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THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.
"THE RICOCHET EFFECT, PART 1."

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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. OUTSIDE MOON BASE ONE, CYBERTRON'S FIRST MOON - NIGHT

SPLASH PANEL - HOLOGRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS of MIRAGE, TRAILBREAKER, BETA, XAARON and IMPACTOR surround OPTIMUS PRIME, as he, himself is raised up on a circular platform.

In his hands, he holds the AUTOBOT MATRIX OF LEADERSHIP.

Before the Autobot Leader, with their backs to the reader, stands PROWL, JAZZ, IRONHIDE, HOT ROD and KUP.

Behind Optimus Prime, on his right, MOONRACER is consoled by POWERGLIDE, while TRACKS remains stoic alongside ELITA-ONE and SPRINGER.

Behind Optimus Prime, on his left, ARCEE and WHIRL look on at the ongoing FUNERAL SERVICE with ULTRA MAGNUS and RATCHET.

CAPTION: Cybertron's second moon...

OPTIMUS PRIME

... And as we farewell these fallen Autobot heroes, we are reminded that they are not gone forever, but have merely passed on to become one with **The Matrix**.

PANEL 2:

REVERSE ANGLE, OVER OPTIMUS PRIME'S SHOULDER - Jazz, Prowl, Ironhide and Kup LOWER THEIR HEADS, as Hot Rod looks up at Optimus Prime with WONDER.

OPTIMUS PRIME (CONT'D)

'Till all are one.

JAZZ / PROWL / IRONHIDE / KUP

'Till all are one.

HOT ROD

(softly)

'Till all are one.

PAGE TWO:

PANEL 1:

WIDE SHOT - Hot Rod watches as Ratchet, Kup, Jazz and Prowl begin to move away from the funeral, leaving Optimus Prime and Elita-One to converse in the background.

JAZZ

Man, what a bummer.

RATCHET

I know what you mean. I never want to be at another one of these ever again.

KUP

I hear ya, lad. Been to far too many, myself. Watched many a good Bot go before their time.

PANEL 2:

Ratchet continues on, while Jazz and Prowl remain with Kup and Hot Rod.

JAZZ

You said it. Even after all this time, I thought we'd seen everything.

PROWL

I hear you, Jazz. The two of us have travelled up the road together so many times, I didn't think I could be surprised anymore. But what Skyquake did? And what he **almost** did? Never thought I'd see anything like that*.

HOT ROD

You two have known each other for a long time, huh?

CAPTION: *See the epic three-part story, *Rise From the Ranks*, issues #57-58-59.

PANEL 3:

Jazz smiles, as Prowl turns to Hot Rod.

PROWL

A **very** long time. Before the war. Before all of this.

HOT ROD

Wow, how'd you meet?

PANEL 4:

Kup gets in Hot Rod's face, while Prowl and Jazz turn to face each other as though remembering a long-lost story.

KUP
Leave it out, kid. These two don't
have time to...

PROWL
No, it's fine, Kup. Really.

JAZZ
Yeah, I totally remember it like it
was yesterday, dude.

PANEL 5:

Prowl stands looking off into the distance while Jazz, Kup and Hot Rod watch from over his shoulder.

PROWL
Yeah. Yesterday.

PAGE THREE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. IACON, CYBERTRON - DAY

SPLASH PANEL - The VIBRANT CITYSCAPE of a PRE-WAR CYBERTRON encompasses the land as far as the eye can see.

Various TRANSFORMERS inhabit the streets and air, whether in robot, automotive or aerial-modes.

This is a technological civilization at its peak. A veritable hub of intergalactic culture, peace and understanding.

On the surface, at least.

CAPTION: Iacon, the Golden Age of Cybertron. Nine and three quarter million years ago...

TV REPORTER
(captioned)
Good morning, Cybertron. And now
the news...

