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THE TRANSFORMERS: REANIMATED.
"MISSING PERSONS."

Written by

Youseph "Yoshi" Tanha &
Greig Tansley.

Art by

Jim Stafford.

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, THE PLANET RETENTIA

SPLASH PANEL - A tiny AUTOBOT TRANSPORT SHUTTLE begins entering RETENTIA's gloomy atmosphere, surrounding the ship in a FIERY, ORANGE GLOW.

CAPTION: Planet Retentia...

SEAWATCH
(captioned)
Entering the atmosphere now, Fixit.

PANEL 2:

INT. BRIDGE OF THE AUTOBOT SPACECRAFT

FIXIT stands looking down over the shoulder of fellow MICROMASTER RESCUE PATROL member, SEAWATCH.

Seawatch is seated at a COMPUTER HELM, looking towards the reader with Fixit.

FIXIT
Excellent work, Seawatch. Now, set us down at the coordinates Ultra Magnus advised us of.

SEAWATCH
Understood, Fixit.

RED HOT
(off-panel)
Hey, Fixit?

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - Fixit turns to face RED HOT, with his arms FOLDED across his chest, and (two arm-lengths away) is STAKEOUT.

Both look to Fixit with ATTENTIVE STARES.

RED HOT (CONT'D)
You wanna to explain to me again why Ultra Magnus thinks coming to this sleepy little planet is so important? We're going to be bored out of our neural nets here.

FIXIT

You need to cool your exhaust, Red Hot. You saw the same data transmissions we all did. It's all right there in binary black-and-white.

RED HOT

Yeah yeah, I know. Some 'important' Retentian scientist named Detrax sent an urgent request for help directly to Magnus, himself.

PANEL 4:

Seawatch TURNS AROUND in his chair to face the others as Fixit addresses Red Hot.

FIXIT

That's right, Red Hot. Detrax's colleague, Bristal has gone missing, and that has delayed deployment of a new Astro Communications System for Retentia.

SEAWATCH

Until the new system is brought online, all deep space communication is limited.

STAKEOUT

Limited. How?

SEAWATCH

Well, due to all the subspace interference between here and Cybertron, as well as the current technological limitations of the Retentians...

PANEL 5:

Seawatch continues talking to the team, as Red Hot appears FLABBERGASTED.

SEAWATCH (CONT'D)

...once we land on the surface, all communication will strictly be limited to RF modulation.

STAKEOUT

Audio only communication?

SEAWATCH

More primitive than that. Binary signals only.

RED HOT

Text? Are you saying we can only communicate with Cybertron via **text**?!

SEAWATCH

Exactly. Now, prepare yourselves...

PANEL 6:

EXT. THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE OF RETENTIA - DAY

The Autobot spacecraft GLIDES through the planet's gloomy atmosphere.

SEAWATCH

... We're nearly there.

PAGE TWO:

PANEL 1:

EXT. PLANET SURFACE OF RETENTIA - DAY

WIDE SHOT - The Rescue Patrol's spacecraft gently TOUCHES DOWN on the planet's surface, STIRRING UP dust.

SEAWATCH

(from within the ship)

We have touched down, Fixit.

RED HOT

(from within the ship)

I'm sorry, Seawatch, I didn't quite get that. You're going to have to send me a text.

FIXIT

(from within the ship)

Zip it, Red Hot.

PANEL 2:

Stakeout and Fixit disembark the spacecraft from its EXIT RAMP, while Seawatch and Red Hot follow close behind.

Seawatch is looking down at his hand-held DATA PAD.

STAKEOUT

I still don't understand why **we** were picked for this detail. Surely Ultra Magnus could have sent a team more adept for missing bots work.

FIXIT

Magnus doesn't have anyone else to send, Stakeout. With the Decepticons fighting to control Iacon, he and Elita-One can't spare anyone else right now. Besides, we **are** the Rescue Patrol, remember?

PANEL 3:

The Autobots now stand on the surface of Retentia. Fixit speaks to Seawatch, who continues consulting his data pad. The ramp to their spacecraft can be seen in the background.

FIXIT (CONT'D)

Look, a break from the war will do us all some good. Okay, Seawatch... which way from here?

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON Seawatch as he lifts his head from his data pad to LOOK and POINT off-panel.

SEAWATCH

Over there, towards that town. We'll have to go just past the parkland in the center.

FIXIT

You heard him, Rescue Patrol. Let's move out.

PAGE THREE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. RETENTIAN TOWN - DAY

WIDE SHOT - The Rescue Patrol are WALKING into town. Seawatch is looking down at his data pad, sharing its information to the rest of the party.

