKS UP into the sky to see the jet-forms of three Decepticons: THUNDERWING, SIXSHOT and JHIAXUS. They zoom overhead in a V-SHAPE FORMATION.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
What is that? **Who** is that?

**PANEL 2:**

CLOSE ON Tracks.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Decepticons?

**PANEL 3:**

As Thunderwing, Sixshot and Jhiaxus FLY OFF into the distance, Tracks sees an ARMY OF SEEKERS following behind them. Identical in design to Starscream and the rest of the generic jet-mode Deceptions, the SWARM OF AIRCRAFT fire towards the ground.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
No, it can't be!

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks DIVES FOR COVER, as the ground around him ERUPTS INTO FLAMES, thanks to the overhead assault of the Seekers.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Aaaagh!

**PAGE TWENTY-SIX:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. CYBERTRON DEATH CAMP - NIGHT.

Back on Cybertron (now fully-lit), Tracks stands with Megatron HIGH ON A HILL, overlooking what appears to be a MINING OPERATION of some kind. Tracks is once again a NERVOUS WRECK.

TRACKS  
What are you showing me? What happened to Earth? Did you destroy it with your army of marauders? And if this is the future, where are the Autobots?

**PANEL 2:**



Megatron points down towards the mining operation.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Oh no. Please, no.

**PANEL 3:**

WITH A CLOSER LOOK AT THE MINE - Several Autobots, all SHACKLED AT THE WRISTS with ENERCON MANACLES, push heavy MINE CARTS of a RED, CRYSTALLINE QUARTZ. Among the RUSTED OUT and DOWNTRODDEN Autobots, we see HOT SPOT, CHASE, SEASPRAY, GRAPPLE and SURESHOT, all of them being watched over by several Decepticon guards, including RAZORCLAW, MOTORMASTER and ONSLAUGHT.

Tracks and Megatron are visible in the far background as tiny specks on their hillside-vantage-point.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
No, what have you done?

**PANEL 4:**

Back on top of the hill, Tracks pleads with Megatron.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Please, stop this! This cannot be the future of the Autobots! Where is Jazz? Bumblebee? Where is..?

**PANEL 5:**

Once again, Megatron SLICES THROUGH Tracks with his scythe, but this time; VERTICALLY.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Gah!

**PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. A GRAVEYARD, CYBERTRON - NIGHT.

Tracks now stands with Megatron behind him, in the center of a SPOOKY GRAVEYARD. HEADSTONES litter the area, as a HUGE LIGHTNING STRIKE scatters across the sky.

TRACKS  
A cemetery?

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks moves closer to four PROMINENT HEADSTONES. Each is decorated with an AUTOBOT SYMBOL. Megatron watches on.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Oh no. Who... whose graves are these?

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON the six headstones. As well as the aforementioned Autobot symbols, the NAMES of EACH OF THE DECEASED can easily be read to indicate these are the graves of: Wheeljack, Huffer, Windcharger, Hoist, Inferno and Sideswipe.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

Wheeljack? Sideswipe? Hoist?

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks turns to see even more headstones marked with Autobot symbols and the names: Ratchet, Prowl, Skids, Brawn and Mirage.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

No, not Ratchet! Prowl? Brawn?  
Mirage, no!

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks LOOKS BACK at Megatron, who stands beside EVEN MORE GRAVES marked with the names: Ironhide, Red Alert, Smokescreen, Trailbreaker and TWO MORE; the names OBSCURED BY SHADOW.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Ironhide? Red Alert? But... but...

**PANEL 6:**

CLOSE ON TRACKS.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Wait. Those final two graves. Who are **they** for?

**PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT:**

**PANEL 1:**

Megatron STEPS ASIDE, allowing Tracks to see the first of the two gravestones. Marked below its Autobot symbol is the name: Optimus Prime. Tracks is now BEYOND DISTRAUGHT.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Optimus Prime! No, it can't be!  
That's impossible!

**PANEL 2:**

SHOT FROM BEHIND THE FINAL GRAVESTONE - Tracks LOOKS DOWN AT ITS UNSEEN MARKER, and his reaction is one of PURE TERROR.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

If even Prime has fallen, then who belongs to this final grave?

