

Some Time Ago and a hop-skip-and-a-jump away from the Bowels of Hell.

"I'm dead aren't I?" Scattershot spots a light in the distance.

"Am I supposed to make my way towards the light?" Scattershot journeys on. He reaches the end and spots a face.

"Primus? Is that you? Is this the afterlife, Primus? Primus.... Primus...? Primus, please...tell me. Tell me, O lord...tell me please! Primus?"

The voice answers, "Primus? No...I'm not Primus, I'm Cliffjumper!"

"What?" Scattershot's vision improves. The light at the end of the tunnel becomes a bulb hanging from the ceiling. He is laying on a table.

"Good, you're still operational. You're a smart guy, right? We need you to perform the ceremony."

Scattershot is puzzled, "...ceremony?"

"The memorial service for New Autobot City."

"What day is it?"

"Monday."

"Agh! Daniel, First Aid, all my friends! No! I remember now, dear God, I remember."

"Uh...uhm...that's good, I suppose. Now back to the task at hand. We need you to perform the ceremony...everyone else with half-a-brain is dead, even Perceptor."

"Perceptor is dead?!?!"

"Yeah, he died a couple of days ago...er, wait...that was somebody else...never mind...Nosecone, I think."

"What?!?! Nosecone?!?!"

"Nosecone, Julius Caesar, America's conscience... somebody...I don't know, my job's to be annoying not to keep up with who's dead."

"I don't know...."

"Come-on it'll be easy. Grimlock wrote the speech, all you have to do is read it."

"Grimlock is still alive? My father lives!?!?!?"

"Dammit! I meant that we bought a bunch of greeting cards and photocopied them. Yeah, Grimlock's dead. Sorry...my bad."

"I don't know. I mean, all of my friends are dead. How can I function? My life is over.... I have no reason for living."

"Come on, it'll be fun!"

"Eh...okay."

The sun is shining over the wasteland that was New Autobot City. The birds are dropping like flies from the fumes pouring off the rubble that was New Autobot City. Children are playing with the guns that they find scattered around in the rubble that was New Autobot City, in the area that was New Autobot City under the sky once above New Autobot City. The children also play with the intoxicated birds that are falling from the sky that was once above New Autobot City..."ugh." You may be asking where these children came from...they're simply here for ambiance.

The few dozen surviving Autobots are gathered to pay respect for the souls lost to the Decepticon's attack. It's an informal ceremony. The Autobots are sitting on the ground, talking amongst themselves. They sit there waiting for the master of ceremonies, Scattershot, to make his way to the podium.

A harsh tone comes over the loud speaker.

Bzzzzzzzztttttrrrrrnnnnngggggggg \*Cough\* \*Ahem\* "My fellow Autobots, weare gathered here today to pay respects to our fallen friends."

Scattershot continues his speech. Cliffjumper, Tracks and Optimus Prime sit together in the crowd. Tracks drops his punch-glass. "Oh pooh. Would you bend over and pick that up for me, Cliffjumper?"

"No. I won't."

"Please?"

"No! Prime, he wants me to pick that up but he'll, he'll...!" Cliffjumper shivers.

Laughing, Prime winks at Cliffjumper and says, "I know what he'll do, Cliffjumper...now pick up the damned glass!"

Scattershot continues, "I would like to note some of the people who gave their lives." Scattershot picks up a piece of paper. "I would like to note the headmasters." A collective giggle rises from the crowd. "I would like to note Brainstorm."

Brainstorm yells from the crowd, "But I'm still alive!"

Ironhide yells, "shut up! The man's trying to talk."

Scattershot continues, "I would like to note Arcee, the greatest Headmaster."

A tidal wave of high fives and "oh yeahs" erupts from the crowd.

Scattershot continues, "I would like to note Ultra Magnus."

The crowd boos.

Scattershot pauses, "uh...I hope that Ultra Magnus is burning in the Inferno!"

The crowd cheers.

Scattershot says, "I'd like to note Prime and his poor leadership."

Prime stands up, "\$%&# you, Scattershot! I didn't see you do anything... you just stand around thinking all of the time."

"At least one of us takes the time to think."

"That's it, I'm taking your \$#% down!"

Scattershot throws down the piece of paper, "bring it on, you old son of a \$&#\*"

The crowd begins to chant, "Fight, fight, fight...."

Blurr jumps between the two. "YOUNGUYSNEEDTOSTOP."

WE'RE HERE TO PAY YOUR RESPECTS, NOT TO FIGHT. WE REALLY NEED TO GET ALONG IF WE'RE TO REBUILD. WE'RE A FAMILY AND WE DON'T ALWAYS GET ALONG BUT IN THIS CASE WE REALLY SHOULD."

Prime looks confused, "Uhm, yes Blurr...I agree with you...I suppose. Now let us never forget this day and make amends for our failures."

Scattershot, under his breath, "yeah...you're the one who needs to amend for failures."

"What was that, Scattershot?"

"Nothing, Prime...I was saying that I couldn't agree more."

Prime tries to smile, "Damned face plate...I'm smiling! Really. Who wants to play Basketball?"

A collective, "me!" rises from the crowd.

Prime, still trying to grin, "Isn't that just Prime?"

Scattershot looks at Prime..."what? That is so lame."

"What? I use that line all the time. It's 'dynamic.'"

"No...it's stupid."

Prime laughs..."well, it takes one to know one."

"What?"

"It means that you would have to be stupid to understand...ah, forget it."

"That is contrived to the point of absurdity."

"Heh, that's a better way of saying it!"

"Gah! I think that I'm going to kill myself again."

Fin