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DIRECT EDITION  
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THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.  
"SHUTTLE SHAKEDOWN: LIVE TO SERVE."

Written by

Greig Tansley &  
Youseph "Yoshi" Tanha.

Art by

Casey Coller &  
John-Paul Bove.

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

A CORKSCREW-SHAPED SPACECRAFT pursues a much smaller, GLOBULAR SHIP through a sea of stars.

CORKSCREW SHIP CAPTAIN

(captioned)

Prepare the weapons systems. We cannot allow the inmates to escape. Those absconding creatures are too dangerous to be left alive to roam the cosmos.

**PANEL 2:**

The corkscrew ship fires a BLAST OF ENERGY into the globular vessel.

CORKSCREW SHIP PILOT

(captioned)

Direct hit, sir.

CORKSCREW SHIP CAPTAIN

(captioned)

Excellent.

**PANEL 3:**

Now nothing more than a FLAMING WRECK, the globular vessel careens off course towards a small, white PLANET of MANDUCARE.

CORKSCREW SHIP PILOT

(captioned)

They're out of control. Looks like they're about to crash on that planet.

CORKSCREW SHIP CAPTAIN

(captioned)

Manducare? Excellent. Its hostile surface will take care of any that survive the crash.

**PANEL 4:**

EXT. THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - DAY

The globular vessel CRASHES into the white, SALT-ENCRUSTED surface of the planet; a barren, desolate landscape if ever we've seen one.

CORKSCREW SHIP CAPTAIN  
(captioned)  
They are done for.

**PAGE TWO:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. SPACE

An AUTOBOT SHUTTLECRAFT, one with DARK RED highlights, drifts past the edges of EARTH'S SOLAR SYSTEM.

NEPTUNE, URANUS and PLUTO can be seen in the distance.

**CAPTION:** Eight hundred years later...

MAINFRAME  
(captioned)  
That's it. We've cleared the solar system.

**PANEL 2:**

INT. THE SHUTTLECRAFT'S BRIDGE

WIDE SHOT - While IRONHIDE sits in the room's central command chair, SIDESWIPE, SUNSTREAKER and HUFFER stand behind him.

HOUND is seated in the foreground of the panel, piloting the ship from the helm, while MAINFRAME remains in the background at some kind of science station.

HUFFER  
Finally. Took long enough. I thought these ships were supposed to be fast?

IRONHIDE  
Well, that's what we're out here to find out, Huffer. Wheeljack wanted this baby given a proper shakedown, so that's what we gonna give her.

SIDESWIPE  
All right!

SUNSTREAKER

I just hope we can find a little  
action out here. Space can  
incredibly dull.

**PANEL 3:**

Mainframe turns away from his science station to look towards  
Sunstreaker.

MAINFRAME

You might regret saying that,  
Sunstreaker.

SUNSTREAKER

Why?

MAINFRAME

Because...

**PANEL 4:**

EXT. SPACE

SPLASH PANEL - An ENORMOUS ALIEN STARCRAFT (easily three  
times the size of the Autobot ship) ZOOMS by, firing a series  
of LASER BLASTS in all directions.

The Autobot shuttle is slightly knocked off course by the  
calamity.

MAINFRAME

(captioned)  
... We've got incoming!

**PAGE THREE:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. THE SHUTTLECRAFT'S BRIDGE

Inside the command center, the Autobots go to work.

Ironhide oversees his crew as they are spread throughout the  
room, each manning a specific command station.

SUNSTREAKER

Whoa! What is that?

MAINFRAME

Unidentified starcraft. Moving at  
top speed.

HUFFER

Why are they firing at us? What did we do?

SIDESWIPE

I don't think they're firing at **us**. They're just blasting at random.

IRONHIDE

Hound, steady our course.

HOUND

You got it.

**PANEL 2:**

EXT. SPACE

FROM BEHIND - while the Autobot ship has righted its orientation, the alien starcraft disappears into the distance, leaving behind a STREAK OF LIGHT from its engines.

HOUND

(captioned)

Ship is steady, Ironhide.

IRONHIDE

(captioned)

Nice work, Hound. But, where is that ship racing to in such a hurry?

**PANEL 3:**

INT. THE SHUTTLECRAFT'S BRIDGE

Ironhide looks over to Mainframe.

MAINFRAME

My assumption is they're not racing **anywhere** in particular. They're **fleeing**. They're traveling too fast to track right now, but I **can** trace their previous flight path. If we can't tell where they're going, we can at least see where they came from.

IRONHIDE

Do it.