A SANITATION BOT can be seen in the background, EMPTYING a uniquely-shaped TRASH RECEPTACLE.

SEAWATCH

*Says here, 'Retentia, thought
larger than Cybertron, has little
in the way of useful resources...'*

PANEL 2:

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - The Rescue Patrol proceed through town, as Seawatch continues reading more data, yet Red Hot lifts a hand into Seawatch's face to halt him.

In the background a TRAFFIC CONTROL BOT can be seen DIRECTING TRAFFIC.

SEAWATCH (CONT'D)

*... 'The population of the planet
consists primarily of skilled
tradesbots, scientists, medical
specialists, mechanical engineers,
technical laborers...'*

RED HOT

Hold up. So, in other words...

PANEL 3:

The Rescue Patrol continues walking through town, TALKING to one another. Seawatch RAISES HIS HEAD from his data pad to look over at Red Hot.

In the background near a PARK CENTER, next to a WATER FOUNTAIN, a PAINTER BOT can be seen PAINTING at an ARTIST'S EASEL.

RED HOT (CONT'D)

... Pacifists?

SEAWATCH

Yes.

RED HOT

Perfect. Just perfect. When are these 'peaceful' planets gonna start taking care of thems...

PANEL 4:

From the background the Painter Bot APPROACHES the Rescue Patrol. Fixit and Stakeout look CONFUSED.

PAINTER BOT

*Excusez-moi, my friends. A moment,
please?*

FIXIT

Yes? May we help you?

RED HOT

Are you in trouble?

PAINTER BOT

Oh, no-no-no. I am not in distress at this time. I am simply just hoping to have the pleasure of rendering your portraits, yes?

STAKEOUT

You want to **paint** us?

PANEL 5:

The Painter Bot addresses Stakeout with a KNOWING SMILE, while Stakeout and Red Hot appear STERN.

PAINTER BOT

Paint you? Pfft! Oh no, *mon ami*. I will not create a simple **painting**. Not at all. No, I use only rich, organic materials found near the core of this planet. Acquiring them is no easy feat, I can assure you. The techniques I will use to render this masterpiece are so old that only a few great masters know of it anymore. Will be something special, no?

STAKEOUT

Okay, master painter. Since you clearly wont leave us alone. How much is this going to cost us?

PAINTER BOT

Well, as an *artiste* , I don't believe you can put a price on a work of art such as this.

RED HOT

So it's free then?

PANEL 6:

The Painter Bot now looks ANNOYED. Stakeout SHOUTS in disbelief as Fixit puts a hand on his chest to calm him down.

PAINTER BOT
Unfortunately, no, ha-ha. We **all**
have needs to pay for, yes? It will
be a mere twenty-three credits.

STAKEOUT
Twenty-three credits?!

FIXIT
Calm down, Stakeout. I'll take care
of it.

PAGE FOUR:

PANEL 1:

Fixit **PAYS** the Painter Bot in credits. Stakeout still looks
to be in complete shock.

PAINTER BOT
Oh, *merci*! I promise you will all
be quite pleased. Your optics will
have never seen such a *magnifique*
render of yourselves. An
unparalleled offering, yes?

STAKEOUT
For twenty-three credits, it better
look like it was drawn by the hand
of Alpha Trion himself!

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON the Painter Bot, looking **CONFIDENT** as he speaks to
the off-panel Rescue Patrol.

PAINTER BOT
I'm so positive you'll like this
piece, that I'll give you your
credits back if you don't. You see?
An offer too good to refuse, no?

STAKEOUT
(off-panel)
Yeah, whatever. Can we go now
Fixit?

PANEL 3:

Fixit **LEANS IN** and **SHAKES HANDS** with the Painter Bot.

PAINTER BOT

Meet me here tomorrow morning and
I'll have your painting ready for
you.

FIXIT

Sure thing. Have a good day
citizen.

PANEL 4:

Red Hot and Stakeout question Fixit while the Painter Bot can
be seen in the background returning to his easel.

Meanwhile, Seawatch is POINTING off-panel.

RED HOT

Why did you do that, Fixit?

STAKEOUT

Yeah. You know he's just going to
cheat you.

FIXIT

It doesn't matter. We're strangers
here. We represent not only the
Autobots, but all of Cybertron.
Nothing wrong with putting our best
foot forward. Besides, I don't have
a single holo-image of all you
knuckleheads together.

SEAWATCH

Fixit, I've located our
destination.

