

OTFCC 2004

Scene: Int. Autobot spacegoing craft. In the pilot and co-pilot seats are GI-TRACKS (Michael), COSMOS (Michael) and BUMBLEBEE (Dan).

MUSIC: MAIN TRANSFORMATION

"VOICE ACTOR DRAMA"

(FADES)

(Script)

FIRST DRAFT

July 14, 2004

SECOND DRAFT

Written by:
Simon Furman

Starring:

Dan Gilvezan (as Bumblebee)
Michael McConnohie (as Tracks/Cosmos)
Scott McNeil (as Waspinator, Silverbolt & Rattrap)

Also starring:

Daniel Ross (as Reptilion/RiD Prowl)
Guest Vocal Talent (as Ruination, Alt. Prowl, alt. Optimus Prime & Sideburn)

Music & sound effects by Vince DiCola

— Clive Ramroop (a.k.a. Outtsyder)

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Michelle Carolus



ACT 1

Scene: Int. Autobot spacegoing craft. In the pilot and co-pilot seats are G1 TRACKS (Michael), COSMOS (Michael) and BUMBLEBEE (Dan).

MUSIC: MAIN TRANSFORMERS THEME

(FADES)

NARRATOR

It is the Generation 1 era. In an intergalactic freighter, Autobots Tracks, Bumblebee and Cosmos leave Cybertronian space, bound for planet Earth... with a precious cargo of refined energon in the hold.

SFX

Background hum of muted engine noise, some chatter from a deep space comm. panel

Tracks leans back, stretches, yawns.

TRACKS

Well, I can't, of course, speak for you two, but personally I'm bored senseless. Why Optimus Prime nominated me for this dreary duty I can't imagine! All things being equal, I'd rather have stayed on Earth... where I'm, ah, *appreciated* for my...

(preens)

... stunning auto-mode!

BUMBLEBEE

All things being equal, Tracks... I wish you were there too! All you've done, this whole trip, is complain. *(enthusiastic)* Me... I look on each mission as a personal challenge wrapped in endless possibilities. Anything could happen between here and Earth...

(a beat, with overt drama)

... anything!

SFX

Extended background hum of muted engine noise, some chatter from a deep space comm. panel

BUMBLEBEE

(with more emphasis)

Anything!

(a beat, sighs)

How about you, Cosmos? Excited to be out here, on the edge of infinity? Cosmos?

Michael/Cosmos (staring dreamily into mid-air) slowly snaps back to reality. Turns to Dan/Bumblebee.

COSMOS

Mm? Oh... Well, Bumblebee, when you're as familiar with the galaxy as I am, it holds few real surprises. But I never stop marveling at its endless, sweeping majesty, from its lowliest quark to its mightiest spiral arm.

Michael/Tracks buries his head in his hands.

TRACKS

I'm on the long-haul journey from hell! Stuck with eager-beaver and space-cadet!

(stands)

Stop the bus, I want to get off!

BUMBLEBEE

Siddown.

(Tracks sits)

I seem to remember, before we left Earth, some tantrum or other... you and the big-guy debating the pros and cons of recent evolutionary steps. Didn't you say something about... 'wanting to just get away from it all'?

TRACKS

(defensive)

Well... it's become *painfully* apparent that we're now the poor relations in an era of Headmasters, Pretenders, Powermasters and the like. Unless your cranium turns into a pint-sized partner or you can wrap yourself in a living body-stocking you're like a second-class citizen. It's absurd!

BUMBLEBEE

MUSIC: As Tracks speaks, a funeral march builds and fades...

(nods sagely)

I know what you mean. Won't be long now before there are Transformers that don't even transform!

PAUSE, THEN:

TRACKS/BUMBLEBEE

(laughter, CONTINUOUS)

TRACKS

(recovering)

Seriously, though, it's no laughing matter. Time was, one or two modes and the odd twist of combination was just the cocktail. Now, though, we're a distinctly lite-brew. You wonder where it will all end.

