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THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.
"THE PROBLEM WITH PETRO-RABBITS."

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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. SPACE.

CAPTION: Alpha 9 Space Station, Deep Space...

In his spacecraft-mode, the Autobot bounty hunter, DEVCON, cruises towards a MUSHROOM-SHAPED SPACE STATION, orbiting what appears to be a LUCSIOUS, GREEN PLANET.

DEVCON
There it is. The Alpha 9 Space
Station. I haven't been here in
over a hundred years.

PANEL 2:

Devcon zooms closer to a SHUTTLE BAY HATCH, built into the exterior of the space station. Its DOCKING DOORS have begun to OPEN.

DEVCON (CONT'D)
And I'm not planning to be back for
another hundred. Once I've captured
my target, I'm outta here.

PANEL 3:

INT. INSIDE THE SHUTTLE BAY.

Devcon TRANSFORMS to robot-mode to land on his feet amid an array of SPACECRAFTS, each of them either REFUELLING, being REPAIRED, or having CARGO loaded into them by their ALIEN, TRANSFORMER-SIZED-YET-ORGANIC crews.

DEVCON
Once I capture the Decepticon who's
smuggling illegal Energon all over
the galaxy, I'll be on my way.

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Devcon's face.

DEVCON (CONT'D)
All I need to do is...

PAGE TWO:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE SPACE STATION ESPLANADE.

WIDE SHOT - Devcon has entered the space station's LAVISH PROMENADE. He stands on a WALKWAY PLATFORM, overlooking the crowded BAZAR below.

It is filled with many ALIEN LIFEFORMS, each of them scurrying about the various BARS and GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENTS that the station has to offer.

DEVCON
... find him?

PANEL 2:

LOOKING UP FROM BELOW - Devcon looks down and off-panel.

DEVCON (CONT'D)
Where is he? Where is...?

PANEL 3:

LOOKING DOWN, OVER DEVCON'S SHOULDER - The Decepticon, DOUBLEDEALER stands within the confines of a SHADY NIGHTSPOT. He seems to be organizing some kind of TRANSACTION with a pair of ORANGE, APE-LIKE ALIENS.

DEVCON (CONT'D)
... **Doubleddealer!** Found you!

PANEL 4:

INT. THE SHADY NIGHTSPOT.

LOOKING UP, OVER DOUBLEDEALER'S SHOULDER - Doubleddealer pushes his alien accomplices aside as he looks up.

Devcon has SCALED the walkway platform's railing to leap down towards the lower levels of the promenade.

DOUBLEDEALER
Devcon? Oh, great. Last thing I
need is a bounty hunter on my tail.

PANEL 5:

INT. THE SPACE STATION ESPLANADE.

As Devcon lands to confront Doubleddealer, the Decepticon has pulled out a BLASTER to threaten his Autobot enemy.

DOUBLEDEALER
You're not taking me in, bounty
hunter!

DEVCON
Don't do it, Doubledealer! There's
no need for...

PANEL 6:

Doubledealer fires a wayward blast that whizzes by Devcon,
who has reluctantly RETURNED FIRE with his own blaster to
PUNCTURE Doubledealer's chest with ENERGY.

DEVCON (CONT'D)
... oh, never mind.

DOUBLEDEALER
Gaaaaghh!

PAGE THREE:

PANEL 1:

Devcon stands over Doubledealer's SMOKING HUSK as the STATION
MANAGER, a LITTLE GREEN MAN with a ROTUND BELLY and BALDING
HEAD steps out of the nearby bar to address Devcon directly.

STATION MANAGER
Wonderful. **More** Transformers. I
don't know what this guy did, but
you can take your business
elsewhere, bounty hunter.

DEVCON
More Transformers? What are you
talking about?

PANEL 2:

The station manager points towards the inside of the nearest
bar. What is clearly another Transformer can be seen SITTING
IN SHADOW in a booth towards the rear of the establishment.

STATION MANAGER
That one. He's been here for years.
Decades, even. The previous station
manager told me about him when I
took over. Told me he came looking
for refuge one day. To escape some
war.

PANEL 3:

INT. THE SHADY NIGHTSPOT.

As the station manager remains outside, Devcon moves through the bar's entryway.

STATION MANAGER
Your war, I'm guessing.

