

THE SURFACE OF UNICRON
littering the otherwise beautiful technological expanse.

UNICRON

Welcome, Megatron.

MEGATRON
(**LOOKING AROUND**)
- WHO SAID THAT?

I am Unicron.

- SHOW YOURSELF!

I have summoned you here for a purpose.

- NOBODY SUMMONS MEGATRON!

Then it pleases me to be the first.

- State your business.

Bring me the Autobot Matrix. It is the one thing
- the only thing that can stand in my way.

**- YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. I HAVE
ALREADY CRUSHED OPTIMUS PRIME WITH
MY BARE HANDS.**

You exaggerate.

**- THE POINT IS, HE IS DEAD! AND THE MATRIX
DIED WITH HIM**

No. It has been passed to their new leader. Get it
for me.

- WHY SHOULD I? WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

Your bargaining posture is highly dubious, but
very well, I will provide you with a new body, and
new troops to command.

- AND...

And nothing. You belong to me now.

- I BELONG TO NOBODY.

Perhaps I misjudged you. Proceed on your way to
oblivion.

The Mist appears and starts to dissolve Megatron.

- NO, NO. I ACCEPT YOUR TERMS. I ACCEPT!

Excellent! Behold - Galvatron!

GALVATRON
- LONG LIVE GALVATRON!

And these shall be your minions...

Scourge, the tracker....and his huntsmen...the
Sweeps....