

TRANSFORMERS: THE WRECKERS
PART IV – “RENEWAL”

PROLOGUE

Apelinq, Primal Prime, and their ragtag band of Wrecker-warriors have traveled from one end of space to another, attempting to fulfill the wishes of a nebulous directive from the Oracle of Cybertron.

After the recovery and loss of a mysterious artifact of immeasurable power, the Wreckers very existence balances on a knife-edge of mystery, discovery, betrayal and destruction.

On an icy world long forgotten in the annals of Cybertron’s history, the Wreckers have uncovered the enigmatic origins of their lost prize. As they race against time to complete the pieces of a sinister puzzle, the dark brow of an unseen enemy sets itself on the very world they struck off to defend.

Meanwhile, back on Cybertron, life marches on. Months after Optimus Primal’s noble sacrifice and his final defeat of the vile Predacon criminal Megatron, the planet’s reborn populace enjoys a brief period of rest.

Very brief.

PAGE 1

OPEN: A METALLIC PROMONTORY, CYBERTROPOLIS IN THE DISTANCE (A TECHNO-ORGANIC “HOLLYWOOD HILLS”). THE AUTOBOT JOURNALIST ROOK WILDLY GESTICULATES FOR A CAMERA-BOT HOVERING IN FRONT OF HIM. METEOR-LIKE LIGHTS CAN BE SEEN ON THE DISTANT HORIZON, ARCING DOWN FROM THE SKY. IT IS CLEAR THAT SOME HAVE LANDED – FAR IN THE DISTANCE, PLUMES OF FIERY SMOKE RISE TO THE SKY.

ROOK (1)

Bookmark this newsfeed, ‘bots! This looks to be an exciting development!

ROOK (2)

That’s right, neuroloaders! Less than three Deca-Cycles after the Reformatting of Cybertron, and it looks like we’re about to receive our first assemblage of off-world visitors!

ROOK (3)

Friend... Foe? Who can tell!? All we know right now, loyal ‘loaders, it that they haven’t been invited!



ROOK (4)

We'll keep your feeds updated with the latest developments, as they arrive - and you can be sure I'll be ready to...

BM SNARL (DECO 1) HOVERS IN, CHARIOT-LIKE, RIDING THE DARK BEAST RIDERS REPAINT OF CHE...

LONGHORN (5)

Get out of the way, Book!

LONGHORN MOVES TO SHOVE ROOK OUT OF SNARL'S PATH.

ROOK (6)

Uh, that's Rook.

LONGHORN IS STONE-FACED. HE MAY BE A MAXIMAL, BUT HE'S STILL A BIT BIGGER THAN ROOK!

LONGHORN (7)

As if I cared.

PAGE 2

LONGHORN (1)

Embedded media. They'll be the death of us all.

SNARL TAKES PASSING NOTICE OF LONGHORN'S COMMENTS. HE'S BUSY LOOKING THROUGH A BINOCULAR DEVICE AND OUT OVER THE LANDSCAPE.

C/U on SNARL (2)

Heh. Easy, Longhorn. What's the status of our unexpected guests?

LONGHORN (3)

The ships are slowing their descent, sir. I'm awaiting further news from our reconnaissance detachment.



LONGHORN (4)

Speaking of which...

LONGHORN (5)

Here's Skydive now.

SKYDIVE (BM DECO) ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, LOOKING A BIT HAGGARD. HE'S BEEN FLYING HIS WINGS OFF IN ROBOT MODE.

SKYDIVE (6)

Commander Snarl! Thank Primal, I've found you!

SKYDIVE (7)

Hundreds of them... Hundreds! Maybe... maybe thousands! They're pouring down on Cybertropolis like scraps on a junk pile!

SNARL (8)

Calm yourself, young one. Hundreds of what?

SKYDIVE (9)

It's the Quintessons, sir...

BOX (10)

They're back!

SNARL, COOL AS ICE, IS STILL LOOKING THROUGH HIS BINOS.

C/U on SNARL:

Longhorn - transmit my signal. The rally point is Polyhex Seven.

SIDEWAYS "HOURGLASS" VIEW THROUGH SNARL'S BINOCULAR DEVICE. A RAMPAGING "HERD" OF SHARKTICONS IS ON THE MOVE, BEING "WRANGLLED" WITH LASER-WHIPS BY THE EXECUTIONER QUINTS FROM TF:TM.



BOX:

“Activate the reserves.”

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BOX (1)

CSSB-16 Spaceport.

EXTERIOR: CSSB-16 SPACEPORT. FLOATING IN SPACE, IT LOOKS LIKE THE DECKS OF A BUNCH OF OLD AIRCRAFT CARRIERS, COBBLED TOGETHER IN THE CENTER BY A PITTED METALLIC SPHERE. THE PLACE IS A TOTAL DIVE, ALBEIT A VERY BUSY ONE.

BOX (2)

Rough.

FOREGROUND: THREE DRUNKEN ROBOTS, ONE STILL CARRYING A HALF-CONSUMED BOTTLE OF ENERGON, MOVE TOWARDS THE FOURTH WALL. (THEY'RE THE MONSTERBOTS FROM G1)
BACKGROUND: THREE STREET THUGS ABOUT TO WHALLOP A DECREPIT-LOOKING GRANNY-BOT.

BOX (3)

Uncivilized.

FOREGROUND: AN ALIEN STREET VENDOR LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE THUGS, AS HE SELLS “MAGAZINES” AT A HIGH-TECH NEWSSTAND. BACKGROUND: THE THUGS IN THE BACKGROUND MOVE CLOSER TO THEIR “UNWITTING” PREY...

BOX (4)

Dangerous.

FOREGROUND: TWO ROBOTS FIGHTING, ONE KNOCKING ANOTHER'S HEAD OFF. (THEY LOOK EERILY LIKE THE ROCK-EM SOCK-EM ROBOTS) BACKGROUND: THE GRANNYBOT'S HEAD FOLDS INTO HER TORSO, TRANSFORMING INTO A LARGE PLASMA CANNON.