BUMBLEBEE

(trying to be cheerful, encouraging)

Chin up, Tracks. Variety, as they say, is the nano-processors of protoplasmic cellular gel.

SFX

Sudden jarring crash and sound of metal creaking.

TRACKS

(weary, pessimistic)

Spare me. The direct market orders are dwindling, the back-issue bin beckons. I've got maybe one dialogue balloon left to validate my entire existence. I'm a deleted scene on disc six of some cosmic DVD box set, a Universe re-deco waiting to happen. Out there, somewhere, there's a re-mold with my name on it

MUSIC: As Tracks speaks a mournful funeral march builds and fades...

BUMBLEBEE

(exhales, deflated)

Well... you're just a barrel of laughs! Hey, Cosmos — you tuned into this?

(a beat)

Cosmos?

TRACKS

Forget him. He's doing his 'child of the universe' thing again. Head in the stratosphere, *(sings)* 'can you hear me, Major Tom?' *(mimics HAL from 2001)* David? David? What are you doing, David?

BUMBLEBEE

Whoa... Earth culture overload. Maybe Doc Ratchet needs to purge your download cache... or something.

TRACKS

Mm. Well... I still yearn for simpler times, when you knew exactly what to—

SFX

Sudden jarring crash and sound of metal creaking.

TRACKS

— expect!

The actors grip the table and sway back and forth, a la early Star Trek.

SFX

SFX

More loud crashes and a whooshing, vortex-like effect.

The actors continue to jerk back and forth.

TRACKS

(shouts, over)

What's happening?

Dan looks directly at the audience.

BUMBLEBEE

I think the audience was nodding off. Too many character beats and not enough action! Typical Furman script!

TRACKS

No, to the ship!

BUMBLEBEE

Oh. Right. Cosmos?

COSMOS

It's some kind of spatial rift, one of those convenient tears in the fabric of time and space that makes **Transformers: Universe** possible. We're being pulled in...

TRACKS

Unlike the audience!

SFX

The whooshing effect intensifies.

BUMBLEBEE

Hang on... *(to the audience)* it picks up after this, honest!

SFX

The whooshing changes to the sound of water going down a plughole. There's a final gurgle or two.

Vince looks at the audience and smiles.

SFX

Normal ship noises resume, as per previous.

The actors are no longer hanging on for dear life.

BUMBLEBEE

(urgent, fast)

Everyone OK? Tracks? Cosmos?

Michael turns and glares silently at Dan, who smiles apologetically.

BUMBLEBEE

(slower)

Sorry. Tracks?

TRACKS

Fine.

BUMBLEBEE

Cosmos?

COSMOS

No problemo.

BUMBLEBEE

Okay, we're still in one piece.

TRACKS

Like... *(adopts Sean Connery/Bond voice)*

Shaken, but not stirred!

BUMBLEBEE

But where are we?

COSMOS

Unknown. I'm scanning that nearby icy planetoid, and... *wait!* The signals I'm getting... indicate *Transformer* life signs!

SFX

Static, garbled voice.

COSMOS

You hear that? It's a distress call. On an Autobot frequency! Someone's in trouble.

BUMBLEBEE

That's our cue. Cosmos, can you get us both down there?

COSMOS

Sure. Unless, of course, you've been snacking on the old beryllium baloney.

BUMBLEBEE

Never touch the stuff. C'mon, let's go.

TRACKS

And, er, what about me?

BUMBLEBEE

You... get to stay here. And do whatever it is the character left behind does.

TRACKS

Like... stumble across a pitched outer space battle, a ship in distress, its occupants besieged by a Decepticon of unknown origin, and arrive in time to snatch them from the jaws of doom.

BUMBLEBEE

Exactly!

TRACKS

(a beat, considers)

OK.

Michael and Dan get up and go to the rear stage seats. As though realizing he's still 'on stage' as Tracks, Michael hurriedly returns to his place in front of the microphone.

TRACKS

Well... all alone. Just me and...

SFX

Loud beeps.

TRACKS

... that rather annoying proximity alarm.
Computer... activate viewing screen.

