GHOSTBUSTERS, INC.

written by

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Based on characters created by Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis
FADE IN

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

TWO SECURITY GUARDS, REG and DON, walk side by side, their flashlight beams streaking throughout the hallway ahead. They both look bored out of their wits. One of them cradles a steaming cup of coffee in his left hand.

REG
... So my first reaction is to just turn the thing off. But 'no', she says, 'you gotta power it down first, otherwise it won't turn back on'. So I'm trying to find the button on this thing, and what do you know? The damn power goes out.

DON
Third time in a month. Not sure what Con Ed's getting paid for if they can't even keep the island lit up.

REG
So now here I am runnin' around this apartment, banging into shin-high coffee tables, stepping' on cats, and she's screamin' from the dark that I didn't power it down before I turned it off. And I'm screamin' back at her 'The damn power went out! Am I gonna get the blame for that too?'

The two security guards come around the corner, both stopping dead in their tracks, staring gap-jawed at the hallway beyond them.
IT'S ABSOLUTELY WRECKED -- and HALF OF THE ITEMS DOWN THE HALLWAY ARE FLOATING IN MIDAIR.

REG
Donny.

DON
Reggie.

REG
What the hell do we do?
Didn't we get this place checked out last year?

DON
I don't know.

Slowly the tables, chairs, and assorted free-floating furniture all begin creaking in midair, turning to face the two security guards ...

REG
I really think we should probably head back and report this.

DON
I don't think we should move.

SUDDENLY -- A low GROWLING begins to build in pitch and resonance, shaking the walls and the supernaturally suspended furniture. A VOICE BOOMS WITH BASS -- uttering some UNKNOWABLE LANGUAGE ...

DEMONIC VOICE
Ist dulharr ... Pronondum
ala mimnon ...

Don and Reg look at each other.

DON
What's that? French?
From behind the furniture, AN ANTHROPOMORPHIC SHAPE BEGINS TO FORM, silhouetted by an impossible light ... Its human-looking, but with impossibly-long thin arms and legs. It's dressed in a BLACK SUIT, and floating above the ground.

REG (nervous)
Hey buddy! We're friggin' closed!

... AND ONCE AGAIN THE RUMBLING BUILDS -- it sounds like a chorus of a thousand damned souls, screaming in unison, building ...

-- THE SPINDLY-SHAPED MAN BEGINS TO DRIFT FORWARD, STRETCHING OUT IT'S LONG ARMS TOWARD THE SECURITY MEN!

Reg's coffee cup shatters on the floor. He and Don slowly back up ... and SCREAM FOR THEIR LIVES AS WE --

-- CRASH CUT TO BLACK -- THE FAMILIAR CHORDS OF THE 'GHOSTBUSTERS THEME' BEGIN AS THE ANIMATED LOGO APPEARS ...

... BUT INSTEAD OF STRIKING THE USUAL POSE, THE GHOST LEANS TO ONE SIDE, GIVING DOUBLE THUMBS-UP.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:
"GHOSTBUSTERS, INC."

... AND THE THEME THEN IMMEDIATELY TURNS INTO AN OBNOXIOUS, DUB-STEPPED, HIP-HOP REMIX.

VOICEOVER
Have you had any unwanted poltergeist activity occur in your dwelling or place of work? Why wait another moment before taking action?
EXT. VARIOUS - DAY

WE SEE QUICK CUTS NEW, YOUNG GHOSTBUSTERS, in updated 'GHOSTBUSTERS' attire, entering homes and waving around expensive-looking equipment.

VOICEOVER (cont.)
Here at Ghostbusters, Inc., we have the tools and trained professionals necessary to take care of any unwanted supernatural disturbance.

INT. G.B. INC. GARAGES - DAY

-- CUTAWAY TO FOUR 2012 CADILLAC ESCALADES, retrofitted with a gamut of shiny, superficial technology hanging off them.

INT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

... AND MORE QUICK CUTS -- A CUTE GIRL in GB attire shaking hands with a smiling, bath-robbed HOMEOWNER. She then SUDDENLY TWISTS AROUND -- BLASTING A VAPOROUS POLTERGEIST!

VOICEOVER (cont.)
Why risk the lives of your family and loved ones, when they can be forever safe from the cold, ruthless clutches of the undead?

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

QUICK CUTS -- A PERFECT MOTHER putting her PERFECT DAUGHTER to bed, when suddenly a BLAST OF LIGHT AND AIR REVEAL A SCREAMING, SHRIVELEDED GHOST-NURSE IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM!

CUT TO
INT. G.B. INC. TECH ROOM - DAY

A PANNING SHOT ACROSS THE FOUR NEW G.B. RECRUITS, looking uselessly busy at computers in a very tech-heavy control room -- and WE PAN OVER TO TODD PRENDAUGHAST, dressed in a fancy, updated 'Ghostbusters' uniform and holding a vestigial clipboard.

TODD
Hi, I'm Todd Prendaghast, CEO of Ghostbusters, Inc. Our staff is on call twenty-four hours a day to serve you, and with competitive rates and seasonal discounts, you can count on us as the only state-recognized supernatural elimination service.

CUT TO

INT. G.B. HQ HALLWAYS - DAY

Todd walks down the hall, past a GLASS CONTAINMENT UNIT -- SLIMER, the green-hued floating phantasm, is on the other side, looking utterly depressed.

TODD
If you're stopping by with the kids, be sure to ask one of our experts to show them this greasy ball of ectoplasm here, the first spook ever caught by some of our professionals.

A LITTLE GIRL runs into the shot, jumping up; Todd grabs her and cradles her gently, laughing superficially.
TODD (cont.)
So don't wait another
minute, call now for your
free consultation.
(beat)
Here at Ghostbusters, Inc.,
we understand that there
isn't anything in the world
more important than your
family ... and your
children.

INT. DIMLY-LIT BAR - NIGHT

... AND THE SHOT PULLS BACK FROM THE IMAGE -- REVEALING
IT TO BE ON AN HDTV AFFIXED TO THE UPPER PORTION OF A
CEILING.

... We drift back from more images of young
Ghostbusters in action on the television to reveal RAY
STANTZ, locked on the television, EGON SPENGLER, locked
onto his smart-phone, and OSCAR BARRETT (early
twenties) sitting at the bar in front of their mugs of
beers.

Ray and Egon have aged appropriately into the 21st
century. Aside from the EYE-PATCH that Ray now sports.
He glowers at the television with contempt, takes a
drink.

Oscar consults his smart phone.

OSCAR
... So tomorrow we're back
over to Miss O'Leary's place
in Brooklyn for another
Class-Three. I dunno, I
guess we'll sweep and tell
her the same thing we told
her last time ... then we're
over to Jersey to checkout
the Holiday Inn again, and
then back onto the island to
that McDonald's on fifth
thats been having that weird bathroom stuff.

RAY (distant)
Yeah, that sounds great kid, its good to be busy.

Oscar follows Ray's gaze up to the television; flashing happy, successful Ghostbusting images.

OSCAR
Ray, you can't let that stuff get to you anymore. Its over and done with.

RAY
Easy for you to say, kid. You weren't forced out of your own company.

OSCAR
Well it could be worse, couldn't it? We're working, aren't we? You're still doing what you love.

EGON (still fixed to his smart-phone)
He's technically right.

Ray finally breaks the gaze with the television.

RAY
No, you're right kid. I just wish that overblown P.R. twit would actually listen about this spike in PKE readouts. Based on these recent investigations, it looks like something big could be starting.
OSCAR
Well, it's not strapping on the packs like the old days and blowing stuff up, but you're still doing paranormal investigations and classifications!

RAY (uninterested)
And how's the activity on the Large Hadron Collider coming along, Egon?

EGON (still not looking up)
Still as dangerous as ever, based on their recent Higgs Boson breakthroughs I'm moving up my Doomsday calculations to January 28th, 2016.

Ray manages a smile, taking another long drink.

RAY
Four less days, huh?

EGON (still not looking up)
Unfortunately it looks that way.

Ray looks back to the TELEVISION, a speeding G.B. SUV speeding by the camera.

RAY
I still don't understand it. We never used to be this consistently busy. Look at the workforce the place has now. Everytime we answer a call, there's two more waiting when we get back.

OSCAR
Well fellows, I'm pooped.
RAY
(snapping out of it)
You did good work today kid,
I would never have thought
to cross-check that lemony
odor to the electrical
amperage shift in the
appliances. Guess I'm
starting to lose it in my
old age.

OSCAR
Ray, you guys wrote the book
on all this stuff. Don't let
any of this crap get to you.
You guys are the first, and
still the best.

RAY
Thanks again kid.

Oscar slaps down some bills on the table and turns to
leave. Ray and Egon settle up and head out with him.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Just as Oscar opens the door, A LOUD WAILING SIREN CUTS
THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR. The three stop on the side of
the street -- and a flashing, speeding Ghostbusters
Inc. Escalade roars past them.

Ray looks to Egon, who perks his eyebrows in response.

EXT. NICE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray, Egon and Oscar exit a beat-up, mid-90s SEDAN,
heading across the street to the growing crowds and
commotion.

AMIDST THE CHAOS is the parked GB Escalade, lights
flashing, flanked by REPORTERS and GAWKERS.
And here's, TODD PRENDA GHAST, in the flesh, suited up, and sleazy as all hell, already talking to a FEMALE REPORTER.

**TODD**

... That's a great question, Marie. I've got every bit of confidence in the world in my team; unfortunately, we can't really go into detail on the specifications of this particular haunt. But what I can say is just look at this place, classic 19th century French architecture at it's finest, we can't have spooks puttin' holes in the walls.

He flashes the greasiest of rehearsed smiles.

**ON THE TRIO**

they watch from the back of the excited crowd, with unimpressed glares.

**TWO G.B. RECRUITS: SETH and GINA, mid-twenties, movie-star beautiful, with new gear and jumpsuits, come out to push the crowd back.**

**G.B. RECRUIT SETH**

Okie doke, everyone please get back and let us get to work. Lots of time for interviews once we've captured this ghost.

The two recruits push back Ray and Egon, the founding members of the company.

**RAY**

Watch it, you punk! We were answering these calls when
you were still protein on a glazed donut!

G.B. RECRUIT GINA
Please keep back old timers, you could hurt your backs if you're not careful. Leave this to the professionals.

Ray and Egon are both enraged, but comply and move back with the crowd. Oscar sheepishly looks on.

ON TODD

as he maneuvers through the crowd, taking snapshots with various people and signing autographs while the G.B. recruits do all the work in the background. Through happenstance, he winds up standing next to Ray and the others.

TODD (signing autographs)
Evening fellas, I need those new classifications from today on my desk by 9am tomorrow morning.

RAY
What's going on here? Its another spindle-creature sighting, isn't it?

Todd is already in the midst of yet another interview, completely ignoring Ray's question.

TODD (to reporter)
... I guess I never really thought about it before Jeff, but I'd really have to go with Machiavellian ...

RAY
Dammit, Prendaghast!
TODD (dismissive)
Great to hear gentlemen; nice seeing you. Thanks again for your help, your classifications are absolutely invaluable to Ghostbusters, Inc.

THE CROWD PARTS AS

A POLICE OFFICER emerges from within the building, leading out Don, one of the security guards. He's pale as can be, most of his hair streaked white.

DON
... It didn't have a face!
Its arms and legs were too long, and it didn't have a face!

POLICE OFFICER
Relax buddy, we'll get it all down on paper back at the station.

The cop puts the mystified security guard into the backseat of the cruiser.

Todd and Ray both overheard the conversation. Todd slowly looks to Ray's accusing gaze.

RAY (to Todd)
That's the fifth sighting of that thing in two months.

EGON
Class-5 Cross-Dimensional Snatcher.

RAY
Its activity is heating up. And are you reading my notes about the PKE surges? Last time we saw activity like
that, we would up spending
the fourth of July roasting
Dracornian Muzzle Slarrs all
over midtown Manhattan.

TODD (posing for photos)
Ray, the team's already on
it. Its just natural
fluctuations, nothing to get
worried about.

EGON
I don't know what frat house
you recruited your experts
from, but you're looking at
two of the founding members
of the company you've turned
into an overpriced Roller
Disco and you'd better start
listening to us.

Todd has begun to walk away with the reporters
surrounding him.

TODD
9am tomorrow morning! Don't
forget!

The crowd dissipates from around Ray, Egon and Oscar.
Ray looks down, and there's a 12-YEAR-OLD BOY, with a
Ghostbusters t-shirt with the 'modern' thumbs-up logo.
He looks up with a marker and a piece of paper.

BOY
Would you? To Robbie?

Ray and Egon both smile and happily oblige.

RAY
That's nice, Robbie, at least
someone out there still
likes us.
BOY
Robbie's my dad, he's over there in the car. I'm Matty. I don't know who you people are.

The boy runs off after Todd.

BOY
Todd! Todd! Could you make this out to Matty?

Oscar flashes a reassuring smile to Ray and Egon.