PANEL 2:

EXT. AN ALLEYWAY - DAY

NIGHTBEAT looks through the Cybertronian equivalent of a MAGNIFYING GLASS, inspecting what looks to be the SHATTERED REMAINS of two Transformers stuck in their automotive alt-modes.

It would appear as though a game of 'chicken' has had fatal consequences.

TV REPORTER

(captioned)

... Communities across Iacon remain concerned by the sudden and unexpected disappearance of popular police officer, Ricochet...

PANEL 3:

EXT. THE STREETS OF IACON - DAY

BLADES (in Cybertronian-helicopter-mode) flies above the busy streets.

TV REPORTER

(captioned)

... Ricochet is well known for his reputation among fellow law enforcers. From the streets...

PANEL 4:

INT. THE BUREAU

A pre-war Jazz stands in a polished and professional-looking law enforcement district office.

He stands with other Special Agents: GETAWAY and POINTBLANK.

TV REPORTER

(captioned)

... All the way up the ladder to various special agencies...

PAGE FOUR:

PANEL 1:

INT. A POLICE STATION

Amid the bustling hive of activity of a Cybertronian police substation, several Transformers can be seen.

A pre-war Prowl stands with STREETWISE, GROOVE and SIREN before their commanding officer, READEM, a black-and-yellow Bot (similar in design to Red Alert).

Readem appears ANGRY, seemingly reprimanding his subordinates like that stereotypical 80s movie police captain.

TV REPORTER

(captioned)

... Reaching back to his own turf; the dedicated police officers that patrol Iacon and protect us all.

READEM

I don't care what it takes, we need to find Ricochet, now! Not only is the commissioner exhausting down my neck over this, but Mayor Atlas wants answers! I don't like it. Makes my pistons pulse.

SIREN

Woooooo... Ricochet is the best of the best, Readem. Wherever he is, I'm sure he's in control of the situation... Woooooooo...

PANEL 2:

Prowl looks on as Readem sticks his finger in Siren's face.

READEM

That's **Captain** Readem to you, Siren. And I don't care if Ricochet's the best. We need to find him before...

PANEL 3:

In the foreground, Prowl POINTS to something off-panel, while Streetwise turns back to Readem and Siren behind them.

PROWL

Uh, Captain?

STREETWISE

I think you might want to take a look at this, sir.

PANEL 4:

OVER READEM'S SHOULDER as he looks across the crowded police station.

Getaway has arrived with Pointblank and Jazz.

READEM

Terrific. Feds. Just what we **didn't** need.

GETAWAY

Attention everyone! As of this astro-second, this precinct is under **my** jurisdiction!

PANEL 5:

While Prowl stands behind him, Readem CONFRONTS Getaway. Jazz looks on from behind his boss.

READEM

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Who invited you, Getaway? This is **my** unit. We don't need you 'special operations agents' comin' in and ruining our system.

GETAWAY

Really? If your system was so great, maybe you wouldn't have lost track of Ricochet. Sorry, Captain, but my orders come from the very top.

READEM

I don't care who they came from! My team is the best of the best!

PANEL 6:

While Readem continues to argue with Getaway in the background, Prowl SNEAKS OFF into the foreground, speaking to someone on what looks like a CYBERTRONIAN CELL PHONE.

No one else has, but Jazz has noticed.

GETAWAY

Best of the best? At what? Binging on binary-biscuits?

READEM

You listen to me, you overcharged, silicon sycophant...

PROWL
(softly)
Yeah, it's me. You were right. It's getting worse down here. Can you meet?

PAGE FIVE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE STREETS OF IACON - DAY

As the sun shines over the city, it fails to fall into some of the gloomy alleyways below. One alleyway in particular, positioned in the foreground.

CAPTION: Later...

PROWL
(captioned)
You were right...

PANEL 2:

EXT. A GLOOMY ALLEYWAY - DAY

Prowl stands behind Nightbeat, who is down on his hands and knees, inspecting the grime-covered ground with his magnifying glass.

PROWL
... once the feds arrived, it all went to scrap.

