

**GHOSTBUSTERS III**

**HELLBENT**

**Based on the story  
by Harold Ramis  
and Dan Aykroyd**

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1st DRAFT  
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OPEN ON:

A STATUE'S FORLORN HEAD- NIGHT

A weeping figure, in a cloak, the face and form disfigured and blackened by years of rain wind and weather.

TRAVEL DOWN SLOWLY

Along to its feet, the high recessed niche in which it sits, down the ornately carved but blackened and weathered wall past the ancient clock gold-leafed hands frozen at midnight, into-

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH GRAVEYARD- NIGHT

It's misty. The sounds of the city muted, a distant foghorn mourns.

MEANDER LOW

Among the stones, the darkened famous names of financiers.

ALONG A LENGTH OF IRON FENCE

The edge of this venerable cemetery. Past a couple of homeless men quietly lighting a cigarette butt and sharing a bottle.

TRAVEL SLOWLY TO THE FAR CORNER

Slightly down in elevation.

TO A STONE

Through the iron fence across Church street the soft green and white glow of a sign: COREBANK FINANCIAL

HOLD ON THE STONE

JOHN J. DESSETER  
FINANCIER-PHILANTHROPIST

1858-1938

"A simple stone for God's  
humble servant."

A few taxis whoosh by. A couple passes arm in arm. She laughs his heels click and grind minute particles of sand on the sidewalk.

These sounds fade as we TRAVEL down the stone into the grass

at the base of the marker. DEEPER into the moist track of the earthworm, into the dirt DOWN INTO the confines of-

THE GRAVE

The dark rectangle, roots and worms entwined, NOW DOWN into the COFFIN to behold its resident's-

FEET

In spats and patent leather shoes, TRAVEL SLOWLY ALONG

THE CORPSE OF J.J. DESSETER

What's left of an impeccably attired white tie and tails-coated guy who died at ninety in 1938. Top hat collapsed on his chest and clutched in bony claw with a gold-tipped cane. A white scarf and bow tie, wisps of grey at the skull, the remains of some skin. A monocle on a cavernous socket. (see JD Rockefeller's last photo)

HOLD

On this decayed remains of the wealthy and the dead. But now TRAVEL further down through the bottom of the grave DOWN below the graveyard through a narrow layer of bedrock, DOWN PAST the mechanical substructure of the city, bedrock, water which grows murky, thick and obscures.

DISSOLVE TO:

A DEEP BLACK VELVETY BLACKNESS-

HOLD ON NOTHING

Now there is the sound of deep grinding gears and the SCREAMING MOANING GRATE of MASSIVE OLD RUSTED IRON PLATES being ground and pushed against each other. There is the WHIRRING of an ancient BRUSH MOTOR and now the blackness all around is defined by a LONG CRIMSON GLOWING RECTANGLE in the BOTTOM of FRAME.

The grinding sound ceases and is replaced by the SEARING CREAK of rusted hinges and an accompanying TEN FOOT HIGH QUICK LICK OF CINDER LADEN FLAME.

An aperture is becoming evident. A HUGE BLACK RIVETED IRON DOOR is THRUST OPEN by a muscled, scaled, brownish-green claw and forearm.

Two other claws and arms SHOVE OUT an impeccably attired figure in white tie, top hat, cane and tails. Wafts of ash, flame and smoke are GULPED back as the IRON DOOR SLAMS SHUT leaving the figure in the VOID. He stands and recovers

himself AS THE GRINDING OF PLATES AND WHIRRING OF BESTIAL MOTORS recede beneath him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE SKULL OF J.J.DESSETER-

The JAW drops forward to once again inhale breath.  
The gold tip of the CANE THUMPS against the coffin lid.  
The SHOES scuffle.

EXT. THE GRAVESITE-

The grass, earth, worms, dirt, stones and COFFIN LID burst up in an explosion of contained gases.

THE HOMELESS MEN-

React and run away screaming.

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE-

POPS FREE, levitating above his gravesite. Part phantom, part corpse, three times the size he was in life and imbued with power of the dark afterlife. All his remnants, bones, rotting clothes, are smoldering.

He taps open his top hat, jams it on his head then floats out through the bars of fence to the horror of the fleeing street people.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT- NIGHT

A New York City police car sits on an empty sidestreet near Wall Street. A couple of armored bank cars roll by- COREBANK FINANCIAL

INT. POLICE CAR-

Two young officers one male behind the wheel and asleep with his cap over his eyes. A female in the passenger seat, drinking coffee and writing up a report in her notebook.

She looks up to grab her coffee off the dashboard and through the windshield she sees-

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

It waits by from curb to curb, crossing the street in front of them.

FEMALE COP(into her radio)  
This is 5478, P.O. Disenza. Patch me through to the Ghostbusters.

She sips her coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEW WALL STREET- COREBANK PLAZA AND SPIRE- NIGHT

A brushed aluminum and green glass financial tower.

AN INDUSTRIAL FLOOR POLISHER- NIGHT

It sweeps gently back and forth. TRAVEL up the shaft and handle to-

A CLEANER-

He is alone in the vast atrium of a modern bank tower, listening to a Walkman.

EXT. MODERN BANK TOWER PLAZA THRU TO ATRIUM FLOOR- NIGHT

CAMERA IS MOVING

Closer to the revolving doors.

INT. BANKTOWER ATRIUM

The cleaner works but PAST HIM something glides by the window. He looks up.

EXT. COREBANK TOWER LOBBY- A PLAQUE ON THE WALL-

COUNTY OF NEW YORK HISTORIC REGISTER

Former site of 1909 Beaux Arts  
building constructed by Core  
Coke Founder J.J.Desseter.  
Demolished 1999

With an engraving of the old building.

QUICK PAN FROM THIS INTO ECU- DESSETER'S SKULL

It gasps. His eyes, red points of light in a deep infinite blackness increase their glow.

INT. COREBANK ATRIUM- REVOLVING DOORS

A pane is shattered, then one by one they all BURST. The cleaner looks up and in seconds two storeys of the atrium are filled with the agonized shrieking apparition of Desseter's tortured and hell-free soul.

DISSOLVE TO:

A DEEP VELVETY BLACKNESS

HOLD ON THE VOID- SILENT- DARK- COMFORTING

Now a SQUARE of crimson light becomes evident in the TOP LEFT CORNER of FRAME. GRINDING RUSTED PLATES are accompanied by this increasing ORANGE LIGHT which reveals a ten foot high, six foot wide SLIDING DOOR rolling to one side on SCREECHING CASTORS. TONGUES of FLAME lash out at us. Three silhouettes appear against a GREAT PUFF of EMBERS. Two are muscular with non-human heads, one human in a long coat.

This figure is thrust out of the cinder and ash licked aperture and hits the IRON FLOOR ten feet below. THE DOOR ROLLS SHUT.

The figure gets up in the blackness and adjusts his garments.

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE- NIGHT- HIGH

Winds whip fallen leaves amongst the forest along the river. Jersey twinkles in the distance. TRAVEL SLOWLY DOWN to a beautiful Corinthian columned structure on the drive.

STUDY-PAN ALONG THE WALL

Around the front of the building. It is-

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB- NIGHT-

From inside the august edifice there comes the SOUNDS of shattering cement in a VIOLENT burst and a heavy sarcophagus lid hitting the floor.

PUSH IN TO THE DOORS-

They bulge out like rubber mudguards spitting off hinges and locks like peanuts.

The doors fall forward with a double clang and from the darkness emerges the half corpse, half phantom spirit of U.S. GRANT ten times the size he was in life. Lots of hair and beard left but a skeleton nonetheless, steeped with dark power from the beyond.

He is in the frock coat he was buried in but carries his sword which was laid in with him. It's fifteen feet long.

He stands almost half as high as his tomb, reaches into a rotting pocket and extracts a cigar which he clamps in his teeth. In a BELLOW which shatters windows on the fifteenth floors of the adjacent apartment buildings he howls: "DAMN IT

I NEED A DRINK." then heads across the drive and into the dark streets.

EXT. MADISON AVENUE- ECLAIRES BAR AND RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Through the steamed up windows the shapes of a trendy crowd are drinking, dining and listening to a combo. Steamy, smoky, a warm place on this October night.

INT. ECLAIRES

The room is smoke-filled. The row of windows darkens as something large passes by outside.

THE BARTENDER-

Pours out a few glasses of champagne from a Jeroboam. It is empty and she exits to a door by the kitchen.

INT. CELLAR STAIRS/WINE CELLAR-

The bartender comes down into the basement which is filled with fine vintages.

BETWEEN THE RACKS OF WINE-

She is searching the champagnes when the sound of a BREAKING BOTTLE surprises her.

BARTENDER

Hey, is that you Christie?

She ventures down the long row into the darkness of the rear cellar and-

HER P.O.V.-

A glow and movement in the next rack. She cautiously looks around the end of the corridor and sees-

U.S. GRANT'S SPIRIT

Sifting through the brandy selections.. The half-bearded, top-hatted skull turns to her. She screams and exits-

THE CELLAR DOOR

Is slammed open. the bartender flees the sight and in an instant the APPARITION looms into the bar and is slashing his way to the stock.

GRANT

WHIISSKKEEYY.

People are screaming and heading for the exits.

The apparition, coals of red-eyes in a deep vast black void, vaults the bar.

GRANT  
DAMN IT. THIS AIN'T THE  
OLD LAMPLIGHTERS TAVERN!!

He slashes at the fancier colored liqueurs. Destroys the bottles with the sword and pours a fifth of rye THROUGH HIMSELF. The brown liquid sloshes the floor.

THE BARTENDER

Crawls into the kitchen and hauls himself up to a wall phone trembling.

ON THE WALL- PHONE NUMBERS WRITTEN- HIS FINGERS RUN DOWN  
HOSPITAL- FIRE- DOCTOR- GHOSTBUSTERS

DISSOLVE TO:

MUSIC: Commence lowdown rap-rhythm tune.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP- E-MAIL, MICRO WAVE, SATELLITE MASTER PHONE  
SERVER PANEL-

A staccato electronic phone burp sounds followed by a male security-masked computer voice-

VOICE  
YOU-HAVE-REACHED-THE-GHOST-BUSTERS.  
EN-TER CLI-ENT CON-FID-EN-TI-AL-I-T-Y  
NUM-BER. SPEAK OR TYPE THE NA-TURE  
OF YOUR DIST-UR-BANCE.

A ROW OF WINKING LIGHTS IGNITES UNDER A RED GB MOOGLIE  
PLASTIPLATE LABEL: N.Y. E.M.T. FIRE/POLICE DEPT. EMERGENCY  
FIBRELINK

MUSIC/THEME- Begins to increase in tempo and bottom as we-

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYSCAPE NIGHT-

The music really begins to pop:



## RAPPER

It starts with what you cannot see.  
 You find you're where a fool should be.  
 I've seen it all between you and me.  
 Let me get down with it.  
 And set you free.  
 Leave it to the Master.  
 Master GB.

## FEMALE CHORUS

He wants to touch your spirit!  
 He wants to soothe your soul.  
 He loves to touch your essence!  
 He wants to make you whole!  
 He is the Master!  
 Master GB!

MASTER GB goes into a burning little break as-

EXT. 59th STREET BRIDGE- NIGHT

A 1989 converted Cadillac, ECTO-12, weaves in and out of traffic.

INT. CADILLAC

Crammed with high tech instruments and occupied with a G.B. working team.

FRANKY

A pierced, purple-haired, short, stocky, bulked-up, muscle-builder, Jersey punkster.

LOVELL

A cool, lanky, handsome FUBU devotee with shades, dreads, gold jewelry. He is attempting to grow a moustache.

MOIRA

A fit, clean compact gymnastic champion and science undergrad. Beautiful. Dry. Needs loosening up.

These three are in the front seat with Lovell in the middle, Franky drives.

CARLA

The youngest apprentice, a beautiful Hispanic college graduate sits in the rear jump seat.

All four are in their early twenties.

FRANKY

Man, we were supposed to be off two hours ago. This job is biting hard.

LOVELL

Yuh, like this is why I made straight A's at Bronx School of Science.

MOIRA

Then why are you here?

FRANKY

Personally I thought I'd get some answers.

CARLA

Answers to what?

FRANKY

You know, the nature of life and death..

LOVELL

Where people go after they die..

FRANKY

Right. The mysteries of the universe.

LOVELL

The bosses aren't really into that. They only worry about us getting on the calls and packing the traps.

CARLA

I'm just here to make enough money to go to flight school in Florida.

MOIRA

Yeah, well I think this is the greatest job the world. We're here. There's the construction crew. Lovell, Franky, rig out while I talk to this guy.

LOVELL

Who made her the Witch Queen anyway??

EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE- TOWER COLUMN

A night crew is gathered at the base of a soaring but ABANDONED ornate stone CONTROL TOWER. The CREW CHIEF in a CITY BTA hard hat runs up and cautions them. He leads them slowly along the guardrail to the other side of his orange

safety barrels which are blocking the lane. They proceed under his caution.

MOIRA

Ghostbusters! What you got?

CREW CHIEF

I got a span to repair here but I can't do it with this thing that's been goin' on here since we started the repairs.

FRANKY

Yeah? What's it looks like?

CREW CHIEF

A guy. A dead guy. He's up there now getting ready to do his thing again.

LOVELL

How much of a dead guy?  
Top half, bottom half, head  
arms, butt, what?

CREW CHIEF

Most of him's there sort of.

FRANKY (thick Jersey accent)

Sounds like you got a full fixed  
repeater.

LOVELL

Class 4.

FRANKY

Me and Lovell will stream  
it. Moira you pop the trap.

MOIRA

I brought two. Let's go.

INT. THE ABANDONED TOWER- NIGHT

As Moira leads the two male GB's up the stairs of the derelict bridge tower. From above them off the dripping, moss-covered blockwork a renting moan echoes down pierced with gnashing sobs. Deep and scary. The October wind adds to the frightening chorus.

LOVELL

Man. You just still never get  
used to this work.

FRANKY  
I know. Never.

INT. TOP OF STAIRWAY/ INT. ABANDONED LIFT CONTROL OFFICE

It gives out into an observation and control office from the turn of the century. Old desks, cabinets and glimpses of long disused massive hoist machinery.

THE GB'S

Cautiously reach the top of the steps.

THEY SEE

The silhouette of a large broken window marred by a ragged, bloated, shredded, translucent figure standing on the sill.

It whirls upon them.

THE APPARITION OF J.J. DESSETER- THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

The HUGE shredded, flesh and skeletal REMNANT in white tie, tails, top, hat, gloves and a giant gold-tipped cane and monocle.

THE CANE

SWEEPS DOWN and cracks across the tops of the GB's who duck back to minimize the blow.

WHITE TIE SPECTRE

Whirls back and stands poised in the window. Then steps out and-

EXT. BRIDGE TOWER

The White Tie Spectre throws his blue, bloated, flesh-shredded skull and body into the air in a graceful swan dive.

WHITE TIE SPECTRE  
(his voice fills the night)  
I HAVE NO PLACE TO GO!

THE GB'S-

Rush to the window and look down to the river surface below.

THEIR POV- WHITE TIE SPECTRE-

He hits the water with a bad sound.

THE GB'S- ON THEM- FROM EXT. BRIDGE TOWER WINDOW

LOVELL

(looking down)

So that's what happened to  
that cat. Let's split.

FRANKY

Yeah. He ain't coming back after  
that fall.

LOVELL

Even a dead guy couldn't live  
through that.

Before they turn back to leave, gradually, in the gloom of  
the ancient tower, behind them, the lid of the top hat  
begins to materialize along with the rest of the White Tie  
Spectre.

It grasps the cane with both skeletal claws and bends down,  
using it to flip them all out the window where they fall  
screaming out of sight onto-

A LEDGE

A narrow decorative ledge with a few feet of cyclone steel  
and barbed wire retaining fence below it to prevent climbers.

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

Flies out the window and attacks the GB's wildly swinging the  
cane and trying to bat them into the river far below.

EXT TOP OF BRIDGE TOWER- NIGHT

The GB's engage in a precarious battle. Franky and Lovell  
fail to contain the agile, vicious and wily spirit. The  
streams only goad and inflame it. The Cane knocks Franky over  
the edge and he is caught by a strand of barbed wire ripping  
into the collar of his jump suit.

Lovell kneels and with one hand grasps his friend's collar  
while pouring a crackling pink and magnesium white neutrona  
course at the pest with his other arm.

Moirra clings to a fence spar and has the trap on a telescopic  
aluminum pole trying to get it near the swirling cackling  
cane swinging ghost.

(HARDWARE, EQUIPMENT, NOTE- Team will use 90's  
versions of the same proton/neutrons throwers with separate  
trap until the conversion to MUON RESERVOIR TECHNOLOGY.)

FRANKY AND LOVELL

Lovell tries to hold Franky's ripping collar and maintain a containment stream, Franky cuts his wand and begins shucking his pack to free up his hands and upper body in a bid for survival.

LOVELL  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!  
KEEP THAT SHIT ON HIM!!

FRANKY  
SHUT UP! GRAB MY HAND!  
I'M FALLING HERE.

LOVELL  
I'M TRYING TO HOLD YOU.  
BUT HE'S INSANE WITH  
THE CANE MAN!!

MOIRA  
I CAN'T GET THE TRAP  
ON HIM!

FRANKY  
(collar rips)  
HEY! HELP HERE?!

He glances down to see a huge gas tanker barge slip under the bridge two hundred feet directly below him.

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

Now the spectre expands and begins to spew mud, sludge, fish and contents of the bottom of the East River at them.

LOVELL  
THAT'S IT ! OPEN THE  
TRAP NOW, WE CAN BOSON  
BLAST HIM!

MOIRA  
NO! DON'T USE THE TRAP  
UNTIL ITS SET IN POSITION.  
KEEP THAT STREAM OUTTA THERE!  
YOU DON'T WANT TO BURN THE  
EQUIPMENT!

FRANKY  
NO! SCREW THIS! LIGHT IT UP!