OSCAR
I'm sure Robbie is a huge fan.

CUT TO

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Ray and Egon plop into the beat-up Sedan. Ray cranks the key in the ignition, it SPUTTERS TO LIFE for a moment, then wheezes, shudders and dies. Unsurprised, Ray slumps his head onto the steering wheel.

EGON
Is Winston working tonight?

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS, INC. GARAGE - NIGHT

The interior of the garage is immaculate, with shining tools adorning perfect tables. Down the rows of closed garage doors are the four brand-new, perfect, Ghostbusters, Inc. company SUVs.

OFF TO ONE CORNER, COVERED IN A TRANSLUCENT PLASTIC SHEET -- is the original Ecto-1, out of use, collecting dust.
WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

looking like he hasn't aged a day, save for some grey hairs, is in a mechanics overall with the GB patch on the arm. He and Ray are both under the hood of the Saturn, ratchets and worklights working away.

Egon sits off to the side, forever on his smart-phone.

RAY
Help me figure this out, Z. You've been with this company basically from the ground floor, and those corporate weasels have still got you on the night shift mechanics crew?

WINSTON
The way I see it, I'm the oldest, dirtiest secret this company's got left now that you two are history. But you know what? I don't take vacations, I don't do sick days, I show up on time and I do my damn job. Not exactly using the full potential of my Doctorate, but hell, I'm employed with benefits.

RAY
Yeah, well ... I guess you're right.

Just then, the far door SLAMS OPEN and two of the young G.B. RECRUITS walk past.

G.B. RECRUIT SETH
Hey Winny! You gonna have that muffler fixed by tomorrow or what?
Winston
First chance I get Seth.
Thanks for noticing.

G.B. Recruit 2
No visitors, Winny! You know the rules!

The two youthful jerks walk out the loading bay doors, laughing.

Ray
Christ, this place ...

Winston
Not a clue between any of those new kids they hired on either, can you believe that?

Ray
Oh, I believe it. Image seems to be everything for Todd.
(looking around, nostalgic)
I'd love to see some of the stuff they're coming up with in R&D. It feels like forever since I've seen any of the capture equipment.

Egon walks over to pour Winston a cup of coffee.

Ray
Egon, bring me over that Phillips, will ya?

Egon hands the tool to Ray.

Winston (trying to chipper up)
It's pretty nice of Todd to cradle you in this lap of luxury while the recruits
are driving around in those dingy SUVs, huh?

RAY
I think this is just their way of leaning on us til we just up and quit.
(beat) Cripes, twenty years ago had you told me taking this place public would lead to us getting forced out after one little slipup on a bridge, I'd say you were on wacky glue.

EGON
In the shareholders defense Ray, we did collapse a bridge.

RAY
Yeah, but we saved the city!

WINSTON
Board didn't see it that way though, did they? They could have lost the whole company to litigation. Blaming the whole thing on you two was the quickest decision those cats probably ever had to make in their lives. You two are damn lucky they still hire you do freelance classifications as it is.

RAY
Cataloguing definitely isn't the end of the world, but it just doesn't feel the same without the packs.
EGON
Need I remind you all of our equipment, including the proton packs, are copyrighted and privately owned by the Ghostbusters, Inc. arm now? If I remember that was your brilliant idea. We could get sued if we ever use that equipment in public again.

WINSTON
Wouldn't matter anyway, those old packs are ancient history, everythings lightweight and digital and high-tech now. It makes the old stuff look like lead weights. You wouldn't even know how to work the damn things.

Ray's head slowly rises from behind the hood ...

RAY
The equipment locker still up the hall?

CUT TO

EXT. GB GARAGES - NIGHT

Ray, Egon and Winston stand side-by-side at the back alley behind the garages.

The three of them have the spunky NEW PROTON PACKS on. They're glossy white, and half the size of the originals. They also look mostly plastic and extremely easy to break.

Ray lights a cigarette, then hauls out the white neutrona wand. He's surprised by the light weight.
RAY
Jeez, this thing weighs like three pounds.

WINSTON
Now here, see this switch here, thats your ON switch. I've had a little bit of time with these, but I'm not insured like the cadets are, see? I shouldn't even know how to turn 'em on.

EGON
Basic layouts seem to remain constant between the models. The triggers in the same place.

RAY
Alright, everyone ready steady? Got your targets picked?

REVERSE ON THE THREE GUYS

revealing FOUR FULL-SIZED STANDEE CUTOUTS OF TODD PRENDAHGAST, sticking out of four trash cans. He's in uniform and giving the thumbs up with a stupid, shit-eating grin on his face.

EGON
Ready to cook.

RAY
Hey Todd!

THEY LET HER RIP! COILING, UNDULATING BLUE-BLACK BEAMS STREAK FORWARD, WHIPPING BACK AND FOURTH AND TORCHING THE CARDBOARD STANDEES!

-- The flaming standees explode out of the garbage cans, flipping end over end in a sparkling, flaming lightshow! The entire area surrounding the alleyway
lights up with pulsating and blinding blue light.

... The standees clatter, on fire, to the wet pavement. Ray, a wide-eyed dopey grin on his face, looks over to Egon and Winston.

Throughout the spectacle, it is apparent that these proton throwers are vastly less powerful than the originals.

EGON
Effective, I must say. The ions seem to have a much more focused radius. Ion lithium subatomic reactors you said?

WINSTON
Something like that, yeah, from what I hear at R and D, it takes half as long to charge them and the power-cells are twice as stable. All brand new, inside and out. And it's a lighter delivery, so it doesn't torch the walls or furniture. Good way to save on liability.

RAY
No power behind these things at all.

EGON
Equipment is too light, this all feels like you could break it by sitting on it. Its a wonder you can contain anything with these weak proton streams.
WINSTON
I don't want to be a party pooper here guys, but I've only got another 20 minutes before I'm outta here for my three-day weekend.

RAY
Yeah, good thinking, Z. We've got a full day tomorrow.

Winston's head jerks instinctively. We hear the faint sounds of SIRENS APPROACHING.

WINSTON
Cops.

The three scamper like rats out of the alley.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - MORNING

Two large doors bang open, revealing MAYOR PETER VENKMAN in full stride, swarmed on either side by Mayoral Advisors. He's attempting to do his tie as he makes his way through the building, ignoring most of the people screaming at him. He looks swamped.

MAYORAL ADVISOR 1
... And for God's sakes, don't forget to always avoid eye contact when you thank him. Its horribly impolite in their culture to look them in the eye unless you're threatening their lives. And we tried to ask his bodyguards to keep their AK-47s in their hotel rooms, but they've refused. We're still trying to get them a special firearms carrying permit pushed through for the week.
MAYORAL ADVISOR 2
Mayor Venkman, you still haven't signed off on the city agencies budget appropriation.

MAYORAL ADVISOR 3
Mayor Venkman, there's still opposition to the new Police Chief appointment, we need to issue a press statement regarding his unorthodox proposal to the iPhone theft ring investigations.

MAYORAL ADVISOR 1
... Oh! Also, no shades of grey or blue, apparently in their culture, blue is synonymous with death and bad harvest fortunes.

Venkman casts a beleaguered glance down at his dark blue suit.

MAYORAL ADVISOR 1
... And he's a huge Knicks fan! He wanted you to know that!

VENKMAN
Janine? JANINE?!

Appearing completely out of the blue, pops up JANINE MELNITZ, she's dressed in a sharp pantsuit with a binder close to her chest. She keeps pace with the hectic walk.

JANINE
Just answer nice and simple about the budget appropriations for now, we can hold off on making an
official statement about Police Chief MacEacheron until next week. If they ask about him, just say we're still discussing his approach. As far as Prince Undugu, hell, who knows? I've never been to Zanzibar. Just don't chew with your mouth open.

VENKMAN
I dunno what the hell I'd do without you, Janine. What about eating with my hands?

JANINE
Oh, and there's something heating up about the skinny ghost thing. Two security guards were attacked last night at the Yardsdale Art Exhibit.

VENKMAN
Oh Jesus.

JANINE
They're going to want a comment. So be prepared.

VENKMAN
Ghostbusting, my favorite goddamned topic.

Without breaking stride, Venkman flings open the front doors of the mansion ...

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - MORNING

... Revealing a PODIUM setup atop the steps and the press waiting. Venkman hits the podium and raises both hands, trying hard to quell the reporters.
VENKMAN
Its only a few fleeting opportunities in a lifetime you can truly indulge in the infinite wisdom of a visionary peacemaker. Today, I'm granted that very honor by welcoming His Lordship and Eternal Ruler, Overlord and Uncrowned King of Ireland, Prince Undugu Kataha to the city of New York.

OFF TO ONE SIDE, sitting with his TERRIFYING BODYGUARDS, PRINCE UNDUGU offers a disinterested wave.

A REPORTER leaps to his feet.

REPORTER
What about the human rights violations the Prince stands accused of? What kind of a message are we sending to the American people by giving a warlord free reign throughout our city and a speaking engagement in front of the UN assembly?

Venkman is blindsided by the question, he slowly composes himself.

VENKMAN
On the positive side of his character, I'm told he's a huge Knicks fan.

ANOTHER REPORTER gets to his feet.

REPORTER 2
One security guard is a raving lunatic and there's still no sign of the other
after last night's ghost attack. Descriptions match the last four other violent encounters of the so-called 'skinny ghost'. Is there another supernatural threat afflicting the city, and what is your office doing about it?

VENKMAN
I have a pending meeting scheduled with Todd Prendaghast, the CEO of Ghostbusters, Inc. to discuss these goings on. He's also set to make a statement soon on these happenings, which I can guarantee you will be under control shortly.

REPORTER 2
You ran for office on a pro-Ghostbusters ballot during the mayoral recall, some of your critics have accused you of flip-flopping on the topic during your re-election campaign.

VENKMAN
Gene, they blew up the goddamned Triborough Bridge, and that had to happen during my re-election campaign, and yes, something needed to be done ...

Janine steps in to whisper to Venkman, but he brushes her off.
VENKMAN (cont)
... Mr. Stantz and Mr. Spengler were owners of that company at the time, and they're held accountable, our past relationships don't affect right and wrong. That little incident forced my office to institute some housecleaning, and now Ghostbusters is as efficient a department as police and fire. And how did I get talking about ghostbusting again? This is the city of New York people, is nobody worried about the budget deficit?

Another REPORTER gets to her feet.

REPORTER 3
What of the accusations leveled against you by Scooter Greenbaum regarding your financial ties in Ghostbusters, Inc.? Wouldn't that constitute a conflict of interest relating to their exorbitant budget appropriations?

VENKMAN
I'm going to make this clear, Alice, the Ghostbusters is a corporate entity granted operation by my office, yes, beyond that I haven't had any association with the company for over 15 years. Nor will I. Ever again. Budget deficit, people! What if I
told you the city was in flames right now?

INT. G.B. FIELD OFFICE - MORNING

The current office of Ray and Egon is decidedly depressing. Its just a crappy little place with too few windows and cramped desk space.

On the walls are various Ghostbusters-related pictures and news clippings. One picture in particular stands out ...

INSERT -- a clipping of Ray, Venkman, Egon and Winston standing next to a young, fresh-faced Todd Prendaghast ... The caption reads 'Ghostbusters Welcome First New Recruit - Company Expansion Underway for 1994'.

Egon sits in the corner of the office, a pile of scrap metal and electronic pieces, he's working on yet another gadget.

Oscar walks up to Ray's desk, putting down a cup of coffee. Ray's on the phone.

RAY
... Yes ma'am. I completely understand. That kind of a disturbance at any level of family gathering would be traumatic for a small child.

Ray looks up and nods a thanks to Sol, taking the coffee and leaning back in his chair.

RAY
Well ma'am, the earliest we could get to you would be thursday.
(beat)
Yes, myself and Dr. Spengler will be present.
(beat)
No ma'am, he's no longer associated with the company. He's the Mayor of New York City presently. (beat) He is a great guy. (beat) Yes, he did shut us down. We'll see you Thursday Miss Nordling, give Sally my warmest regards.

He hangs up, taking a sip of the coffee.

EGON (glancing at his watch) We're twenty minutes late.

RAY I know, I know.

As if on cue, the door to the office swings open and in walks DANA BARRETT, beautiful as always. Her husband, WALT BARRETT enters next ...

Ray jumps to his feet.

RAY Dana! Walt! Great to see you guys!

Dana goes in for the warm hug, Walt and Ray shake hands. Egon and Oscar join the group.

DANA I'm so sorry we're late Ray. I know you guys have been busy lately.

RAY Oh, its no worry at all. We've been managing.

Oscar begrudgingly comes to the forefront of the group.
WALT
Nice to see you still answer your phone when we call.

OSCAR
Yeah, I didn't see the messages until just now.

WALT
Well, we're double-parked, think you could hurry it up?

Oscar gives Walt a crap look.