PANEL 4:

FROM BEHIND THE STRANGER - Devcon continues to move through the bar and towards his unseen, fellow Transformer.

DEVCON
Hello? Who **are** you? If you're
another Decepticon like
Doubledealer, you can...

STRANGER
Easy, hot-shot. I ain't no
Decepticon. Far from it.

PANEL 5:

OVER DEVCON'S SHOULDER - Now FULLY-LIT, the stranger is revealed to be none other than the wily old veteran, KUP.

DEVCON
Kup! It's you!

KUP
Hey, kid. Long time, no see.

PAGE FOUR:

PANEL 1:

INT. INSIDE THE SHUTTLE BAY.

CAPTION: Meanwhile...

Exiting a SPACECRAFT OF HIS OWN, the Decepticon Triple-Changer, OCTANE, exits its ramp to set foot within the shuttle bay.

OCTANE
Ugh, I hate this place. If it
weren't for my business with
Doubledealer, I'd...

APE ALIEN #1
(off-panel)
Good luck, pal.

PANEL 2:

The two ape-like aliens we saw with Doubledealer earlier move towards Octane.

APE ALIEN #1 (CONT'D)
Doubledealer's toast.

OCTANE
What?

APE ALIEN #2
Yep. Saw it, ourselves. Some other gung-ho robot just blasted him to pieces.

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Octane. He stands ANNOYED as the ape-like aliens LEAN IN CLOSER to him.

OCTANE
Wonderful. I've got buyers on the way for that Energon. **Now** what am I gonna sell 'em? I can't make a quick turnaround on merchandise that doesn't exist.

APE ALIEN #1
Well, y'know, if you're looking for merchandise...

APE ALIEN #2
... **We** have just the thing.

PANEL 4:

STILL CLOSE ON Octane. He appears interested as the ape-like aliens share a CONNIVING GLANCE. One of them lifts a CRATE-LIKE CONTAINER into view.

OCTANE
What kind of merchandise?

APE ALIEN #1
Oh, you'll like it.

APE ALIEN #2
Here. See for yourself.

PANEL 5:

OVER OCTANE'S SHOULDER, as he OPENS the crate to find two SEMI-ORGANIC RODENTS. Their MECHANICAL LIMBS are contrasted by their CUTE AND FLUFFY bodies and heads. Not to mention, their LONG, FLOPPY EARS.

OCTANE
Whoa. What the...?

APE ALIEN #1
Petro-rabbits. Most sought after pet this side of Junkion. If you can get them off the station, you'll make a fortune!

OCTANE
These are petro-rabbits? I had no idea they were so... cute.

APE ALIEN #2
That's right. Cute... and **rare**. And people will pay big money for them. **Big** money. **Huge**!

OCTANE
Okay, okay. You got a deal. How much you want for 'em?

PANEL 6:

Octane TOSSES a bag (presumably full of money) towards the ape-like aliens.

APE ALIEN #1
One thousand credits.

OCTANE
One thousand? That's a steal! Here.

PANEL 7:

SMALL INSERT PANEL - Octane moves towards the shuttle bay's exit with his crate of petro-rabbits, leaving behind the two ape-like aliens, who turn to each other as though they've just pulled off the ultimate bait-and-switch.

OCTANE (CONT'D)
Heh, you two really need to work on your bargaining skills. Or this business will eat you alive! Ha-Ha!

PAGE FIVE:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE SHADY NIGHTSPOT.

WIDE SHOT - Devcon sits opposite Kup in his booth.

CAPTION: A little later...

DEVCON
Exactly how long **have** you been
here?

KUP
I don't know. Long enough. Too
long. Who knows?

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Kup.

KUP (CONT'D)
After Prime and the others left
Cybertron, I carried on the fight.
I took on each and every one of
those lousy Decepticons, each one
tryin' to be scarier than the last.

PANEL 3:

STILL CLOSE ON Kup.

KUP (CONT'D)
I fought the good fight. I stood
with Elita-One, Impactor and the
others while Shockwave and his
goons ran roughshod over Cybertron.
We fought where we could, retreated
when we had to.

PANEL 4:

WIDE SHOT - Devcon remains sitting opposite Kup in the booth.
However, as Kup continues, Devcon becomes VISIBLY SURPRISED.