FRANKY-

He undoes a trap from his equipment belt and hits a switch which extends the pole telescopically into the dark sky.

LOW HEROIC ANGLE

Above him Lovell holds his friend's collar with one hand and ignites his wand with the other.

Franky snaps the trap open and the magnesium pink flare of throws a wide inverted cone.

FRANKY  
G' HEAD POUR THAT SHIT IN  
THERE!

Lovell directs a solid neutrona course into the trap.

EXT. 59th STREET BRIDGE- NIGHT- LONG WIDE SHOT

As there is a river to sky INSTANT, NARROW, BRIGHT PINK AND AQUA ARCING SNAAAP which lights up tug boats a mile away.

MULTIPLE QUICK CUTS- CARLA, THE CREW CHIEF AND CONSTRUCTION CREW ON THE BRIDGE BELOW

REACT TO THE CONCUSSIVE QUICK, BRIGHT, LOUD PINK AND GREEN FLASH.

CITIZENS ON THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN

Stop in their tracks at the sound and tinge of light.

FRANKY

Alight in the wash of dispersing particulate light, he throws the CLOSE SWITCH on the telescopic trap.

THE TRAP- CLOSE

The light sources vanish instantly and in the last micro second before it shuts there can be seen-

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

Suspended in the receding pink light cone with an electronically stunned expression on its red eyed skull. He is cut down to his natural size.

FRANKY AND LOVELL

Lovell drops his smoking wand and lunges for his friend. Franky drops the trap and throws his arm up to grab hands and climb to safety.

THE TRAP

Falls away into the depths of the river, it's FULL strobe indicator winking like a marker buoy followed by Franky's pack and wand.

FRANKY, LOVELL AND MOIRA

They watch the equipment disappear into the water. Each one of them is covered in a very fine translucent gray ash. Lovell's pack and wand are sparking and smoking, completely fried.

MOIRA

Great. Two proton packs and a trap. That's a hundred thousand worth of equipment. You guys are really in for it now.

FRANKY

They'll fish out the trap for us.

EXT. ON THE BRIDGE ROADWAY- NIGHT-

They emerge from the tower.

CARLA (indicating)

Oh-oh. Supervisor.

LOVELL

Better hide all this cooked equipment.

He and Franky thrust it on the two female G.B.'s. as they look to see.

ECTO- 19- A CONVERTED MID-EIGHTIES BUICK-

It pulls up, lights-strobing on the other side of the orange traffic barrels.

THRU ECTO-DRIVER'S WINDOW-

There seems to be a little elderly person peering through the wheel. The driver gets out.

G.B.'S P.O.V.-

Through the river fog and sewer steam a four and one half foot figure gets out and closes the door.

ECTO-19- KEYCHAIN- CLOSE-

A small hand slips the keys into his jumpsuit pocket above a nameplate-



SUPERVISOR

DR. COLBY

ON THE G.B.'S-

LOVELL

Oh man. It's E.T.

CARLA

Don't make fun of him.  
At least he has a brain.

FRANKY

His brain he can have.

Their SUPERVISOR emerges from the fog.

MOIRA

Good evening Dr. Colby.

THE SUPERVISOR-

A TEN YEAR OLD BOY, DR. NAT COLBY. He has a very prominent cranium. Eyeglasses. Neatly coifed and in a GB uniform jumpsuit that has been tailored down to fit his chubby body. He approaches them.

NAT

Hi. I'm on my way back to the shop. How are you guys doing?

MOIRA

Uh..well we can invoice the city for one trapped FRV but we experienced an equipment failure.

NAT

Let me guess. Someone prematurely mixed a boson-trap spray with a neutrona wand stream and you had a particle blow-back which fried your packs.

FRANKY

It always works though.

NAT

Yeah but you did it on my shift. I frown on that.

MOIRA

I'll take full responsibility sir.

NAT

It's O.K. I'll let it ride.  
Give me the stuff. I'll  
drop it in maintenance.  
Where's the FRV?

LOVELL

In the trap.

CARLA

At the bottom of the river.

FRANKY

But in the trap!

NAT

Give me the stuff.

They load him up with the one burned-out pack/thrower and he carries the burden single-handedly back to his Ecto-Unit.

EXT. GHOSTBUSTERS MAIN OFFICE- THE GARAGE- NIGHT

Ecto 10 pulls in to a former City Sanitation Garage, long ago auctioned off and purchased by the company as an expanded facility to replace the Firehall.

A long fixed illuminated sign above the banks of doors and repair bays depicts the traditional "Mooglie" and

GHOSTBUSTERS- "Ready To Believe You" -Since 1985

Bright containment beams wink off, the door opens and ECTO-TEN drives in. The door shuts behind it, the beams wink on.

INT. GE GARAGE

Thirty converted ambulances ranging from 1940 Packards to mid-eighties Cadillacs and Buicks. A sculptural collection all converted to ECTO SPECS. Psychic hardware for the new millennium. The place is clean like a Mercedes garage. All the mechanics and staff are in white lab coats.

The vehicles are being loaded, unloaded, worked on from hoists, and pits. Welders sparks flash, wrenches clang on the floor, the brutal hiss of airguns and spray washes mixes with the concordant chorus of yells, laugh, shouts, entreaties and curses of a workplace which must keep the busy fleet going.

ECTO 10

Pulls in.

MOIRA, CARLA, FRANKY AND LOVELL

Exit the car and are met by-

DR. WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

WINSTON

Welcome home. The last time  
I saw you guys was the day  
before yesterday.

MOIRA

It's been busy Doctor.

WINSTON

Got any time slips. Traps full?

FRANKY

One FRV, Class Four.

WINSTON

Let's see.

MOIRA

That would be difficult as  
the trap is now sunk into the  
bottom of the East River.

FRANKY

Lovell and I are going to fish  
it out. We know just where it  
fell. Right Lovell?

LOVELL

I thought you said you can't  
swim?

They walk underneath a row of upper windows overlooking the  
work floor and up a set of metal stairs.

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

Winston leads them all in past the long computer desk which  
lines the windows overlooking the service level.

OFFICE CHAIR CASTORS/ WHEELS CLOSE UP

As they roll across the floor one way and roll back the other  
way.

LOUIS TULLY

He is sliding back and forth on a Backsaver chair running numbers on five parallel sets of computers, sorting print outs, and shredding documents.

LOUIS

Hey Winston. I think I've figured out how to forestall the contemplated insolvency through the next quarter and avoid a Chapter Eleven filing before the fiscal closing in December provided Ray and Egon don't expend all our operating capital on research.

LOVELL

Any cheque possibilities for us this week Louis.

LOUIS

Not unless we sell the building.

He propels himself away at high speed

FROM OUTSIDE THE LONG ROW OF SUPERVISORY GLASS

They are walking toward a section from which intriguing SNAPS and GLOWS of light are being emitted.

WINSTON

Is stopped at a desk by JANINE.

JANINE

What's this?! Looks like mutiny!

WINSTON

I gotta see Egon and Ray.

JANINE

No one gets in 'til they're finished.

WINSTON

It's been three days.

JANINE

Hey maybe they're cooking up something that saves the company. No one gets in. Sorry.

PULL BACK FROM WINDOW TO OUTSIDE THE GLASS AND TRAVEL ALONG PAST THE DOOR DIVIDING THEM FROM THE ADJACENT ROOM TO PUSH IN TO-

INT. G.B. R&D- LAB

Workbenches and walls with lots of black and gray electronic boxes. Slime specimens. Clay models of work being done on a new generation of hardware to replace the packs and wands.

A PROTOTYPE SUIT is close to being completed.

EGON SPENGLER

He wears deep black wrap around shades, a surgeon's head cap, mask and full CLEAR PLASTIC PURITY SUIT such as are used in microchip production. He is hunched over something. Bright electro-sparking is reflected off the goggles.

SPENGLER

Something's gone wrong.

STANTZ-

Dressed the same way in a clean suit. He sits on a stool, his hands and forearms covered in VIRTUAL MITTS.

STANTZ

What? I pre-set the Veneziano amplitude.

SPENGLER

Not that. My clean suit is beginning to rot from the chest down.

STANTZ

We're definitely setting a record for continuous time spent in one hygiene suit.

SPENGLER

How's yours?

STANTZ

My seat blew out ten hours ago.

SPENGLER

We'll have to change soon. My sweat is dissolving these armpits.

STANTZ

I gotta take a break. Have

STANTZ (continues)  
to take a break or I'll start  
making dangerous mistakes.

SPENGLER  
Let's finish the test sequence.

HIS P.O.V. PUSH IN TO WHAT HE IS WORKING ON

He does some MICROWELDING on a tiny intricate high alloy  
conductive CRADLE. Finishing, he slides this back under a-

VIRTUAL MAGNISCOPE

He fixes his eyes to the viewer cup.

HIS POV- MICRO CLOSE UP

As his precision CLAWS enter FRAME and set the CRADLE in the  
centre of the slide.

SPENGLER  
Setting anti-quark ignition  
cradle.

STANTZ  
Glueball entering your flux  
field now.

Stantz' MITTS enter and gently deposit a colorful jumbo cat's  
eye marble sphere component. He sets it on the cradle.

GLUEBALL AND CRADLE- MICRO CLOSE UP

The marble is a fire with the symmetry of particles and  
sparks and strings of primal pink, white and purple hopping  
and intertwining.

SPENGLER  
Cut your shield.

What was the containing 'glass' of the marble is lifted by  
micro crane to reveal the energy within.

Awesome, beautiful, contained, symmetrical and alive in a  
hope for mankind of way.

STANTZ  
Insert your muon.

Spengler drops a micro-glob of iridescent fluid into the  
GLUEBALL. The reaction is instant and flashes brightly.

The glueball evolves into a second self-contained pattern of  
particles in their orbits.

SPENGLER

Graft in bosonic loop.

Stantz uses pincers to extract a single pink and white particle and its path from a stasis plate which has been holding it. He deftly inserts the string of energy in amongst all the others competing for space, time and motion.

STANTZ

QCD flux tube holding. Meson waste at speed.

SPENGLER

Prepare to submit targets.

Stantz drops various items above field around the glueball.

STANTZ

Straight pin.

The pin drops in and is consumed in a bright spark as are the following:

SPENGLER

Cherry stone.

STANTZ

Dog biscuit.

SPENGLER

Nixon postage stamp.

STANTZ

Casino gambling chip.

SPENGLER

Jeweller's hammer.

STANTZ

Gum drop, dental cap, hairbrush, matchstick, cigarette.

SPENGLER

Alright. That's enough.

STANTZ

Now at least we know the stuff doesn't stay in there. So it's gotta go somewhere.

SPENGLER

Ten years of research to replicate the natural void

SPENGLER (continues)  
into which human beings lose  
their socks.

STANTZ  
I need to move. My mask is  
steaming up.

SPENGLER  
Restore the shield. Neutralizing  
handler mechanism.

STANTZ  
Restoring shield.

STANTZ

Vapor is obscuring the vision in his mask. He shifts  
uncomfortably on his chair.

SPENGLER  
Remove gluon string.

THRU MAGNISCOPE

Stantz mitts enter. He inserts the pincers into the  
GLUEBALL's spinning pattern of particles. He tries two or  
three penetrations.

STANTZ  
No.. nope.. can't get  
it..can't seem to..

By accident he jiggles the pincers. There is a BRIGHT SPARK.  
The GLUEBALL SKIPS off the cradle.

SPENGLER  
RAY!!

STANTZ  
SORRY!!

INT. R&D ROOM-

From the base of the magniscope there is a wicked FLASH as-  
THE GLUEBALL/GLOWING DOT

Bursts through the containment walls of the instrument and  
fires out into the room. It shoots out through-

SUPERVISOR'S WINDOW ABOVE THE SERVICE AREA

This shatters as the tiny glowing projectile flies out into  
the air above the garage floor.



WINSTON, JANINE, MOIRA, FRANKY, LOVELL AND CARLA

React to the explosion of glass from inside the lab.

AN ECTO UNIT UP ON A HOIST-

The tiny glowing DOT bores through one side of the car and comes out the other causing the mechanic to duck.

EXT. FRONT GARAGE DOOR-

The glowing DOT shatters a pane of glass and goes into a building across the street.

INT./ EXT. BUILDINGS IN THE CITY- VARIOUS CUTS- WALLS, WINDOWS, OFFICES, PEOPLE-

As the GLUEBALL burns a path through everything in its way. People dive, duck and swerve as it barely misses them.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER- CITY SKYLINE - WIDE-

The minuscule but energetically glowing DOT streaks out of the city and skims along the surface of the water.

THE GLUEBALL-

Touches the water. This stops it abruptly. As the water hits it, there is a FIZZLE and it sinks.

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

Are at the broken supervisor's window, stripping off their clean hoods and suits. Everyone from the next room rushes in.

LOVELL

Let's see that again!

FRANKY

Yeah! That's potent!

STANTZ

When I jiggled the string  
I knocked it off the cradle.  
I'm sorry.

SPENGLER

It's alright. We should have  
stopped hours ago.

STANTZ

It takes months to assemble those  
glueballs.

It glides down into the blinking stacks and towers of industrial Jersey.

EXT. PROPYLENE AVENUE- NIGHT

Ecto 50 passes a long row of toxic waste storage yards. Most are dimly lit lots of metal barrels behind standard chain-link and barbed wire fences and pulls into the gates of-

EXT. GB JERSEY STORAGE FACILITY- NIGHT

It cannot be seen for the THICK BLACK FLYMESH CAGE around the entire two acres.

It is bathed in purple light. Harsh white strobes wink on the gate columns. Warning chasers pulse along the meshpipe. There are multiple yellow, white, red and black Dayglo signs.

WARNING/STAY AWAY/ EXTREMELY DANGEROUS/ E.P.A. APPROVED CLASS XC PERMIT/ VERY HIGH VOLTAGE ANTI-PERSONNEL FENCE AKITA ATTACK DOGS/ NO ACCESS/ INSPECTORS CALL MANHATTAN OFFICE 212-567-8700

INT. ECTO- 50

There is barely enough room in the cab for personnel with all the hardware surrounding them.

MOIRA

Remote card lock. Verify.

FRANKY

(tired)

Mmm. hmm..

She swipes a holder in the dash with a card. Ecto 50 enters through the sliding gates.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

A couple of acres of wrecked GB ecto units, junk, surrounding a long, two-story, mottled, molecular-case hardened grey and blackpiped, white and green winking VAULT.

ECTO 50 drives through the inner gates. THE MESH above them COVERS the whole place. They pass an old combination hearse, flower car which is painted in company colors and has oil barrels filled with trash sitting on it. It is labeled- "THE SOON."

Franky backs the truck to the Vault Receptacle. Moira, Carla and Lovell swing the transfer apparatus off the side and begin running the controls preparatory to pumping.

## VAULT RECEPTACLE

Five cable and three flex-tube ends await the boom which the four GB's hook up. They plug and secure the various branches.

MOIRA

Open vault drop.

A MASSIVE industrial refrigerator type shudder throbs through the building.

CARLA

My reservoir valve open.

The surge goes through the boom.

MOIRA

Franky, check the flow.

FRANKY

Carla doesn't mind.

CARLA

I'm busy here. Lovell.

LOVELL

Just check it man.

Franky reluctantly leans into the vault receptacle wall.

EXT. RECEPTACLE- BRANCH

Franky crouches in to look through a small glowing flow monitor.

HIS P.O.V. - FLOW MONITOR

THE COURSE OF CAPTURED SOULS. A little river of miniature spectres, spirits, faces, shadows and all the evidence of lingering bio-electric impressions from formerly human presences. It's a little sad and tough to watch.

FRANKY

He turns away.

FRANKY

When are they gonna put  
all those poor souls someplace  
nice, you know.

MOIRA

That's what they're working  
on in the lab.

CARLA

Watch the flow. Watch the flow.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL- 3:00 AM

A more forbidding Gothic medical structure could scarcely be devised.

AMBULANCE ENTRANCE

Stantz and Spengler pull up. Spengler gets out and carefully removes a simple square 3X3 foot oak box. Stantz carries a case of light bulbs. They run through the emergency doors and are met by-

CARDINAL STEPPINO

A fifty-ish, no nonsense, six foot, Italian New Yorker. A Mafiosi in scarlet sashes, black beads and Cross. He is accompanied by several officers of the Church and muscle priests. He stops them.

CARDINAL

Gentlemen. Once again I must again register the diocese's firm objection to the experiment.

SPENGLER

(brushing by)

Is he still conscious at this moment?

CARDINAL

Didn't he call you? You heard him. He's raving.

STANTZ

His ravings made him the greatest professor of theo-physics the world has ever seen.

SPENGLER

The only one.

They all enter the elevator.

EXT. ELEVATOR

As they walk into the ward. They go through several sets of doors down a long hallway.

CARDINAL

The Church cannot sanction anything which undercuts an absolute faith in life everlasting.

SPENGLER

Maybe this experiment will help you confirm it.

CARDINAL

The faithful don't need science to confirm true belief in God and His Hereafter.

STANTZ

But isn't it God, The Devil and Their Individual Hereafters?

CARDINAL

Yes, well Father Trenodius found that out in his life's work didn't he?

PUSH THROUGH THE DOORS INTO-

INT: CHRONIC CARE WARD- NIGHT

It is packed with priests, nuns, bishops, rabbis, Imams.

STANTZ

Quite the bon voyage party.

CARDINAL

You are aware of course that he was also the Chief Administrator of the V.I.G.

SPENGLER

V. I. G.?

CARDINAL

As well as being the Church's leading authority on exorcism he holds the highest rank in the Vatican Investigative Group. Verifying miracles and such.

Stantz and Spengler nod appreciatively "Oh of course."

CARDINAL

He handled the worst possession cases and cast out many demons. We are all here to pray that his

CARDINAL (continues)  
 soul withstands the onslaught of  
 the darker forces which might  
 take advantage of his coming  
 weakness in the transition.

A team of doctors approaches led by an attractive young  
 female specialist.

STANTE  
 How's he dying...er doing?