WALT (to Ray)
I really wish we could stay and chat longer, but the rehearsal starts in twenty minutes. Not even sure if we can make it as it is.

Dana takes the cue from Walt, who exhibits no interest in staying any longer than necessary.

DANA
I hate to stop in and run off you guys.

RAY
We're on our way to a call here too, we can share the lift down.

Ray and Egon hurriedly grab their coats and follow.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Egon, Dana, Ray, Oscar and Walt exit out to the streets.

WALT
I'll grab the car.

Walt jogs across the street.
DANA
It's really great of you two to take him on. It's great that everything has worked out.

RAY
Glad to have him, Dana.

Ray glances to Oscar.

RAY (cont.)
It's nice to have some new blood around here anyway.

DANA
So how is everything?

RAY
It's steady. You know, we're going steady.

EGON
Average workload the last few months comes out to between two and four classifications a day. We're logging lots of miles.

DANA
I still think it's awful what happened, you guys don't belong behind desks.

RAY
We're still spirit cataloguing and getting plenty of fresh air. I'm not as young as I used to be, and in this economy? I guess the old adage is true, only thing that's ever consistent is death and taxes.
EGON
That's the whole reason I went into the field to begin with.

DANA
We should all go out to dinner soon, get caught up. I can't remember the last time we were all together.

EGON
There's a pretty obvious reason for that.

RAY
Let's not start in on that, huh, Spengs?

DANA
Everything has changed so much now. Cartoon shows and video games and products everywhere. You see that logo all over the city now, it's so abrasive, it doesn't even mean anything anymore.

EGON
Once Todd took control of the company he did what any shrewd capitalist would do with a recognizable name brand.

RAY
Yeah, the hearts gone out of it. Maybe Venkman was right to leave high and dry and get right into politics when he did.
DANA
No Ray, Venkman is never right. He exploited the company's popularity just like Todd did, only he used it to get himself elected. Then at the first sign of trouble, he stood right in line with the critics and threw you guys right under the bus to keep himself in office.

OSCAR
Mom, come on, go easy on him.

RAY
I'd just prefer not to think of him that way.

DANA
Have you been in touch at all?

EGON
Not this decade.

Walt pulls the car up in front of them.

DANA
Well, Egon, Ray, let's get together soon, it would be wonderful to get caught up with everyone. Tell Winston I said hello.

Dana and Oscar hop into the car and it merges off into the traffic. Ray and Egon watch the car disappear, their younger days going with it.

EGON (glancing at smartphone)
We're extraordinarily late.
INT. FANCY DINING HALL - DAY

Venkman sits at a large, well-decorated table with the Prince, his bodyguards, and some MAYORAL ADVISORS, including Janine. Its awkward. CHAMBER MUSIC plays lightly in the background.

A row of THREE GOLDEN AK-47s are resting against the wood-panelled wall.

Venkman hasn't touched his meal, nor has the Prince. They're staring at each other, Venkman terrified, the Prince's glare accusing.

VENKMAN
So I'm told you're not actually a Knicks fan.

One of the Prince's bodyguards, BODYGUARD 1, leans over to the Prince and translates. The Prince responds.

BODYGUARD 1
The Prince says that he's not eating until you eat. He suspects corrupt capitalists of seizing this opportunity to poison him.

Venkman's eyes perk. That's a new one.

VENKMAN
If I eat first, then he will? That's what the holdups been?

Bodyguard 1 nods slow and exact. Venkman gingerly takes a few bites of the meal.

VENKMAN (chewing)
Finest in the city. What is this, Janine?
JANINE (fake smile)
Its roasted duck, Mayor.

She shoots a plastic smile to the Prince at the other end of the table.

JANINE
Its ... roasted ... duck!

The Prince nods.

THE PRINCE
I trust your hospitality now.

The Prince begins to dig in. His bodyguards follow suit.

VENKMAN
Big couple of days in the city, eh fellas? Wait'll you checkout the zoo. You'll go bananas.

The four men at the opposite end of the table stop eating, giving Venkman another evil glare.

Venkman reaches for a bottle of Merlot.

VENKMAN
Just to be safe, I'm gonna down the wine first, too.

INT. CRUDDY APARTMENT - DAY

Egon and Ray, utterly sucked of enthusiasm, are finished the apartment checkup. Ray is speaking to the homeowner, MISS TILDEN, while Egon does the final sweep.

RAY
Thanks again for your time,
Miss Tilden. We're fairly convinced this is a routine
spook infestation, class-two, still something to be worried about, but trust us, it could be far, far worse.

MISS TILDEN
So it's just gonna clear itself up? Where's all your goo-gone gear? Ain't you gotta trap something?

RAY
No ma'am. As captains of the operations, we gather all the pertinent information regarding the class of phantasm infestation, then submit our findings. You'll then be contacted by a Ghostbusters, Inc. representative regarding a suitable time for the recruits to come and take care of the pesky poltergeist.

MISS TILDEN
I seen on the news you've got kids doing all the work now.

RAY
Far from it ma'am, Ghostbusters Inc. only utilizes trained professionals to handle your elimination needs. After that your place will be sound as a pound.

MISS TILDEN
You're tryin' to tell me your bigwigs with this place and they've got you two
talkin' to old ladies in the
Bronx about haunted toilets?

Ray tries hard to stifle his anger with a barely-
operational smile, he hands Miss Tilden the bill.

RAY
We take cash, or most major
credit cards.

MISS TILDEN
Do you know Todd? What's he
like in real life?

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ray and Egon exit the building and head down the busy
sidewalk.

RAY
I think I'm finally there,
Spengler.

EGON
Oh?

RAY
Yeah, between the junk
hours, the flammable company
vehicle and the quality of
customers, I think it's time
to throw in the towel.

EGON
From a mental and emotional
perspective I can understand
your rationale, but where's
an aging parapsychologist
going to find another job in
his field in this market?

RAY
I don't even want to think
about that right now. All I
know is I think it's about
time I have a little chat
with Mr. CEO about some
changes.

They stop at a BUS STOP, checking their watches.

EGON
Ray, it's not like either of
us have a retirement plan,
and we didn't exactly sap
the company dry with what we
got in the buyout.

RAY
I don't know, Spengs, I just
don't know.

Ray looks either way for any sign of an oncoming bus.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Venkman, wearing a hard-hat that clashes substantially
with his thousand-dollar suit, stands next to several
CONSTRUCTION WORKERS at an unveiling.

As per usual, REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS are
everywhere.

VENKMAN
... And in this day and age,
there's nothing more
important than our
children's future. And that's
why as Mayor of New York,
it's my undisputed honor to
declare this site --

All around the site, THE SOUNDS OF SIRENS GROW ...  
Venkman and the others all slowly look around in
confusion as a LARGE ASSORTMENT OF EMERGENCY VEHICLES
RIP BY THE CONSTRUCTION SITE ... followed by two
WAILING GHOSTBUSTER SUVS.
A YOUNG REPORTER leaps to his feet, still with his phone to his ear.

YOUNG REPORTER
Mayor! Any comment on today's ghost attack in Grand Central Station? Witness reports suggest a link with the other 'skinny ghost' disturbances that have been sweeping the city!

Venkman angrily lowers the COMICALLY LARGE PAIR OF SCISSORS in his hand. He glances over to Janine, also wearing an ill-fitting hard-hat. She sheepishly shrugs.

VENKMAN
That's something my office is looking into, Wendell.

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS INC., H.Q. - DAY

Todd Prendaghast comes around the corner, trailed by Ray Stantz and Egon Spengler. It's a hurried walk-and-talk. Ray's got a large, old book under his arm.

The GB Inc. offices are immaculate and pristine, with interns and secretaries all busy at work. Countless NEWS STORIES are framed on the walls, along with cheap pictures of flowers and cats.

RAY
... And I would be doing my colleagues and the city a disservice if we didn't pursue this further. It's like you're not even listening to our advice on what's going on here. It's a marvel nobody was killed at that train station!
TODD
Ray, I've got my best people on this.

RAY
I've seen the kids you hire.
None of them have a damn clue what they're doing! You hand-picked a couple of know-nothing FAO Schwarz models so the cover photos on the New York Times look good!

They walk past an OPEN OFFICE -- within are two of the recruits, drinking beer with their feet up. Todd stops, slapping a hand on the doorframe ...

TODD
Seth! Matt! What the hell?
Knock it off til after 5!

The two younger GB recruits begrudgingly put down the beer cans.

Todd and the group pass Slimer's GLASS-ENCASED ECTO-UNIT next. Ray is struck with pathos as he and the green spud make eye contact for a moment.

EGON
If you'd listened to us after the second attack, we'd already have captured this thing in Harlem.

TODD
Long slender arms and legs and a suit and tie matches every other spook we've ever taken down guys.

RAY
And what about the car? That piece of junk is still in
the shop, we've been bussing
it from call to call, Todd.

A SECRETARY, comes up alongside Todd, she's flanked by
TWO MEN IN SUITS AND SHADES.

SECRETARY
Mr. Prendaghast ...

TODD
Not now, Brigitte.

SECRETARY
Sir, this is important.

TODD
Put it in a memo! Walk and
talk!
(to Egon)
And that's really out of line
accusing me of just sweeping
these ghosts under the
carpet, I have a competent
staff that deals with the
elimination of these things
and I resent the suggestion
we're doing anything but.

RAY
It's been dumb luck that
you've only had to deal with
routine infestations since
you took over this place.
You're running this place's
credibility into the ground
while we're running around
classifying the same classes
of ghosts over and over
again!

Todd bangs open the door to his office, Ray and Egon
follow ...
INT. TODD'S OFFICE - DAY

... Yep, the office is immaculate. A huge VIEW OF THE CITY out every large window.

RAY
... I'd love to see what you and these frathouse clowns would do with a level-four cross-rip--

-- Startling all of them, on the other end of the room, is Venkman, his tie loosened and a glass of scotch in his hand.

VENKMAN
What the hell, Todd?!

Todd is caught offguard. Egon and Ray stop in their tracks, Venkman catches himself. The three haven't been together in a dog's age, lots of past hostilities still just bubbling under the surface.

RAY
Venkman.

VENKMAN
Ray.

EGON
Nice to see you again, Peter.

VENKMAN
Spengs.

Venkman immediately goes back into Mayor-mode, pointing a finger at Todd, ignoring the others.

VENKMAN
I'm getting more questions about ghosts than I am about the goddamned budget, Todd! And the budget isn't good
right now, it's not good one
goddamned bit.

Todd slumps into his seat.

TODD
I'm on it, Pete. You think
this is easy on my end? Do
you want to try running this
place?

VENKMAN, EGYON, RAY
(perfect unison)
We have.

Todd pours himself a glass of scotch, sucks it back.

TODD
My people are doing
everything in their power to
try and track this thing,
but its not giving any
consistent readouts that we
can track. None of our
computers know what to do.

EGON
For starters, I don't even
think the new equipment is
capable of holding this
thing. All your cost cutting
has rendered the new proton
packs almost completely
impotent, its a wonder your
people are containing any
spooks at all with the low
yield they deliver.

TODD
It keeps the liability
insurance down, Spengler.
We're not scorching tables
and throwing around enough
energy to vaporize a
housewife anymore. Its new and improved. And safer.

EGON
Have any of your people cross-checked the ionization rate left at the scenes with the history of the sites? Its first-year parapsychology Todd, these things are always just echoes left behind, even if its a cross-dimensional specimen.

VENKMAN (pointing at Egon, looking at Todd)
Hell Todd, I knew that!

TODD
We're collecting evidence at each site! There's no reference to this subject in our systems.

Ray slams open the DECREPIT OLD BOOK onto the desk, flipping open the pages. He points his finger down on the page.

RAY
Tobin's Spirit Guide. Remember this?

TODD (sheepish)
Yeah, I ... uh, stay up to date on that.

RAY (reading aloud)
'Wolfram Von Grauen, born 1834, died 1899. One of the head architects of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, alongside Burnham and Root.' Ring a bell, Todd?
Todd goes silent, staring down at his drink.

RAY (cont.)
... The Chicago World's Fair was the grandest exhibition of it's time, Ferris Wheel got it's start there. What nobody put together until much later was the large amount of people that went missing during the Fair's run. Number was in the hundreds.

INSERT -- The book, the dour and ominous black and white photo of Von Grauen vaguely matches the spook seen attacking the security guards. He looks like one weird looking dude.

EGON (without looking at the book)
It took a the police a few years to piece it all together, but it wound up Von Grauen was secretly the owner of a Chicago hotel he had designed himself. Had all the standard amenities of the time, except with hidden sacrificial chambers built into every floor.

TODD
... And what does any of this have to do with what's going on?

Venkman raises a 'shush' finger.

VENKMAN
That's one, Todd.
RAY
There was a massive subterranean level where most of his dirty work was done. He believed that by collecting souls for the afterlife, he was in effect becoming immortal himself. The authorities didn't see it that way, he was placed in a sanitarium pending his trial. He never made it to the hangman's noose, however. He died under the state's custody awaiting trial in the booby hatch.

