

BotCon '23 Live Script Reading

BEE IN THE CITY 3

by Simon Furman

CAST

Optimus Primal - Garry Chalk

Blackarachnia - Venus Terzo

Rattrap/Waspinator - Scott McNeil

TV Anchor (Donny Finkleberg) – Travis Artz

Reporter (Joy Meadows) – Jaime Lamchick

Technomorph – Travis Artz

Arcee - Susan Blu

Narrator – Jaime Lamchick

The Ben of Yee - Ben Yee

Blaster – Dick Terhune

G1 Megatron - Garry Chalk

Quintesson Judge – Dick Terhune

FADE IN:
INT. NEWSROOM - DAY
"BEE IN THE CITY 3"

TV ANCHOR

Good evening, this is BCP News, and I'm Donny Finkleberg. You join us on day three of the trial that has gripped all Class A worlds. Let's go straight over to Joy Meadows, our reporter at the Pan- Galactic Court...

EXT. COURT - NIGHT

REPORTER

Thank you, Donny. As you know, the jurors have retired to consider their verdict, after their foreman shockingly - and ominously - suddenly declared "we've heard enough." Oh, but wait... the accused and patently guilty party has just emerged from the courtroom, let me see if I can get a comment...

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Waspinator, Waspinator... is there anything you'd like to say, for the record...

WASPINATOR

Yezzz. It wazzzn't me. I didn't do it. He had it coming...

ATTORNEY

He means... no comment!

WASPINATOR

Yezzz. No comment. Have you done something to your hair, Joy?

REPORTER

There you have it, Donny, from the Hymenoptera's mandibles so to speak. The reputation of a cultural icon and much-loved 'bot abused and maligned most cruelly. Personally, I hope they lock him up and throw away the key.

INT. NEWSROOM

EXT. COURT

TV ANCHOR

So say we all, Joy. Thus far, those involved with the capture of this nefarious felon have remained tight-lipped... those that have lips anyway. But, earlier, one of them had this to say...

RATTRAP

Ehh, it was nothin'. I'm not saying there was no riskin' life 'n' limbs, but, y'know, all in a day's work for a hard-livin' hero. I was happy to get my fur dirty and-

BLACKARACHNIA

Will someone shut the trap of this pestilent rat... before I revert to my default femme fatale persona.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

With pleasure, Blackarachnia. C'mere, you mangy mouth on a stick. Before you land us all in deep doo- doo!

RATTRAP (muffled)

Take your stinkin' paws off me ya darn dirty ape.

INT. NEWSROOM

TV ANCHOR

... so I think we can infer from that there's more to this whole time and space-hopping escapade than meets the eye. This is Joy Meadows for BCP News...

ENTER THE NARRATOR...

NARRATOR

And... this is where they wheel me out again, your humble if somewhat cranky narrator. As this is an audio drama... and I use the word very loosely...

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

There's no way to convey we're about to wind back the narrative a few days to find out what the heck is going on here.

(beat)

Ostensibly, this is a sequel to two previous audio dramas called Bee in the City, but as there's the barest nod to those in the half-baked bit of drivel you're about to listen to and instead just a litany of Furmanisms, I won't bother recapping.

(beat)

All you really need to know is we're in a place called...

INT. AXIOM NEXUS

RATTRAP

The Axiom Nexus! No way!

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Way, Rattrap. Looks like the Transcendent Technomorphs... try saying that after a second Nebulan Ale... have a job for us.

RATTRAP

But why us?

BLACKARACHNIA

It's our own fault. We always forget to tick the 'no way in The Inferno will I do another inane and reputation-damaging audio drama' box!

RATTRAP

That's a short, sharp lesson we just never learn. Hah... I got in first there!

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Enough griping. The sooner we get this done the sooner I can head to the bar and strum out on my Yamaha F370.

BLACKARACHNIA

We get it. You know how to play the guitar... Spare us the parodies.

RATTRAP

Heh heh. I like them. Suddenly here don't seem such a bad place t'be if it's getting your spinnerets twitchy.