BOX (5)

Dinobot country.

IN THE FOREGROUND, T-WRECKS, TRICERADON, AND DEVCON MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD, TALKING AS THEY GO. THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO A LARGE HANGAR COMPLEX.
BACKGROUND: THE GRANNY VAPORIZES THE THUGS.

DEVCON (6)

No offense, T-Wrecks, but are you sure this ship of yours will be up to the journey? What happened to your old Autobot vessel?

T-WRECKS (7)

You mean: "I could just as easily transform and fly off myself, so what's the use of me jumping on board some rotting old hulk, if you don't mind me asking?"

DEVCON (8)

Yes. Something like that.

T-WRECKS (9)

Hrnh... We traded out our shuttle for something a little meaner, but a bit less... conspicuous, you might say. Of course, we didn't expect a stowaway ten cycles off the assembly line as part of the bargain.

T-WRECKS (10)

Isn't that right...



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T-WRECKS (1)

...Reptron?

IT'S LITTLE OLD REPTRON, STANDING ON THE ENTRY RAMP OF THE DINOBOTS' NEW SHIP, THE RUSTY MACE. REPTRON HAS A TOOLBELT SLUNG ON HIS HIP, WITH AN OVERSIZED SPANNER IN HIS LITTLE GRIP. THE VESSEL IS A DINGED-UP HULK, LIKE A FLATTENED FOOTBALL WITH A CLUSTER OF MISMATCHED ENGINE PARTS FUSED TO THE REAR. THE FRONT FUSELAGE BRISTLES WITH GUN TURRETS. IT'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN THROUGH A SCRAPE OR TWO.

REPTRON (2)

Are you tellin' me you could've found a better mechanic who'd work for nothing but Energon and a free trip to Cybertron? Then aye, slaggin' aye, Cap'n!

TRICERADON (3 link to 4)

Quiet kid.

TRICERADON (4)

The engines are fired up and she's ready to go, boss. The runt picked up those charge converters we needed to fix the starboard impulse drive.

T-WRECKS (5)

Heh. I'm not gonna ask how you found 'em, kid.

REPTRON (6)

Uhh.... Good. 'Cause you might not wanna know...

F/X (7)

FSSSSSS...

F/X (8)

...FOOOOOM!



THEIR SHIP LIFTS OFF, LEAVING A HOPPING MAD ALIEN, SWINGING A WRENCH, WAVING HIS ARMS UNDER A BUSTED OPEN ENGINE ACCESS PANEL.

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INTERIOR: THE RUSTY MACE, THE DINOBOTS' NEW SHIP. T-WRECKS IS IN HIS COMMAND CHAIR. HE LEANS OVER TO DEVCON, CURIOUSLY.

T-WRECKS (1)

So, "Devcon the bounty hunter." How in the name of Alpha Trion did you escape Cybertron?

C/U ON DEVCON'S HEAD & SHOULDERS. IN HIS IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, A "FLASHBACK" SCENE. SEMI-CONFIGURED PROTOFORMS STRUGGLE AWAY FROM ONE OF MEGATRON'S FACILITIES, LIKE A BAND OF REFUGEES LEADING A JAILBREAK.

DEVCON (2)

A few of us made it out of Megatron's little retrofit playground with our Sparks intact. After a while, I was able to trace two of the other escapees back to Dodecahex City.

DEVCON (3)

From there, you could say I caught a ride with Rodimus, Apelinq and the rest of the Wreckers.*

BOX (4)

* See "The Wreckers" #1

REPTRON (5)

Heh - You mean you stowed away?

TRICERADON (6)

Quiet kid.

DEVCON (7 link to 8)

Apelinq told me all about the Oracle's little scavenger hunts. There's no mystical force hiding behind this one, T-Wrecks. We've been set up – all of us. The Wreckers - you Dinobots...



DEVCON (8)

...Great Cybertron – who knows what happened to those little Mutants.

T-WRECKS (9)

If they landed anywhere near the type of smelting pool we fell into, I hope the power of the Matrix was on their side.

DEVCON, AMUSED.

DEVCON (10)

At least it wasn't too difficult hunting you down. Tracking Dinobots, even in a thirty system perimeter, is about as tough as finding Unicron at a Moon buffet.

REPTRON'S EXCITED, IT'S A CHANCE FOR HIM TO CHIME IN, SARCASTICALLY.

REPTRON (11)

A Moon buffet?

T-WRECKS (12)

Quiet kid.

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C/U ON T-WRECKS. HE PONDERES THE EVENTS THAT BROUGHT HIM TO THIS POINT, BRINGING HIM TO A FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

T-WRECKS (1)

You might've had nothing to track, if that creature on Arkus had anything to say about it. Taking on that slug was no small order.

BOX (2)

“We fought that thing with everything we had, and still lost four good ‘bots in the process...”

AIRRAPTOR SWOOPS IN ATTACKING THE CREATURE, AND IS NETTED IN THE SKY, RENT TO PIECES.



BOX (3)

“Rapticon and Airraptor went down hard.”

SHOT OF RAPTICON GOUGING A GOOD SLICE OUT OF THE BEAST’S GUT WITH HIS HAND CLAWS, ONLY TO BE SMASHED DEAD BY ONE OF THE BEAST’S TENTACLES.

BOX (4)

“But like any true Dinobots would – they went down fighting.”

BOX (5)

“And Striker...”

SHOT OF STRIKER BEING “VAPORIZED,” IN THE SAME WAY TFS WERE ABDUCTED IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF TF:UNIVERSE #1

BOX (6)

“...well, we don’t even know what happened to Striker.”

DEVCON (7)

“How did the rest of you manage to escape?”

