

NAT

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

LOVELL

In the trap.

CARLA

At the bottom of the river.

FRANKY

But in the trap!

NAT

Give me the stuff.

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

EXT. GHOSTBUSTERS MAIN OFFICE- THE GARAGE- NIGHT

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

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

GHOSTBUSTERS- "Ready To Believe You" -Since 1985

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

INT. GE GARAGE

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

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

ECTO 10

Pulls in.

MOIRA, CARLA, FRANKY AND LOVELL

Exit the car and are met by-

DR. WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

WINSTON

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

MOIRA

It's been busy Doctor.

WINSTON

Got any time slips. Traps full?

FRANKY

One FRV, Class Four.

WINSTON

Let's see.

MOIRA

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

FRANKY

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

LOVELL

I thought you said you can't  
swim?

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

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

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

OFFICE CHAIR CASTORS/ WHEELS CLOSE UP

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

LOUIS TULLY

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

LOUIS

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

LOVELL

Any cheque possibilities for us this week Louis.

LOUIS

Not unless we sell the building.

He propels himself away at high speed

FROM OUTSIDE THE LONG ROW OF SUPERVISORY GLASS

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

WINSTON

Is stopped at a desk by JANINE.

JANINE

What's this?! Looks like mutiny!

WINSTON

I gotta see Egon and Ray.

JANINE

No one gets in 'til they're finished.

WINSTON

It's been three days.

JANINE

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

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

INT. G.B. R&D- LAB

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

A PROTOTYPE SUIT is close to being completed.

EGON SPENGLER

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

SPENGLER

Something's gone wrong.

STANTZ-

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

STANTZ

What? I pre-set the Veneziano amplitude.

SPENGLER

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

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER

How's yours?

STANTZ

My seat blew out ten hours ago.

SPENGLER

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

STANTZ

I gotta take a break. Have

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

SPEGLER  
Let's finish the test sequence.

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

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

He fixes his eyes to the viewer cup.

HIS POV- MICRO CLOSE UP

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

SPEGLER  
Setting anti-quark ignition  
cradle.

STANTZ  
Glueball entering your flux  
field now.

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

GLUEBALL AND CRADLE- MICRO CLOSE UP

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

SPEGLER  
Cut your shield.

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

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

STANTZ  
Insert your muon.

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

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

SPENGLER

Graft in bosonic loop.

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

STANTZ

QCD flux tube holding. Meson waste at speed.

SPENGLER

Prepare to submit targets.

Stantz drops various items above field around the glueball.

STANTZ

Straight pin.

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

SPENGLER

Cherry stone.

STANTZ

Dog biscuit.

SPENGLER

Nixon postage stamp.

STANTZ

Casino gambling chip.

SPENGLER

Jeweller's hammer.

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER

Alright. That's enough.

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER

Ten years of research to replicate the natural void

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

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

SPENGLER  
Restore the shield. Neutralizing  
handler mechanism.

STANTZ  
Restoring shield.

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER  
Remove gluon string.

THRU MAGNISCOPE

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

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

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

SPENGLER  
RAY!!

STANTZ  
SORRY!!

INT. R&D ROOM-

From the base of the magniscope there is a wicked FLASH as-

THE GLUEBALL/GLOWING DOT

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

SUPERVISOR'S WINDOW ABOVE THE SERVICE AREA

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

WINSTON, JANINE, MOIRA, FRANKY, LOVELL AND CARLA

React to the explosion of glass from inside the lab.

AN ECTO UNIT UP ON A HOIST-

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

EXT. FRONT GARAGE DOOR-

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

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

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

EXT. HUDSON RIVER- CITY SKYLINE - WIDE-

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

THE GLUEBALL-

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

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

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

LOVELL

Let's see that again!

FRANKY

Yeah! That's potent!

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER

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

STANTZ

It takes months to assemble those  
glueballs.



SPENGLER

Not to mention the cost to construct one.

Stantz gets off his stool at the work bench and the pant of his plastic Hazmat suit pants dissolves into pieces. They exit the lab into-

INT. OFFICE OVERLOOKING WORK FLOOR

JANINE

Egon. New York Hospital.  
It's Father Trenodius. He's dying.

STANTZ

But is he really dying?

JANINE

He says so. He says he really is dying this time. You want to talk to him.

WITH SPENGLER AND STANTZ

As they quickly head downstairs for an Ecto unit and exit.

STANTZ

This might really be it.  
Got the box?

SPENGLER

Yes. I've got the box Ray.

Moira looks over the rail to the work floor below and sees the Construction CREW CHIEF from the bridge entering. He carries the LOST TRAP and Franky's PACK AND THROWER. They are covered with muck, silt and river slime. The TRAP STROBE winks persistently.

CREW CHIEF(calling up to her)

My divers fished these out of the river for you. Thanks for your help.

MOIRA

It's what we do.