TECHNOMORPH

Greetings, Maximals. As you know, your tedious timelines are littered with anomalies, half-finished storylines and continuity howlers, so we *Transhential*... blast, I knew I shouldn't have had that second Nebulan Ale... we guardians routinely send a team to... tidy up. De-clutter.

RATTRAP

An' that's us. Whoopitty-do.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Excuse, Rattrap. He's barely housetrained.

RATTRAP

Says the 600-pound butt-scratching simian.

BLACKARACHNIA

Just tell us who we have to eradicate... sorry, reeducate.

TECHNOMORPH

Bumblebee.

RATTRAP

Okay, wasn't expectin' that. You just piqued my prehensile tail.

BLACKARACHNIA

As in... the squeaky-clean, kid-friendly, just-bubbly-enough-not-to- be-annoying idol of millions?

RATTRAP

Who somehow got his own movie! Y'know how many rejection letters I got from Spielberg for Rattrap The Musical! There's no justice!

TECHNOMORPH

I can say no more. Being deliberately obtuse and needlessly vague is all part of a Technomorph's job description.

TECHNOMORPH (CONT'D)

Instead... you must seek out The Golden Disk...

RATTRAP

Not that old chestnut!

TECHNOMORPH

... and listen to the hidden bonus track. It's where The Beatles got the idea, you know.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Bumblebee it is then. Brace yourselves, team, cross-dimensional travel can be a lurch.

RATTRAP

More of a stretch.

BLACKARACHNIA

Can we just get this over with? Before the audience falls asleep.

TECHNOMORPH

And... it's done... Step through the interdimensional portal to...

INT. SHOPPING MALL

RATTRAP

A mall? No way!

BLACKARACHNIA

Where would we be without Rattrap to call out the scene changes?

RATTRAP

Shouldn't it be called "Bee in the Shopping Mall" then?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Keep your optics peeled. There's no telling what indignities the writer has in store for us. No pun intended.

BLACKARACHNIA

Or how much reaping of whirlwinds we'll have to endure.

RATTRAP

An' to think I turned down Shakespeare in the Park for this.

RATTRAP (CONT'D)

“What piece of work is a rat?”

“That which we call a rat by any other name would smell so
of the sewer.”

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

It says here... appearing today... the barely-PG-rated, user-
interface friendly, cheeky-chappie!

RATTRAP

That's our 'bot.

BLACKARACHNIA

We'll cover more ground if we split up.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

I wouldn't do that, Blackarachnia.

BLACKARACHNIA

Why? Do you suspect an attack? A Predacon plot? A vast,
predatory bird even?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

None of those. It just avoids a lot of clunky monologuing.

RATTRAP

So, Big Bot, what's this I hear about you bein' a daddy these days?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Eh? Oh, you mean Quickslinger. I just donated some C-N-A to the protoform pool, and she was the reformatted result.

RATTRAP

Donated some...? Oh... Right. We're from one of those universes where we didn't evolve from natural occurring gears and pulleys.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Ahem. Look, er, there. A Walgreens.. and a Toys 'R' Us... this mall has everything! Even a Mrs Fields... With an Autobot cookie cake? We are in the right place.

BLACKARACHNIA

Sleuthed down by a cookie... How embarrassing. Almost as embarrassing as being left out of Rise of the Beasts. Good thing theres no cineplex playing the film.

RATTRAP

Would be the place with the shortest line.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

It would have been a different story if they'd let me to do the voice! Ron Perlman - pah!

BLACKARACHNIA

There, I think we've found what we're looking for. A horde of excited kids... and adults who really should know better... clutching Bumblebee toys, mint in box, naturally, all streaming into that auditorium

RATTRAP

An auditorium? No way!

(beat)

Drat, missed my cue.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Let's go in. Try to look inconspicuous.

RATTRAP

Again, 600-pound butt-scratching gorilla alert.

INT. AUDITORIUM

BLACKARACHNIA

I think I see him. Down there, the one in the yellow.

RATTRAP

Eight eyes and nothing gets past you, does it?

BLACKARACHNIA

Ah, go flush yourself!

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Wait a knuckle-dragging moment. That's not Bumblebee!

It's—

WASPINATOR

Greetingzzz, kidzzz... and adultzzz who should know
better... It'zzz me... Bumblebee!