MAGMATRON HAS SPLIT INTO HIS THREE DINOSAUR MODES, FURIOUSLY ATTACKING THE CREATURE. HIS T-REX FORM CLUTCHES INTO THE MONSTER, TEETH SINKING INTO HIS BELLY. HIS PTERO FORM SWOOPS IN AND CLAWS AT THE CREATURE’S MAW. HIS PLESIOSAUR FORM SNAPS AT THE CREATURE WITH ITS LONG NECK. IT ACTUALLY LOOKS LIKE HE HAS A SHOT AGAINST THIS THING BY HIMSELF...

T-WRECKS (8)

Megatron beat the creature back, giving the rest of us a chance to dust off...

THE DINOBOOTS’ SHUTTLE TAKES OFF IN A SWIRL OF DUST, AKIN TO A VIETNAM-ERA UH-1 “HUEY” HELICOPTOR. DINOTRON IS THE DOOR GUNNER. T-WRECKS STANDS IN THE DOORWAY.

T-WRECKS (9)

By the time we swung back around to take another shot, both of them were gone.



T-WRECKS BRANDISHES MAGMATRON'S SWORD.

T-WRECKS (10)

This is all we recovered.

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C/U ON T-WRECKS. HE'S TAPPING HIS TEMPLE, AS IF TO SAY, "I KNOW SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW."

T-WRECKS (1)

I know my history tracks, Devcon. Cybertron – back in 'aught-six. That tin-plated worm was a Quintesson pet.

DINOTRON (2)

Rex ain't peddlin' vacuum, Devcon. You wanna tell us who'd help that sissy bunch of five-faces book us a trip to the scrapyards?

DEVCON (3)

The same grease stain that left us for scrap on Archa Nine.

DEVCON (4)

Cyclonus.

DEVCON (6)

But he's a lackey – a follower. I don't mark him as the type who could come this far on his own.

DEVCON, PONDER MODE.

DEVCON (7 link to 8)

There's a piece of this puzzle we aren't tracking.

DEVCON (8)

Yet.



T-WRECKS (9)

We ain't waitin'. Fire up the drive, kid – and set your course.

REPTRON (10)

Where to, Big Rex?

T-WRECKS (11 link to 12)

The one place we all got told to vacate. The one place the Quints want a stake in more than anything.

T-WRECKS (12)

The one place there's always somebody to pound on.

DEVCON AND T-WRECKS LOOK TO EACH OTHER.

DEVCON AND T-WRECKS (13)

Cybertron.

TRICERADON (14)

What about Apelinq and the others, Devcon?

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BOX (1)

“Oh, if I know Apelinq, he's bound to get to the bottom of this somehow.”

INT: THE WRECKERS' SHUTTLE, IN SPACE. APELINQ IS IN A REAR “WORKSHOP” AREA OF THE COMMAND DECK. THE OTHER WRECKERS ARE AT THEIR STATIONS.

APELINQ (2)

By the Divine Weld, of course!



APELINQ (3)

Cryotek!

PRIMAL PRIME (4)

What?

RODIMUS (5)

Cryotek, the Predacon crime boss?

APELINQ IS SEEMINGLY SO EXCITED, HE ALMOST COMES ACROSS AS A BIT GEEKY.

APELINQ (6)

Not exactly. Cryotek, inventor of the tri-phase cross-rotational Spark envelopment beam, circuit architect of the twelfth-level-pathway diagnostic matrices, the most brilliant Cybertron engineer of his time...

RODIMUS (7)

Ahem.

APELINQ (8)

...and Predacon crime boss...

PRIMAL PRIME (9)

If you'll forgive me, 'bots, I'm not tracking. Just who is this Cryotek?

APELINQ (10)

He was one of the most ingenious scientists in Cybertron's history, Prime – a former colleague, in fact. We actually crossed paths several times back when I worked with the High Council's Research Cooperative.

C/U ON APELINQ.

APELINQ (11)

Cryotek was obsessed with upgrading our abilities and technology. He felt the Pax Cybertronica, for all its political meaning, inhibited the growth of Cybertron's evolutionary advancement.



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PRIMAL PRIME (1)

You almost sound like you admire him, Apelinq.

APELINQ (2)

His results, perhaps, Prime, but certainly not his approach. Cryotek eventually turned his talents to somewhat... less than legitimate pursuits.

RODIMUS (3)

He was wanted for more than a few abductions and Primus-only-knows how many major thefts from one side of Cybertron to another.

APELINQ (4)

I'm sure Devcon could tell you quite a bit about him and his methods, actually, if ever given the chance. Cryotek was one of the High Council's most sought after fugitives for vorns...*

BOX (5)

* A Vorn is approximately 83 Earth years.

PRIMAL PRIME (6)

I don't follow. You both keep speaking of this Cryotek in the past tense.

RODIMUS (7)

Cryotek disappeared a few stellar cycles ago – not long after Primal Prime and his crew went after Megatron and the Golden Disc.

APELINQ (8)

Therein dwells the mystery, Prime...

APELINQ IS LOOKING THROUGH MECHA-GOGGLES AT COMPONENTS OF THE SHARKTICON WEAPON. THEY'RE AKIN TO THE TYPE OF SPECS A DENTIST OR SURGEON MIGHT USE.

APELINQ (9)

...but this weapon is clearly his work. As the humans would say: "it's got his fingerprints all over it."



APELINQ LOOKS OVER AT A MONITOR, SIMULTANEOUSLY TAPPING ON A KEYBOARD.

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APELINQ (1)

Strange. There's a repeating code written into this weapon's operating system.

PRIMAL PRIME (2)

Can you translate?

APELINQ (3)

Just a nano...

APELINQ FURIOUSLY RATTLES AWAY ON THE KEYBOARDS, ONE WITH ONE HAND AND ON ANOTHER, ELEVATED AND SEPARATE, WITH HIS OTHER HAND.

F/X (SMALL) (4)

Tik-tak-tika-taka

APELINQ (5 link to 6)

Unicron's bolts – it's a Maximal encryption scheme - one of the old special ops ciphers!

