

TRANSFORMERS

"Auto-Bop"

(MP#700-51)

(SCRIPT)

Written by:
David Wise
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MARVEL PRODUCTIONS, LTD.

TRANSFORMERS

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(MP#700-51)

CAST LIST

AUTOBOTS:

TRACKS
BLASTER
TELETRAAAN I

DECEPTICONS:

SOUNDWAVE
STARSCREAM
MEGATRON

HUMANS AND OTHERS:

RAOUL (first seen in "Make Tracks" MP#700-42)
ROCKSTEADY
POPLOCK
FURG
DAG

STYLISH MAN
FRILLY WOMAN
SLINKY WOMAN
MADONNA GIRL
FOREMAN
MAN
DOORMAN

"Auto-Bop"
(MP#700-51)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

A line of men and women, all in the height of New Wave fashion, many of whom have outrageous orange and blue and green hair, stand waiting to get into an ultramodern dance club: DANCITRON.

The SOUND of TECHNO DANCE-MUSIC FADES UP, providing a perfect background of electrobeat funk for this scene, as we PAN AWAY to its source: a ghettoblaster being held by one of three kids peering at the club from around a nearby corner. They are: POPLOCK, a blonde white boy, about eighteen, wearing a T-shirt and leather-stitched bluejeans and a pair of black Reebok sneakers; ROCKSTEADY, black, also eighteen, dressed in stylish red leather; and our old friend RAOUL (see "MAKE TRACKS" MP#700-42), the youngest of the three, wearing jeans and a loud print shirt with a denim vest, holding the blaster.

The three stare off at the club in unabashed awe.

POPLOCK

See, man? Everybody wants to get into Dancitron!

ROCKSTEADY

That place's got the best music, the best dance floor --

RAOUL

Who needs it?! Just a bunch of yo-yos all tryin' to out-attitude each other! We got our own music!

Raoul holds up the blaster and leads the others OFF toward the club.

RAOUL (CONT)

So let's get to work!

A SERIES OF IMAGES:

Cut to the beat, music video-style, showing:

RAOUL setting down the blaster on the club's streetcorner...

POPLOCK laying down a huge piece of folded cardboard and spreading it out on the pavement....

ROCKSTEADY removing his red leather jacket...

RAOUL cranking up the decibels on the blaster...

POPLOCK tightening the laces on his sneakers...

ROCKSTEADY placing his jacket by the blaster and turning to Poplock...

WIDE - THE CORNER

THE BEAT CONTINUES relentlessly as Rocksteady nervously eyes the line of people waiting to get into Dancitron.

ROCKSTEADY

That's a hard-to-impress crowd...

POPLOCK

(smiles)

Piece of cake.

ROCKSTEADY

Let's bake it!

And with that they both suddenly spring into the air!

UPSHOT - POPLOCK

Flying through the air (SLO-MO) with his palms held out in front of him.

UPSHOT - ROCKSTEADY

Flying through the air likewise.

ANGLE - THE CARDBOARD

Both drop headfirst INTO SHOT from either direction, landing on their palms -- and freezing, legs in the air, before suddenly backflipping past each other, landing on their feet and crouching to the ground. Supported by their hands, their legs begin flying in every direction like pistons as they begin breakdancing in earnest.

WIDER

A few people from outside the club have already begun to draw closer as Raoul starts hollering:

RAOUL

Yo, check it out! Y'ain't never
seen breakin' like this! The Bop
Crew's the best!

More and more people gather to watch as...

POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

spin on their hands, their backs, their heads, any part of their body that's spinnable.

ANGLE - THE CROWD

Smiling and moving to the beat of the music.

ANGLE - THE KIDS

Hitting the pavement hot and heavy, as before.

ANGLE - STREETCORNER

Suddenly FURG, age twenty, clad in leather, studs and chains, and sporting a bright electric purple mohawk haircut, steps INTO FRAME.

RESUME - THE THREE KIDS

still dancing, oblivious to what's coming up behind them.

ANGLE - FACES IN THE CROWD

Men and woman in the F.G. react in shock as they see --

FURG

approaching. He reaches down as Pop and Rock are in mid-spin, and suddenly whips the cardboard "dancefloor" away, sending the two kids twirling into a tumbled heap!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Poplock and Rocksteady pulls themselves up as Furg towers over them.

FURG

This is Dancitron's corner. Take a hike!

ROCKSTEADY

I'ma break your head for that--!

FURG

The management wants you out!

POPLOCK

Yo! Since when does an overdressed turkey like you work for Dancitron -- ?!

But suddenly both kids' eyes go wide as they see ten more GANG MEMBERS ENTER from behind, dressed similarly to Furg, and they begin backing off.

POPLOCK
Unusual hiring policy this club's
got...!

CLOSE - RAOUL

as Pop and Rock back INTO SHOT, still staring off in fear.

RAOUL
Time to pull a Michael Jackson.

POPLOCK
What...?

RAOUL
Let's beat it!

And as one they tear OFF.

WIDE - THE GANG

They all rush OFF after the kids.

RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY - FOLLOWING

as they run down an alley:

ROCKSTEADY
Where'd those guys come from, man?

RAOUL
Where else? The sewer!

POPLOCK
Yeah? Well, they didn't come from
inside the club!

ANGLE - BEHIND THEM

The gang races IN, gaining on the three.

FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY - A HUGE PILE OF REFUSE

The three race THROUGH.

ANGLE - BY A LARGE SQUARE TRASH BIN

on wheels. The three kids race THROUGH, but Raoul skitters to a stop, then throws himself against the bin and starts pushing it backward.

POPLOCK (O.S.)
Raoul! What're you -- ?!

RAOUL
Slowing 'em down!

FOLLOW as he builds up speed, rolling the bin into the mountain of trash, which starts collapsing...

FOLLOWING POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

still running as Raoul catches up with them and glances over his shoulder.

THE MOUNTAIN OF TRASH

avalanches into a heap as the gang runs IN, showering down on the first flank of them. The ones behind scramble over the rubbish and keep coming.

FOLLOWING THE THREE KIDS

ROCKSTEADY
It ain't stopping 'em!

Raoul holds up the ghettoblaster as he runs.

RAOUL
I wish this was the Blaster! He'd show those turkeys!

POPLOCK
Cool it with that jive! You know the Autobots like I know Prince!

RAOUL
I told you, this dude Tracks is my friend -- !

ROCKSTEADY
Shut up'n run!!

FOLLOWING THE GANG

They're gaining on them once more.

WIDE - ALLEYCORNER

leading out into a street with a downward slope. As the three kids come charging out and around the corner:

POPLOCK
We can't outrun 'em!

LOOKING DOWN THE STREET

and PUSHING IN on another big square trash bin on wheels.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TRASH BIN

The three fly up against it, grabbing onto its rim as it begins rolling down the street, taking them with it!

RESUME - ALLEYCORNER

The gang runs after them. PAN AWAY FAST to the opposite side of the street: The glow of headlights precedes a Corvette Stingray as it noses out from around the corner. Its headlights cut off, and it slowly moves toward CAMERA.