Venkman is beyond frustrated.

VENKMAN
 Took 'em ten minutes, Todd! Ten! With a musty book! And we have the internet now, Todd! You can find videos of cats wearing slices of bread as hats with the click of a button!

TODD
Well that doesn't tell me anything about how to stop this thing, does it?

Venkman's anger boils ... he points to Ray and Egon.

VENKMAN
TEN MINUTES!

RAY
The impounded items from the hotel were sold off at police auctions. Because of their macabre associations with what was the trial of
the century, they were sold plenty fast.

Ray pulls a map of NYC out of his pocket and slams it down on the table, it's got circled notations all over it.

RAY (cont.)
... Every site of this so-called 'thin ghost' correlates with items bought at that police auction. Whatever it is Von Grauen was, it seems to be back and drawn to those places.

VENKMAN
And this leads us to the part where you know how to stop this thing and get the New York Times off my ass, right?

RAY
Not unless we could find an old copy of the auction records to cross-reference the buyers. But that would be well over one hundred years old.

EGON
All that's stopping us from figuring out how to stop this thing is time and some research, both of which we're well prepared to make in order to help ...
(Egon struggles to say it) ... Mayor Venkman ... to get the city back to working order.
A shark's grin spreads across Venkman's face as he eyes Todd, sitting behind his desk.

VENKMAN
You'd best get that nice secretary of yours to draft a press release, Todd, we're going live with this tomorrow.

Todd looks at Venkman with a 'what do you want me to do?' gesture.

VENKMAN
Now, Todd!

That does it. Prendaghas jumps to his feet and runs out of the office.

Venkman, Spengler, and Stantz are together for the first time in a long time, nobody knows what to say.

VENKMAN
It's ... It'll be nice to have you guys ... back in charge around here again.

A moment of silence between them. Then finally ...

RAY
You hung us out to dry, Pete. Don't think we'll forget that.

Venkman nods, taking the hit. He grabs his overcoat, draped over a chair, and silently exits the room.

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

We PULL BACK from Todd Prendaghas's worried face to reveal him sitting on a stage, off to the left by himself. Across from him sits Janine, Winston, Egon and Ray atop a stage built in front of the USS Maine National Monument.
In the front row intermingled with the crowd sits Dana, Oscar and Walt.

Behind a mayoral podium is Venkman, dressed in his usual expensive suit, but with a powder-blue GHOSTBUSTERS BALLCAP on his head. He addresses yet another huge gathering of CITIZENS and REPORTERS.

VENKMAN

... So in direct response to this growing conundrum, and due to my lack of confidence with the current CEO, as the Mayor of New York City, I hereby reappoint Doctors Stantz, Spengler and Zeddemore heads of Ghostbusters Inc. And it is my hope that their expertise will lead to a quick resolution to the problems currently plaguing our fair city.

The crowd CLAPS and CHEERS, getting to it's feet. Reporters stand and bark questions at the stage. A familiar Reporter gets to his feet in the front row.

REPORTER
What gives the city any right to make such appropriations, isn't Ghostbusters Inc. exempt from city involvement?

VENKMAN
Gene, time and time again, the original Ghostbusters founders have been on the forefront of our defense from these supernatural occurrences.
Venkman motions behind him with his hand, exempting Todd.

VENKMAN (cont.)
And so, through the necessary committees, in light of these recent incidents, Ghostbusters, Inc. is hereby appointed an essential service, and thus, it falls under city governance.

REPORTER
Do you really think it's a responsible decision from the Mayor's office to put the people who blew up the Triborough bridge back in charge?

Behind Venkman, Winston raises a hand.

WINSTON
Nothing to do with that.

Venkman turns to the group sitting behind him.

VENKMAN
Get up here everybody!

The group, including Janine, stoically get to their feet and stand alongside the podium.

VENKMAN
(to the crowd)
How fast are we to place the blame when these people's successes far outweigh their failures? Anybody remember that giant marshmallow thing that tore up this city? Or that museum that got covered in Jello?
REPORTER
Yeah! And it cost the city millions of dollars in damages after you people rode the Statue of Liberty through downtown!

The crowd begin to hum and haw, unconvinced.

EGON
(whispering to Ray)
I told you we should have padded her feet.

A CUTE REPORTER gets to her feet next.

CUTE REPORTER
Mayor Venkman, as a longtime correspondent with the New York Metro news, I had the misfortune to be on the scene covering all of these encounters, including the disastrous third incident. (turns to address the crowd) These men are heroes. They risk their lives everyday for a meager paycheck. Believe me, I've seen their books.

Egon and Ray exchange unimpressed glances.

Suddenly, Dana jumps to her feet, turning to face the crowd. Walt, sitting next to her, looks on, annoyed.

DANA
These men saved my life. These men saved the life of my son. How many people here today have been impacted by their bravery? Stand up, now.
Slowly, but surely, scores of CITIZENS stand up around the audience.

CITIZEN 1
They saved my life.

CITIZEN 2
They saved my life too.

CITIZEN 3
They saved my daughter's life.

ON RAY AND THE OTHERS ONSTAGE

they glance to each other, solemnly affected by the display.

ON DANA

DANA
We should be thankful for them. And unless any of you here would be willing to step into their shoes ... (beat)
... Then I for one thank them for their selfless services, and am grateful to have them back.

-- Quickly -- the CROWD GROWS THUNDEROUS WITH THEIR CHEERS AND APPLAUSE.

CROWD
(chanting)
Ghostbusters! Ghostbusters!

... AND THE ORIGINAL GHOSTBUSTERS TEAM stand side-by-side at the edge of the stage, taking in the cheer and applause AS WE --

-- CUT TO A MONTAGE
INT. TODD'S OFFICE - DAY

MOVERS are busy replacing Todd's stuff with three desks for Ray, Egon and Winston. Todd is dismayed, standing alongside the others. Ray offers him a sheepish shoulder pat.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The cocksure young G.B. recruits all sit, uninterested, with their arms crossed. Ray and Egon address them curtly.

RAY
... And that's why we're pleased to announce you're all fired! Every single one of you!

One of the recruits angrily hops to his feet

G.B. RECRUIT SETH
This is bullshit!

The recruits file out, angrily. Egon and Ray nod to each one with a shit-eating grin on their face.

INT. G.B. OFFICE - DAY

Winston and Egon sit behind a desk, clipboards in their hands, interviewing replacement GBs. Todd sits behind them, slumped, defeated, but still on the payroll.

The newest interviewee is a late-twenties, nervous, young woman, TRACY ...

WINSTON
So, do you have any past experience with paranormal eliminations or investigations?
TRACY
Look, let's cut through the BS, I was just a manager at Blockbuster Video til they went under. The economy is horrible, I'm a liberal arts major, and there's no jobs anywhere. If you want to tell me you've got people with parapsychology degrees lining up for these openings, go right ahead ... But if not, just consider I'm two months late on my rent and if I can't even get hired as a Ghostbuster, I'm probably going to jump off the Brooklyn bridge.

Winston and Egon give each other quizzical looks.

CUT TO -- ANOTHER NEW FACE ... PARKER, thirties.

PARKER
I can cook. I can clean, and I own over thirty different firearms.

CUT TO -- ANOTHER NEW FACE ... JEFF, mid-twenties.

JEFF
I used to drive a bus, but I got let go. I'm a good driver though. I follow parapsychology very closely, its my first and only hobby, and I'm reliable, and a damn good worker.

Egon and Winston both have impressed looks on their faces, they nod slowly ... However ... Jeff is suddenly distracted by something.
Without notice -- HE SCREAMS AT THEM over the table, grabs a stack of writing tablets, knocks over his chair, and sprints out of the room ...

Egon and Winston relax after they're sure he's gone.

EGON
Thats a shame, up to that last part he was my favorite candidate.

CUT TO -- WILLIAMS, mid-twenties, nebbish and awkward as hell.

EGON
What are your thoughts on astral-projection, the legend of bigfoot, and the real events behind the Tunguska blast of 1908?

Williams is terrified, he smiles artificially.

WILLIAMS
Yes.

Egon and Winston look to each other again ...

WINSTON
Still better than that other guy.

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS INC. R&D DEPT. - DAY

Ray, Egon and Oscar take to several NEW PIECES OF GHOSTBUSTING HARDWARE, their expressions dictating their lack of interest in the new equipment.

Egon begins slamming one of the Proton wands against a metal table.

Ray, always the tutor, shows Oscar the ins-and-outs of the proton gear, the new hires, PARKER, WILLIAMS and TRACY watch and listen off to the side.
INT. GHOSTBUSTERS INC. STORAGE UNITS - DAY

Ray, Egon and Oscar heave open a LARGE DOOR, spilling a shaft of light into a COLD-STORAGE AREA, creeping with mist.

Egon consults a binder in hand, then points.

EGON
304.

The three walk down a long, concrete corridor, finally stopping at STORAGE UNIT 304. Ray unlocks the metal door.

... And light spills into that unit as well, revealing THE CLASSIC PROTON GEAR -- covered in dust...

EXT. HAUNTED TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Oscar, Winston and Ray, sucking a cheap cigar, hang around out front, leaning on an idling G.B. SUV. Inside the building, periodically, BLUE FLASHES OF LIGHT pulsate through the windows.

-- And then the three new G.B. RECRUITS come out, defeated, covered in slime.

PARKER
No good, can't hold em with these things.

Ray examines the useless new Proton thrower and shakes his head.

RAY
Liability my sweet ass.
These things couldn't catch a cold.

OSCAR
What's the plan then?
Ray and Winston look to each other, then nod. They retrieve TWO CLASSIC PROTON PACKS from the back of the SUV and suit up.

Winston shoots the three recruits a smile.

WINSTON
Watch and learn.

ON THE BUILDING

Winston and Ray jog up into the house, the recruits follow. No sooner are they inside then a white and red FLASH OF LIGHT STREAKS THROUGH THE MAIN FLOOR -- SHATTERING ALL OF THE WINDOWS AT ONCE.

INT. G.B. HQ - EVENING

Ray addresses NEWS CREWS, with the newly-assembled team behind him.

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS INC. H.Q. - DAY

Egon is busy at work taking apart the new, useless proton packs.

CUT TO

Several CUTOUTS OF TODD lined up at the far end of a firing range. Tracy, Parker and Williams stand side-by-side with retro-fitted new Proton Packs.

RAY
Let 'em cook!

The G.B. Recruits all let her rip, but the powerful proton packs are too much for them to handle -- THE UNDULATING ORANGE STREAMS OF ENERGY FLIP AND FLOP IN EVERY DIRECTION!

Ray and Egon hit the deck behind the steel table.

The SMOKE CLEARS and the room is decorated with blackened, smoking streaks on the walls, floors and
ceilings. The cutouts of Todd are all COMPLETELY UNSCATHERD.

All of the recruits are dazed, visibly upset. Williams begins to cry.

Ray and Egon nod in approval.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DUSK

A ROTTED, GLOWING HOBO GHOST, backed up by TWO OTHER GHOSTLY, STEREOTYPICAL OLD-TIME HOBOS wreak havoc through Central Park. Innocent people scatter in every direction.

The three G.B. Recruits, along with Oscar, step out from the greenery, equipped with the RETROFITTED PROTON GEAR, they cut the spooks off. Egon and Ray step out from behind them and issue the order --

RAY
Have at 'em!

The recruits BLAST in unison, THE ENERGY STREAKS NOW BRILLIANT AND POWERFUL -- TREES SPLITT APART, LIMBS COLLAPSE TO THE GRASS -- they tangle up the ghosts. Three Proton traps are tossed out ...

... and trapped in three pulsating, white beams of ascending light! The spooks are sucked down into the traps! Oscar lifts up a smoking trap, walking it over to Egon.

OSCAR
Holy crap that was a rush.

RAY
How was that for everybody?

TRACY
I'm gonna puke! But thats fine!
EGON (to Parker)
You're pulling to the right.
That gets easier once your
shoulder begins to wear out.

PARKER (confused)
Thanks?

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Venkman sits behind his desk, Janine enters his office
with a smug smile on her face, and delivers A REPORT --
the top line reads 'Ghostbusters Damage Reports as of
09/27'.

Venkman's eyes bulge as he reads the figure, then
anxiously signs it.

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS INC. HALLWAY - DAY

Ray walks along the corridor, looking sheepish. He
stops with his back to Slimer's ecto-containment unit,
making sure the coast is clear.

Hastily, he turns and jams a key into the lock.
Powering down the unit and opening the door ...

-- AND SLIMER SCREAMS FOR JOY as it blows out of it's
confinement, blowing papers and chairs over as it ZIPS
DOWN THE HALLWAY.

Ray looks around suspiciously, then heads for his
office.

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS INC. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

It's a large amphitheater-style room, with the three
new-hires in gear sitting and taking nots.