NIGHTBEAT
Yep. Getaway always did like to throw his mass around. Why do you think I quit the force to become a P.I.? This is where the **real** work is done, Prowl. On the streets.

PANEL 3:

Nightbeat now stands opposite Prowl.

PROWL
Getaway isn't taking no for an answer this time. Ricochet's disappearance has got everyone on edge. Even Readem. Which is why I thought you might be able to...

NIGHTBEAT

Hey, I'd love to help, but I'm kind of in the middle of my own investigation here. Don't worry about Rico, he can take care of himself. I'm more worried about Bludgeon and Thunderwing.

PANEL 4:

OVER NIGHTBEAT'S SHOULDER - Prowl seems concerned.

PROWL

Those two underworld wannabes are at it again? I thought they agreed to stick to their own turf?

NIGHTBEAT

They did. But, you can't keep a good crime boss down. And unfortunately, Iacon has **two** of them. Rumor is, they're both looking to invest in some new kind of armored upgrade tech.

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Prowl as he STROKES HIS CHIN.

PROWL

If that's true, that seems like something Rico would be interested in. Maybe he went after them? Do you know where they could be?

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Nightbeat's SMUG face.

NIGHTBEAT

Funny you should ask. I've got a Bot on the inside as we speak.

PAGE SIX:

PANEL 1:

INT. A WAREHOUSE

WIDE SHOT - Two opposing CRIMINAL FACTIONS stand opposite one another amid a barren, abandoned warehouse.

SLOG, ICEPICK and SCOWL stand behind BLUDGEON as he sits at the head of a very long table.

At the other end of the table, sits THUNDERWING. BRISTLEBACK, BIRDBRAIN and WILDFLY standing behind him.

NOTE: While typically all of these characters are Pretenders, for now, they only appear in their inner robot-modes.

CAPTION: Meanwhile, elsewhere in the city...

THUNDERWING

All right, what do you want this time, Bludgeon? I grow tired of these supposed 'peace talks'.

BLUDGEON

Then, Thunderwing, I suggest either our individual crime syndicates engage in all-out war, **or** you listen to what I have to say.

PANEL 2:

Bludgeon turns to his left to speak with BANZAI-TRON, entering the panel alongside DELUGE.

BANZAI-TRON

Sorry we're late, Boss. What'd I miss?

BLUDGEON

Actually, Banzai-Tron, we were about to learn if Thunderwing has wasted our time, or whether he is finally ready to listen to reason.

PANEL 3:

Thunderwing CONFRONTS Bludgeon from across the table, while Bludgeon gestures to Deluge on his right.

THUNDERWING

How dare you? I have always been receptive of peace between our operations.

BLUDGEON

Then where is **your** so-called scientist? I have brought **mine** along. Has yours abandoned all faith in you like I did long ago?

PANEL 4:

Thunderwing turns to SCROUNGE, almost cowering in the background. It is obvious the smaller Bot would rather be anywhere but here.

THUNDERWING

Where is he, Scrounge? You said he'd be here! Where is...

STARSCREAM

(off-panel)

Cool your jets, Thunderwing. I'm here.

PAGE SEVEN:

PANEL 1:

A pre-war STARSCREAM has arrived, standing before Thunderwing like the BELLE OF THE BALL.

THUNDERWING

Starscream. It's about time.

STARSCREAM

Yes-yes. Let's get on with it. Whatever **it** is you've summoned me here for.

PANEL 2:

While Starscream and Scrounge stand beside a seated Thunderwing, Bludgeon looks on from his own chair.

Banzai-Tron and Deluge watch from beside Bludgeon.

THUNDERWING

Well? Hurry it up, Bludgeon.

BLUDGEON

Very well. Put simply, these hostilities between our syndicates cannot continue. We must put aside our differences and work this out, the honorable way.

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Thunderwing.

THUNDERWING

Don't speak to me about honor. It was you who started this war by invading **my** operation's territory.