PANEL 5:

EXT. DETRAX'S LABORATORY - DAY

Three of the Rescue Patrol members stand LOOKING UP at a
FUTURISTIC, ALIEN SCIENCE FACILITY.

But Seawatch remains looking down at his data pad.

SEAWATCH

See? I believe **this** to be the
laboratory of Detrax.

PAGE FIVE:

PANEL 1:

CLOSE ON Fixit as he PRESSES HIS PALM to a small screen on the right side of the building's door, causing an AUDIBLE CHIME to go off.

FIXIT
Well, let's find out.

PANEL 2:

The Rescue Patrol stand waiting for the door to open. Seawatch continues to consult his data pad, as Red Hot seems IRRITATED with him.

In turn, Fixit seems ANNOYED with Red Hot.

SEAWATCH
According to the data, this is an atypical facility for a robot of Detrax's standing within the social construct of Retentia.

RED HOT
Yeah? Well, it's pretty impressive what you can build when you refuse to lift a servo to help out your fellow mechs in the Cybertronian Wars.

FIXIT
Knock it off, Red Hot. It's **our** war, not theirs.

PANEL 3:

The door to the facility OPENS, revealing DETRAX, a SKINNY, SCIENCE-BOT.

He greets the Rescue Patrol with a SMILE and OPEN ARMS.

DETRAX
Greetings! You must be the Rescue Patrol from Cybertron.

FIXIT
That we are. And **you** must be Detrax.

DETRAX
That's right.

PANEL 4:

Detrax WAVES IN the Rescue Patrol with an even WARMER SMILE, while Seawatch looks SUSPICIOUS.

DETRAX (CONT'D)

Ultra Magnus indicated in his last data transmission that the five of you would be arriving to aid me in my experiments. Please, do come in. You must be ready to start after such a long journey.

PANEL 5:

INT. DETRAX'S LABORATORY

Detrax and Fixit stand facing each other.

FIXIT

Tell me, Detrax. Has there been any updates on Bristal?

DETRAX

Bristal? Who's that then?

FIXIT

Uh, Bristal? Your missing colleague?

PANEL 6:

Detrax continues looking PERPLEXED at an INCREASINGLY-FRUSTRATED Fixit.

DETRAX

Nope. Don't know anyone with that name.

FIXIT

What? But, he's the whole reason we're here to help you!

PAGE SIX:

PANEL 1:

Detrax responds with PUZZLEMENT.

Seawatch STEPS BETWEEN Fixit and Detrax and hands his data pad to Detrax.

DETRAX

I don't know anything about any 'Bristal'. No, I just asked Ultra Magnus to send some help to aid me in completing my communications system.

SEAWATCH

Detrax, according to **your** data transmission, your colleague... **Bristal...** went missing. **You** then asked for **our** help to find him and help bring your new Astro Communications System online.

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Detrax. He looks down at the data pad, CONFUSED.

DETRAX

Well, that **is** my data signature, but I don't remember writing this. The message I sent was simply about needing help with the new Communications System.

PANEL 3:

WIDE SHOT - The Rescue Patrol and Detrax stand together in a MESSY CIRCLE.

Red Hot looks AGITATED.

RED HOT

Alright, what's going on here?

FIXIT

Turn it down a notch, Red Hot.

PANEL 4:

Fixit POINTS a finger at Red Hot, while Seawatch stands nearby.

FIXIT (CONT'D)

I want you and Seawatch to see if you can locate this Bristal's last known residence, and let me know what you find out.

PANEL 5:

WIDE SHOT - Fixit DIRECTS his Autobots, while Detrax speaks from the background.

FIXIT (CONT'D)

Stakeout and myself will stay here and try and help Detrax get his Communications System up and running.

DETRAX

Oh, I am sorry to have caused such a confusion. I honestly have no memory of sending that data transmission.

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Fixit - He stands before Detrax, PLACING HIS HAND on the Retention's shoulder.

FIXIT

It's alright, Detrax. We'll figure out what's going on. But first, how can we help with your experiment?

PAGE SEVEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. DETRAX'S LABORATORY - DAY

Red Hot stands looking out across the town, while Seawatch's head is BURIED in his data pad.

CAPTION: Later...

RED HOT

Well, Seawatch, what's our first move?

SEAWATCH

According to this, Bristol's last known residence is in the tech district.

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Seawatch, as he LOOKS ALL AROUND, POINTING off-panel.

RED HOT

Which is... where, exactly?

SEAWATCH

Ah, yes. **That** way.