Winston stands at the front of the room, A POWERPOINT-
STYLE PRESENTATION projected behind them. The top-line
reads 'SPOOK REPORTS' -- Its a map of the city, with
several spots circled.
WINSTON
Parker and Tracy, you're
taking the double haunting
on Rampart. Class-three.
Bring plenty of towels.

INT. DANA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dana and Walt sit in relaxed clothing on the couch with
glasses of wine, watching television.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN

A NEW GHOSTBUSTERS COMMERCIAL, depicting Ray, Egon and
Winston pitching their new specials.

In the BACKGROUND of the scene, amidst a group of
SCIENTIST EXTRAS, is Oscar, uselessly pushing random
buttons and staring doe-eye'd into the camera.

EXT. NEW YORK CITYSCAPE - DUSK

THE GHOSTBUSTERS INC. SUV races through the night,
lights flashing, sirens squealing. Traffic lights
ignored.

-- END MONTAGE

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS INC. RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

The room appears to have been very LIVED IN as of late,
with empty pizza boxes and snackfood galore. There's
couches in the corners that have been obviously slept
on.

On the walls are all new FRAMED NEWSPAPER COVERAGE, one
headline reads 'GHOSTBUSTERS INC. UNDER OLD MANAGEMENT'
... Stantz and Egon walk past it, a large plastic tote-
case in Ray's hands. He slams it down on the table ...

WE REVEAL Oscar and Winston leaning on the other side
of the table. Sitting off to the side are Williams,
Parker and Tracy.
WINSTON
I've got three calls I've gotta worry about this afternoon, Ray.

RAY
Yeah, I'm sorry to pull you off the floor, but I think we all need to see this.
(beat)
Prendaghast! Coffee!

Todd gets up from a comfortable seated position behind the group, barely acknowledging Ray as he exits the room to prepare coffee.

Egon starts taking out items from the large bin, among them OLD BOOKS, LAMPSHADES, PIECES OF CUTLERY, SUIT OF ARMOR GAUNTLETS and A MUSTY TOPHAT.

The three new recruits stand up and gather around the table. Nobody really seems to be floored by what they're seeing.

PARKER (unimpressed)
Guys, I don't care about your yard sale scores.

EGON
These are some of the artifacts that we've authenticated as previously belonging to Von Grauen.

TRACY
Yeah, they don't look new.

RAY
Up til now, we've had them sequestered. We wouldn't even think about having them together.
WINSTON
And why not?

As if on cue, the ITEMS BEGIN TO VIBRATE, building in intensity ... Then, in the blink of an eye, they all SLAM TOGETHER, forming a tight ball that hovers in midair.

Egon scans it with a PKE meter.

TRACY
Its sad to think that's what I assumed was going to happen.

RAY
Loads of psycokenetic energy coming off these babies now. As far as Spengs and I can tell, they were harmless up until they came into contact with the skinny ghost. And now for whatever reason, all they want to do is come into contact with each other.
(beat)
Close as we can tell, the most likely answer seems to be that Von Grauen binded his psychic energy into the items, backup drives for an eventual return.

EGON (genuine)
Oldest trick in the book.

Simultaneously ...

WINSTON (sarcastically)
Oldest trick in the book.

Ray places the floating ball of junk back in the container and seals the innocent-looking rubbermaid tote. He pushes a button on the side, and it JOLTS TO
LIFE as the sound of separating items can be heard from within ...

RAY
This theory also lends credence to the supposition Von Grauen was anything but human.

EGON
There have been various items missing from the encounters, police couldn't make heads or tails of it, and neither could we until tonight.

Ray pulls up a large map and unspools it over the table.

RAY
With the new spectral-analysis capabilities, we have a perfect way to track any unusually large pockets of psychokenetic energy on the island. If its bigger than a class-5 it'll show up as a hot spot.

Oscar and Winston lean over to look at the map. Ray points his finger over a large reddish section on Staten Island.

RAY (cont.)
... And wouldn't you know it? The old Brundelheim Tuberculosis Sanitarium is off the charts.

Tracy looks visibly upset as she hears the news.
TRACY
We don't have to goto Staten Island do we?

EGON
The last department that used that building was for tuberculosis research, at the end of last century however ... it was the Brundleheim Department of Mental Hygiene.

Winston lethargically raises his hand.

WINSTON
Let me try and jump ahead here.

RAY
By all means.

WINSTON
They kept Von Grauen at the crazy farm.

RAY
Bingo, Z. Authorities stuck him there for two years while they gathered evidence for his murder trial.

EGON
Mental institutions around the turn of the century were anything but accommodating. The place would have been a madhouse.

(grins)
And from court documents we've found, it looks like Von Grauen was caught more than a few times wandering the grounds at night. None
of the guards ever copped to any complicity.

PARKER
This is all leading to us going to investigate an abandoned mental asylum on Staten Island ... At night too, right?

EGON
Parapsychology 101, Parker. Everybody leaves a piece of psychic evidence when they die. The worse the state of being, the messier the stain.

Egon eyes the map.

EGON
I couldn't imagine the amount of negative psychic energy tied into a place like this.

RAY
Readings indicate this place is getting hotter and hotter on an hourly basis. We hate to crack the whip, but it looks like we're all going to have to pull in some overtime today.

WINSTON (to Ray and Egon)
You two can hang back here, I'll take them out.

OSCAR
We're booked solid until at least 9.30 tonight. After that it's quiet as far as the bookings go.
Ray and Egon glance up to Winston and Oscar, they all share a knowing look.

Williams raises a hand.

WILLIAMS
I have dust allergies.

EXT. WROUGHT-IRON GATES - NIGHT

An Ecto-SUV pulls into a small clearing, up to dilapidated gates, stone walls crumbling on either side of its rusted wrought-iron frames. Looming in the distance behind the gates, the FAINT SHAPE of the MASSIVE INSTITUTION.

INT. ECTO SUV - NIGHT

Winston is doing the driving, with Oscar in the passenger seat. Tracy and Parker sit in the back. Both not looking very happy.

TRACY
Do you buy that allergies thing for a second?

PARKER
Absolute bullshit.

EXT. WROUGHT-IRON GATES - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD pulls up driving a BEATUP CHEVY VEGA. He exits the car and meets Oscar, they shake hands.

OSCAR
Hi there, Oscar Barrett. Ghostbusters.

SECURITY GUARD
The hell do you got on your head?
And we REVEAL A CLUNKY VIDEO CAMERA that Oscar is wearing on the side of his head.

OSCAR
Its ... really technical.

SECURITY GUARD
What'd you do, lose a bet?
(examines it closer)
Looks stupid.

OSCAR
This is very highly advanced investigation equipment.

SECURITY GUARD (dismissive)
Yep.

He tosses Oscar the keys, turns and gets back in the car.

SECURITY GUARD (out the window)
Just drop the keys off at the office in the morning.
And watch out for the garbage cats!

HE PEELS OUT, kicking up dust as the small car disappears down of the wooded, dirt road.

INT. ECTO SUV - NIGHT

Parker and Tracy, unimpressed, in the backseat.

PARKER
Garbage cats.

TRACY
Yeah.
EXT. BRUNDELHEIM INSTITUTE - NIGHT

The Ecto-SUV's headlights send shafts of wafting fog in and out of view as it pulls up to the crumbling main entrance.

The squad exit the vehicle, Winston opens up the back hatch, giving out proton packs. They all suit up.

WINSTON
I want everyone staying close together. No wandering off.
(to Oscar)
And kid, if you even so much as get a scratch, Dana will kill me. So stay close.

OSCAR
Sure thing, and thanks. I really needed that boost of confidence.

Oscar's eyes drift to Tracy, adjusting straps, she meets his eyes for a second, then looks elsewhere.

OSCAR (to Tracy)
I don't even really talk to my mom very much. I'm my own man.

Tracy walks off, following Winston. Oscar sighs, defeated. He adjusts the helmet cam on the side of his head, then presses his shoulder walkie.

OSCAR (into walkie)
Come in, Ray. Hows the signal coming through?

INT. G.B. HQ - NIGHT

Ray and Egon sit at a table, the blueprints of the asylum spread out across the table. A CRACKLY VIDEO STREAM is broadcast live to a small LCD TV.
RAY (into the walkie)
Signals coming along just
fine, champ. We're with you
in the trenches here all the
way.

Williams appears, with A TRAY OF HOT CHOCOLATE in
Ghostbuster mugs.

RAY
Hot cocoa!

INT. BRUNDELHEIM INSTITUTE – NIGHT

A ROTTED GATE SLAMS OPEN as Winston delivers a mighty
kick, snapping it off it's hinges. All of the team have
shoulder-mounted flashlights, casting small beams of
light throughout the rotted interior of the
labyrinthine structure.

WINSTON

scans the area with his PKE meter, leading the pack.

THE OTHERS

have their proton sticks at the ready.

Stray cats keep ducking in and out of view, MEWLING AND
HOWLING.

TRACY
Oh good, there's the garbage
cats.

WINSTON (looking at the PKE
reader)
Place is absolutely humming.
We're definitely heading in
the right direction.

OSCAR
Smells like rotten garbage.
PARKER
Rotten garbage doesn't smell
this bad.

Winston's shoulder-walkie CRACKLES TO LIFE ...

RAY (V.O.)
How are we doing?

Winston grips the shoulder-walkie.

WINSTON
Just dandy.

RAY (V.O.)
Computer's showing us the
strongest signature's coming
from the Dorfman Wing.

WINSTON
Yeah, we're almost there
now.

Winston's flashlight beam hits a ROTTED SIGN above an
entrance, barely legible are the words 'DORFMAN'.

WINSTON
Keep the sticks ready to
toast, everybody. Stay
close.

INT. DORFMAN WING - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT CASCADES INWARD through the busted windows.
Rows upon rows of rusted bed frames, some with browned
mattresses, are scattered throughout. Broken glass and
debris CRUNCH under their feet.

Oscar's light illuminates an aged doll. He looks to
Winston.
OSCAR
Can I blast it?

WINSTON
Save it, kid.

Oscar continues on, the back of the pack now ... and the doll's eyeless head turns to watch him as he goes by.

WINSTON
PKE is going nuts. Keep your heads up, look for anything out of the ordinary.

BEHIND TRACY

... A PILE OF ROTTEN PAPERS AND DEBRIS JERKILY RISES -- FORMING A SPINDLY HUMAN SHAPE -- SOME OF THE GARBAGE CATS ARE CAUGHT IN THE RISING PILE, POSSESSED -- THE SHAPE RISES TO IT'S FULL SIZE, topped off by one of the GARBAGE CATS as the 'head', the cat's eyes GLOWING WHITE -- Moaning and howling.

TRACY
Fellas. Fellas. Fellas.
Fellas.

Winston and Oscar turn at the same time time.

WINSTON
Blast it!

OSCAR
What about the garbage cats?

WINSTON
BLAST IT!

Winston and Oscar BLAST THE ANIMATED DEBRIS -- The possessed garbage cats moan and howl in ungodly unison! The debris lumbers forward, knocking Tracy out of the way --
Oscar and Winston dodge out of the way, the hulking mass of felines and junk shambles past them ... Parker joins in and the three BLAST at the backside of the creation -- IT MEOWS AND HOWLS IN PAIN AND TWISTS AROUND, flaming pieces drifting to the floor ...

PARKER
Burnt stray cats! Thats a wonderful smell!

Tracy sits up, dazed. She looks to the left of the room as TWO MORE HORRENDOUS SPOOKS APPEAR THROUGH THE WALLS --

-- AND HEAD FOR THE THREE UNSUSPECTING GHOSTBUSTERS!

TRACY
Jesus Christmas Shit!
They're coming out of the damn walls!

Winston and Oscar turn from the approaching animated junk, they BLAST at the two approaching spooks -- keeping them at bay while maneuvering around to join Parker. Strength in numbers.

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
Are those cats?

WINSTON
Tracy, you and Oscar keep those two busy!
(slapping Parker on the back)
You come with me!

Parker and Winston jog to the other side of the room, catching the reanimated junk's attention. It lets out another HIGH-PITCHED CHORUS OF ANGERED MEOWS as it lumbers toward them!

WINSTON
Full-stream!
Winston and Parker's proton streams BRIGHTEN AS THEIR POWER OUTPUT INCREASES TO MAX! The room begins to brighten up from the nuclear lighting source!

... And the giant mass of psychically-collected refuse finally begins to split apart, one of its 'legs' bursting into flames -- the entire bulky thing toppling to the side -- IT SMASHES INTO THE WALL -- IT'S PARTS SEPARATE!

INT. G.B. HQ - NIGHT

Ray, Williams and Egon watch the screen, its pandemonium down there, with OSCAR'S GIRLISH SCREAMS blaring over the speakers.

Ray gingerly leans forward and turns the volume down.

INT. DORFMAN WING - NIGHT

Winston and Parker turn around, there's Oscar and Tracy holding their own ...

... And both of the spooks are ENTANGLED IN THE PROTON STREAMS -- CAPTURED IN MIDAIR!