APELINQ (6)

It's replaying a message tied into the gun's triggering mechanism. Quite ingenious, actually – a standard diagnostic scan would never pick it up unless the weapon was being fired.

RODIMUS (7)

Well, what does it say?

APELINQ (8)

Great Primus...

C/U ON APELINQ, SHOCKED AND IN TERROR.



BOX (9)

It says: "Cryotek Alliance. Quintessons to take Cybertron."

TIGATRON (10)

What!?

AL BADUR (11)

It appears my brethren are ahead of the game, at last.

PRIMAL PRIME (12)

Then we may already be too late. Skywarp - activate the homing system. Burn out the engines if you have to, but take us home.

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BOX (1)

"Take us to Cybertron!"

THE QUINTESSONS AND CRYOTEK ARE ON THE "PROMENADE DECK" OF A QUINTESSON SHIP. A RAMP LEADS DOWN TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE. DERODOMONTATUS OVERLOOKS THE LANDSCAPE THROUGH "TOURIST BINOCULARS," LIKE THE COIN-FED TYPE SPECS YOU MIGHT FIND AT A NATIONAL MONUMENT. THE REFLECTION OF HORDES OF SHARKTICONS MOVING TO OPPOSE A SEEMINGLY DISORGANIZED ARMY OF TRANSFORMERS SHOWS IN THE GLASS.

DERODOMONTATUS (2)

Look at them. Our mongrel children scatter like embers in a fire...

QUINTESSON 1 (3)

We should have assumed they would be unprepared for our assault.

QUINTESSON 2 (4)

Yes. We should have done this decades ago!



QUINTESSON 1 (5)

Shall we, then?

DERODOMONTATUS (6)

Indeed.

BIG PEANUT GALLERY PANEL. THE QUNTESSONS ARE LAUGHING UPRORIOUSLY. ONE HAS HIS SMILING FACE BARED AND IT'S CRYING, HE'S LAUGHING SO HARD. ANOTHER QUINT "LEANS ON A CHAIR" FOR SUPPORT.

F/X QUNTESSONS (TOGETHER) (7)

Hahahahahahahahahaha!

CRYOTEK – LOOKING BAD AS HELL.

CRYOTEK (8)

I'm quite pleased that you are all so entertained. It lessons my memory of the ridiculously sad state in which I found you all some years ago.

C/U: CYCLONUS LEANS IN TO CRYOTEK.

CYCLONUS (9)

How much longer must we endure the antics of these five-faced fools?

CRYOTEK (10)

Patience, Cyclonus...

CRYOTEK (11)

...Our time has come, Derodumontatus. You would now consider our bargain complete?

CRYOTEK BEGINS FITTING THE ARTIFACT INTO THE LINKAGE FRAME WHERE HIS "BUBBLE COCKPIT" NORMALLY IS.

DERODOMONTATUS (12)

Yes, yes, very well, free trader. Our business is concluded.



DERODOMONTATUS, TRYING HIS BEST TO LOOK REGAL AND PLACATING. HE STROLLS DOWN THE RAMP TOWARD THE SURFACE, A TENTACLE HOLDING HIS “WEEPING HANKY” CAST UP IN THE AIR. HE LOOKS LIKE A SNOBBISH DILETTANTE.

DERODOMONTATUS (13)

Let us go and assist you with the expression of your charming theological concerns.

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BOX (1)

“This techno-organic rabble clearly poses no threat.”

SNARL IS LOOKING OVER THE RANK AND FILE, WHO ARE ATTEMPTING TO FORM UP IN SOME SENSE OF ORDER. SNARL STANDS ABOVE THEM IN HIS CHE-CHARIOT, LONGHORN AT HIS SIDE. SNARL’S TAIL-WEAPON IS EXTENDED LIKE A FUTURISTIC HALBERD.

SNARL (2)

Many of them are volunteers, Longhorn... civilians.

THERE ARE ALL TYPES OF TRANSFORMERS HERE. MAXIMAL AND PREDACON, NEW-AGE AUTOBOT AND DECEPTICON, “MALE” AND “FEMALE,” BIG AND SMALL. THEY ARE CAST WITH AN OVERALL LOOK OF FEAR, TINGED SLIGHTLY WITH DETERMINATION.

SNARL (3)

Casting my gaze over them, it is almost as if I can read their minds...

CUT TO: A CLASSIC “1940S” IMAGE OF A “MALE” CYBERTRONIAN DEPARTING FOR BATTLE, HAND OUTSTRETCHED TO A FEMALE “ARCEE” TYPE ROBOT THAT BIDS HIM FAREWELL. HE’S “OFF TO WAR.”

BOX (4)

“Why now, Primus? Why must we once again abandon our lives to march into battle?”

CUT TO: A GROUP OF “EVERYDAY” CYBERTRONIANS BEING ISSUED WEAPONS.



BOX (5)

“We are not designed for conflict! Why must we always be called upon to fight?”

C/U: ON A CYBERTRONIAN “YOUTH.” HE IS ARMORED, BUT HIS BATTLE ARMOR CLEARLY LOOKS TOO LARGE ON HIM.

BOX (6)

“Why does it seem that we will never live in a world without war?”

BACK TO SNARL. HE IS SHARPENING HIS TAIL-BLADE WITH A HIGH-TECH SHARPENING STONE.

SNARL THOUGHT (7)

And yet, they will fight - every last one of them.

SNARL THOUGHT (8)

For us, peace is ephemeral – as fleeting as the glittering sparks of a dying circuit.

SNARL THOUGHT (9)

To wallow in its comforts is to ignore the myriad demons that have haunted us since our creation.

C/U: TIGHT ON SNARL’S OPTICS.

SNARL THOUGHT (10 link to 11)

Now, as such demons call on us again...

SNARL THOUGHT (11 link to 12)

Yes.

SNARL THOUGHT (12)

We will fight.

C/U ON SNARL, TURNING TO LONGHORN.



