

Beast Machines: Episode 39, part 2...which is, I suppose, episode 40.

Written by Brian Keith Kilby--didn't know that my middle name was "Keith" didja? Well...I forget sometimes too.

Announcer: Last time on Beast Machines! The Maximals were chased and Cheetor was something and again with the running...ah, Hell. Does it even matter?

<Images of Destruction litter the screen and Megatron's face is superimposed over those images. Megatron's smiling face grows more ecstatic as the death and destruction escalates>

Megatron: I am pi and theta, the math student's best friend.

<Megatron's grin grows wider>

Megatron: I am that which rocks, that which rolls and that which never should have been!

<Megatron's eyes light up behind the grill structure upon his face>

Megatron: And you will know that I am poorly-mischaracterized when I donate several million dollars to the Salvation Army! Yesssssss.

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: You read the Covenant of Primus, again?

Megatron: Not yet, but I bought the Cliff Notes.

<An Alarm is heard in the background.>

Megatron: Eh, what was that? Oh yes, my wings. Spherical-droid thing, come here.

Spherical-droid thing: Yes, Megatron?

Megatron: Spherical droid thing...wait, what was your name again?

Spherical-droid thing: Megatron, my name is--.

Megatron: It doesn't MATTER what your name is!

Spherical-droid thing: You know, that's really getting old.

Megatron: Heh, heh, nooooo.

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: Megatron...you really need a hobby. Now that you have all of the sparks on the planet, excluding the rogue Maximals of course, you've really gotten out of shape. If you watch any more television, you will turn into a Junkion!

Megatron: Don't you ever compare me to a Junkion! Theirs are the sparks too filthy for me to liberate. I have them, body and all, locked away in detention center fourteen.

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: But don't you worry about them getting loose? The Junkions would surely make powerful allies of the Maximals.

Megatron: The Junkions free? Ha! That isn't scheduled until episode 54, cretin.

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: But...

Megatron: But nothing, lest I put you in Scorponok's city banks!

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: <shivers> I'd rather lick Rhinox's oil pan than again play billiards with Lord Zarak.

Megatron: Yessss...me too. I've heard quite enough of his grandiose affection for late 20th Century Julia Roberts movies. However, I do rather enjoy his theory on how to confront Karl Marx's supposition that the proletariat would rebel against the bourgeoisie.

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: Mass executions?

Megatron: <grins> Yesssss...and "Richard Simmons' Dream Maker."

Announcer: What other evil schemes could Megatron be percolating inside his head? Maybe the Maximals know....

Optimus Primal: Does anybody have a clue as to what Megatron is planning?

Cheetor: No Bigbot, we thought that you might know.

Optimus Primal: How would I know? I've been dead for the last ten episodes! I've been stuck in the Matrix, which I now know to be God.

Cheetor: Maybe Nightscream knows...he's our best operative. <Cheetor yells>  
Hey Nightscream!

<Cheetor pauses>

Cheetor: Oh yeah, I forgot, we put him in the brig...cause he's ugly as sin.

<Nightscream enters>

Nightscream: Hey Optimus, you're back!

Optimus Primal: I have something to say and I'm going to be frank.... You're ugly, you know that, boy?

Nightscream: What was that Optimus?

Optimus Primal: Nightwing...you're about the ugliest thing that I've ever seen.

Nightscream: Optimus...my name is Nightscream.

Optimus Primal: Nightwing...if you don't shut up and let me talk, I'll put you back in brig!

Nightscream: You mean the shoe box?

Optimus Primal: Yeah...whatever. Cheetor, this ugly piece of guano is supposed to know what Megatron is planning? He's too ugly to be useful. Where did you find him anyway?

Cheetor: Uh, Optimus...WE found him, remember?

Optimus Primal: Oh, yes...the early episodes...I try to put those behind me.

Nightscream: I may be ugly...but I realize something that you two guys have overlooked!

Optimus Primal: What's that? It's sure as Hell not your face...we can't help but look at that!

<Nightwing's words a fade away as Optimus Prime enters a vision.>

Nightscream: It's that w- ha--v--'t en -e--cons a-l -pi-od-!