OSCAR (to Tracy)
Seriously though, I'm really independent! This doesn't even bother me at all!

-- Winston and Parker toss out two proton traps.

WINSTON
None of you look into the traps! You hear me?

TRACY (eyes squeezed shut)
It's okay! My eyes have been closed since this started!

Winston and Parker activate the traps, a brilliant blast of white light shoots upward from each! The, writhing specters are sucked into the small traps!
The room goes silent as Oscar and Tracy sit down on nearby objects, exhausted and terrified. Oscar pulls himself together enough to offer a breathless compliment to Tracy.

OSCAR
You have really pretty hair.

Tracy, her chest still heaving, looks away, confused.

ON WINSTON

He picks up both traps, hanging them off his belt.

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
That was great guys! Is everyone okay!

WINSTON (into walkie)
Everyone's fine, Ray. These guys are tougher than they look.

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
Alright, it looks like you came to the end of the wing. Do you see anything suspicious?

WINSTON (into walkie) You mean beyond the reanimated pile of garbage and possessed cats?

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
Well, yeah, sorry.

Winston looks around the end of the rotted wing. Along the wall is a ROW OF HEAVY-DUTY, RUSTED METAL BOOKCASES.

Winston investigates the very last one. Running his hand up along the side of it, he inadvertently CLICKS a release mechanism. The heavy shelf creaks forward.
WINSTON (into walkie)
Ray, you seeing this on the camera? Looks like some kind of a hidden entrance.

Winston swings open the creaking bookshelf on it's hinges, revealing a METAL GRATED DOOR.

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
Aw man! Just look at that!
That looks so cool!

WINSTON (into walkie)
Alright, just cut back on the enthusiasm here, Ray.

Winston nods to Oscar, who joins Parker in grabbing at the hatch. They can't move it, won't budge.

PARKER
Looks like it hasn't been opened in a long time.

WINSTON
Alright, everyone get back here next to me. Lets melt her down.

The GB team stand side by side and BLAST SIMULTANEOUSLY, at first heating up the grate, before BLOWING IT INWARD -- RIGHT OFF THE HINGES!

INT. HIDDEN STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Winston at the lead, the four GBs head down a dank, cobwebbed spiral stairway, their shoulder lamps the only source of light. The decaying brick walls glisten with moisture.

TRACY
So how much further into this subterranean hell do we have to go, guys? Is this
really that important? And if it is, why are there only four of us?

WINSTON
We warned you at the interview, noobie. Its pretty self-sufficient work.

TRACY
I was just curious, considering how I was almost murdered upstairs by devil cats.

WINSTON
Legally that encounter falls under occupational hazards.

PARKER
Yeah, well that sounds really illegal.

WINSTON
I imagine it is.

Oscar's headgear picks up WRITING etched into the walls.

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
Hold it there, squirt. Go back and lets get a look at that writing.

Oscar steps back, holding up the rest of the group on the stairs. He looks over the UNKNOWN LANGUAGE etched into the old brick.
INT. G.B. HQ - NIGHT

Egon makes a screenshot of the writing.

EGON
Doesn't look familiar. I'll start a cross-referencing.

He grabs a book marked 'ANCIENT FUNERARY LANGUAGES' ...

INT. GARGANTUAN ROOM - NIGHT

The squad come to the bottom of the stairs and into what can only be described as a massive chamber. ROWS OF CELLS line up along the left wall, stretching off into the darkness. To the right, a steep drop into nothingness.

Their voices echo off into infinity.

WINSTON (walkie)
Egon, Ray? You guys getting a look at this? This place is massive.

EGON (WALKIE V.O.)
Very interesting, Winston. It looks like this was the original foundation, and the institute was built overtop long afterwards. Don't see anything remotely like this on the layouts of the Sondheim Institute.

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
Whoever built that place had to have known this was down here. Very suspicious.

The shoulder lamps point in all directions, revealing small glimpses of the massive nature of the drop over the right edge.
RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
(cont.)
Just think about it, Z,
you've got an endless supply
of human experiments or
sacrifices at your disposal
with that institute right
above. People nobody would
miss.

The lamp beams shine through the wrought-iron cage
doors to the left, revealing the empty, dank cells
within. Rusted clamps and chains hang off the walls.

EGON (WALKIE V.O.)
I think it would be too much
of a coincidence for Von
Grauen to have been kept at
this site. Whoever ran the
sanitarium must have pulled
some strings to get him.

WINSTON
He'd be the perfect patient,
wouldn't he?

TRACY
Alright, this is ridiculous.
I'm done, I want to go!

PARKER
I don't really like her, but
I'm kinda with the crazy one
on this.

Winston turns back, annoyed.

WINSTON
Go right ahead, rookies,
we'll meet you back at the
car once we've collected
some samples and evidence.
He pulls out the PKE meter and slides on a pair of Ecto-goggles, turning back to examining the cavernous drop.

Parker and Tracy look to one and other, then back to the creepy ascending stairs. They both know they're not heading back without Winston.

Oscar passes Winston, examining each empty cell, walking further and further ahead on the platform.

OSCAR
It looks like twenty or thirty cells.

WINSTON
Give them each a PKE scan and see if anything pops up, kid.

Oscar gets his PKE meter and switches it on, it immediately buzzes to life as he aims it at a cell.

... Oscar looks down quizzically at his hand -- its smoking. He has just enough time to turn to the others before A STREAK OF PURPLE ELECTRICITY BLASTS THROUGH HIS BODY, LIFTING HIM OFF HIS FEET!

WINSTON
Kid!

Oscar's weightless body is wrenched left and right by an unseen force, his eyes glowing! WHITE LIGHT SHOOTS FROM HIS OPEN MOUTH.

-- AND THE ENTIRE CAVERNOUS AREA BEGINS TO VIBRATE AND SHUDDER -- PIECES OF BRICK AND FOUNDATION CRACK FREE FROM ABOVE AND SHATTER AT THE SQUAD'S FEET.

RAY (WALKIE V.O.)
Hey, what the hell's going on down there?
-- And just as suddenly as it began, the falling debris and rumbling stops ... A BOOMING, DEMONIC VOICE BLASTS FORTH FROM OSCAR'S FLOATING BODY --

DEMONIC VOICE
Ulgarh sabolia yor shaggoth
won daaaaagon.

TRACY
(to Winston)
What is that, french?

WINSTON
Get the sticks out!

As if they didn't have enough problems ... From below their vantage point, A MASSIVE CYLINDRICAL CAGE RISES UP FROM THE DEPTHS -- hundreds of feet tall -- encased in steel bars and rotating slowly.

... MORE AND MORE BLASTS OF PURPLE LIGHT SHOOT FROM OSCAR -- They all seem to be directed at this large cage, absorbing the hits, powering it up.

-- AND WITHIN THE SWIRLING CYLINDER, bits and pieces of floating, glowing objects: chairs, pieces of armor, bookcases. The missing Von Grauen artifacts.

PARKER
Looks like this is where all those missing artifacts have been collecting.

TRACY
That much evil energy in one place is fine though, right?

WINSTON (into walkie)
Guys, little help?
INT. G.B. HQ - NIGHT

Egon looks up from the funerary languages book, he grabs a walkie, staring at the LCD screen -- Oscar may be possessed, but he's still transmitting a signal.

EGON (into walkie) I've figured out the language! They're Dagon worshippers! That thing is a capacitor for negative PKE! That thing has been waiting for a psychic power source to turn itself on, it needed a powerful psychic conduit and it looks like Oscar is it.

INT. GARGANTUAN CHAMBER - NIGHT

WINSTON
Hose him down!

Winston and the others switch the packs to slime mode and SPRAY THE POSSESSED OSCAR WITH GREEN SLIME. His body undulates and twists in midair, he lets out a loud DEMONIC HOWL as he's subdued.

Collapsing to the ground, unconscious and dripping with goo, Oscars appears to be free of the demonic grasp.

THE MASSIVE CYLINDER

begins spinning faster and faster now, the possessed artifacts within now glowing white hot ... A BRIGHT ORANGE BEAM OF UNGODLY LIGHT SHOOTS UPWARD FROM IT'S TIP -- BLASTING STRAIGHT UP THROUGH THE FLOOR!

EXT. STATEN ISLAND SKYLINE - NIGHT

THE BEAM EXPLODES UPWARD from the dilapidated institute, showering debris in all directions. The shaft of light shoots straight into the heavens, dissolving a perfect circle through the clouds.
INT. GARGANTUAN CHAMBER - NIGHT

The massive cylinder begins SHEDDING IT'S METAL EXTERIOR ... Pieces clatter and fall down into the abyss below.

Winston and Parker grab Oscar.

WINSTON
Recruits! We are leaving!

The squad sprint up the stair case -- behind them, THE LAST REMNANTS of the huge steel cylinder collapse down the abyss, leaving only a FLOATING, IMPOSSIBLY-BRIGHT ENERGY BLOB THAT DISINTEGRATES UPWARDS!

INT. G.B. HQ - NIGHT

Egon, Williams and Ray walk over to a window overlooking the city.

In the distance, the glowing beam of light are clearly visible as they stab into the heavens.

WILLIAMS
Oh my god.
(beat)
I gotta call my mom.

Egon and Ray look to each other.

RAY
We've gotta get to Venkman ASAP.

EGON
Think we'll be able to get a cab in this climate?

RAY
I think there's a car in the shop we can take.
INT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Cars and buses come to dead stops in the busy streets, the citizens of the Big Apple collectively looking to the skies.

THE CLOUDS

swirl and pulsate, bursts of red electricity pulsing through them at random. The black energy cloud moves out over the city.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

Venkman is at a late dinner with Janine and several MAYORAL ADVISORS. They're all staring, transfixed, out the window at the supernatural vision before them.

THE SPARKING CLOUDS

continue moving over the city, heading toward the ocean just off the tip of the island.

VENKMAN
Somebody get me the ghostbusters.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Dana and Walt exit an apartment building, and seeing everyone stopped dead in their tracks, follow the collective gaze skyward.

Dana reaches over, taking Walt's hand.

DANA (staring upward)
We need to go.

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

People are RUNNING AND SCREAMING in every direction out front of the Mayor's mansion. Pandemonium everywhere.
SCREAMING DOWN THE STREETS, SIREN WAILING, LIGHTS FLASHING -- IS THE ORIGINAL ECTO-1.

The vehicle skids around a corner, bumping up onto the curb and coming to a stop ... Ray, Williams and Egon hurry out, sprinting up the steps.

DANA (O.S.)
Ray!

Ray turns, seeing Dana and Walt running up to them.

DANA
Where is he, Ray? Where's Oscar?

WALT
Where's our son, Stantz?

Ignoring Walt, Ray takes Dana by the arm, reassuring her.

RAY
He's safe Dana, they're on their way here now. Come on inside.

DANA
I didn't know where else to go.

RAY
You did the right thing, we'll get to the bottom of this.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

Every member of the mayoral staff are all glued to the windows, passing around popcorn.

THE PULSATING BLACK CLOUDS

are now off the tip of the city, over the ocean.
STANTZ AND THE GROUP

walk through the mayor's mansion unimpeded, past the
group of window gawkers.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The doors fling open to the inner chamber, Stantz, Egon
and the others enter.

Venkman stands at the window, his tie undone. Another
glass of scotch in his hand. He quickly downs it,
trying to be discrete about it.

There's about eight ADVISORS and OFFICIALS in the room,
they all don't look happy to see Stantz and Egon.

VENKMAN
Where's the rest?

STANTZ
They're on their way.

VENKMAN
What about the kid?

EGON
He's fine.

Relieved at the news, Venkman puts down the empty
glass.

Dana and Walt are the last to come into the office.
Pete Venkman is stopped dead in his tracks. He and Dana
meet eyes.

VENKMAN
Dana.

Dana doesn't give him the time of day. She walks over
to the window, worried. Walt joins her.

Venkman curtly turns back to Ray and Egon.
VENKMAN
The head of the Fire
Department would like to
know what's going on.

RAY
This could be the big one,
Pete.

Janine, sitting off behind the group, chirps up ...  

JANINE
I could have told you that,
boss. Once I saw something
actually ascend to the
heavens from Staten Island,
I cancelled my plans.

Venkman and Ray turn to Janine, eyebrows cocked.

EGON
Venkman, tonight Winston and
the recruits were
investigating a focused PKE
pocket on Staten Island.
There was an ancient
negative energy capacitor in
the catacombs beneath the
building. It looks like
Oscar triggered it.

VENKMAN
Triggered it?

RAY
This thing was collecting
negative energy from Von
Grauen and the cursed
artifacts, powering itself
up. Getting more and more
PKE juice.
(turning to Dana)
And I'm sorry to have to
tell you this Dana, but it
looks like Oscar has the
same affinity for attracting
negative psychokinetic
energy that you do.

DANA
Oh, thats just great.

WALT (to Dana, nonplussed)
Maybe that shaking bed thing
wasn't just puberty after
all.