KUP (CONT'D)
But, eventually, it all became too
much. I'm old. Yesterday's model. I
knew if I stayed, I'd only get in
the way.

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Kup.

KUP (CONT'D)

Still, I gave as good as I got. And **none** of those Decepticon wannabes, no matter how hard they tried, **none** of them could hold an electro-candle to Megatron. I guess that's the one good thing about Prime and the others disappearin' like they did. They took Megatron with 'em.

DEVCON

(off-panel)

Disappearing? Wait, you think Prime is gone? Haven't you heard?

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Kup as his expression LIGHTS UP like a child on Christmas Day.

DEVCON (CONT'D)

(off-panel)

Optimus Prime is alive.

KUP

WHAT?!

PAGE SIX:

PANEL 1:

INT. OCTANE'S ROOM.

Octane enters his RENTED SUITE, carrying his crate under one arm. He is certainly not impressed with his MEAGER DWELLINGS.

OCTANE

Ugh, **this** is all you get for five thousand credits? Last time I ever stay here.

PANEL 2:

Octane begins to OPEN his crate.

OCTANE (CONT'D)

Although after today, I won't have to. Once I sell these babies, it'll be first class all the way!

PANEL 3:

OVER OCTANE'S SHOULDER - With the crate now open, both petro-rabbits look up at Octane, as cute as they ever were.

OCTANE (CONT'D)
Isn't that right? Who's gonna make
daddy rich? You are, aren't you?
That's right-that's right!

PANEL 4:

Octane reaches into the crate to offer two ENERGON GOODIES to the petro-rabbits.

OCTANE (CONT'D)
Here you go. Eat up. Gotta keep you
healthy for your big sale a little
later.

PANEL 5:

The petro-rabbits devour the Energon goodies, while Octane LAYS DOWN on a slab in the background.

OCTANE (CONT'D)
But, right now, I gotta get a
little rest. Gotta be at my best
when the big bot arrives.

PANEL 6:

Inside their crate, a GREEN GLOW surrounds the petro-rabbits as they MULTIPLY from two to four.

OCTANE (CONT'D)
(off-panel)
Whoa! What the...?

PAGE SEVEN:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE SHADY NIGHTSPOT.

Kup stands with ELATION, leaning over the table to shout at Devcon.

KUP
Are you serious?! Optimus Prime is
alive?!

DEVCON
Sure is. I ran into him not too
long ago. Out at Monacus.

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Kup.

KUP
Monacus? I don't envy you, kid.
But, I'm gonna need to know a
little more about the how-what-whys-
and-when of all this.

DEVCON
(off-panel)
Sure, sure. Just take it easy.
Relax.

PANEL 3:

Devcon TURNS AWAY from Kup, looking over his shoulder to see that Octane has entered the nightspot, his petro-rabbit crate again under his arm.

DEVCON (CONT'D)
Besides, I think we might have
other things to deal with right
now.

PANEL 4:

In the foreground, Octane is initiating some kind of transaction with a SPACESUIT-WEARING, FURRY, BLUE ALIEN. In the distance, Devcon and Kup are making their way through the crowd and towards the Decepticon.

OCTANE
Trust me, you'll love 'em. I **was**
only going to sell them to my
number one client, but it's your
lucky day! Let's just say, I've
come into a little 'extra'
merchandise. So, c'mon, I've
already sold a dozen of these
things. Not **all** my customers can be
wrong, right?

FURRY BLUE ALIEN
I don't know, I heard those things
were...

PANEL 5:

Kup watches as Devcon CONFRONTS Octane. Octane acts SHEEPISH and INNOCENT.

DEVCON

What are you doing here,
Decepticon? Looking for
Doubleddealer, I'll bet!

OCTANE

What? Double-Who? Oh no, not me.
I'm just trying to sell my wares,
that's all. I don't want any
trouble.

PANEL 6:

In the foreground, Kup has managed to convince Devcon to leave Octane be, moving with him towards the front of frame as Octane SCURRIES out of the bar in the background.

KUP

Take it easy, lad. This ain't the
place to be gettin' all high-and-
mighty. That's just Octane. He's a
shyster, sure, but he's harmless.
There ain't no war out here. Leave
it be.

DEVCON

Yeah, you're right. I don't want to
start any trouble. Besides...

PAGE EIGHT:

PANEL 1:

INT. INSIDE THE SHUTTLE BAY.