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON the final headstone. As we all suspected, it is marked with the name: Tracks.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

**NO!**

**PANEL 4:**

Tracks steps back from his grave, BUMPING INTO Megatron, his reaper's cloak FLOWING IN THE BREEZE.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

This cannot be the future! It's **too horrible** to even contemplate!

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks turns to face Megatron once more; however, the EMBODIMENT OF EVIL merely points towards Tracks' chest.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

What? What are you pointing at now?

**PANEL 6:**

Tracks looks down at his chest plate to see a DECEPTICON SYMBOL.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

What! Oh no, not that!

**PAGE TWENTY-NINE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Tracks now resembles the EVIL TRACKS we saw earlier with Alpha Trion. His usual BLUE COLOR SCHEME has been replaced with PURPLE. His ONCE-RED-FACE is now ASHEN-GREY and his wings are RAZOR-SHARP and SINISTER. Finally, his AUTOBOT-BLUE EYES have switched to DECEPTICON-RED.

Behind this TRANSFORMED Tracks, Megatron SMILES WITH SATISFACTION.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

No! This isn't right! I'll never be a Decepticon! I'll never be like **you!**

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks POINTS an ANGRY FINGER at Megatron.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
You hear me? **NEVER!**

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks looks down at the grave of Optimus Prime, as an UNNERVING GROAN echoes from beneath its headstone.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Op-Optimus Prime?

OPTIMUS PRIME  
(from underground)  
UUUUUURGHHHHHH...

**PANEL 4:**

Optimus Prime's fist PUNCHES THROUGH THE GROUND, revealing its ROTTING FINGERS, while Tracks FACES a smiling Megatron once more.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)  
(from underground)  
NNNNNNAAARGHHHH!

TRACKS  
(off-panel)  
What have you done to him, you despicable maniac?

**PANEL 5:**

Megatron VANISHES with an EXPLOSION OF BLACK SMOKE, leaving Tracks to SHIELD HIMSELF from the EERIE MIST.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Where are you going, you coward?!  
Come back here! This can't be my  
future! It just can't!

**PANEL 6:**

CLOSE ON Tracks' face as he turns back to see YET ANOTHER IMPOSING SHADOW, falling across his now-Decepticon visage.

TRACKS (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh.

**PAGE THIRTY:**

**PANEL 1:**

WITH A FULL SPLASH PAGE - Tracks is AGHAST to see an UNDEAD, DECAYING Optimus Prime standing free of his grave, appearing as close to a ZOMBIE as a Transformer can.

HIS EYES have been reduced to MERE SOCKETS. His FACE-MASK is DENTED and CRACKED. The WINDOWS of his CHEST are nothing more than SHATTERED HUSKS, while his standard RED-AND-BLUE COLOR SCHEME has been diminished to an UNSETTLING CHARCOAL.

OPTIMUS PRIME  
'Till all... are one!

**NOTE:** Optimus Prime's ghastly appearance should invoke the Generation-2 comic style of Derek Yaniger.

**PAGE THIRTY-ONE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Optimus Prime grabs Tracks by his shoulders.

TRACKS  
Optimus Prime, listen to me! It's  
me, Tracks! One of your Autobots!

**PANEL 2:**

Optimus Prime pulls Tracks FRIGHTENINGLY CLOSE to his RAPIDLY-DETERIORATING FACE.

OPTIMUS PRIME  
Auto... Autobot?

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON Tracks' chest, as Optimus Prime's zombie finger PRESSES AGAINST the Deception symbol.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)  
(off-panel)  
Not... Autobot. DECEPTICON!

**PANEL 4:**

Optimus Prime LIFTS Tracks HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD as Tracks pleads with his leader for mercy.

TRACKS  
No, I'm not a Decepticon! It's a  
trick! Please, Optimus, you have to  
believe me! Help me!

**PANEL 5:**

Optimus Prime HURLS Tracks down into his own grave.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

No! Stop! If this is the future, I  
don't want it! I can change!  
Please! I can change!