DOCTOR  
 Vitals are fading fast.

They thread their way through the mass of internecine clergy  
 into-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- TRENODIUS

There is a spiritually enriched aura around this translucent-  
 skinned 86 year old with shocks of white hair and brilliant  
 blue eyes. He sits straight up in the bed. The last of  
 vibrancy flaring.

TRENODIUS  
 Men! Did you bring it?!

STANTE  
 Yes Professor. We'll set  
 it up.

SPENGLER  
 You feel it's time?

TRENODIUS  
 I have chosen the time. 3:15 A.M.  
 When passages open up to the  
 other planes.

CARDINAL  
 Monsignor I must ask that  
 you not participate in this  
 kind of-

TRENODIUS  
 YOU OUT! AND YOU! AND YOU!  
 AND THEM!

SPENGLER  
 Sounds like he's back in class.

TRENODIUS  
 Everyone out but my two students!  
 Doctor please-

DOCTOR

Everyone out but these two.  
That's my call. Sorry Bishop.

CARDINAL

Cardinal! Steppino!

She escorts everyone out and closes the door. She and a couple of nurses stand by.

STANTZ

Begins unwrapping plain white light bulbs. Spengler takes out a small cassette recorder and unpacks the contents of the simple oak box. It is a LIGHT BOARD with two bulbs, one green and one red.

SPENGLER

(into recorder)  
Three oh five A.M. October  
15. Room 1278 New York Hospital.  
Subject psi-transference test.

STANTZ

(holds up a light bulb)  
Go.

Trenodius closes his eyes.

STANTZ AND BULB- CLOSE

He holds it up near his face.

PUSH IN TO AND THROUGH THE BULB TO E.C.U. OF THE FILAMENT  
INSIDE-

The tiny tungsten wire POPS.

STANTZ

(holding up other bulbs)  
Go..go..go..

DIFFERENT CUTS OF THE TINY WIPES SNAPPING, BREAKING, POPPING.

THE DOCTOR AND NURSES

React.

SPENGLER

HIT. HIT. HIT...

TRENODIUS

Opens his eyes.

THE LIGHT BULB

The whole thing shatters. Little pieces fly into Stantz's cheek.

STANTZ

We're good here.

Blood droplets flow and the nurses rush to help him.

SPENGLER AND LIGHT BOX

SPENGLER

Color test.

Trenodius illuminates the red bulb, then the green.

STANTZ

(pushes something  
underneath the bed)  
Kirlian scale in place.

SPENGLER

Three ten A.M. Do you have  
any last thoughts Professor  
Trenodius?

TRENODIUS- SLOW PUSH IN -

TRENODIUS

(settling back)  
Birth and death the greatest  
moments in our lives. But this  
one holds the greatest discovery.  
The afterworlds.

MOVE IN CLOSER

TRENODIUS

I don't envy those I leave behind.  
As we approach the Dawn of the Age  
of Kali Yuga, evil is bursting to  
be free of its confines.

More monitors activate.

TRENODIUS

But I will soon know the Light.

He closes his eyes.



## TRENODIUS

I'm warm. I'm happy. I see  
lots ...of...golden...  
sparkly...globes...of...beautiful...  
white and yellow...and blue..

The monitors flatten their tones.

## STANTZ

That's wonderful. He's  
seeing the light.

## SPENGLER

Endorphin secretions producing  
bio-electric hallucinations of  
positive images to assist in  
easing terminal trauma.

## STANTZ

You say.

TRENODIUS' CLOSED EYES- THEY OPEN SLOWLY. HE IS GONE.

PUSH INTO HIS EYES AND DISSOLVE TO HIS POV AS HE TRANSITS  
FROM THE LIFE STATE

DISSOLVE TO:

TRENODIUS AFTERWORLD P.O.V.

He enters a beautiful blue tube which pulsates warmly. He  
walks down the length of it.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- TRENODIUS

A calm peaceful smile on his face.

Stantz and Spengler holding the light board across the bed.

The GREEN BULB illuminates. ON OFF ON OFF

## SPENGLER

He's hitting.

## STANTZ

Green! Hitting green! He  
sees the light!

INT. THE BLUE TUNNEL- TRENODIUS-

His spirit glows with joy. Now the Golden Glow at the end of  
tunnel increases. Slowly some figures come into view.

They hold out arms and beckon gently.

THE LIGHT BOARD- STANTZ AND SPENGLER-

The GREEN bulb illuminates.

INT. THE TUNNEL-

Trenodius approaches the figures, happy and smiling. He is greeted by smiling faces, warm embracing spirits. His grandparents, parents, friends, colleagues who have gone ahead.

He crosses over from the blue light to the yellow, opening his arms to be greeted by the welcoming souls.

INT. THE YELLOW GLOW

He leaves the tunnel, arms extended to hug those who await.

Now the smiling, greeting figures suddenly grab him. They kick and beat with fists, boots and baseball bats.

TRENODIUS' SPIRIT-

Turns to run back through the tunnel but is caught and dragged back to be wailed upon by the welcoming souls who are transforming into a writhing cluster of sub-demons. His FACE reacts with horror.

THE LIGHT BOARD-

The green bulb BURSTS. The RED BULB lights up.

STANTZ

Whoa! Hitting RED!

It glows fiercely and EXPLODES.

INT. TUNNEL- TRENODIUS' SPIRIT

The Golden Light recedes and a dark purplish, inky fluid obscures everything as he is hauled away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- NIGHT- TRENODIUS' DEATH BED

His face begins to draw tight and contort hideously, gone is the peaceful countenance.

SPENGLER AND STANTZ

They exchange a concerned look. Suddenly all the monitors BEEP with a returning signal. The tubes in his throat gurgle.

DOCTOR

He's back.

She checks.

NURSE

But comatose.

STANTZ

No. This isn't right. If there ever was a man ready to cross over freely it was him.

SPENGLER(pulls out envelope)

He gave me this..to open after he was gone.

STANTZ

Come on Spengy you saw that red light bulb explode. There's something unnatural going on here. Open it.

Spengler looks at his friend and taps the envelope against his wrist.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP- VIEWING SCREEN NIGHT

The last of the FLOWING SPIRITS in the containment transfer truck is being pumped into.

EXT. G.B. JERSEY STORAGE FACILITY- NIGHT

MOIRA

That's it. Transfer unit empty.

She flicks off the truck's moaning turbine.

CARLA

Truck shunt locked.

ON THE TRUCK- INSTRUMENT DISPLAY

SHUNT LOCK LOCK LOCK

MOIRA

Truck shunt locked check.  
Vault shunt lock.

AT THE VAULT INSTRUMENT PANEL

FRANKY

Shunt closed.

He closes the shunt but DOES NOT LOCK IT. He and Lovell are in a hurry to disconnect the couplings.

LOVELL

Come on. It's Miller time.

EXT. TRANSFER TRUCK

It leaves the black-meshed compound.

THE VAULT SHUNT VALVE- CLOSE-

WINKING- UNLOCKED UNLOCKED UNLOCKED

SHUNT VALVE CAP- ECU

It pops up. Vapors and wisps venture out and begin to take form rising up into the black fly-mesh and dissipating into the darkness. One of them is the expanding white-tie spectre of J.J. Desseter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. G.B. GARAGE- MORNING

All the doors open up for the shift change.

INT. GARAGE

People punch in. Franky, Lovell, Moira, Carla. Nat.

NAT

Morning Lovell.

LOVELL

Morning.

NAT

Morning.

FRANKY

Morning.

NAT

Morning.

MOIRA

Morning.

NAT

Morning.

CARLA

Morning.

## INT. SUPERVISOR'S LEVEL

Janine is already at her desk. The phone lines are fully lit. As each line rings she hits automatic hold.

JANINE

Morning Winston.

ZEDDEMORE

Morning. I want all teams on the floor in two minutes.

JANINE (into loud speaker)

All teams assemble now for a briefing.

She nods towards the closed door of the lab. He goes in. The door closes. After a few seconds Stantz, Spengler and Zeddemore emerge.

They take a position at the rail overlooking the shop as all the G.B.'s assemble below them.

ON THE FLOOR-

The teams gather to look up at their leaders who address them.

CLOSE- ROCKWELLIAN PAN ON THEM, LOVELL, FRANKY, MOIRA, CARLA, NAT-

ZEDDEMORE

Good morning. I have a Code Purple Alert for all teams. On immediate notice we are high anticipation status for an increased degree of supra-normal activity.

STANTZ

We spent a fascinating evening with our mentor Father Trenodius last night. The results of a post-terminal psi-kinetic transfer mechanism which we had in place would seem to indicate that our friend tried to die and cross into an afterlife plane but was apparently refused entry.

SPENGLER (holds up letter)

He left us this letter and we are placing great credibility in his belief that an afterworld does in fact exist. A reality plane side-by-side

SPENGLER (continues)  
to ours but only slightly out of phase  
with what you and I see.

ZEDDEMORE  
In photographic terms the negative image  
to our positive picture.

STANTZ  
He advises us to prepare for a flow  
of massive energy from the posthumous  
states back into our own material  
plane.

SPENGLER  
If our friend's own incomplete  
non-death is any indicator then  
there may indeed be blocked conduits  
to all the afterworld planes.

ON THE FLOOR-

LOVELL  
The States of Heaven and Hell blocked  
up like a toilet and spilling over on us.

FRANKY  
Yeah. Well you know Hell's gotta  
get full.

This breaks up some of the team members around them.

MOIRA  
What should we look for?

SPENGLER  
An increase in disturbances  
and activity especially among  
the recently deceased.

ZEDDEMORE  
Thank you. Let's go to work.

ON THE FLOOR-

CARLA  
What was that all about?

LOVELL  
Business as usual.

MOIRA  
They're just shook up about  
their friend.

CUT TO:

THE ZIP OF A BODY BAG- CLOSE

The finality over multiple gunshot wounds.

EXT. CRIME SCENE- DAY

Police cars and ambulances are gathered around the scene of a gangland style hit.

CORONER'S STAFF

Finish zipping one of the bodies into a bag and hoist it onto the gurney.

AT THE CORONER'S TRUCK

They go to lift the gurney in. Suddenly it jerks, BUNTS THEM ASIDE and takes off down the street, rolling under its own power.

THE GURNEY

Whips past the cops, the BODY BAG sits up and the victim punches his way out as the gurney speeds away.

INT. A SURGICAL OPERATING ROOM- DAY

A team is performing a detailed operation.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE/ VARIOUS CUTS

The surgeons, nurses, instruments and monitors as it becomes obvious that the procedure is failing. Finally the screens, graphs and tones depict the death of the patient.

NURSE

I'm sorry Doctor.

DOCTOR

Alright. That's it. We did all we could. Thank-You everyone. Terrific effort.

The team puts aside their instruments. The monitors are turned off, doctors and nurses disperse. Orderlies begin to disassemble the equipment and prepare the body for removal.

THE PATIENT

(from behind the tent)

Hey, Doc. How much longer is this gonna take? I'm feeling a little uncomfortable here.

EXT. A HOUSE IN YONKERS- DAY

Franky and Lovell ring the bell. A man in his fifties answers the door.

MAN

Yes.

FRANKY

Mr. Rod Burke.

MAN

Yes. Who are you?

LOVELL

We're from the ghostbusters.

MAN

So. What do you want here?

FRANKY

It's about your Grandmother  
Flora.

MAN

What about her? She passed away  
a couple of days ago.

LOVELL

Yeah. That's the one.

FRANKY

It seems as if she's passed  
back in and she wants to come  
home.

LOVELL

(into walkie)  
Bring her up.

THE MAN'S P.O.V.

As the dead grandmother gets out of her car, smoking a  
cigarette, carrying a plastic-handled grocery bag and  
dangling a six pack of beer.

THE MAN AND HIS WIFE

Are in shock as she marches up the steps and pushes past  
them.

FLOPA

What's for supper?



FRANKY  
 Congratulations.

LOVELL  
 (offering invoice)  
 Sign here.

DISSOLVE TO:

A DEEP VELVETY BLACKNESS

HOLD ON THE VOID

QUIET MUFFLED COMFORTING

Now a LINE OF CRIMSON grows in the far right corner of FRAME. There is the RUSTED GRINDING of gears and plate as an aperture reveals itself to be a DOOR OF RUSTED, RIVETED IRON PLATE being raised up on screeching, moaning pulleys.

There is a profile view as LICKS OF CARBON AND FLAME lash out across FRAME and MANY FIGURES are thrust out by multiple scaly, muscled claws and forearms.

These figures fall to land on iron as the DOOR IS DROPPED SHUT like a guillotine in one last waft of fiery cinders leaving numerous lost figures to recover themselves in the infinite blackness between the dimensions.

CUT TO:

EXT. A HUGE GRAVEYARD NEAR THE BROOKLYN-QUEENS EXPRESSWAY-DAY

Thousands of gravestones cover seemingly miles of ground with the skyline of Manhattan in the b.g.

A GRAVESIDE

People attend the last stages of an interment. The coffin is lowered into the grave. A mourner throws on a shovelful of dirt. As she turns her back CLOUDS OF EARTH come flying out of the grave to hit her on the head.

ECTO TEN

Pulls up and parks behind the long line of limousines and hearses. Franky, Lovell, Moira and Carla step out to see-

THE MOURNERS

Fleeing the graveyard as COFFINS begin pushing themselves up out of the ground.

LOVELL-

He is on his cell phone.

LOVELL

Yeah this is Ecto Ten. You wanted to know about activity among the recently dead...

A COFFIN LANDS STRAIGHT UP BESIDE HIM as if dropped from a great height. It splits open and a corpse pushes away the lid and steps out.

CORPSE (to Lovell)

Hey Pal. Where can I get a gun?

LOVELL

They're pretty active over here in Queens.

WIDEN TO REVEAL-

The G.B.'s cower in the graveyard which is alive with a migration of the dead.

COFFINS are popping up like corks now. Caskets land all around them splitting apart with bodies walking out and heading for the road.

EXT. GRAVEYARD- FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BQE- DAY

As hundreds of coffins shoot up into the air like missiles.

CUT TO:

INT. G.B. GARAGE SUPERVISORY LEVEL

The phones are bleeping constantly and teams are coming and going through the bay doors. Stantz, Winston and Spengler watch the chaos.

WINSTON

...we have superanimated dead people rising all over the five boroughs. Trying to find their former apartments, homes, offices...cars...the police say General Grant busted out of his tomb....

STANTZ

Pal, we've been in this line of work for a decade.

STANTZ (continues)  
We've never seen anything like  
this.

Nat's cell phone rings.

NAT  
Ecto-Command. Dr. Colby.  
Yes. One second please.  
Dr. Stantz it's Marta  
Desseter.

STANTZ  
Marta Dessetter, the third  
richest human in the history  
of the universe?

SPENGLER  
I'd take the call.

EXT./INT. MANHATTAN MONTAGE- THE DEAD RE-OCCUPYING THE CITY-  
DAY

Mingling with living at Lincoln Centre, the Plaza Fountain,  
Rock. Center/Radio City Music Hall.

MARION DESSETTER- CLOSE

Early sixties but still really attractive like Lauren Bacall.  
She hauls on a cigarette and gazes out past the Statue of  
Liberty from eighty floors up.

THE OFFICE DOORS

Are flung open and the G.B.'s enter.

MARTA (whirling)  
What in the hell is going on?!  
My great grandfather's ghost  
appeared last night and destroyed  
the lobby of this building.  
Dead people are trying to move  
back into my real estate square  
footage.

STANTZ (palms up)  
We have a theory. We have reason  
to suspect a certain sinister energy  
which shall be nameless until we  
are in position to confront it  
firsthand in its own environment.

MARTA  
And how do you propose to  
accomplish that?

SPENGLER

Afterworld access through  
alteration of the planar  
frequency around the Five  
Boroughs by a gluon phase  
reversal enabling us to  
agitate across the field  
dividing us from this parallel  
reality.

MARTA

Meaning you'll need money.

NAT

To build a Heisenberg-Feynmann  
loop provider.

STANTZ

And new generation equipment  
for the team... (to Spengler)  
muon pots...particle grieves.

SPENGLER (to Stantz)

Planar frequency attenuator  
so we don't select the  
wrong environment.

MARTA

Which..if I get your drift  
means the wrong environment  
in this case would not be  
such a bad place to end up.

STANTZ

You're close to nailing it.

MARTA

I want to go along for the ride.

SPENGLER

There'll be limited seating.

MARTA

Can you come back once you get  
there?

STANTZ

Just a matter of changing  
the flux and vibrating at  
the right frequency. Once we  
build the technology

MARTA

How much?

SPENGLER

If we want it by next week  
nine billion dollars.

MARTA

Nine billion. I'll have to  
think about it. Excuse me  
gentlemen. I need to freshen up.

She pads across the six inch pile carpet to a walnut paneled door. It opens with a click at her approach.

ON MARTA-

As she enters the bathroom and turns to see-

THE GRINNING, RED-EYED SKULL OF THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE- HER  
ANCESTOR J.J. DESSETTER-

The apparition sits on the toilet and then vanishes before  
her eyes.

EXT. THE OFFICE

She bursts out from the bathroom.

MARTA

YES!! YES!! WHATEVER YOU NEED!!

CUT TO:

INT. G.B. GARAGE-

Nat addresses everyone. All teams.

NAT(from top rail)

We all know what's happening  
in the City. Drs. Stantz,  
Spengler, are working on a  
solution. They need a team  
to volunteer for some research.

LOVELL

What kind of research?

NAT

The kind with travel involved.  
Testing new equipment.

ON LOVELL FRANKY, MOIRA AND CARLA-

Franky and Lovell shake their heads. They want no part of it.  
Carla and Moira exchange a look and head for the stairs to

the offices overlooking the floor as does everyone in the building leaving Franky and Lovell behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. G.B. GARAGE- NIGHT

SUPER LEGEND- ONE WEEK LATER

ALL THE DOORS open and the entire fleet of Ecto-Units rolls out in a convoy.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The ECTO CONVOY of vintage ambulances crosses the East River.