**PANEL 4:**

OVER IRONHIDE'S SHOULDER - Mainframe points to his COMPUTER TERMINAL.

The white planet of Manducare can be seen on its digital display.

MAINFRAME

Their last landing position was here. Manducare. It's small. Iron core. Uninhabited. Nothing conspicuous at all.

**PANEL 5:**

Sideswipe and Huffer look over to Ironhide as he stands with Mainframe at the science station.

IRONHIDE

All right then, Manducare it is. Lock in a course, Hound.

HOUND

(off-panel)  
Course locked in.

HUFFER

Wait a minute, we're heading to an unknown planet that we know caused some giant alien ship to run away like a bunch of scaredy-kratts? I don't know about this.

SIDESWIPE

Hey, relax. We're Autobots, remember?

**PANEL 6:**

EXT. SPACE

The Autobot shuttle JETS OFF into its latest mission.

SIDESWIPE

(captioned)  
What could go wrong?

**PAGE FOUR:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - DAY

The Autobot shuttlecraft has landed on the barren, white surface of the planet.

The BLISTERING SUN shines down upon the team of Autobots as Ironhide, Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker inspect the CHALKY SOIL at their feet.

Meanwhile, Mainframe and Hound stand on the ship's walkway ramp. Mainframe is looking at the HAND-HELD SCIENTIFIC SCANNER in his right hand.

**CAPTION:** Soon after...

HUFFER

Ugh, what a dump. Nothing here but a barren wasteland. And what is this stuff we're standing on? It hurts my feet.

MAINFRAME

Salt. A highly-corrosive molecular configuration, I might add.

SIDESWIPE

Yeah, I feel it too. I kind of itches.

**PANEL 2:**

Mainframe has now joined Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker on the ground, still looking at his scanner.

However, Ironhide has been distracted by a BRIGHT SPOT OF RED LIGHT near the HORIZON.

MAINFRAME

Indeed. In small doses, it won't be too harmful to us. But, we should ensure we leave this planet within twenty-four astro-hours to avoid permanent damage.

IRONHIDE

Hey, what's that?

**PANEL 3:**

Ironhide stands between Huffer and Mainframe, CUPPING HIS HANDS around his eyes as he looks off-panel.

HUFFER

Hey, yeah... what **is** that?

MAINFRAME

Perhaps it's a clue as to the actions of that mysterious starcraft we ran into earlier?

IRONHIDE

Well, whatever it is, I say we go find out fer ourselves. Whatta you say, fellas? You up for a little investigation?

**PANEL 4:**

Ironhide turns to Sideswipe and Sunstreaker, who appear eager for action, while Huffer stands HANDS ON HIPS.

Behind them, Hound and Mainframe once again stand on the shuttle's walkway ramp.

SIDESWIPE

You know it.

HUFFER

Ugh, here we go again. More mysteries. Why don't we ever land on a **nice** planet that...

MAINFRAME

Hound and I will remain with the ship and monitor your progress.

IRONHIDE

Good idea. Well then, Autobots...

**PANEL 5:**

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - Now all in their vehicle-modes, Ironhide leads Sunstreaker, Sideswipe and Huffer across the salty surface of the planet, leaving Mainframe, Hound and the shuttlecraft behind.

IRONHIDE (CONT'D)

... Let's roll out!

**PAGE FIVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. ELSEWHERE ON THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - DAY

Still in their vehicle-modes, Ironhide, Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker approach the SPOT OF LIGHT on the horizon.

It is now much larger and has begun to create a LENS FLARE type effect, blocking its true origin for now.

**CAPTION:** Two astro-hours later...

HUFFER

Can anyone tell me what that is yet? Or do we have to drive even **further** across this horrible salty landscape?

IRONHIDE

Easy, Huffer. I think I can make it out now.

**PANEL 2:**

Ironhide TRANSFORMS to robot-mode to inspect a skinny, broken-down ROBOT, lying in the salt-like soil.

The robot is quite small compared to Ironhide. Even smaller than a standard mini-bot like Huffer.

A BRIGHT RED LIGHT shines from a bulb on the robot's forehead, yet beyond that, it shows no signs of life.

Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker pull up in their vehicle-modes in the background.

IRONHIDE (CONT'D)

It looks like... it is! It's an old-model service droid from Lanarg! But, what would it be doing all the way out here after all this time?

**PANEL 3:**

Ironhide now holds the lifeless robot in his arms like a doll.

Huffer looks on with Sunstreaker, but Sideswipe is looking through the scope of his BLASTER at something off-panel.