**PANEL 6:**

SHOT FROM TRACKS' P.O.V. - LOOKING UP FROM WITHIN HIS OWN  
GRAVE - Optimus Prime GLARES DOWN at Tracks, pointing his ION-  
BLASTER into the BURIAL PLOT.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Please, Optimus! I'm sorry!

OPTIMUS PRIME

One shall stand...

**PANEL 7:**

The YELLOW ENERGY from Optimus Prime's ion-blaster FILLS THE  
ENTIRE PANEL.

TRACKS

(captioned)

I'm sorry!

OPTIMUS PRIME

(captioned)

... One shall **fall**.

**PAGE THIRTY-TWO:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. THE ARK, TRACKS' PRIVATE QUARTERS.

Tracks SITS UP to find he has returned to his private  
quarters within the Ark. His bottle of refined Energon lies  
SMASHED ON THE FLOOR beside him.

TRACKS

I'm sorry! I can change! I can  
change!

**PANEL 2:**

The doors to Tracks' quarters open to reveal Chip Chase at  
the entryway. Tracks remains on the floor looking at his  
shattered Energon bottle, starting to realize IT WAS ALL JUST  
A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE.

**CAPTION:** December 25, 1986...

TRACKS (CONT'D)

I'm back. In the Ark. This four-million-year-old refined Energon must have overloaded by usually-pristine cerebral circuits.

CHIP

Tracks? Are you okay? I heard you shouting and...

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks RUSHES to Chip's side.

TRACKS

Chip! What time is it?

CHIP

Uh, it's late. Well, **early** actually. 3:55 a.m., to be exact.

**PANEL 4:**

CLOSE ON Tracks. Just over his shoulder, Chip appears confused.

TRACKS

Then there's still time.

**PANEL 5:**

Tracks DASHES FROM THE ROOM, almost toppling over Chip and his wheelchair.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I need to go! I'll be back, I promise!

CHIP

Whoa! Tracks, where are you going? It's Christmas morning!

**PANEL 6:**

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE AUTOBOT ARK - DAWN.

In car-mode, Tracks ROARS OUT OF THE ARK and towards the horizon, leaving Chip to watch with a BAFFLED Red Alert in the entryway of Autobot HQ.

TRACKS

I told you... there's still time!

RED ALERT

Where's he going in such a hurry? Does he know something we don't know?

**PAGE THIRTY-THREE & THIRTY-FOUR:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK - CHRISTMAS DAY.

**CAPTION:** Later...

WITH A DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD - The CHRISTMAS DAY CELEBRATIONS are well underway within the Ark.

Optimus Prime KNEELS DOWN in the foreground to accept a SERIES OF OVERSIZED PRESENTS from Spike, Carly, Sparkplug and Chip, while to Prime's LEFT, Bumblebee EXCHANGES GIFTS with Huffer. SIDESWIPE, SUNSTREAKER, Jazz and Bluestreak stand to the RIGHT of Optimus Prime, LAUGHING WITH MERRIMENT.

On the LEFT SIDE of the background, Wheeljack opens a gift that has been given to him by RATCHET and Grimlock.

On the RIGHT SIDE of the background, IRONHIDE and Powerglide stand smiling with COSMOS, while beside the Christmas Tree, an excited BLASTER hands a GIFT to WARPATH; the 1984 album, *Make It Big* by WHAM, causing Warpath to react AS ONLY HE CAN.

**NOTE:** As a double page spread, it would be preferable not to have any characters situated directly in the center of frame (or the 'crease' of the page).

SPIKE

Merry Christmas, Optimus!

OPTIMUS PRIME

Thank you, Spike. Merry Christmas to you, too. Merry Christmas to **all** of you.

CHIP

Thanks, Optimus. I just wish Tracks was here. I fear he might never understand the true meaning of Christmas.

WARPATH

WHAM!

**PAGE THIRTY-FIVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

Spike and Carly turn to Chip.

SPIKE

Any idea where Tracks was going?



CHIP

Nope. All he said was that he'd be back. But he still hasn't...