Back at the shuttle bay, a MUCH LARGER and MORE IMPOSING DECEPTICON SHIP lands within the space station, dwarfing Octane's.

DEVCON

(captioned)
... he's only **one** Decepticon,
right?

PANEL 2:

With the Decepticon ship in the background, Devcon and Kup enter the shuttle bay.

DEVCON (CONT'D)

You're sure you won't come with me?
You must still be good in a fight.
(MORE)

DEVCON (CONT'D)

Ever since Slizardo went his own way, I could use someone like you.

KUP

Heh. I ain't exactly cut out for independent space travel, pal. No, I need to charter a ship and find my way to Earth. If Optimus Prime is there, then I gotta...

PANEL 3:

OVER KUP'S SHOULDER - Kup looks to the background and towards the Decepticon ship as the FIRECONS: CINDESAUR, FLAMEFEATHER and SPARKSTALKER, step off their ship's exit ramp and make their way into the shuttle bay.

KUP (CONT'D)

Wait... **more** Decepticons? **Firecons?**

PANEL 4:

Devcon turns to face Kup, who remains looking off-panel.

DEVCON

What were you saying about the war? Because **these** Decepticons don't look so harmless.

KUP

All right. You've convinced me. I'll stick with you. For now.

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON Kup.

KUP (CONT'D)

Whatta we do first?

PAGE NINE:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE SPACE STATION ESPLANADE.

SPLASH PANEL - Cindesaur, Sparkstalker and Flamefeather enter the space station promenade to find it OVERRUN BY PETRO-RABBITS. There are easily THIRTY of the little furry creatures spread all over the various bars and nightspots.

While many of the patrons seem happy with their new pets, many more are UPSET. Especially the NOW-ANGRY station manager.

CINDESAUR

What is going on here?

FLAMEFEATHER

What **are** all those things? They're everywhere!

SPARKSTALKER

Who cares? I'm more interested in findin'...

STATION MANAGER

OCTANE!!!!

PANEL 2:

With more petro-rabbits filling the frame behind them, the station manager CONFRONTS Octane, himself covered in four of the little creatures.

STATION MANAGER (CONT'D)

These things are **everywhere** ! What have you done?!

OCTANE

Relax, pal. Turns out these things multiply after eating. And sleeping. And well, breathing. Isn't it great? An endless supply of merchandise! I'll cut you in at fifteen percent, whatta you say?

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON the station manager.

STATION MANAGER

Fifteen percent? Are you crazy?! We gotta round them all up! If they get into the lower decks, they could infest the core and cause the entire station to lose power! If that happens, we'll lose orbital control and this whole place will **crash** into Alpha 9's atmosphere!

PAGE TEN:

PANEL 1:

Octane is suddenly SET UPON by Cindesaur and Flamefeather, while Sparkstalker points an ACCUSING FINGER towards the scheming Decepticon.

The station manger has scurried away in fear in the background.

SPARKSTALKER

Octane! What've you been doin' here?

OCTANE

(nervous)

Oh, hi, Sparkstalker. Didn't expect you guys for a while.

CINDESAUR

Well, we're here now, ain't we? And the boss wants to see you.

PANEL 2:

Kup and Devcon watch from the background as the Firecons drag Octane away.

With more-and-more petro-rabbits filling the esplanade, the station manager makes his way towards the Autobots.

OCTANE

The boss? Uh, yeah, yeah okay... I got a great deal he's sure to be interested in. And some **serious** Intel. Massive. Huge.

FLAMEFEATHER

You'd better hope so.

DEVCON

Hmmm, it seems things have sorted themselves out.

KUP

Yeah.

STATION MANAGER

Kup, Kup! You gotta help me!

PANEL 3:

The station manager PLEADS with Kup and Devcon, who have noticed the HORDES of petro-rabbits now spread throughout the esplanade.

DEVCON

What the heck are these things?

KUP

Petro-rabbits? Who brought petro-rabbits onboard? Don't you know...?

STATION MANAGER

They're a menace, I know, I know! I told those two Heranians not to sell them to anyone, but it looks like they did a deal with Octane before they left.

PANEL 4:

The station manager continues to plead with Kup, who turns to a not-yet-convinced Devcon.