FOLLOWING THE TRASH BIN

as it rolls down the street with the kids hanging onto the back, picking up momentum, going faster and faster.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Two steel doors set in the pavement are swinging open, and a large metal lift is rising up onto the sidewalk!

THE KIDS - FOLLOWING

They see this coming up and react in terror.

POPLOCK, ROCKSTEADY & RAOUL
(AD LIB "Whoaaah!" "Oh no!" etc.)

WIDE - THE LIFT

Now fully emerged. The trash bin barrels INTO SHOT, CRASHING into it, throwing the three kids forward, tumbling head-first into the trash inside the bin!

CLOSER - THE TRASH BIN

The three kids slowly rise up, peering over the top.

RAOUL
We're in it now...!

WIDE - THE GANG

Facing the trash bin. Several members' arms are folded across their chests menacingly. Others carry chains and crowbars, and more than half have ray-pistols drawn.

RESUME - THE KIDS

FOLLOW as they whirl and bounce over the other side of the bin, hitting the pavement at a run -- and immediately screech to a halt! PAN AHEAD to another, larger group of gang members, laser pistols drawn.

RAOUL (O.S.)
This is gettin' ridiculous...!

PULL BACK as Raoul angrily struts toward the toughs.

RAOUL
Listen, turkeys! We got your jive message so don't you even think about wastin' us or I'm gonna get mad!!

But they just draw their pistols and take aim --

RAOUL
(raising his fists)
That does it!!!

-- and suddenly there's an O.S. SOUND OF SQUEALING TIRES!

WIDE - THE SCENE

as the Corvette comes ROARING IN between the two groups of gangmembers -- who open FIRE on it!

CLOSER - THE CORVETTE

As rays SCREAM THROUGH in all directions, a door opens and a ghetto blaster bounces onto the street--TRANSFORMING into BLASTER!

TRACKS (O.S.)
Take 'em, Blaster!

BLASTER
(whipping up his pistol)
Drop your guns and pray, suckers!!

ANGLE - THE TRASH BIN

Poplock and Rocksteady dive into the bin to avoid the wildly ricocheting beams.

ANGLE - THE CORVETTE

It spins in a sharp turn, TRANSFORMING into TRACKS, who opens FIRE with his blaster.

TRACKS

Then let me relieve you of those
laser pistols!

ANGLE - TWO GANG MEMBERS

The beams from Tracks' blaster knock the guns out of their hands.

ANGLE - RAOUL

As rays streak through all around, he jams his hands on his hips and looks at Tracks in anger as he rushes IN.

RAOUL

Yo, Tracks! Back off! I got this
situation in control!

TRACKS

You couldn't control a trained
hamster!

He hoists Raoul up by the scruff of his neck and dumps him into the trash bin.

TRACKS

Now stay put!

He whirls and returns incoming FIRE!

ANGLE - GANGMEMBER

whirling a tire-chain over his head like a bolo. He flings it OFF!

ANGLE - BLASTER

His hand darts up as the chain slings IN and whips around his arm, binding it from wrist to elbow in a flash.

BLASTER

Y'all's seriously outta your
league, brother!

Blaster "flexes" his arm -- and the links of the chain all SNAP and fly off!

ANGLE - TRACKS

A beam ZAPS THROUGH just past his head. He looks and sees --

TRACKS

What the heck...?

CLOSE - THREE GANG MEMBERS

all FIRING...but one of them is a neatly-groomed man in a three-piece charcoal business suit! PUSH IN on him as he grimaces and FIRES wildly!

RESUME - TRACKS

TRACKS

Not your basic gang uniform!

He turns and ducks behind the corner of the trash bin, FIRING as rays blitz THROUGH in all directions.

TRACKS

Blaster! Your electro-scrambler!

CLOSE - BLASTER

whipping out the electro-scrambler gun.

BLASTER

Right on!

He fires it, sweeping it from side to side as its EFX fill the FRAME.

BLASTER

You boys are about to get shut down!

SHOTS - GUNS IN THE GANG MEMBERS' HANDS

CLICKING uselessly from the electro-scrambler EFX.

WIDE - GANG MEMBERS

Turning and running away in all directions.

ANGLE - TRACKS BY THE TRASH BIN

as Raoul pulls himself out.

RAOUL

(still angry)

Yo, man, this ain't even necessary! I had things in control!

TRACKS

If it weren't for me, you'd be fricasseed punk right now!

WIDER

as Blaster and the somewhat shellshocked Poplock and Rocksteady join them.

RAOUL

(to Tracks, angry)

I coulda handled 'em! Why'd you hafta come on like some metal cowboy -- !

TRACKS

Please keep quiet!

(to Blaster)

Blaster, did you notice something weird --

RAOUL

Don't you shut me up! I oughtta french-fry your circuits -- !

He stops and turns to Poplock and Rocksteady.

RAOUL

Poplock, Rocksteady, this here's my --

(glares)

-- friend, Tracks! He's an okay dude, 'cept he thinks he gotta be a hero all the time! And that's Blaster.

ON THE BOYS

The two merely blink in astonishment.

BLASTER (VO)

Yo, home boys. Looks like you got yourselves in a jam somehow.

POPLOCK

We was just breakin' in front of Dancitron -- and these "Road Warrior" rejects tried to bounce us out.

WIDER

TRACKS

That gang came from inside the club?

RAOUL

No!

ON THE BOYS

BLASTER (O.S.)

Then who told 'em to bounce you?

TRACKS (O.S.)

And why?

RAOUL

We don't know!

TRACKS AND BLASTER

TRACKS

And did you notice that there was
a businessman in that crew?

As he speaks:

FLASHBACK - THREE GANG MEMBERS

Including the neatly-groomed man in a three-piece business suit.
PUSH IN as he grimaces and FIRES wildly.

RESUME - TRACKS AND BLASTER

PULL OUT as they face the kids once more.

TRACKS

Listen, we were sent here to
monitor Decepticon activity...

BLASTER

And I say it has something to do
with all this weirdness!

TRACKS

And that nightclub seems to be
the source of it. I say we check
it out.

ON RAOUL AND POPLOCK

RAOUL

If we ever stick our noses near
that joint, we'll get 'em broken!

POPLOCK

Besides, if you ain't decked out
in the latest fashion they won't
even let you inside!

TRACKS AND BLASTER

Blaster RAPS his knuckles on Tracks' metal chest.

BLASTER

How 'bout it, m'man? If anyone's
dressed to excess -- it's us!

FLIP TO:

INT. DANCITRON - MAIN ENTRANCE

As the SOUND OF BLARING FUNK MUSIC pounds our ears, Tracks and Blaster stroll into the club, a melange of chrome, glass brick and neon.

BLASTER

Ain't this the life!

WIDE - THE DANCEFLOOR

Patrons pound the linoleum to the beat of the music.

ANGLE - BAR

Awash with red, blue and amber light from the dancefloor's whirling spotlights, men and women dressed in high-style fashion sit and stand at the bar, which is made of Art Moderne plexiglass. As Tracks and Blaster walk up, PUSH IN on a man wearing a neon-blue suit with flaring, razor-cut lapels, and underneath, a white T-shirt with the word "RELAX" in bold black letters. His eyes follow the two Autobots.