**PANEL 2:**

With Optimus Prime, Bumblebee and Jazz behind them, Spike, Carly and Chip TURN TOWARDS the Ark's entryway, as SOUNDS OF HEAVY VEHICLES echo into the Autobot base.

BUMBLEBEE

What is that ruckus?

JAZZ

Sounds like a whole heap o' heavy vehicles, right on our doorstep!

CHIP

Heavy vehicles? But, it's Christmas Day.

**PANEL 3:**

Spike and Bumblebee have run to the edge of the Ark's entryway. Bumblebee is still looking outside with a smile on his face, but Spike has turned back to call out to the others.

BUMBLEBEE

Chip! Everyone! Come quick!

SPIKE

(captioned)

It's Tracks!

**PAGE THIRTY-SIX:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. OUTSIDE THE AUTOBOT ARK - DAY.

Tracks has returned. In car-mode, he leads a PROCESSION OF DELIVERY TRUCKS, stirring up a dust cloud that follows behind.

**PANEL 2:**

As Tracks TRANSFORMS back to robot-mode, JANE BLACKROCK jumps free of his chassis, as Optimus Prime, Bumblebee, Spike and Chip greet him outside the Ark.

CHIP

Tracks! You're back!

TRACKS

Of course I'm back. It's Christmas Day, after all. Hope you don't mind that I brought a friend with me.

**PANEL 3:**

Blackrock greets Spike, Carly, Chip and Bumblebee, LOOKING UP at Optimus Prime.

BLACKROCK

Nice to see you again, Optimus.

OPTIMUS PRIME

The pleasure is all mine, Ms. Blackrock. But, what are you doing here?

**PANEL 4:**

Blackrock stands proudly, with Tracks and the delivery vehicles behind her.

BLACKROCK

Let's just say I received an emergency call from a certain Autobot who didn't want to let his family down on Christmas Day.

**PANEL 5:**

CLOSE ON Tracks' smiling face.

BLACKROCK (CONT'D)

(captioned)

Tracks wanted to get you guys some gifts, so who better to arrange it than the world's greatest billionaire, businesswoman philanthropist?

**PANEL 6:**

Behind Tracks and Blackrock, multiple DELIVERY MEN start unloading WRAPPED PRESENTS from their various trucks.

BLACKROCK (CONT'D)

And to make this happen, Tracks has agreed to donate his remaining bottles of refined Energon to my company, which means we can use it to produce a clean energy source to provide power for the country during Christmas, **and** allow me to give my employees a forty-percent raise!

**PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

Chip PROUDLY looks up at Tracks.

CHIP

Wow, Tracks! It seems like you **do**  
have the Christmas spirit after  
all!

**PANEL 2:**

Tracks kneels before his human friends (and Bumblebee).

TRACKS

I'm sorry, my friends. I was wrong  
to lament my past on Cybertron. It  
blinded me to the fact that my true  
friends have always been here on  
Earth!

**PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT:**

**PANEL 1:**

Tracks REACHES BEHIND HIS BACK.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Which reminds me. I have one final  
gift for you. For **all** of you.

**PANEL 2:**

WITH A SPLASH PANEL - Optimus Prime STANDS PROUDLY in the  
background with Blackrock, as Spike, Carly, Chip and  
Bumblebee watch Tracks PRESENT THEM with an ENORMOUS, GOLD  
AUTOBOT SYMBOL.

TRACKS (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas!

CARLY

Wow, it's beautiful, Tracks!

CHIP

It sure is. But, what's it for?

**PANEL 3:**

Tracks hands the golden Autobot symbol to Chip with a smile.

TRACKS

Oh, I think you know, Chip.

**PAGE THIRTY-NINE:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. THE AUTOBOT ARK.

Wheeljack stands beside Jazz and Prowl, as all three STARE STRAIGHT AHEAD, looking towards something OFF-PANEL. As Jazz simply SMILES, Wheeljack is WAVING DIRECTIONS, while Prowl is seemingly sizing-up their target by looking through his hands, positioned in the classic MOVIE DIRECTOR FINGER FRAMES.

WHEELJACK

A little higher. Yeah, that's it.