WILLIAMS (O.S.)
Oh bullshit.

THE GROUP turn to Williams, sitting in the corner, his
nose in the funerary languages book. He looks up,
visibly shaken.

WILLIAMS
If this is what I think this
is, then I understand why
that PK energy is collecting
over the ocean ...

The whole room goes silent, everyone slowly leans in.

VENKMAN
It's good, right?

WILLIAMS
I'm pretty sure the language
we saw and heard down there
belongs to an ancient
religious worship. The Order
of the Old Ones.

RAY (distant)
Precambrian,
extraterrestrial gods.
Believed to lie dormant
beneath the planet's oceans
for billions of years.
(to the group)
So the worshippers believed.

Everyone looks to Ray.

EGON
So Von Grauen was just
another source of energy for
that thing to steal from to
power up. That would explain
the energy beam that shot
upward.

Everyone looks to Egon.

RAY (excited)
Yeah! The cloud over the
ocean! All of the energy was
focused into cloud
particles, and now its
collected and queued up over
the ocean to wake up their
god!

Everyone looks to Ray. The assortment of officials in
suits and ties considering the absolute is comical in
and of itself.

WILLIAMS (reading aloud from
the Spirit Guide)
'... And lo, upon the
augmentation of the
necessary means. The great
ancient gods will be
awakened from their ancient
slumber to again claim
rightfully what hath always
been rightful to them.'

A solemn quiet goes over the room as everyone looks to
one and other ... AND RIGHT ON CUE ... A SLOW VIBRATION
BEGINS THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE CITY ...
... Car alarms begin going off outside, glass breaks.

    DANA
    What is that? What's happening?

... And Venkman, Spengler and Stantz look at each other, with a non-verbal understanding of what's coming. Something big.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

... From the tip of the island, the ocean depths loom before the bustling metropolis ...

... ABOVE -- THE PULSATING ENERGY CLOUD CRACKLES, FLAShes -- A blinding beam of energy SHoots down, smashing into the glassy surface of the ocean; down, down, down ... to the very depths ... 

BENEATH THE OCEAN SURFACE

A DARK SHAPE FORMS -- A TREMENDOUS SHAPE, AN IMPOSSIBLE SHAPE -- DISPLACING TONS AND TONS OF WATER AS IT SLOWLY RISES FROM THE INCALCULABLE DEPTHS ...

INT. GRACIE MANSION - NIGHT

One of the ADVISORS gets off his cellphone.

    ADVISOR
    Mayor, the President is on the line.

    VENKMAN
    Lenny?

    JANINE (phone to her ear)
    And we need to meet with FEMA to go over emergency scenarios. They're already convening.
Venkman grabs his coat, turning to the group ...

VENKMAN
What do you need from the city?

RAY
We'll head off whatever that thing is at the Brudgemore Docks, but we're going to need backup, Pete. Lots of it.

VENKMAN
National guard work?

RAY
It's a start. And get an official escort to meetup with Winston. At the rate the city's going to hell, he'll be all night getting here.

VENKMAN
(to Janine)
Get on top of that, pronto. I'll be along in a minute.

Janine and the officials exit.

DANA
Ray ...

RAY
Stay here Dana, it's safe. Oscar and the others are on their way. We've got work to do.

Ray, Egon and Williams head out of the building with no time to spare.
Venkman stands alone next to his desk, Dana and Walt the only others still in the room. Walt senses what's going on.

WALT
I'm going to go grab a coffee.

He exits the room.

VENKMAN (to Dana)
It's good to see you again,
Dana.

DANA
I wish I could say the same,
Peter.

A moment of silence passes by.

VENKMAN
He's fine.
(beat)
Oscar.

DANA
Oh? And when have you ever worried about that?

Another moment of hostile silence.

VENKMAN
He's my goddamned son too.

DANA
You haven't been a father to him in a long time, Peter.

VENKMAN
You never gave me a chance.
DANA
They need examples, Peter.
They need someone there.
Once it loses it's appeal,
you just push it away like
everything else.
(beat)
You were the closest thing
that he ever had to a
father, and now he's out
there with Ray and with
Egon, and he's just trying
to fill that gap that you
left in his life.

Venkman's shaken up. Trying hard to fight the emotion
from showing through on his face.

DANA (dismissive)
And now who knows how long
until you get bored of
running the city ...

SUDDENLY -- AN UNGODLY, EARTH-SHAKING SUBTERRANEAN
BELLOW RUMBLES THROUGH THE CITY ... Dana and Venkman
don't break their gaze.

DANA (cont.)
Especially now that you
actually have to take some
responsibility.

Dana turns and heads after Walt, upset.

Venkman stands in defeated silence. His face stone.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Stantz and the others emerge onto the streets, people
everywhere still gazing skyward.

Adding to the pandemonium; ANOTHER SUBTERRANEAN BELLOW.
Ray grabs a CB radio out of the open window of the Ecto-1 ...

RAY (into walkie)
Winston, you read me?

WINSTON (walkie V.O.)
Loud and clear, we met up with the emergency escort. On our way.

RAY (into walkie) Change of plans, Z. Rendezvous Brudgemore Docks. Looks like that pulsating cloud just awakened an elder god. We've gotta try to cut it off before it flattens the city.

After a moment of silence.

WINSTON (walkie V.O.)
Fine.

Ray and the others hop into the Ecto-1 and PEEL OUT ...

INT. MAYORAL ADVISORY OFFICE - NIGHT

Venkman is seated at a LONG TABLE, flanked on all sides by ADVISORS, EMERGENCY OFFICIALS, CHIEFS OF DEPARTMENTS ... They're all yelling and arguing, going over maps and plans.

It's obvious Venkman has no say into the matters, he's merely the figurehead that will address the press once the time comes.

Janine comes up next to Venkman, plopping down in a chair. In the corner of the room, a television streams LIVE AERIAL FOOTAGE of the glowing spooks and specters as they whip around the city.
TV ANNOUNCER
... Its an amazing sight, Wendy. This bizarre black cloud just moment's ago shot some sort of ... energy beam down into the ocean.

ON THE SCREEN

the aerial footage suddenly whips to the right, spotting the ECTO-1 SPEEDING THROUGH the busied streets. The camera TRACKS WITH IT ...

TV ANNOUNCER (cont.)
... And a Ghostbusters unit is making its way south through the congested streets. It now looks like its come to a stop at the Brudgemore dockyards at the tip of the island.

ON THE SCREEN

Stantz, Egon and Williams exit the vehicle, grabbing the classic proton packs from the back hatch.

TV ANNOUNCER
Wendy, it looks like some members of the Ghostbusters team are convening at the edge of the island. What they're doing there is anyone's guess.

VENKMAN

sits up, watching the screen. Janine takes notice.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

THE NEWS CHOPPER hovers in the air above Stantz, Egon and Williams.
OFF IN THE DISTANCE

the gargantuan, electrically-charged cloud continues to
loom mightily over the ocean.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE spot Stantz and the others.

    CITIZEN
    Hey! Its the Ghostbusters!

More and more people begin to come over, forming a
CROWD that grows larger and larger. Stantz and Egon,
relishing the attention, wave and greet them.

DOWN THE STREET

the sounds of EMERGENCY VEHICLES, CRUNCHING METAL.

Egon, Stantz and Williams turn, spotting ...

THE BRIGADE

thirty cop cars, twenty military jeeps, and FOUR ECTO
SUV'S, all of them with lights on and sirens blaring --
AND THEY'RE LED BY A CITY BULLDOZER THATS PUSHING
ABANDONED CARS OUT OF THE WAY ...

    WILLIAMS
    There's your tax dollars at
    work right there!

The emergency vehicles all span out and stop, COPS and
SOLDIERS exiting and leading Winston and the rest of
the team out to meet Ray, Egon and Williams.

Out of the other GB vehicles emerges several of the
recently-unemployed members of the company, all suited
up.

THE GHOSTBUSTERS TEAM

convene in the middle of the street, HUNDREDS OF
ONLOOKERS and MILITARY PERSONNEL behind them. Ray puts
a reassuring arm around Oscar, still covered in slime.
RAY (to Oscar)
You alright, kid?

OSCAR
I think so, who'd have thought, huh?

WINSTON
There's some wonky genes in your family tree, sport.

TRACY
So what's the plan here?

RAY (announcing)
Okay everyone! We have very strong reasons to believe that an elder god is at this very moment making it's way through the ocean depths on a crash course to New York City.

The police and military all inch in closer, everyone's attention rapt.

RAY (cont.)
And our best course of action is to stop it right here along the water's edge! (gesturing to the Captain) Captain?

A BRIGADIER CAPTAIN stands next to Stantz, addressing his troops.

CAPTAIN
Span out for an even dispersal! Everybody in positions NOW!
THE MASSIVE MILITANT CROWD

all spread out, the Brigadier Captain commanding the cops and troops, Ray Stantz barking orders at his unit of Ghostbusters.

They all spread out along the water's edge, the Ghostbusters team in the centre, flanked on either side by the military troops and jeeps.

**BWOOOOOOOM**

The ground shakes, everyone gets jostled a little off centre.

**BWOOOOOOOOOOM**

Another massive impact. The creature nears.

RAY
Hold it nice and steady!
Wait for our signal!

AND THE BEHEMOTH

finally breaks the surface of the water, its slimy hide glistening from the lights of the city ... 

THE MILITARY AND POLICE
gawk upward, their faces full of disbelief.

THE GHOSTBUSTERS
gawk upward, equally shaken.

THE BEHEMOTH

has risen from the depths -- POLICE HELICOPTERS circle it, illuminating bits of it with hovering spotlights.

It's size is immense, it's visage a tangled web of writhing tentacles, spotted with thousands of
unblinking eyes. It's arms reach out, pulling it's backside up from the ocean, every step forward elicits a massive rumble ...

RAY
Let her rip!

The entire line of uniformed men and women open fire! 30 CALIBRE MACHINE GUNS RATTLE OFF ALONGSIDE ROCKETS, WHICH RATTLE OFF ALONGSIDE SWAYING, CRACKLING PROTON BEAMS!

It's an amazing, deafening sight; the ballistic assault peppering the gargantuan monster in puffing clouds of impact smoke.

... THE PROTON BEAMS scorch and rip at it's flesh, splitting open small pockets of scaly flesh that dump GREEN BILE to the streets below ...

THE MONSTER REARS BACK IT'S HEAD -- ROARING TO THE HEAVENS, its countless tentacles writhing and whipping to and fro!

THE SQUAD

firing relentlessly, damaging the monster, but only slowing it down ... It loses balance, shuddering to the left and CRASHING BENEATH THE WATER, it's gigantic limbs flailing, disappearing below as ...

... A TIDAL SURGE BILLOWS FORWARD, spraying the unit along the water's edge, knocking over most of them, drenching everyone ...

RAY AND Egon

are slow to their feet, sopping wet.

EGON
We've got to keep blasting it. We're slowing it down.
RAY
But I don't think we're stopping it.

PARKER
Is that it, did we get it?

Ray and Egon exchange worried glances.

WINSTON
We may need to rethink our strategy here, fellas.

TRACY (glancing at wristwatch)
And we're getting double time for this, right?

-- AND THE BEHEMOTH crests above the tumultuous waves, rising once more. Pissed off, battle-scarred.

BRIGADIER CAPTAIN
GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!
EVERYBODY!

... And the giant monster lumbers overtop of them. Everyone scattering for cover ...

THE BEHEMOTH

makes it's way into the city, smashing through buildings.

Ray and the others congregate. Spirits zapped, it doesn't look good.

EGON
Even at full output, the proton packs don't have the juice to take that thing down.
RAY
Not the way we're using them.

Winston and Egon know all too well what that means.

EGON
You may be right. Crossing the streams may be the only way.

WINSTON
We were lucky to survive that last time fellas.

Ray looks to the path of smoking destruction led by the giant.

RAY
There's no time to argue. Three packs at full neutronas should be sufficient. Cross the streams, send this thing back to hell.

The other Ghostbusters recruits protest around them.

WILLIAMS
What the hell? You'd be vaporized.

PARKER
It's not worth it guys, it's not worth your life.

TRACY
I need you to authorize my unemployment!

Oscar stands off to the side, sucker-punched by the news.
OSCAR
There's gotta be a better way than that, Ray.

Ray doesn't have the gump to look Oscar in the eye.

RAY
That things tearing through the city as we speak, there's no time to argue about this.

OSCAR
But ... Ray ...?

Finally, Stantz makes eye contact with the kid. Oscar's eyes are getting wet.

RAY
There's a chance we'll be alright kid. But we've got to roll the dice on this one, its the only way.

WINSTON
Ray, Egon, I love you guys, and I love this city, but I've got a wife and two kids that I love more than anything else.

EGON
We completely understand.

RAY
We'd never ask you to do that, Z.

From behind the three of them, A NEW VOICE ...