SNARL (13)

Longhorn – give the order.

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LONGHORN (1)

“Third battalion – Transform!”

HUNDREDS OF BATTLE UNICORNS TRANSFORM, LIKE THE MARINE CORPS’ SILENT DRILL TEAM. THE REMAINING HUNDREDS MOUNT THE BACKS OF THEIR FELLOW WARRIORS.

THESE GUYS HAVE TO BE EPIC – THE BATTLE UNICORNS ARE THE BEST OF THE BEST. SPIT POLISHED, INTIMIDATING, AND OF IMPECCABLE BEARING.

LONGHORN (2)

Ready reserves – take your posts!

CUT TO THE CYBERTRONIAN IRREGULARS, THE “CIVILIAN” RESERVES WHO HAVE FLOCKED TO SNARL’S BANNER. THEY DON’T EXACTLY LOOK LIKE THE TOUGHEST OF THE TOUGH, BUT THERE IS A RESOLVE AND DIGNITY TO THEIR ASSEMBLAGE. THEY HOLD THE REAR AREA, BEHIND THE BATTLE UNICORNS.

LONGHORN TURNS TO SNARL.

LONGHORN O/C (3)

The task force is formed, sir.

SNARL AND LONGHORN BEGIN PASSING THE TROOPS IN REVIEW.

SNARL (4)

Armed and ready in fourteen breems. I believe that’s a record, Longhorn – even for you.

LONGHORN (5)

“One rivet now saves five rivets later,” as they say. We don’t have time to do this the wrong way.



SNARL (6)

Agreed.

LONGHORN AND SNARL CONTINUE TO PASS LINES OF TROOPS. THEY WALK BEYOND THE UNICORN FORMATION AND BEGIN TO PASS INTO THE MIDST OF THE RESERVISTS.

SNARL (7 link to 8)

I want the Unicorn companies forward of phase line red. Leave the irregulars to provide rear area security.

SNARL (8)

Our first objective must be containment. The Quintessons seem interested in making this a ground fight.

SNARL IS SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO LONGHORN, BUT THERE IS A FAMILIAR MAXIMAL STANDING JUST BEYOND THEM, AHEAD OF HIS PLATOON'S FORMATION. HE IS FOLLOWING WHAT THEY SAY WITH INTEREST.

CHEETOR (9)

We'll be happy to oblige 'em, sir!

TURNING, SNARL SMILES AS HE PUTS HIS HAND ON THE SHOULDER OF THE YOUNG MAXIMAL.

SNARL (10)

This much I know, brother...

SNARL PASSES THE TROOPS AND MOUNTS HIS CHE CHARIOT. SNARL CASTS HIS HAND FORWARD, POINTING HIS HALBERD TOWARD THE READER. HE FORCEFULLY ADDRESSES THE READIED, ASSEMBLED TROOPS.

SNARL (11)

Brothers of Cybertron, prepare yourselves...

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BOX (1)

“...for our battle will soon be joined!”

SKYWARP (2)

Our ETA to Cybertron is three-point-eight megacycles, Prime - if this hunk of junk pulls through, of course.

PRIMAL PRIME (3 link to 4)

Push the engines to the breaking point if you have to, Skywarp.

PRIMAL PRIME (5)

We may have no time to lose.

ARCEE (6)

How do we know this “secret message” is even accurate? We could be walking into another trap!

RODIMUS (7)

She’s right, Prime. It’s not like the Quints aren’t known for pulling tricks like this.

RAMULUS LEANS IN, POINTING A FINGER IN AL-BADUR’S FACE.

RAMULUS (8)

Full offense intended, creepy.

AL BADUR (9)

Hrmff!

TIGATRON (10)

The Quintessons have never been known to be more than liars and thieves! What faith can we put in this one outcast’s account of our race’s history?

AL BADUR (11 link to 12)

Judge my words as you may, child. Lies serve the damned as easily as the truth.



AL BADUR (12)

We will see how hollow my “lies” become once the Vok sever your puppet strings.

TIGATRON (13)

You...

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PRIMAL PRIME (1)

Enough!

PRIMAL PRIME, MORE INTENSE, NOW.

PRIMAL PRIME (2)

All of you!

PRIMAL PRIME (3)

What happened in Cybertron’s past is irrelevant. But if even part of what Al Badur says is true, its future is our only concern.

APELINQ HOLDS A PART OF THE DISASSEMBLED SHARKTICON WEAPON.

APELINQ (4)

But none of this makes any sense, Prime. Prisms? Quintesson plots? Keys to Primus’ power?

APELINQ (5)

Then there’s Cryotek’s involvement. He was a consummate perfectionist. I can’t see him leaving a clue like this for us to find.

CUT TO PRIMAL PRIME, EXASPERATED. HE SPEAKS TO THE WRECKERS, ASSEMBLED BEFORE HIM.



PRIMAL PRIME (6)

Can't any of you see the danger here? It all finally makes sense. This Cryotek doesn't simply want control of Cybertron. He wants control of Primus!

TAP-OUT (7)

So he welded up with some Quints to leverage his way back to Cybertron?

TIGATRON (8)

This "Cryotek" must be an insane fool. To believe the Quintessons can help him assume the powers of the Divine Sentinel? The Vok would never allow such madness.

RAMULUS HAS HAD ENOUGH OF THIS CRAP. TOO MUCH EXPOSITION IS GOING ON, AND HE'S NOT HITTING ANYTHING IN THE PROCESS. HE WAVES ONE FIST, AND THEN POINTS AN ACCUSATORY FINGER AT THE RECOILING AL BADUR, AND THE WRECKERS AROUND HIM! BIG CIRCLE SHOT OF HIM, BOTTOM RIGHT.

APELINQ (9)

Prime, I think this is all a little too much to take on faith. If we could just...

RAMULUS (10 link to 11)

You know what? Shut up, all of you! You sound like frightened prototypes! And the Vok? Screw the Vok! And you Quintessons are a just bunch of goofy aliens with delusions of grandeur!