CLOSE - TRACKS

PANNING UP his body to indicate the man's eyes giving him the once-over.

STYLISH MAN (O.S.)

I gotta get me one of those suits!

WIDER - TO INCLUDE BLASTER

TRACKS

Mellow kind of place...

BLASTER

My kinda place!

WIDE - THE DANCEFLOOR

PUSH ON on the enormous monolithic black speaker-stacks which tower over the dancefloor, blasting out music.

BLASTER (O.S.)
Phew! Sly sound system!

RESUME - TRACKS AND BLASTER

PULL OUT as three women (one in a slinky gown, one in Prince-like lingerie with purple frills, and one in mix'n'match gypsywear like Madonna) close in on the pair.

BLASTER
Hey now, pretty mama! What it is!

FRILLY WOMAN
Hi there, tall, dark, and metallic...

SLINKY WOMAN
Wanna dance?

TRACKS
(moving to stop him)
Hey, Blaster --

Blaster pushes him away with his fingertips and starts traipsing backward toward the dancefloor, arm-in-arm with the slinky lady.

BLASTER
Ease off, man. I got the juice!

ANGLE - DANCEFLOOR

Blaster and the slinky lady join the crown and begin getting down to the beat.

RESUME - TRACKS

The girl in Madonna-gear puts a hand on his shoulder.

MADONNA GIRL
How 'bout it, shiny one?

TRACKS
No, thanks!

He turns to go just as the stylish man rushes IN.

STYLISH MAN
Hey, where'd you get those threads? SoHo?

TRACKS
Cybertron!

He shoves his way past him as the man whips out a notepad and scribbles.

STYLISH MAN
"Cybertron..."
(to Tracks O.S.)
Hey! What's the address?!

FLIP TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

POPLOCK
Some friends of yours -- leavin'
us in the lurch!

RAOUL
Chill out -- I'm thinkin'... You
remember a dude named Dag?

POPLOCK
Skinny, built like a pole?

ROCKSTEADY
(flicking his earlobe)
With about half a junkyard hangin'
from his ear?

RAOUL
I saw him -- in that crew what
tried to stomp us! Where's he
hang out these days?

POPLOCK
Benny's pool place, same as ever.

RAOUL
Let's book!

He turns to EXIT and the other two follow.

FLIP TO:

INT. DANCITRON - CORNER OF THE CLUB

Tracks steps IN and stops, looking around.

TRACKS
Jeez, what a madhouse!

PUSH IN as he notices something.

CLOSE - DANCERS

An absolutely gorgeous woman is dancing with -- a garbageman wearing a scruffy cap, uniform, and gloves! PAN TO a man in a slick Italian, GQ-type suit dancing with -- a housewife in curlers and a robe!

RESUME - TRACKS

watching, boggled.

TRACKS

More out-of-place people...!

FLIP TO:

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

in a sleazy neighborhood. DAG steps out onto the street -- a white kid in a black leather vest. His most distinguishing feature is the dozen-or-more "earrings" which dangle from his ears: tiny chains, miniature daggers, skull-and-crossbones, etc.

DAG

I'll check out --
(jabs a finger at the
door)
-- you dudes --
(turns to head off)
-- later!

CLOSER - DAG

as he turns, six hands grab him and thirty fingers curl around his vest as Raoul, Pop and Rock jam him up against a wall. Dag grins as if nothing's wrong.

DAG

Raoul, my man!

RAOUL

You got five seconds to tell me
why you and those creeps tried
to play hockey on our heads
earlier!

DAG

What are you, crazy, or what?

RAOUL

Three seconds!

DAG

What I wanna bust your head for!?
I been shootin' pool all night!

Raoul lets him go in disgust.

RAOUL

Bull! I saw you!

DAG

Raoul! Pop! Rock! I swear it!

The other two let him go.

DAG

I dunno who you saw, but it wasn't
me!

PUSH IN on him as he says emphatically:

DAG (CONT)

It wasn't me!

ANGLE - RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

backing off.

RAOUL

You better be telling the truth!

CLOSE - DAG

watching them leave, his expression becoming utterly blank.
After a moment he turns and faces Furg, who holds up a portable
video transmitter.

FURG

Leader One calling Starscream.
I just saw Raoul and the others.

INSERT - THE VIDEO SCREEN IN HIS HAND

in which we see STARSCREAM's face.

STARSCREAM

That boy is a friend of the
Autobots and a menace to our whole
operation! I'll put him out of
the way!

FLIP TO:

INT. DANCITRON - VIDEO LOUNGE - TRACKS AND BLASTER

A dazzling array of multistacked TV screens exploding with music videos and colorful, eyepopping video-art, all of it pulsing in time with the FUNK MUSIC which carries OVER. A dozen or more patrons sit draped over couches and chairs, watching the screens as if in a daze.

CLOSER - TRACKS AND BLASTER

TRACKS

This is a fun group...

BLASTER

Just typical nightclubbers, man.

PAN AWAY to the lounge entrance and PUSH IN on:

ANGLE - D.J. BOOTH

A glass-walled booth hanging above the dancefloor outside the video lounge. Surrounded by turntables and stacks of amplifiers, glaring out at us from behind the glass, is... STARSCREAM!

STARSCREAM

In spite of all my surveillance
-- two Autobots just waltz into
the joint!

SOUNDWAVE (O.S.)

They must be terminated.

STARSCREAM

Too risky in here. And I've those
kids to deal with first...

He turns and starts punching buttons on the sound system console.

FLIP TO:

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY TRACKS - NIGHT

As a train rolls toward and past us.

POPLOCK (O.S.)

He coulda been lying...

INT. SUBWAY - POPLOCK, ROCKSTEADY AND RAOUL

RAOUL
Let's just hope Tracks and Blaster
found something out.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CABIN

The CONDUCTOR, in a dark blue uniform, is at the controls in the tiny cabin. PUSH IN as a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE is heard -- and his expression changes to a crazed leer.

CLOSE - THE THROTTLE

His hand pulls the throttle all the way back.

EXT. THE TRAIN

It starts going faster.

INT. RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

RAOUL
Yo, is it me or is this bucket
puttin' on speed?

EXT. ELEVATED STATION

The train shoots THROUGH.

RESUME - RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

All three look around in increasing dread.

ROCKSTEADY
This is a local! It shoulda
stopped there!

Raoul throws himself against a window.

EXT. THROUGH THE WINDOW

The buildings across outside whip by faster and faster!

RAOUL (O.S.)
This train is outta control!!

EXT. ELEVATED TRACKS

as the train barrels straight toward us and INTO CAMERA!

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY TRACKS - NIGHT

The runaway train barrels toward and past CAMERA!

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CABIN

The crazed conductor pulls the throttle back so hard it SNAPS off! He raises it over his head and SMASHES it into the control console!

INT. SUBWAY CAR - RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

looking around frantically, hanging onto overhead straps and the central support pole for dear life as the nighttime buildings ROAR past outside.

POPLOCK

The express should be this fast!