< The scene is that of a blue, icy, woman's foot. Her toes are arguing amongst themselves, the symbolism is brilliant and understated >

Toe 1: Shaddup! You're givin' me a headache!

Toe 2: Spork, spork, spork, spork, spork, spork, spork....

Toe 3: Skir knows best, Skir knows best, Skir knows best, Skir knows best....

Toe 4: You shaddup, you big-nasty thing!

Toe 5: Curse you Megatron, I'm Rhinox...he's not Tankorr...it's meeeee!

Toe 6: Polydactylism is perfectly normal...polydactylism is perfectly normal...!

Toe 2: Krops, krops, krops, krops, krops, krops, krops....

Optimus Primal: What? Where am I? Oh, another vision! The symbolism is so brilliantly executed! The toes are a symbol of us; we are all parts of a whole, yet we argue amongst ourselves. Our arguing brings cold...it brings death! And the extra toe is obviously our misunderstanding of the ways of the universe! I know now! I know! Thank you Oracle! Thank you!

<Optimus re-enters the real world>

Optimus Primal: I know now...I know! I know why we're here!

Nightscream: Optimus....

Optimus Primal: Shut up, ugly...I know why we're here.... It's not to bring back Cybertron's organic past...I don't know where that came from...bad beans, probably.

Cheetor: Optimus....

Optimus Primal: Shut up, I'm talking! \*Ahem\* We're here to bring back G1! Nobody likes animals...at least most people don't...cars are much better! Cars would sell much better...if there was a toy line based on our exploits, I mean. I am no longer Optimus Primal...call me Optimus Prime!

Laser Rod Optimus Prime: But I'm Optimus Prime....

Optimus Primal...er, Optimus Prime: No you're not...you're G2...most people don't even know you exist! I'm Optimus Prime...end of story!

Laser Rod Optimus Prime: But....

Optimus Prime: You can be Optimus Minor! How does that feel? Living in someone else's shadow? Doesn't feel good does it? Well get used to it Optimus Minor!

Cheetor: Hold on....Stop it! Cut, cut.... I said, cut off the damned cameras! Who in the Hell wrote this? Optimus Primal would never say that! This whole script is stupid...everyone is out of character!

<the lights dim>

Optimus Prime: I agree, Cheetor. I'm kind, decent and non-megalomaniacal.

Cheetor: How can you people produce garbage like this?

<The producer walks in>

The producer: All will be revealed.....

Cheetor: Shut up Fipke! I demand an answer!

The producer: You want an answer? Okay...here's your answer: We're here to sell toys... and to get ratings....not to make Masterpiece Theater. You say your Damn lines or it's your ass!

Cheetor: Well...since you put it that way.

<Cheetor coughs>

Cheetor: Optimus...listen to me: Look behind you...it's the Vehicons!

Optimus Prime: What?

<Optimus turns around and sees Tankorr/Rhinox>

Optimus Prime: Holy S---!

<An alarm goes off>

Tankorr/Rhinox: Hear it not, Primal, for it is a knell....that summons thee to Heaven or to Hell!

Optimus Prime: I would expect a little more than Shakespeare from a 'con of your intellect, Tankorr/Rhinox! Oh...and it's Optimus Prime now!

Tankorr/Rhinox: Different name, same poor leadership!

Optimus Prime: You know...that hurts, can't we discuss this, like Gentlebots?

Tankorr/Rhinox: No.....

Optimus Prime: Okay then. Maximals...er, Autobots, retreat!

Announcer: And the running ensues...didn't think it was comin' didja? Well, the Beast Machines stories are always full of surprises! Not to mention top notch action and incredibly deep story-telling! The Autobots are chased by the Vehicons (or is it Decepticons now?) until they reach the Villainous Megatron's headquarters.

Cheetor: Megatron is planning something but he wasn't ready. I'm sure that he's ready by now!

Optimus Prime: Great idea, Cheetor! Now, if I only knew how to get in!

Cheetor: You walk through the door.

Optimus Prime: Great idea, Cheetor!