(a beat, Loud SFX HUM)

Well... how about that? A pitched outer space battle! A ship in distress, its occupants besieged by a Decepticon of unknown origin! Now...

(another beat)

... if I could just remember what comes next...

Dramatic outro music from Vince, end of Act 1.

ACT 2

Scene: Int. Maximal spacegoing craft. In the pilot and co-pilot seats are BM RATTRAP, SILVERBOLT and WASPINATOR (all Scott).

MUSIC: MAIN BEAST WARS THEME

(FADES)

NARRATOR

It is the post-Beast Wars/Beast Machines era. A deep space scout ship enters a remote sector of the galaxy, far from Cybertron. Its destination: an icy planetoid. The mission: locate and extract a group of stranded alternate-universe Transformers. Onboard, three intrepid Maximal warriors...

WASPINATOR

(whiny)

Waspinator want to go home now. Waspinator not know why monkey-bot select Waspinator in first place. Waspinator lover, not fighter.

RATTRAP

Puh-leeeze! It's bad enough I gotta share my limited scamper-space with Captain Cordiality here, but havin' you dronin' away in my ear flap twenty-four-seven is testin' the limits of even my famed *bon-homie*.

SILVERBOLT

Captain... *Cordiality*? I'm not sure I—

(considers)

Actually, I rather like that, Rattrap. Yes, it implies both power and tolerance, noble attributes both... in the right proportions. (a beat) I wonder if it's been trademarked?

RATTRAP

Maaan, all this post-TV show hand-holdin' an' huggin', it's gettin' so's you can't even insult a 'bot these days. Next thing ya know, ol' stripes here'll be thankin' me... (*sharply, with intent*) for shootin' off his stinger!

WASPINATOR

(*agitated*)

You leave Waspinator's stinger alone!
Waspinator's stinger not some chew toy for sewer-bot. Waspinator... attached to stinger.

(*sulky*)

Plus... Waspinator tired of always being shot at! (*A beat*) By everyone!

SILVERBOLT

(*losing patience*)

Might I remind you *both* that we are allies, dedicated to the same noble cause. Whatever... *differences*, we might once have had in the past have been reconciled, our aims unified. This... (*starts preachy voice*) is a new, glorious era of cooperation between the once and former Predacons and the Maximals, and we crusading knights, going boldly — but fairly — into the fray, are its ambassadors...

RATTRAP

Eeh. On reflection, Silverbolt, maybe I can live with buzz-boy here... and just shoot you. Friendly-fire an' all that. A few doctored flight logs, a tragic misunderstandin'... no one'd ever know the truth.

WASPINATOR

(*eager*)

Waspinator up for that. Yes!

SILVERBOLT

(Suzz (sighs) (not plug alert!))

Some days... I wonder why I bother getting out of my proto-energizer pod.

(Anyhow... let's see about vector-scooping up those strands before--)

RATTRAP

(adamant)

Far as I'm concerned, once a Pred, always a Pred. An' for that matter, once a Vehicon General, always a Vehicon General. How many times 'n' ways is whiny-wings here gonna have to try an' kill us before we toast his tush good an' proper?

(Scott grips the table and waves back and forth, a la early Star Trek.)

SILVERBOLT

(Sharply) Look... *(struggling for calm)* can we just concentrate on the mission at hand? We have almost reached our destination... that icy planetoid up ahead.

RATTRAP

Just so's I... *(indicates audience)* and *they* have this straight, we're here to pick up a whole potpourri of alternate timeline, other reality could-have, might-have-beens that we dumped on this rock inna first place. Right?

SILVERBOLT

Right. But only so they wouldn't fall into the clutches of Unicron.

RATTRAP

Riiiiight. It'd be so much simpler if I just had that special Transformers: Universe issue #half... the one that lays out the whole story. *(to the audience)* On sale soon, by the way!

(I don't--)

WASPINATOR

(Buzzes) Blatant plug alert!