EXT. OLD BROOKLYN PIERS- WAREHOUSES

The CONVOY turns into the warehouse district.

EXT. A MASSIVE ANCIENT WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

A BLACK METAL DOOR SLIDES UP revealing-

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

In Lab suits and coats waving them in like military traffic cops.

INT. WAREHOUSE- HIGH WIDE

The Convoy rolls in and is accommodated by a hundred thousand square feet of space. The windows have been blacked in, and the walls and floor painted in brand new gray latex concrete coat.

Along the walls are various tractor trailers with corporate insignia: Microsoft, Apple, IBM, Cray Research. A couple of hundred lab-suited workers are arraying row upon row of mainframe terminals.

THE CONVOY OF ECTO UNIT VEHICLES

Pulls in and turns to park. Thirty of them side by side.

VARIOUS CUTS- ECTO UNITS'- DOORS

Team members and lab-workers unload assorted lengths of BLACK rods and pipes of different thicknesses.

STANTE AT THE WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE

He takes the last puff of a cigar, flicks it out into the street then lowers the metal door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ECTO-UNIT- FROM OVER TOP LIGHT BAR- DAY-

The strobe set, roof and hood of the car seems to be skimming over water.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

The car is on a small ferry off the tip of the Battery heading to Governor's Island.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S ISLAND FERRY- DAY

NAT sits behind the wheel of his Ecto-Unit, reading an X-Men comic book, eating Wise potato chips and drinking a Barq's root beer.

EXT. THE ISLAND-DOCKSIDE

The ferry docks and Nat drives onto the Island where he is met by a New York City Parks Ranger.

THE RANGER

She looks puzzled at the sight of the kid.

RANGER

Are you from the Ghostbusters?

NAT

No. I just like the way they paint their cars. Hop in.

INT. ECTO UNIT

As they drive through the abandoned complex.

NAT

So what you got?

RANGER

You mean you're going to handle this?

NAT

Depends on the specifics of the manifestation but basically yeah.

RANGER

O.K. I'm Trina. I'm here alone most days. Go straight.

RANGER (continues)

Been here since the City  
inherited this White  
Elephant from the Army.  
Turn left next street.

EXT. NAT'S ECTO UNIT-

It passes long rows of empty houses, broken and boarded up windows, overgrown lawns. The car turns down another street.

INT. NAT'S UNIT- RANGER

RANGER

I've heard the stories but  
I'd never seen anything until...  
it..Harrsp..ah..harrsp..ah..

She begins hyper-ventilating.

Nat pulls the car over and hits a button on the dash. A black slit with a green cross on it pops open. He extracts and expertly taps a hypodermic syringe. Turning the Ranger's wrist over swiftly but gently he injects her with a tranquilizer.

NAT

We're all licensed E.M.T.'s.  
This is Zebatrol, mild, something  
to even you out. Happens a lot.  
People relive the event. React  
badly. Where's the disturbance?

The Ranger nods through the windshield at a large old mansion behind the trees.

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICER'S MANSION- LATE AFTERNOON

Nat finishes equipping himself with pack, thrower, wand, trap, goggles.

NAT(into headset mic.)

This is Supervisor Colby.  
Call #68 Alpha Alpha, I'll be  
Double O Victor until... (checks watch)  
5:50.

He nervously taps his gauntlets on a flexing palm before he pulls one onto each hand.

THE FRONT DOOR

He enters the house.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION



Dim green walls. The last rays of sun supply a dull, dust-filled light to the formal hall and staircase. Now he hears something- a soft distant muffled sob.

WITH HIM THRU LIVING ROOM- BALLROOM- DINING ROOM-TO  
THE KITCHEN DOOR

He pushes through the door, following the sound.

INT. KITCHEN- NAT'S P.O.V.

A tile and porcelain architectural relic. He walks in slowly. There is a BURST of WATER AND SLUDGE from the sink. This stops him and he checks the room cautiously. Now piles of CUTLERY on the counter FORM A CLOUD and like a swarm of flies launch themselves at him.

NAT-

Ducks and swats away the attacking implements. He watches as

A SILVERY MIST

Begins to form and a GRAY LADY PHANTOM takes shape. A little on the plump side, she is turned away from him at a cabinet across the room. Sobbing softly.

NAT

Hey!

The phantom sobs, quietly, not responding.

NAT(as to a pet)

Go across now and I won't  
use this thing.

The apparition dissolves into a mist which dissipates into a fine silver vapor.

THRU HIS GOGGLES

He watches the shape evaporate.

ON HIM

He turns. DISHES begin rattling, he looks as the GRAY LADY re-assembles out of the particulate mist BEHIND HIM.

NAT AND THE GRAY LADY PHANTOM

The doors on the cabinets near her SPLINTER and she begins spinning government china at him. Now he sees her in full- a hefty, bug-eyed, BLOWSEB with make-up CRUSTED ON HER.

GRAY LADY PHANTOM  
I HATE BEING A SOLDIER'S  
MISTRESS!!

He toggles up and pours a stream at her which drives her through the door.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL- STAIRS- ON NAT AND THRU GOGGLES

As Nat chases the THERMAL TRACE UPSTAIRS.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

He has his trap in hand.

THRU GOGGLES

The TRACE lingers by a door.

BEDROOM DOOR

He kicks it open, trap at the ready like a lasso.

INT. THE BEDROOM

Dark. The light of day dwindles through broken panes throwing shadows from the hulking four poster bed and armoire. He looks around.

ON HIS FACE AND GOGGLES

Behind his head and neck the GRAY LADY materializes, pounces on him and presses him into the bed.

NAT  
Aaaaagggghhh!!!

He slithers out from under the smothering bosom and pours a course at maximum into the apparition. He has been slimed.

She vanishes. He turns in time to avoid CANDLESTICKS which are hurled by unseen hands from the mantle.

A sequence follows in which this ten year old kid demonstrates great ability and handling as he succeeds in confining his adversary into a corner and pops the trap to absorb her.

ON NAT

He lifts his goggles and goes towards the smoking trap. Picking it up to look at the comforting FULL indicator he turns to face-

THE ANGRY DRUNKEN GHOST OF U.S. GRANT

Who thrusts the butt of his sword under the boy's chin and seizes Nat's neck with a bony claw.

GRANT'S GHOST  
GIVE ME BACK MY WOMAN!!

NAT

Wide-eyed with fear. Now the door busts wide open and the room is filled with BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT WITH PURPLE TINGES.

GRANT'S GHOST

Is suddenly FLASH FROZEN in a PURPLE AND GREEN PARTICULATE-FILLED synthetic PLASM.

MOIRA AND CARLA

Stand in the doorway. Moira's right forearm and hand are shielded in the new PARTICLE GRIEVE and glove which is pouring out the purple and green plasm. She completely coats the apparition. There is an ELECTRO- CLINK and MOANING SERVO SHUT DOWN. The plasm stream ceases.

Now she raises her left forearm and glove. There is another CLINK. A different pitched whine and-

GRANT'S FLASH-PLASMED GHOST-

Is ABSORBED in a path of iridescent pink light into her right griever leaving a slight remnant of particulate residue.

NAT

Wow! Thanks. Where did you guys come from?

CARLA

Your back-up alert was on.

NAT(checking his belt  
and turning it off)

Oh yeah. It must have come on when she threw me on the bed.

MOIRA

Who?

NAT(holding up trap)

Her. In here.

MOIRA

Oh.

NAT

What's this stuff?

CARLA

New generation trapping  
hardware. Muon reservoirs.  
Particle grieves.

MOIRA

We volunteered to try it out.

NAT

I guess it works.

A PAIR OF HANDS WITH MANY GAUDY GOLD RINGS- CLOSE UP-

It beats out a rhythm on the table. Two voices sing accapella  
Rap:

INT. G.B. GARAGE- TEAM READY ROOM- FRANKY AND LOVELL

FRANKY AND LOVELL(singing)

Permanent paid vacation.  
Fully Paid vacation.  
Got my. Paid vacation.  
I can go. All over the nation.  
I'm baaad..nationwide.

MOIRA, CARLA AND NAT

Enter. Nat is plasmed with lipstick smears and powder from  
his encounter with Grant's mistress. Moira and Carla wear the  
new equipment.

They unclamp and unscrew the FLOW PIPES in their grieves and  
gloves and unshuck the RACK of five by two inch CYLINDERS  
around their shoulders along their biceps and around their  
waists.

Nat pops himself a Barq's, puts the kettle on and makes the  
girls some tea.

FRANKY

Look at this.

LOVELL

People actually working  
for a living.

FRANKY

Personally I've been

FRANKY (continues)  
enjoying this. Good food.

LOVELL  
Lots of it. Sleep.

FRANKY  
And respect. When you're  
the only ones here, this  
uniform means respect.

LOVELL  
I like being paid for this.

NAT  
Bye. Thanks again Moira, Carla.  
I'm going to help Egon and Ray.

MOIRA  
See you in Brooklyn.

FRANKY  
Is that the new equipment?

LOVELL  
What's that prong thing on the  
glove?

DR. WINSTON ZEDDEMORE-

Enters. He wears a black jumpsuit with RED shoulder flashes  
and patches: ZEDDEMORE and PROJECT STYX.

WINSTON  
You ready? Everything's moving  
up. Looking at insertion at 3:15.  
They're ready to brief you.

MOIRA  
We're on our way.

They take their equipment and exit.

WINSTON  
As the only two out of five  
hundred who refrained from  
assisting in this Project I  
just want to say I appreciate  
your honesty. It's good that  
you found out that this work  
is not for everybody. You're  
both very talented and hopefully  
you'll be very successful in  
whatever you end up doing.  
Maybe you'll drop by every

WINSTON (continues)  
 once in a awhile, cause we've  
 all grown very fond of you.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

Around the perimeter of the walls now is a GLUON FENCE. Black spliny, urchinish networks of thin piping and rods knitted together like tank traps and stretching in a rough symmetrical array from floor to ceiling. The centre of the floor is dominated by a seven foot by ten foot BLACK AND GREY OCTAHEDRONAL CUBE and banks of computer benches on eight sides around it.

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

Address their employees. Moira and Carla in the third row. Franky and Lovell behind them.

STANTZ

Thank-You all for volunteering.  
 The new equipment tests were  
 invaluable. This next phase  
 of our project requires us to  
 inform you that your life will  
 be at risk if you continue to  
 participate.

SPENGLER

Perhaps even more than your life.

STANTZ

We must ask those of you who  
 do not choose to put yourselves  
 in this situation to go now.  
 Once we reveal the next level no  
 one will be allowed to leave.

Among the hundred or so people in the building there is much discussion and grumbling.

EXT. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

Twenty five Ecto-units exit into the night and the door closes behind them.

INT. WAREHOUSE- OCTAHEDRON- FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA, CARLA,  
 WINSTON, NAT, STANTZ AND SPENGLER

STANTZ

As you are aware the City  
 has been victimized by the dead.  
 Our theory is that afterworld

STANTZ (continues)  
conduits are being impeded by  
a stoppage, if you will, in a  
bottom plane of existence  
parallel to ours.

SPENGLER  
We are now being severely  
impacted by this adjacent reality  
and it may be at the design of a  
specific intelligence.

STANTZ  
There's only one way to verify  
our deductions..confront the  
source of this intelligent.

MOIRA  
How do you accomplish that sir?

SPENGLER  
By interlapping their spectra  
over ours. Light, radio, magnetic,  
all the waves in their space-time  
for the seconds we need to agitate  
you into the target environment.

STANTZ  
Slightly fluxing the planar phases  
of both our realities with gluon  
reversal using this Heisenberg-  
Feynmann loop provider here.

CARLA  
Meaning we take a ride in this box.

SPENGLER  
It won't be much of a ride.

STANTZ  
You'll wear the new hardware for  
defensive protection. Your  
mastoids will be implanted with  
a homing pulse so we can track  
you. Also on this belt there is  
an EGRESS TAB. It's protected by  
this pre-arming switch. This remote  
activates your agitation beacon for  
flux back to our plane.

WINSTON  
To be used only in the instance  
of terminal danger.

LOVELL

You mean like clicking my Ruby Slippers together.

FRANKY

In your case. Exactly.

STANTZ

We plan to extract you from here after fifteen hours.

SPENGLER-CLOSE

He holds up the belt, boxes of hip-borne equipment and toggle.

SPENGLER

You must never be separated from this apparatus. It must not be appropriated in any manner by the intelligences you might encounter.

ON THE VOLUNTEERS

FRANKY

I'm glad you got it all figured out but what exactly do we do when get there?

Spengler and Stantz exchange a look.

STANTZ

Find out who's in charge. Talk to him and ask him why all this stuff is happening then come back and tell us.

SPENGLER

If you're not back in twenty four hours I'll stroke this key and we'll restore you to this plane in whatever condition you're in.

WINSTON

Questions?

LOVELL

No questions. You want us to go to Hell, confront the Devil and come back alive.

Stantz and Spengler look at each, shrug and nod.



STANTZ  
You can put it that way  
if it helps you feel more  
comfortable.

CUT TO:

COMPUTER SCREENS- COLOR MODELS OF PROVIDER- GLUON LOOP PHASE,  
TOPOGRAPHY OF MANHATTAN AT ITS POSITIVE ARRAY OF SPECTRA

STANTZ, SPENGLER AND NAT

At the terminals programming settings.

FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA AND CARLA

Winston assists them in equipping.

THE OCTAHEDRONAL/CUBE/ LOOP PROVIDER

Winston escorts them to it.

STANTZ

Types in a keyboard command.

OCTAHEDRON- FRONT LEAVES/PANELS

They open revealing the interior of the cube.

FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA, CARLA

Enter the cube.

INT. CUBE/ H.F. LOOP PROVIDER

Purple, green and white light. There is a bench around the  
slanted walls. They sit down. The leaves close.

SPENGLER AND STANTZ

They nod to each other and both type simultaneous commands.

INT. CUBE/ PROVIDER

FRANKY  
Feel anything.

LOVELL  
Uh-uh..Moira?

MOIRA  
Nothing. Carla?

CARLA

Nope.

STANTZ, SPENGLER, NAT AND WINSTON

STANTZ

Send 'em?

Spengler nods gravely and resignedly

All are wearing FLASH SUPPRESSANT OPAQUE GOGGLES. Their hands hit keystrokes together.

INT./EXT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE

There is a PARTICLE- REVERSAL ARC AND SNAAPPP OF MAGNESIUM PINK AND GREEN LIGHT

INT. OCTAHEDRON/PROVIDER

MOIRA

How long did they say it would take?

THEIR P.O.V.

The front leaves open up, spilling purple, green and white light from inside the cube into the darkness without. They all get up and exit the octahedron.

FRANKY

It didn't work.

LOVELL

Where are the lights?

MOIRA

Maybe they blew some circuits.

They all step through the entrance of the open leaves which is further defined by a SHIMMERING RIPPLE around the CUBE.

EXT. OCTAHEDRON

Only the purple, green and white shaft of light is visible with the silhouettes of the G.B.'s against it.

They come out into a velvety BLACKNESS where the interior of the warehouse was and walk to a large square demarked by crimson lines of light all around it. There is no one nor anything in sight.

LOVELL

Looks like everybody went to lunch.

FRANKY

That's what we should do.  
Come on. Let's get out of here.

WAREHOUSE- DOOR SWITCH CLOSE

His gloved, grieved hand hits the UP button. The door slides up revealing the Brooklyn night outside. It is particularly black and tinged with an orange light. All the warehouses around them lack light or definition.

CARLA

Man. Look at this. I don't know where everybody else is but we're still here in Brooklyn.

MOIRA

They just left us here.

FRANKY

Let's get a cab, I'm thirsty..  
you thirsty??

They walk down the street to the boulevard at the corner.

At a distant traffic light they see many taxicabs waiting for the light to change. It doesn't. They come roaring through the red anyway. All FOR HIRE.

ON THE G.B.'S

As Moira hails the stream of cabs which blasts by them leaving them in a wake of soot and litter.

THEIR P.O.V.

All the taxis are Checkers. A dozen of them. They look Yellow at first glance but are really more of a Burgundy-Orange in color. None of them stop.

FRANKY

I don't why they're not stopping for us.

MOIRA

Let's keep hoofing.

LOVELL  
Where's the bridge?

EXT. STREET CORNER

It is lit RED by a City lamp.

ON THE G.B.'S

In their black and red STYX jumpsuits, MUON PRONGS and CYLINDER RACKS, these people look like they might just be able to handle themselves.

FRANKY  
The sky. Over there. Must  
be a fire.

MOIRA  
I don't hear sirens.

Round the corner and stop. Awe is in evidence as they see the Bridge.

THEIR P.O.V. - THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE AND LOWER MANHATTAN SKYLINE

The normally white and green twinkling lights are a DEEP BLOOD RED, every, single, last, one of them.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE

The Octahedron is now a translucent ripple of disturbed ions and molecules.

WINSTON  
Setting up com.receptor dishes.

He and Stantz set up radio dishes under the cube's rippling displacement.

NAT  
Interlink nav. transmitter  
blipping.

LIQUID COLOR SIMULATED MAPS COME UP ON THE SCREENS WITH FOUR BLIPS

SPENGLER  
Where are they?

NAT  
Walking over the Brooklyn  
Bridge.

EXT. MANHELLTON- ORANGE PERMALIGHT- NIGHT

The sky, a perpetual burnt orange with distant whirls of black smoke lending a permanent light from the horizon like some advancing Army coming closer in an artillery assault. Distant muffled detonations break the G.B.'s oddly quiet walk across-

THE BRIDGE- HIGH WIDE

The Gothic and cable span is twenty times the height of its planar mate and composed of highly polished black coke and onyx lit by red and orange spotlights. There are black and red illuminated

TRAFFIC SIGNS-

TO MANHELLTON ALL LANES

NO HONKING

QUIET OR GO TO MINES

PRIVATE VEHICLES PROHIBITED

BRIDGE- CAR LANES

The traffic consists of burgundy Checker cabs and black Ford cars only. No ambulances, Fire, Sanitation. No trucks. No honking. It all moves at six miles an hour.