PANEL 3:

EXT. A LARGE APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Red Hot and Seawatch stand just outside the entrance of a large APARTMENT COMPLEX, TALKING to one another.

CAPTION: Twenty astro-minutes later...

SEAWATCH
These are the coordinates for
Bristol's residence.

PANEL 4:

Red Hot stands LOOKING UP at the massive building, while Seawatch remains HEADS DOWN in his data pad.

RED HOT
What level?

SEAWATCH
Third.

PANEL 5:

Red Hot HOLDS OPEN the front door for Seawatch.

RED HOT
Well, let's get this over with.
C'mon...

PAGE EIGHT:

PANEL 1:

INT. LARGE APARTMENT COMPLEX - OUTSIDE BRISTAL'S DOOR

Red Hot TAPS a DATA SCREEN to the right BRISTAL'S DOOR, causing an audible CHIRP of acknowledgment.

Seawatch stands close by.

SEAWATCH
I don't think he's home.

RED HOT
Then he can't object to us having a
look inside.

PANEL 2:

As Red Hot and Seawatch stand opposite one another, a WHOOSH SOUND EFFECT appears behind them from an off-panel source.

SEAWATCH

I don't think that's ethical, Red Hot.

RED HOT

Ethical? We've got a job to do.

NEIGHBOR BOT

(off-panel)

Excuse me. Can I help you?

PANEL 3:

Red Hot and Seawatch TURN to face the NEIGHBOR BOT, while Red Hot POINTS to Bristal's door.

RED HOT

Why, yes you can, actually. We're trying to contact the resident of this unit. Goes by the name, Bristal.

NEIGHBOR BOT

Bristal? There's no Bristal that lives in **there**.

RED HOT

Come again?

PANEL 4:

CLOSE ON the Neighbor Bot, GESTURING to Bristal's door.

NEIGHBOR BOT

That unit has been vacant for forever. Well, for as long as I've lived here, at least. Which, come to think of it, has been since they built this complex. So, yes, I suppose I was right the first time. That unit **has** been vacant forever.

RED HOT

(off-panel)

I see...

PANEL 5:

The Neighbor Bot WAVES while TURNING to WALK AWAY from Red Hot and Seawatch.

Despite Seawatch's FRIENDLY MANNER towards the neighbor Bot, Red Hot is WHISPERING into his ear.

NEIGHBOR BOT

Well, I'm off to attend to my
nightly duties. Best of luck to you
both.

SEAWATCH

Yes, of course. Thank you.

RED HOT

(softly)

Seawatch, whatever's going on with
this Bristol individual doesn't
make much sense.

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Red Hot, DETERMINED.

RED HOT (CONT'D)

We've got to get in that unit.

PAGE NINE:

PANEL 1:

Red Hot begins FRANTICALLY TAPPING the data pad beside
Bristol's door.

Seawatch appears CONCERNED.

SEAWATCH

Red Hot, what are you doing?

RED HOT

We don't have time to play nice
with the neighbors. I'm hacking
this thing's server to get us
inside.

PANEL 2:

CLOSE ON Red Hot's fingers, TAPPING buttons on the door
console at a HECTIC PACE.

SEAWATCH

(off-panel)

I didn't know you knew how to hack
locks.

RED HOT

Let's just say I've picked up more
than a few skills during my time. I
wasn't **always** on the Rescue Patrol,
you know?

PANEL 3:

CLOSE ON Red Hot's fingers still TAPPING buttons.

SEAWATCH
(off-panel)
And what happens if you aren't able
to get past the security protocols?

RED HOT
I'll brute force it.

SEAWATCH
(off-panel)
Brute force it?

PANEL 4:

Red Hot DRIVES HIS RIGHT FIST into the data panel, as
Seawatch looks on.

SPARKS fly free of the console to shower the entire panel.

RED HOT
Yeah... Ha! Brute force it.

SEAWATCH
You should have led with that.

RED HOT
I know, right?

PANEL 5:

Red Hot and Seawatch TURN TO EACH OTHER as Bristol's door
SLIDES OPEN.

RED HOT (CONT'D)
We're in!

PANEL 6:

INT. INSIDE BRISTAL'S APARTMENT

Red Hot and Seawatch STEP THROUGH THE APARTMENT DOOR to find
a room filled with PERSONAL EFFECTS.

It is clear this apartment has been lived in rather recently.

RED HOT

Now, why does a so-called **empty** apartment look like it's actively lived in?

SEAWATCH

Hmmmm....

PAGE TEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. DETRAX'S LABORATORY - DUSK

Detrax's lab is ENGULFED in orange light as the day ends and evening sets in.