SILVERBOLT

Anyhow... let's see about vector-scooping up those stranded below before—

SFX

Sudden jarring crash and sound of metal creaking (repeat from Act 1).

SILVERBOLT

— that happens! Again!

Scott grips the table and sways back and forth, a la early Star Trek.

SFX

Sound of repeated blast impacts, reverberating, and continue...

RATTRAP

(shouts, over)

What in Bob Forward's name is happenin'?

WASPINATOR

Someone shooting at Waspinator... again!

RATTRAP

Hate to burst your bubble, but they're shootin' at all'a us! Ehh... talk about projectile dependency!

SILVERBOLT

But who-?

SFX

HUM, as screen activates.

SILVERBOLT

I don't—

(peers forward, intently)

No, wait... I do! That's Sunstorm... or at least a Sunstorm. Looks like Unicron's been... recruiting again!

RATTRAP

That, or Wal-Mart's released another batch'a exclusives!

SFX

More crashes, creaks of metal.

SILVERBOLT

The ship can't take much more of this... it's breaking up!

RATTRAP

An' heatin' up! He's turnin' us into TV dinners!

WASPINATOR

Rat-atouille! Hezz-hezz-hezz-hezz-hezz!

SILVERBOLT

Hold on... scanners show a ship, heading directly for us. We're being hailed...

SFX

Crackle of static.

TRACKS

Attention, unidentified vessel... this is Tracks, aboard Autobot stellar freighter-3H... er, OTFCC. Do you require assistance?

RATTRAP

Do we require assistance?! What does this guy *think*, we're the mixed grill?

SILVERBOLT

Shh! Help... in the nick of time!

Scott leans back, slumps, breathes an exhausted sigh.

Scott and Michael stare at the screen for a long beat, and then

SCOTT

(as Scott)

Another character... in the nick of time!

SFX

Crackle of static.

TRACKS

Unidentified vessel... do you read me? I have a lock on your bio-signatures. Preparing to engage cargo trans-matter demoleculizer...

RATTRAP

Cargo trans-*what*? That doesn't sound so good...

SILVERBOLT

It's, ah, yes, a bit of a throwback. A long-since redundant system for transporting cargo loads from place to place. It was, at best... unreliable.

RATTRAP

What?! Wait, I—

SFX

Star Trek style 'transporter' effect.

RATTRAP

— whoooooaa! (Scott pats himself down) Ah-ah-aaah...

TRACKS

Got you... and just in the nick of time by the looks of things.

SILVERBOLT

The ship...

RATTRAP

Goin'... goin'... flambé.

Scott and Michael stare silently (as if at the screen) for a long beat, and then:

TRACKS

(all business)

We can do the somewhat tedious introductions later. It's painfully apparent that the Decepticon, while currently distracted, will — in short order — turn his less than solicitous attentions on this vessel.

RATTRAP

Whadidhesay?

TRACKS

Loading warpedoes...

RATTRAP

(understanding)

Ohhh...

SFX

Pneumatic whoosh and a double clunk.

TRACKS

... fire!

A long beat and then SFX (distant) rumbles/impacts.

RATTRAP

Yes... yes! A double-whammy... right where the sun don't shine. Hoo-hah!

WASPINATOR

Waspinator blow big fat raspberry in Sunstorm's general direction (*makes disgusting noise*). Old-timer Tracks get big, sloppy wet kiss (*makes equally disgusting noise*).

TRACKS

Ah... quite. And... you're welcome. I think.

SILVERBOLT

You'll have to forgive Waspinator and Rattrap, their exuberance sometimes exceeds the parameters of good taste. I am Silverbolt, emissary of the Maximals. You have our sincere appreciation for the timely rescue.

TRACKS

Maximals? I don't—

ACT 3

SILVERBOLT

You wouldn't. Let's just say we share something of a common heritage... and certainly a common enemy. What I don't understand is... what *exactly* you're doing here? I hate to be generation-specific, but aren't you somewhat out of your era?

TRACKS

We... were en route to Cybertron. Our ship was pulled into some kind of temporal rift.