PANEL 4:

Thunderwing STANDS, as does Bludgeon. Things are going to Hell very quickly.

BLUDGEON

What?! We did not invade your territory! Your dealers tried to outmuscle my own! We merely chased your minions back to where they came from!

THUNDERWING

Then this gathering **is** a waste of time! I should destroy you right now!

PANEL 5:

Slog, Icepick and Scowl point their BLASTERS towards Thunderwing, while Bristleback, Wildfly and Birdbrain aim their own FIREARMS at Bludgeon.

Banzai-Tron stands between Bludgeon and Thunderwing, doing his best to appease the mighty crime lords.

BANZAI-TRON

Hey, easy... easy. Come on now, fellow trouble-makers. I'm sure this doesn't need to escalate into violence.

PANEL 6:

FROM BEHIND BANZAI-TRON as he continues to speak with Bludgeon and Thunderwing in the background.

Close in the foreground, Scrounge has turned away from the criminals to press a RED BUTTON on his wrist.

BANZAI-TRON (CONT'D)

But if it does, just give me a little heads up, all right? I don't wanna miss anything.

SCROUNGE

(whispering to himself)
Things are getting out of hand. Got to make contact now, before it's too late.

PAGE EIGHT:

PANEL 1:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

With the warehouse behind them, Prowl looks to Nightbeat as his own WRIST-MOUNTED RED BUTTON lights up.

NIGHTBEAT
That's the panic signal!

PROWL
Scrounge?

NIGHTBEAT
Yep. He's been undercover for over a vorn. But if he's engaged this alarm, something's about to go down. C'mon, we'd better...

PANEL 2:

Prowl and Nightbeat turn to see Jazz is standing behind them.

JAZZ
Whoa, not so fast, bozos. What on Cybertron have you gotten yourselves into?

NIGHTBEAT
Jazz? Oh, boy. This really isn't the time, pal.

PROWL
Wait, I know you. You're one of Getaway's.

PANEL 3:

Jazz stands face-to-face with Prowl, while Nightbeat watches NERVOUSLY.

JAZZ
Sure am. And he'd be super hyped to hear that you're out here doin' your own investigation. And I mean hyped as in, the ready to get someone **fired** kind of hyped.

PROWL
Hey, I'm here doing what's right, not following the orders of some sycophantic, loudmouthed...

NIGHTBEAT
Uh, guys? We don't have time for this. Scrounge is in trouble.

PANEL 4:

Nightbeat watches as Prowl begins to look at the warehouse with a drop down EYE VISOR.

Meanwhile, Jazz TRANSFORMS to his Cybertronian-vehicle-mode.

PROWL

Well, we can't just barge in there like a bunch of amateurs. This will take strategy. And cunning. And preparation.

JAZZ

And time. Time we don't have, dude. Leave it to me...

PANEL 5:

Jazz speeds towards the warehouse, leaving Prowl and Nightbeat to chase after him with concern.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

... I'll take it from here!

NIGHTBEAT

Jazz, wait!

PROWL

No, you cyber-clown! You'll ruin everything!

PAGE NINE:

PANEL 1:

INT. A WAREHOUSE

Scrounge continues to watch as Banzai-Tron, Deluge and Starscream stand between Bludgeon and Thunderwing, who appear ready to fight each other at any moment.

BANZAI-TRON

So, like I said... Bludgeon is more than willing to keep things on the coolant side, but you need to relax a little, T-Wing.

THUNDERWING

Very well.

PANEL 2:

OVER THUNDERWING'S SHOULDER, looking across the table at Bludgeon.

BLUDGEON

All this 'turf war' of ours does is allow the police to close in on us at every turn. I propose we cease all hostility, work together and eradicate any law enforcement this city has. Then and only then, do we decide... with honor, how to best divide Iacon for our independent financial gain.

THUNDERWING

Big talk. And easier said than done. How exactly do you propose we 'eradicate' the law?