VENKMAN
C'mere squirt.
Egon, Ray and Winston turn to see Pete Venkman taking off Oscar's proton pack ... 

OSCAR
I could have sworn you said you'd never put one of these things on ever again.

VENKMAN
Last time. Trust me.

OSCAR (getting upset)
So what? That's it? You're just gonna march off to die?

Venkman looks over to Ray, Egon and Winston, then back to Oscar.

VENKMAN
Listen, I don't expect you to understand all this right now.

OSCAR (getting choked up)
You're fucking right I don't understand right now.

VENKMAN
We're the only ones who can do anything about this, kid. I wish to hell there were other people out there, but there's not right now.

Venkman begins to walk over to the waiting Ecto-1, shamefaced. Oscar trudges alongside him, getting angrier.

OSCAR
So that's it? You're leaving again? You're abandoning me again?
Venkman stops dead in his tracks, turning to face him again. Tracy, Parker, Williams and the other recruits grapple onto Oscar, trying to hold him back.

VENKMAN
I know I wasn't the best dad. But ... Maybe now you'll see.

... And with that, Venkman joins Stantz, Winston and Spengler at the Ecto-1 ...

Oscar tries to break free of the other recruits, who fight to hold him back.

OSCAR
Take me with you! I want to come with you! Don't go! Don't leave! Please!

He's fighting and kicking, upset as all hell. Winston, Stantz, Egon and Venkman stand next to the idling car, barely able to make eye contact with him as he's held back.

EGON
Thank you for helping, Pete. We couldn't successfully activate sub-atomic particle reversal without you.

VENKMAN
Do I ever miss the chance to be on the news?

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Ecto-1 speeds through the streets, following in the wake of destruction left by the mammoth beast.
INT. ECTO-1 - NIGHT

The original Ghostbusters crew are at the ready, none of them, however, save Winston, dressed in the jumpsuits.

WINSTON
It looks like it's running parallel to 16th street.

RAY
Lets cut it off at Baymore. We've gotta get high up though, rooftops most likely.

VENKMAN
Cut over to 7th, fastest way up.

RAY (annoyed)
No. Take Figero, less intersections.

VENKMAN
All the traffics gonna be routed that way, Zeddy. You're gonna get stuck.

RAY (snaps)
Goddammit Venkman, shut up and let me take care of this! You haven't cared about any of this for fifteen years.

Egon and Winston exchange 'oh shit' glances. The Ecto-1 takes another corner hard.

VENKMAN
Ray, I moved on with my life.
RAY
I know how easy it is for you to walk away from this, Pete. But not us, not when we know what's always at stake.

VENKMAN
Ray, you had so many buyout offers, you could be a millionaire right now. This company took over your life. That's why I got the hell out when I did.
(beat)
It was a hell of a ride, but I have other things I want to do in my life, and this thing was getting in the way of a lot of them.

Pete turns to stare Ray in the eyes.

VENKMAN (cont.)
Have you ever thought about that?

Ray sits, steaming.

RAY
Well, I guess none of that matters now.

VENKMAN
You're telling me. I always knew it would be the end of my career if I ever put one of those packs on again.

The Ecto makes another sharp turn ...
EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

... And SKIDS TO A HALT. Todd Prendaghast is waiting outside a large apartment complex. The guys exit the vehicle, looking up and down the road.

WINSTON
Okay Todd, you ready to do or die?

PRENDAGHAST
Hey, as long as I get my job back, what the hell.

RAY
We've got no time to waste. You two better get out of here.

Todd turns and hops into the passenger seat of the idling Ecto-1.

Egon looks up to the top of the apartment building.

EGON
Height looks good. Just make sure we bring the bolt cutters and the fire axe.

WINSTON
Good luck fellas. I really mean that.

RAY
Thanks, Z. Now get the hell out of here before its too late.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ray Stantz, Egon Spengler and Peter Venkman trudge into the main lobby of the upper-crust apartment building, suited up with classic proton packs.
THE DOORMAN looks up, spotting the Ghostbusters entering with proton packs, a fire axe, and bolt cutters. He jumps to his feet, walking alongside them.

DOORMAN
The Ghostbusters? Here? Now?

VENKMAN
Wish I had better news for you, scooter. How many floors does this joint have?

They make their way to the elevators. Stantz hits the top floor button. They wait.

DOORMAN
There are forty-three floors.
(gesturing to the fire axe)
May I enquire as to your need for those tools?

RAY
Possessed fire exit door on the top floor.

EGON (taking the hint)
We received an emergency call from these premises approximately seventeen minutes ago.

RAY
Yeah, already been two casualties.

VENKMAN
Wet ones too.

Venkman draws both hands out in a 'this big' gesture. The Doorman doesn't know what to believe.

DOORMAN
Oh Christ ...
VENKMAN
He's got nothing to do with it.

DOORMAN
We've never had a report of any spiritual activity here before!

VENKMAN
Well there's always a first time, chief. Unfortunately for Mr. and Mrs. Valentino, they should have read the instructions clearer on their Ouiji board before use.

DOORMAN
A Ouiji board?

RAY
Oh, jeez, yeah. Quickest and cheapest gateway to parallel spiritual dimensions. Why'd you think they banned them in schools?

EGON
How Parker Bros. keeps those things on toy store shelves is beyond us.

The elevator DINGS -- The doors open. The Ghostbusters enter. The Doorman stays on the outside, getting worked up into a nervous frenzy.

The elevator doors begin to close ...

VENKMAN
Evacuate the building, please. And do you have the time?
... And then slam shut like a question mark on Venkman's last sentence.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

THE NEWS CHOPPER circles the town, staying high and out of harm's way filming the Behemoth below ...

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
And this creature continues cutting a swath of destruction through downtown! Its only once every 10 to 12 years you get the chance at such a sight, Diane!

The Ecto-1 squeals around a corner below, following in the destructive wake of the shambling elder god as it makes it's way through mid-town Manhattan.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
And here's another sight! It looks like the Ghostbusters are in hot pursuit!

INT. ECTO-1 - NIGHT

Winston cuts another corner hard. Prendaghast has suited up with a proton pack, leaning out his open window.

Winston
Wait til I get in nice and close, and then let it have it.

PRENDAHGAST
Really? Thats your plan?!

As if one cue, through the smoke up ahead -- THE BEHEMOTH MATERIALIZES.
Winston
Do it! COOK IT!

Prendaghost leans further out the window, screaming in terror as HE SPRAYS THE BEHEMOTH WITH A PROTON BEAM --

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAWN

The exit door is BUSTED OPEN, the three Ghostbusters come out onto the roof, taking in the great view of a smoking cityscape.

Venkman
Nice view for the price.

Egon
You mean eternal damnation?

Ray
Alright, that thing should be making it's way towards us any minute, get into position.

Spreading out evenly at the edge of the building, overlooking the streets below, the three stand guard, anxious, impatient.

The silence again, the three of them together for the first time in close to twenty years.

Venkman
I guess if I had to choose a way to go ... 

Egon
Yeah.

Ray
Better than dying of old age in some nursing home in east Texas.
VENKMAN
Speak for yourself, Ray.

THE STREET BELOW

reveals the Ecto-1, off in the distance, making it's way toward the foot of the building. A PROTON STREAM SHOOTING BACKWARD OUT OF THE MOVING VEHICLE -- SCORCHING THE FLESH OF THE IN-PURSUIT BEHEMOTH.

RAY
Here it comes.

THE ECTO-1

skids around a sharp corner, leading the gargantuan creature directly into the Ghostbusters' path.

THE GHOSTBUSTERS THREE

turn on their packs. They hum to life. That old, familiar sound.

EGON
Full neutronas.

They CLICK THE STICKS, the proton packs EMIT A LOW GROWL as the energy output has been adjusted to the max.

VENKMAN
My back's getting hot!

The three look to one and other a final time, conveying the oldest of sentiments wordlessly. This is it and they know it.

In the sky ahead, they spot the NEWS HELICOPTER approaching ... 

RAY
Alright fellas, let's set an example.
THEY LET LOOSE THREE TORRENTS OF UNDULATING ENERGY! The proton streams have never looked like this before -- they're bright white.

ON THE BEHEMOTH

it's features more clearly illuminated now as it's BLASTED by the four highly-energized proton streams! The immense deity is PUNCHED BACKWARDS, it's tentacled head WHIPPING INTO THE AIR as it's shoved off balance!

VENKMAN, SPENGLER AND STANTZ

try hard to steady the proton wands. The vibrations are immense. Their faces wracked with pain as they're blasted by unseen winds ...

... And the towering behemoth lets loose a soul-shattering bellow -- It regains it's posture, lumbering forward against the onslaught of the three proton streams scorching it's surface!

RAY
Alright fellas! You know the drill!

EGON
Do it! Cross the streams!

The Ghostbusters once again do the unthinkable, slowly moving their proton wands inward toward each other.

THE PROTON STREAMS

inch ever closer, their energies drawn to one and other. THEY TANGLE -- spraying blue sparks -- THE THREE STREAMS FUSE INTO ONE SUPER-CHARGED BEAM --

HIGH ANGLE

the news chopper footage shows all of this happening as it circles the carnage from above. 
NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) Diane, something extraordinary is happening down there. It looks like like the Ghostbusters have this thing on the ropes.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dana and Walt watch the whole thing unfold on a television set.

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAWN

THE SUPER STREAM

burrows into the Behemoth's slimy head. It's facial tentacles cook and whip off in every direction as it BELLOWS in pain. Reaching up toward them, it makes ONE FINAL LUNGE as ...

TOTAL PROTONIC REVERSAL

Everything for seven blocks goes a BLINDING WHITE -- A DEAFENING CRACK as a BLUE VORTEX SHOOTS OUTWARD IN EVERY DIRECTION; SHAKING BUILDINGS, BREAKING GLASS ... 

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAWN

A GAGGLE OF BYSTANDERS have gathered underneath the building, alongside the parked ECTO-SUV, alongside Winston and Prendaghash.

WINSTON
Everybody get down! Get to cover!

The two Ghostbusters push back the growing collection of gawkers as bits and pieces of building rain down onto the streets.

The cosmic-sized explosion echoes off in the distance, dissipating.
... AND A TON OF MONSTER GOOP SPLATTERS DOWN OVER EVERYTHING -- soaking everyone in the vicinity.

Winston and Todd emerge from the crowd, spattered with fluorescent shades of black and green.

Pulling up in a car, Oscar and Dana exit, running over to Winston.

DANA
Winston! Winston! Tell me they're alright!

Winston looks up to the smoldering ruins of the rooftop, then back to Dana, he can't make eye contact with her.

WINSTON
Dana, I don't know what to tell you, I'm ... I'm sorry.

He looks over to Oscar, putting a hand on his shoulder. Oscar's visibly shaken, not comprehending how this could be the end.

WINSTON
I'm sorry, little man.

OSCAR
They're really gone?

WINSTON
They cooked that thing to oblivion is what they did. They saved us all.

Dana looks up to the rooftop, tears forming in her eyes.

Prendaghost comes up next to Winston, Dana and Oscar. The four stand side-by-side, looking up to the smoking rooftop in disbelief.

AND WE FADE OUT ...
INT. GHOSTBUSTERS HQ - DAY

AND FADE IN TO REVEAL

THREE PORTRAITS -- Stantz, Spengler and Venkman, framed and mounted on the wall within the firehouse. The words 'In Memorium' are stencilled underneath them.

Winston Zeddemore, Todd Prendaghast and Oscar Barrett walk past the portraits, down a corridor in the office. In the midst of shilling yet another under-produced Ghostbusters infomercial.

Oscar, as usual, sticks to the background, looking damn awkward on camera.

WINSTON
... And that's why we're offering a half-off pricing event until the end of October. Todd?

PRENDAGHAST
So don't wait another moment. Give us a call today. There's nothing worse than a nagging poltergeist to really ruin your weekend. Seriously.

CUT TO

EXT. GHOSTBUSTERS HQ - DAY

Winston, Todd and Oscar stand in front of the rest of the new recruits, among them Tracy, Parker and Williams.

PRENDAGHAST
Ghostbusters Inc. is state-sponsored and fully insured to look after all of your paranormal investigations and eliminations. Our
courteous and efficient staff is on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. So don't wait another minute! Ghostbusters Incorporated!

ENTIRE GROUP
We're ready to believe you!

CUT TO

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS HQ – NIGHT

Walking down the hallway, Janine fumbles with a stack of unpaid bills and invoices, she's also talking on her Bluetooth headset.

JANINE
Well, if you're looking to get some of that money back, you're looking in the wrong place, ma'am. We just trap them and file them. If we got involved with collections we'd never have a chance to -

Turning a corner, Janine FREEZES IN HER PLACE -- DROPPING THE FOLDERS TO THE GROUND ...

... GHOSTLY VISTAGES OF STANTZ, VENKMAN and Egon sit around a table, playing cards.

Venkman looks over at Janine, unimpressed.

VENKMAN
Just don't tell the health inspector.

THE END