MOIRA AND CARLA

Approach the TRAP BANKS. They see DR. NAT COLBY ahead of them as he slams in, releases and retracts a trap.

Carla waits holding her stinking, strobing, muddied trap.

A ROW OF WHITE AND RED LIGHTS

TRAP BANKS FULL- USE ALTERNATE FACILITY.

NAT

System's full. Looks like you  
guys are down for the transfer.

EXT. REAR OF GARAGE- ECTO-50- TRANSFER TRUCK- NIGHT

A large surplus, City, maxi-sized crew cab, five ton, box truck. It is covered with a fine black and grey high-tech WEAVE which blips GREEN and WHITE at various points.

Miriam and Carla work to hold onto a thick tether of black, aluminum flex-pipe, cables and jacks.

There is obviously a great deal of bucking force surging through the apparatus and the high-pitched whining from the truck betrays it.

Franky and Lovell exit the building carrying their respective lunch boxes and blaster stereos. They are headed to employee parking where Franky's 1988 Mercury Marquis wreck awaits.

FRANKY

G'night ladies.

LOVELL

Yeah. Too bad you had the  
bonus trap.

They cackle, slap high-fives and head for the car.

INT. FRANKY'S WRECK- FRANKY AND LOVELL- THEIR POV-

The ladies are doing an earnest job of pumping out the trap bank. Miriam has to leave and run some controls leaving Carla to hold the connection. There is a lot of surging and she is clamped to the floor leaning backwards.

LOVELL

Them poor witches.

FRANKY

Yeah tough break uh.

After a BEAT they look at each other, get out and join the women to help.

EXT. PULASKI SKYWAY- ECTO-50- NIGHT

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

EXT. PROPYLENE AVENUE- NIGHT

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

EXT. GB JERSEY STORAGE FACILITY- NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. ECTO- 50

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

MOIRA

Remote card lock. Verify.

FRANKY

(tired)

Mmm. hmm..

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

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

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

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

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

## VAULT RECEPTACLE

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

MOIRA

Open vault drop.

A MASSIVE industrial refrigerator type shutter throbs through the building.

CARLA

My reservoir valve open.

The surge goes through the boom.

MOIRA

Franky, check the flow.

FRANKY

Carla doesn't mind.

CARLA

I'm busy here. Lovell.

LOVELL

Just check it man.

Franky reluctantly leans into the vault receptacle wall.

## EXT. RECEPTACLE- BRANCH

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

## HIS P.O.V. - FLOW MONITOR

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

FRANKY

He turns away.

FRANKY

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

MOIRA

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

## RAPPER

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

## FEMALE CHORUS

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

MASTER GB goes into a burning little break as-

EXT. 59th STREET BRIDGE- NIGHT

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

INT. CADILLAC

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

FRANKY

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

LOVELL

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

MOIRA

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

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

CARLA

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

All four are in their early twenties.

People are screaming and heading for the exits.  
The apparition, coals of red-eyes in a deep vast black void,  
vaults the bar.

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

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

THE BARTENDER

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

MUSIC: Commence lowdown rap-rhythm tune.

SLAM CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYSCAPE NIGHT-

The music really begins to pop:

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

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all those poor souls someplace  
nice, you know.

MOIRA

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



CARLA  
Watch the flow. Watch the flow.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL- 3:00 AM

A more forbidding Gothic medical structure could scarcely be devised.

AMBULANCE ENTRANCE

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

CARDINAL STEPPINO

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

CARDINAL

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

SPENGLER

(brushing by)

Is he still conscious at this moment?

CARDINAL

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

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER

The only one.

They all enter the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

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

CARDINAL

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

SPENGLER

Maybe this experiment will help you confirm it.

CARDINAL

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

STANTZ

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

CARDINAL

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

PUSH THROUGH THE DOORS INTO-

INT. CHRONIC CARE WAFD- NIGHT

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

STANTZ

Quite the bon voyage party.

CARDINAL

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

SPENGLER

V. I. G.?

CARDINAL

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

Stantz and Spengler nod appreciatively "Oh of course."

CARDINAL

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

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

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

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

DOCTOR  
Vitals are fading fast.

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- TRENODIUS

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

TRENODIUS  
Men! Did you bring it?!

STANTZ  
Yes Professor. We'll set  
it up.

SPENGLER  
You feel it's time?

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

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

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

SPENGLER  
Sounds like he's back in class.

TRENODIUS  
Everyone out but my two students!  
Doctor please-

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

CARDINAL  
Cardinal! Steppino!

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

STANTZ

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

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

STANTZ  
(holds up a light bulb)  
Go.

Trenodius closes his eyes.

STANTZ AND BULB- CLOSE

He holds it up near his face.

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

The tiny tungsten wire POPS.

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

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

THE DOCTOR AND NURSES

React

SPENGLER  
Hit. Hit. Hit...

TRENODIUS