SUNSTREAKER

Is it active?

IRONHIDE

Nope. This one's deader than a dehydrated dyno-dolphin. The only thing still functionin' is its external location beacon.

HUFFER

Fat lotta good that does now.

SIDESWIPE  
Ironhide, look...

**PANEL 4:**

SIDESWIPE'S P.O.V. - THROUGH HIS SCOPE - Sideswipe has located what looks to be ANOTHER service droid, even further in the distance.

It also FLASHES with a spot of red light.

SIDESWIPE (CONT'D)  
... I think I've found **another** one!

**PANEL 5:**

Sunstreaker, Sideswipe and Huffer look to Ironhide as he is now looking through the scope of Sideswipe's blaster.

Another spot of red light continues to appear on the horizon.

SIDESWIPE (CONT'D)  
See it?

IRONHIDE  
Sure do. That's definitely another service droid.

HUFFER  
Seriously? What is this place? I've got a **bad** feeling about this.

**PANEL 6:**

All four of the Autobots TRANSFORM to vehicle-mode once more, peeling out to leave behind the service droid.

SUNSTREAKER  
When **don't** you have a bad feeling about something, Huffer?

IRONHIDE  
Yeah, c'mon, let's see what's what.

SIDESWIPE  
Yeah, it'll be fun!

HUFFER  
All right, all right, I'm coming.

**PAGE SIX:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. ELSEWHERE STILL ON THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - AFTERNOON

As the sun begins to drop towards the HORIZON, Ironhide, Huffer, Sunstreaker and Sideswipe stand over yet another service droid.

It too, has a red light shining from its forehead.

**CAPTION:** Two more astro-hours later...

HUFFER

Seriously? This is the **fourth** one of these dead robots we've come across. How much longer are we going to stay out here following these things? What could possibly interest you about **this** one?

IRONHIDE

Well, fer starters... **this** one ain't dead.

SERVICE DROID

H-help... me. We... l-live to s-serve.

**PANEL 2:**

Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker look AMAZED as Ironhide kneels down beside the service droid.

IRONHIDE

Whoa, easy, fella. What's goin' on around here? What happened to your fellow droids?

SERVICE DROID

D-Deactivated in the... the surface conditions. P-Please... we must head... underground. W-We... live to serve.

**PANEL 3:**

Huffer stands between Sideswipe and Sunstreaker.

HUFFER

'We live to serve?' What's it talking about?

SUNSTREAKER

Well, it **is** a service robot.

SIDESWIPE

Yeah, but this one's busted up good.

**PANEL 4:**

CLOSE ON the service droid's CHEST.

A metallic plate is STAMPED onto its body. It reads: BD-777.

IRONHIDE

(off-panel)

I was right. They **are** all BD-777 models. Kup told me about these. They're not much more than mindless mechanisms. Built fer menial labor and repetitive tasks.

SERVICE DROID

Y-Yes... built to work. L-live... to serve...

**PANEL 5:**

OVER SIDESWIPE'S SHOULDER - He looks down at Ironhide and the service droid.

SIDESWIPE

Serve **who**? If this thing is a servant, where are its owners?

SERVICE DROID

Uh... Under... Underground. C-Can show you...

**PAGE SEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. NOT TOO FAR AWAY, THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - DUSK

Now once again in vehicle-modes, Ironhide leads Sunstreaker, Sideswipe and Huffer across the salty surface of the planet towards what appears to be some kind of SPIRAL SINKHOLE.

The Service Droid can be seen inside the rear of Ironhide's van-mode.

**CAPTION:** Soon after...

SIDESWIPE

Whoa. I was not expecting to see that.

SUNSTREAKER

A sinkhole? Here? This planet gets weirder and weirder.

**PANEL 2:**

All four of the Autobots TRANSFORM to robot-mode, as the Service Droid falls free of Ironhide's van-mode to point a WEAKENED FINGER towards the sinkhole.

HUFFER

Okay, so we're here. Now what?

SERVICE DROID

Inside... U-Under... Down below. M-masters... offer r-reward for... my r-return.

SIDESWIPE

A reward? Now you're talking!

SUNSTREAKER

What's the call, Ironhide?

IRONHIDE

I know this seems a little strange, but whatever's down there seems to be causing no end of trouble in these parts. So, c'mon...

**PANEL 3:**

INT. THE SINKHOLE

LOW ANGLE, LOOKING UP - Now holding the Service Droid in his arms, Ironhide leads Sideswipe, Sunstreaker and Huffer into the sinkhole, dropping down into its PASSAGEWAY to fall towards the reader.