<The Autobots enter Megatron's base and they spot Transmetal-14 Dinobot>

Optimus Prime: Dinobot! I didn't see you in the Matrix! You're alive aren't you?

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: No...I'm just standing here for the ambiance. Of course I'm alive, Primal!

Optimus Prime: It's Prime now.

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: Different name, same poor leadership.

Optimus Prime: Why does everybody keep saying that?

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: Shhh...be very quiet, Megatron is taking a nap...if you leave now, I won't tell him that you dropped by...I owe you that much for feeding me all that time.

Optimus Prime: B-but you're coming with us!

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: No! This is my home, I am a Predacon! I am a Vehicon!  
I am Megatron's girl friend!

Optimus Prime:...

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: Uh...Megatron rebuilt me as a female, this time. Get used to it, okay...God knows that I had to.

Cheetor: Wow...no wonder you spin my hard disk when I look at you!

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: I am not opposed to killing you.

<An especially surprising alarm goes off!>

Optimus Prime: No...that could only mean one thing!

<A voice is heard in the darkness>

Voice: Yesssssssss....

Optimus Prime: Megatron!

Megatron: So you finally figured it out, huh?

Optimus Prime: Uh...yes...I did figure it out. I'm a figurin' out machine...yep, that's me.

<Optimus turns to Cheetor>

Optimus Prime: <whispering to Cheetor> What does he have planned?

<Cheetor shrugs his shoulders in ignorance of the question.>

<Megatron appears from the shadows>

Megatron: Well, it will do you no good! The timetable has been set for the past month, all eventualities have been accounted for and nothing has been overlooked!

Optimus Prime: Damn you, Megatron!

<Megatron grins>

Optimus Prime: Now...uh, I know what you have planned but I'm not sure if \*you\* know what you have planned?

Megatron: What...?

Optimus Prime: Heh, yes...do you Megatron? Do you?

<Optimus turns to Cheetor, grins and gives him the thumbs up>

Megatron: What do you know?

Optimus Prime: No, what do \*you\* know?

Megatron: I asked first...what do you know?

Optimus Prime: No...you tell me first.

<Optimus turns to Cheetor, grins and gives him the thumbs up, again>

Megatron: There's something that you're not telling me.

Optimus Prime: Heh, exactly!

Megatron: But I'm sure as to what it is! A saboteur! A traitor!

Optimus Prime: Heh...it took you long enough to figure it out Megatron!

Megatron: Dinobot!? That bitch!

Transmetal-14 Dinobot: No, Megatron...it wasn't me! I don't even know what he's talking about! You must believe me!

Megatron: You cost me the Universe! And to think, I loved you!

<Megatron falls to the ground, weeping>

Megatron: You called me your Sugarbot! I thought that you meant it!

Optimus Prime: Now, Megatron...isn't that what \*you\* knew?

Megatron: <under the sound of his weeping> No! I thought that I had successfully lured Unicron back to Cybertron! I had heard that he was rebuilt by some mysterious alien-force that we would certainly become aware of in a later

episode...and I was going to liberate his spark too! I might as well cut off the homing beacon now!

<Optimus Prime high fives Cheetor>

The Autobots: Yes!

Optimus Prime: Well, Megatron...we'll leave you and Dinobot alone. I'm sure that we'll meet again at the end of the next episode.

Megatron: Bet on it, Primal!

Optimus Prime: It's Prime now!

Megatron: Different name, same poor leadership.

Optimus Prime: Gah!

Cheetor: Come on Prime...we have more important things to do...like figuring out what happened to RatTrap, Blackarachnia, Grimlock, Lioconvoy and George Washington Carver.

Announcer: Outside of Megatron's base....

Cheetor: What do you think that the future holds, Optimus?

Optimus Prime: To be honest, Cheetor. I don't care...as long as it doesn't involve the return of Unicron! Ha!

<They both laugh as the credits begin to roll>

Announcer: The return of Unicron...coming next week! In two weeks, look forward to the \*real\* fate of Rhinox and the week after, Unicron returns again!  
All on Beast Machines: Transformers!