JAZZ

You almost got it!

**PANEL 2:**

In a similar panel, Ironhide stands LEANING TOWARDS Sunstreaker, also looking forward at something OFF-PANEL. Sideswipe stands beside Sunstreaker, FACE-PALMING at his brother's actions.

IRONHIDE

Have ya ever seen a prettier thing  
in all yer life?

SUNSTREAKER

Well, yes. But, only if I look into  
a mirror.

SIDESWIPE

Bro...

**PANEL 3:**

Optimus Prime stands behind Bumblebee, Spike, Carly and Sparkplug, also looking OFF-PANEL at the same event as the previous Autobots.

BUMBLEBEE

It's perfect.

SPIKE

It sure is.

**PANEL 4:**

WITH A WIDE SHOT - As Optimus Prime, Bumblebee, Spike, Carly and Sparkplug stand in the background with Jazz and Ironhide, THE BACK OF SEVERAL MORE AUTOBOTS' HEADS appear in the foreground, including those of Ratchet, Grimlock (still in dino-mode), Prowl, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker.

In the center of the frame, Tracks SMILES BRIGHTLY while LIFTING Chip up to the top of the Ark's Transformer-sized CHRISTMAS TREE, allowing Chip to place the GOLDEN AUTOBOT SYMBOL at its peak to replace its previous STAR.

CHIP  
God bless us, every one!

**PAGE FORTY:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. A FAMILY HOME.

**CAPTION:** Elsewhere, in Bellingham, Washington...

Within a FAMILY LIVING ROOM, a full CHRISTMAS TREE, in every sense of the word, shines brightly before the room's large, OPEN BAY WINDOWS, while SNOW FALLS OUTSIDE.

The Christmas tree is adorned with MULTI-COLORED, TWINKLING LIGHTS, ANTIQUE ORNAMENTS handed down from the previous generation and HAND-MADE TINSEL to make the tree GLOW WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE HOLIDAYS.

On the tree, SMALL PRESENTS can be found randomly within its branches. Underneath the tree, sit several WRAPPED GIFTS, while off-panel, we hear A FAMILY speaking.

YOUSEPH  
(off-panel)  
Merry Christmas, Goldie!

HANNAH  
Merry Christmas, honey!

GOLDIE  
Merry Christmas, Mom and Dad!

**PANEL 2:**

GOLDIE; a FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL, sits in front of the Christmas tree, ready to open the first gift in her hands. HER PARENTS sit together on the couch; her mother, HANNAH, is a SHAPELY REDHEAD, while her father, YOUSEPH, is an ODDLY-HANDSOME, BEARDED FELLOW in a BACKWARDS BASEBALL CAP.

Each of Goldie's parents hold GIFTS OF THEIR OWN in their laps as the FAMILY CAT remains curled up on the couch beside them. Both mother and father watch their daughter lovingly as she PREPARES TO OPEN her first present. THREE MUGS, steaming with warm cocoa and marshmallows, sit on a COFFEE TABLE nearby.

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON the gift in Goldie's hands, as she RIPS OPEN the wrapping paper to reveal a SPEAK & SPELL toy.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, cool!

**PANEL 4:**

CLOSE ON Goldie's gift in her hands. Now it is completely unwrapped.

YOUSEPH  
(off-panel)  
Do you like it, sweetie?

GOLDIE  
I love it! Thank you!

SPEAK & SPELL  
Spell: Apple.

**PANEL 5:**

The screen of the Speak & Spell displays the word, APPLE as Goldie's finger has just pressed the final letter of the word: the letter E.

SPEAK & SPELL (CONT'D)  
That is correct. Now, spell: Green.

**PANEL 6:**

The screen of the Speak & Spell now displays the word, GREEN, and Goldie's finger has just pressed the final letter of the word: the letter N.

SPEAK & SPELL (CONT'D)  
You are correct.

**PANEL 7:**

The screen of the Speak & Spell SUDDENLY becomes WRAPPED in TROUBLING, YELLOW SPARKS.

SPEAK & SPELL (CONT'D)  
Now, let's spell... KREMZEEK!

**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!