CAPTION: Meanwhile...

DETRAX

(captioned)

Stakeout, Fixit... Thank you for your help.

PANEL 2:

INT. DETRAX'S LABORATORY

Inside Detrax's lab, Fixit, Stakeout and Detrax stand talking to each other.

The background is littered with all kinds of COMPUTERS and DATA SCREENS, each relating to astro communications.

DETRAX

There is simply no way I could've gotten all this done without your help.

FIXIT

Happy to assist, Detrax. How did you even get this far along without Bristol's help?

DETRAX

Honestly, Fixit, I haven't any idea who this Bristol is. And as impossible as it may seem, I've clear memories of doing all this work by myself.

PANEL 3:

An audible CHIME goes off, indicating someone is at the main entrance.

Detrax WALKS OFF to answer the door, while Fixit and Stakeout continue to stand together, WHISPERING to one another.

DETRAX (CONT'D)
Ahh, I think your friends have returned.

STAKEOUT
This clearly took more than one bot to build.

FIXIT
Absolutely.

PANEL 4:

Detrax PRESSES a BUTTON on the console near the door, which causes it to OPEN in an UPWARD DIRECTION.

Fixit and Stakeout look on.

FIXIT (CONT'D)
Red Hot, Seawatch. What did you find out about our missing bot?

SEAWATCH
More questions than answers, I'm afraid.

PANEL 5:

Red Hot and Seawatch stand inside by the door, reporting to Fixit as the Rescue Patrol leader RUBS HIS FOREHEAD in CONFUSION.

RED HOT
We found Bristal's apartment.

SEAWATCH
It looks well lived-in. All of his personal effects are still present.

RED HOT
But not a single bot could recall the name 'Bristal', and **no one** believed **anyone** had ever lived in his apartment.

FIXIT
This doesn't make any sense.

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Seawatch.

SEAWATCH

You're right. I suggest we head
back to the ship and review what we
know.

PAGE ELEVEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE AUTOBOT RESCUE PATROL'S SHIP - NIGHT

The Autobot ship sits beneath the MOONLIT SKY.

CAPTIONED: Later...

RED HOT

(captioned)

It just doesn't add up, Fixit.

PANEL 2:

INT. THE RESCUE PATROL'S SHIP - BRIDGE

The Rescue Patrol stand on the bridge of the ship.

Red Hot, Seawatch and Stakeout look towards Fixit, who stands
holding a DATA PAD under his arm.

RED HOT

We've seen solid evidence that this
Bristol character lives here on
Retentia...

SEAWATCH

... but no one on this planet
believes he exists.

FIXIT

Hmmm, it **is** troubling. Something
odd is happening on this planet and
we've gotta get to the bottom of
it.

PANEL 3:

OVER FIXIT'S SHOULDER - a text-only message appears on his
data pad's screen.

It reads:

Ultra Magnus,

*What was supposed to be a simple missing persons mission has turned into a full blown mystery. The bot known as **Bristal** is nowhere to be found. Furthermore, the inhabitants of Retentia do not believe this Bristal even exists within their community. This is despite **solid evidence** indicating the opposite.*

Work on the Astro Communications System is nearing completion, and we should see the device fully operational by the end of tomorrow's sol day.

*Detrax is pleased with our progress and is completely focused on his work. However, he **also** admits to not knowing who Bristal is. He acknowledges that he sent you the original call for help with the Astro Communications System, but has no memory of asking for help in finding Bristal.*

At this juncture, it does not feel like there is a clear path to proceed on. We request guidance. What are your orders moving forward?

Regards,

Fixit,

Autobot Rescue Patrol.

FIXIT (CONT'D)

This communique should update Ultra Magnus on our current status.

PANEL 4:

INT. THE RESCUE PATROL'S SHIP - CHARGING SLAB BAY

WIDE SHOT - The entire Rescue Patrol team has entered the CHARGING SLAB BAY, taking their places at their respective slabs.

RED HOT

What do you suspect his response will be?

STAKEOUT

I don't care, so long as we get home sooner rather than later.

FIXIT

In a hurry to leave this place,
Stakeout?

STAKEOUT

Aren't you? There's a war with the
Decepticons going on out there and
here we are dealing with a missing
person. We're being underutilized.

PANEL 5:

WIDE SHOT - The entire Rescue Patrol lay RELAXED on their
charging slabs.

FIXIT

Duly noted, Stakeout. Now, everyone
initiate charging hibernation.
Let's hit this fresh in the
morning.