PANEL 3:

Thunderwing and Starscream watch as Deluge steps in front of Bludgeon.

BLUDGEON

Deluge? If you will...

DELUGE

The only way forward, the only way to not only avoid the law but **destroy** it... is with science. With technology.

PANEL 4:

Starscream turns to Thunderwing with DISGUST.

STARSCREAM

Technology? There isn't a single piece of technology on Cybertron that I'm **not** familiar with. Whatever it is you're trying to sell us, Deluge, I'm sure I've already seen it.

PANEL 5:

Deluge lifts a HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY into view.

From his palm, it projects a small, BLUE LIGHT REPRESENTATION of the CLASSIC G1 STARSCREAM PRETENDER SHELL.

DELUGE

I doubt it.

PAGE TEN:

PANEL 1:

SPLASH PANEL - FROM BEHIND STARSCREAM, as he stands AMAZED by Deluge's holographic display.

It has grown to fill the panel, displaying holographic representations of not only Starscream's Classic Pretender Shell, but also those typically assigned to GRIMLOCK, JAZZ, BUMBLEBEE, THUNDERWING, BLUDGEON and STRONGHOLD.

DELUGE (CONT'D)

These armored suits combine classic Cybertronian technology with modified organic material to amplify Energon power levels and fuel consumption. Truly, the best of **many** worlds.

PANEL 2:

Thunderwing stands with Starscream opposite Deluge.

THUNDERWING

Impressive. What say you, Starscream?

STARSCREAM

I'd like to see the details for myself before I believe this talk of increased Energon levels, but so far, I...

PANEL 3:

Starscream turns to see Scrounge pressing his emergency wrist button yet again.

STARSCREAM (CONT'D)

What?! Thunderwing, you have an insider! A traitor in our midst!

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Scrounge's worried face as the barrel of Starscream's NULL RAY enters the frame to point between his eyes.

STARSCREAM (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

Shall I eliminate this problem for you, Thunderwing?

SCROUNGE
No, no please!

PAGE ELEVEN:

PANEL 1:

Scrounge BEGS before Starscream, while Bludgeon, Banzai-Tron and Thunderwing look on from behind the soon-to-be Seeker.

BLUDGEON
What is this madness, Thunderwing?
You bring a spy to our meeting?
Your operation is laughable!

THUNDERWING
Simmer down, Bludgeon. I have long had suspicions about this one. But, rest assured, he will be dealt with immediately and **permanently** !
Starscream, if you will?

STARSCREAM
As you command, mighty Thunderwing.

SCROUNGE
No! No, stop!

BANZAI-TRON
Oh, wow. This is getting good.

PANEL 2:

SPLASH PANEL - Thunderwing, Bludgeon, Starscream, Banzai-Tron and Scrounge turn to see Prowl, Jazz and Nightbeat BURST IN through the wall of the warehouse, GUNS BLAZING.

JAZZ
Uh-Uh! Not so fast, bub!

NIGHTBEAT
Yeah, hold it right there!

PROWL
Freeze! You have the right to remain inaudible!

PANEL 3:

TWO SHOT - Jazz turns to Prowl with a MOCKING expression on his face.

JAZZ

Readin' their rights? Really? You gonna call a lawyer for 'em too, bro?

PROWL

Hey, protocol dictates...

PANEL 4:

While Nightbeat fires his BLASTER towards Wildfly and Slog, he looks back over his shoulder towards the BICKERING pair of Jazz and Prowl.

NIGHTBEAT

You two can argue about protocol later. Just help me get Scrounge outta here!

PAGE TWELVE:

PANEL 1:

Jazz and Prowl turn back to see Scowl, Slog and Icepick OPEN FIRE in their direction, while Bludgeon POINTS towards the heroes with DISDAIN.

BLUDGEON

Destroy them!

PANEL 2:

Jazz returns fire towards Icepick, Scowl and Slog, while Prowl TRANSFORMS to his vehicle-mode.