THE WRECKERS ARE COMPLETELY DUMBFOUNDED.

RAMULUS (12)

What if Prime's right? Are you all satisfied with praying to some Predacon greasebag once we make it back home?

RAMULUS (13)

Let's check the leaky gaskets at the door, fly home, and do what we do best!



PAGE 16

BOX (1)

“Let’s Wreck and Rule!”

SNARL CONFIDENTLY LEADS HIS TROOPS INTO BATTLE. HE IS RECEIVING A MESSAGE THROUGH THE SYSTEM GRID COMM CHANNEL.

SNARL (2)

Frzt... What!? Solid copy! Maintain your best-controlled descent. We will have your entry vector cleared on point six forty-seven. Primus knows we could use your help!

SNARL (3)

Longhorn - call the advance guard back along zone five. Things are about to get interesting.

LONGHORN IS FURTHER DOWN THE LINE OF BATTLE, ENGAGED IN COMBAT.

LONGHORN (4)

Consider it done, sir!

LONGHORN CALLS IN HIS TROOPS.

LONGHORN (5)

Team leaders! Back away from that clearing!

LONGHORN (6)

Fall back to your rally points!

INTERIOR: THE DINOBOT’S VESSEL. REPTRON IS TINKERING UNDER AN ACCESS PANEL, AS TRICERADON TRIES TO BRING THE SHIP IN TO LAND. THE COCKPIT IS POPPING AND SIZZLING APART AROUND THEM, ALL SMOKE AND WIRES.

BOX (7)

“We’ve got something new coming down the pike!”



F/X SMALL (8)

Frrzzap!

F/X SMALL (9)

Pop!

F/X SMALL (10)

Ssssssss!

T-WRECKS (11)

Can you bring her in, Trike?

TRICERADON (12 link to 13)

We'll know in a cycle or two, 'Rex!

TRICERADON (13)

I thought you said those charge converters were “good to go,” kid!

REPTRON (14)

Hey, whaddya want – they were free, right?

DEVCON LOOKS OUT THE VIEWPORT.

DEVCON (15)

Well, it looks like we're fashionably late for this one, Dinobots...

PAGE 17

CUT TO: THE MAXIMAL FORCES, FROM BELOW. A MIX OF BATTLE UNICORNS AND OTHER BM-ERA MAXIMALS. THEY LOOK “UP THE ROAD,” AS THE DINOBOTS' SHIP CAREENS DOWN ON THEM LIKE A FLAMING JAVELIN.



BOX (1)

“But at least the party’s still going strong.”

F/X LOUD (2)

Screeeeeeeeeeeee!

CHEETOR (3)

INCOMING!

THE REMAINING MAXIMALS DIVE FOR COVER. THE RUSTY MACE CRASHES IN - QUICKLY, UN-GRACEFULLY, AND DRIVING SQUARELY INTO A SHIT-TON OF SHARKTICONS.

F/X (COCKPIT CANOPY) (4)

KA-PLUNK!

THE CANOPY POPS OPEN. REPTRON IS OVERLOOKING THE SCENE, JOVIAL AS THE LITTLE KID HE IS. THINK “SHORT ROUND” FROM “TEMPLE OF DOOM.”

T-WRECKS (5)

Well, it’s a landing, kid.

THE WRECKED SHARKTICONS ARE PILED HIGH AROUND THE NOSE OF THE SHIP.

REPTRON (6)

Sorry, Big ‘Rex – parking’s a mess around here!

DEVCON HAS JOINED THE FRAY, ALSO DISMOUNTING FROM THE DINOBOT SHIP.

DEVCON (7)

No time for chit-chat now, friends!

CUT TO ANOTHER WAVE OF SHARKTICONS, COMING THEIR WAY.



O/C DEVCON (8)

Business is picking up!

T-WRECKS (9)

You heard him, Dinobots - it's payback time!

PAGE 18

BOX (1)

The Dinobots are quickly welcomed – a boon to the morale of their hard-pressed Maximal brothers.

THE DINOBOOTS, BATTLE UNICORNS, AND LONGHORN FIGHT ALONGSIDE ONE ANOTHER, IN EARNEST.

LONGHORN (2 link to 3)

I've got to admit, having you guys show up was the last thing we expected.

LONGHORN (3)

Who'd have guessed there were Dinobots in the neighborhood?

CHEETOR (4)

Or a famous bounty hunter, for that matter!

T-WRECKS LEVELS HIS DINO-HAND AND FIRES AN AIMED PULSE BLAST.

T-WRECKS (5)

Hey – we Dinobots aim to please!

F/X (6)

Ka-kow!

DEVCON FIGHTS HIS WAY ALONGSIDE SNARL. THEY FIGHT FORWARD AS THEY DISCUSS THE GOINGS-ON AROUND THEM.



DEVCON (7)

How serious is the tactical situation, commander?

SNARL (8)

Our air elements have been unable to make it through the Quintessons' artillery screen. On the ground, we are meeting the Sharkticon hordes with vigor across our entire line...

SNARL (9)

...and they will face heavier opposition now, thanks to you and the Dinobots!

SNARL (10)

There are limited surfaces and gaps across the Quintessons' entire battle perimeter, but their strongpoint is clearly centered on the industrial sector's primary access flues.

SNARL (11)

I have no idea what special interest they have in Cybertron's interior – but we'll need something big to break through those primary air defenses.

LITTLE REPTRON POINTS TO THE SKY.

REPTRON (12)

Uh... Something like that?

PAGE 19

LOOK, UP IN THE SKY! THE WRECKERS SHIP IS FLYING IN LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL.

O/C APELINQ (1)

Frzt... Sir, this is Apelinq, 2nd platoon commander of the 7th Wreckers Squadron. We are inbound with some fed up heavy-hitters on board. Do you require assistance?

CUT BACK TO SNARL AND DEVCON ON THE GROUND. SNARL MONITORS HIS COMM PANEL.