BLACKARACHNIA

Waspinator? How-? What-?

(addressed to the audience)

And why am I asking you?

WASPINATOR

It'zzz so good of you to come and see me. It getzzz so lonely being a superzzzstar idol of millionzzz.

RATTRAP

Guess that clarifies the whole aft- backwards timeline paradox we gotta untangle. This continuum's Bumblebee is a Pred with a penchant for gettin' blasted, smashed, crushed, bashed an' just generally reduced to component parts.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Well... that's just Prime!

BLACKARACHNIA

Stand aside. The sooner we bag 'n' tag this pulp-for-brains pretender, the sooner we can all go home.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Blackarachnia - wait! There's bound to be...

ARCEE

Back off - that's as close to the talent as you get, Spider-lady.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

... An agent. The worst kind of security.

ARCEE

I don't know who you three thrift store Cos-Players are supposed to be, but there's a line. Join it... or I'll bounce you outta here so fast you'll be picking red carpet outta your butts for weeks.

BLACKARACHNIA

You're... Arcee! So... you have to know that's not Bumblebee.

ARCEE

Not... Bumblebee? Have you lost your tiny arachnid mind? You're looking at the brand and franchise front-runner, the face that launched a thousand re-decos.

RATTRAP

Sure sounds like Bumblebee.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Blackarachnia... a moment of your time. Let's not create
a... scene.

BLACKARACHNIA

Oh... as you wish. But I should warn you, Primal, my
legendary patience and forbearance are wearing verry
thin.

ARCEE

Weirdos.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Consider this, Blackarachnia, if an Autobot of Arcee's
caliber can't see what's patently obvious to us, then
whatever's gone on goes way back. Somehow, some way,
Waspinator is Bumblebee.

RATTRAP

Ehh, ya lost me. And about half the audience by the looks a'things.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

At some point in the past, there must have been a fork in what we know of as our history on this planet. We need to pinpoint that... schism... and get things back on track.

BLACKARACHNIA

And how do we do that?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

The Technomorph mentioned the Golden Disk. And a bonus track.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL (CONT'D)

Find that, and we'll be a big step closer to extricating ourselves from this mess of a script.

BLACKARACHNIA

At the risk of sounding like a broken record myself, how do
we do that?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL
Simple. BWTF.COM.

RATTRAP
Eh?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL
The all-knowing, all-seeing oracle of all things Beast Wars.
Presided over by The Ben of Yee.

BLACKARACHNIA (awed voice)
The Ben of Yee!

INT. THE BEN OF YEE'S REALM

RATTRAP
A... (insert scene change). No way!

BLACKARACHNIA

I'm getting the sense this script was very last minute.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Oh Ben of Yee. We require your insight and wisdom.

BEN YEE

That'll be \$50. Please place in the collection box. I accept card or cash.

RATTRAP

\$50! What kind of oracle is this?

BEN YEE

The kind with a big toy-buying habit to support. Now cough up or get out.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

No problem. Thankfully the busking business is thriving.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL (CONT'D)

We seek The Golden Disk and a hidden bonus track.

BEN YEE

That old chestnut. Okay. Well, they say vinyl's making a comeback.

[A LONG EXPECTANT SILENCE]

RATTRAP

What? That's it? 50 bucks for somethin' quality control at the fortune cookie factory woulda rejected?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

No, it's fine, Rattrap. I think I see... we just need to go back to the Mall.

BLACKARACHNIA

Cue yet another needless scene change outburst...

INT. SHOPPING MALL

RATTRAP

A Mall! No way!

[Reprise]

BLACKARACHNIA

What did that off-cast Oracle mean by vinyl's making a comeback?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

There - look. Blaster's World of Vinyl. I saw it earlier.

RATTRAP

An' what? They just happen to have a stack of Golden Disks... oh, they do... An' they're even reduced.

BLASTER

Time was, everyone and their clone twin was after a Golden Disk. But I just can't shift 'em these days, even on the heavier vinyl stock.

BLACKARACHNIA

We'll take one. Anything to get closer to the end of this claptrap.

BLASTER

If you happen to be looking for that hidden track, there's a listening booth you can use.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Thank you, Blaster. C'mon, team...