PEDESTRIAN LANES

It is extraordinarily crowded with business people, clerks, secretaries all in crimson, burgundy and russet jump and business suits. Just normal looking humans but so impeding passage to each other so they are all moving slowly like in an Arab bazaar.

Everybody has a slight sunburnt tinge to them. The smoldering sky beyond the massive black skyline of the City which is twinkling in electric reds and oranges is at odds with the complete absence of any emergency vehicle sounds. There is the audio of ever-occurring and impending disaster fed by a muffled, distant, advancing, consumptive roar.

MOIRA, CARLA, FRANKY, LOVELL

In the pedestrian bridge crush slowly snaking their way through the press of commuters.

LOVELL

You know really I'm surprised  
at how organized things are.

CARLA

It's quiet.

MOIRA

Except for those distant  
muffled explosions.

LOVELL

And that constant dull  
roar of some huge furnace.

FRANKY

Look. What's that in the river?

They stop along the rail and let people squeeze by.

EXT. THE BRIDGE- G.B.'S P.O.V.- OVER THE RAIL-IN THE RIVER-  
FROM FIVE HUNDRED FEET UP

From a very high vantage they see the waters around the Island. A FUMING, SMOKY torrent of sludge, sewage, landfill trash, raw meats all coursing at sixty miles an hour. Far below traversing the SURGE two cable ferries can be seen in operation spilling over with naked people who are being thrust off by muscular, glistening, scaly shapes and huge figures of a deeper orange hue. Dozens go in under the boats at the hands of the Ferry Operators, to be claimed by the burbling current. The boats just keep crossing back and forth endlessly. All suspended a few feet above the foaming brown current.

LOVELL

I'm definitely glad we walked  
across.

MOIRA

Come on. Let's keep moving

INT. STYX COMMAND CENTRE- WAREHOUSE- COM. SCREENS

WINSTON

They aren't even halfway across.

STANTZ (indicating)

At this rate they'll take nine  
hours to walk across the Brooklyn  
Bridge.

SPENGLER

You can figure everything takes  
longer in Hell.

EXT. MANHELLTON BRIDGE- OFF RAMPS ISLAND SIDE

The crimson and orange all Checker and Black Ford six mile-an-hour traffic snake splits off in respective directions.

#### PEDESTRIAN RAMP-

The bridge crossers spill out onto the Island near the City's government office and judicial section. They disperse into the black canyons arrayed into an infinity of streets before them.

#### THE G.B.'S

Are fed by their particular but now speeded-up flow of people around them along past the Black Onyx, two hundred story MANHELLTON METROPOLITAN MASTERS' MONOLITH into-

#### EXT. HOLY SQUARE

The crowd they are in disperses into the sub-planar mate of Foley Square- the judicial and correctional section of the City.

The courthouses, high-rise prisons and government edifices which define the square retain their symmetry but are covered in black Duvatyne with all the windows glowing a deep velvety Judge's Red.

The G.B.'s stop and watch the traffic into this part of the city. Carbon puffs whirl in a glowing orange sky over a horizon above infinite streets beyond the square.

#### BLACK FORDS

Lined up by the hundreds snaking through up to the Courthouse. Blue coated, blue-skinned figures get out, come and go ascending and descending the courthouse steps.

#### FRANKY

Now I know where my Uncles went.  
All bad cops from Jersey.

#### MOIRA

Let's ask one the Mayor's name.

They walk deeper into Holy Square.

#### THE CARS BESIDE THEM

Doors open and blue-coated, light blue-skinned Minotaurs get out of the black Fords by the dozens.

#### MINOTAURS

Double button blue great coats with shiny GOLD buttons glistening orange. Almost translucent blue skin on the heads and necks. Gold and onyx decorations above gold badges.

They walk past, around and by the G.B.'s all consulting in low gravelly indecipherable tones. Each one has a slightly different bovine head and face. But they are huge. Seven feet high. Size seventeen feet. They stream towards the courthouse around the team.

MOIRA (she addresses a Captain)  
Excuse me Captain.

The Blue Minotaur stops. It wears orange shades and smokes a cigar.

CAPTAIN  
What is it? Who are you?

MOIRA  
Is the Mayor at City Hall today?

CAPTAIN  
City Hall's back that way.  
This is Holy Square. I asked  
you a question.

MOIRA  
Would the Mayor be there?

Another Blue Minotaur joins him.

CAPTAIN  
He usually is. Are you going  
to answer me or not?

CARLA  
Thanks we can find him.

She takes Moira's arm. Other Blue Minotaurs have stopped.

CAPTAIN  
Hold it. I asked you who you  
were. Where are you from?  
You look like you're alive.

LT.  
Why do you thanatons employ  
your shaping capacity to  
appear this way?

CAPTAIN  
You know humor is forbidden  
in Holy Square.



LT.  
Arrest them.

The G.B.'s take a look around them, they are the focus of a hundred minotaurs.

LOVELL  
No..no.. brother..We're here  
to see the Mayor about a  
personal--

A ring of twenty blue-skinned Minotaurs closes in on them.

EXT. HOLY SQUARE- COURTHOUSE STEPS

They are escorted up into the black-creped and red-spotlit pillared monument to justice in Manhellton.

AT THE PILLARS

The Minotaurs are all murmuring and mumbling. A wave of them sweeps the G.B.'s up the steps.

FRANKY  
Roar this man! I'm hittin'  
my egress button.

CARLA  
Listen to him. A few hours in  
in Manhellton and he's ready  
to cut it.

LOVELL  
I'm out too. I've decided.  
The adventure quotient in  
this job is not worth my life.  
Let's go.

His hand goes to his belt.

MOIRA  
Wait a minute. Aren't you too  
the existentialists who joined  
this company to find out about  
the mysteries of life and death?

FRANKY  
Yeah but not this bad.

MOIRA  
We are walking through a  
parallel plane of existence.  
Personally I want to see what  
happens around here.

AT A PILLAR

An orange-suited six-foot figure in a bad orange-brown wig over a heavily leathered sun/jerkied and olive mottled head behind brown Jim Jones shades lurches out in front of the Captain and hands Franky a business card with a friendly slur.

THE LURCHER

I'm Michael Taaaghaanikghh.  
Licensed counsel. The charges  
are serious but I've defended  
insane thanatons before.

MOIRA

Look, you know what's going on.  
You can see we're not from around  
here. We came to see your Mayor.

CAPTAIN

Stand aside.

FRANKY

How long before we get a hearing?

INT. HOLY SQUARE PALACE OF JUSTICE- MAIN HALL- HIGH

In the stone expanse WORDS are carved and illuminated in a ring of black onyx, marble and gold around the base of the cupola.

YOU NEVER HAD ANY RIGHTS YOU ARE AND ALWAYS WILL BE GUILTY

FOLLOW THE ARROWS

PIVOT TO STRAIGHT DOWN OVERHEAD ANGLE

Rows of minotaurs divide the hall into corridors along black and red CAUTION HASH CHEVRONS over which people are being directed in great numbers from five different entrances.

THE G.B.'S

Are in a mass of people in various russet and orange jump and business suits. They are being passed along at the hooves of the RANKED minotaurs into a wall to wall, floor to ceiling row of turnstiles.

A ROW OF MINOTAURS IN BLACK TUXES

Processes people, STAMPING THEIR HANDS.

THEIR HANDS- CLOSE

In green ink, encircled GUILTY.

THRU THE TURNSTILES

Everyone is fed into a vast LASER light whirling, blacklit space with pounding dance tempo club music coming from fifty foot high speakers above a massive chamber filled with dancing, writhing partying people. Girls dispensing alcohol shooters are everywhere.

INT. BLACKLIGHT SPACE- THE G.B.'S

They turn around and try to get back out through the turnstiles but the SURGE and PRESS of people is overwhelming.

ON THEIR COLLECTIVE P.O.V.

The crowd surges them into the place. At frightening speed the turnstiles RECEDE INTO THE DISTANCE AND THEN ARE GONE VERY QUICKLY from view and almost like they are going over a hill the entranceway is soon out of sight completely and the G.B.'s are totally absorbed in a black and laser lit, thunderous, mono-tempo music environment packed with dancers in black clothes as far as the eye can see in any direction.

REVELERS

Taking pills and drugs from bowls. Ingesting and snorting them.

DANCERS

Grinding against each other.

D.J.(with music)

Newcomers the sub-demon of Justice  
the Lower City's Lord Judge Trihubuloth  
the Gorgothon welcomes you to his  
newest creation, Club Guilty. Groove,  
have a shooter and dig the latest release  
from Hopmaster Larma "Dance or Die!!"

LOVELL, MOIRA, CARLA AND FRANKY

Are in the midst of this press of dancing writhing bodies. They are being pushed deeper and deeper into this infinite, blacklit space. The perimeter is lined with endless rows of the same orange archway.

FRANKY

Is this supposed to be a jail?

MOIRA

That music. It's the same beat  
over and over again.

CARLA

How long do we have to stay  
here?

LOVELL

Duh. This is eternity. Don't  
you get it. You're here forever  
and that's it. I can't stand  
this music. I'm hitting egress.

MOIRA

Hold it. Don't panic. Wait.  
Franky give me that lawyer's  
card. Let's find a phone.

FRANKY

Here. Take your time. I like this  
place.

D.J.

And now are all you swinging,  
sinning souls ready for the  
climax to our light, vapor  
and laser show. The Appeasement.  
Featuring the Lord High Justice  
Himself, the sub-demon of the  
Lower City, the Mighty Judge,  
Jury and Executioner, Trihubuloth  
the Gorgothon.

The dancers on the floor scream as the floor opens up beneath  
them and they must make way for a platform which rises up  
into a stage surrounded by vapor and swirling light pots.

THE STAGE

The music changes up into a more rapid percussive and bass  
driven beat and the smoke clears to reveal.

A DANCER

A ballet and jazz trained performer in a black and orange  
Danskin. Bare feet with feather and bell anklets and  
wristlets. He has a gorgothon head mask on.

He does an ass-prancing tribal thump-thump move with his feet  
to the pounding music- a new millennium version of "Disco  
Inferno." This is all he does accompanied by a repetitive  
disco vocal scream. "I am your ultimate judge..I am your  
ultimate judge". It is banal and Eurotrash obnoxious.

LOVELL, FRANKY, CARLA

On their awestruck and stunned expressions.

CARLA  
Right. This is hell  
for sure.

FRANKY  
This sure is.

LOVELL  
Uh-uh.

MOIRA

At a black and orange pay phone in the crevasse of a BLACK AND ORANGE CAVE-LIKE INDENTATION in the wall filled with people writhing on couches. The others join her.

FRANKY  
This ain't so bad in here.  
Nice make out room.

MOIRA (hanging up)  
I called the lawyer. Left a  
message on his mach--

She looks past her colleagues to see-

MICHAEL TAGHANIK

He lurches and slurs towards them from nowhere. Again, his face, toupee and wig betray too many hours spent living and drinking under the Arizona sunlight.

TAGHANIK  
Got your message. Guess what.  
You're out. I pled diplomatic  
immunity to the bouncers.

MOIRA  
Great. Can you get us out  
of this place?

TAGHANIK  
Follow me.

FRANKY  
What happens to all these people?

TAGHANIK  
Ah, they'll be here forever.

INT. LOVE CATACOMBS- MONTAGE

As a lurching Taghanik leads them all down a series of labyrinthine hallways and passages lined by numerous side caves filled with fornicators performing glimpses of abominations.

They pass down stairs, into rock passages and are swallowed in the darkness as they wind their way further down into a steep stone cavernway.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK..... WHICH BECOMES A REFLECTIVE RIPPLING SUBSTANCE  
PULL OUT FROM PAPER GREEK DELI CUP FILLED WITH BLACK COFFEE  
ON THE COUNTER NEAR A LIQUID DISPLAY CONSOLE

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- PARALLEL GRID SCAN

Indicates the four HOMING BEACONS of the penetrated G.B.'s pulsing slowly in downtown Manhellton.

NAT

Is asleep on the console.

WINSTON

Wears reading glasses and scans a technical manual.

STANTZ

Stretched full out, tipped back in a chair with his neck hanging over the back, his feet on the desk, snoring.

SPENGLER

Enters with a coffee.

SPENGLER

Where are they?

WINSTON

Still in Lower Manhattan.  
Moving at two miles an hour  
Near the River.

SPENGLER

Must be some River.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS AND DISSOLVE TO

INT. LABYRINTHINE BLACK GRANITE CAVE

Taghanik leads the G.B.'s through a dark moist passage which fills with both a mist and the roar of a very fast moving and voluminous body of water the size of Niagara Falls. They round a corner in the passage and see the source of the thunderous sound.

THE RIVER

The surging sludge, meat and bone torrent at a sixty knot race. The G.B.'s exit from a hole in a high hewn granite face of huge blocks along a narrow path beside the infernal, smoky, foaming course of excretion and living chunks.

THE G.B.'S

They press themselves against the granite face, their feet inches from the turgid flow.

LOVELL

Ohhh..agghh..it's disgusting --

MOIRA

Agghh what are those big red meaty chunks?--

FRANKY

No..no..this is too much..  
for the love our mothers  
why..why ..why??

CARLA

I..I..can't take the smell..

TAGHANIK

He stops at a wood-paneled door in the granite face. There is a brass plate illuminated.

MICHAEL TAGHANIK-

LEGAL AND POLITICAL COUNSEL- LICENSED BY ETERNA COUNTY.

He unlocks the door and lurches through, the G.B.'s hastily follow him into-

INT. TAGHANIK'S OFFICE

A brown and orange plaid couch with cigarette burns. An ashtray full of butts. Formica coffee table and desk.

TAGHANIK

Make yourselves comfortable.  
I'll have my secretary make  
us some coffee and then we'll  
discuss your case.

He exits through a cheaply paneled door as the G.B.'s sit and  
pick up magazines from a chipped fibreboard side table.  
"Agony", "Manhattan Nightlife," "Fait Accompli"--( a fashion  
mag with a model holding a gun to her head.) And of course  
"Hustler."

His secretary enters immediately with coffee. She has the  
same weathered Arizona sundried leather countenance and an  
upswept orange wig with red rhinestone eyeglass frames.

SECRETARY

Coffee?

MOIRA

Thanks.

CARLA

I'll pass.

FRANKY

Yeah, thanks I've been thirsty  
ever since I got here.

TAGHANIK (re-enters)

Now. Before we begin. Here's  
what I want for getting you  
out of disco inferno and  
in to see the Mayor.

MOIRA

Go ahead counselor.

TAGHANIK

I get that you're from  
somewhere else. Probably  
that somewhere has whiskey.

LOVELL

Hundred year bonded Scottish stock.

TAGHANIK

I thought so. Maybe we can talk  
about you hooking me up.

CARLA

How are we supposed to do that?



TAGHANIK

Well you got here from there and stands to reason you could go back from here to there cause for sure you didn't come to stay here and so you could go back there and come back here with a case of whiskey.

FRANKY

We might be able to arrange that.

LOVELL

Provided we get to see the Mayor within the hour.

TAGHANIK

Getting in to see him is no problem. Man, wow, you're alive! Good for you. They say you can't take it with you but it looks like you guys can.

He opens the door and a greenish light spills into the decrepit office. He leads as they follow him into a fluorescent-lit hallway. A golf cart is parked outside the door.

EXTREME CLOSE UP LIQUID DISPLAY- MANHELLTON GRID SCAN

The FOUR HOMING PULSES are on the move more rapidly now.

NAT(back on duty)

Blips are on the move.  
Six miles an hour.

STANTZ

Headed to City Hall.

INT. AN INTERMINABLY LONG, LOW, FLUORESCENT-LIT- INDUSTRIAL HALLWAY

Taghanik drives them in a six place orange and black golf cart in a traffic of orange and black carts all flashing red beacons and moving orderly but with LOUD SAFETY-BUZZ WARNING TONES.

A couple of HIGH SPEED golf carts wear well-tailored burgundy suits.

LOVELL

How long is this hallway?

FRANKY

Yeah, we said within the hour.

TAGHANIK

We'll be there in sixty minutes.  
Doesn't matter how you go.  
By wheels, by walking,  
subway..everything moves at  
six miles an hour here.

MOIRA

That's a law or based on what..?

TAGHANIK

Naa, just the flow of the place.  
The traffic in and through it.  
It used to be fifteen.

He blends into the long low flow of BUZZING golf carts and they are absorbed by the length of this six mile long tunnel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GOLF CART TERMINUS-

They arrive at an industrial-size elevator, park the cart and board with other golf cart riders who are being dropped off. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR- THE G.B.'S

Ride up with a hundred people in burgundy suits and briefcases.

FRANKY

So how long is this ride?

The doors open. They are at their destination on the next floor.

TAGHANIK

We're here.

INT. MANHELLTON CITY HALL- MAYOR'S ANTE CHAMBER

The people in the elevator depart for various industrially lit corridors in the old City Hall building. Taghanik leads his clients straight to a dark mahogany wooden railing behind which are ornate chairs and desks manned by the Mayor's clerical staff who all work at frosted black, red and gold word processors.

TAGHANIK

Michael Taghanik. Got somebody  
that wants to see the Mayor.

SECRETARY

Certainly Mr. Taghanik.  
Go right in.

The G.B.'s exchange a look. They are impressed.

CARLA

Hey alright.

FRANKY

Indeed.

LOVELL

T.C. Rockin' B.

Taghanik pushes aside the wooden gate and lurches through the double doors. His clients follow-

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

The focus of the great chamber is the Mayor, an ebullient, five foot ten portly, sunburnt pink man in his early fifties with a touch of gray at the temples.

Around couches, at tables, benches and seating around the room. Functionaries in burgundy suits and eyeglass frames casually pay attention to him as he paces slowly behind his desk against the high wall of window panes looking out onto the City Hall Park.

MAYOR

...incentives to give the kind of residence privileges and services everybody needs in a truly democratic culture..