RED HOT

Roger that.

SEAWATCH

Agreed.

STAKEOUT

I just hope tomorrow brings a
better day. It **has** to. I mean, what
else is gonna go wrong?

PAGE TWELVE:

PANEL 1:

EXT. THE RESCUE PATROL'S SHIP - MORNING

The sun RISES from behind the Retentia's HORIZON, bathing the
Autobot ship in ORANGE-YELLOW LIGHT.

CAPTION: The next morning...

STAKEOUT

(captioned)

Up and at 'em, Rescue Patrol...

PANEL 2:

INT. CHARGING SLAB BAY

WIDE SHOT - A previously-unseen FIFTH CHARGING SLAB can be seen beside the others.

A DATA PAD rests at the foot of the bay as the four members of the Rescue Patrol SIT UP, SHAKING OFF the night's recharge.

Seawatch is PUZZLED, looking over at the fifth charging bay.

STAKEOUT

... There's a lot to get done today!

RED HOT

Hey, Fixit, you want to remind Stakeout that **you're** the leader now, and not him?

FIXIT

Stakeout is right, Red Hot. Everyone, let's get ready to head out.

SEAWATCH

That's odd.

PANEL 3:

Seawatch POINTS at the empty, fifth charging slab.

SEAWATCH (CONT'D)

Do you guys remember this charging slab being here?

RED HOT

What are you talking about?

STAKEOUT

I think he's right. I don't remember there being **five**.

FIXIT

I... I don't remember it being here either.

PANEL 4:

Stakeout watches as Fixit WALKS over to the unfamiliar charging slab and PICKS UP the data pad.

FIXIT (CONT'D)

This data pad is registered to
someone named, 'Repair'.

STAKEOUT

Who's Repair?

FIXIT

I haven't a clue. Anyone recognize
the name?

PANEL 5:

Red Hot, Seawatch and Stakeout all look PUZZLED.

SEAWATCH

No.

RED HOT

Haven't heard that name before in
my life.

STAKEOUT

Sounds made up to me.

FIXIT

(off-panel)

Look...

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON the data pad in Fixit's hand.

It displays another text-only message that reads:

Attention: Fixit, Stakeout, Repair, Seawatch, Red Hot.

*Your report raises more questions than answers. I'm currently
working to find a solution.*

*In the meantime, proceed with the search for Bristal and help
Detrax complete his work on the Astro Communications System.*

Keep me apprised of your progress.

Ultra Magnus.

FIXIT (CONT'D)

There's a new message on here from
Ultra Magnus, responding to our
report from last night. It's
address to each of us as well as
this 'Repair'.

RED HOT
(off-panel)
Weird. Now what?

PAGE THIRTEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. RETENTION TOWN - DAY

The Rescue Patrol enter town just as they did the day before. Only this time, the town is populated by fewer bots.

Fixit stands DIRECTING Red Hot and Seawatch on what to do.

FIXIT
Red Hot, Seawatch... Head back to
Bristol's residence and see if you
can find any clues as to his
whereabouts.

RED HOT
Roger that.

PANEL 2:

The Rescue Patrol pass by the SAME LOCATION as the day before, where they saw the Sanitation Bot EMPTYING a TRASH RECEPTACLE.

Today however, there IS no Sanitation Bot and the trash receptacle is OVERFLOWING with WASTE.

Seawatch NOTICES this.

FIXIT
Stakeout and I will return to
Detrax's lab and complete work on
the Astro Communications System.

SEAWATCH
Huh?

PANEL 3:

The Rescue Patrol now pass by the SAME INTERSECTION as the day before where a bot stood DIRECTING TRAFFIC.

However, today there IS no bot directing traffic and a small TRAFFIC JAM has formed.

Again, Seawatch OBSERVES this.

STAKEOUT

Let's get this mission done today.
I'm ready to head back to Cybertron
where we can be more effective.

FIXIT

I agree, Stakeout. Stay close to
each other. We don't need **another**
missing person while we are here.

SEAWATCH

Hey...

PANEL 4:

Near the PARK CENTER from the previous day, beside a
FOUNTAIN, the Painter Bot can be seen LOOKING UP from his
work, SPOTTING the Rescue Patrol as they TALK.

RED HOT

It'll be fine, Fixit. This is a
pacifist planet, remember?

PANEL 5:

As the Rescue Patrol WALK BY the fountain, the Painter Bot
APPROACHES them, holding a PAINTING out towards them.

PAINTER BOT

Ah, *mon ami*! You've returned. And
as promised, here is your one-of-a-
kind portrait.