RATTRAP

This is, um, a squeeze. An' someone's de-flea spray ain't makin' it.

BLACKARACHNIA

Shush! It's him, Megatron...

G1 MEGATRON

If you're hearing this, I pity you. It means you're at the mercy of a vindictive and embittered writer who should have retired with some semblance of an intact reputation long ago. But I digress...

(beat)

You seek a juncture, where conceivably... or vaguely credulously... Waspinator could have assumed the identity of Bumblebee.

RATTRAP

Ya gotta admit, he knows his multiversal Macguffins.

G1 MEGATRON

If we rewind to the finale of season 3, which is quite possibly one of the best-written episodes of the entire Beast Wars TV show, you'll remember Waspinator was left behind on prehistoric Earth...

BLACKARACHNIA

... at which point in time The Ark was also present, the Autobots and Decepticons within offline... and helpless.

G1 MEGATRON

Don't interrupt! Now where was I, oh yes...

WASPINATOR

Wazzzpinator tired of being everyone's whipping 'bot. Wazzzpinator want to be someone elzzze. Someone everybody like... and not always shoot at.

G1 MEGATRON

And so, Waspinator gained access to the Ark and replaced the fallen Bumblebee, then waited for the better part of a million years, telling everyone when they woke up in 1984 that he'd simply been given a new, somewhat wasp-like body.

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

And no one questioned this?

G1 MEGATRON

It was a simpler time. Now, if you'll excuse me, this Golden Disk will self-destruct in 5 seconds...

RATTRAP

Whaaat?

G1 MEGATRON

Just kidding.

BLACKARACHNIA

It seems to be my lot in this script to ask it, but what now?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Back to the Nexus... then next stop the better part of a million years ago...

RATTRAP

I know now what the writer means by "it never ends"...

RE-ENTER THE NARRATOR

NARRATOR

I'll spare you the whole trip back in time, and just say that Waspinator was apprehended in the act of substituting himself, and the real - and universally venerated - Bumblebee was restored to his rightful pedestal in the pantheon of Transformers-dom.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

And now, we return you, our long- suffering audience to the bit at the very beginning of this interminable tripe...

INT. NEWSROOM

TV ANCHOR

Pandemonium in the Pan-Galactic Court today as Waspinator was shockingly cleared of all charges.

WASPINATOR

Wazzzpinator victim of smear campaign, and jealouzzzy.
Wazzzpinator only want to be loved.

TV ANCHOR

The jury announced their unanimous verdict and recommended to the judge that his accusers, Optimus Primal, Blackarachnia and Rattrap be convicted in his stead. The Quintesson judge then duly sentenced the trio of miscreants to exile in voice-actor limbo for an undefined period of time. In his summing up, he told them...

QUINTESSON JUDGE

You should really have known better than to commit to this Botcon audio twaddle, I mean, what were you thinking?

TV ANCHOR

To which they had no defense...

INT. SHOPPING MALL

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Of course, you know Waspinator bribed the entire jury. His time as Bumblebee had netted him billions of Shanix.

RATTRAP

There ain't no justice. For starters, it shoulda been Rattrap The Musical.

BLACKARACHNIA

And we're back here... in this Mall... for all eternity? What are we going to do?

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Well, Barbie and Oppenheimer are both sold out. But I suppose there's always Rise of the Beasts...

BLACKARACHNIA

Fine, but no talking over Perlman's lines, like you last six times. Ron did the

RATTRAP

It's a miscarriage of justice. I'm gonna appeal!

BLACKARACHNIA

To who? Or should that be whom? I never know.

RATTRAP

To a higher authority! The Creator!

OPTIMUS PRIMAL

Primus?

RATTRAP
Bob Budiansky!

BLACKRACHNIA/OPTIMUS PRIMAL (reverentially)
Bob Budiansky...

NARRATOR

And so we grind to the end of another tedious Botcon audio drama, which of course changes nothing in the grand canon of Transformers, and exists in the memory of those who witnessed it only as long as it takes for the first pint of Nebulan Ale to be quaffed and Garry Chalk to pick up his guitar and play us out...

THE EVER-LOVIN' END