JAZZ

Go on! You heard Nightbeat! Get Scrounge to safety! I'll hold off these gyro-gangsters!

PANEL 3:

Prowl RACES across the warehouse and towards Scrounge, who is currently being menaced by Starscream and Thunderwing.

PROWL

Hold on, Scrounge!

PANEL 4:

As Scrounge DIVES to safety, Prowl TRANSFORMS back to robot-mode to fire his ACID PELLET GUN towards Starscream.

STARSCREAM

Wait! Stop!

PANEL 5:

Thunderwing reappears to attack Prowl with a SUCKERPUNCH, leaving Starscream to smile arrogantly in the background.

PROWL

Ugh!

THUNDERWING

You dare interrupt my operation?
You'll pay for this, 'officer'.

PAGE THIRTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Jazz manages to BLAST Icepick and Slog in the shoulder, then shoot Scowl in the knee.

In the distance, Birdbrain has turned to FLEE on foot.

JAZZ

All right! Take that, squares! Time to bring you down for good!

PANEL 2:

WIDE SHOT - Bludgeon sails ACROSS THE PANEL to jump-kick Jazz in the face with a martial arts maneuver.

Banzai-Tron cheers him on from the background.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Oof!

BLUDGEON

Overconfident buffoon! You are nothing compared to a master of *Metallikato!*

BANZAI-TRON

Oooh, baby. Mess him up, boss!

PANEL 3:

Bludgeon lifts a high-kick into Jazz's stomach.

JAZZ

Oof!

PANEL 4:

Bludgeon delivers a roundhouse kick to Jazz's face.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Ughh!

PANEL 5:

As Jazz COLLAPSES to the floor, Bludgeon turns to see Thunderwing beating on Prowl in the background.

It's obvious that Prowl is in trouble.

BLUDGEON

Thunderwing, why are you still
toying with that one?

PANEL 6:

Thunderwing now holds Prowl aloft by the throat. Despite struggling and reaching for his neck, Prowl dangles HELPLESSLY from his enemy's grasp.

THUNDERWING

Because I can. Starscream, have you
eliminated that little wire-worm
yet?

PAGE FOURTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Nightbeat nails Slog with a BLAST to the shoulder, turning to look off-panel in DISTRESS.

SLOG

Aaagh!

NIGHTBEAT

Scrounge? Scrounge, hold on!

PANEL 2:

From the background, Nightbeat fires towards the foreground to shoot through one of Starscream's shoulder wings.

Scrounge ducks for cover as Starscream PANICS.

NIGHTBEAT (CONT'D)

Leave him alone!

STARSCREAM

Yaaaaaaghh!

PANEL 3:

Nightbeat is now standing between Starscream and Scrounge, protecting his much smaller friend while jamming the barrel of his blaster under Starscream's chin.

As SMOKE pours from the newly-made hole in his wing, Starscream BEGS like the coward he is.

SCROUNGE

Nightbeat!

NIGHTBEAT

(to Starscream)

Don't test me, you wannabe. All I need is an excuse.

STARSCREAM

No, please. I'm sorry, just leave me be!

PANEL 4:

Starscream TRANSFORMS to Tetra-Jet-mode and ZOOMS up through the ceiling, while Nightbeat calls out to Prowl (off-panel).

STARSCREAM (CONT'D)

I'm leaving, I'm leaving! Just don't hurt me!

NIGHTBEAT

Typical. Prowl, c'mon! We gotta go!

PANEL 5:

Thunderwing SPIKES Prowl HEAD-FIRST into the floor.

PROWL

Go, Nightbeat! Don't worry about us! Get Scrounge out of here. Ughhh!

PAGE FIFTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Nightbeat turns to see Jazz has been kicked in the face by Bludgeon once again.

JAZZ

You heard him! Ugh! You got to skedaddle... while you can!

PANEL 2:

While Nightbeat looks off into the distance, clearly unsure of what to do, Scrounge stands behind him, FRIGHTENED.