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON Fixit.

He LOOKS DOWN at the PAINTING in his hands. We, the reader
cannot see its subject.

FIXIT

Well, that is quite impressive. You
really captured our personalities
quite well. Except... Who is that?

PAINTER BOT

(off-panel)
Pardon, *mon ami*?

PAGE FOURTEEN:

PANEL 1:

FULL SPLASH PAGE, OVER FIXIT'S SHOULDER - He looks down at the painting, POINTING AT and revealing its subject: a RENDERED IMAGE of the Rescue Patrol Squad.

However, something is WRONG.

This image reveals a FIFTH TEAM MEMBER.

FIXIT
Who... is **that**?

PAGE FIFTEEN:

PANEL 1:

The Painter Bot has now taken the painting from Fixit.

PAINTER BOT
Excuse me? This is you. This is your unit, *mon frère*. You asked for this, no?

FIXIT
We did. But, this... person. Who is he? He's isn't part of the Rescue Squad.

PANEL 2:

The Painter Bot LOOKS DOWN at the painting, CONFUSED.

PAINTER BOT
Well, he's... I... I don't know.

PANEL 3:

OVER THE PAINTER BOT'S SHOULDER, as he continues to look at his masterpiece.

PAINTER BOT (CONT'D)
I am truly sorry, *mon ami*. I'm not sure what came over me to make such an obvious mistake. I have never seen this bot before in my life. Where he came from, I have no idea. Inspiration perhaps?

PANEL 4:

A FRUSTRATED Red Hot stands beside Fixit, as Fixit SCOLDS him. Meanwhile, the Painter Bot is handing the painting back to Fixit.

RED HOT
Sorry. Right. Sorry enough to
refund us for such a huge mistake?

FIXIT
Shhh, Red Hot. Not now.

PAINTER BOT
No, please. Your friend is quite
right. Of course I will provide you
with a full refund. And please keep
the painting along with my **sincere**
apologies.

PANEL 5:

As the Rescue Patrol stands together in the foreground, the Painter Bot can be seen walking back to the fountain in the background, his head HUNG LOW in shame.

While Stakeout watches the Painter Bot skulk away, and Red Hot remains focused on his own frustrations, both Fixit and Seawatch have noticed something ELSE about the painting.

RED HOT
Some 'master artist' he is. Can't
even do a simple portrait of the
only Autobots he's probably seen in
cycles.

FIXIT
Wait a minute...

SEAWATCH
I see it too, Fixit. **Five** recharge
slabs. **Five** Autobots in the
painting.

FIXIT
Guys... I don't know how to explain
this, but...

PANEL 6:

CLOSE ON the painting. Fixit's finger is POINTING to the fifth Autobot.

FIXIT.
I think **this** is **Repair**.

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

PANEL 1:

EXT. STORE FRONT - NIGHT

An ALIEN STOREFRONT sits beneath the STARRY SKY; the name of which is written on its GLASS WINDOW in an ALIEN LANGUAGE.

Standing within the window, a RELAXED-LOOKING DECEPTICON - WEIRDWOLF (in robot-mode), gazes down at a large, rectangular CYBERTRONIAN DEVICE in his hands.

Two local bots WALK BY outside, unaware of the Decepticon.

CAPTION: Last night...

REPAIR
(off-panel)
NO-NO-NO! Please, you can't do
this!

PANEL 2:

INT. STORE FRONT

Weirdwolf continues to look down at the device. Its top half consists of a DATA SCREEN, while a random ARRAY OF BUTTONS fills its bottom half.

HANDLES protrude from its sides.

The device emits INVISIBLE, JAGGED RADIO WAVES as its data screen displays CYBERTRONIAN DATA and GRAPHS.

WEIRDWOLF
Mindwipe, amazing it really quite
is. Here on this paltry planet, no
one knows we are. All because,
created this device you have.

MINDWIPE
(off-panel)
Indeed, Weirdwolf.

PANEL 3:

SPLASH PANEL - Weirdwolf turns to face MINDWIPE, standing behind a seated and restrained REPAIR.

The captured member of the Autobot Rescue Patrol SHAKES in fear, with CABLES connected to his head that lead off-panel.

MINDWIPE (CONT'D)
They don't even suspect we exist.

PAGE SEVENTEEN:

PANEL 1:

CLOSE ON Mindwipe stands TALKING to an off-panel Weirdwolf while connecting a NEW CABLE to Repair's head.

WEIRDWOLF

(off-panel)

Mindwipe, pull off such a feat, how did you?