IRONHIDE

... Let's check it out. Now, be ready for...

**PANEL 4:**

INT. A CAVERN, BENEATH THE SINKHOLE

SPLASH PANEL - Dwarfed by the immense size and spaciousness of the surroundings, Ironhide, Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker gaze around to see a veritable CAVE OF WONDERS extending in every direction.

WARM, WELCOMING LIGHT fills the panel, casting GLITTERY ILLUMINATION over a variety of HI-TECH COMPUTER SYSTEMS, each one seemingly designed and installed for the purpose of servicing and maintaining robotic life.

The Service Droid stands beside Ironhide, holding its weak little arms up in TRIUMPH.

ENERGON streams from several OVERSIZED, COFFEE PERCOLATOR-LOOKING machines, each one the size of an Autobot, itself.

What looks like a series of MECHANIC'S HOISTS line the background, each supplied with an abundance of spare WHEELS and TIRES.

Off to the left of frame, an alien, futuristic-looking CAR WASH stands attended by more SERVICE DROIDS; these ones decidedly more FEMALE in appearance.

And on the right of the panel, a dozen impressive RECHARGE SLABS sit idle.

IRONHIDE  
... anything.

SIDESWIPE  
Whoa.

SERVICE DROID  
We live... to serve.

**PAGE EIGHT:**

**PANEL 1:**

As the Autobots stand in a circle, AMAZED at their robotic Eden, the Service Droid notices they are being approached by a small, globe-shaped mechanical being.

It rolls towards the team under its own power like a runaway beachball. Its metal plating is colored a warm ORANGE, while its SMILING FACE seems purely DIGITAL in nature. A pair of ANTENNA-LIKE ARMS protrude from its rounded sides to WAVE towards the Autobots.

He is M.M.

SERVICE DROID (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
The... the Master.

M.M.

Master? No, let's dispense with the formalities. Welcome! Welcome to **FESTUM PARADISO!**

**PANEL 2:**

OVER IRONHIDE'S SHOULDER - M.M. continues his welcome.

IRONHIDE

Uh, thank you, Mister uh...?

M.M.

My true name can be rather troublesome for foreigners to pronounce. But, you may simply address me as M.M.

IRONHIDE

All right. So, what is this place, M.M.? How'd you get here? And what happened to all those service droids we found on the surface?

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON M.M.

M.M.

The salty surface of this world is indeed unforgiving to our kind, even more so than it is to **yours**. It forced us to flee down here where we have managed to thrive for centuries.

IRONHIDE

(off-panel)

And the droids?

M.M.

A necessity, I'm afraid. As we cannot visit the surface for fear of corrosion, our service droids bravely navigate its environment for us in our times of need. Unfortunately, their simplistic cyber-systems sometimes fail under the pressure. After all, they are not sentient like you and I.

**PANEL 4:**

WIDE SHOT - M.M. rolls forward to lead Ironhide and Huffer further into the Festum Paradiso.

Four of the female-looking car wash droids have moved closer to accompany Sideswipe and Sunstreaker as they follow behind.

M.M. (CONT'D)

But, now... come, take advantage of all we have to offer down here. Freshen up with some piping-hot plasma, or indulge in our rheanium baths, or perhaps a session in our crysmagnetal relaxation center? Feast, my friends. What's ours is yours.

SUNSTREAKER

Relaxation center? Now you're talking!

HUFFER

You know, I **could** do with a little gasket realignment.

**PANEL 5:**

Ironhide looks over to the coffee-percolator-like Energon machines, as M.M. smiles with DELIGHT.

IRONHIDE

I gotta say, I wouldn't say no to a cool Energon pick-me-up right now.

M.M.

Excellent! Excellent!

**PANEL 6:**

CLOSE ON M.M.'s WIDE SMILE.

M.M. (CONT'D)

We live to serve.

**PAGE NINE:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - DUSK

The Autobot shuttle remains on the surface of the salt-encrusted world.

**CAPTION:** Meanwhile...

MAINFRAME

(captioned)

Are you sure we shouldn't go after them, Hound?

**PANEL 2:**

INT. THE SHUTTLECRAFT'S BRIDGE

Mainframe is working one of the shuttle's computer terminals, as Hound relaxes in the captain's chair.

MAINFRAME

I mean, they've been gone for some time.

HOUND

If it makes you feel any better, Mainframe, why don't you use the tracking sensors to zero in on their location and give us an update?