STATION MANAGER (CONT'D)

Please, Kup, you gotta help me! We need to round up all of these things and get them back down to the surface of the planet.

DEVCON

Why us? **You're** the one who lets Decepticons onboard. Fix your own darn mess.

PANEL 5:

CLOSE ON the station manager's WORRIED FACE.

STATION MANAGER

No, please! I can't do it alone! If we don't get these things off the station, it's going to be a disaster! A **planetary** disaster!

PANEL 6:

Kup places a CALMING HAND on the station manager's shoulder, while Devcon CRACKS HIS KNUCKLES.

KUP

All right, take it easy, pal. We'll help you. After all, if this station crashes into the planet, this whole solar system will feel the brunt of it.

DEVCON

Okay, well... let's get started.

PAGE ELEVEN:

PANEL 1:

INT. THE BOWELS OF THE SPACE STATION'S ENGINE ROOM.

CAPTION: A few hours later...

Kup CHASES a trio of petro-rabbits through the tight, pipe-filled compartment of the space station's POWER SUPPLY CENTER.

In the background, Devcon holds a CAGE IN EACH HAND, both of them JAM-PACKED with petro-rabbits.

DEVCON
You weren't kidding when you said
these things can get everywhere.

KUP
Tell me about it! And we ain't even
halfway done yet! C'mere, you
little...

PANEL 2:

INT. A CASINO.

Surrounded by the station's alien GAMING LOUNGE, Kup takes hold of two petro-rabbits, while Devcon seizes two more.

PANEL 3:

INT. A FANCY RESTUARANT.

In vehicle-mode, Kup chases four petro-rabbits through a fancy DINING ESTABLISHMENT, while Devcon attempts to diffuse a number of UNRULY PATRONS.

KUP
Almost... got 'em!

DEVCON
Please, everyone... simmer down,
simmer down. Official **Autobot**
business.

PANEL 4:

INT. A DIFFERENT, EVEN SHADIER NIGHTSPOT.

CAPTION: A little later...

Devcon pursues two petro-rabbits, while Kup walks towards the front of frame holding at least half a dozen of them in his arms as though carrying a massive BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

PANEL 5:

INT. AN INDOOR POOL.

Several swimming patrons look STARTLED as Kup DIVES INTO A LARGE POOL, chasing after four crafty petro-rabbits.

Devcon is already WAIST-DEEP in the water, holding two soaked petro-rabbits high above his head.

KUP
No-no-no, not the pool! I just had
my rust removed! Ah, whatever.

PANEL 6:

INT. INSIDE THE SHUTTLE BAY.

CAPTION: A little later, still...

With the rear of their HIRED SPACECRAFT open like a BOOTLEGGER'S TRUCK, Kup and Devcon load the final two cages of petro-rabbits into the compartment, itself already packed with overflowing cages of the creatures.

In the far distance, the Decepticon ship can be seen.

DEVCON
Is that all of them?

KUP
Yep. Thank the maker. Let's get
outta here and dump these things on
the surface of the planet before
it's too late.

PAGE TWELVE:

PANEL 1:

The Decepticon ship sits within the shuttle bay as two members of the MICROMASTER AIR STRIKE PATROL: NIGHTFLIGHT and TAILWIND, stand REFUELLING the impressive craft.

OCTANE
(captioned)
All right... all right. Enough
already...

PANEL 2:

INT. INSIDE THE DECEPTICON SHIP, COMMAND CENTER.

A VISIBLY-BEATEN Octane remains in the clutches of both Cindesaur and Flamefeather as Sparkstalker rubs a GLOWING, FIERY FIST with his other hand.

OCTANE
... What exactly do you want?

WHISPER
(off-panel)
Us? Nothing.

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON the other two Air Strike Patrol members: STORM CLOUD and WHISPER, as they stand before a SEALED DOOR.

WHISPER (CONT'D)
But, the boss is ready for you now.

PANEL 4:

INT. INSIDE THE DECEPTICON SHIP, CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

Storm Cloud and Whisper shove Octane through the door and towards another SILHOUETTED STRANGER, standing in the foreground. However, unlike Kup, this stranger's silhouette is far more OMINOUS.

WHISPER
You better hope he likes what you
have to say.

OCTANE
Ugh, hey! Guys, I keep telling
you...