ROCKSTEADY

Express, nuts! This train's outta control!!

RAOUL

The emergency brake!

He lunges for the red cord which threads through loops near the roof of the car and yanks it.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CABIN

The crazed conductor is still whacking away at the control console with the broken throttle, having pretty well reduced it to junk.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - RAOUL

Pulling on the emergency brake cord with all his might --but nothing's happening. At last he pulls it so hard it SNAPS in two.

RAOUL

That's just great!

EXT. TRAIN - CLOSE ON THE WHEELS

spinning like crazy. The train JOUNCES and the wheels nearly leave the track!

WIDE - ELEVATED TRACKS

The subway ROARS past us!

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCITRON - NIGHT

looking pretty much as it did when we first saw it. Tracks and Blaster emerge and walk past the ever-present line of people waiting to get in.

BLASTER

I didn't spy anything unusual.

TRACKS

A disco dolly dancing with a garbageman? A guy off the cover of GQ dancing with a housewife? You don't call that unusual?

FURTHER DOWN THE BLOCK

They stroll beneath what looks like a flyover road traversing the middle of the street.

BLASTER

They like to let in weird types, man. Gives the place atmosphere.

PAN UP FAST to the overhead street as the runaway subway suddenly ROARS THROUGH!

TRACKS AND BLASTER

TRACKS

Am I dreaming or was that subway going about 100 miles an hour too fast!?

BLASTER

You ain't dreaming!

PUSH IN on Tracks as he TRANSFORMS into auto mode.

TRACKS (V.O.)

Get in!

Blaster dives inside the Vette as it tears OFF, TIRES SQUEALING!
THE CORVETTE - FOLLOWING

As it sprouts wings and takes to the air.

THE ELEVATED TRACKS - FOLLOWING

as the Vette descends INTO SHOT, lowering onto the tracks. The wings retract and the car's engine ROARS as it drives along the tracks, putting on speed.

WIDE - REAR OF THE TRAIN - FOLLOWING

as the Vette gains on it.

CLOSER - REAR OF THE TRAIN - FOLLOWING

Tracks is now nearly bumper-to-bumper with the train. PUSH IN on the Vette's hood as a small hatch opens and a grappling hook is FIRED out, wrapping around the train's rear coupler.

WIDER - FOLLOWING

as Tracks' door opens and Blaster climbs out -- leaping and grabbing onto the side of the train! He starts shinnying OFF along the side of the train.

CLOSER - THE CORVETTE

It TRANSFORMS back into robot mode. Yanking hard on the grappling-cord, Tracks pulls himself against the train and grabs onto the rear bumper.

ANGLE - TRAIN WHEELS

bouncing along the tracks perilously.

TRACKS (O.S.)
Gotta slow this thing down or it's
gonna jump the tracks!

RESUME - TRACKS AT THE REAR OF THE TRAIN

Hanging onto the bumper, he starts spreading his legs.

DOWNSHOT - THE SPEEDING RAILS

Tracks' feet press against the rails on either side.

WIDER

Sprays of smoke and sparks erupt from Tracks' heels as he jams them against the rails with a SCREECHING OF METAL.

BLASTER - FOLLOWING

as he sidles along the outside of the front car.

CLOSER

He comes to a large metal case between two sets of wheels.

BLASTER

Aha! The engine...

CLOSER - THE ENGINE

Blaster thrusts a leg downward and a BLAST OF SOUND emanates from the speakers on the front of his shin.

STILL CLOSER - THE ENGINE

It wobbles and vibrates with the SOUND -- then EXPLODES!

TRACKS AT THE BACK OF THE TRAIN

still braking the train with his feet. At last the train starts slowing to a stop.

INT. CAR - RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

looking around in relief.

RAOUL

Phew! What happened!?

PAN AHEAD FAST as Tracks and Blaster ENTER through one of the inter-car doors.

BLASTER

You three!

TRACKS

Where's the conductor?

RAOUL (O.S.)

Front car!

They turn and run off.

EXT. ELEVATED TRACKS

The conductor scrambles down a ladder built into one of the support pillars and runs OFF.

INT. CONDUCTOR'S CABIN

Tracks flings the door open and sees the smashed controls.

TRACKS
Sabotaged!

FLIP TO:

EXT. STREET BELOW THE ELEVATED TRACKS - NIGHT

The two Autobots and three kids are out of the train and on the street.

TRACKS
This has something to do with that club! I'd stake my circuits on it!
(to Blaster)
See if Teletraan I can give us any clues.

BLASTER
I'm on it!

TRACKS
And take these two with you.
Raoul, you and I are gonna check that club out again -- thoroughly this time!

He TRANSFORMS into vehicular mode.

ANOTHER ANGLE

POPLOCK
Yo, how come he gets to go out clubbing with the sly car?!

As Raoul struts toward the Vette:

RAOUL
Hey -- some guys got the juice and some ain't!

TRACKS (V.O.)
Cool it and get in!

The Vette ROARS OFF. PAN to Blaster and the still-miffed Pop and Rock.

BLASTER
Come on.

ROCKSTEADY

We don't need no metal babysitter!

BLASTER

In case you two home boys ain't
caught on yet, there is something
weird going on in this city! Now
stick with me!

FLIP TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FOLLOWING TRACKS

as he races along -- and suddenly SCREECHES to a stop!

TRACKS (V.O.)

Hey!

The Vette cuts a sharp U-turn and starts heading back.

CLOSER - THE CORVETTE

as it slows to a stop.

TRACKS (V.O.)

What's that...?

PAN AHEAD to a huge office tower under construction: its lower
half is mirror-glass windows and its upper half is still just
a skeleton of girders -- which shine from the glow of hundreds
of worklamps. We can see the silhouettes of people working on
the girders.

RAOUL (O.S.)

So? Ain't you ever seen a
building being built before?

TRACKS (V.O.)

Raoul -- it's one in the morning!
Nobody works that late!

RAOUL (O.S.)

Let's check it out!

RESUME - THE CORVETTE

Raoul jumps out and it TRANSFORMS back into Tracks.

CLOSER - THE TOWER

at street-level. By a jumble of parked construction trucks
stand a group of workers receiving orders from the FOREMAN.

But among the group are several who are decidedly out-of-place: a well-dressed couple who look like they just stepped out of Dancitron, and the housewife seen earlier at the club. They all hold tools.

PAN AWAY to Tracks and Raoul peering out from around the corner of the building.

TRACKS

This is getting weirder by the second! Everywhere I go I see people who don't fit!

RAOUL

I saw them two high-style dudes waiting to get into Dancitron.

TRACKS

Come on -- we're gonna get to the bottom of this if I have to take that club apart brick by brick!

But as they turn to go --

FOREMAN (O.S.)

Stop them!!

RAOUL

We been sussed!

ANGLE - CONSTRUCTION "WORKERS"

One of the stylish men charges into CAMERA with blood in his eye, brandishing a ROARING jackhammer!

TRACKS AND RAOUL

turn to run -- and a glowing-hot blob of metal WHOOMS past them from the direction they're heading in!