TAGHANIK (interrupting)

Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR

..Come in.. Come in..everyone have a seat I was just telling my staff about my new legislation to provide our citizens with the quality of life this town has always offered...

Some of his staff chime in: "Yes. MMhmm. Right.

TAGHANIK

My friends here wanted to meet you.

MAYOR

Well come in, come in..it's  
great to have you here.

MOIRA

Sir we represent a business  
which investigates--

MAYOR

I welcome new business to  
the community and I've  
always facilitated the  
grounding of free enterprise  
as the cornerstone of any  
society which nurtures the  
fundamentals...

He speaks on along these lines to Moira as Carla takes  
Taghanik aside. CRICKETS are heard chirping.

CARLA

He just goes on like this  
all day right.

TAGHANIK

All day, all night, all year  
until we vote in the next one.

FRANKY

So if this is all he does how  
does anything get done around  
here.

TAGHANIK

It doesn't.

LOVELL

Well then who in hell runs  
this City?

TAGHANIK

Now look. You said you wanted  
to see the Mayor. You want to  
see somebody who can get things  
done, well that's an entirely  
different story.

CARLA

Who would that be?

TAGHANIK

O.K. Now we'd be talking about  
you guys bringing me back the  
components and such so I could

build my own portable distillery.

MOIRA

Our employers could handle that.

TAGHANIK

You want the maximum monster  
in this burg, you're looking  
at a private audience with  
Mr. Siffler.

LOVELL

Uh-huh. And what's his position.

TAGHANIK

He's Chairman of the Reserve  
Bank and a real estate developer.

EXT. CITY HALL PARK- NIGHT

Taghanik leads Lovell, Moira, Carla and Franky across the  
lawn which is devoid of animated beings. Crickets and night  
birds chirp peacefully.

LOVELL

This place is devoid  
of protesters.

EXT. CITY HALL- WIDE FROM FAR POINT OF PARK

Covered in Black Duvatyne optical with crimson and orange  
windows. The Mayor can be seen holding forth through the  
large, wide, open classical panes.

THE G.B.'S

As they look up at the top of the building perceiving  
something which can only be seen from this vantage of the  
park.

THE DOME AND A LARGE NEON STROBE IN RED AND WHITE

"PROTESTORS WILL GO DIRECTLY TO MINES"

In the near distant Midtown sky there is a FIVE HUNDRED FOOT  
LICK OF FLAME followed by a carbonous puff of opaque smoke  
against the pulsing bright orange horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

AN OPAQUE BLACK SURFACE

Now there is the sound of a screeching high rotation  
precision grinding wheel.

## THE OPERATOR

In foundry leather and welding aprons, opaque welding helmet.

## THE GRINDING

Crackles at the head of the surface being shaped. Prisms of blinding magnesium brightness assault the worker sending light particles into his lead apron.

## SPENGLER TRAVEL WITH HIM AND REVEAL

## INT. WAREHOUSE- INTERCEPTOR SAIL

Nine by five feet of inverted sharp V-hulled graphite on scaffolds, which is being planed by many GRINDERS AND SANDERS as would be seen in a boat construction yard.

## STANTZ

Ceases grinding and removes his helmet. Spengler joins him.

## SPENGLER

The sail didn't look this big in my schematics.

## STANTZ

Nine feet pal. We need full Cartesian Vectoring and a nice big stasis bath.

## SPENGLER

Yes. I'd want that if I were the operator.

A voice causes them all to whirl. They turn to see-

## MARION DESSETER

## MARION

Hey there genius! I'm here to claim my seat.

## STANTZ AND SPENGLER

Exchange a silent look, "How did she get in here?"

## MARION

So is this the ship?

## WINSTON(following her)

Ma'am this is not a good area for anyone without lead underwear.

MARION

I assure you Dr. Zeddemore  
I have my own pair of those.

AT THE TRACKING CONSOLE AND OCTAHEDRON

MARION

And this is how you've spent the  
first three billion. What is it  
again?

NAT

A Heisenberg-Feynmann Loop  
Provider Collidor.

SPENGLER

We have a probe team in place  
now.

NAT

Here. Those four pulsing beacons.  
Heading south towards Wall street.

STANTZ

In ninety minutes we extract  
them.

PUSH INTO TRACKING GRID AS THE LITTLE BLIPS SKIP SOUTHWARD  
AND DISSOLVE TO:

DISTANT PERSPECTIVE- A SMALL CANYON OF RED AND ORANGE NEON  
EXT. AN ALLEY- HIGH

The G.B.'s and Taghanik are awash in the light from the  
hundreds of small signs affixed to the building at various  
levels-

BAR LIQUOR DRINK ALCOHOL OZ. SHOTS BOOZE

TAGHANIK

Leads them through this orange and red brick passage. They  
are alone here. He stops at a bar. A bouncer steps into the  
doorway.

BOUNCER

Nice try Michael.

He moves on to the next and the next. At each one it's as he  
was saying. Heads shake, apologies are made but he cannot  
enter the bars.

LOVELL

Hey I thought we were going  
to see this guy Siffler.

FRANKY

Yeah we didn't come here to party.

CARLA

Hold it Franky. Now don't YOU  
get it. This is Michael's  
penance. We gotta respect it.

TAGHANIK

You got it sister. Once a day  
everyday I gotta come to this  
part of town for the turndown.

MOIRA

We respect that but-

TAGHANIK

Don't worry. It's on the way  
to where I'm taking you. A  
place which is a lot worse  
than my private eternity.

They walk down the seemingly endless almost vaulted corridor  
of bar signs.

DISSOLVE TO:

THEIR FEET

The boots in tandem walking down the sidewalk. Now bits of  
paper and pieces of finely engraved notes begin to be blown  
in and swirl about their ankles.

MOIRA

She stops and picks up

A 100,000 DOLLAR NOTE- CLOSE

One beautiful, fine linen weave, security-striped, holograph-  
stamped, black, orange and red wide British style note which  
looks like it could well purchase a hundred thousand dollars  
worth of goods. A finely engraved portrait dominates one  
corner.

It is a BLACK ANGEL against a red background. There is a  
signature in black against deep orange- "L.Siffler" over the  
designation Chairman, Treasurer, Controller, Reserve Bank of  
Manhellton.



FRANKY

Wow. A hundred grand.

CARLA

Yeah but look at them all.

A noise alerts them they look up to see A STREET SWEEPER, it turns the corner in front of them and throws up cloud of orange and black banknotes.

TAGHANIK

Last month's currency.  
We turn here.

EXT. SERVICE STREET

Kicking the banknotes like leaves, they follow the sweeper down a dark long narrow business street piled twenty feet high on either side with transparent bags of shredded office paper. More trash bags are being thrown on from behind as they walk.

THEIR P.O.V

For the first time a different color tone floods in from the end of the narrow service street down which they are proceeding. It is the most wonderfully blended golden and deep greenish hue.

THE G.B.'S

Leave the trash alley and enter and are blocked by

A RESERVE BANK BULLION WAGON

A massive, black, green, and gold ten ton Ford armored truck. The back doors open. Uniformed bank guards throw open the back doors and hurl down large bundles onto the curb.

A BUNDLE

Of brand new Reserve Banknotes. These are immediately fallen upon and sprung free by residents of the street. The notes are then shoveled into large orange garbage bags and each person picks up their individual burden.

THE BULLION TRUCK

The guard closes the door. The G.B's see-

THE FRONT OF THE TRUCK

Is being pulled by a HARNESSED TEAM of fifty sunburnt people in different eras of pinstripe morning coats, banker suits, top hats, some clothes date to fourteenth century Venice.

Above the windshield at the top of the truck is a COWLED COACHMAN who leans over and peeks back with only yellow eyes visible checking to see the guards are finished. The coachman whirls to the front and cracks a long whip above the ear of the lead banker in the team and the truck rolls out revealing-

EXT. WEALTH STREET- MAIN SQUARE- NIGHT

Beautiful green and golden hues illuminate the sculpture in the centre of the plaza-

A BULL AND A BEAR IN COMBAT

A polished fifteen foot high black marble Bear holds up the Head of a Golden Bull in triumph. The headless cow carcass lies at the victor's feet.

EXT. SQUARE- TAGHANIK, LOVELL, MOIRA, CARLA AND FRANKY

Reserve Bank Bullion Trucks are hauled to and fro up and down the streets by teams of bankers

THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THEM

One guy struggles to push a handtruck stacked with gleaming five pound gold bars. He is chained to it. People push shopping carts piled with bundles of notes and certificates. They are chained at the neck.

Several elegantly dressed women go by all struggling together to hang onto a HUGE HUNDRED POUND RED RUBY AND DIAMOND CLUSTER. They are manacled.

Now there is a whistling sound in the air, a distant whining moan above them. Taghnanik stops, looks up and pushes the chests of Moira and Lovell.

TAGHANIK

Look out!! It's starting to rain!!

Everyone looks up to see A BIG BLACK OBJECT falling onto them from above.

A SAFE

In mid-flight, a beautiful Chubb-Mosler, gold-leafed and black seven foot high vault.

ON THE G.B.'S

As it lands inches from them and explodes the sidewalk into shards of concrete and spilling notes. Now other things begin to RAIN DOWN from the buildings. More safes.

TWENTY POUND COIN BAGS

Begin hitting and scattering ancient style, glittering doubloons.

Ten men and women chained to wheelbarrows move in like insects and shovel the coins and notes into their conveyances. An old woman with a cigarette dangling out her mouth, pushes a shopping cart full of diamonds along past them. More bags begin raining.

LOVELL

We're on the wrong side  
of the street..

EXT. SQUARE AND SCULPTURE- HIGH- WIDE

Taghanik lurches out leading them out from under the rain of lethal coins past the bear killing the bull across the square-

AS THEY RUN A BULLION TRUCK GALLOPS BY

Almost running them over.

EXT. RESERVE BANK

A classic columned black granite edifice-

RESERVE BANK OF MANHELLTON.

Taghanik looks up.

TAGHANIK

Oh-oh.

The G.B.'s react fearfully.

LOVELL

WHAT! WHAT IS IT NOW!

TAGHANIK

The flagpole. The Chairman's flag isn't flying. Siffler's not here at the bank. Means he's at home in midtown.

MOIRA

Alright. Let's start walking.

CARLA

Yeah, we have to report back  
to our employers in one hour.

TAGHANIK

If we walk or go by wheels  
it will take us about an  
hour. The fastest way would  
be to take the Upper River.

FRANKY

In what?

EXT. THE HULL OF AN ORANGE AND BLACK SEVENTY FOOT CIGARETTE  
BOAT- WITH INSIGNIA- CHARON TAXI SERVICE- WIDEN TO REVEAL

A CLOAKED PILOT hidden with glimpses of yellow eyes stands  
and drives the high-powered speedboat with Taghanik and the  
G.B.'s. on board.

THE WATERLINE

As the loud inboard struggles to make twenty knots through  
the thick, meaty, fecal substance of the River. Living arms  
grasp and human heads bob for breath as the vessel cuts it's  
wake.

PULL OUT PAST THE HULL, THE PASSENGERS, PULL FURTHER, WIDER,  
HIGHER FOR A PANORAMIC AERIAL VIEW OF-

EXT. UPPER RIVER MOUTH AND BAY- HIGH WIDE- ORANGE PERMALIGHT

The now diminished river taxi cuts a path along the lower  
part of the island, its buildings black, windows glowing red.  
In the far right corner a large Statue can be seen at the  
entrance of the harbour and river.

CAMERA SOARS DOWN AND FINDS THIS OBJECT

THE STATUE OF PROLONGED AGONY

A HUGE BLACK ANGEL rendered classically WITH RED EYES HOLDING  
A TRIDENT AND A MACHINE PISTOL.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- TRACKING GRID

NAT

They're on the move  
again. Thirty miles an  
hour. Heading North  
on the Hudson River.

WINSTON(to Ray)  
Ray, the Goon's here.

He and Stantz leave the tracking console.

TRAVEL WITH THEM

As they enter another part of the warehouse a beaten up 1937 Packard combination hearse and flower car in company paint but obviously used as a garbage wagon is driven in. Its broken mufflers exude clouds of blue oil smoke as it is turned off and immediately swarmed over by mechanics who begin jacking it up and completely disassembling it. In a minute the doors, wheels, hood are gone and torches are being applied to begin cutting it up even further.

INT. RIVER TAXI- LOVELL, FRANKY, CARLA AND MOIRA- CLOSE

They gaze out over the river.

THEIR P.O.V

The River ahead has two distinct currents. The one they travel in, murky, thick, brown. To their left a mile away however, the river is much lighter in color, green and seems to be moving at a calmer more placid pace. Beyond this is a DIFFERENT HORIZON than the one ahead and to their right. This is a sky to ground FOG. A low-ceiling weather system with a GOLDEN GLOW illuminating it.

MOIRA(over motor)  
HEY! THE SKY! IT'S DIFFERENT  
OVER THAT WAY!!

CARLA  
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

LOVELL  
I FEEL A STRONG PULL TO  
THAT SPOT.

TAGHANIK  
YEAH. NOBODY'S ALLOWED OVER  
THERE.

FRANKY  
YOU MEAN THAT'S NOT JERSEY!?

TAGHANIK  
NO. THAT'S THE NETHER REGION.  
SIFFLER DOESN'T OWN THAT..YET.

ON THE RIVER TAXI

As it plies its way North.

EXT. STAIRS TO BOAT BASIN

Taghanik and the G.B's emerge.

EXT. THE STREET

They enter a long row of West End tenements, red lights in every window. The dark sidewalks are busy with walkers and their dogs. Great Danes and Rotweilers only. Several have ten on a leash.

ON THE G.B.'S BOOTS

As they wade through ankle deep accumulations of dog feces.

SOME OF THE DOGS

Prodigious, multiple movements are underway.

ON THE G.B.'S

MOIRA

I'm a cat person. I've always been a cat person.

LOVELL

Man, I love dogs and everything but this is hell.

FRANKY

This is hell!

The sound of an unmuffled engine causes them to turn.

A LARGE CITY PLOW

Turns into the street and pushes aside the mounds of dog feces forming a bank along the sidewalk. Everyone leaps aside to avoid the revolting splatter.

CARLA

I hate it when people don't pick up after their dogs. They can't help it.

LOVELL

Check it out man.

He points to-

AN ORANGE AND BLACK STREET SIGN

It depicts a crouching human stick figure with three black circles piled below its posterior and the words- CURB YOURSELF.

TAGHANIK

Leads them through a dark street with an EXTREME ORANGE GLOW at the end of it.

MOIRA

Where's this guy live anyway?

TAGHANIK

He's got an apartment overlooking Central Mines South. In the most exclusive building in town and the tallest.

He points to the SPIRE and they all stop to look up at its RED glowing peak against the eternal dusk. They are awestruck by its size. Leading them out into the orange glow, they are absorbed by this light.

EXT. CENTRAL MINES- HIGH- WIDE- AERIAL- ORANGE PERMALIGHT

Massive, skyscraping, polished, black onyx and gold apartment blocks surround a TWO MILE DEEP, HALF-MILE WIDE EXCAVATION which has a fiery core at its centre far below. HUGE LICKS OF FLAME WAFT up followed by puffs of black smoke which now completely obscure our view.

A THICK WISP OF BLACK SMOKE

Clears, and the G.B.'s step through all abreast walking along-

EXT. CENTRAL MINES SOUTH

The street with a row of polished black monoliths along the edge of the MINE.

THEIR P.O.V.

The mine across the street spits out embers and cinders. Ash and yellow vapors waft up from behind the granite wall around the hole. The street is free of six-mile an hour Ford and Checker traffic. There are only gleaming limousines proceeding at speed across town.

ON THEM

As they walk past a couple who pass by on the sidewalk.

## THE CENTRAL MINES SOUTH COUPLE

Arm in arm, a male and female, powerfully-built specimens with LOBSTER RED SKIN and wearing lots of black leather and gold jewelry.

## THEIR FACES

Very realistic but classic devil heads. Magnificent looking. Sharp, aquiline, pressed-in noses, peeled back lips, long teeth, pointed ears, animal horns. The man has a goatee, moustache and sideburns. The walk by without a nod of acknowledgment.

LOVELL

Woah. I don't want to stare  
but that was a first for me.

TAGHANIK

Yeah, this is a ritzy part  
of town.

## ON THE G.B.'S

Now they see many more of these RED DEVIL men and women walking up and down the sidewalk.

## EXT. APARTMENT SPIRE

Black onyx with a gold plaque-

DIABOLAX SPIRE. 666 CENTRAL MINES SOUTH.

The G.B.'s look up at it's thousand story face.

LOVELL

It's big.

FRANKY

Big building.

## INT. THE LOBBY

Steinway piano mahogany-paneled walls and gold leaf. A sunburnt concierge sits at a desk.

TAGHANIK

Michael Taghanik to see  
Mr. Siffler.

CONCIERGE

Yes. I'm sure he already  
knows you're in the building.



They enter the mahogany and gold elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

FRANKY

Let me guess. Penthouse.

The doors close. The elevator starts to move.

MOIRA

Hey, there are no buttons.  
No numbers, no floors, no up  
no down..

The car is vibrating and there is the sound of multiple air  
concussions from floors flying by at high speed.

CARLA

We are really whipping.

LOVELL

Yeah but are we going up or down?

The all start doing little hops to test. Suddenly the car  
stops. They are all facing the door.

ON THEM

As they now sense DOORS SLIDING OPEN BEHIND THEM. In the  
doors in front of them through which they entered they see  
the flickering of FLAMES in the brass. They slowly and  
breathlessly pivot to behold-

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

A roaring walk-in black marble fireplace behind a ten foot  
long five foot wide desk. Over the mantle is a massive  
painting of the BLACK ANGEL radiant with dark beauty. A large  
figure behind the desk turns it is-

SIFFLER

A distinguished, handsome-looking guy in a black three  
thousand dollar business suit.

SIFFLER

Please. Come in. I've been  
waiting for you.

They enter tentatively. Siffler pulls a bottle of Johnny  
Walker Red whiskey from his desk drawer and hands it to  
Taghanik.

