

« JUNKYARD SCENE REWRITE



From Transformers: Prime - Season 3, Episode 2

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Raf and Bumblebee slowly pulled into the junkyard. There were a lot of things for both of them to worry about, but right now, they only had one thing in mind: finding Ratchet.

Unbuckling himself and stepping out into the cool air, Raf immediately began to survey his surroundings. Bumblebee returned to bot-mode to get a higher vantage point. They split up and began their search.

The junkyard was their most recent hit on Ratchet's location, and they had to move fast. They couldn't risk missing him if he were to move again.

Thankfully, it wouldn't be difficult. The glint of his sirens and his pristine orange paint, even in the dim moonlight, made him fortunately conspicuous against the rust and wear around him. There his alt-mode sat, parked neat and straight, rear against a wall of smashed-up cars.

BWHEEEee! BEE- BEEP! Bumblebee beckoned Raf over. He'd found him.

"Ratchet, hey, Ratchet!" Raf called out to him. No response.

"I-it's me, Raf!" He tried again, approaching the ambulance. Still, no response.

BwrrRRRR? Bumblebee gave it a shot as well, with equally unsuccessful results.

Worry started to build in the pit of Raf's stomach, and he could sense Bee felt the same. This kind of silence made one imagine the worst case scenario. It was the same feeling as being in trouble for something big, but not knowing what for. The kind of wait for a response that made one's mind race towards the worst possible outcome.

Walking all the way up to Ratchet's alt-mode, he tapped lightly on the grill.

"Ratchet?"

"Go away. You're interrupting my power-down."

Raf and Bumblebee looked at each other and beamed, but with the kind of excitement that drew from desperation instead of relief.

“Ratchet, Ratchet, you’re awake!” The boy exclaimed. “Good! Come on, we need your help to find the others!”

Ratchet went silent again.

“...Ratchet?”

“We can’t stop Megatron,” he heaved a weary sigh. “Not anymore. The war is over, Rafael. We lost.”

Bumblebee jolted up at Ratchet’s words and let out distressed chirps. The Ratchet he knew would never, ever, accept defeat.

“We can’t give up like that!” Raf protested.

“Then tell me what we *can* do.” Ratchet pleaded. “We don’t have communications, we don’t have a base of operations, we don’t have a leader... we don’t have *anything!*”

BWRRRrrr-BOP! BeeEEP bip BIP. Bumblebee argued.

“Yeah!” Raf concurred, “We know Starscream had access to a groundbridge while he was operating solo.”

“Yes yes, he’d clearly been using the derelict Decepticon ship, the *Harbinger*, what does that have to do with anything?”

Raf could hear Ratchet roll his eyes from within his alt-mode. It was almost like he was deliberately ignoring the solution laid right before his eyes, because that was exactly what Ratchet did when he was upset.

“It could be full of Cybertronian tech, and it’s probably abandoned again now that Starscream’s back with the cons!” Raf exasperated, feeling himself start to get angry.

“Even with the resources,” Ratchet huffed, “Who is going to lead us!?”

“YOU!” Raf shouted and Bumblebee beeped in unison. “There is no-one else, Ratchet! Just us! Just the *team!*”

Ratchet went quiet, again.

Trying to control his frustration, Raf continued quietly, “Please, Ratchet. It’s a start.”

“And you’re going to have to *start* without me.” Ratchet shot back. “Just let me rust in *peace.*”

Raf tried to fight back the tears welling up behind his eyes. Catching onto his friend's soft little sniffles, Bumblebee knelt down to him.

BWWOooo. He tried to soothe him. He was certain Ratchet didn't really mean it.

Pulling himself together, Raf took a couple steps backward to confront the medic.

"Look, Ratchet. We might not have Optimus, but we have each other! And we need to hold onto that! We need to stick together!"

Silence.

"Optimus would want us to!"

Silence.

"You're just going to give up? You're just gonna- sit here- sulk- do nothing!? Bee and I are gonna go save the *world*, and we could really use your help!"

Silence.

"We need a doctor!"

Silence.

"We need a scientist!"

Silence.

"We... we need *you*." Raf whimpered, gingerly pressing his fingers to the grill of the ambulance. But Ratchet did not say a word.

For the first time in a long time, Raf felt so, so inconceivably small. So helpless. Right next to two of his friends but so overwhelmingly alone. He didn't even know what was going through his head, but he could feel a terrible shiver run through his bones and he knew exactly what was coming.

It started as a choke, then a heave, then an awful, high-pitched wail as his voice cracked like glass.

Bumblebee had never heard a person cry like that, let alone his poor little friend. He tried to place a gentle finger on his shoulder, but the human squirmed and writhed too much and he didn't want to accidentally hurt him. He was completely and utterly inconsolable.

Raf started to bang on Ratchet's alt-mode with his fists as hard as he could.
“WAKE UP!” He shrieked, over and over again between frantic, agonized sobs. “YOU CAN’T LEAVE ME ALONE HERE!”

With little else to do and not a clue what to say, Bumblebee sat close and waited it out. It was horrible to watch, though, every second, let alone minute of it was indescribably painful and awkward. He was so afraid *for* Raf, that he started to feel afraid *of* him, too.

Eventually the boy ran out of energy, and was reduced to a shivering, weeping mass holding weakly onto the front of Ratchet's alt-mode.

Like he was trying to hug him.

But Ratchet was too big, and Raf was too small and weak and shaky.

“*Please, Ratchet...*” He strained, with nothing left to give, not even the sound of his own voice.

“*I love you.*”

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Bumblebee waited for what felt like forever, but most definitely wasn't. The sun hadn't even begun to rise yet.

Nudging Raf gently with his finger, he told him it was time to go. If they were to reunite the Autobot forces, they'd want to make it to the Harbinger while still under the cover of night.

BIP-BIP-BEEEEeee...

Raf said something to him, but Bumblebee froze- he couldn't hear anything.

BE-BE-BEE- BEEP! He fretted, motioning to where his own voice box would be.

Raf couldn't muster the energy to try anything more, only giving his Cybertronian friend a pitiful, red-eyed, glance before turning back to Ratchet.

Bumblebee felt like a monster, prying him away from the 'bot who he'd grown so close to. But for the sake of literally everything, he had to. He gently brought his hand down between Raf and Ratchet, separating them as though they were stuck together.

Raf started to move back, and Bumblebee continued redirecting him with his hand.

It was like guiding a confused pet animal to a goal that it didn't have nor understand. Except Raf did understand. He just didn't want to. But he did, and he relented.

Clambering into Bumblebee's alt-mode, he rested his face against the window. As they pulled away, he watched forlornly as the orange and white ambulance disappeared from view.