ANGLE - CONSTRUCTION WORKER

FIRING red-hot bolts from a rivet-gun!

FLIP TO:

EXT. SPARKPLUG'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Blaster, Poplock and Rocksteady stand before the entrance.

BLASTER

You two stay here and stay cool.

PUSH IN on the two breakers as Blaster goes inside.

POPLOCK

This is a stone drag, man.

MAN (O.S.)

Hey! You two!

WIDER

to include a man in a sharp black suit, carrying a stack of cards. The pair approaches him.

MAN

Free passes to Dancitron!

ROCKSTEADY

At this time of night?

CLOSE - THE MAN

He grins, strangely.

MAN

It's an all-night party, man.

POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

swiping up passes.

POPLOCK

Now we'll show Raoul and those
metal meatheads that we can take
care of business on our own!

They rush OFF.

FLIP TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The construction worker is FIRING red-hot rivets INTO CAMERA.

TRACKS AND RAOUL

Tracks' arm darts up, deflecting a couple of incoming bolts
which WHOOM off harmlessly. The two rush OFF.

ANGLE - CORNER

They run IN and stop.

TRACKS

That's what I call a rivetting
experience!

RAOUL

(rolls his eyes)

I don't know why I hang out with
you, man...!

ANGLE - CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

running toward us.

RAOUL (O.S.-CONT)

Let's eradicate these dudes!

RESUME - TRACKS AND RAOUL

TRACKS

No way! We've gotta get to
Dancitron!

PULL OUT as he TRANSFORMS into auto mode once more. Raoul jumps
in and he ROARS OFF.

THE CORVETTE - FOLLOWING

Its wings emerge and it lifts into the air!

THE CORVETTE

HOLD as it flies past a building -- and a police helicopter
suddenly shoots out from around the building's side!

TRACKS AND RAOUL - FOLLOWING

RAOUL

What, did we run a red light?

TRACKS AND THE CHOPPER - FOLLOWING

Tracks attempts to outmaneuver the helicopter -- which opens
FIRE with its machine guns!

ANGLE - BUILDING

A news helicopter shoots into view from past the building,
joining the chase.

TRACKS AND RAOUL - FOLLOWING

RAOUL

Maybe they want an interview...

TRACKS - HEADON - FOLLOWING

The two choppers sweep from side to side behind him in hot pursuit!

FLIP TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Poplock and Rocksteady run down the street in the distance. PAN OVER to catch Furg in the immediate F.G., speaking into his transmitter.

FURG

I've spotted two of them. Should I put them out of the way?

TIGHT - THE VIDEOSCREEN

On which we see Starscream's face.

STARSCREAM

No. I have a use for them...

EXT. DANCITRON - NIGHT

A throng still waits to get in -- but the two breakers just stroll right up to the front door, show their passes, and are ushered inside.

INT. DANCITRON

The two ENTER and look around, clearly in hog heaven.

POPLOCK

All ri-i-ight!

WIDE - DANCEFLOOR

packed with people.

ROCKSTEADY

Check out the floor...!

PULL BACK SLIGHTLY as the pair ENTERS in F.G.

POPLOCK

Hey -- remember we're here to find out what's going on!

ROCKSTEADY

Yeah? Well you're lookin' at a
dancin' detective!

CLOSER - DANCEFLOOR

The pair hits the floor and starts getting down.

UPSHOT - COLORED SPOTLIGHTS

flaring on and off in time with the music.

POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

glowing with colors from the lights as they dance.

ANGLE - SPEAKER STACKS

blaring out music. PUSH IN SLOWLY on the stacks as a LOW,
HYPNOTIC PULSING is heard underneath the music's beat.

CLOSE - POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

still dancing, but as the PULSING GROWS LOUDER their eyes begin
to blank out.

UPSHOT - SPOTLIGHTS

flashing faster and faster.

ANGLE - SPEAKERS

The PULSING GROWS LOUDER.

ANGLE - POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

Their eyes are zombie-wide. Suddenly they stop dancing, turn,
and trudge OFF.

FLIP TO:

INT. AUTOBOT N.Y. HEADQUARTERS

Blaster stands before TELETRAAN I's viewscreens.

TELETRAAN I (VO)

Sky Spy reports no unusual
transmissions. But ultrasound
frequencies could be used to
create hypnotic control.

ANGLE - BLASTER

TELETRAAN I (CONT-O.S.)
Suggest you use your sonic
detectors to verify.

BLASTER
I'm on my way back to the club!

He turns and EXITS.

EXT. SPARKPLUG'S GARAGE

Blaster runs out into the night, stops, and looks around.

BLASTER
What happened to the two breakers?
(running off)
That's just aces!

FLIP TO:

EXT. ABOVE STREETLEVEL - NIGHT

Tracks shoots THROUGH, still pursued by the choppers.

TRACKS - FOLLOWING

TRACKS (V.O.)
Time to shake these birds!

He abruptly veers down OUT OF SHOT.

DOWNSHOT - STREET

Tracks plunges downward with the two 'copters right on his tail.

DOWNSHOT - BUILDING

Tracks hits the street hard and roars OFF into the tunnel, TIRES
SQUEALING. The two pursuing choppers veer off to either side
to avoid hitting the tunnel entrance.

TUNNEL OUTLET

FOLLOWING Tracks as he comes ROARING out.

TRACKS (V.O.)
That oughtta ditch 'em!

He SKIDS to a stop directly in front of CAMERA.

TRACKS (V.O.)

And here we are!

REVERSE - DANCITRON

with Tracks parked in F.G. Raoul jumps out, and Tracks TRANSFORMS back to robot mode.

TRACKS AND RAOUL

TRACKS

You wait here.

RAOUL

No way! I'm comin' with you!

CLOSE - TRACKS

TRACKS

Listen, Raoul -- I don't know what it is, but something about that club's dangerous!

ANGLE - RAOUL

RAOUL

Okay, man...

CLOSER - DANCITRON ENTRANCE

Tracks barges his way up to the front door and a DOORMAN tries to stop him from entering.

DOORMAN

Hey! You can't -- !

TRACKS

Back off, creep!

He pushes his way inside.

INT. DANCITRON

FOLLOWING Tracks as he enters the club -- and comes face to face with Poplock and Rocksteady, who now seem perfectly normal.

TRACKS

What are you two doing here?!

POPLOCK

We found somethin', man!

ROCKSTEADY

Come on!

They lead him OFF.

ANGLE - STAIRS

The two lead him up toward the D.J. booth.

POPLOCK

This way.

CLOSE - D.J. BOOTH DOOR

as the three ENTER.

ROCKSTEADY

Right -- here!

He throws the door open. PUSH IN FAST on Starscream!

TRACKS (O.S.)

You!

Starscream whips up his blaster and FIRES INTO CAMERA!

ANGLE - TRACKS

As the ray streaks through he returns FIRE, then turns and bolts down the stairs.

INT. D.J. BOOTH

Starscream grabs a mike on a flexible metal stalk.

STARSCREAM

(reverbed)

There's no escape, Tracks...!