He points towards Slog, Wildfly, Bristleback and Scowl, all charging towards them from the background.

SCROUNGE
Nightbeat? **Nightbeat!**

PANEL 3:

Nightbeat TRANSFORMS to his vehicle-mode, allowing Scrounge to grab hold of his roof.

NIGHTBEAT
Darn it, this is not how today was supposed to go. Hold on, Scrounge...

PANEL 4:

Scrounge holds tight as Nightbeat races through the collection of goons as though they were nothing but SHOP FRONT MANNEQUINS, sending Scowl, Bristleback, Slog and Wildfly hurtling into the air.

NIGHTBEAT (CONT'D)
... we're outta here!

PANEL 5:

Thunderwing and Bludgeon stand over the defeated duo of Jazz and Prowl, while Banzai-Tron looks on from behind them.

NIGHTBEAT (CONT'D)
(captioned)
But, we'll be back.

BLUDGEON
I'm disappointed this was so easy, Thunderwing. There was no honor in this.

THUNDERWING
Forget your honor, Bludgeon. We need to get rid of these two as quickly as possible.

PANEL 6:

SMALL INSERT PANEL - CLOSE ON Thunderwing's face.

THUNDERWING (CONT'D)
And I know just how to do it.

PAGE SIXTEEN:

PANEL 1:

INT. A POLICE STATION

Nightbeat and Scrounge stand before both Readem and Getaway.
Siren, Pointblank and Streetwise look on from the background.

CAPTION: Later...

SCROUNGE

We've got to do something! Who knows what those mobsters are going to do with Jazz and Prowl.

NIGHTBEAT

He's right, Readem. And there's more. A **lot** more. They're looking into something called 'Pretender' technology.

READEM

I don't care what **they're** looking into. **We** were supposed to be looking for Ricochet!

GETAWAY

Wait, did you say, 'Pretender'?

PANEL 2:

Readem looks on as Nightbeat faces Getaway.

NIGHTBEAT

Yeah. You know about it?

GETAWAY

Armored shells designed to enhanced Cybertronian physiology. My sources tell me that Bludgeon has been after it for astro-cycles.

PANEL 3:

Readem appears **EXTREMELY ANGRY** with Getaway, wagging his index finger in his face.

READEM

Well, now he's on the verge of getting it!

(MORE)

READEM (CONT'D)

I hope you're happy, pal! Instead of looking for **one** missing cop, I gotta search for **two**!

GETAWAY

Hey, one of mine is out there too, if you haven't noticed. If you'd have let me take control of the situation like I was supposed to...

PANEL 4:

Nightbeat gets between Readem and Getaway.

NIGHTBEAT

Fellas, this isn't helping anyone. We need to get back out there to find both Prowl **and** Jazz.

READEM

Always the optimist. With all that vigor, you'd make a good Prime someday, **detective**. Unfortunately, you need a little more than good intentions and a lot of luck to get the job done.

GETAWAY

While I hate to agree with him, Readem is right. What did you have in mind?

NIGHTBEAT

It's simple...

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Nightbeat's face and his SMUG SMIRK.

NIGHTBEAT (CONT'D)

... we follow the clues.

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. ANOTHER SEEDY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

What appears to be a stereotypical ABANDONED WAREHOUSE sits within a rundown industrial area.

CAPTION: Later, on the other side of Iacon...

BLUDGEON
(captioned)
Really, Thunderwing? Another
warehouse?

PANEL 2:

INT. INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE.

Thunderwing stands with Bludgeon, Banzai-Tron and Deluge.

THUNDERWING
You always were small-minded,
Bludgeon. This isn't just **any**
warehouse. This is where I like to
dispose of my loose ends. Over
time, I've come to give it a name.

PANEL 3:

SPLASH PANEL - both Jazz and Prowl hang from the ceiling,
suspended by and wrapped in GLOWING, PURPLE CHAINS.