**PANEL 3:**

Hound now stands behind Mainframe, looking over his shoulder as the Autobot Action Master dives deep into his computer controls.

MAINFRAME

Good idea. Here we are... the computer has tracked them to some sort of underground grotto.

HOUND

Underground? Why would they go underground?

**PANEL 4:**

CLOSE ON Mainframe's face. A BRIGHT LIGHT from his computer screen shines up and reflects on his robotic visage.

MAINFRAME

Whatever it is they've found, I'm reading high levels of holographic radiation.

HOUND

(off-panel)

Holographic? Can you bypass it to see what's **really** down there?

MAINFRAME  
Working on it...

**PANEL 5:**

We cannot see what Hound and Mainframe are looking at on their computer screen, but it's enough to ALARM them both.

MAINFRAME (CONT'D)  
... Oh, my.

HOUND  
Contact Ironhide **now**.

MAINFRAME  
I... I can't. The radiation is blocking all communication signals.

HOUND  
Then c'mon...

**PANEL 6:**

EXT. THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - DUSK

Hound now RACES across the panel and away from the shuttlecraft, as Mainframe rides him like a JEEP-SHAPED-SKATEBOARD.

HOUND  
... There's no time to lose!

**PAGE TEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. DEEP WITHIN THE FESTUM PARADISO

SPLASH PANEL - Each of the four Autobots are enjoying their R&R session.

Ironhide sits in the robot equivalent of a LAZ-E-BOY, sipping from a giant cup of STEAMING ENERGO as though it were a warm 'Cup o' Joe'.

He looks over to Huffer, who lies FACE DOWN on a nearby MASSAGE-TYPE-TABLE, having his shoulders rubbed by two of the female-looking Service Droids.

Beside Huffer, Sunstreaker sits (in car-mode) on his own relaxation bench, having his tires PUMPED UP by two more female Service Droids.

In the background, Sideswipe (also in car-mode) is being WAXED AND POLISHED by even more female service droids.

M.M. remains at Ironhide's side with a HUGE GRIN etched across his digital face.

**CAPTION:** Meanwhile...

IRONHIDE

I gotta say, M.M... this refined Energon is a-okay in my book.

M.M.

I should think so, Ironhide. It **has** been aged eight hundred years, after all. But, please drink up, drink up!

**PANEL 2:**

M.M. looks across the panel towards Huffer, still enjoying his massage.

HUFFER

Hey, what's a mini-bot gotta do around here to get a cup of that stuff for himself?

M.M.

Coming right up, Huffer, sir. I think you'll enjoy it. The refined Energon really improves the fla... uh, the **consistency** of your inner mechanics.

**PANEL 3:**

Ironhide takes another sip, as a female service droid hands a glass of refined Energon to Huffer while his massage continues.

Both Sideswipe and Sunstreaker **STARTLE** their female service droids as they each **TRANSFORM** to robot-mode to stand before a **SMILING** M.M.

HUFFER

All right!

SIDESWIPE

Hey, what about us, bro?

SUNSTREAKER

Yeah, c'mon, M.M. Don't hold out on us!

M.M.  
Of course! More for everyone!  
There's plenty to go around!

**PANEL 4:**

CLOSE ON M.M.

His grin is now somewhat more SINISTER, as Sideswipe and Sunstreaker CLINK A TOAST to each other with their beverages.

M.M. (CONT'D)  
We live to serve.

**PAGE ELEVEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

EXT. NOT TOO FAR AWAY, THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - DUSK

Having now reached the sinkhole, Mainframe leaps from Hound's jeep-mode, as Hound TRANSFORMS to robot-mode.

**CAPTION:** Meanwhile...

MAINFRAME  
Look at that! Some kind of natural  
depression in the surface!

**PANEL 2:**

As Mainframe looks down at his hand-held scanner, Hound rotates a SORE SHOULDER JOINT.

HOUND  
We really need to get you an alt-  
mode, Mainframe.

MAINFRAME  
This is it. I'm picking up Autobot  
fuel readings, coming from that  
sinkhole.

**PANEL 3:**

OVER MAINFRAME'S SHOULDER - Hound appears DETERMINED.

HOUND  
Then that's where **we** need to go.

MAINFRAME

Down there? Inside that thing? But, you know as well as I do that place is swarming with holographic signals. How are we supposed to tell reality from fantasy?

**PANEL 4:**

Mainframe looks on as Hound lifts his HOLOGRAM GUN into view.

HOUND

Don't worry. I've got more than a little experience with holograms, myself.

MAINFRAME

Well, all right then...