APELINQ CHIMES IN UNEXPECTEDLY – THE WRECKERS HAVE ARRIVED.

DEVCON (2)

Great Cybertron... I knew that clever little monkey wouldn't let us down!

SNARL (3)

This seems like the day for unexpected arrivals, Apelinq! I'll save the courtesy calls for later – I am transmitting coordinates now for the Quintesson's primary battle position.

SNARL TIKATAKS ON HIS CHARIOT'S KEYBOARD.

F/X (SMALL) (4)

Tik-tak-tik

APELINQ (5)

Solid Copy. Do you have any confirmation of Cryotek's current location?

DEVCON AND SNARL LOOK AT EACH OTHER: HUH?

SNARL AND DEVCON (6)

Cryotek?

APELINQ (7)

It's a long story, commander, with no more time to tell it. If you can mark us a lane, we'll fly right to the heart of your problem.

DEVCON (8)

Consider it marked!

O/C SNARL (9)

Wrecker team, this is Snarl. It looks like Devcon's taken a personal interest in marking your lane to the Quintesson position. We'll do our best to meet you on the ground.

DEVCON TRANSFORMS, READY TO GUIDE THE WRECKER'S SHUTTLE STRAIGHT INTO THE QUINTESSON DEFENSES. HE JUMPS AND TURNS, JUMPING IN FRONT OF THE WRECKERS' SHIP



JUST AS IT PASSES OVER HEAD. HE DEFTLY SKIPS AND BANKS PAST THE HEAVIEST QUINTES-
SON ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.

PAGE 20

INTERIOR: THE WRECKERS' SHIP. THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE COCKPIT CANOPY, FLAK
BURSTS GO OFF AROUND THEM.

APELINQ (1)

We're looking forward to it, commander. Wreckers out.

TAP-OUT (2)

I don't think we'll get a better lead-in than that!

SKYWARP (3)

Look Prime – that Devcon character may be able to dodge these airbursts, but our hull's gonna take a beating.
There's no way we can make a stable landing in there.

PRIMAL PRIME (4)

We won't need one!

PRIMAL SLAMS THE HATCH RELEASE.

F/X (5)

SLAM!

F/X (6)

Fssssss!

PRIMAL POPS THE RELEASE ON THE STARBOARD HATCHWAY. THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN, AND
THE WIND WHIPS IN ON THE CREW.

PRIMAL PRIME (7)

Apelinq, Ramulus, Tigatron – you're with me. Rodimus, I want you and the others to link up with Snarl - sup-
port the Maximal ground assault at all costs!



RODIMUS (8)

Are you sure about this, Prime? You don't know what you might be jumping into down there!

PRIMAL PRIME (9)

One of us has to stay behind, Rodimus. If this ship goes down, we're all done for – including the 'bots we have in stasis. I'm leaving it to you.

RODIMUS UNDERSTANDS. HE MAY HAVE NEVER MUCH LIKED COMMAND, BUT HE IS A LEADER THROUGH AND THROUGH.

RODIMUS (10)

Then I guess you're leaving it in good hands. Skywarp, Arcee, Tap-Out – buckle up.

CUT TO: EXTERIOR OF THE SHUTTLE, FROM BELOW THE STARBOARD HATCH. TIGATRON LEAPS OUT, READY TO HEAD FOR THE GROUND IN FLIGHT MODE.

BACK TO THE INTERIOR. RAMULUS IS MORE EXCITED THAN ANYONE.

PRIMAL PRIME (11)

I count on seeing the rest of you 'bots on the deck. Apelinq, Ramulus - Let's wreck and rule!

PRIMAL JUMPS, APELINQ HESITENTLY FOLLOWS. RAMULUS GETS READY TO LEAP WHEN...

AL BADUR (12)

You'll need me along as well, Autobot. A deal is a deal, after all.

RAMULUS (12 Link to 14)

Remind me later to tell you how nice a guy you are, Quint.

RAMULUS (14)

Before I kill you!

RAMULUS GRABS THE QUINTESSON BY HIS TENTACLES (NO, BY HIS TENTACLES – GET YOUR MIND OUT OF THE GUTTER), AND LEAPS OUT THE HATCH, SPRINGING TO THE GROUND LIKE A



MOUNTAIN GOAT FROM BUILDING EDGE TO BUILDING EDGE. AL BADUR SCREAMS ALL THE WAY DOWN.

F/X (Trailing) (15)

Raaaaaaaaaagh!

PAGE 21

THE QUINTESSONS, CRYOTEK, AND CYCLONUS ARE ENTERING THE PERIMETER OF ONE OF THE KEY EXOTHERMAL TRANSFER FLUES - BASICALLY, A LARGE EXHAUST CHASM WITH NO VISIBLE BOTTOM. SPIKEY REGULATOR SPIRES CREEP UP ON THE EDGES. CRYOTEK IS STARTING TO LOOK A LITTLE... FUNKY.

QUINTESSON (1)

I beg your pardon? Explain to us again, free trader – now that we have isolated your access to the planet’s core, what do you hope to accomplish here?

DERODOMONTATUS (2)

Indeed - this world has become nothing more than grazing property for a new crop of consumer products!

CRYOTEK (3)

Perhaps on its exterior, you five-faced imbecile.

CRYOTEK STANDS AT THE EDGE OF A DEEP CHASM, THE CENTRAL EXOTHERMAL TRANSFER FLUE. HIS ARMS ARE OPEN AT HIS SIDES, AS IF TO RECEIVE AN EMBRACE.

CRYOTEK (4)

But regardless of its appearance, Cybertron remains more than meets the eye.

CRYOTEK’S QUICKLY FLOATING OFF THE DEEP END. CYCLONUS BEGINS TO DISTANCE HIMSELF...

CRYOTEK (5)

The true power of this relic lies beneath Cybertron’s world’s fanciful new appearance. The heart of Primus remains miles beneath us – waiting to be wrought into the instrument of my ascension!