Wildfly holds the chain that suspends Prowl above the floor
while Bristleback does the same for Jazz.

Each law enforcer dangles precariously over an open vat of
what looks to be BOILING ACID.

THUNDERWING (CONT'D)
(off-panel)
I call it the **SMELTING POOL!**

PAGE EIGHTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Bludgeon SMILES with glee from the background. Beside him,
stands Banzai-Tron, and if he had a mouth, he'd be smiling
too.

In the foreground, Thunderwing leans closer to Prowl, now
only inches from the bubbling acid.

BLUDGEON
Outstanding, Thunderwing! I love
it!

PROWL
I suppose you expect us to talk?

THUNDERWING
No, officer. I expect you to **melt.**

PANEL 2:

Thunderwing turns back to face Deluge.

THUNDERWING (CONT'D)
But first, has your scientist brought us these Pretender Shells of his?

DELUGE
Yes, sir, I have.

PANEL 3:

Scowl and Slog wheel in two Pretender shells as though they were moving refrigerators.

They are what we the audience know to be the Classic G1 Pretender Shells of Thunderwing and Bludgeon.

DELUGE (CONT'D)
(off-panel)
These are two of the current prototypes. Sleek, powerful and with unrivalled defenses. Not to mention flight capabilities.

PANEL 4:

Alongside Bludgeon, Thunderwing looks on as both Wildfly and Bristleback continue to hold Jazz and Prowl above the bubbling vats of acid.

THUNDERWING
Flight capabilities? Excellent.

BLUDGEON
It seems as though this partnership is off to a wonderful start. Shall we celebrate by watching these two 'take a dip'?

THUNDERWING
My thoughts exactly... partner.

PROWL
Release us immediately. We are officers of the law!

JAZZ
Yeah, this ain't cool! This ain't cool at all!

PAGE NINETEEN:

PANEL 1:

FROM BEHIND Thunderwing and Bludgeon, as Wildfly and Bristleback begin to lower both Prowl and Jazz towards their individual vats of acid.

BLUDGEON

That's it! Lower them in... slowly!
I want to see them reduced to
nothing more than slag.

THUNDERWING

Goodbye, officers. Soon you'll be
one with wherever your idol,
Ricochet is. Ha-Ha-Ha.

PANEL 2:

WIDE SHOT - Banzai-Tron watches as Birdbrain walks by him and across the panel.

BIRDBRAIN

Yo, boss. Hold up.

PANEL 3:

Thunderwing and Bludgeon turn to face Birdbrain.

BIRDBRAIN (CONT'D)

I don't think we should be so
hasty.

THUNDERWING

What?

BLUDGEON

Thunderwing, who is this wretch
that dares question us?

PANEL 4:

Birdbrain stands calmly, while Banzai-Tron moves into the frame.

BANZAI-TRON

I think you need to know your
place, pally. You want me to teach
him some manners, T-Wing?

PANEL 5:

Thunderwing diffuses Banzai-Tron with a gentle hand on the shoulder, while Birdbrain continues to stand calm and composed.

THUNDERWING

That won't be necessary. But he makes a good point, Birdbrain. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't have you smelted down alongside these do-gooders?

PANEL 6:

FROM BEHIND, CLOSE ON the back of Birdbrain's head as he lifts it off his shoulders (as though it were a helmet) to reveal ANOTHER head underneath.

BIRDBRAIN

Okay...

PAGE TWENTY:

SPLASH PAGE, FROM BEHIND Bludgeon and Thunderwing - What was once thought to be Birdbrain now stands in front of Jazz and Prowl, still held aloft by Wildfly and Bristleback.

Birdbrain's previous head lies on the floor at his feet to reveal his TRUE FACE: that of RICOCHET in disguise!

Ricochet holds a BLASTER in each hand, extended towards both Bludgeon and Thunderwing.

RICOCHET

Here's **TWO!**

JAZZ / PROWL

RICOCHET?!

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!