**PANEL 5:**

INT. THE SINKHOLE TUNNEL

LOW ANGLE, LOOKING UP - Hound and Mainframe drop down into the sinkhole to descend towards the reader.

MAINFRAME

... Let's head into the belly of this beast!

**PAGE TWELVE:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. DEEP WITHIN THE FESTUM PARADISO

WIDE SHOT - The team of Autobots continues to enjoy their lavish surroundings. Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker are all laying back on mechanical Laz-E-Boy-styled chairs, EATING ENERCON GOODIES, served to them by their female service droids as though they were being fed GRAPES in ancient Rome.

Ironhide sits nearby in a chair of his own like a uncle at THANKSGIVING, patting his belly and refusing more Energon goodies from another service droid.

M.M. watches with a SMIRK from the background.

**CAPTION:** Meanwhile...

IRONHIDE

Nah, no more for me, thanks. I don't know how it's possible since we ain't organics, but I feel like I've actually gained weight eatin' all this good stuff.

M.M.

We live to serve.

**PANEL 2:**

CLOSE ON Ironhide. He reaches for his head as though suffering the effects of a HANGOVER.

M.M. leers at him from over his shoulder.

IRONHIDE

But, I... Ugh. I can't remember what we were supposed to be doin'.

M.M.

Never mind. Allow me to explain...

HOUND

(off-panel)

Stop!

**PANEL 3:**

Ironhide turns to see Hound and Mainframe have arrived.

To M.M.'s HORROR, Hound is BLASTING his HOLOGRAM GUN across the panel, WASHING AWAY the imagery of the Festum Paradiso as though it was nothing more than a child's CHALK PAINTING.

IRONHIDE

Hound? Mainframe? What the...?

MAINFRAME

They're deceiving you, Ironhide. All of this... nothing but holograms!

HOUND

And the charade ends now!

M.M.

What? No!

**PANEL 4:**

SPLASH PANEL - Ironhide, Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker stand AGHAST as REALITY is revealed to them.

The so-called Festum Paradiso is gone; its former, glorious holographic imagery now replaced by its true nature.

The four Autobots stand within a HOUSE OF HORRORS, a veritable MECHANICAL MEATLOCKER, filled with dozens of decrepit, metal carcasses belonging to many former robotic victims.

IRONHIDE

What in the wired world of Cybertron?

HUFFER

I knew it was too good to be true!

SIDESWIPE

Bro, I'm gonna be sick. And I don't know if that's even possible.

SUNSTREAKER

All these robots. Victims of this place? But, M.M. said he lives to serve.

M.M.

(off-panel)

Oh, we **do** live to serve...

**PAGE THIRTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

SPLASH PANEL, FROM BEHIND Ironhide as he sees M.M. in his TRUE FORM - that of a much larger and fearsome MECANNIBAL!

Dozens more of the hungry little monsters have gathered behind their leader, teeth GNASHING with anticipation of their next meal.

M.M. (CONT'D)

... Serve **you**. For breakfast, lunch and dinner!

**PANEL 2:**

Ironhide, Hound, Mainframe, Sideswipe, Sunstreaker and Huffer now stand SURROUNDED by hordes of ravenous Mecannibals filling the panel.

M.M. stands front-and-center.

M.M. (CONT'D)

It's a shame. You were having such a good time.

(MORE)

M.M. (CONT'D)

A few more days and our special Energon brew would have made you taste truly exquisite. No matter. Welcome to our feast. You are the guests of honor, and my name... is **Master Mouth!**

**PANEL 3:**

WIDE SHOT - Hound leads the way as the Autobots FLEE towards the edge of frame, pursued by the frenzied Mecannibals.

M.M. (CONT'D)

And a meal's a meal!

HUFFER

Oh, man. Now whatta we do?

HOUND

We run away!

**PAGE FOURTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. A RANDOM TUNNEL

Hound continues to lead Ironhide and Huffer forward through a winding, underground passageway.

IRONHIDE

I can't believe it. Those sneaky little beasties were fattening us up to feed on!

HUFFER

Why can't we ever meet some **nice** alien creatures? Just for once?

HOUND

We won't be meeting **anyone** ever again if we don't get out of here. C'mon!

**PANEL 2:**

FROM BEHIND - Sideswipe turns to look back at the reader, as Sunstreaker and Mainframe continue to run towards the rear of the panel and into the winding tunnel.

SIDESWIPE

I hope you know where you're going,  
Hound, 'cause those things are  
right behind us!