RATTRAP

Hey, Silverbolt... you think maybe Rhinox's little *experiment* had a side effect or two he didn't count on?

SILVERBOLT

Perhaps. (realises). One moment... Tracks, you said 'we', 'us'. Who-?

TRACKS

My... traveling companions: Bumblebee and Cosmos. We received a distress signal from the planetoid below. They went to investigate and...

(pauses)

Ah. I see. Where there was one Decepticon...

SILVERBOLT

There's probably a whole lot more!

TRACKS

So Bumblebee and Cosmos...

RATTRAP

... are most likely up to their hubcaps in it!

Dramatic outro music from Vince, end of Act 2:

ACT 3

Scene: An exposed glacier on a wind-swept icy planetoid. A deep crevasse forms a wide, jagged scar on the landscape. REPTILION (Daniel Ross?) and RUINATION (Guest Vocal Talent) stand looking down into the crevasse.

MUSIC: MAIN TRANSFORMERS UNIVERSE SITE THEME

(FADES)

NARRATOR

On the icy planetoid, two groups of Transformers, plucked from radically different realities, struggle to understand their current predicament, unaware that the forces of Unicron, led by the lethal Reptilion, are closing in...

SFX

Icy, gusting wind.

The actors peer forward, as though looking down into the deep crevasse.

REPTILION

Well, well... what do we have here? One of our errant abductees, trapped in this icy crevasse, helpless.

RUINATION

(shouts all his dialogue, like an army general)

Yes! We have one target, subject designation: Sideburn, currently isolated and contained. Prepare for EVAC and dust-off.

REPTILION

Oh... brother. Can't you keep it down... just a little bit? I need my audio-dampers on full around you, Ruination.

RUINATION

(still shouting)

Sir, yes Sir! Sorry, Sir. General Reptilion, request permission to haul this sorry Autobot out of said icy crevasse and process for onward transit to Unicron.

REPTILION

(sighs)

Right, yeah... go ahead. Whatever. Sooner we're done and off this sub-zero hunk of rock the better.

(looks around)

'Join the evil legions of Unicron and see the galaxy.' Riiight. Never believe the recruitment posters.

Ruination leans forwards (over the table), reaching downwards. His hand sweeps through empty air.

RUINATION

Sir! Small problem. Subject: Sideburn is beyond the range of my target acquisition bi-lateral arc.

REPTILION

What? Speak civilian, for pity's sake!

RUINATION

I can't reach, sir!

REPTILION

Well then, you'll just have to go down and get him, won't you?

RUINATION

Sir, yes Sir!

Ruination clammers up onto and over the table, dropping down off the edge of the stage.

REPTILION

(to himself)

My first full field commission from the Dark God and who do I get? A gung-ho combiner, a walking microwave oven with a god-complex and an energon-sniffing Mini-Con trio. I ask you... can it get any worse?

Bumblebee and Cosmos step up to the front table/mikes.

BUMBLEBEE

Hey, you — Decepticon! Step away from the crevasse. Cosmos, keep him covered, that distress signal we've been tracking is coming from down there.

COSMOS

I have him in my sights, Bumblebee. He so much as flexes a fin I'll let him have it... in a restrained, compassionate kind of way.

REPTILION

(to himself)

Autobots... from a timelost era. This is a strange — and in no way conveniently related to the choice of voice-actor guests — twist of fate.

BUMBLEBEE

What? Who?

(to Cosmos/Bumblebee)

You're meddling in matters that do not concern you, Autobots. Go now... while you still have the opportunity!

COSMOS

A fellow Autobot is in mortal danger. Any other considerations are therefore secondary.

REPTILION

Ah, yes, but the rules have changed, Cosmos... the old G1 plot standards no longer apply. You're dealing with a cast of thousands now, in varying modes, shapes, sub-groups, alternate-colors and sizes... often sharing the same name. You'd need... well, *Transformers: The Ultimate Guide* to grasp its complexities,

COSMOS

I... don't understand.