SIFFLER

Thank you Mr. Taghanik.  
Well done.

Taghanik grabs the bottle.

TAGHANIK

Pleasure to serve my true  
master. Call anytime.

MOIRA

You're fired.

Taghanik exits.

SIFFLER (comes out from  
behind desk)

Allow me to introduce myself  
I'm Luke Siffler.

MOIRA

I'm Moira, this is Carla,  
Franky, Lovell.

SIFFLER

It's nice to meet you. How  
are you enjoying our little  
town?

LOVELL

Great. Just great. Lots to  
see and do.

FRANKY

You have a beautiful office  
here.

SIFFLER

We've done very well and since  
I spend so much time here we  
planned it for height and views.

Siffler invites them to see the view from the fifty floor  
high Gothic arches. They all gather as he shows them the  
Island, Rivers and distant golden fog bank which occupies a  
small corner of the horizon. ITS WARM LIGHT INTRUDING  
SLIGHTLY ON THE CARBONOUS ORANGE PERMALIGHT.

MOIRA

Sir, if you don't mind I'd  
like to get to the reason  
why we---

SIFFLER

Oh I know why you're here.  
And where you're from. I knew  
someone would come eventually.

MOIRA

Good then perhaps you can  
answer some of our questions.

SIFFLER

If you answer some of mine.

FRANKY

What's that little bright spot  
of light beyond the farthest  
bridge over the horizon.

SIFFLER

That "little bright spot" is  
not something I like to discuss.  
It is not an acquisition target.

MOIRA

Let me be frank and candid Mr.  
Siffler. Our employers wish us  
to inquire about a re-animation  
of the dead on a massive scale  
in an abutting reality plane.

SIFFLER

Your employers...they would  
be the individuals responsible  
for developing the equipment  
you are wearing which enabled  
you to vibrate across the  
particulate field which  
divides our two worlds?

LOVELL

You seem to know quite a bit  
about how it works.

SIFFLER

Oh yes. In fact I have some  
similar research underway at  
present. It's just that we've  
been unable to discover a few  
crucial steps which you have  
succeeded in perfecting.

CARLA

We work for a very sophisticated  
organization. Not to be under-  
estimated.

SIFFLER

Oh, I'm sure. I also assume  
that you are in possession  
of some defense capability.

FRANKY

You can take that to the bank--

At this point a sliding panel in the wall beside the  
fireplace moves a rack of books out of the way to reveal-

SIFFLER'S BODYGUARDS- FIVE OF THEM

Huge, LOBSTER RED beautifully pumped-up classic devils in  
black suits. Two female, three male. They have incredibly  
impressive TAILS which twitch like a cat's. They carry gold  
and black machine pistols.

FRANKY

--a bank which I happened to  
notice you own.

SIFFLER

Just for my own comfort.  
You may keep your weapons.

MOIRA

Back to my first question.

SIFFLER

Let me show you something here  
on my desk.

THE G.B.'S

Exchange furtive glances. The bodyguards move a step closer.  
Siffler hits a button under his desk.

A clear ORB rises up and clicks into place on the desk  
surface.

THE ORB

Has two sophisticated architectural models fitted bottom to  
bottom all on brass gimbals. The top side is Manhellton. The  
bottom side Manhattan.

SIFFLER(he pushes a toggle  
and flips the  
Manhattan side up)

This is as close as I've been able  
to visualize your physical plane.  
How did I do? I find it most attractive.

The capitol of your world as this is of mine. Now you've been here for a few hours. You see that we have traffic and population problems which could be substantially alleviated by dispatching our non-essential residents into your environment.

MOIRA

This will be unacceptable to our side.

SIFFLER

Then this is a problem. You see I love live people. They are so much more interesting than dead people. Plus there's no possibility your rivers are as dirty as ours.

LOVELL

You know that's a stone fact.

SIFFLER

This is why I wish to possess the technology which will enable my staff to begin acquiring your property more actively. Your possession of this means is most convenient.

FRANKY

No, you ain't taking any of that, sir.

The bodyguards' tails twitch nervously.

CARLA

But at least we have a dialog and a real exchange of ideas so let's agree to disagree.

LOVELL

And we'll get back to you.

Moira nods to her colleagues. Her hand slips down to her belt.

MOIRA

We have to report back to our employers so if you'll excuse us.

SIFFLER

I'm afraid I cannot allow you leave.

MOIRA

Her hand goes to her arming toggle.

THE BODYGUARDS

Dive like line-backers to stop them.

CARLA

Knocks Siffler aside runs to the elevator, a female bodyguard dives in after her. The elevator door closes.

MOIRA'S HAND AND BELT-CLOSE

She flips up the toggle but is tackled before she can punch EGRESS.

LOVELL

Comes up with HIS GRIEVE and FLASH-PLASMS a guard with a MUON COURSE.

HIS HAND AND BELT- CLOSE

The belt IS RIPPED OFF HIS WAIST before he can get to the toggle.

FRANKY

Two of the bodyguards struggle to keep him from getting to his belt.

MORE BODYGUARDS

Flood through the sliding panel.

MOIRA

She is stripped of her belt and grieves.

LOVELL

All four limbs are held.

FRANKY

His equipment is torn off.

SIFFLER

Bring them here.

He gestures to the front window of the office. Now his suit begins to bulge AND RIP as his shape changes from the courtly graying human into a Classic but mottled Lobster red and green devil with yellow eyes, teeth and larger horns than seen on any of the others around him. The G.B.'s are hustled over to face him.

SIFFLER

Just so you know who you're  
dicking around with!! Behold  
your future accommodations...  
Did I mention we're also  
heavily into mining and  
smelting?!!

He points his bony scaled claw and yellow nail to the view below his office-

EVERYONE'S P.O.V. THRU SPIRE TOP WINDOW DOWN INTO THE TEN THOUSAND FOOT DEEP BELCHING MINEFIRE

SIFFLER

Holds up the three belts in triumph laughing diabolically. He cuts himself off and is furious as he realizes-

SIFFLER

Wait!! Where's the fourth one!!

INT. DIABOLAX SPIRE ELEVATOR- CARLA AND BEAUTIFUL FEMALE BODYGUARD

In mid-downward, high-speed hurtle. They are in a violent struggle as the devil woman tries to prevent Carla from undoing the toggle protector with one claw. Her other claw works to keep the MUON GRIEVE pointed away from her.

Then the elevator starts to brake with a distinctive change in wind whistle. The doors open. The combatants roll out onto-

EXT. SIFFLER'S PRIVATE ELEVATOR ENTRANCE- CENTRAL MINES- LOWER LEVEL

A beach of burning black and gold sands.

CARLA

Rolls up and kicks the devil woman in the head.

HER WAIST AND HAND CLOSE-UP

She puts her hand to the belt, frees the toggle and pushes the EGRESS button.

HER FACE

She takes one last look at the environment.

HER P.O.V.

She is in a massive cavern on the beach of a vast burning lake dotted with islands covered in clumps of moaning naked sunburnt humans who are being prodded and pushed in by GREEN DEMONS.

ON HER

She is immediately obscured in a loud, MAGNESIUM PINK SNAAP.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP TRACKING GRID- HOMING PULSE BEACONS

Three are BLIPPING RED in one piece. One is PULSING BLUE and a WARNING PING is sounding.

SPENGLER, NAT, MRS. DESSETER, WINSTON, ASSORTED G.B. TEAM MEMBERS

At the tracking grid console.

WINSTON

We got one coming back!  
Twenty minutes prior to  
planned probe evac.

SPENGLER

Prepare the trauma team.

Team members move hastily.

THE OCTAHEDRONAL CUBE/ LOOP PROVIDER

It and the interior of the warehouse is subjected to a SNAAP of magnesium pink light.

SURGICAL TEAM

A full operating table with twenty surgeons scrubbed and equipped for extreme trauma await outside the provider.

WITH STANTZ, SPENGLER, WINSTON AND NAT

As they rush to await the-

CUBE LEAVES



Which unfold revealing a waft of PARTICULATE-FILLED BRIGHT METALLIC VAPOR

INT. FLOOR OF CUBE- CARLA

Rings of iridescent light crackle and pulse around her. She is dripping with a thick gelatinous ooze which Stantz and Spengler clear from her mouth as she is conveyed to the team outside.

ON THE OPERATING TABLE

Carla is in a state of shock as if awakened from a nightmare. They give her shots, take blood, put her on drips as Stantz and Spengler and Mrs. Desseter gather around her.

CARLA

He's got Franky..the others too  
the belts..he has the belts.

STANTZ

Who's he?

CUT TO:

MOIRA'S FACE- CLOSE

It is sweating .

WIDEN TO REVEAL

She, Franky and Lovell are in their underwear being marched over the black and gold sands under the cavern by-

FIVE FOOT HIGH, GREEN, RED-EYED DEMONS

Classic, hairy-tailed and eared but very realistic. Both male and female versions. The roar of the minefire is deafening.

CUT TO:

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE- SIFFLER AND A BODYGUARD

He is still in his transfigured form. His TAIL twitches curiously as his bodyguard tries on the belt, fingers the buckle and pokes the safety toggle.

SIFFLER

No no no. Give me that.  
I'll do it.

He seizes the belt with his claw, loosens the adjustment and snaps it around him. The slack-mouthed bodyguard with long yellow teeth who has been admiring the belt like an ape would

a Winchester fingers the protective toggle which is open and innocently hits the EGRESS button.

SIFFLER  
NOT NOW! I'M NOT READY!!

He is obscured by a bright PINK SNAAP.

BODYGUARD  
Oh-oh!!

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- SPENGLER, STANTZ, WINSTON

WINSTON  
What if he uses it to  
come here?

NAT AT TRACKING CONSOLE

NAT  
Got another one coming back!!

OCTAHEDRONAL CUBE- LOOP PROVIDER

It cracks the air around it with an arcing SNAAP. The leaves unfold.

INT. CUBE- SIFFLER

In his bestial form, shuddering and covered with ooze. Angry and embarrassed.

SPENGLER, STANTZ, WINSTON, SURGEONS AND DESSETER

They all react at the sight.

CARLA  
It's him! It's him!!

DESSETER  
Oh my God. He's beautiful.  
He's a beast!

STANTZ  
Look at him!!

WINSTON  
He's got a tail.

DESSETER  
But what a tail!

Siffler lets forth an unearthly terrifying growl through open yellow teeth.

NAT AT THE CONSOLE

He pushes the key and the schematic depicts CLOSE LEAVES. PROVIDE LOOP, SEND TRAFFIC.

THE CUBE

Closes. The SNAAP ARCS and the leaves re-open, Siffler is gone.

STANTZ (running to the console)  
Kid! What are you doing?  
You panicked! You sent him  
back! He's here two seconds.  
You don't know what he wanted!!  
Maybe he wanted to negotiate.

CUT TO:

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

A PINK SNAAP fills the room. The blubbering bodyguard is overjoyed.

BODYGUARD  
Master! You've returned.

SIFFLER (back hands him)  
Get out of the way!!

He seizes a captured MUON GRIEVE and PIPE VEST from the desk.

SIFFLER  
I'll push my own buttons  
thank-you.

He jams the EGRESS button again. There is an arcing flickering SNAAP.

INT. BROOKLYN- WAREHOUSE- LOOP PROVIDER

The arcing SNAAP is flickering more RADICALLY now and this time SPARKS exude from the cube. The leaves open and Siffler is there shaking off the pounds of PLASM like a dog. He strides forward on his lizard-like haunches and fires a full course from the GRIEVE into the room.

EVERYONE IN THE ROOM

Ducks except for an amazed-

MRS. DESSETER

She gets FLASH-PLASMED.

STANTZ AT THE CONSOLE

Hits PROVIDE/ SEND TRAFFIC

NAT  
Panicked eh!?

CUT TO:

SIFFLER

There is a CONCUSSION OF light from the OPEN LOOP PROVIDER and a SUBSTANTIAL CRACKLE around his waist.

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

The PINK SNAAP is weaker now. Siffler re-materializes but even for him the trips have taken something out of him. He staggers against his desk. The belt is crackling and smoking with metallic vapor.

ON HIS DESK- THE OTHER BELTS

They crackle and the beacon chaser wink out. There is a final little PUFF and SNAAP of M-vapor from the dying system.

MRS. DESSETER

Is being CUT OUT of the GELATINOUS MASS of congealed confining particles. Medical teams extract her as she spits out plasm.

CUT TO:

A BLACK SURFACE

It is pushed away to reveal itself as the BURNT-OUT SHELL of what used to be the Loop Provider and what lies behind it-

ECTO CARTESIA 1-INTRA-PLANAR INTERCEPTOR AND FULL STASIS H.F. ELLIPSE

The nine foot long, five foot wide, inverted black sail is being married to the re-fitted Packard body, now covered in fly mesh and black piping and hanging on hoists fifteen feet above the floor. Muon reservoirs and remote THROWERS are underslung where the wheels and fenders were.

Winston, Stantz and Spengler walk past the sparking burnt-out provider cube.

STANTZ

There's the Flux. We've  
agitated through.

EXT. UPPER RIVER- MID-WAY UP ISLAND AT TEN FEET OFF THE WATER

There is a SNAAP, an ARC of pink light and the SAIL  
materializes pulsing and lacing with blue and white strings  
of light. The body now comes into view. The full ELLIPSE-  
INTERCEPTOR A VIBRATING CRACKLING ARCING BLUR in stasis.

INT. CABIN- STANTZ AND WINSTON

The windscreen in front of them bursts on with a VISU-SIM  
SCAN of their surroundings.

STANTZ

How's that for precision?

WINSTON

I've got the implant pulses.  
Go north. To Central Park.

STANTZ

Cabin stasis field positive.  
Toggling forward now.

Stantz slightly nudges the toggle. The VISU-SIM view changes  
rapidly as the outside surroundings seem to accelerate by  
very quickly. They are unaffected however engulfed in a  
stasis field.

EXT. RIVER- MID-TOWN- ORANGE PERMALIGHT

The vibrating BLUR of the ELLIPSE flits in, rises and turns  
towards the skyline of the city.

INT. THE CABIN

The VISU-SIM scrolls by slower now as they enter above the  
canyons of black and red-lit apartment blocks.

WINSTON

There's the mine.

Stantz tips the vessel so that they are looking straight down  
into the depths of the mine from rooftop level.

STANTZ

Implant pulses getting  
stronger. They're down there.

WINSTON

Go for it.

Stantz fingers the control toggle forward. The VISU-SIM depicts them tipping straight down vertically and the MINE hurtling up at them.

EXT. CENTRAL MINES SOUTH- ELLIPSE INTERCEPTOR- HIGH WIDE

Flitting downward and becoming a tiny dot as it enters the cavernous glowing maw.

INT. CENTRAL MINES CAVERN- EXT. ELLIPSE

Flitting between the roof of the excavation and the islands of lost souls in the fiery lake below.

INT. ELLIPSE CABIN

The VISU-SIM depicts this dangerous fly-over. There is a PINGING TONE which grows louder.

WINSTON  
Closing on implants.

Stantz works the toggle to avoid stalagmites and stalagmites.

EXT. ELLIPSE

It hovers, flits, tips, banks and turns under and through the harrowing topography.

FRANKY, LOVELL AND MOIRA

In tattered underwear, under the prodding of leering GREEN DEMONS they claw yellow chunks of sulphur out of the walls into large black IRON BUCKETS.

FRANKY  
Hey that's a nice big  
chunk you got there.

MOIRA  
Yeah, you're getting good  
at this.

LOVELL  
I'm dying.

FRANKY  
Maybe we're dead already.

MOIRA  
What's the difference?  
You're alive, in hell  
digging sulphur.

LOVELL

Yeah. If we die we'll still  
be digging sulphur in hell.

The demons prod them back to work. Now O.S. above the roar of  
the minefire comes the sound of a LOUD MOANING POWER SOURCE.

Everyone turns to look including the green demons.

EXT. ELLIPSE

FROM A MILE away, it flits in across the fiery lake and in  
seconds is HUGE in the foreground.

FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA

They see the translucent SAIL and the crackling, arcing  
piping around the old Packard body and know exactly what's  
going down.

They whirl on their captors and fight them. Dozens more  
green demons swarm from sulphur holes onto them.

INT. CABIN

STANTZ

Arm those throwers for me.

WINSTON

Just a sec. I'm running stasis.

NAT

Comes out from the rear compartment and swings onto the seat  
and grips the double yoke for the throwers.

NAT

Maybe I can help.

EXT. CRACKLING. MOANING, ARCING, STATIC ELLIPSE

Emits a GLOB CHAIN of multi-iridescent light balls. On the  
swarming mine guards.

GREEN DEMONS

Are being FLASH PLASMED IN GROUPS under a rotating course  
from under the Ellipse.

INT. CABIN

WINSTON

They need help.

## STANTZ

Go to the back hatch. I'll pivot us in closer. The doors will open you plasm those grinchy looking things.

## THE SULPHUR DIG

As the G.B.'s fight with the tormentors who are dragging them to the lava. The Ellipse turns rapidly and the rear door slides up. Winston leans out and lays in BLIPS from DOUBLE GRIEVES and expertly dots each tormenting demon's HEAD ONLY.

## FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA

They break free, run and dive for Winston's extended other hand.

## LOVELL

I never thought I'd be so happy to see you brother.

## FRANKY

I'll be so easy to work with from now on.

## GREEN DEMONS

Are wading out into the lava, screeching and shrieking and forming a mound and a chain so that they reach-

## MOIRA'S ANKLE

As she is the last to climb on. It suddenly BLEEDS with CLAW SLASHES

## FRANKY AND LOVELL

Kick away the heads of the mineguards, she wrests free and they pull her inside. The door slides down.

## EXT. ELLIPSE

In sharp sudden HUMMINGBIRD-LIKE MOTION it flits away across the cavernous FIERY expanse.

## EXT. CENTRAL MINES FROM A THOUSAND FEET UP

In seconds the ellipse grows from a dot to attain the foreground sitting horizontal.