**PANEL 3:**

SPLASH PANEL - Sideswipe now turns to dash towards the reader, as DOZENS of ravenous Mecannibals close in on him, filling the panel with their voracious hysteria.

SUNSTREAKER

And they look **hungry!**

**PAGE FIFTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

As they now wield their FIREARMS in their hands, both Sunstreaker and Sideswipe prepare to fight off their would-be consumers.

SIDESWIPE

Then let's give 'em a little  
indigestion, Bro.

SUNSTREAKER

You know it!

**PANEL 2:**

WIDE SHOT - Sideswipe and Sunstreaker OPEN FIRE on the Mecannibals, BLASTING several of them to pieces.

In the background, Hound, Ironhide, Huffer and Mainframe continue to make their escape.

SIDESWIPE

Ha-Ha-Ha! All right!

SUNSTREAKER

You know, we won't be able to do  
this for long. There's just too  
many of them!

SIDESWIPE

You're right. But we have to give  
the others a chance to find a way  
out of this place.

**PANEL 3:**

Sideswipe blasts a Mecannibal in its face.

Sunstreaker blasts two more Mecannibals, destroying them.

SIDESWIPE (CONT'D)

Back off!

SUNSTREAKER

Take that! I'm too good-looking to be dinner!

**PANEL 4:**

As Sunstreaker shoots towards more Mecannibals, Sideswipe turns to look off-panel.

SIDESWIPE

Mainframe! Have you guys found a way out yet!

MAINFRAME

(off-panel)

As a matter of fact, we have. This way!

**PANEL 5:**

Both Sideswipe and Sunstreaker TRANSFORM to their auto-modes to flee from the GROWING HORDE of Mecannibals.

SUNSTREAKER

You don't have to tell us twice.

SIDESWIPE

Let's get outta here!

**PAGE SIXTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. ANOTHER TUNNEL

SIDE ANGLE - Sideswipe and Sunstreaker TRANSFORM back to robot-modes to join Ironhide, Hound, Huffer and Mainframe in another near-identical underground passageway.

Above them, sits what looks to be A DIFFERENT TUNNEL; one that heads UPWARD.

Hound is again holding his hologram-gun.

SIDESWIPE

We did what we could, but those things are right behind us.

SUNSTREAKER

And they look like they're ready  
for an all-you-can-eat buffet!

IRONHIDE

Then let's blow this two-bit diner  
once and for all!

**PANEL 2:**

M.M. leads a horde of Mecannibals down the tunnel towards the  
Autobots.

Mainframe, Sunstreaker and Huffer cannot be seen, while  
Ironhide and Hound are helping Sideswipe CRAWL UP into the  
overhead tunnel opening.

M.M.

You cannot escape! We will feed on  
you yet!

IRONHIDE

Ah, can it, you Energon-suckin'  
cave-crawler.

**PANEL 3:**

Ironhide now stands alone in the tunnel, the last of the  
Autobots to flee up into the overhead passageway.

IRONHIDE (CONT'D)

You want us... come get us!

**PANEL 4:**

M.M. and the Mecannibals POUR into the overhead passageway,  
filling every inch of it with their insatiable hunger.

M.M.

Oh, we will! We're coming for you.  
And when we find you...

**PANEL 5:**

INT. AN OPEN CAVE

Hound stands with his hologram-gun, joined by Ironhide,  
Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, Mainframe and Huffer as they are  
SURROUNDED by M.M. and a bevy of Mecannibals.

It would appear the Autobots are trapped. Every spare space  
of the cave is crammed-full of the vicious Mecannibals,  
spelling DOOM for our heroes.

M.M.  
... We will feast!

HUFFER  
Uh-oh.

**PAGE SEVENTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

FROM BEHIND Ironhide and Hound, as M.M. and his army of Mecannibals CRAWL towards them.

Hound holds his hologram-gun at his side like a GUNSLINGER from the OLD WEST.

M.M.  
And now, we dine on Autobot flesh!

HOUND  
I don't think so, big mouth.

**PANEL 2:**

Hound fires a BLAST from his hologram-gun, one that narrowly misses M.M.'s face to strike the background.

M.M. smiles with MALEVOLENCE.

M.M.  
Ha! You missed!

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON Hound. He smiles.

HOUND  
Did I?

**PANEL 4:**

M.M. appears ANXIOUS, as the underground cave imagery of the panel MELTS AWAY, revealing that he and the others are actually back on the surface of Manducare.

M.M.  
What... what is happening?