REPTILION

How could you? It's out of control, a maelstrom of multiple timelines and diverse realities... and don't even get me started on the Japanese variations!

BUMBLEBEE

Don't listen to him, Cosmos! He's trying to disorientate us, get us to lower our guard. It's still just good versus evil, in all its shapes and forms. Let's get what we came for and—

Ruination reappears, the actor climbing back up onto the stage, standing.

BUMBLEBEE

What?! Who-?

COSMOS

A Combiner! Bumblebee — look out!

REPTILION

Ah, Ruination... good. Kindly transform these two individuals in ways never conceived of in the wildest imaginings of the good people at Hasbro...

SFX

Gunfire, explosive impacts.

Scott strides to the front table.

SILVERBOLT

Evil-doers beware!

TRACKS

Pardon the cliché but, well, the cavalry has arrived!

RATTRAP

A magnificent menagerie of mighty Maximals... and one slightly used and abused Pred.

WASPINATOR

Waspinator still wish he was somewhere else.

REPTILION

A thousand curses! The advantage is lost, the tide turns...

(pause, turns)

But wait... here come Sunstorm and his Mini-con trio in their combined Perceptor mode...

SFX

Gunfire, explosive impacts.

BUMBLEBEE

They're too powerful! We have to retreat!

SILVERBOLT

No — look — the other alternate Autobots!
In an effort to aid his brother, Sideburn,
Prowl must have rallied them, convinced
them to join forces.

SFX

Gunfire, explosive impacts.

RID PROWL

Miscreants — prepare to face the long arm
of the law.

(a beat, shouts)

Fusion-flame!

(MICRO) OPTIMUS PRIME

Why does he keep *doing* that? Announcing
his attacks before he makes them?

(MICRO) PROWL

You got me, Optimus Prime. And for that
matter... what's he doing with my name?

(MICRO) OPTIMUS PRIME

Autobots! Concentrate your fire on the
Combiners, bring them down to size. You too,
Prowl!

RID PROWL

Y'know, Sideburn... he may be Optimus Prime
where *he* comes from... but I'm finding it
really tough taking orders from someone
who barely comes up to my power pod.

SIDEBURN

I hear you, Prowl.

(a beat, shouts)

Turbo-punch!

SFX

Battle noises, assorted, CONTINUOUS...

TRACKS

(over battle noise)

You know what this is, don't you?

BUMBLEBEE

The sort of battle you really *can't* do in a script reading?

TRACKS

Apart from that. It's my worst nightmare... multiple alternate universe variations on classic characters fighting the minions of a Dark God we shouldn't even know about yet with a future generation from a techno-organic Cybertron thrown in for good measure.

BUMBLEBEE

Bob Budiansky would've *never* done this to us.

SFX

Battle noises abruptly cease, replaced by a sort of religious-style effect.

ALL

(reverential)

Bob Budiansky!

WASPINATOR

Waspinator even like 'Buster Witwicky and Car Wash of Doom'.

Utter silence, then:

SFX

Extended sound of various guns being cocked, primed, powered up.

WASPINATOR

*(plaintive)**Waspinator say wrong thing again...*

SFX

Multiple blasts, impacts... and then the clang of various bits of Waspinator hitting the ground.

RATTRAP

Right, where were we? Oh yeah...

SFX

Sounds of battle recommence.

TRACKS

*(stands, takes mike with him)**Y'know... perhaps we should be leaving. They... seem to have it all under control.*

BUMBLEBEE

*(stands)**Hey, I'm with you, Tracks.*

COSMOS

Me too.

TRACKS

*(starts to walk off stage)**Come on then, the ship's this way. That Silverbolt chap sent a message to Cybertron before we landed, got them to do whatever they did before and open up a new rift.*

BUMBLEBEE

I'm SO looking forward to seeing our Earth, our time!

TRACKS

(walking off)

*Our Headmasters, Powermasters,
Targetmasters, Pretenders, Micromasters,
Clones...*

End music comes up, over Tracks' dialogue, plays
out:

Ends.