

# GHOSTBUSTERS, INC.

written by

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Based on characters created by Dan Aykroyd and Harold Ramis

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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-robed 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, SHRIVELED 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 PRENDAGHAST, 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, its 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 hows 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 fellas, 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 PRENDAGHAST, 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  
Thats 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)

Its 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 PRENDAGHAST, 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 its 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 Prendaghost ... The caption reads 'Ghostbusterss 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

Its really great of you two to take him on. Its great that everything has worked out.

RAY

Glad to have him, Dana.

Ray glances to Oscar.

RAY (cont.)

Its nice to have some new blood around here anyway.

DANA

So how is everything?

RAY

Its 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 its 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 thats ever consistent is death and taxes.

EGON

Thats 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

Lets 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,  
its 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, lets 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 smart-phone)

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. Thats a new one.

VENKMAN

If I eat first, then he  
will? Thats 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 its 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? Whats 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, its 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 thats  
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 Prendaghost 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. Prendaghost ...

TODD  
Not now, Brigitte.

SECRETARY  
Sir, this is important.

TODD  
Put it in a memo! Walk and  
talk!  
(to Egon)  
And thats 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  
Its 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, EGON, 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

Thats 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. Prendaghast 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 Prendaghast'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, lets 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  
Whats 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 CUTOOTS 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 UNSCATHED.

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 SPLIT 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 notes.

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 psychokenetic 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 psychokinetic energy on the island. If it's 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 its 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! That's 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 it's '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)  
Its 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

Its 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 whats going on.

WALT

I'm going to go grab a coffee.

He exits the room.

VENKMAN (to Dana)

Its 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.

Its 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 whats 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.

*BWOOOOOOOOM*

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!

Its 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  
Its 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? Thats 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 thats 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 whats always at stake.

VENKMAN

Ray, you had so many buyout offers, you could be a millionaire right now. This company took over your life. Thats 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 alot 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.

PRENDAGHAST

Really? Thats your plan?!

As if one cue, through the smoke up ahead -- THE BEHEMOTH MATERIALIZES.

WINSTON  
Do it! COOK IT!

Prendaghast 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 neutrons.

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. ROOFTOP - 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 Prendaghast.

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 thats 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