CRYOTEK (6)

Even now, my circuits open to embrace the artifact's power!

O/C RAMULUS (7)

Pardon me - Cryotek?

CRYOTEK (8)

Hunh?

RAMULUS LEAPS IN, DROP-KICKING CRYOTEK IN THE HEAD. SIMULTANEOUSLY, HE HURLS AL BADUR AT CYCLONUS' HEAD LIKE A BOLO.

RAMULUS (9)

Shut up!

F/X (10)

Aaaaieeeee!

AL BADUR LANDS SQUARELY IN CYCLONUS' FACE, TENTACLES FLAILING.

F/X (11)

Whump!

PAGE 22

THE WRECKERS JUMP IN. IN THE BACKGROUND, DEVCON GOES FOR CYCLONUS, FREEING AL BADUR FROM IMMEDIATE DANGER.

APELINQ (1)

Not another step, Cryotek! Unless you want it to be your last!



CRYOTEK (2)

Brave words for... Ah, Apelinq! How long has it been? Two vorns?* Three?

BOX (3)

* A vorn is approximately 83 Earth years.

CRYOTEK (4)

...and this must be the much vaunted Primal Prime, as my acolyte has described. I am not at all impressed.

CRYOTEK (5)

The last time we met you were still pursuing grant approval for that silly little device of yours. What was it you called it? Your...

APELINQ DIGITIZES A LARGE HAMMER AND SMASHES CRYOTEK IN THE CHEST WITH IT.

APELINQ (6)

Transfer Interlink?

CRYOTEK IS KNOCKED ON HIS ASS.

F/X (Small) (7)

Ooof!

CROTEK RUBS HIS FIST AGAINST HIS CHIN, AND RISES.

CRYOTEK (8 link to 9)

Clever, that.

CRYOTEK (9 link to 11)

Cyclonus - Destroy the others...

CYCLONUS (10)

With great pleasure, my lord.



CRYOTEK (11)

...This precocious fool is mine.

CRYOTEK SQUARES OFF ON APELINQ AS CYCLONUS RUNS INTERFERENCE.

CRYOTEK (12)

Your abilities do you credit, Apelinq. But they are nothing more than parlor tricks compared to the power I now possess!

CRYOTEK (13)

Now - Fall before the renewed might of Cryotek!

F/X (14)

Frrrrzassssh!

THE “EMPOWERED” CRYOTEK FIRES AT APELINQ, WHILE PRIMAL PRIME JUMPS IN TO “TAKE THE BULLET.”

PRIMAL PRIME (15)

Apelinq! Look out!

PRIMAL IS HIT BY THE PRIMORDIAL BLAST, ITS ENERGY ENVELOPING BOTH HE AND APELINQ.

PAGE 23

PRIMAL AND APELINQ ARE STRANGELY, “MELTILY” FUSED TOGETHER. THEIR FELLOW WRECKERS RECOIL IN TERROR.

CRYOTEK (1)

How convenient. The entertainment value of fruitless heroism, coupled with the satisfaction of having utterly destroyed two Maximals for the price of one.

AL BADUR GOES INTO A WICKED TIZZY. IT’S CLEAR NOW WHY THE OTHER QUINTS, SO CRUELLY SARDONIC, CAST HIM OUT.



AL BADUR (2)

You arrogant fool! By revealing Primus' naked power in this realm, you will merely light a beacon for the entirety of space-time to see - a beacon that will no doubt be descried by Unicron himself!

CRYOTEK SEEMS TO BE MUTATING, SLOWLY. IT WAS SUBTLE AT FIRST, BUT IT IS QUICKLY BECOMING MORE NOTICEABLE.

CRYOTEK (3)

Unicron met his end centuries ago. Your pathetic fear of his shadow does not concern me.

AL BADUR (4)

The chaos bringer's life energies exist on a scale beyond our comprehension! His might will be drawn to us like a moth to a flame!

CRYOTEK IS BECOMING MONSTROUS, LARGER, AND SCARIER, AS HE PRATTLES ON.

CRYOTEK (5)

Shall I fear the coming phantoms of your long-dead "dark god?" Let them come!

CRYOTEK (6)

Too long has the fear of divine sentinels and spectral patriarchs held sway with our kind!

HE'S LOSING IT, BUT EVERYONE'S TERRIFIED AT THIS POINT - EVEN DEVCON AND CYCLONUS PAUSE AT THEIR STRUGGLE, FISTS STILL RAISED.

CRYOTEK (7)

Do any of you still have the power to oppose your creator's hand, as it has become fashioned into my fist!?

A SHADOWY MASS, FORGOTTEN AND CAST ASIDE, BEGINS TO RISE.

O/C SENTINEL MAXIMUS (8)

...You ...mentioned something about a creator's hand, Cryotek?

THE SHADOW STANDS, BACK TO THE FOURTH WALL. ON HIS LEFT SIDE, THE WRECKERS, SHOCKED AS HECK. ON THE RIGHT SIDE, CRYOTEK, SHOCKED AS HELL!



SENTINEL MAXIMUS (9 link to 10)

Or the fist of Primus?

SENTINEL MAXIMUS (10)

Well here we are, tyrant!

PAGE 24

THE GREAT SENTINEL MAXIMUS IS REVEALED! A HUGE “TA-DA” SHOT OF MAXIMUS IN ROBOT MODE, FRAMED BY PANELS OF REACTIONS FROM THE WRECKERS. WRY SMILE ON DEVCON’S PUSS. SHOCK ON TIGATRON. RAMULUS HOLDING A SMASHED QUINTESSON #2 “BY THE SCALP” WITH A SHOCKED, GAPING MOUTH ON HIS GRIMACING FACE, WITH A MATCHING SHOCKED LOOK ON RAMULUS’ FACE, ETC.

SENTINEL MAXIMUS (1) (F/X on bold)

The name is **Sentinel Maximus!**