IMPOSING STRANGER
You don't need to tell **them** ,
Octane...

PANEL 5:

REVERSE ANGLE - Octane now finds himself FACE-TO-FACE with the frightening SKYQUAKE.

The much larger Decepticon TOWERS over Octane to threaten him with a MENACING POSE.

SKYQUAKE
... Tell **me**. Where is my Energon?

OCTANE
Oh, hi, S-S-Skyquake. Uh... the Energon. Yeah, right. Look, I had it, but then the Autobots came and...

PANEL 6:

Skyquake LIFTS Octane off his feet BY HIS THROAT to growl at him NOSE-TO-NOSE.

SKYQUAKE
AUTOBOTS?! Where?

OCTANE
They're on the station! Two of 'em! Took out Doubledealer and destroyed my Energon supply. But, I can track 'em for you, boss. Honest!

SKYQUAKE
Do it. **NOW!**

PAGE THIRTEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE SURFACE OF ALPHA 9 - DAY.

Kup and Devcon's ship TOUCHES DOWN in a CLEARING within a PINK, BLUE and PURPLE FOREST.

Several more SEMI-ORGANIC, FLUFFY CREATURES can be seen staring up at the descending spacecraft, while the PALE-GREEN SKIES above are decorated with LAVENDER CLOUDS and RAINBOWS.

KUP
(captioned)
All right, let's get these things off the ship and make our way outta here.

PANEL 2:

Both Devcon and Kup now stand at the rear of their ship, its hatch now closed. Kup REACHES to open it.

DEVCON

I'm with you. I don't have time to be transporting cute little over-multiplying creatures. There's real work to be done.

KUP

Well, it's all over now, lad.

PANEL 3:

With the rear hatch now WIDE-OPEN, an AVALANCHE OF PETRO-RABBITS pours forth from the ship, knocking Kup and Devcon OFF THEIR FEET.

Inexplicably, there seems to be EVEN MORE of the creatures than ever before.

KUP (CONT'D)

Whoa!

DEVCON

More of them?!

PANEL 4:

Devcon helps Kup to his feet. Behind them, their ship and its open rear hatch displays the remains of the cages that once contained the petro-rabbits. Each of the cages appear to have been BUSTED OPEN from the inside.

In the foreground, slews of happy petro-rabbits FROLIC in their natural habitat.

DEVCON (CONT'D)

These things **are** a menace. Remind me to make a note in my navi-computer never to come back to Alpha 9.

KUP

Ah, it ain't all **that** bad. I seen a lot worse planets, that's for sure. Why, I remember one time out near Floron III...

PANEL 5:

Devcon turns away from Kup, DISTRACTED by something off-panel.

DEVCON

Save it, old-timer. We might have
just found some trouble.

PAGE FOURTEEN:

PANEL 1:

FROM BEHIND - Kup now joins Devcon to gaze into the sky. Skyquake's ship is ZOOMING down towards them like a BOLT OF LIGHTNING dissecting the colorful sky.

DEVCON (CONT'D)

Or rather, trouble has found **us**.

PANEL 2:

SPLASH PANEL - In robot-mode, Cindesaur, Flamefeather and Sparkstalker LEAP FREE of the Decepticon ship, as all four members of the Air Strike Patrol do the same to TRANSFORM into their aerial-modes.

Each Decepticon has already begun firing ENERGY BLASTS towards their off-panel Autobot targets.

WHISPER

Air Strike Patrol... **ATTACK!**

SPARKSTALKER

You heard 'em, Firecons! Let 'em
have it!

PANEL 3:

Devcon and Kup DIVE FOR COVER as both Tailwind and Storm Cloud zoom by overhead, peppering the ground with LASER FIRE.

DEVCON

I should've taken out those
Decepticons when I had the chance!

KUP

Yeah, they're worse than the petro-
rabbits!

PANEL 4:

Devcon FIRES his blaster into the air towards Nightflight.

DEVCON

Maybe. But I don't feel so bad
about **shooting** at Decepticons!

NIGHTFLIGHT

Whoa! Autobot scum!

PAGE FIFTEEN:

PANEL 1:

WIDE SHOT - Kup stands firing his blaster into the sky towards the aerial-modes of Whisper, Nightflight and Storm Cloud, as Tailwind RETURNS FIRE from above.