TRACKS - FOLLOWING

as he runs past the bar, PAN AND PUSH IN on the speaker stacks, from which comes (OVER the music):

STARSCREAM (CONT-O.S.)

(reverbed)

You'll never get out of this club
alive!

INT. D.J. BOOTH - ON STARSCREAM

SOUNDWAVE (O.S.)

Ready for ultrasound transmission.

PUSH IN and FOLLOW Starscream's hand as it reaches downward and stabs a button on the sound system controls.

RESUME - SPEAKER STACKS

A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE of ultrasound is heard -- the same as when the subway conductor went crazy.

ANGLE - DANCEFLOOR

The dancers all freeze, then turn toward us like zombies.

ANGLE - TRACKS

TRACKS

Uh-oh...!

PULL OUT as the nightclubbers start closing in on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Blaster runs down the empty street toward us -- and three white garbage trucks suddenly RUMBLE out from around a corner and start rolling toward us.

WIDE - BLASTER - FROM BEHIND

BLASTER

Uh-oh...!

He stops, turns, runs up to CAMERA -- and stops again.

WHAT HE SEES

Another three garbage trucks are heading toward us from the other direction!

CUT TO:

INT. DANCITRON - BY THE BAR

The nightclub zombies lunge at Tracks, who leaps onto the bar counter and runs OFF to escape them.

HIGH CATWALK

above the dancefloor. Track clambers up onto it and starts running -- and then stops. PAN AHEAD to a group of nightclub zombies approaching along the catwalk.

TRACKS

turns to head in the other direction -- and sees another group cutting off his escape!

TRACKS (O.S.)

Nowhere to run!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - HIGH DOWNSHOT

The two sets of garbage trucks close in on Blaster from either direction!

BLASTER

Nowhere to run!

CUT TO:

INT. DANCITRON - CATWALK

The two groups of nightclub zombies rush Tracks from either side -- and push him over the side of the catwalk!

DOWNSHOT - SPEAKER STACKS

Tracks plummets IN and CRASHES into the speakers, which tumble down onto him, burying him!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THREE OF THE APPROACHING GARBAGE TRUCKS

heading toward us. PAN OVER to catch Blaster in F.G.

BLASTER

Looks like I'm gonna get trashed
-- for real!

PAN AHEAD to the other trucks as they rumble INTO CAMERA!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DOWNSHOT - BLASTER

The approaching garbage trucks are now only a few feet away from him on either side.

CLOSER - BLASTER

BLASTER
Time to get down!

He TRANSFORMS into radio mode and starts BLASTING OUT DEEP RUMBLING BASS SOUNDS.

DOWNSHOT - THE BLASTER

The street starts vibrating from the BASS SOUNDS and a crack starts to form in the asphalt, turning into a deep fissure!

WIDER

The blaster drops OFF into the fissure as the trucks PLOW IN and COLLIDE with each other!

WIDER - THE TRUCKS

The DRIVERS -- not all of them are actually garbagemen, some are punks from the gang seen earlier -- emerge and look around, enraged.

OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

Blaster, back in robot mode, climbs out of the fissure and looks off at the wreckage. PUSH IN on one of the garbagemen.

BLASTER (O.S.)
I saw him at the club! They must
be hypnotizing people somehow!

ANGLE - BLASTER

He turns and runs OFF.

FLIP TO:

INT. DANCITRON VIDEO LOUNGE

Now empty, but with its screens still ablaze with color and light as Starscream ENTERS and presses a button by one of the screens.

CLOSER - THE STACKS OF SCREENS

Suddenly all the psychedilia is replaced by images of surveillance views of the city and streets, maps, frequency readouts -- and, in the center, the face of MEGATRON!

MEGATRON

You have good news, I trust.

ANGLE - STARSCREAM

STARSCREAM

Not only is the construction proceeding on schedule, but I have the Autobot Tracks prisoner.

CLOSE - MEGATRON'S FACE ON THE SCREEN

STARSCREAM (O.S.)

He will soon be no more...

CUT TO:

EXT. DANCITRON - NIGHT

Raoul peers out from around a corner as Blaster runs up.

BLASTER

Where's Tracks?!

RAOUL

(worried)

He went in, but he ain't come out!

BLASTER

(about to head off)

Wait here!

Raoul grabs his arm.

RAOUL

Yo, man! That dude's my friend!

CLOSE - BLASTER

BLASTER

Lissen, young blood! Something
in the club's hypnotizin' people!
You can't go in!

He turns and exits.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

The crowd of people is now gone. Blaster runs up and pushes inside.

RESUME - RAOUL

RAOUL

Phoo on this jive! My main
machine's in trouble!

He darts toward the front of the club.

INT. DANCITRON - ON BLASTER

The music and lights are blaring out, and the patrons are dancing again. (NOTE: We should have some really good heavyduty funk music going here, because it's going to continue for about the next five minutes! The upcoming ten pages should be treated like the ultimate cartoon music video.)

PUSH IN on Blaster as a panel flips up on the front of his chest, revealing lighted-diode V.U. meters.

BLASTER

The ultrasound's coming from --
(looks up)
-- that way!

He heads OFF. PAN OVER to the entrance as Raoul barges in and stomps over to the bar.

CLOSER

He grabs two cocktail napkins, balls them up, and stuffs them in his ears. PULL OUT as Poplock and Rocksteady approach him from either side.

RAOUL

Yo! You dudes seen Tracks?

POPLOCK

Yeah! This way!

THE THREE - FOLLOWING

RAOUL
How'd you dudes...
(slowing)
--get in here...anyway...

PUSH IN on his worried features as we hear:

BLASTER (V.O.)
Lissen, young blood! Something
in the club's hypnotizin' people!

PAN OVER to Pop and Rock, with evil grins on their faces!

WIDER

Raoul bolts for it! The two chase him.

CLOSE - DANCEFLOOR

FOLLOWING Raoul as he darts among the oblivious dancers. HOLD
as Pop and Rock GAIN THROUGH.

ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF THE DANCEFLOOR

Raoul runs up INTO CAMERA and comes to a skidding stop, looking
upward in horror.

RAOUL
Tracks...!

REVERSE - THE SPEAKER STACKS

PANNING SLOWLY UPWARD until we see Tracks, bound spreadeagled
against the huge horns and woofers --jouncing in pain to every
beat of the music!

WIDER

Raoul starts scrambling up the speaker stacks to free him.

CLOSER - TRACKS

Shaking and wrenching in time to the music. He looks like hell.

TRACKS
(weak, in pain)
Raoul...the music...shaking me
apart...!

RAOUL (O.S.)
I'm comin', man!

ANGLE - DANCERS

There is another HIGH-PITCHED WHINE OF ULTRASOUND and, as one, they stop, turn, and head toward us!

UPSHOT - RAOUL ON THE SPEAKERS

as dozens of hands suddenly reach in, clawing at him!

INT. D.J. BOOTH - ANGLE ON THE DOOR

as it's thrown open and Blaster ENTERS.

SOUNDWAVE (V.O.)

You are expected!

PAN DOWN to a cassette-player set into the array of amps and controls: SOUNDWAVE in trans-form!

BLASTER (O.S.)