**PANEL 5:**

EXT. THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT - Ironhide and Hound stand with Sideswipe, Sunstreaker, Huffer and Mainframe - back on the surface of Manducare.

Hound's hologram-gun has revealed their TRUE LOCATION, much to the CHAGRIN of M.M. and his Mecannibals.

IRONHIDE

Surprise!

HOUND

See? You aren't the only one with holographic skills. Welcome to the surface, Master Mouth.

M.M.

No, no not the surface! The soil!  
The salt! It... It...

**PAGE EIGHTEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

M.M. stands HORRIFIED, as his crab-like feet begin to DISSOLVE beneath him, caught in the corrosive properties of the Manducare soil.

M.M. (CONT'D)

It **burns!**

**PANEL 2:**

Standing beside Hound, Huffer points to the background, where more Mecannibals have begun to SIZZLE and MELT.

HUFFER

Hound, what's happening?

HOUND

The salty-soil of this world might be painful for us, but it is **deadly** to these Mecannibals. It must be why they hide underground.

MECANNIBAL #1

Aaaaaagh!

**PANEL 3:**

OVER IRONHIDE'S SHOULDER - He looks down upon a MELTING M.M.

IRONHIDE

Well, you won't be servin' up anyone else for dinner, that's fer sure.

M.M.

You forget. There are **thousands** of us. It's only a matter of time before more travelers visit this world. The Mecannibals will live on to feed another day.

**PANEL 4:**

Sideswipe fires his SHOULDER ROCKET into the soil, SCATTERING M.M. and several half-melted Mecannibals into the air.

SIDESWIPE

Wanna bet?

M.M.

No!

**PAGE NINETEEN:**

**PANEL 1:**

Sideswipe's rocket has BLASTED OPEN an ENORMOUS FISSURE in the ground, one that has opened wide enough to swallow M.M. and the Mecannibals.

M.M. (CONT'D)

Aaaagh!

**PANEL 2:**

INT. DEEP WITHIN THE FORMER FESTUM PARADISO

WIDE SHOT - As M.M. and the Mecannibals fall back into their GRISLY underground lair, a TORRENT of salty-soil falls with them into the cavern below.

M.M.

No! Noooooooooo!

**PANEL 3:**

EXT. THE SURFACE OF MANDUCARE - NIGHT

SPLASH PANEL, BIRD'S EYE VIEW - Ironhide, Hound, Mainframe, Huffer, Sideswipe and Sunstreaker all stand on the edges of the fissure, looking down into the underground cavern.

The salty soil has all-but filled the Mecannibals' lair, BURYING them all beneath a flood of the corrosive substance.

Several ACIDIC BUBBLES burst and pop from the sea of salt.

HUFFER

Well, I guess that's that.

SUNSTREAKER

Looks like dessert is off the menu.

SIDESWIPE

Permanently!

**PAGE TWENTY:**

**PANEL 1:**

INT. THE SHUTTLECRAFT'S BRIDGE

Ironhide sits in the captain's chair once more, as Huffer and Hound each man the computer consoles at the front of the panel.

Behind Ironhide, Mainframe is treating the wheel on Sideswipe's shoulder with some sort of SPRAY, while Sunstreaker ROTATES his own shoulder beside them.

**CAPTION:** Later...

SIDESWIPE

Thanks, Mainframe. It's feeling better already.

MAINFRAME

Thankfully, we weren't exposed to the salty-soil of this place for too long. You'll be fine in a matter of astro-minutes.

HOUND

Ready for lift off, Ironhide.

IRONHIDE

All right, let's get outta this no-good snack bar.

**PANEL 2:**

Huffer turns to look back over his shoulder. His computer screen reveals the words 'INCOMING TRANSMISSION'.

HUFFER

Ironhide, we're being hailed. It's Prowl.

**PANEL 3:**

CLOSE ON Ironhide's face.

IRONHIDE

Let's see it.

**PANEL 4:**

FROM BEHIND Ironhide, Hound and Huffer as they look up to the ship's VIEWSCREEN.

The face of PROWL appears on its digital display.

IRONHIDE (CONT'D)

Prowl, what's the latest in your sector of space?

PROWL

Just checking in. We've had quite the adventure today\*. I trust your shuttle shakedown has been a little less eventful?

IRONHIDE

Kinda. I'll tell you all about it in a moment. But right now...

**CAPTION:** \*See last issue.

**PANEL 5:**

EXT. SPACE

The Autobot shuttle ZOOMS away from the reader and into the VOID of space.

IRONHIDE

(captioned)

... I'm a little hungry.

**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](mailto: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!