Devcon stands nearby, delivering a SOLID PUNCH to the SNOUT of Cindesaur's beast-mode, as both Sparkstalker and Flamefeather (also in beast-modes) surround the Autobot bounty hunter with SPARKS protruding from their MONSTROUS JAWS.

Far off in the distance, the horde of petro-rabbits watch on with concern.

KUP

C'mon, you little runts! I ain't afraid of you!

WHISPER

Overconfident old fool! Tailwind, take him down!

CINDESAUR

Ugghh!

DEVCON

I could use a hand over here, Kup!

PANEL 2:

Flamefeather and Sparkstalker each release a PLUME OF SPARKS towards Devcon, who dives to the ground to barely escape the flames.

DEVCON (CONT'D)

Whoa! I said, I could use some help over here!

PANEL 3:

Whisper, Tailwind, Storm Cloud and Nightflight TRANSFORM to land in robot-mode before Kup. Whisper has BLASTED the gun from Kup's hand.

KUP

No kiddin'. But, I got troubles of my own, lad.

PANEL 4:

In the background, all three Firecons stand over Devcon, preparing to INCINERATE him.

Meanwhile, in the center of the frame, Tailwind, Whisper and Nightflight prepare to gun down Kup.

In the foreground, Storm Cloud turns to look off-panel with CONFUSION.

SPARKSTALKER

Ready, Firecons? This is it for you, bounty hunter.

WHISPER

On my mark, Air Strike Patrol... time to finish this obsolete old bot.

STORM CLOUD

Uh, Whisper? We got a problem over here...

PANEL 5:

WIDE SHOT - Each of the Decepticons: the three Firecons and the four members of the Air Strike Patrol, have suddenly become OVERWHELMED by the multitude of petro-rabbits. Despite their cute appearance, the little creatures appear to be EMPHATICALLY ANGRY.

They cling to and hang from each Decepticon like a gaggle of Gremlins, while the ASTONISHED pair of Kup and Devcon look on.

CINDESAUR

What the..?!

NIGHTFLIGHT

What are these things?!

FLAMEFEATHER

I dunno, but there's so **many** of 'em!

PAGE SIXTEEN:

PANEL 1:

With Sparkstalker, Whisper, Nightflight and Cindesaur still being overwhelmed by petro-rabbits in the background, Kup and Devcon TRANSFORM to their alt-modes to RACE towards the foreground.

KUP
Well, how 'bout that?

DEVCON
Ha-Ha! Those things finally came in handy!

PANEL 2:

INT. INSIDE THE AUTOBOTS' SHIP, CONTROL ROOM.

FROM BEHIND - Devcon takes a seat in a chair on the left side of the ship's ENORMOUS VIEWSCREEN, while Kup is already seated on the right, frantically working the helm controls.

On the viewscreen, an EVEN LARGER SWARM of petro-rabbits continues to overpower Flamefeather, Storm Cloud and Tailwind.

DEVCON
Let's get out of here while we still can!

KUP
I'm already plotting the course.
Engage the boosters, for Cybertron's sake!

PANEL 3:

EXT. THE SURFACE OF ALPHA 9 - DAY.

The Autobot ship LAUNCHES into the sky.

KUP
(captioned)
Let's get outta here!

PANEL 4:

INT. INSIDE THE AUTOBOTS' SHIP, CONTROL ROOM.

With the viewscreen image now displaying the skies of Alpha 9, Devcon and Kup celebrate.

DEVCON
All right, we did it! Let's leave those Cons to deal with the petro-rabbits and get out of here.

PANEL 5:

EXT. THE SURFACE OF ALPHA 9 - DAY.

As the Autobot ship flies high above the Decepticon ship, a set of PANELS open up from its roof.

SKYQUAKE
(off-panel, from within
the Decepticon ship)
Where do you think you're going,
Autobots?

PANEL 6:

EXT. THE SKIES OF ALPHA 9 - DAY.

FROM ABOVE - Skyquake, now in his fearsome jet-mode, ROCKETS up and out of the Decepticon ship to zoom into the air and close in on the Autobot craft.

SKYQUAKE
You're **mine!**

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

PANEL 1:

WIDE SHOT - Skyquake OPENS FIRE on several parts of the Autobot ship, causing a litany of MINI-EXPLOSIONS to burst forth from the vessel.