MINDWIPE

My natural hypnosis ability works by exploiting a, shall we say, **vulnerability** within the neural net of any living being. I simply created a device that **expands** upon this power...

PANEL 2:

Mindwipe ADJUSTS the CONNECTIONS on Repair's head.

MINDWIPE (CONT'D)

... giving us not only the ability to be visually and audibly **invisible**, but also allow us to **erase** the memories of an individual from the minds of **everyone** on this planet.

REPAIR

Lousy Decepticon! You're mad!

PANEL 3:

Mindwipe's face hovers MENACINGLY CLOSE over Repair, now COWERING IN FEAR once more.

MINDWIPE

You know of my reputation, Repair... my, some would say, **supermechanical** abilities to hypnotize minds. So, you can trust me when I tell you, your friends, the Rescue Patrol... they have already forgotten you ever existed.

REPAIR

No...

PANEL 4:

Mindwipe continues SPEAKING to Repair.

REPAIR (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this? This isn't like the Decepticons. Megatron doesn't relish in clandestine, underground shenanigans like this!

MINDWIPE

Ah, you truly are the smartest of your unit. But, who says we are working for Megatron?

PAGE EIGHTEEN:

PANEL 1:

Repair LOOKS UP at Mindwipe.

MINDWIPE (CONT'D)

A few weeks ago, I was contacted by an old ally. An ally with a **new** mission. One that requires knowledge. And as you know, Repair...

PANEL 4:

Repair looks on as Mindwipe TRANSFORMS to his vampire-bat-mode.

MINDWIPE (CONT'D)

... knowledge is power!

PANEL 5:

Mindwipe now HOVERS over Repair, mid-air.

MINDWIPE (CONT'D)

Knowledge you as an Autobot, no doubt house within that little cerebral cortex of yours. Knowledge of Autobot security systems. Of command structures. Of Moon Bases and Arks.

REPAIR

That's what you want? Then forget it. I won't talk. I'd rather die than tell you anything!

MINDWIPE

Ha-Ha-Ha! Foolish Micromaster. You won't **need** to talk. Just one look from me and you've lost.

PAGE NINETEEN:

PANEL 1:

Repair ANGRILY looks at an off-panel Mindwipe as Weirdwolf is seen CHUCKLING in the background.

MINDWIPE (CONT'D)

Because you see, Repair. My machine **enhances** my hypnotic power. Which means, you'll tell me all I need to know without uttering a word. Unfortunately for you, the only way to extract all you know about the Autobot Resistance is while you still function. To do so while your cerebral cortex is inactive would create too many unforeseen data degradation issues. Of course, once that procedure is over, it **is** quite fatal.

REPAIR

You won't get away with this, you Decepti-scurge! The Rescue Patrol will hunt you down! They won't stop until they find you!

WEIRDWOLF

Heh. Don't think so. Already forgotten about you, your friends have.

PANEL 2:

Repair remains DEFIANT, as Weirdwolf PRESSES A BUTTON on his hand held device. And ENERGY SOURCE shoots out from the device to ENGULF Mindwipe.

REPAIR

You don't know my friends like I do!

PANEL 3:

SPLASH PANEL - Still engulfed by the device's energy, Mindwipe's eyes LIGHT UP. He fires HYPNOTIC ENERGY WAVES from his head that RADIATE into Repair's own.

Repair is now naturally IN PAIN.

MINDWIPE

Ha-Ha-Ha. The acceptance of reality
is always the last stage to be
acknowledged.

REPAIR

What?! No! -GuLuKkK-

PANEL 4:

Mindwipe TRANSFORMS back to robot-mode to lean in close to
Repair's SLUMPED head.

The Autobot's EYES are now a lifeless GREY.

WEIRDWOLF

(off-panel)

Have what we need, do we?

MINDWIPE

Of course. This one is now nothing
more than a storage unit. It's just
the simple process of decoding its
data.

PAGE TWENTY:

PANEL 1:

FULL SPLASH PAGE, HIGH ANGLE, LOOKING DOWN - Mindwipe stands
at a COMPUTER TERMINAL, entering commands into its DATA KEYS.

Repair's LIFELESS HUSK remains slumped in its seat.

Weirdwolf stands near the store front window, still ADMIRING
the device in his hands.

And STREWN ALL ACROSS the floor are the LIFELESS BODIES of
many Retentions, including the Sanitation Bot and the Traffic
Control Bot.

MINDWIPE (CONT'D)

Contact Banzai-Tron , Weirdwolf. I
believe we **finally** have what he
wants.

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!