## INT. CABIN



The VISU-SIM depicts that they are above the mine sitting static at the level of Siffler's office suite. The top of the spire, with radio antennae and winking beacons are in view.

MOIRA(leans in)  
That's his office.

STANTZ  
Grab some grieves.  
Let's go talk to him.

EXT. DIABOLAX SPIRE- UNDER THE EAVES BENEATH THE ANTENNAE CLUSTER

A BLACK SHAPE BEGINS TO SQUEEZE ITS WAY OUT-

A GIANT HORNET

Three by five foot twenty pound insect, it flies out and is joined by more.

INT. CABIN- VISU-SIM

THE SWARM POURS OUT FROM THE HOLE IN THE SPIRE AND IS ON THEM

EXT. ELLIPSE

The giant hornets cover the vessel. The sky around the ship is now turning black with them.

STANTZ- HIS HAND- CLOSE

JIGGLES THE TOGGLE UP, DOWN, SIDEWAYS.

THE ELLIPSE

Shakes free and flits forward from under the cloud of meaty insects.

INT. CABIN

The VISU-SIM in all the windscreens scrolls by quickly as they zip out away from the spire and mine out to the upper river. The sky to the left and south of them is blackening with unmistakable organic shapes, huge ones.

STANTZ  
More bees.

WINSTON(pointing to right)  
What's that? The yellow spot  
over the horizon, beyond the fog  
on the other side of the bridge?

MOIRA

Nether region. Nobody in Manhellton's  
allowed over there.

Stantz and Winston exchange a look. Stantz tips the toggle  
and the display images on the viewing screen scroll quickly  
away as they flit towards the glowing yellow spot.

EXT. THE BRIDGE AND ENDLESS GLOWING FOG

The Ellipse skims the top of the bridge, half of which can be  
seen and half of which is obscured by a white, swirling,  
opaque sky-to-ground GOLDEN SCRIM.

INT. ELLIPSE CABIN

As they pass above the last visible girders of the bridge  
into the golden mist. All the VISU-SIM winks out and goes  
BLACK. Power systems die.

WINSTON

All stasis and agitater  
systems inactive.

STANTZ

Cartesian vector positioner  
is cold.

NAT

Feel's like we're dropping.

There is a soft thump of gentle impact. The screens wink on a  
yellow mist is depicted outside. The power is restored with  
re-assuring winks and hums in the instruments.

Stantz and Winston unlock the hatches above them which  
unscrew with a whine.

EXT. ELLIPSE

Surrounded by beautiful white mists. Stantz, Winston, Lovell,  
Franky, Nat and Moira climb out of the body and into the  
golden environment.

Suddenly a GUST of WIND which alarms them all.

The MIST blows away and clears slowly revealing that they are  
standing on a patch of green grass.

ON THE G.B.'S

See that they are standing on the PUTTING GREEN of a gorgeous  
rolling golfcourse. Infinite lush turf under golden light.

As they contemplate this a glowing YELLOW DOT sails in on them from above and they see it is-

A GOLF BALL

Which hits the lip of the green which rolls within two feet of the cup.

THEIR DISTANT P.O.V.

As they look up to see a WHITE TITLEIST GOLF CAP come up from behind a far rise. Now a figure in white rolls towards them from far down the fairway in a canopyless WHITE GOLF CART.

STANTZ AND WINSTON

Strain to see who it is and as the figure draws closer recognition lights their faces.

VENKMAN

Rolls up to them and gets out, putter in hand. Stantz, loses it and cries.

STANTZ

Pete. I'm so sorry about what happened--

VENKMAN

Wait. I'm not Venkman. I assumed this familiar form for you because it is the best way to communicate to you so many complicated matters. However Pete does say hello. He's in a very happy place and he forgives you for your part in the lab accident.

Venkman taps Ray on the head with his putter.

STANTZ

Thanks. Tell him we miss him and love him.

VENKMAN

I will. Now. What can I do for you? As if I didn't know.

LOVELL

You know this guy Siffler. Lives across the bridge.

VENKMAN

Oh yes. He's an old associate.  
Nasty individual.

FRANKY

His place is crowded so  
he's raising the dead where  
we come from and wants to  
take over our world.

VENKMAN (shaking his head wearily)

Oh I know.

STANTZ

We've done as much as we can.

NAT

We need help.

WINSTON

We literally had nowhere else  
to turn.

VENKMAN

Well, I know you mean it when you  
ask me like that and I can see  
you've put a lot of effort into  
this and really tried your best  
to help out. So I'll tell you  
what I can provide you with.  
Whoever you can get to come  
across the bridge from there will  
be forgiven, redeemed and accepted.

WINSTON

Amen.

LOVELL

Thank-you.

VENKMAN (sighs)

Sure. They are all my children  
anyway.

NAT

Would it be too much to ask  
for picture?

VENKMAN

Look in the mirror and see  
if you can find me there.

FRANKY

How about an autograph?

VENKMAN

No more autographs since Moses.  
Excuse me. I need to sink this  
ball.

He sinks the putt and mists swirl in to engulf him and the  
golf course.

STANTZ

You heard what he said.  
Let's go talk to that guy.

They climb into the Ellipse.

EXT. UPPER RIVER BRIDGE AND GOLDEN HORIZON BEYOND

The Ellipse emerges from the white, warm fog in a wake of  
mist and flits southward back towards Central Mines South.

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

He is back in his human form behind the desk in a silk robe  
and pajamas. He's got multiple magnificent red devils in  
council and he is on the phone.

SIFFLER

Vent the lower smelters.  
Release another hundred  
thousand bio-residues  
for re-animation in their  
plane. We'll flood the place  
with walking dead.

There is a MOAN of something outside the window. Siffler  
looks and all turn to see.

AN ARCING, CRACKLING SHAPE OF LIGHTS

The Ellipse flits in and turns. The throwers click up at the  
large windows.

ELLIPSE- THROWERS

Courses of INTERTWINING LIGHT pour out.

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

The WINDOWS BURST INTO POWDER.

THE BODYGUARDS

Extract their machine pistols but are FLASH PLASMED as is everything alive in the room except for-

SIFFLER

He heads through the sliding panel next to his fireplace.

INT. ELLIPSE/CABIN

Stantz and Winston exit leaving Nat at the toggle. Moira goes out through here too.

INT. REAR COMPARTMENT/EQUIPMENT RACKS

The door slides up. Franky and Lovell exit.

EXT. ELLIPSE

Franky and Lovell climb up ladders on the side of the body and climb onto the sail where they start pasting the HORNET HOLE, dropping the insects in GLOBS of PLASM as they crawl out.

WINSTON, STANTZ AND MOIRA

On the front of the body which is vibrating statically near the shattered window. They jump through.

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

They land in the dripping over-plasmed chamber. Stantz slips and falls.

WINSTON

Too old for this work?

STANTZ

Definitely.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS

They open and bodyguards enter with guns drawn.

MOIRA

She pumps out six RAPID GLOBS from her GRIEVE and COATS THEIR GUNS.

She follows Stantz and Winston through the aperture next to the fireplace. The sliding panel is half open, impaired by coatings of PLASM.

INT. STAIRS

A long, winding spiral upwards into the antennae tower.

THE G.B.'S

Look up to see Siffler exiting at the top of the stairs into a lofty chamber in the building's roofcap. They chase him.

BODYGUARDS

Enter the stair well and begin climbing after them.

EXT. TOP OF DIABOLAX SPIRE- ANTENNAE- BEACONS

Franky and Lovell drop hornets in PLASM GLOBS. Behind and above them in the tip of the spire a RED LIGHT comes on. It is a small ROOM.

PUSH IN PAST THEM TO WINDOW IN SPIRE ROOFCAP- SIFFLER

He is frantically engaged in some activity.

ON HIM

He flips on banks of switches. Rows of winking red lights activate. An illuminated plaque declares this is-

COMMAND ALARM CONTROL

He grabs a gold mike on a goose-neck on the console.

SIFFLER  
ATTENTION ALL RESIDENTS  
AND MUNICIPAL PERSONNEL  
THIS IS YOUR LORD AND MASTER  
DIABOLAX SPIRE IS UNDER ATTACK...

EXT. HOLY SQUARE

LARGE SPEAKERS ON POSTS broadcast his message. Minotaurs stop and their heads whip around to listen.

SIFFLER (over speaker)  
...BY LIVING HUMANS.  
CONVERGE ON DIABOLAX SQUARE...

INT. FORD

Minotaurs listen on the radio. They turn on their sirens but the driver throws his hooves up because they are stuck in the constant six-mile-an-hour traffic.

SIFFLER  
...IMMEDIATELY. CONVERGE NOW  
ON CENTRAL MINES SOUTH...

EXT. WEALTH STREET

Speakers boom his voice down from the rooftop.

SIFFLER

...I REPEAT I AM UNDER ATTACK  
BY LIVING HUMANS..

INT. BROADCAST ROOM

Stantz and Moira burst in leveling their grieves at him.  
Winston stays on the stairs THROWING GLOBS at the pursuing  
bodyguards.

STANTZ

Stop. Or we release our streams.  
You've seen what they can do.

SIFFLER

I'm not afraid of your weapons.

MOIRA

Just listen. We've solved  
your overpopulation problem.  
An arrangement has been made  
to open up the nether regions  
to those residents of Manhellton  
who can cross the bridge.

STANTZ

Get on your emergency broadcast  
system and tell everyone.

SIFFLER

If I do that then EVERYONE will  
leave here and there'll be no one  
to run the place for me. I choose  
who leaves and who doesn't.

STANTZ

Then get away from that radio mike.

SIFFLER

Wait. Think for a minute about  
what you're doing. You need this  
place. Without this place there  
wouldn't be the other region.  
Your world would have no balance.  
Like stop and go, black and white,  
good and evil.

MOIRA

Nobody's had a chance to try it  
without you around.



Siffler begins to bulge at the shoulders under his robe in the first stages of his bestial transmutation.

MOIRA AND STANTZ

Coat him with double courses of PLASM.

MOIRA

He looks good in puke green.

STANTZ (grabs the mike)

ATTENTION ALL RESIDENTS OF  
MANHELLTON. THE NETHER REGION  
IS OPEN. ALL IS FORGIVEN  
YOU ARE FREE. THERE IS ROOM  
FOR EVERYONE ON THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE BRIDGE.

VARIOUS CUTS AROUND THE CITY

As they hear Stantz voice broadcast the message of freedom.

BLUE MINOTAURS

Get out of their Black Fords and begin running northward.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

CRICKETS punctuate his droning speech. The loudspeakers declare the nether region open. Functionaries and staff all head for the exits.

WEALTH STREET- BULLION COACHMEN

They hurl down their whips and leap off the wagons. The bankers shuck their harnesses and run northward.

INT. TAGHANIK'S OFFICE

He and his secretary hear the broadcast on his desk radio.

TAGHANIK

Come on. Let's get outta here.

They exit.

INT. SPIRE/BROADCAST ROOM-

Stantz announces. Moira assists Winston firing at the bodyguards on the stairs.

SIFFLER

His plasm cocoon begins to quiver and in a gelatinous EXPLOSION the confining substance bursts away and he grows his full demonic form. He picks Stantz up by the neck and punches his way through the window to climb onto the spire's sloping roof.

MOIRA AND WINSTON

Follow Siffler and Stantz out. The bodyguards RAM the door flat and run in FIRING machine pistols.

EXT. DIABOLAX SPIRE- ROOFCAP AND ANTENNAE ARRAY-ORANGE PERMALIGHT

Siffler has Stantz around the waist and is squeezing him so hard that his screams sound like Fay Ray's.

WINSTON AND MOIRA

They cling to antennae and work their way to their comrade.

SIFFLER AND STANTZ

SIFFLER  
YOU USELESS PIECE OF CARBON  
AND MUCOUS. I HATE YOU. NONE  
OF YOU ARE WORTH THE TROUBLE.

He leans his head back, HIS JAWS OPEN WIDE and he dangles Stantz' head inside and-

SIFFLER'S EYE

A BRIGHT PRECISION BEAM OF GOLDEN LIGHT hits him. He shrieks, and brings his arms up to fend off this assault, dropping Stantz.

STANTZ

Rolls down the roofcap, past the antennae and falls over the edge of the eaves.

SIFFLER- Is still temporarily blinded by a strong single beam of light from the sky across the bridge.

EXT. ELLIPSE- ON TOP OF SAIL

Franky and Lovell are battling the hornet swarm. Lovell clicks the palm trigger on his griever uselessly. A LOUD REPETITIVE CLINK TELLS HIM his pipe vest is depleted.

LOVELL  
RESERVOIRS EMPTY. I'M OUT!!

FRANKY  
CAN'T GET THEM ALL!! LOOK OUT!!

Lovell fights off a hornet in legs to hand combat, stabbing at its belly with his griever PRONG.

STANTZ

Falls through the hornet cloud onto the SAIL. They help him up. Lovell holds him like a doll and uses Stantz' griever to release more courses from his employer's reserves. Now his system clinks. So does Franky's.

STANTZ  
Let's..get.inside..get the others.

Fending off and stabbing at the hornets they climb down through the rear hatch which closes.

EXT. SPIRE ANTENNAE CLUSTER

Siffler swings down closer to Winston and Moira. He grabs for them with his claws. He howls and roars blasts of brown flecked wind at them they are depleted and their palm triggers CLINK helplessly.

THE ELLIPSE

Pops up into FRAME crackling and arcing. Winston and Moira leap from the roofcap onto the top of the SAIL and climb in through the front roof hatches.

SIFFLER

Hops onto the SAIL.

INT. CABIN

Everyone hears the thud.

NAT

Flicks the toggle back.

ELLIPSE

It DARTS straight backwards, away from the Spire and out over-

EXT. CENTRAL MINE- FROM TWO THOUSAND FEET UP

Siffler crawls off the sail and starts to rip piping away around the rear hatch, attempting to enter the conveyance.

INT. CABIN

Winston and Moira half-drag a semi-coherent and pained Stantz away from the rear hatch. The banging and clawing continues.

WINSTON

We need to go, NOW.

NAT

It shouldn't be too long.

STANTZ

Oh good, cuz too long is not soon enough.

It is then the hatch is torn away and a giant arm tries to reach in after them, unable to fit. It claws and scrabbles furiously.

WINSTON

Now!?

NAT

Aaaaalmost!

The arm retracts. A moment later Siffler, back in human form swing in through the hatch, landing neatly. He straightens his tie and smiles.

WINSTON

NOW!?

LOVELL / MORIA / NAT

AAAAAH!

STANTZ

Oh, Pete. Not soon enough.

Siffler's smile pulls away into an ugly sneer.

SIFFLER

Hurrr. Got carried away there, forgot the nature of things, y'know? Doll to the child, child to the woman, woman to the man, man to the devil. Bit sexist, but nevermind. The point is, you won the day. THE! DAAAAAY! Day's are like seconds to me. How many minutes will it feel like until you're back here the old fashioned way? Oh, and don't think you won't. So many have thought that same thing. A lot of them are still here, no matter what you've done here today. Cheer up, l'il monkeys! You made a very exclusive list today.

He walks to the edge of the hatch, turns on his heel, and absently examines his nails. Dark and evil eyes look up.

SIFFLER

See you in Hell, Ghostbusters.

He steps back and out into thin air. Nat grabs a lever on the console.

He slams it down with an authoritative thunk.

EXT. ELLIPSE

It CRACKLES, ARCS and VIBRATES out of sight in a PINK SNAAPP.

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE

There is a SNAAP and the Ellipse vibrates into this plane. Teams of G.B.'s rush to assist the crew as the hatches whine open and the intra-planar travelers emerge, smoking, sunburnt and in shock.

STANTZ

Staggers into Spenglers' arms.

STANTZ

We went to Heaven.  
Saw God. He was Venkman.

Spengler looks at him. Shakes his head and injects him with a percussive syringe loaded with tranquilizers.

EXT. MANHATTAN- TRINITY CHURCHYARD- DAY-

Tourists take pictures. Through the fence behind them floats-

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE- J.J. DESSETER

The spirit descends into the grave marked with his name.

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB- DAY-

From the woods around the mausoleum the spirit of U.S. GRANT wafts in through the trees scattering some street kids who are smoking cigarettes on the steps of his grave.

He drains the last of a fifth of whiskey through his translucent form, smashes the bottle on the steps and drifts in through the doors back to his tomb.

EXT. BROOKLYN QUEENS GRAVEYARD- HIGH WIDE- DAY-

Hundreds of corpses return to their graves.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL ROOM- TRENODIUS

He lies comatose. Stantz and Spengler are on vigil. Now the instruments go into FLATLINE ALARM. His eyes open, his face relaxes into a near beatific smile.

GOLDEN WARM TUNNEL OF LIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

Trenodius' spirit walks down to the beckoning figures at the end of the blue and white tube.

FIGURES AT THE END OF THE TUBE

Spirits of friends, parents, old priests and Venkman in his street clothes as one of the welcoming group.

THE LIGHT BOX

The BULB is HITTING GREEN GREEN GREEN

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL- DAY

Stantz and Spengler exit and go to an Ecto-mobile which is parked near the ambulances. Nat, Lovell, Franky, Moira, Carla and Winston wait for them.

STANTZ (smiling broadly)  
He's gone. He's across.

INT. ECTO UNIT

Lovell drives out to turn into the traffic on York Avenue. Everything is gridlocked.

EVERYONE'S P.O.V.

They are in a thick, honking, dirty, cursing rush hour traffic jam. A woman on the corner has her purse snatched by a street thief. She chases after him screaming for the police.

LOVELL  
It's beautiful isn't it.

CARLA  
I love this city.

FRANKY  
Unconditionally.

Everyone nods in agreement.

EXT. ECTO UNIT

Lovell puts his elbow out the window. It's just great to be there.

WIDEN OUT AND PULL BACK AND UP AND AWAY TO UNTIL THE ECTO UNIT IS JUST A SMALL WHITE DOT IN THE LONG LINE OF TRAFFIC IN THE BUSTLING CITYSCAPE.

THE END