Soundwave! You're the one who's been putting out the ultrasound!

SOUNDWAVE (V.O.)

Correct! My accomplice is behind you!

CLOSER - BLASTER

He whirls as a white-hot ray SCREAMS IN past his head! PAN AHEAD FAST to Starscream, standing outside the doorway.

WIDER

Blaster lunges at him and they both go tumbling down the stairs!

BASE OF THE SPEAKER STACKS - CLOSE - RAOUL

pulled down by the dozens of hands. He looks up as...

POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

tower over him reaching down. FOLLOW their hands as they grab him and wrench the paper out of his ears.

RAOUL

No, man!!

PUSH IN on Raoul's face as the DEEP HYPNOTIC THROBBING FADES UP. His hands fly up to his ears, but Pop and Rock grab his wrists.

EXTREME TIGHT ON RAOUL'S EYES

becoming wider, blanker. The THROBBING is about all we hear now.

WIDER

Pop and Rock let him go and he staggers away. They start after him, grabbing him by the shoulders -- but he wrenches away.

ANGLE - A BUCKET OF WATER

sitting near a wall by a mop. Raoul staggers IN, falls to his knees, and ducks his head into the bucket filled with water. With a quick sigh of relief, he pick up the bucket, and flings its contents INTO CAMERA!

ANGLE - POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

as the water hits them. PUSH IN FAST as they shake their heads and sputter, coming to their senses.

ROCKSTEADY

(sputtering)

Hey, man -- what happened!?

ANGLE - RAOUL

RAOUL

Water -- it breaks the hypnotic spell!

He suddenly flings a bunch of cocktail napkins INTO CAMERA and darts OFF:

RAOUL

Stuff those in your ears, and save Tracks!

ANGLE - POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

wadding napkins into their ears before rushing OFF.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Raoul rushes IN and bounds upward, grabbing onto and overhead pipe and swinging up onto it. PUSH IN as he cranks a valve on the pipe.

UPSHOT - SPRINKLERS

They begin spraying out water.

WIDE - DANCEFLOOR

As water showers down on all the patrons.

SHOTS - PATRONS' FACES

as the water pours down on them and they look around in shock and surprise.

POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY - ON THE SPEAKER STACKS

POPLOCK

All right!

They clamber up toward Tracks and start untying him.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CLUB

Blaster and Starscream are locked in hand-to-hand combat as Starscream looks up in rage at the showering water.

STARSCREAM

What -- !!

He breaks away from Blaster and flies OFF.

BY THE SPEAKERS - TRACKS, RAOUL, POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY

The kids are helping him to his feet.

TRACKS

That's a relief!

Suddenly his eyes widen and he whips up his blaster, FIRING INTO CAMERA!

ANGLE - STARSCREAM

whirling and running. FOLLOW as he dives, CRASHING through a glass-brick window to the street outside.

ANGLE - TRACKS AND THE KIDS

as he TRANSFORMS into vehicular mode.

TRACKS (V.O.)

Get in!

He ROARS toward us.

WIDE - THE CLUB

The few remaining patrons run SCREAMING in all directions as Tracks ROARS THROUGH across the dancefloor.

TIGHT - NOSE OF THE CORVETTE

A beam FIRES from the front of the car.

WIDE - A WALL

The beam BLASTS a hole in the wall and Tracks ROARS THROUGH out onto the street and OFF!

INT. D.J. BOOTH

The cassette player tips forward -- and TRANSFORMS into Soundwave, who flies OFF.

ANGLE - BLASTER

PULL OUT as Soundwave flies IN.

WIDE - THE CLUB

Now empty except for the two Transformers.

BLASTER

I been waitin' a long time for
this, you poor excuse for a
sound-system!

CLOSE - SOUNDWAVE

SOUNDWAVE

All talk -- no shock!

His front panel flips open and three cassettes fly out!

THE CASSETTES - FOLLOWING

They CHANGE in midair into RUMBLE, RAVAGE and LASERBEAK.

ANGLE - BLASTER

BLASTER

Two can play that jive game!

His front panel flips open and three cassettes fly out! FOLLOW as they TRANSFORM into three robots: a LION, a TIGER and a SCORPION. (NOTE: These characters, without names, are Transformers products.)

ANGLE - DANCEFLOOR

The six cassette-robots hit the floor and start fighting. The Lion takes on Ravage, while the Scorpion lashes its tail at Laserbeak overhead, and Rumble FIRES his blaster at the Tiger.

RESUME - BLASTER

BLASTER (CONT)

But when it comes to sounds,
you're just a cheap transistor
radio compared to the Blaster Man!

He raises a leg, and the speakers on the front of it BLAST OUT
with EXPLOSIVE SOUNDS!

ANGLE - SOUNDWAVE

Buffetted backward by the sound, he CRASHES into the stairway
behind him -- then stands and BLASTS forth SOUND from his own
speakers.

ANGLE - BLASTER

reeling backward from Soundwave's sonic onslaught.

FLIP TO:

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

FOLLOWING Tracks as he flies.

RAOUL (O.S.)

You're losin' him, man!

CLOSER - TRACKS - FOLLOWING

TRACKS (V.O.)

So what?! He'll meet Soundwave
at that building.

RAOUL

What make you so sure about that!?

TRACKS

Because they need Soundwave's
hypnotic noise so the construction
people will finish building it!

INT. TRACKS

RAOUL

What's the big deal about that
building?

PAN AHEAD to the empty driver's seat as Tracks speaks:

TRACKS (V.O.)
Offhand, I'd say it's gonna be
the new Decepticon headquarters!

RAOUL
(alarmed)
We gotta stop 'em!

EXT. NIGHT SKY

as Tracks peels upward toward the clouds.

TRACKS (V.O.)
I know!

RAOUL (O.S.)
So how come we're headin' up?!

CLOSER - TRACKS' UNDERBELLY

as a small hatch opens.

TRACKS (V.O.)
Cloud-seeding!

POPLOCK (O.S.)
Yo, the dude's gone crazy!

WIDER

Tracks soars away from us as a glittering spray of silver nitrate showers forth from underneath his chassis.

TRACKS (V.O.)
Yeah! Like a fox!

WIDE - CLOUDS

They begin churning, darkening, RUMBLING with thunder.

WIDE - THE CONSTRUCTION SITE

It begins to rain.

CLOSER - CONSTRUCTION "WORKERS"

As the water showers down on them, they all come to their senses, looking around in surprise. The housewife in curlers throws down the wrench she's holding.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCITRON

Soundwave whirls and faces CAMERA, letting forth a burst of SOUND which RATTLES THE SCENE!

ANGLE - BLASTER

The force of the sound throws him to the floor.

ANGLE - SOUNDWAVE

He strides forward, letting loose another BLAST OF SOUND!

WIDE - BLASTER

The SOUND shakes the air and sends him flying into the speaker stacks, which collapse down on top of him! PAN AWAY to Soundwave, who LAUGHS nastily.

SOUNDWAVE
(NASTY LAUGH!)

CLOSER - BLASTER

pulling himself up with great difficulty from the jumbled pile of speakers.