SKYQUAKE (CONT'D)
No one escapes from me. **NO ONE!**

PANEL 2:

Skyquake's jet-mode continues to FIRE UPON the Autobot ship, essentially DECIMATING it.

DEVCON
(captioned)
Who is that? He's shutting down the
engines!

PANEL 3:

INT. INSIDE THE AUTOBOTS' SHIP, CONTROL ROOM.

FROM BEHIND, Devcon and Kup look at the viewscreen image of Skyquake HURTLING DIRECTLY TOWARDS THEM.

KUP
We got bigger problems than that,
my boy!

DEVCON
Oh no.

PANEL 4:

EXT. THE SKIES OF ALPHA 9 - DAY.

Skyquake's jet-mode flies INTO AND THROUGH the Autobot spacecraft to SPLIT IT IN TWO.

PANEL 5:

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - Both halves of the ship fall towards the surface and the Decepticons still struggling with their petro-rabbit pests.

PANEL 6:

EXT. THE SURFACE OF ALPHA 9 - DAY.

FROM BEHIND Whisper and Sparkstalker as they watch both halves of the Autobot vessel SLAM into the ground. The crash has scared off the petro-rabbits, who now flee to the distant forest.

WHISPER
Ha! Way to go, boss!

PAGE EIGHTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Skyquake TRANSFORMS to land in robot-mode in the background as we see that the SEVERELY DAMAGED duo of Kup and Devcon have managed to CRAWL FREE of their shattered spaceship.

KUP
Ughhh...

PANEL 2:

LOW ANGLE - Devcon LOOKS UP and Skyquake, now towering over him.

DEVCON
W-Who... Who are you?

PANEL 3:

Kup watches Skyquake STOMP Devcon's head into the dirt.

KUP
W-wait. I know you. Skyquake?
You're alive?

SKYQUAKE
Correct, old timer. Your memory
circuits serve you well. I'm almost
impressed.

PANEL 4:

Skyquake now holds Kup off the ground by the throat.

SKYQUAKE (CONT'D)
But, not impressed enough.

PANEL 5:

WIDE SHOT - Skyquake HURLS Kup FACE-FIRST into the ground as
though SPIKING A FOOTBALL. Behind Skyquake, Whisper and
Sparkstalker look on, now joined by a FEARFUL-LOOKING Octane.

WHISPER
Ooof! Nice going, boss.

SPARKSTALKER
Yeah, you sure showed those
Autobots.

OCTANE
So, so that's it then? It's all
over? We're good?

PAGE NINETEEN:

PANEL 1:

Octane looks on with TREPIDATION, as Skyquake turns to
Whisper and Sparkstalker.

SKYQUAKE
Whisper, Sparkstalker... take these
two Autobots into the ship and
prepare them for interrogation.

WHISPER
You got it, boss.

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Skyquake and his EERIE RED EYES.

SKYQUAKE

If the spy recordings are correct,
and Optimus Prime does indeed live,
I want to know where he is.

PANEL 3:

Skyquake turns to face Octane once again.

OCTANE

Uh, and me? We good?

SKYQUAKE

Those Autobots will serve me well,
even if it is only until I get the
information I need. But, you,
Octane...

PANEL 4:

Skyquake has now taken hold of Octane by the throat,
suspending him from the ground once again.

SKYQUAKE (CONT'D)

... **You** are of no use to me!

OCTANE

Huurrrrrrk! N-No... w-wait..!

PANEL 5:

Octane tries in vain to free himself from Skyquake's grip,
both of the powerful Decepticon's hand now CLAMPED around the
Triple-Changer's throat like Galvatron and Hot Rod in the
1986 Movie.

OCTANE (CONT'D)

B-Because... I kn... Ugh! I know...

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Octane's PAINED EXPRESSION as Skyquake has pulled
his face mere inches away from his own.

SKYQUAKE

Know what? What could you possibly
know that will save you right now?

PAGE TWENTY:

PANEL 1:

FULL SPLASH PAGE - With his Firecons and Air Strike Patrol behind him, Skyquake is UTTERLY ASTONISHED by Octane's revelation, having dropped Octane to the ground in SHOCK.

In the foreground, Octane now clutches his throat before weakly uttering his reply.

OCTANE

I... I know where **THE MATRIX** is...

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!