BLASTER
(groggy)
I need some extra punch to deal
with this turkey...!

CLOSE - A SPEAKER HORN

He DRIVES his fist into the back of the horn.

BLASTER (CONT-O.S.)
And here's the punch I need!

ANOTHER HORN

He PLOWS his other fist into its back.

DYNAMIC ANGLE - BLASTER

as he stands, a speaker-horn on the end of each arm.

BLASTER
Say your prayers, sucker!

An EXPLOSIVE BLAST OF SOUND erupts from the horns!

WIDE - SOUNDWAVE

The wall of sound hits him and he goes tumbling backward, end over end!

UPSHOT - LIGHTING SYSTEM

The SOUND CONTINUES, causing spotlights and neon tubes to EXPLODE as cracks begin appearing in the ceiling.

WIDE - THE CLUB

The whole club starts shaking, and amidst the flying glass and chrome, the walls start cracking and falling down, filling the SCENE with dust!

WIDER - BLASTER AND SOUNDWAVE

in the open night air, facing each other in the middle of the huge pile of rubble that used to be Dancitron.

BLASTER

I'd say your nightclub just went
out of style!

Soundwave's three cassette-robots TRANSFORM and fly back into his chest compartment, and he takes to the air, flying OFF.

FLIP TO:

EXT. THE HALF-CONSTRUCTED TOWER - NIGHT

PUSHING IN on upper levels of its mirror-glass wall.

TRACKS (V.O.)

I'd've sworn Starscream would come
back here...

INT. THE BUILDING

Although the windows on the outside are in place, no construction has been done inside -- just the floors and support-girders. PAN as Tracks, still in vehicular mode with his wings still out, rolls slowly across the vast floor, through murky darkness illuminated only by a few hanging worklamps.

RAOUL

This place is seriously deserted!

TRACKS (V.O.)

He must be here...!

WIDE - AN EMPTY ELEVATOR SHAFT

Tracks glides IN and floats up the shaft.

TRACKS (V.O.)
Let's check up top...

EXT. MIDWAY UP THE BUILDING

where the completed, windowed portion ends and the skeletal girders begin. Tracks glides up INTO SHOT from the elevator shaft and peels around.

TRACKS (V.O.)
No sign of him here, either...

SIDE OF THE BUILDING - HEAD ON

Tracks drifts downward, his reflection shimmer against the mirror-glass windows. HOLD as he leaves SHOT -- and suddenly a huge section of the mirror-glass EXPLODES outward and Starscream comes ROARING OUT!

TRACKS - FOLLOWING

nosing upward and putting on speed as Starscream climbs toward him.

TRACKS (V.O.)
See?! I knew he was here!

UPSHOT - THE GIRDERS

as Tracks flies up toward the skeletal upper floors of the tower.

TRACKS (CONT-V.O.)
He's bigger'n me...

He shoots into the grid of girders.

TRACKS (CONT-V.O.)
--but is he more agile?

TRACKS - AMIDST THE GIRDERS - FOLLOWING

He deftly pops up and down, switching levels on the grid, and veers from side to side between the vertical girders.

INT. TRACKS - POPLOCK AND ROCKSTEADY IN THE BACKSEAT

being bounced from side to side and up and down.

ROCKSTEADY

Y-e-e-ow!!

POPLOCK

Hey, man! I ain't in the mood
for no joyride!

STARSCREAM - FOLLOWING

as he rushes past girders.

STARSCREAM (V.O.)

I can cat-and-mouse as long as
you can, Autobot!

ANGLE - TWO VERTICAL GIRDERS

only eight feet apart. Tracks shoots through them with no
problem --

TRACKS (V.O.)

Is that so?

-- but when Starscream shoots THROUGH, he must bank a full 90
degrees in order to avoid hitting them with his wings.

TRACKS - FOLLOWING

TRACKS (V.O.)

Not bad.

(slyly)

Let's see if he can do it again!

WIDER - TWO MORE VERTICAL GIRDERS

Tracks shoots THROUGH once more -- but when Starscream flies IN,
he fails to bank fast enough and clips his left wing against
one of the girders, causing him to go flipping OUT OF SHOT!

WIDE - STARSCREAM

flipping through the air alongside the building, TRANSFORMING
back to robot mode, and flying off, clutching his left arm!

FLIP TO:

TRACKS AND THE KIDS - AT THE BASE OF THE TOWER - NIGHT

as Blaster ENTERS, hands behind his back.

TRACKS

Blaster! Ready to do some
demolition?

ANGLE - BLASTER

BLASTER

I been demolishin' all night...

He holds out his arms, which still have the speaker-horns attached to their ends.

BLASTER (CONT)

And I got the right tools for the job!

He BLASTS FORTH SOUND from the speaker horns!

WIDE - THE TOWER

vibrating from the impact of the sound.

ANGLE - TRACKS

aiming his blaster, he FIRES at:

THE FAR CORNER AT THE BASE OF THE BUILDING

which EXPLODES, causing it to begin buckling.

ANGLE - BLASTER

still POURING OUT SOUND.

WIDE - THE BUILDING

As Tracks FIRES another shot at the opposite corner, the glass begins SHATTERING and falling away -- and suddenly the whole structure drops like a stone, CRASHING into a well-contained pile of rubble!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPARKPLUG'S GARAGE - MORNING

Tracks and Blaster face Raoul, Poplock and Rocksteady.

RAOUL

Running off again, huh? You only come around when you need my help!

TRACKS

Seriously, Raoul -- you guys saved my life. If there's ever anything we can do...

POPLOCK
As a matter of fact...

ROCKSTEADY
--Yeah!

Tracks and Blaster exchange a look.

BLASTER
Uh-oh...

CLOSE - RAOUL

RAOUL
I mean, here we are, riskin' our
tails to help you dudes in the
fight against the forces of evil
--

PULL OUT to include Pop and Rock.

POPLOCK
And now we ain't got no means of
livelihood!

TRACKS (O.S.)
What do you mean?

ROCKSTEADY
I mean our blaster, man! We lost
it in all this craziness!

ANGLE - BLASTER

BLASTER
(reluctantly)
Oh, no...! Oh, no!

RAOUL (O.S.)
Oh, yes!

FLIP TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

On the cue of a BLAST OF FUNK MUSIC, Poplock and Rocksteady sail past each other in midair, throwing themselves into the dance routine they did at the outset of the episode. PAN TO Raoul, hawking:

RAOUL
Yo, check it on out -- the Bop
Crew is back in business!

PAN OVER to Tracks, who picks up a paper plate and starts counting the coins in it.

TRACKS

Cheer up, Blaster! At this rate they'll have earned enough to buy a new blaster in, oh, just two or three days!

PAN DOWN to the source of the music: Blaster in trans-form.

BLASTER (V.O.)

I don't know'f I can hold out that long!

CLOSE - TRACKS

PULLING OUT to take in the entire scene as he stands.

TRACKS

Hey, relax. Some people got the juice, and some don't!

Raoul slaps a hand on Tracks' shoulder as Pop and Rock spin on their heads in the background.

RAOUL

An' we got the juice!

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE