

# TB

BEETLE JUICE

SECOND DRAFT SCREENPLAY  
REVISED 2-3-87

BY WARREN SKAAREN  
FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY  
BY  
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based on a story by  
Michael McDowell and Larry Wilson

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FADE IN:

EXT. WINTER RIVER, CONNECTICUT - DAY

A crisp and perfect New England town. Almost too neat to be real. No visible townspeople. CAMERA EXPLORES town.

CAMERA FLIES

over a rickety bridge -- PAST the Maitland Hardware and Appliance store -- PAST the church -- the Historical Society -- UP over the graveyard on the hill and finally --

To the Maitland house. The perfect Victorian house surveying the tiny village. Suddenly --

A GIANT DADDY LONGLEGS SPIDER

mounts the crest of the hill beside the house, pauses to wave a spindly leg and then creeps menacingly on top of the Maitland house.

ADAM (O.S..)

Well, well, you're a big fella...!

A hand -- as big as God's -- with a huge tweezer, gently reaches down out of the sky and lies, palm up, in the yard next to the house. Daddy Longlegs climbs into it. The hand rises into the sky again.

INT. ATTIC - NEW ANGLE - DAY

Reveals Winter River as a miniature town, while The Daddy Longlegs and the hand are normal size. Above the model are a homely representation of moon, sun, and stars -- a whole, tiny, mechanical universe to track the hours of the day. A large plat map of the city is prominent on the wall.

The hand is ADAM MAITLAND'S. In his late 30's, he's a solid easy-going citizen. Capra used to make movies about him.

Adam's model town sprawls across most of the attic space. Windows on either end of the attic shed good light into the warm room. Adam very carefully lifts the spider out the open window. Smiles as he drips him lightly on the breeze.

CAMERA TILTS UP FROM THE WINDOW

To see the real Winter River, laid out exactly as the

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model, at the foot of the hill. Adam breathes deeply and looks very pleased at the glorious town below him.

ON HIS HUGE HAND AGAIN

as it reaches into model and tweezes a tiny sign into the tiny window of Maitland's Hardware Store on main street. It reads:

ADAM AND BARBARA MAITLAND  
ARE  
ON VACATION!  
HOORAY!

Adam leans down and eyes the sign.

BARBARA  
(behind him)  
I'm ready!

Adam turns to see entering: BARBARA MAITLAND, 35 -- a wholesome beauty who is mellowing well. She smiles at him. Perhaps a certain tinge of sadness about her, because they don't have children.

ADAM  
(happy to see her)  
She's ready.

BARBARA  
(eyeing the model)  
It looks great.

ADAM  
(nodding)  
Thanks.

She pushes a wrapped present across the table.

BARBARA  
Happy vacation, honey!

Adam smiles and gives her a present he's hidden under the table. He opens his present. A can of furniture oil.

ADAM  
Manchurian Tung oil?  
(playfully grabs  
Barbara and kisses  
her)  
Where did you get it?

BARBARA  
Helen got it for me in Oslo.  
There's enough to refinish the  
gateleg table and the cherry

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wardrobe...

Adam hands Barbara a carefully-wrapped bundle -- she unwraps her gift... rolls of very expensive floral wallpaper. She cradles it in her arms like gold leaf.

BARBARA

Oh, Adam... it's beautiful.

Adam nods, and embraces her.

ADAM

Enough to do the guest room...

BARBARA

(cooing)

I'm so glad we're spending our vacation at home...

(with a sudden resolve)

... I'm going to get started right now!

ADAM

(pulling her back)

Whoa!... hold on...

Barbara calms down, returning to Adam's embrace... as:

PHONE RINGS -- They freeze, then grin.

ADAM & BARBARA

(unison)

No one's home!

HONK HONK outside. They look at each other horrified. Peer out the window.

BARBARA

Oh no.

ADAM

(pointing at her)

It's your turn, darling.

She shakes her head with resignation and goes downstairs. KNOCKING on door from below.

INT. STAIRCASE AND KITCHEN - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Adam and Barbara downstairs. We see the rambling, old fashioned quality to the house.

Clean, sentimental, warm and floral. Some rooms in progress. They continue down the main staircase past photos of themselves, old photos of the early days of Winter River, pictures and mementos of three generations in hardware. Barbara goes to the kitchen

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and Adam continues down to the basement.

HER POV - A WOMAN

JANE BUTTERFIELD -- tall, gawky and aggressive peeks in the kitchen door. She's divorced three husbands and buried another for good measure. She's ruthless but is weirdly, seamlessly pleasant. She waves a legal sized paper at them, starts to come inside.

INT./EXT. KITCHEN DOOR

Barbara makes dash for it and holds it just as Jane gets a foot in. Jane smiles wildly.

JANE

Hi, Barb! I'm glad I caught you.  
I heard you were on vacation!

BARBARA

That's right, Jane. Complete  
vacation.

JANE

Honey -- today I am three hundred  
fifty thousand dollars!

BARBARA

No! Jane, it is 6:45 in the  
morning!

JANE

Look at me, think of me as cash!  
This offer is really real! From a  
rich man in New York City who only  
saw a photograph!

(rattles on)

My buyer has just made a killing  
in condos in Manhattan, but he's  
got a little stress problem...

(taps her head)

... so -- he wants to bring the  
wife and kid for the old peace and  
quiet.

BARBARA

That's what we're looking for,  
too.

JANE

Barbara Maitland, sweetie, just  
listen now. This house is too  
big. It really ought to be for a  
couple with a family.

That hurts Barbara a little. She looks at Jane.

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JANE

(continuing)

Oh, honey... I didn't mean anything... it's just too big for you.

Jane compulsively affixes her business card, face inside. in the windowpane.

BARBARA

(shutting door)

'Bye, Jane, see you in a few weeks.

ADAM

is humming happily, looking for paint brushes in the ground floor storeroom. He spies a cassette deck and looks through a stack of cassettes and plays one. It is an old INKSPOTS LOVE SONG.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Barbara is starting to paper the walls already. She frowns at the MUSIC. Goes to the door.

BARBARA

Oh, honey. You said no Inkspots on this vacation!

It CLICKS OFF. She goes back into the room.

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

Adam puts away the tape but keeps humming the song. He opens the shutters on a small window. ON WINDOW...

JANE

(her huge face  
grinning at him)

Boo!

He jumps back, frightened.

ADAM

No, Jane.

Adam closes the shutters as Jane affixes yet another card to the window. He continues his search for a brush.

JANE

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exits jauntily, flapping her contract down the lawn.

INT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Adam continues rummaging for a brush. Can't find it.

ADAM

(calling to distant  
Barbara)

Honey, come with me down to the  
store?

BARBARA (O.S.)

What for?

ADAM

I need a good brush for this Tung  
oil and I want to pick up a piece  
of the model. Let's go early  
before anyone sees us.

Barbara has already papered a few rolls in the guest  
room.

BARBARA

Okay, but let's hurry back. You  
just run in okay?

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

The Victorian house from the model "in the flesh."  
Adam stands by the station wagon.

On the bumper of the car is a sticker reading:  
WARNING: I BRAKE FOR ANIMALS.

Barbara gets in driver's side. They drive off.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

Adam dusts the inside of the dashboard. Clean Clean.

BARBARA

(preoccupied)

Jane said we should sell the house  
to someone with a family.

ADAM

Ah, the ever-tactful Jane.

Puts his hand on her shoulder.

EXT. THE RIVER AND BRIDGE AND HILL - DAY

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We see the car coming down the hill toward the bridge.

ADAM (V.O.)

We should be flattered that she  
wants to sell our house.

BARBARA (V.O.)

I know... I just wish she'd leave  
us alone.

ADAM (V.O.)

Let's not think about it. We'll  
have a nice romantic, quiet,  
vacation. Here comes the bridge  
chorus.

Car reaches the rickety covered bridge. Car shakes,  
bobbing up and down on every plank.

ON Barbara and Adam TIGHT -- (they've done this routine  
before). They sing an old Johnny Mathis song. With a  
lot of vibrato.

TOGETHER

Chances are... When I wear a  
foolish grin...

They laugh.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WINTER RIVER - DAY

Just like the model, but real. And populated.

CAMERA PAUSES ON a gorgeous storefront with a brass  
lion out front. Sign above doors says --

BOZMAN BUILDING 1835

An old man polishes the lion as Maitlands drive by and  
wave.

BARBARA (V.O.)

Wave at the lion.

ADAM (V.O.)

Don't forget the balls, Ernie.

BARBARA (V.O.)

(embarrassed)

Adam!

Ernie looks around to see no one's looking and polishes  
the balls of the lion.

CAMERA SPIES A JAUNTY DOG



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like Benji, peeing on the opposite corner of the lion.  
Maitlands drive by store with sign:

JANE BUTTERFIELD  
ANTIQUES  
REAL ESTATE  
TRAVEL

INT. ANTIQUE STORE REAL ESTATE OFFICE TRAVEL AGENCY -  
DAY

The store is bursting with antiques of all sorts,  
travel brochures, photographs of houses for sale, and a  
serve-yourself Xerox machine. LITTLE JANE, her eight-  
year-old daughter is drudgingly making copies.

Jane, phone in hand, rushes to the window to watch  
Maitlands drive by. Almost popping the cord when it  
reaches its end. She's waiting for the other party to  
pick up.

JANE  
Y... ello. Mrs. Deetz? Well the  
condition is what we country folk  
call, fixin'... Yes, I think they  
are fixin' to accept another  
offer. Well maybe if you offer  
390,000 they'll take it.

EXT. MAITLAND HARDWARE - DAY

Adam sprints up the steps of his lovely hardware store.  
OLD BILL, a slightly-addled ancient barber, is napping  
in a chair in front of his shop, next door to Adam's.  
Adam fumbles with the lock, not interested in conver-  
sation. He drops his keys, waking Old Bill.

OLD BILL  
'Morning, Adam. You need a  
haircut before your vacation?

ADAM  
No thanks, Bill.

OLD BILL  
How's the model coming?

ADAM  
Good, Bill -- Good.

Bill turns around and continues prattling even though  
Adam has entered. Bill prattles throughout.

OLD BILL  
Y'know, I was thinkin'... you said  
Bozman built the foundation in

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1835 but y'know his grandson came  
in here last week and said he  
found a bottle with an 1836 stamp  
in it plastered in the foundation.  
    (suddenly disgusted  
        at the memory)  
He's got hair down to his  
goddamned shoulders...

INT. MAITLAND HARDWARE

Adam pulls down a few good paintbrushes and carefully  
picks up a small model of the Bozman building. He  
walks out. Old Bill continues unabated.

                    OLD BILL  
He said "Just give me a trim..." I  
took a scissors to him so fast...  
would've skimmed him clean if he  
hadn't...

Adam strides by quickly to the car.

                    ADAM  
See you, Bill.

                    OLD BILL  
Right.

EXT. MAITLAND'S CAR - DAY

The Maitlands drive their car out of town.

ON JANE

EXT. CAR AND BRIDGE - DAY

Car approaches.

INT. CAR - DAY

Five brushes sit on the seat next to Adam. He cradles  
small replica of the Bozman building, complete with  
brass lion.

                    BARBARA  
It's a beauty.

                    ADAM  
Yeah it turned out okay. We  
applied for a historical plaque  
for it. That'll be the third one  
on Main Street.

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BARBARA

(jokingly)

With all these historical landmarks in town, where are they going to put the condominiums?

ADAM

(grinning)

Slow down there, honey... I don't want the vibration to weaken the model.

BARBARA

(nervous)

Oh... I'm sorry...

Barbara starts to apply the brakes.

Just before the bridge the dog waddles out in the road. Stops to pee. Barbara swerves. As the car hits the rickety bridge, the speed is just a bit too much.

Boards RATTLE and loosen, the car skews and catches in an open slot, careens to the right, then the left and the bridge.

INT. CAR - DAY

A piling has smashed through the window on the passenger side, crushing the upper part of Barbara's arm. She is wailing in pain and fright.

Adam tries to help Barbara. He tries to get out of the car. None of this succeeds.

EXT. BRIDGE AND RIVER - DAY

The dog finishes, looks over at the car, walks across the bridge and steps on the one board which holds the car aloft.

The car rocks back and forth for a moment, and then slides forward toward the water.

EXT. CAR AND BRIDGE

The car plunges into the rushing water. It floats for a moment, and then sinks like a stone.

FADE TO BLACK.

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INT. BARBARA AND ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quiet, still, expectant. There is a fire laid in the hearth. Suddenly and for no apparent reason it ignites and burns with a furious cheerfulness.

Barbara and Adam enter, dazed, wet, and bedraggled.

BARBARA

Something like this always happens  
when we try to go on vacation.  
Always.

Adam leads her toward the fire.

ADAM

You'll feel better when you're  
dry.

He holds out his hands to be warmed. Barbara comes up beside him. All this time she's been holding her injured arm with the other hand.

BARBARA

This fire wasn't burning when we  
left the house.

ADAM

How's your arm?

BARBARA

I'm not sure. It feels... frozen.

She holds her arms out to warm them. One hand catches on fire.

BARBARA'S LEFT ARM

They stare at it dumbfoundedly before Adam regains his senses and snatches it out of the fire. Two of the fingers are burning like candles, and Barbara industriously blows them out.

BARBARA

Oh, Adam.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM: A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

They are sitting on the couch together. Barbara is looking away slightly -- as one does when a doctor is drawing blood -- while Adam looks at her fingers. He frowns.

He looks at his skin. It is pale. He looks at

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Barbara.

ADAM

You'd better sit down, hon.

BARBARA

I am sitting.

ADAM

I'll tell you what, Barbara. I don't think we survived that crash.

BARBARA

(pause)

Oh, Adam. We're home. In our own house. Nonsense. I'll make some coffee. You get some more firewood.

Adam gets up, a little absently, she follows him as he wanders to the front door. He peers out.

ADAM

Let's take things extra slow. Do you remember how we got back up here?

Barbara tests her hand, clenches and unclenches her fist.

BARBARA

I'm fine. My arm works fine.

Adam, exploring, opens the door, steps out on the front porch.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - TWILIGHT

Adam's face is painted with color of sunset. He stands atop the steps leading down to the front yard. Barbara stands just inside the open threshold, looking out worriedly.

BARBARA

(quiet sarcasm)

The end of a perfect day.

Adam starts to step down to the yard.

ADAM

Honey, I'm gonna go down to the bridge and retrace our steps.

He steps off the last step into the yard and promptly disappears.

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BARBARA

Adam!

EXT. THE GREAT VOID

Adam is nowhere. There's no ground, no sky, nothing to stand on or hold onto or give boundaries or distance. Just vast nothing. Not white and not colored either. NOISE OF A CLOCK TICKING.

Adam looks about surprised, doesn't like what he doesn't see. He turns around to head back up the steps. There are no steps.

ADAM

Barbara?

His VOICE ECHOES STRANGELY. He runs off a little in the distance, and calls again from over there.

ADAM

(continuing; quietly)

Where are you?

He goes even farther away.

IN THE FOREGROUND

an enormous geared wheel -- the size of a man -- rolls by, tearing up the unseamed ground. Something pours up out of the tear -- ooze or stuffing.

Adam runs forward and stares after the wheel, which is now out of sight.

TWO SMALLER GEARS

looking very much like components of a giant watch -- spin along behind him. One of them veers suddenly toward him, and though Adam jumps out of the way, the gear snags his trouser leg and shreds it. LOUD TICKING.

A PERFECTLY ENORMOUS GEAR

comes barreling toward him. Adam leaps out of its way. The gear turns, fish-tailing, kicking up ooze and stuffing.

Adam flings himself suddenly to the right, but trips into the path of the gear. As he's about to be crushed, he's suddenly jerked up to safety.

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EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

It's Barbara who's grabbed him, and quite evidently saved his life -- not life, perhaps -- but existence. He's shaken, breathless.

Barbara stares at him, as if wondering what he's just been through.

ADAM

(weakly)

You saved my -- uh -- life... or whatever...

BARBARA

Two hours.

ADAM

What?

BARBARA

That's how long you were gone.

ADAM

(pondering that)

... Hmmm?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barbara leads Adam into the house.

ADAM

Anything happen while I was away?

BARBARA

Yes, it did. Yes, it did. I made a couple of small discoveries.

BARBARA

stands by the mirror over the hearth mantle. On the mantle is Barbara's prize collection of porcelain horses. Adam comes to stand beside her. They look into the mirror, and there is no reflection of them.

Barbara picks up one of the horses, and trots it through the air. The horse is imaged in the mirror.

BARBARA

(continuing)

There's that, and there's this.

She picks up an ancient, leather-bound book. It's yellow and worn, about the size of the Boy Scout manual.

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CLOSEUP: Its title is HANDBOOK FOR THE RECENTLY  
DECEASED.

ADAM

(reading)

Handbook for the recently  
diseased.

BARBARA

Deceased. I don't know where it  
came from. Look at the publisher.

ADAM

(he does and reads)

Handbook for the Recently Deceased  
Press.

BARBARA

(finally admit-  
ting it)

I don't think we survived the  
crash.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam is already in bed, reading from the handbook.  
Barbara is getting ready for bed -- going through a  
ritual of sorts that they practiced every night of  
their married lives.

BARBARA

I don't like situations like this.  
I hate it when I'm not in control.  
So just tell me the basics.

ADAM

This book isn't arranged that  
way. What do you want to know?

BARBARA

There are a thousand things... Why  
did you disappear when you walked  
off the front porch? Is this a  
punishment? Are we halfway to  
heaven or are we halfway to hell?  
And how long is this going to  
last?

ADAM

I don't see anything about  
"Rewards and Punishments" or  
"Heaven and Hell."

(frustrated)

This book reads like stereo  
instructions! Listen to this...  
'Geographical and Temporal  
Perimeters... Functional



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perimeters vary from manifestation to manifestation." This is going to take some time.

BARBARA

paces, she trips on her wallpaper rolls. Kicks them.

BARBARA

I knew I'd never finish the guest room. Adam, we just can't stay in here forever!

They look at each other, the question hangs in the air. Can't they?

Adam stands and walks to the window.

ADAM

(thoughtfully)

Maybe we should set up a normal routine.

She looks at him like he's nuts.

ADAM

(continuing)

I mean, let's try to nail down something in our lives. A regular schedule. We can keep track of time and go on with our projects up here in the attic.

She shakes her head, exasperated. Flops down on the bed.

BARBARA

Oh, God, maybe this is all just a bad dream.

ON ADAM - TIGHT - a somber look comes across his face.

ADAM

I'm afraid not, honey.

Barbara looks up at him, questioningly.

BARBARA

Why? What's wrong? Adam?

She stands and joins him at the window.

THEIR POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

In the distance we see an automobile funeral procession threading its way toward the nearby cemetery. Head-

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lights are on. We recognize Jane's car in the line.

REVERSE ON BARBARA AND ADAM

somber faces.

TIGHTER ON PROCESSION

It arrives at the gravesite. We see some familiar faces, Ernie, and Old Bill the Barber. Jane and little Jane watch as two identical coffins are carried together, to two open graves.

ON BARBARA AND ADAM

She drops her head sadly on his shoulder. He leans his face slightly into hers.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam is setting up a small monument in the model town cemetery. It reads: ADAM AND BARBARA MAITLAND/UNITED IN LIFE/UNDIVIDED IN DEATH.

ADAM

I wish I had a better view of the cemetery from up here. I don't know which area is the best placement for us.

Barbara, trying to clean, lets out a frustrated YELP! She paces.

ADAM

(continuing)

Cabin fever, han?

BARBARA

I can't clean anything. The vacuum is out in the garage. I can't leave the house. Why don't they tell us something? Where are all the other dead people in the world? Why is it just you and me?

ADAM

Maybe this is heaven.

BARBARA

(looking at the

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dusty walls)  
In heaven there wouldn't be dust  
on the wallpaper.

ADAM

Hon... I didn't want to die, but  
really, this is fine with me.  
Look, we never have to wash dishes  
again.

BARBARA

Dishes? We haven't eaten in three  
weeks! Adam, I'm not like you. I  
really need to be around people,  
get out to the church and go  
grocery shopping.

ADAM

But I'm not hungry, are you?

Barbara shakes her head and picks up the Handbook and  
pages through it desperately.

BARBARA

I keep having this feeling that  
something has got to happen.

CAR DOOR SLAMS outside. Adam and Barbara look at one  
another. Run to window.

EXT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Jane Butterfield is staring up at the old house.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam, from his angle, can just barely see her.

ADAM

God, it's Jane.

BARBARA

What's she doing here?

ADAM

I don't know.  
(shouting)  
Jane, Jane, up here!

EXT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Unhearing, Jane heads for car. SOUND OF WIND UP.  
Blows her dress. Little Jane straggles along with her  
like an apprentice.

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INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara watches Adam, and shakes her head. He stops.

BARBARA

She can't see you, right?

Adam nods.

BARBARA

(continuing)

In the book, Rule Number Two: the living usually won't see the dead.

ADAM

Won't? Or can't?

BARBARA

Just says "won't." Wait a minute. Here it says "the living are arrogant... they think they'll never die, so they refuse to see the dead."

ADAM

Arrogant. That's Jane all right...

Barbara sighs and nods.

BARBARA

At least we won't have to worry about her.

Adam smiles and goes to his model.

EXT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Jane drives away. CAMERA HINGES to see a FOR SALE sign. Across it -- another smaller banner. It reads: SOLD!

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The Maitlands are asleep. CAMERA EXPLORES the room a bit. It is getting slightly tatty. Adam rolls over, pulling the covers off Barbara. We see:

ON BARBARA -- she is hovering off the side of the bed.

An OMINOUS RUMBLE -- like a 4.0 earthquake shakes the house. GLASS RATTLES, the ceramic horses on the mantelpiece jump around. Barbara falls to the floor. They look at one another with horror. They leap up and

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run downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The RUMBLE BUILDS TO A CLIMAX, there is a LOUD METALLIC SQUEAL, and then a CRASH... just as Barbara and Adam arrive.

THE FRONT DOOR

smashes open revealing a moving van ramp.

A TEN-FOOT ELECTRIC-BLUE ITALIAN LEATHER COUCH

slides smoothly down the ramp. On the couch sits DELIA DEETZ.

The couch CRASHES into the base of the staircase, smashing the newel post and several of the balusters. Barbara cringes. One of the balusters falls at Delia's side. She grasps it like a scepter.

Two MOVING MEN rush down the ramp.

MOVING MAN #1

Sorry about that, Mrs. Deetz.

DELIA

Don't worry. It was going anyway.

Delia is relentlessly New York, relentlessly fashionable, relentlessly thin -- totally self assured.

She is also a woman with a mission -- to gut Barbara and Adam's house and remake it in her own very upscale image.

Delia's gaze is on the living room, but she looks through Adam and Barbara as if they weren't even there (which to her eyes they're not).

Still holding the baluster, Delia gets up off the couch and moves into the living room, surveying it with an odd mixture of ambition, and resolution.

BEHIND HER

the two Moving Men bring in a matching blue leather armchair. In the armchair sits LYDIA DEETZ.

Lydia, age 14, is a pretty girl, but wan, pale and overly-dramatic, dressed as she is in her favorite color, black. She's a combination of a little death rocker and an 80's version of Edward Gorey's little

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girls.

She has a couple of expensive cameras around her neck -- and is already taking photographs of the moving men. Lydia is cool, Lydia is sullen, Lydia is her father's daughter by his first marriage. Lydia is usually about half-pissed off. But underneath... we like her a lot.

The Moving Men still hold up the chair, waiting for Delia to decide where she wants it.

DELIA  
(continuing)  
Jesus. Who lived here? The  
Waltons?

TIGHT ON Lydia -- calmly surveys the house.

Delia signals wearily that the Moving Men can put the chair down anywhere.

DELIA  
(continuing)  
Get all this other crap out of  
here.

Lydia hops down out of the chair, and comes farther into the living room.

DELIA  
(continuing)  
Where is your father?... probably  
in the kitchen.

That's the cue for CHARLES DEETZ, who comes in through the swinging door, and across the dining room... a nervous but basically pleasant man, CHARLES DEETZ is intent on attacking rest and relaxation with the same vengeance that earned him millions in real estate.

CHARLES  
The noise in that kitchen. Noisy  
refrigerator, noisy faucets...  
We'll have to replace it all. I  
want no humming in the house.

LYDIA

exploring on her own, gazes around the living room with growing pleasure, she backs up for a good angle to photograph.

CAMERA HINGES -- She is standing with her back right up to Barbara -- who is horrified at this creature.

Charles enters.

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CHARLES

(to Lydia)

What do you think, honey?

LYDIA

Delia hates it.

Lydia gazes at a dusty maze of spider webs.

LYDIA

(continuing)

I could live here.

A movement makes Lydia turn around and scream. It is Delia. Not Barbara.

DELIA

Settle down, Lydia. I wonder where we are going to get counseling for you out here.

A VIOLENT FALSETTO SCREAM turns the Deetz family's attention to the front windows.

OTHO (O.S.)

Help! Oh help!

OTHO'S MASSIVE BODY

Wedge in the window frame. The short, stubby legs, dressed in the world's largest pair of Georgia Armani slacks, protrude into the living room, waving frantically. Expensive Italian loafers are kicked off the feet, revealing a pair of expensive patterned socks. By their feet shall ye know them.

DELIA

It's Otho!

CHARLES

Otho, why didn't you just come in the door?

Otho's voice comes as if from a great distance.

OTHO (O.S.)

It's bad luck. And I believe hugely in luck.

DELIA

Hold your breath and we'll pull.

Delia turns to Charles and Lydia for help -- doesn't get it -- and at last pulls Otho into the living room single-handedly.

# TB

All this while the Moving Men are variously carting out the handsome old furniture and bringing in the hideous new furniture.

Otho is Robert Morley at his most obscenely fat and faggoty. But he's not all fat and fun -- this customer carries nasty emotional weight as well.

OTHO

holds onto the curtains for support as he is pulled through the window. And when he is at last all the way through, and upright on his feet, he suddenly gives a tremendous yank. The whole drapery apparatus, including valences, crashes to the floor.

OTHO

That was the single most unattractive window treatment I have ever seen in the entire of my existence.

DELIA

(starry eyed)

I'm so glad you could leave the city to consult me, Otho.

Otho is looking around the room with an eye of quiet horror.

OTHO

Yes, of course you are. Well, Otho had an intuition. Call it a hunch -- that it was going to be a fabled monstrosity of a house. And it certainly is. Charles, you're lucky the yuppies are buying condos, so you can afford what I'm going to have to do to this place. We are talking from the ground ups'ville!

CHARLES

That's fine, Otho. Just keep me out of it. I am here to relax and clip coupons. And goddamnit, I mean to do it.

He exits to find solace in a quiet corner of his house. During this speech, Otho has been surreptitiously posing for Lydia's camera. She clicks the shutter.

OTHO

(ignoring her)

Is the rest of the house as bad as this?



# TB

DELIA

The rest of the house is probably worse. When can you and I get started?

OTHO

No time like the present, as my wicked stepmother used to say.

Out of the pockets of his size 56 Georgia Armani jacket, Otho takes two cans of spray paint -- the kind the graffiti artists use -- and shakes them as if they were castanets. They certainly sound like it.

OTHO

Delia, let's get this show on the road.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

At one end, near the stairs leading up to the attic, Barbara and Adam are slumped against opposite walls.

BARBARA

Adam, we are in hell. I hate these people.

ADAM

They make Jane look good.

BARBARA

Is this a punishment for something we did in life? What can we do?

ADAM

(determined)  
We're not completely helpless. I've been reading the book. There's a word for people in our predicament, honey.

Barbara looks at him.

BARBARA

(continuing)  
Ghosts!

Barbara is shocked at the reality.

Otho and Delia come up the stairs at the end of the hallway.

OTHO

We're dealing with negative entertainment potential here. I mean, there's absolutely no organic walking flow-through.

# TB

Otho looks down the hallway. It's empty. Adam and Barbara are no longer there.

DELIA

What's wrong?

OTHO

I thought I saw something.

DeLia turns and spray-paints on the wall -- in luminous orange -- the word MAUVE.

DELIA

Okay?

OTHO

(screaming with delight)

You read my mind! I love clients who can read my mind. I don't think people realize how strong a connection there is between interior design and the supernatural.

DELIA

(fawning)

I know... I read your book, The Haunted Tapestries of the Waldorf.

OTHO

Gooood!

Delia opens the door and they step inside another room.

DELIA

This will be Lydia's room.

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM - DAY

It's not Lydia's room yet, of course, because it still has the Maitlands' furniture in it. Barbara had partly wallpapered it before the accident. Her tools are still there.

DELIA

What do you think?

OTHO

Viridian?

DELIA

Viridian? What is...?

Otho spray-paints the word VIRIDIAN on the wall -- plus the word BLUE GREEN -- and Cr2 03, right over a picture of Adam and Barbara as kids.

# TB

OTHO

Blue-green! Hydrated chromic oxide! Remember I'm schooled in chemistry. I was a hair analyst! Briefly. Interior design is a science, Delia! Think of me as Doctor Otho.

(looking at wall)

And this patient is truly sick!

DELIA

Of course, her favorite color!  
How beautiful!

Delia smiles. Behind Delia and Otho, the room's closet door swings slowly open with an ominous CREAK.

DELIA AND OTHO

turn that way, with a suggestion of dread. Inside the closet, Barbara's corpse is suspended from the ceiling by a belt. The corpse twists with a CREAK, and Barbara grins ghostly -- and slowly tears off her face, leaving nothing but muscle and bone beneath. Her eyeballs dangle on her cheeks.

Delia and Otho stare aghast.

DELIA

Oh my God!

OTHO

We just have to pray that the other closets are bigger than this one.

He walks over. Looks inside.

OTHO

(continuing)

Were these people dwarves? (sic)  
(spies something)  
Oooooo!... Look!

He finds, neatly hung in plastic, the Maitlands' wedding outfits. Totally captivated by this powerful image, he peers through the plastic at them. Holding each up to Delia. Barbara watches wide-eyed at them.

OTHO

(continuing)

Ozzie...  
(holding up  
her dress)  
... and... Harriet! What happened  
to these people?

# TB

Delia slams the door in Barbara's contorted face.

DELIA

They died.

INT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

Delia and Otho come out of Lydia's bedroom and go through the bathroom. Disgusted, they continue on to the study.

OTHO

reaches out and turns the knob. The door swings ominously open on Charles' study. This had been Adam's reading and birdwatching study. Bird posters on the wall, books everywhere. Straight out of Better Homes and Gardens 1963.

OTHO

Ooo. Deliver me from L.L. Bean!

ANGLE

There is one slight difference, however, because on the rag rug in the middle of the floor lies Adam's headless corpse. Standing over him, holding in one hand a long knife and in the other Adam's blood-and-gore dripping head is Barbara -- with a maniacal look on her face. Behind them, Charles is thumbing through Adam's Audubon collection. He sits up like a cornered animal protecting his territory.

CHARLES

(to Otho and Delia)

This room is off limits. I don't want either of you to touch one piece of furniture in here. This is my room.

INSIDE THE ROOM

The eyes of Adam's severed head open and look up at Barbara -- she stops screaming.

ADAM'S HEAD

They don't see us. They can't hear us.

Outside, Delia is shaking her head.

DELIA

The woman who lived here had the

# TB

aesthetic instincts of Betty Crocker.

BARBARA

I'm going to get her.

DELIA

I cannot convey to you the extent to which this house bores me.

OTHO

(looking around  
scientifically)

Once you cover up the wallpaper, knock down a few walls, alter the traffic patterns, and -- perhaps -- think about an inground pool -- the place might just be livable. What's on the third floor?

DELIA

Attic space.

OTHO

Let's see. We could turn that into a media room.

They head up the stairs to the attic.

INT. STUDY - SAME TIME

Adam's head has a look of terror on it.

ADAM'S HEAD

Oh, God. I forgot to lock the attic door!

Adam's headless body jumps up off the floor and rushes out of the room.

INT. STAIRCASE TO ATTIC - SAME TIME

Otho and Delia climbing. The headless corpse careens past them, around the bend in the stairs and out of sight.

OTHO

Did you feel something?

Delia shakes her head.

OTHO

(continuing)  
I felt a cool wind.

The expression on Otho's face suggests he knows more

# TB

than he's telling.

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE ATTIC DOOR - SAME TIME

The headless corpse rushes through the open door into the attic.

INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

The headless corpse slams the door shut, turns the key in the lock. Then he slumps against the locked door in an exaggerated stance of relief.

INT. ATTIC LANDING - SAME TIME

Delia tries the knob. The door is locked.

OTHO

You don't have a key?

DELIA

Maybe Charles does.

OTHO

I have a feeling there's some very interesting space behind this door.

DELIA

(sarcastic)

Probably the world's largest Reader's Digest collection! C'mon, let's have some chablis, Otho, I'm laid bare by this experience. Entirely bare.

INT. STUDY - SAME TIME

Barbara still holding Adam's head.

Charles still calmly leafing through the Audubons.

ADAM'S HEAD

Whew! That was close.

BARBARA

I cannot witness this.

Barbara distractedly puts Adam's head on a bookshelf. His headless body fumbles with the books and finally reattaches the head.

INT. STUDY - DAY

# TB

Adam turns away from the window.

Barbara, fuming, moves around Charles making wild gestures.

BARBARA

What's the good of being a ghost  
if you can't frighten people to  
death?

ADAM

Oh, honey...

BARBARA

No, I'm not putting up with this.

She storms out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Barbara storms in, as if straight from the room upstairs. She heads straight for the back door. Just as she opens the door, Adam rushes up.

ADAM

Barbara, honey! Don't go out  
there. You don't know --

BARBARA

Nothing can be worse than this...

She flings open the door and steps outside. She promptly disappears.

ADAM

Barbara!

EXT. SURFACE OF SATURN'S MOON TITAN - DAY

Barbara plunges into the dusty surface of Titan with an enormous Saturn looming in the sky. She looks around with wonder and some fear.

A SULFUR VOLCANO

erupts in the distance. A meteor CRASHES with a lurid EXPLOSION. As from a great distance she hears Adam's VOICE. Like THUNDER.

ADAM

Barbara!

She turns slowly in the yellow dense sand that covers the surface of this distant moon.

# TB

## BARBARA'S POV

Adam is trudging towards her. Behind him, hovering isolated in the air, is the kitchen door.

## BACK TO SCENE

Adam at last catches up with her. Surveys around them.

## BARBARA

Oh Adam. Find somebody. I'm getting all yellow. Do something!

## BEHIND THEM

Something is burrowing rapidly toward them through the sand. The Something could be right out of "Dune".

## BARBARA AND ADAM

stare for a moment, then Adam grabs her and pulls her toward the kitchen door. But the kitchen door has moved, so they veer in the new direction.

The Something follows them and rises out of the sand.

## ON SOMETHING

It is a very big, very nasty, and very hungry SNAPPING SANDWORM. It ROARS and lunges at them.

## BARBARA

slightly angered at it, instinctively bats at it.

## THE SANDWORM

is momentarily stunned at Barbara's audacity. It freezes and shakes its loathesome head.

## BARBARA

bats at it again. Adam is wide-eyed, tries to pull her away. The Sandworm recovers and ROARS after them.

## ADAM

grabs Barbara and tries to escape, but they slip and



# TB

sink in the sand.

They make it to the door just in time, swing it open and hurl themselves through. The door shuts with a BANG just in front of the ROARING SANDWORM.

THE SANDWORM

rears and ROARS in frustration, HOWLING to the ringed planet.

INT. KITCHEN

Barbara, weeping, throws herself in Adam's arms.

BARBARA

Oh, Adam, don't ever leave me alone.

ADAM

You left me.

BARBARA

I know. I'm sorry.

She hugs him tight.

BARBARA

(continuing)

I just realized that I could have been killed alone. Don't ever leave me, honey.

Both contemplate that horror.

BARBARA

(continuing)

We're trapped in this house forever... with those... people.

ADAM

You can't say that for sure. It could be a transitional thing. Like a post-life crisis. We just have to be tougher with them. Come on. Have some brandy. Spirits?

BARBARA

(a tentative smile)

Death didn't improve your sense of humor.

They head for the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

# TB

Adam has his arms around Barbara's shoulder. They walk in the door and stumble upon the Deetz's at their dinner. Lydia's back is to them. Barbara and Adam back out of the room but stop to listen.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Deetz's around the dining room table. There are candles and good china laid out-- but they're eating out of Chinese take-out boxes.

DELIA

I can't believe that we're eating Cantonese. Is there no Szechuan up here? Hunan?

CHARLES

There's only one Chinese restaurant out here, darling, the owners are Irish and Irish people happen to cook Cantonese. They don't know better.

LYDIA

I plan to have a stroke from the amount of MSG that's in this food.

DELIA

This is our first meal in this house, Lydia. Why don't we all do our little private parts to make it a pleasant one?

CHARLES

Lydia, relax. We'll build you a darkroom in the basement.

LYDIA

(dramatically)  
My whole life is a darkroom!  
One... big... dark... room.

Delia rolls her eyes and nods. She's been through this before.

DELIA

Nonsense... you'll go to school, maybe meet a farm boy.

Delia laughs. Charles smiles.

LYDIA

(doleful)  
Yeah, maybe if he's nice, he'll let me hang myself from a rope in his barn.

# TB

CHARLES

Lydia, in a couple of years this whole town will be filled with people like us.

DELIA

We'll be the art center of summer New York. I'll start sculpting again... I'll teach those gallery bastards to refuse my sculpture. And when Otho and I get through with this house, you people are not going to recognize it.

LYDIA

(dramatically)

I say let's keep it the way it is.

Delia stares at Lydia.

CHARLES

(smiles)

Good idea!

Delia shifts her glare to Charles.

LYDIA

I do. I really like it. I mean, it's already sort of like somebody's home, isn't it? Their couch is comfortable and doesn't stick to your legs. It smells like a real home, not a French whorehouse.

DELIA

Lydia, at your age, you are so young.

(back to business)

Charles, we need to call that awful Jane Butterfield tomorrow and get the key to the attic door. Can't you find a way to hold back some of her commission?

CHARLES

We're going to have a lot to do tomorrow...  
The Goodwill truck is coming.

DELIA

... and whatever is up there in that attic goes away with it.

CHARLES

Should have it fumigated, too. I saw a fly today.

# TB

Lydia looks at them with a mixture of sadness and anger.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - ON THE STAIRS

-- listening, sit Barbara and Adam. A tear rolls down her face.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam and Barbara are lying down on the floor, peering out of one of the small windows overlooking the front yard of the house. The handbook open in front of them.

EXT. FRONT YARD - ADAM AND BARBARA'S POV - DAY

The entire front yard is alive with workmen and their vehicles. Plumbers, electricians, cable TV men, etc. In the road on front of the house are several cars of rubbernecking locals, astonished by all the activity. The City has come to Town. Moving men continue to move in the Deetz' modern, expensive and ugly furniture. They collide with Goodwill men coming out with the Maitlands' lovely antiques and personal possessions.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam and Barbara just look at one another as if to say "We're next!" Adam leafs through the handbook furiously.

BARBARA

Look in the index...

ADAM

Not really... what's this?

Adam pulls from the book an ancient, yellowed, crumbling handbill. He carefully opens it.

ON handbill -- very primitive, crude, red printing.

ADAM (V.O.)

(reading)

Having difficulty adjusting?  
Is death a problem and not a  
solution? Unhappy with eternity?  
Troubled by the living? Call  
Betelgeuse, the bio-exorcist.  
That's Betelgeuse, Betel...

The remainder of the sheet is torn off.

# TB

ON Barbara -- fingering the torn edge. Looking in the book for the remainder. No luck.

BARBARA

That's it? No number, or instructions?

ADAM

Nothing. The bio-exorcist? I don't get it...

INT. KITCHEN

Charles, away from the chaos outside is calmly steeping a mug of herb tea. His solitude is interrupted by a 2500 lb. Vulcan range breaking through a too-small kitchen window.

CHARLES

(shouting through the window)

What the hell are you trying to do out there?

DELIA - OUTSIDE

is berating the inept crane operator and shrieks periodically at some fine art movers who are struggling under her horrid modern welded steel sculptures.

LYDIA

snaps photos of the mayhem. She stops to scan the whole house.

LYDIA'S POV

When her gaze reaches to top of the house, she suddenly glimpses Barbara and Adam's faces in the window.

BACK TO SCENE

Lydia blinks hard. Her mouth drops open. She looks all around -- as if she'd just seen a ghost or two.

JANE BUTTERFIELD'S CAR

pulls up. Little Jane sits in the front seat, burdened with an enormous stack of collated and stapled copies.

Lydia catches sight of Jane and runs over.

# TB

Little Jane locks her door, in fear of Lydia-the strange. Lydia stares at her.

LITTLE JANE

Are you a boy or a girl?

LYDIA

I only speak to vertebrates.

LYDIA

What happened to the people who used to live here?

LITTLE JANE

(ratty little voice)

They drowned!

JANE

Yes, they were family. I was devastated.

(beat)

Here, darling.

Jane hands a key to Lydia.

LYDIA

(impressed)

Is this the key to the attic?

JANE

That's a skeleton key. It'll open any door in that house. Will you give it to your father?

(handing her a business card)

And you might mention that I single-handedly decorated the house. In case he needs advice in that area. Come see me.

Jane goes away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lydia's face sobers as she looks up at the now empty attic window.

DELIA (O.S.)

Help! Get off me!

Lydia drops the skeleton key into her pocket surreptitiously. She follows Delia's SHRIEKING.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Lydia rounds the corner to see Delia, pinned flat

# TB

against the house by one of her horrid steel sculptures. Two movers are struggling to free her. Lydia snaps a quick photograph.

They finally free Delia. She clutches at her head, just short of tearing her hair out.

DELIA

You jerks! That is my art, and it is dangerous! You think I want to want to die like that?

(seeing Lydia)

Lydia. Moving is a family affair. So buckle down now and go get Mommy some drugs.

LYDIA

Any particular kind?

DELIA

Joke! Joke! Aspirin!

Lydia walks off toward the house.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara is half-hiding on the edge of the window.

BARBARA

That little girl saw us.

ADAM

She couldn't have. We can't make them see us.

BARBARA

But she saw us. I could feel it.

ADAM

(pause, thinking that over)

That's all we need.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lydia looks up the stairs at the attic landing. She's a little scared. She decides to go up the dark stairs.

IN THE HALL

At the end of the hall stands Charles, directing men who are carrying books into the room that will be his study.

He continues on.

# TB

A BLAST of STEAM

fills the hallway, because workmen are already going at the wallpaper. Lydia emerges from it. Looking up at stairway to attic, mounting courage.

INT. STAIRCASE TO ATTIC - DAY

Lydia creeps upward, taking the skeleton key from her pocket. FLOORBOARDS SQUEAK.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam works on his model. He hears the SQUEAK, looks up confidently.

ADAM

(whispering)

Don't worry. I've locked it.

Barbara smiles and knits while rocking in her chair.

INT. ATTIC LANDING

Lydia quietly inserts the key in the lock of the attic door. She turns it. The key is stiff. She turns harder. It's stuck. Lydia tries the door -- it's no go. She turns the key again. This time it goes all the way around.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara and Adam, surprised by the key, look at each other, carefully, very quietly, stand up and tiptoe toward door.

ON THE SCREEN OF AN OLD TV SET

in the corner of the attic -- Suddenly -- a ghostly image POPS ON.

ON TV - A BIZARRE, SMALLISH FELLOW

outfitted in a too-big cowboy hat, bad wig, and oversized sunglasses appears on screen singing very quickly. (It's a heavily disguised BETELGEUSE.)

BEHIND HIM

the CAMERA QUICKLY PANS an assortment of tombstones a



# TB

la Cal Worthington.

BETELGEUSE

(singing)

Have the living got you down?  
Betelgeuse!  
Are they jacking you around?  
Betelgeuse!  
Have you broken out in hives  
'Cause you're tired of their jive?  
I will drive them from your  
hive... Betelgeuse!

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA TILTS DOWN a flashing tombstone with "BETELGEUSE" written on it. Adam rushes over to shut it off. He can't find a plug. He looks around behind set... no workings inside at all. He peers around to the screen. It is blank. Suddenly -- Betelgeuse POPS ON AGAIN.

BETELGEUSE

Say it once... Betelgeuse  
Say it twice... Betelgeuse.  
The third time's a charm...  
Betelgeuse!  
Come on down!

He POPS OFF. Adam and Barbara stare at each other.

INT. LANDING - DAY

Lydia listens. Did she hear something? She puts her hand on the knob and tries to turn it. It's stuck.

Then the key eerily pops out of the lock and falls on the floor.

Charles' head suddenly appears behind her. Scares her.

CHARLES

What are you doing?

INT. ATTIC

Adam is holding on tight to the knob of the door. With her knitting needle, Barbara has poked the key out.

The two stand absolutely still, listening, terrified of the living intruders.

INT. ATTIC LANDING - LYDIA AND CHARLES

# TB

LYDIA

I was just trying to open the door. Mrs. Butterfield brought over a skeleton key.

CHARLES

Let me have it.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara and Adam tighten.

ON THE LANDING

LYDIA

But it doesn't work.

She hands her father the key. He looks at it and throws it in the corner.

CHARLES

Skeleton keys never work. Anyway, this can wait. We'll get a crowbar later. Where's your mother?

LYDIA

(very quick decisive delivery)

Stepmother.

CHARLES

I'm going down to relax. I want a noise-free zone. Do you understand? Noise-free.

He goes down the stairs.

LYDIA

Dad?

He continues.

CHARLES

(irritated, over his shoulder)

What?

LYDIA

I'm lonely.

A BLAST OF STEAM from below drowns out her words. Charles stops and turns around. The BLAST STOPS.

CHARLES

What?

# TB

TIGHT ON LYDIA

She is resolved.

LYDIA

Nothing.

Charles continues. She begins to follow slowly.

ON KEY

behind Lydia. WIDEN as Adam rushes out the door, grabs the key and rushes back in again. Lydia hears something but doesn't see.

INT. ATTIC

Barbara and Adam have moved away from the door.

ADAM

(looking through  
the handbook)

We need some help. I found something this morning. Here. Emergencies.

(reads)

"In case of emergency, draw door."

BARBARA

Draw door? I don't know why we keep looking in that stupid book.

Adam takes a piece of chalk and draws a little door on the exposed brick of the chimney.

BARBARA

(continuing)

You don't actually think this is going to work?

Adam draws a doorknob. Then he tries to turn it. The door, perhaps to his surprise, fails to open.

BARBARA

Yet another triumph for Adam and Barbara in the afterlife. Why don't we try this Beetle guy??...

ADAM

Wait.

He looks at book, then writes on the door: KNOCK AND ENTER. He exchanges a glance with Barbara. She's even more skeptical than before. Turns away in disgust.

# TB

Adam knocks on the door, and turns the knob. Nothing. She is more disgusted. Adam goes back to the book.

ADAM  
(continuing)  
Aha! Knock three times.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He knocks three times. Turns knob. The chalked door swings magnificently open.

Behind is an eerie light source, SOARING MUSIC, maybe even a heavenly choir singing pear-shaped syllables.

Barbara and Adam look at one another again. They hold hands and step tentatively through.

Their figures are lost in the blinding light.

They start to shut door after them.

ON THE ATTIC LANDING

Lydia is staring at the light pouring from under the attic door. It suddenly goes out.

ON LYDIA

She is dumbfounded. She listens.

ON THE LANDING

Lydia speeds down the steps.

INT. CHARLES' STUDY - DAY

Charles, fiercely intent on relaxing, paces like a catfish out of water. Ralph Lauren in K-mart. He stretches. He sits uneasily in an easy chair, tries like hell to get comfortable. Finally, he puts a book under his bottom to get sitting straight. Looks around tapping his fingers. What to do? Looks at watch.

He takes down a book from Adam's library, it is an Audubon book of birds. He whips through it like it's the comics and then looks around for more.

He finds the "Illustrated Walden" by Thoreau. He speed reads it.

He is now really bored. Goes to the fireplace, tries to light it. Cannot do it. Goes to desk and writes:

# TB

OTHO-INSTALL GAS FIRE LOGS IN  
STUDY.

He studies bird posters. Finds beautiful cardinal  
picture.

Takes field glasses and looks out window.

HIS POV

Spies big ugly-looking ratty bird devouring something.

ON CHARLES

horrified. Wrinkles his nose.

Lydia enters. He jumps.

CHARLES

Jesus Christ!

Lydia is shocked.

CHARLES

(continuing)

Darling, can't you see I'm  
relaxing in here!

LYDIA

Well I just wanted to tell you  
what I saw.

CHARLES

Lydia. What the hell is the point  
of my moving up here if you people  
won't let me relax? Go help your  
mother.

Charles returns to field glasses, spies something. She  
looks at him in frustration.

LYDIA

(on her way out)

Fine. Maybe you can relax in a  
haunted house. But I can't.

She exits. Charles peers after her, brow furrowed.  
Looks out again at the village. Uses his field glasses  
to get a better look.

HIS POV

It is the Bozman Building. Ernie is out front pol-  
ishing the brass lion.

# TB

ON CHARLES

He thinks. Moves the field glasses to punctuate his discovery of the building. (His eyes never leave field glasses throughout the following.)

CHARLES

Nice building... Bad paint. Good lines... bad roof. Good parking... hmmm???

That really registers with him. Without looking, he dials a familiar number on the phone with one hand, lifts the receiver. He clacks his teeth together purposefully.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Botco International.

CHARLES

Yes, I'd like to speak with Maxie Dean.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

He's not in right now.

CHARLES

Well tell him that Charles Deetz called.

He hangs up and continues to spy on Bozman Building. Clacks his teeth.

CHARLES

(continuing)

My God what I could do with that parking.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT SHOT - BARBARA AND ADAM

Very still, they look cautiously to the right and left -- just with their eyes. They're astounded by what they see, though we don't yet see it.

ADAM

... Not what I expected when we walked through that door.

BARBARA

No. But it's somewhere without big worms.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK and we find that Adam and Barbara are

# TB

in:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The most unpleasant waiting room that you ever remember waiting in. Fifties furniture with broken legs, couches propped up on telephone books.

Standing ashtrays with dirty stand. Linoleum floors patched a hundred times. National Geographics with the covers torn off. The "Take a number" registers in the millions.

AS THE CAMERA COMPLETES A CIRCLE OF THE ROOM

We see a RECEPTIONIST. She's the quintessential 50's receptionist -- tight sweater, bullet-breasted bra, bleached hair, red lipstick. She's wearing a ribbon across her breast reading "MISS ARGENTINA" and there are knife slashes across both wrists.

RECEPTIONIST

You don't have an appointment, do you?

ADAM

W... We didn't know how to make one.

BARBARA

An appointment for what?

RECEPTIONIST

What do you want?

BARBARA

We need some help.

RECEPTIONIST

Already? You just bit the big one nine months ago and you want help?

ADAM

Nine months? What difference does that make?

RECEPTIONIST

(shrugging)

Good luck. You're going to use up all your help vouchers.

ADAM

Help vouchers?

RECEPTIONIST

D-90's. You spend a hundred and twenty-five years on earth,

# TB

actually, in that house, during which you get only three class-one D-90 intercessions with Juno. You probably haven't even read through the manual completely yet.

BARBARA

Why three?

TYPIST

Behind the Receptionist holds up both hands each of which have only three fingers on them.

TYPIST

Rule Number Three. Everything comes in threes...

RECEPTIONIST

You'll have to wait if you don't have an appointment.

BARBARA

How long do we have to wait?

ADAM

Wait for who?

RECEPTIONIST

For Juno, your caseworker. Not that it matters to your type. But there are all these other people here ahead of you. I'd say 3 hours.

The waiting room is now filled with people. Dead people, some in fairly awful states. A cornucopia of carnal shreddage.

Adam and Barbara look around for a moment, then very quietly, they reach out to grasp hands.

RECEPTIONIST

(continuing)

Number 54 million, six hundred one. Ferndock.

CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATTIC LANDING - DAY

Lydia kneels down with a screwdriver, a nail file, an ice pick, and a credit card. She inserts nail file into the door. She struggles, and after several



# TB

attempts -- finally uses the ice pick and POP! The door swings open ominously.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia enters. The room is dim, and filled with dust motes. There are shadows in all the corners.

She bumps into a switch which engages the model sun and moon and that eerily illuminates the model town. She's frightened, then entranced.

She peers at it from different angles, her fear forgotten. She notes small tools scattered around an unfinished area. She continues around the model, oblivious to everything else. Then...

She kicks something. Ducks under the table and comes up with something, holds it up to the light. It's the handbook. She looks through it. Finds the marked page... looks at the chalk door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Barbara and Adam are still holding hands, as if they hadn't moved. Like waiting for an IRS audit.

BARBARA

(to Adam)

Is this what happens when you die?

The Receptionist overhears. She points at Barbara.

RECEPTIONIST

This is what happens when YOU die.

(points to another  
corpse)

That is what happens when HE dies.

That is what happens when THEY  
die. It's highly personal. And  
I'll tell you something... if I  
knew then what I know now... I  
wouldn't have had my little  
"accident!"

She holds up her wrists and smiling at her little joke, wriggles them indicating her slashes.

OTHER CORPSES

(all together)

Amen!

Barbara and Adam look at them. Corpses resume doing what they were doing. A GRINDING NOISE O.S. -- The Receptionist looks up.

# TB

Barbara and Adam also look O.S.

THEIR POV

A Message delivery wire GRINDS along loudly on a pulley. The actual message is held in the hand of the MESSENGER, a flattened corpse, suspended as if on a shirt clothesline, tire marks on his face and clothing. A major roadkill. Dust and gravel ground into him. He smiles wanly at Barbara and Adam as the Receptionist takes a message on a piece of paper and reads it.

RECEPTIONIST

Maitland, party of two! Take your handbook and go to the sixth door.

Barbara and Adam upset at the loss of their handbook...

BARBARA

We forgot our handbook.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia is studying the handbook with intense interest.

CHARLES (O.S.)

(from distant  
downstairs)

Lydia, Delia needs your help!

Lydia gives one more look at the book, and then goes to the door quickly and silently.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Right now, Delia says!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

RECEPTIONIST

(shaking her head  
in disgust)

Out that way, through the typing pool, down the corridor, sixth door on your left. Sixth door.

Two threes.

(shaking her head)

Airhead.

Adam and Barbara walk through a door.

INT. TYPING POOL - DAY

# TB

A vast room of desks arranged in a grid, straight out of "How To Succeed In Business"... Each desk is occupied, too, but most of the secretaries are merely skeletons, or mouldering corpses slumped over their typewriters.

Only one secretary, somewhere in the vast grid, is typing slowly, with long pauses between words.

The Messenger on his return trip, parallels Barbara and Adam as they walk along. Barbara can't look at him.

MESSENGER

How do I look? There're no mirrors on this side.

ADAM

(trying to be pleasant)

Fine, you look fine.

MESSENGER

Thanks. I've been feeling a little flat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He laughs at his own joke as he goes back through the very, very narrow slot in the wall where the line runs. Adam and Barbara look to the right and left. A vast stack of files slips off a desk and spills out onto the floor.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Barbara and Adam enter corridor.

Empty, like a hotel corridor, but all the doors are of different types -- a revolving door, a dutch door, church doors. They walk past a waist-high window, covered by a roll-up shade.

BARBARA

A hundred twenty-five years!  
I can't believe it. I can't believe they didn't tell us.

She bumps into the shade and it rolls up FLAPPING. She stares in through the window. Adam peers in it too.

THEIR POV

A smouldering, mist-filled room. From the smoky plasma floats an occasional tortured soul. Unspeakably SAD MUSIC wafts from within. They get only a glimpse of

# TB

the bodies in this horrible human soup.

BARBARA

Adam, look at this.

Suddenly, floating up from below, immediately on the other side of the window, a white-crepe face emerges. It seems to be that of a woman, her eyes are red and blue tears rim them. Her pale skin is covered with a flaking crust of salt. She wears the saddest look ever. Her mouth opens plaintively but no sound comes.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Oh, Adam... what is this?

A reflection joins them on their side of the window.

A SINISTER LITTLE JANITOR

wizened and efficient, pulls the shade down firmly.

SINISTER MAN

That's the lost souls room.  
A room for ghosts who have been  
exorcised. Poor devils. That's  
death for the dead. It's all in  
the handbook. Keep moving.

The man scuttles off. Adam and Barbara walk on sadly, until they come to a door that looks exactly like the swinging door between the kitchen and dining room of their house.

ADAM

This is it... the sixth door.

Puzzled -- Barbara pushes it.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everything is dark, quiet -- but the furniture is obviously not theirs, and neither is the decoration. Adam and Barbara exchange glances, and push on through into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quiet, dark. Everyone's asleep.

ADAM

My God, we're back home.

BARBARA

Look at this, everything is

# TB

different down here. All our furniture is gone.

ADAM

How long do you suppose we were waiting?

JUNO

Three months.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

A spot comes on, revealing JUNO -- their caseworker. She's an older woman, no nonsense about her. Over-dressed in an outfit that includes a blouse with ruffled cuffs. We will at some point catch a glimpse of her slashed throat -- she smokes heavily. Occasionally smoke puffs from her cut throat.

JUNO

I'd nearly given up on you. I was about to leave. I do have other clients.

BARBARA

Are you Juno, our caseworker?

JUNO

Yes. I evaluate individual cases and determine if help is needed, deserved, and available.

BARBARA

We need help. We deserve help.

ADAM

Are you available?

JUNO

No.

(beat)

What's wrong?

BARBARA

We're very unhappy.

JUNO

What do you expect? You're dead.

ADAM

We'd like some help in getting rid of the people who moved in here. Barbara and I worked very hard on this house.

BARBARA

We probably wouldn't mind sharing

# TB

the house with people who were --

JUNO  
-- like you used to be?

BARBARA  
Yes.

ADAM  
But these people --

He indicates a particularly bad piece of Delia's sculpture. Juno walks around it shaking her head.

INT. HOUSE

The following conversation takes place as Barbara and Adam follow Juno as she looks around the house and ends up in their attic space.

JUNO  
Things seem pretty quiet here.  
You should thank God you didn't  
die in Italy.  
(checking the file)  
The Deetzes. Okay. Have you been  
studying the manual?

ADAM  
We tried.

JUNO  
The Intermediate Interface chapter  
on Haunting says it all. Get 'em  
out yourself. It's your house.  
Haunted houses don't come easy.

BARBARA  
We don't quite get it.

Juno's watch BUZZES, she stops it.

JUNO  
I heard.  
(refers to her file)  
Tore your face right off! Bad  
news. It obviously doesn't do  
any good to pull your heads off in  
front of people if they can't see  
you.

ADAM  
We have to start simpler, is that  
it?

JUNO  
Start simply. Do what you know.

# TB

Use your talents. Practice. We only help those who help themselves. Just do a little at a time. And of course, practice, practice, practice. It's tricky but -- you weren't murderers by any chance, were you?

BARBARA

No.

JUNO

Pity. Murderers seem to have an easy time of it. Just look at Amityville.

(reminiscing)

He was one of my boys. Didn't have to give that one any lessons. From day one... But I must be off... I've got a plane load of football players crashed in the midwest... they need a lot of help, just with the basics.

Points at her head indicating dumbness.

BARBARA

If... we have trouble. What about the guy in the flyer? Betelge...

JUNO

(quickly interrupting her)

Don't say his name, you don't want his help.

Adam and Barbara look at each other. Puzzled.

ADAM & BARBARA

Well... We might...

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Juno peers into the model cemetery with interest. A FLY BUZZES around her. Juno blows it away. Fly flees.

JUNO

No you don't! He does not work well with others.

BARBARA

What do you mean? What's he do?

A grave look comes over Juno's face as the light changes to suggest someone telling a ghost story around a campfire.

# TB

JUNO

I wasn't going to bring it up --  
but rather than have you stumble  
into it and make another mistake,  
I'll tell you --

(she nervously puffs  
her cigarette)

He was my assistant, but he was a  
troublemaker...

He went out on his own as a free-  
lance bio-exorcist -- claims to  
get rid of the living... got into  
more trouble -- you remember the  
Chicago Fire...

Adam and Barbara look at each other. Juno continues.

JUNO

(continuing)

He was demoted to a Grade-6  
malevolent spirit. He's been  
imprisoned on that plane ever  
since... in fact, I believe he's  
been sleezing around your cemetery  
lately. He can only be brought  
back by saying his name three  
times.

Adam and Barbara attempt to interrupt --

JUNO

(continuing)

But I strongly suggest that you  
remove the Deetz's yourself.

She takes a final drag on the cigarette and smoke  
billows out the hole in her throat. Juno starts to  
FADE.

ADAM

And if we need you again, how do  
we...?

Juno fades. Gone. Barbara goes to the model, looks  
at the cemetery.

BARBARA

That guy is in our cemetery. Oh,  
Adam.

ADAM

(holds her shoul-  
ders, calms her)

Look, she's right. We'll just  
start simple, honey, be tougher.  
I feel... confident. C'mon.

They exit.



# TB

CAMERA FOLLOWS ACTION - OVER THE MODEL

The FLY BUZZES. It lands and crawls along into the model of the cemetery.

THE FLY

resplendently green and iridescent, pauses and fiddles with its hairy parts. Starts to walk by.

VOICE

Psssstt! Over here!

Fly stops. Tilts its multi-eyed head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Two hands come up from the earth of that grave holding a candy bar.

VOICE

I can't use this. You should have it. Flies get so little respect anymore.

THE FLATTERED FLY

walks over to the grave. In a flash, the hands grab the struggling fly and dance it like a doll over the grave and then pull it into the earth.

FLY

Buzzzz!

(turns into)

Help me! Help me!

A MANIACAL LAUGH grows from the grave. WIND BLOWS as the Fly disappears. Ivy whips away from the gravestone. We see, for the first time, the chiseled name:

BETELGEUSE

CLAP OF THUNDER.

INT. CHARLES' STUDY - NIGHT

Charles is on the phone. He has drawings laid out in front of him. He is at his most urban persuasive, and oddly relaxed -- he is finally in his own element.

CHARLES

Maxie, have I not always made you

# TB

money? I think that is the only real question here.

INT. MAXIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

New York office, cool design, black couch, and MAXIE DEAN, a 55-year-old, super tan, white-haired wheeler dealer. Sign says: CHAIRMAN of BOTCO INDUSTRIES. Maxie looks rich and he looks cool as he talks to Charles. Behind him, Sarah, his rich-looking blonde wife, is looking at herself in a mirror.

MAXIE

Well, Charles -- no one has made me money like you. Until your nerves went, you were a demon. It is just that... Winter River, Connecticut is, you'll forgive me, no fucking where. Why would I invest that kind of money to buy an old building way the hell up there?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

CHARLES

Not a building! That's the beauty of it. I think I can buy the whole town. These people don't know the value of their property!

MAXIE

Then we own a whole town full of nowhere.

CHARLES

No, No -- C'mon, Max, you know me. I've got plans. You gotta come up here and see, then I'll tell you about it.

Maxie isn't much interested.

MAXIE

Well, sure, Charles, but I am busy here... you know how it was when you were active.

This burns Charles. But he swallows it. He hears something in the corridor outside -- a kind of LOW MOANING.

CHARLES

(into telephone)  
Just a minute, Maxie. Somebody.

# TB

MAXIE

No listen... we'll talk about this visiting later, I gotta go, I gotta meeting on the Japanese joint venture.

CHARLES

(torn between the  
MOANING and Maxie)

Great idea, Maxie! Those Japanese could run it for us. Listen, think right about it, will you? We've almost got the house ready, you bring Sarah with you and I'll show you.

MAXIE

Yeah yeah, we'll think on it. Bye ya, Charles. You relax up there, ya hear?

Maxie hangs up. Shakes his head.

MAXIE

(continuing)

Putz! Inter River? My ass.

INT. CHARLES' STUDY - NIGHT

Charles hangs up frustrated. MOANING INCREASES. He goes to the door and flings it open.

A figure is right there in the doorway -- A ghost under a sheet. But a "designer" sheet. He wails away like a banshee. Eyeholes cut in sheets, Charles jumps, recovers.

CHARLES

Oh, Jesus, Lydia! Is Connecticut so boring that you have to think up shit like this?

ON Barbara, she stands back away from the door observing skeptically.

CHARLES

(continuing)

I had Maxie Dean on the phone! Darling, Dad's found a way to make some money here while I relax, so scram!

He slams the door, turns around. Then turns around again, and jerks the door open. The ghost is retreating, beaten.

CHARLES

# TB

(continuing)

And your mother is going to kill you when she sees that you cut holes in her \$300 sheets. You provoke her you know. I mean she can be an unreasonable bitch. But you do provoke her.

He SLAMS the door again.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adam helps Barbara on with her sheet.

BARBARA

God, this is so corny. Have we been reduced to this? Sheets?

ADAM

Think of them as death shrouds. And the moaning is important. Really moan!

(imitating Juno)

Practice, practice, practice.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Television still going, Delia asleep with curlers. Adam and Barbara glide inside, go over and stand beside the bed.

ADAM

Deep breath... and...

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

She has her ever-present camera around her neck. Suddenly hears MOANS from her parents' room. Thinking it is sexual, she cringes. Covers her ears.

LYDIA

Gross! How can he stand that woman?

(louder)

Hey, cut it out! I'm a child! For God sakes!

The NOISE gets weirder. Lydia gets interested.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Barbara moan and groan. Delia doesn't stir.

BARBARA

# TB

I feel really stupid.

ADAM

It's not stupid. We're ghosts.  
Do you want this woman for  
breakfast for 125 years? Moan  
louder!

Barbara moans louder and more weirdly.

Delia stirs, sits up, but doesn't open her eyes.

Adam and Barbara are excited then... disappointed as  
Delia fumbles on the bedside table for the remote con-  
trol device, and without opening her eyes, turns off  
the television set. Then she turns over, and is lost  
to the world totally.

Barbara sighs. She and Adam walk toward the door.  
When they open it however, Lydia is standing there in  
her pajamas -- she snaps a FLASH Polaroid -- and Adam  
and Barbara jump backwards with yelps of fright.

LYDIA

Sick! Sexual perversion! If  
you're going to do weird sexual  
stuff you ought to stay in your  
bedroom, okay?

Lydia starts back into her room. Then looks at the  
developing photograph. Something catches her eye.

Lydia yelps with fear.

LYDIA

Holy cow! No feet!

She screams. Adam and Barbara scream. Lydia rushes  
back toward them, starts flashing pictures.

Adam and Barbara run around and are pushed into a  
corner. Polaroids fly everywhere.

Lydia runs out of film. She stares at them, panting  
with fear. A standoff.

LYDIA

(continuing)

A... Are you the guys who're  
hiding out in the attic?

ADAM

(fake terror voice)  
We're ghosts.

Barbara moans.

LYDIA

# TB

(skeptical, cautious)  
W... What do you look like under there?

Adam and Barbara pull shut bedroom door, go out into the hall -- as if to keep from waking Delia with their conversation.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

All three stare at each other tentatively.

ADAM  
Aren't you scared?

LYDIA  
I'm not scared of Ralph Lauren. Those are sheets. Are you gross under there? Are you "Night of the Living Dead" under there? Like all bloody veins and pus?

ADAM  
What?

LYDIA  
"Night of the Living Dead?" It's a movie.

BARBARA  
(pulling off the sheet)  
If I had seen a ghost at your age, I would have been frightened out of my wits.

LYDIA  
You're not gross. Why were you wearing a sheet?

BARBARA  
We're practicing.

ADAM  
You can actually see us? Without the sheets?

LYDIA  
Is this like a trick question?

BARBARA  
Tell the truth.

LYDIA  
(offended)  
Of course I can see you.

# TB

ADAM

Nobody else can.

LYDIA

I'm wearing contacts... Also I read through the "Handbook for the Recently Deceased." It says that live people ignore the strange and unusual... I, myself, am strange and unusual.

BARBARA

(tenderly)

You look like a regular girl to me.

Lydia blushes. Barbara smiles warmly. She is beginning to like Lydia.

ADAM

You read our book? Could you follow it?

Lydia nods her head.

LYDIA

Why are you creeping around Delia's bedroom?

ADAM

We were trying to scare your mother.

LYDIA

Stepmother. I'm very sensitive about being related to reptiles.

Barbara smiles.

LYDIA

(continuing)

You can't scare her. She's sleeping with Prince Valium tonight.

(defiantly)

I stole the key to your attic, you know.

Adam and Barbara look at each other.

BARBARA

Maybe we better talk.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Adam's rigged up the moon, and stars, too. Adam and Barbara and Lydia stand just beyond the fringes of the town, dimly lighted giants.

# TB

LYDIA

You did this? You carved all these little figures and houses and things?

ADAM

(pleased)

I certainly did. I'd finish it too, but... I don't get out much.

LYDIA

And this used to be your house, I bet. Why do you want to scare everybody?

ADAM

We want to frighten you away.  
(a little embarrassed)  
So that you'll move out.

LYDIA

You don't know the Deetz's very well, do you? My father bought this place. He never walks away from equity. Why don't you leave?

BARBARA

We can't. We haven't left the house since the funeral.

LYDIA

Funeral. God, you guys really are dead!

(fascinated)

What was it like? The funeral. Did you cry?

ADAM

We weren't there. The handbook says funerals aren't for the dead.

LYDIA

God, if this is true this is amazing! I kinda like it up here. Can I visit you sometimes?

ADAM

Well, I don't know... We don't get many visitors.

BARBARA

You know you're really a pretty girl.

Lydia flushes.

CHARLES (O.S.)



# TB

Lydia!

LYDIA

I better go...

BARBARA

Wait... I don't think it would be a very good idea if you told your parents that we're up here.

ADAM

Unless you think it would scare them off.

Lydia starts to exit.

ADAM

(continuing)

You tell them that we are desperate horrible ghoulish creatures who will stop at nothing to get back our house.

LYDIA

(looks him up  
and down)

Wait a minute, what if this is a dream? Can you do any tricks to prove I'm not dreaming?

Barbara shakes her head, a little ashamed.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Well, if you are real ghosts, you better get another routine, those sheets suck!

She sneaks a smile at Barbara and exits.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A big ugly machine is doing something unnecessary to the yard.

INT. DARKROOM/BASEMENT - DAY

The FAST-TICKING CLOCK is a timer. Lydia is making Polaroid enlargements. She's quick and expert at this. She's examining a print with a magnifying glass.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

Delia shrieks. Going through the dirty clothes, she's just come across the sheets with the eye holes in them.

# TB

DELIA

Lydia! Lydia! My hands are shredded from doing the laundry, and now I have to deal with your vandalism!

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lydia, pounding up from the basement with the wet print, collides with Delia, rushing down from the second floor with the scissored sheets.

DELIA

Lydia, honest to God I'm going to kill you. I'm having a party tonight. I'm cooking, I can't get servants. Do I need angst? No, I certainly do not!

Lydia speeds by her.

DELIA

(continuing)

You owe me three-hundred bucks, Lydia! Don't go running to your father, you worm.

INT. CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

Lydia rushes in. Charles is working furiously on a word processor, amidst an array of maps and plans.

LYDIA

Dad. Do you believe me?

CHARLES

Yes. Except when you creep around in your mother's --

LYDIA

Stepmother's...

CHARLES

... sheets.

LYDIA

Well this is... I mean, this is the weirdest --

CHARLES

Lydia, I don't know what it is with you and these practical jokes, but --

LYDIA

# TB

This is not a joke! That sheet  
was full of ghosts.

She hands him the photo. He looks. Lydia points  
out...

LYDIA  
(continuing)  
No feet.

Charles laughs.

LYDIA  
(continuing)  
You don't believe me. That sheet  
was full of ghosts. They live  
here.

Charles begins to scroll through computer program.

CHARLES  
(dismissing it)  
Very clever, Lydia. Now would you  
please -- I'll tell you what... I  
know! You're bored, right? You  
take that camera and your bike  
and photograph every building in  
town. Don't tell anyone what it's  
for...  
(handing her a  
wad of bills)  
Here, take some cash and go do  
it. How's that? You want to  
stretch, don't you?

Lydia exits, with determination. Charles looks up on  
the wall and runs his finger over a plat map of Winter  
River, just like Adam's in the attic.

CHARLES  
(continuing)  
Look at the size of these lots...

Adam peers at the map, puzzled.

ADAM  
What is this guy doing?

Barbara follows Lydia out. Adam thinks, intrigued.  
Exits.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Delia is frantically preparing for the evening's dinner  
party. Lydia is very much in her way, trying to show  
her the photographs. Delia isn't looking at them.

# TB

DELIA

I can't believe you are doing this to me! Ghosts. I am giving a dinner party for seven people tonight. Otho has agreed to come back for the demolition of the attic. My agent, Bernard, is bringing some woman who writes for "Art in America." In fact, no one here tonight has not been in "Vanity Fair." Except you.

LYDIA

(resigned)

I told them you were too mean to be afraid.

DELIA

Don't you dare talk to others about me. I'm an artist! The only thing that scares me is being embarrassed in front of my friends. Do you know how hard it is to get civilized people to set foot in this part of Connecticut? Not a solitary word of this pubescent tripe to anyone.

Lydia exits angrily.

CAMERA HINGES. Barbara is watching, horrified at Delia's occupation of her (Barbara's) kitchen. Adam appears.

BARBARA

Lydia's trying, but they don't believe her.

ADAM

She's got photos, Barbara.

BARBARA

Adam, you had a photo of Big Foot!

ADAM

This is different. Eventually she'll take someone to the attic. And then what? We've got to try to contact this guy Betelmyer. We gotta get some help, hon.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - LATER - DAY

Adam looks intently through the book.

Barbara's eye is caught by something in the model cemetery. She moves over and sees a small gravestone

# TB

lit up by neon.

BARBARA

Adam!

Adam comes over. Looks.

ADAM

I didn't do that one... Hmmm.

BARBARA

It's him. Look... Betelgeuse...  
Betelgeuse...

She looks at Adam, "should I?" Adam chews his lip thoughtfully.

ADAM

Go ahead... third time's a charm.

BARBARA

(after a deep breath)  
Betelgeuse!

ZAP! They are transported into the model graveyard.

EXT. INSIDE THE MODEL GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

WIND BLOWS -- With shovels and lanterns, Adam and Barbara are unlikely gravediggers. The mechanized clouds move in the sky across the mechanical moon, throwing weird shadows everywhere. Ground fog creeps slowly along the graves. It is so eerie.

BARBARA

What happened?

ADAM

Three times. Powerful number.

BARBARA

(standing in front  
of grave)  
Bet... el... geuse. What an  
awful name. I thought it was like  
-- you know. The juice of  
beetles.

Adam cringes too.

BARBARA

(continuing)  
Where is he? What do we do?

Adam looks down at the grave. Knocks on the stone.  
Nothing.

# TB

ADAM

Has anything been simple so far?  
From the look of the shovel, we  
dig.

BARBARA

Oh, Adam. I don't have gloves.  
My nails keep getting longer.  
I'll break them.

Hands her a shovel anyway. She digs.

EXT. INSIDE THE MODEL GRAVEYARD - LATER - NIGHT

They're almost down six feet. By now they are both  
almost out of sight in the grave. Inside the grave --  
Adam suddenly hits wood.

BARBARA

It's about time.

They lean down and brush dirt off a brass plate on the  
coffin.

"BETELGEUSE"

ADAM

I guess we open it.

BARBARA

Maybe we should knock first?

A slight TREMOR shakes them. They look at each other  
and try to scramble from the grave.

TOPSIDE

They just barely crawl out when a mouldering corpse  
springs out of the grave and jumps on Barbara's back,  
and plants a thousand-year-old kiss on her lips. She  
screams and burbles. Adam pulls the corpse off her  
back. The corpse does a Three Stooges hammer on Adam's  
head.

Adam staggers backward, unhurt but shocked. All three  
stop.

ON THE CORPSE

Something unreal about him, almost mechanical. Then  
the corpse, grinning insanely at them, flies straight  
up into the air over their heads. He CRASHES against  
the tombstone...

And Adam and Barbara see the corpse is only a huge

# TB

marionette on a string and pole. A LAUGH comes from behind the gravestone.

PUPPETEER BETELGEUSE

steps out. He looks like someone who just crawled out from under a rock. This is one slippery customer. Betelgeuse speaks in a rapid polyglot, choosing words and phrases from every slang in the world. Barbara is mighty uneasy.

BETELGEUSE

All right. Who are you?

BARBARA

We're...

BETELGEUSE

You're the dead.

ADAM

Aren't you dead?

BETELGEUSE

Hell no! I'm rolling. I'm a businessman. I'm the man what am. Beeetel Jooose! Who do I gotta kill?

ADAM

You don't kill anyone.

BARBARA

Just get some people out of our house.

BETELGEUSE

Bio busting. I love it. Who do I gotta kill? Family -- right? Obnoxious, I bet.  
(contorting face)  
Mommie, daddy, piglets.

BARBARA

Just one daughter.

BETELGEUSE

Hey you've been on Saturn!  
(brushing yellow dust  
off her)

I hate those Sandworms! Yecchhh!  
I've lost a lot of buddies to Sandworms.

(back to work)

So a daughter? She got good legs?  
God I love a young leg.

# TB

Air blows up Barbara's dress, exposing her legs. He leers.

BARBARA  
She's only fourteen...

ADAM  
... acts like she's thirty-five.

BETELGEUSE  
(rubbing hands)  
How does she feel about short old men with dirty ears?

Barbara is grossed out and increasingly uneasy. Beetle Juice senses it and gets back to business.

BETELGEUSE  
So you, the dead, want me, the undead, to throw the live guys -- Mommie, Daddy and Lolita, who might not mind a tumble with an older guy, out into the cold? Even though they have paid hard casharoonie for your dump?

ADAM  
But... the Deetzes are destroying our house.

BETELGEUSE  
(scolding sarcasm)  
You Maitlands are the backbone of the afterlife. So what's my cut?

ADAM  
Can you scare them off?

Beetle Juice looks offended.

BETELGEUSE  
Me, scary? You be the judge.

ANGLE

He swirls his face and shoulders into a horrifying image. Pleased, he laughs at himself.

BARBARA  
(decisively)  
Honey. Let's go.

ADAM  
Go? What d'ya mean? We need help.

BARBARA



# TB

No, we don't. We can work something out ourselves. We just have to try harder.

BETELGEUSE

Hold on. Let's not be squeamish, missy. You rang my bell, you gotta lick the pump. I'm rolling!

BARBARA

grabs Adam. Betelgeuse is getting mad. Not pretty.

BETELGEUSE

Folks, be reasonable here. I'm at your service. You be the judge. I'm a harmless guy. Try me.

BARBARA

Home. Home. Home!

ZAP

They are gone. Betelgeuse is furious.

BETELGEUSE

You fresh corpse creeps! Who do you think you are?... Walking away from a professional?

BETELGEUSE

walks to a tree and kicks it hard. The whole huge tree falls, KABLOOM!

INT. ATTIC - DAY

A small tree falls in the model. Adam, across the room, walks over and straightens it.

He looks at Barbara who is poring over the handbook. Making notes. Counting out procedures.

ADAM

Honey, I think that was a mistake.

BARBARA

I am not going to expose that little girl to that... pervert down there.

ADAM

How'd you do that?

# TB

BARBARA

(proud of herself)

Just a hunch... remember things  
come in threes -- three times in,  
three times out... I'm getting the  
hang of this stuff.

ADAM

I think we really pissed him off.

BARBARA

I don't care...

ADAM

But we let him out.

BARBARA

I've changed my mind... I feel  
really confident. We're getting  
better at this stuff. We can  
scare them off ourselves --  
tonight! I've got an idea.  
You're going to love it... I'm  
going to hate it.

ADAM

turns to look down at the model again. Straightens the  
tree. Turns away. We can see a tiny light moving  
through the tiny model forest towards the house.

ADAM (V.O.)

Okay. But that Betelgeuse sure  
seemed mad.

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

(singing)

Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work I  
go!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner for seven, as promised. Everything looks very  
nice. Deetzes are in control and in their element.  
The element is neurotic-chic.

Some of the guests are affecting distaste for having  
had to make the long drive to Connecticut. There's a  
bitchy feud going on between GRACE, the "Art In Amer-  
ica" writer, and BERNARD, Delia's agent, that threatens  
to become a full-scale war.

Otho is drunkish and engaged in his third favorite  
occupation -- direct attacks on the personal weaknesses  
of his friends. He's singled out his victim, BERYL,  
the editor for Ballantine, a frail-looking woman who is

# TB

dressed "artistically."

OTHO

(to Beryl)

Well, darling, you can only have a hysterectomy once, so why don't you tell us what you really went into the hospital for last week? Or dare I ask, is that a nose "nouveau?"

CHARLES

(privately; to  
Otho)

Otho, you've got to help me get Maxie Dean up here. I have a deal that could make all of us very comfortable.

OTHO

He's a cloven-hooved beast!

CHARLES

He's your cousin.

OTHO

I am ashamed to say he is. Look, nothing short of giving away free sacks of money would get him up here, Charles. And Sarah? Forget it. You can't get her out of Bergdorf's with plastic explosives.

(still on Beryl's  
case)

I just hope it wasn't yet another of your dreary suicide attempts. You know what they say about people who commit suicide. In the afterlife, they become civil servants.

BERNARD

Otho! I didn't know you were into the supernatural?

OTHO

Of course you remember! After my stint with the living theatre. I was one of New York City's leading paranormal researchers until the bottom dropped out of the business in '72.

BERYL

(sick to death of  
this blowhard)

Paranormal... Is that what they're calling your kind now?

Lydia watches Otho thoughtfully. Suddenly very cur-

# TB

ious.

Delia senses that Lydia might talk ghosts here.

DELIA  
(a threat; quietly  
to Lydia)  
Don't you dare.

LYDIA  
I saw some ghosts.

All quiet.

DELIA  
(interrupting)  
Lydia tried to play a most  
amusing joke on me this afternoon.

LYDIA  
It wasn't a joke.

DELIA  
Tried to convince me that this  
house is haunted. Kids. Kids.  
Kids! I love them.

Otho's glance sharpens at this. Everyone else listens.

GRACE  
By ghosts?

LYDIA  
By what else?

DELIA  
(laughing it away)  
In sheets yet. Designer sheets.  
They --

Charles, seeing things aren't going well for Delia,  
proposes a toast.

CHARLES  
I propose a toast to our intrepid  
friends. Who braved the  
expressway and fourteen toll  
booths to visit us. May your  
buildings go condo.

All lift their wineglasses. All drink. All synchronously spit out their wine. All together now...

EVERYONE  
Yechhh!

Charles lifts the wine bottle from the cooler. Disgust spans the room.

# TB

ON bottle -- it bears the familiar spread wings of Thunderbird!

BERYL

Thunderbird wine? My God, Delia, don't you even have a Safeway up here?

DELIA

(horrified; but recovering)

Joke Joke! Charles get the good wine and I'll serve the shrimp. It's a joke.

Delia stares a spike through Lydia. Delia and Charles rush into the kitchen. Otho looks at his glass and peers at Lydia.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Delia rushes to get the sushi. Charles finds some good wine.

DELIA

(rapidly; furious)

Lydia switched wines. Charles -- if you do not agree right now, to boarding school, you can forget having what you call sex -- ever again in your natural lifetime.

He nods reluctantly. She rushes back to guests.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia is looking around curiously. Delia and Charles rush back in with sushi and good wine. Delia pours for Bernard, the obvious connoisseur. He tastes the wine. All wait. Is it Kerosene du Pape? He smiles. All smile.

Otho is more interested in Lydia's story. He leans toward her...

OTHO

Now, Lydia... Favor us about your ghosts.

DELIA

No! Do not encourage this little... person.

OTHO

Oh, Delia, lighten up!

# TB

DELIA

She's been without therapy up here  
and I will not allow her to  
ruin...

But then:

DELIA

Something comes over her -- she straightens, then  
crouches a little, her hand sweeps across in front of  
her, almost mechanically. And then our Delia Deetz,  
unable to help herself, leaves the whitebread world  
behind and possessed, sings in someone else's voice, a  
rich, NEGRO TENOR.

DELIA

"If I didn't care, More than  
words could say."

Lydia's eyes widen. MUSIC UP. All the guests are  
spellbound.

Charles, too, has the beat -- The Ink Spots in his eyes.  
In a voice not his own.

CHARLES

"If my every prayer, did not  
begin and end with just your  
name."

Delia is shocked. She looks at Lydia.

DELIA

For God's sake, stop me...

She is cut short by her powerful inspiration.

DELIA

"I could not be true to you  
beyond compare."

ALL THE GUESTS

except Lydia, are possessed to become the chorus. They  
stand by their chairs, they spin in perfect Motown  
choreography.

EVERYONE

(except Lydia)

"Shoo doo wop. Shoo doo wop."

DELIA

"If I didn't care... for you..."

# TB

EVERYONE

"Shoo doo wop. Shoo doo wop."

A look of sheer delight comes across Lydia's face, unlike anything we have previously seen. She dances and claps her hands in time with the music. She is in teen heaven.

NOTE: Delia and the guests are fully aware of their singing/actions, but helpless to stop themselves. While it is funny, it is nevertheless just a little frightening.

Lydia excitedly looks around the room to see if she can see the ghosts. She can't.

Now the song pauses... Everyone tries to recover for a shocked second. Instead, the tempo changes.

As the tempo quickens, the guest/chorus is syncopated like alternating pistons as they are pushed and pulled into their chairs. They sing throughout.

THE SONG

crashes to its end. Bernard looks down at his shrimp cocktail. The shrimp draped over the rice roll suddenly rears up like a hand and, making a tiny fist, grabs his dangling tie and... smash --

WIDER -- All the guests are punched by the shrimp, back over their chairs to the ground. They are stunned. Suddenly everyone runs frightened into the next room.

EXT./INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Barbara with huge smiles on their faces, dance the bugaloo then hug and kiss on the landing in front of the attic. Door is open.

TOGETHER

We did it!

ADAM

Let's watch 'em scatter.

They enter the attic and run to the window. Look out over the front yard.

YARD OF HOUSE - THEIR POV - NIGHT

filled with the cars of the guests, as well as Delia and Charles' vehicles.

ADAM (O.S.)

# TB

Any minute now. They'll all run screaming.

BACK TO SCENE

They wait. Nothing moving outside.

BARBARA

Your Ink Spots were wonderful!

Adam smiles proudly.

ADAM

And your shrimp was remarkable.

BARBARA

My shrimp? I did the wine.  
Didn't you do the sushi?

ADAM

N... No, I just did the Ink Spots.

BARBARA (V.O.)

Who did the?

Timid KNOCK at the door of the attic.

Barbara glances at Adam. They don't know what to do.

LYDIA

(from outside the  
door)

It's me. Lydia.

Adam, puzzled, goes to the door and opens it. Lydia is standing there, sheepish.

LYDIA

(continuing)

They'd like for you to come  
downstairs. Delia says you can  
pick any sheets you want.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guests are sitting expectantly. The photographs are being passed around. The wheels are turning in Charles' mind -- he sees a gold mine. Everyone speaks at once.

DELIA

It does indicate a marvelously  
urbane sense of humor on the part  
of these ghosts -- that they  
actually appear in sheets!



# TB

OTHO

We're dealing with Tracy and Hepburn here, a very sophisticated pair. We must protect them, treat them with respect. Nurture them.

CHARLES

People will pay big money for this. Right, Grace?

GRACE

(nodding)

Charles, I want to know why you didn't tell me about this --

DELIA

(now changing her tune)

We were waiting for proof. Lydia's photographs...

Charles is scheming.

BERNARD

(skeptical)

What are you all talking about? We... we just got a little drunk, that's all.

OTHO

No matter how drunk you get, you cannot sound like the Ink Spots.  
(to Charles)

Charles, this is it! You can get Maxie Dean up here now.

Charles plots and plans.

OTHO

His wife Sarah loves the supernatural. I did a reading for her just last week. Told her her jowls would tighten soon. I mean she will make him sprint up here in his helicopter if you can produce ghosts for her.

BERYL

The "Enquirer" has offered fifty thousand dollars for absolute proof of life after death. I'll send them over.

BERNARD

I'm Delia's agent! I've lost money for years on her work. If anything actually happened here, I'll handle it, thank you. But

# TB

not until I see some real proof.

Lydia appears at the base of the stairs. Everyone stops squabbling, looks at her expectantly.

LYDIA

They don't want to come down.

OTHO

Why not?

Bernard shakes his head as if all this were an elaborate hoax. He harumphs!

LYDIA

I think the reason is they were trying to scare you, and you didn't get scared --

DELIA

Of course we weren't scared.  
(looking around)  
Just a little startled. One of those shrimp dropped down my Kamali.

Bernard is now convinced this whole business was a put-on.

BERNARD

(shaking his head)  
Total collective hallucination.

BERYL

I was a little tipsie.

DELIA

This was not a hallucination, people. This was real, really totally real.

GRACE

Of course, they were rather spectacular effects -- for Connecticut, I mean.

OTHO

All presences have a home space. A place where they live, so to speak. Where do they hide out?

LYDIA

(reluctantly)  
The attic.

CHARLES

The attic room is locked --

# TB

LYDIA

They're ghosts. They do what they want.

OTHO

Fabulous! Otho Fenlock's "Locked Door" ghosts! Probably committed suicide up there -- hanging like beeves from the rafters. I'm totally enchanted.

Bernard gathers Grace and Beryl and walks out the door.

BERNARD

Delia, you are a flake. You have always been a flake. I'm packing up and going back to the tricks of the city. That I can manage. If you must frighten people, do it with your sculpture.

They exit. Delia is horrified and embarrassed.

DELIA

Wait! I'm going to get to the bottom of this! Lydia, is this some high-tech trick of yours? I want you to take us up there tout sweet!

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE OF ATTIC

Delia, Charles, Otho and Lydia -- creep, creep.

DELIA

(whispering)

Shhh. They're in there? God, they live like animals. This is where they've been hiding out?

Lydia nods. Delia suddenly, brashly pounds on the door.

DELIA

(shouting)

All right, you dead people! Come on out, or we'll break down this door and drag you out on the ropes you hanged yourself with!

LYDIA

Shhhh. They didn't commit suicide.

DELIA

It doesn't matter.  
What matters is I've got a roomful

# TB

of guests down there, who think  
I'm a fraud.

(to Lydia)

I am going to teach you something  
here Lydia. You've got to take  
the right tone in things like  
this, or people -- whether they're  
dead or alive -- people will walk  
all over you.

(loud)

Come on out, or I will make death  
so miserable that you will wish  
you had never lived!

Delia pounds on door, which opens with an eerie CREAK.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia is pushed in first. She looks around. Delia,  
Charles and Otho come in next, carefully. One by one  
they straighten up and look around.

DELIA

(whisper)

So where are they, Lydia?

Lydia shrugs, looks around.

CHARLES

(off-handedly)

Answer your mother.

LYDIA

Listen, you guys. These ghosts  
are really nice people. I think  
we scared them off. Let's just  
leave them alone. Okay?

Charles is suddenly transfixed. He stares at the  
model.

CHARLES

It's the whole damn town.

They gather around. Lydia is a little sad as she looks  
at the empty room and the model.

OTHO

Look at that detail!

DELIA

Look at the tiny figures.

CHARLES

Look at all that parking!

LYDIA

# TB

Come on. Leave their stuff alone.

OTHO

They're not here, Lydia?

She shakes her head. Otho spots the handbook. Palms it.

DELIA

I have never been so embarrassed... They haven't gone for good, have they?

Delia is suddenly out the door, urging them all outside.

DELIA

(continuing)

Everyone out of there. If they're in there somewhere, I don't want to scare them away. Come on now, stay out of there. We've got work to do.

Otho pockets the handbook secretly as everyone exits. Delia carefully closes the door.

CAMERA EASES OVER TO THE WINDOW

We see two pairs of hands, white-knuckled, gripping the window sill from the outside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Barbara and Adam are hanging outside the window. CAMERA EASES BACK to see that instead of hanging from the house --

They are hanging from a ledge over The Inferno --

ON INFERNO

circles of rosy hell. Several devilish Monsters slaver up at them, hoping for new meat for the furnace. Small geysers spurt foul gasses.

WINDS

BLOW hard on Adam and Barbara. They struggle to hold on and pull themselves back up and into the window.

ADAM

Juno, help! Juno!

After nearly falling, Adam barely saves Barbara and

# TB

they finally make it up, and disappear into the window.

INT. ATTIC LANDING - NIGHT

Delia, Charles and Otho all start down the stairs, one by one. All are holding the handrail.

DELIA

Lydia, I will never forgive you for embarrassing me in front of my social inferiors. You help us with these ghosts or you'll be sorry.

LYDIA

I'm sorry already.

CHARLES

(fixing on Otho)

Now, let's get back to business. I want to get Maxie Dean and Sarah up here immediately. I can make history here! I'm going to turn this sleepy little backward town into a leading supernatural research center... and amusement park.

LYDIA

(disgusted)

I cannot believe this.

CHARLES

Delia will cook...

Delia glares at him.

CHARLES

(continuing)

I'll bring the wine... and the business plan. And Lydia -- you'll bring the ghosts.

LYDIA

(frustrated)

I can't bring the ghosts. They're not here!

CHARLES

... Otho, could you actually... do something with them?

OTHO

(pats the handbook under his coat)

Perhaps... if I were properly motivated...

# TB

LYDIA

That's slavery and murder. You don't know them. They're nice people!

POV -- down the handrail, as they walk downstairs. Lydia lags behind, sullen.

LOWER END OF THE HANDRAIL

lifts, and turns. The handrail has become a long, fat, diamond-backed snake -- unlike any we have ever seen. It flashes terrifying steel teeth and a red-feathered comb. It turns and HISSES at them.

ON DELIA

She screams as she looks down at her hand on the rail -- it grips the scaly, throbbing, dripping body of the snake.

THE SNAKE

just gets longer and nastier as it turns back in the air, up the stairs toward them. Its tail circles Delia and spins her like a top. When she stops -- the snake gives her a big wet snake kiss.

SNAKE

snaps Otho in the behind. It hurts.

THE SNAKE

rears up and spreads a red-comb and HISSES loudly.

ALL THREE

of them fall over each other trying to escape.

THE SNAKE

hovers horribly over them. Grabs Charles in its coils and squeezes him hard -- his fearful face reddens, then it suspends Charles over the edge of the stairs.

SNAKE

We've come for your daughter,  
Chuck!

# TB

HE

leers at Lydia and drops Charles like a rock over the bannister. Charles screams.

THE SNAKE

Grins at a terrified Lydia.

SNAKE

rears back for a strike, when suddenly, like thunder. One word is heard.

BARBARA

Betelgeuse! Betelgeuse!  
Betelgeuse!

THE SNAKE

looks up with familiar eyes. At top of stairs stands an angry Barbara.

What happens next is almost too fast for the eye to see.

THE SNAKE

shrinks and turns back into the regular mahogany hand-rail.

BETELGEUSE

or his outline, whips up the stairs, through the door, and is gone like a rocket.

BETELGEUSE

RRRatt shit!

OTHO AND DELIA

rush downstairs -- Lydia is terrified. She runs away.

LYDIA

I hate you! I thought you were my friends.

BARBARA

No, wait!

Lydia screams and runs down the stairs.



# TB

LYDIA

(screams)

I hate all of you!

Slowly, Barbara returns to the attic.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Adam and Barbara are exhausted. Agitated.

ADAM

Great choice we've got here. We get to spend the next century either hanging out that window or doing parlor tricks.

Adam is working with the model town. Barbara is pacing.

ADAM

Maybe they'll leave now. That snake was a pretty nasty customer.

BARBARA

He might have hurt somebody.

ADAM

But he didn't. We've got him where we want him.

ON THE MODEL

A column of water shoots high in the air.

Adam rushes over to the model -- looks down.

INT. MODEL - DAY

Betelgeuse has run a beat-up old pickup into a fire hydrant. He stands nearby, hopping mad; shakes his fist at Adam.

BETELGEUSE

You pansy-assed cretins! How dare you do that to me. I coulda finished the job!

IN THE ATTIC

Barbara and Adam, obviously disturbed, look at one another with concern.

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

# TB

(thin and piping voice)  
Why did you stop me?

BARBARA  
I don't like Charles Deetz particularly, but you could have killed him.

BETELGEUSE  
Hey, I've been bottled up for six hundred years. Every dog has his day. This is my town. I need a night to howl.

ADAM  
This is my town.

BETELGEUSE  
You wish! I nearly scored with that little blonde. I need me a short little queen.

ANGLE

Angry, Barbara reaches down into the model and plucks Betelgeuse up.

Barbara lifts him up toward her, squeezing him slightly.

BARBARA  
You leave her alone, you horrid little prick!

CLOSEUP - BETELGEUSE IN BARBARA'S HAND

Betelgeuse grins. Suddenly large spikes shoot out all over his body, piercing the skin of Barbara's palm and fingers. Barbara's blood is a rich pink.

She squeals and releases the evil spirit and he plummets.

EXT. MODEL - DAY

Betelgeuse lands on the town common. Betelgeuse is defiant.

BETELGEUSE  
Go ahead. Make my millenium!

ANGLE

# TB

We hear the tinny strains of "Honky Tonk Angel" as if from down the street. He turns around to follow it.

BETELGEUSE

This burg got a cathouse? I'm getting anxious if you know what I mean. Six hundred years and all.

He turns the corner to a whorehouse, with women -- women with demon horns -- hanging out of the window, beckoning. Betelgeuse rubs his hands together and swaggers inside.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara aghast, watching this from above.

BARBARA

Adam! Why did you build a whore house? Have you ever been to...?

ADAM

I didn't --

ANGLE

He doesn't finish -- a strong WIND blows through the attic, nearly knocking Barbara and Adam over. They close their eyes against the gale.

When they open their eyes again, they're no longer in the attic. They're in --

INT. JUNO'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A cubicle in a much larger office. Miss Argentina swishes by.

RECEPTIONIST

God, you have got her steaming now.

She exits. There are other special workers. The place is really, really busy. Adam and Barbara sit down to wait. Juno storms through with a sheaf of papers. She sees them. She is steaming mad.

JUNO

The whorehouse was my idea. I want Betelgeuse out of the picture! We've got some serious talking to do.

BARBARA

About what?

# TB

JUNO

You people have really screwed up! I received word that you allowed yourselves to be photographed. And you let Betelgeuse out and didn't put him back, and you let Otho get ahold of the handbook.

ADAM

Handbook? When...?

JUNO

(continuing tirade)

Never trust the living! We cannot have a routine haunting like yours provide incontrovertible visual proof of existence beyond death.

ADAM

Well, we didn't know --

A BUNCH OF FOOTBALL PLAYERS

follow Juno like hungry dogs.

DUMB #1

Hey, Coach, where's the men's room?

JUNO

(frustrated)

I'm not your coach. He survived.

DUMB #2

You don't need a men's room. You're not no man no more. But Coach, let me get this -- What's our curfew over here?

They start squabbling. Juno has to wrangle them into another room.

JUNO

(frustrated)

I'll be right back.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Charles sits at the table with a small bandage on his head. Delia takes off her Gucci belt and whips it on a chair absent-mindedly.

DELIA

I feel like we've been at war,

# TB

Charles.

CHARLES

At least insofar as we have our first casualty. Me.

DELIA

Otho'll know what to do.

CHARLES

What's he going to do? Viciously rearrange their environment?

DELIA

Otho knows just as much about the supernatural as he knows about interior design.

CHARLES

Let's hope he knows how to produce those damn ghosts for Max and Sarah... Because I've bought options on property all over town. I need Max's financing...

DELIA

Just don't tell Lydia.

CHARLES

Why not?

DELIA

I think she's in with them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LYDIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's dark. The bedroom curtains have been closed. DRAMATIC OPERA MUSIC builds throughout.

Lydia melodramatically dressed in a long black dress appears carrying a candle. She is softly crying.

She sits at her dressing table, the candlelight shows her writing paper. She begins a very dramatic letter.

LYDIA

I am alone.

She looks at it and crumpling the paper, starts again.

LYDIA

(continuing)

I am utterly... alone. You have sealed my fate with your betrayal. I can no longer stand to be used

# TB

like a puppet between two  
deceitful worlds. By the time you  
read this, I will be gone, having  
jumped off...

She scratches that out.

LYDIA

(continuing)

... having plummeted off the  
Winter River Bridge. Then you  
will know that I am no longer a  
toy in your petty feuds. Goodbye,  
Lydia.

A tear falls on the paper as she folds it and puts it  
in an envelope. OPERA MUSIC BUILDS AND CONTINUES.

INT. CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

Lydia slowly makes a copy of the suicide note. The  
green of the Xerox light falls eerily on her sad face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lydia at bottom of attic stairs.

LYDIA'S POV - STAIRS AND DOOR AT TOP

They look ominous. She starts upward.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Lydia peers in.

The room is empty. Lydia comes inside.

LYDIA

Are you here?

She hears SOMETHING. Looks all around the room.  
Nothing.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland? I've come  
for the last time?

(laying note on  
table)

Where are you? Barb...

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

They're dead.

# TB

Lydia looks around, then peers into model.

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

(continuing)

Think small. I'm talking to you.

EXT. MODEL TOWN - BUILDING ROOF - DAY

A tiny Betelgeuse on the roof of a building, wearing a silk dressing gown, looking like he just dragged himself out of bed. One of the horned whores is nude, sunbathing in the corner, and Betelgeuse drapes a blanket over her. Lydia's face looms enormous in the sky.

BETELGEUSE

Cookie, they are dead, dead, deadski.

LYDIA

Of course they're dead. They're ghosts.

BETELGEUSE

No, I mean they've gone. Decamped. Split. Vanished.

LYDIA

Where'd they go?

BETELGEUSE

The happy hunting ground. Who cares?

LYDIA

Are you a spirit too?

BETELGEUSE

Sort of. High spirit. Heh heh. Listen, cookie, I've been trapped in this burg for hundreds of years. All I want is to get out.

LYDIA

I want to get in.

BETELGEUSE

You do? Over here? On my side?

LYDIA

I think so.

BETELGEUSE

(scheming quickly)

Well, yes, of course. It's great over here. You'll meet all the greats. James Dean. Sid

# TB

Vicious...

LYDIA

Well, it can't be any worse than my life here.

BETELGEUSE

(sinister, encouraging her)

That's right. They treat you like scum, I bet?

LYDIA

Yeah.

BETELGEUSE

I can't help you from this side, but here's how we do it. So simple. Say my name three times. That's all. I'll be all yours. Then I'll bring you over here in style.

LYDIA

I... I don't know what your name is.

BETELGEUSE

Minor problem. The rules. I can't tell it to you. But.. do you know how to play charades?

LYDIA

Yes.

BETELGEUSE

Of course you do.

He holds up two fingers in a V.

LYDIA

Two words.

Betelgeuse holds up one finger.

LYDIA

(continuing)

First word.

Betelgeuse puts two fingers on his arm.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Three syllables.

BETELGEUSE

No, dummy. Two.

LYDIA



# TB

Your fingers are so small I can't see them. First word -- two syllables.

He points behind her.

LYDIA  
(continuing)  
I don't know what that signal means.

BETELGEUSE  
It means look behind you, bimbo.

ANGLE

Lydia looks behind her. A great beetle the size of a Volkswagen is crouching. Its feathery antennae reach out toward her menacingly. Lydia yelps.

LYDIA  
Beetle!

BETELGEUSE  
Good girrrrl!

POP! The beetle disappears. Betelgeuse holds up two fingers.

LYDIA  
(still shaken)  
Second word. Be careful.

ANGLE

Apprehensive, she jumps when a simple carton of orange juice materializes. Orange juice pours out into a ghostly glass.

LYDIA  
Breakfast? Orange?

The orange juice disappears. He shakes his head.

LYDIA  
Breakfast beetle? Beetle? Beetle fruit? Fruit bat? Fruit Battle? Volkswagen? Fruit wagon?

BETELGEUSE  
Good thing you are a beautiful kid. You are dumb!

Betelgeuse does the signal for "Now Put Them Together."

LYDIA

# TB

I am not! Beetle... Juice?

BETELGEUSE

(jumping with delight)

That's it!

LYDIA

Your name is Beetle Juice? Yecch!

That's as bad as Deeelia Deeetz.

BETELGEUSE

It's spelled different, but basically... Now you said it twice, just one more time. And I'll be free.

(sinister)

And then you'll be free.

Lydia, puzzled, gets the magnifying glass and peers at him.

ON HIS UGLY FACE BIG IN THE GLASS

Betelgeuse jumps in the air, his robe parts -- we don't see anything, but maybe Lydia does.

LYDIA

God, you're anatomically correct!

BETELGEUSE

Just say it.

LYDIA

(recognizing something about him)

You were the snake! Right? I know. It was you.

BETELGEUSE

You've got to say it!

LYDIA

No I don't. I don't take orders from Smurfs.

BETELGEUSE

How'd you like to be married to... the King...?

Lydia doesn't get it.

BETELGEUSE

(continuing)

... Elvis?...

(boasting)

You know, ever since he came over he and I have been just like this.

# TB

(crosses his fingers)  
I can arrange it. Just say my  
name one more time.

She thinks about that one. Shakes her head.

LYDIA  
No, No... I need to talk to  
Barbara.

Betelgeuse smiles.

BETELGEUSE  
Well, cookie, just say my name. I  
can get her.  
(rubbing his horny little  
hands together)  
That and so much more...

Lydia walks around thinking for a moment.

LYDIA  
Who else did you say is over  
there?

INT. JUNO'S OFFICE - DAY

Juno staring at them, hard.

JUNO  
Yes... or no? Do you want the  
Deetzes out or in?

ADAM  
Out.

BARBARA  
What about Betelgeuse?

JUNO  
Forget him. He'll remain with his  
whores until someone calls him.  
You need to worry about people like  
Otho. There are a lot of  
phony trance mediums. They  
usually can't make the formulas  
work, but if Otho stumbles on the  
right words in that handbook... he  
could hurt you. As in --  
exorcism.

They both look puzzled.

JUNO  
(continuing)  
In plain English -- that's death  
for the dead. I don't care what

# TB

it takes, just get them out of there now. It's not pretty, but -- that's death!

Adam stands to go.

JUNO  
(continuing)  
Wait a minute. Let's see what you're going to do...

They look at Juno.

JUNO  
(continuing)  
... to scare her. I want to make sure it's not some silly parlor trick.

Barbara looks at Adam.

ADAM  
I'll do the hard part, hon.

ADAM

reluctantly pulls on his face, and contorts it into a living, breathing, horror. Juno is even a little repulsed.

JUNO  
Not bad. Not bad. Now you? Go ahead.

ANGLE

She reluctantly does with her face a minor version of Adam's horror.

JUNO  
(continuing)  
Okay. You look great! Now go clean house. And don't forget the photographs and the damned handbook.

ANGLE

Barbara and Adam slowly stand and walk out the door. Barbara/Monster looks back pleadingly. Football players flood into Juno's office. One PARTICULARLY DUMB PLAYER has a revelation. (He's pretty grisly, maybe sat too close to the engine.)

PARTICULARLY DUMB PLAYER

# TB

Coach! Coach, I don't think we survived the crash!

Barbara and Adam look at each other and continue out the door.

OUTSIDE JUNO'S OFFICE

They enter a long dark hallway. They suddenly find themselves standing in front of Lydia's room. Adam/Monster looks at Barbara/Monster as he grabs the door-knob. She stops him. Tears fall down her sad ghostly face.

BARBARA

Adam. I can't do it. I like that little girl.

ADAM/MONSTER

It's too late. Sometimes things just work out this way. We have to, honey.

BARBARA/MONSTER

No we don't. We can rebel or something. We'll just stay up there in our room. I'll read, you can build on the model. Come on.

She rushes up the stairs, toward the attic. He follows her.

ADAM/MONSTER

Wait. We can't, honey. Our house...

She gets to the door. Grabs the handle.

BARBARA

I want to be with Lydia!

She throws open the door.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia is standing over the model, about to say Betelgeuse's name.

LYDIA

Okay. Beetle... J...

Barbara/Monster, horrified, screams!

BARBARA/MONSTER

! Lydia, stop!

# TB

Adam/Monster runs to grab her. Lydia is terrified.  
Screams.

ADAM/MONSTER

No, don't say it!

BETELGEUSE

Say it! Rat shit!

Betelgeuse slips off the roof into a patch of thorny bushes.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Lydia screams, Adam/Monster tries to calm her. Lydia struggles and, thinking she is being attacked, runs out the door. Smack into Barbara/Monster.

Barbara catches her, frightens Lydia even more. Barbara holds onto her as she struggles. Barbara/Monster slowly changes back into regular Barbara. Lydia sees who it is and she hugs her. Like mother and daughter.

ON ADAM - slowly returning to himself. He smiles slightly at the scene.

BETELGEUSE (O.S.)

You lily-livered bleeding hearts!

BARBARA

I'm so sorry we frightened you.  
What were you doing?

LYDIA

He... Beetle Jui...

Barbara quickly puts her hand over her mouth.

LYDIA

(continuing)

He said if I let him out he would take me over to the other side to find you.

BARBARA

No, Lydia, we're dead.

LYDIA

I want to be dead, too.

BARBARA

(shocked)

No you don't! No... Lydia... Why?

LYDIA

(after a pause,

# TB

dramatically  
but for real)  
Life is just... unliveable...

Barbara hugs her. She fumbles for words. This is an unusual situation, a dead person talking a live person out of killing herself. She rocks Lydia a little. Barbara looks at Adam.

BARBARA

Lydia, believe me... we know... all the hard stuff is the same over here. You're going to be who you are... whether you're alive or dead... and over here -- it's... It's flat... there's no food, no colors... you can't smell the flowers.

(thinking)

If we knew then what we know now... we'd have been more careful...

ADAM

(in the style of the  
dead receptionist)

... we wouldn't have had our little accident.

Lydia looks at Barbara lovingly.

BARBARA

So never let Beetlejuice out -- never. Besides...

(looking at Adam)

We're thinking about letting everyone stay... you and your father and mother can stay too.

LYDIA

(smiles and says  
slowly)

Step... mother.

ADAM/MONSTER

is not sure, huffs around a little. He is trying to change back into Adam, except for his nose, which remains like a beak for a minute. Finally, it changes too.

Lydia and Barbara laugh at him.

ANGLE

Without noticing Lydia, Otho and Charles push in

# TB

through the door and grab the model. They take it out the door.

Adam is beside himself. Doesn't know what to do.

Barbara stops him from taking action.

ADAM

What is going on?

LYDIA

Really. I don't know.

Adam looks suspiciously at her.

LYDIA

(continuing)

I really don't. I'll go find out.

She runs out the door.

BARBARA

Be careful.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lydia runs through the hallway and into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia walks into a presentation in progress. Sitting around the table are Otho, Maxie, and Delia. Sarah Dean is there, too. She looks around Lydia hoping for ghosts. Sarah is heavily made up, smells bad.

Lydia's photos of the sheeted ghosts are blown up and standing on a nearby easel. Charles, over the model with a pointer, is lost in mid-sentence.

CHARLES

-- In short, I've got options to buy enough of Main Street to control the city council for a hundred years. And at the prices I'm talking about, if it all fell apart tomorrow, we just move out and sell to the Arabs and we still come out... I've talked to Ed Cornwall about a wax museum, here... in Thanksgiving Park... Ed's the man who made the talking Jesse Jackson statue. And I've got a museum dedicated to 50 Great Moments in the Paranormal -- and parenthetically, D-Con wants



# TB

to the right to start an insect zoo  
here in the old hardware store.

(seeing Lydia)

Lydia, did you finally decide to  
join us?

They all give her an oily smile.

CHARLES

Honey, I am just finishing the first  
phase presentation about our little  
project here. Then we'll take a  
stretch and invite our friends... to meet  
your friends.

Sarah gets Maxie's attention and unable to contain her  
excitement, silently urges him to get on with the  
ghosts.

SARAH

Are they here yet?

MAXIE

Yes, Charles, let's cut the  
bullcorn. We're here to see  
ghosts. This whole ghost town  
museum and such like follows a  
train, if you've got the engine...  
so let's see your goddamned engine.

Everyone looks at Lydia.

LYDIA

They're... not here anymore.

CHARLES

(smiling apologetically)  
Nonsense, every time she says  
that, the paint peels, and some  
wild creature tries to kill us.

SARAH

(motioning)

We've got these pictures, Lydia.

LYDIA

No, really... they said they might  
come back and all of us could live  
in peace if you agreed not to  
tease them or make them do silly  
tricks.

Sarah is disappointed. She goes to Maxie. Delia takes  
over.

DELIA

She's become a little emotional  
about all this. No counseling up

# TB

here. But we aren't relying on her. No, we rely on professionals. We have... Otho.

The whole room turns to Otho. Who is scribbling something and mumbling.

CHARLES

Are they still here, Otho?

Otho looks up; he missed the question.

DELIA

Are they still here, Otho?

OTHO

Oh, they're still here. They're just not showing up.

CHARLES

They're probably guilty about what they did to me.

DELIA

Not these people! They are ruthless!

MAXIE

I don't care from guilt. I just want to see them.

CHARLES

Otho, can you do it?

OTHO

It's tricky, but I think I can handle it.

He dramatically produces the handbook.

LYDIA

No!

Lydia begins to think about this scene and she shifts to another point of view.

LYDIA

Wait a minute! What am I worried about? Otho, you can't even change a tire!

OTHO

(taking the challenge)  
I'll need something personal of theirs.

LYDIA

You'll have to go to the Goodwill.

# TB

Delia gets an idea.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The moon stares down icily through gray clouds. Wind up.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Barbara is looking out the window.

BARBARA

(wistful)

You know, I've been thinking. I could teach Lydia to sew.

ADAM

Little black party dresses?

BARBARA

(punching him playfully)

Ah, Adam, you don't know anything about little girls. She's just... missed out on some love, that's all...

ADAM

(huffy)

Let's see if she can get my model back.

BARBARA

You can build another one... with her.

Adam isn't convinced. Barbara motions him to sit next to her.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Come here, I want to talk to you.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Delia carefully brings out a big plastic bag. Lays something out on the dining room table.

DELIA

I'm deeply sentimental about... weddings.

Lydia stands to see: Delia carefully lays out Barbara's white wedding dress. Then next to it, Adam's wedding tux.

# TB

Lydia looks at it. A chill runs through her.

LYDIA  
(hushed realization)  
Their wedding clothes.

OTHO  
(dramatically)  
Their wedding clothes.

Otho then holds up the handbook.

SARAH  
The "words".

Otho nods.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia is nervous now. Otho lights a candle and Delia turns out the lights.

OTHO  
Hands vermillion / start of five  
bright cotillion / raven's dive  
nightshades promise / spirit's strive,  
to the living / let now the dead...  
come alive.

Nothing happens. Lydia nervously turns away.

LYDIA  
(sarcastically)  
Doo wah.

ANGLE

Then a SIZZLE, a TINY CRACKLE, along one side of the square.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Barbara with her arm on his shoulder, talks to Adam.

BARBARA  
We've been given a gift here,  
honey. A real live little girl.  
She likes us a lot. She needs  
us. Maybe that's why we died so  
young, to keep us from getting  
so... attached to things. The  
house, antiques, your model. Look  
at us. We didn't have room for  
anyone.

# TB

ADAM  
(after a long thought)  
What makes you think she likes me?

Barbara slowly smiles. He does too.

He turns to Barbara. CAMERA HINGES WITH him to see --

ON BARBARA

Her face is frightened. She cannot speak. She reaches out to him -- but is disappearing. He reaches for her but she is suddenly -- GONE.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Varicolored lightning bolts shoot from every corner of the square. A gasp from everyone but Lydia.

ON LYDIA -- she is looking away. She turns to see:

ON THE DRESS

Barbara's wedding dress floats over the table and fills slowly, painfully, with the arms, legs and finally the frightened face of Barbara. A lightning bolt flares.

Lydia rises slowly to her feet, unable to resist.

More lightning bolts.

OTHO  
As sudden thunder / Pierces the night;  
As magic wonder / Mad affright  
Rives asunder / Man's delight:  
Our ghost, our corpse and we  
Rise to be.

Lydia walks slowly toward Barbara.

ON BARBARA

She is in pain, she is very slowly aging. She speaks, but no words can be heard. Not even by Lydia. But we can see she is calling for... Adam.

LYDIA  
Stop it!

MAXIE  
Shhhh!

# TB

Lydia screams for Adam.

LYDIA

Adam. Adam.

OTHO

(louder)

As flies the lizard / Serpent fell;  
As goblin vizard, / At the spell  
Of pale wizard, / Sinks to hell;  
The buried, dead, and slain...  
Rise again.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

In a lightning flare we see: Adam searching for Barbara. He rushes out into the hallway.

ADAM

Barbara! Barbara? Ba...

His last plaintive call becomes mute as he too begins slowly to disappear.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

On each of the watchers one by one, scared but delighted too. No one is watching Lydia.

ON LYDIA -- tears well up in her eyes.

ON BARBARA

She is slowly aging. Now a bewildered Adam appears, floating in his wedding suit. Seeing his Barbara, now older than he is, Adam reaches for her hand...

ON HANDS -- as he grasps her hand, it seems to be made of white crepe; it wrinkles and nearly collapses.

Adam... puzzled, calls her name silently.

DELIA

What's happening to them?

OTHO

I don't know.

CHARLES

Are they suffering?

LYDIA

(screams)

They're dying.

# TB

MAXIE

They're already dead. They can't  
feel a thing.

Obviously not true.

ON BARBARA -- she looks down slowly at Lydia and with  
effort makes a loving smile. She reaches out toward  
Lydia.

Completely helpless now, Lydia weeps openly and then  
something comes over her. She rushes across the room.  
Stares down at the model.

LYDIA

Where are you? Help us! Please.  
Betelgeuse!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

EXT. MODEL TOWN GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Someone, or something, like the figure of death in the  
Goya drawing, is perched atop the gravestone of Barbara  
and Adam Maitland. The graves beneath him are open.  
The figure turns... it is Betelgeuse. He is filing his  
talons casually.

He speaks with a ghastly rasp.

BETELGEUSE

So... You're ready for me now?

LYDIA

You've got to help them.

BETELGEUSE

Can you help me?

LYDIA

(frightened)  
... I will.

BETELGEUSE

Then I'll help them. For a price.

He grins.

LYDIA

W... What is it?

BETELGEUSE

(his words echo  
horribly  
Be... my... queen!

LYDIA

# TB

(repulsed)  
Your qu...? But you're...

BETELGEUSE  
(smiling devilishly)  
I'm beeyoo-teeful.

ON LYDIA

She is chilled. Steps back.  
She turns back to the Maitlands who are continuing to  
age. Looks back to the model.

LYDIA  
... All right... Betelgeuse...

ON BETELGEUSE

He doubles in size. The tombstone crumbles beneath  
him...

LYDIA (V.O.)  
(louder)  
Betelgeuse...

WIDER ON GRAVEYARD

He doubles in size again.

ON LYDIA

She hesitates.

ON BETELGEUSE - TIGHT

He looks up at her confidently.

LYDIA  
Betelgeuse!

DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Barbara and Adam's corpses are nearly at the end of  
their ropes.

CHARLES  
All right, that's enough. Can you  
stop this now?

Otho doesn't answer.

CHARLES



# TB

(continuing)

Otho?

OTHO

It's too late, Charles. I'm  
sorry.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia peers at the model. Betelgeuse is transforming.  
There's a LOW RUMBLE. The model town starts to shake.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia backs away. Betelgeuse's head, now human-size,  
rises from the center of the model town.

TIGHT ON HIS FACE

His grin is malevolent and malicious. It's showtime,  
folks!

BETELGEUSE

Attention, K-Mart shoppers!

ON DEETZES

-- who have been focused on the Maitlands now turning  
around to the model.

ON MODEL

Betelgeuse begins a bright but sinister Carnival  
Barker's pitch. His shoulders now are clearing the  
model.

BETELGEUSE

Welcome to Winter River!

ANGLE

Sarah rushes over to the model, thinking this is more  
of the show. Maxie follows.

BETELGEUSE

Hel LO Piggies! Welcome to Winter  
River! See the Museum of Natural  
Greed. The Monument to Bored  
Businessmen! Come closer!

ANGLE

# TB

Suddenly Betelgeuse's arms elongate, swell and CRACKLE.

ON MAXIE AND SARAH

Their eyes grow wide.

TIGHT ON BETELGEUSE'S HANDS

They split, unfurl, and transmutate into two, shiny, huge sledgehammers.

ON BETELGEUSE

He grins, his eyes sparkle in anticipation. CARNEY MUSIC UP.

BETELGEUSE  
(roughly to the tune  
of "Santa Claus is  
Coming to Town")  
You better not sell, you better  
not buy...

ON MAXIE AND SARAH

Behind each of them, a graduated CARNIVAL BELL RINGING GAME STANDARD erects itself.

ON BETELGEUSE

BETELGEUSE  
(still singing)  
Or old Uncle Beetle Claus will be  
makin'... you... fly.

Betelgeuse swings his hammer/hands and sends Max and Sarah zooming through the roof. GONG. GONG.

ANGLE

BETELGEUSE  
(in style of game  
show host)  
Yowser, yowser. Well, who do we  
have here tonight?

ANGLE

He looks up at the suspended Maitlands.

# TB

BETELGEUSE

Let's have a hand for the Maitlands, Barbara and Adam. They deserve a rest.

ON MAITLANDS

Wispy shadows by now, but still alive/dead. They fall in a heap on the floor. NOTE: They immediately start to regenerate themselves.

BETELGEUSE

Well, we'll get back to them after they recover from their flight.

ON ADAM

Filling out again, he struggles to stand, but falls. Barbara shakes her head, trying to regain her focus.

BETELGEUSE

(looking around)

My God, what ugly wall dressing. Who is responsible for all this ugliness?

(spying Otho trying to hide)

Otho, it's you! Watch out for the taste patrol!

ANGLE

He waves and the door opens. A little Italian gentleman appears.

OTHO

No. Noooo! My God. It's Giorgio Armani!

GIORGIO

Before youa getta started herea, I joost wanta to saya, Otho, don'ta weara my stuff? Okay? Youa too fat for human-type clothes. Ita makes my designs looka like aircraft covering!

ANGLE

Otho is horrified. Suddenly he looks down and sees his clothing has transformed into a polyester nightmare. He runs out the door screaming. Betelgeuese laughs with delight then focuses on Lydia.

# TB

BETELGEUSE

Let's leave this crazy world  
behind us. I'll take you out in  
style!

Sound of eerie WEDDING MARCH. The fireplace changes  
into an expressionist altar.

ANGLE

His leering horned whores walk like bridesmaids, in  
step, through the door. They rush toward Lydia.

ANGLE

Frightened, Lydia is assaulted and pulled forward by  
these ugly handmaidens; she suddenly looks down and  
sees she is now clothed in a blood-red wedding dress.  
Lydia screams!!

BARBARA

No... No!

Adam's eyes widen.

LYDIA

(frightened, but  
hurling the incan-  
tation to make him  
disappear)

No... Betelgeuse. Bet...

Betelgeuse waves a hand and Lydia's mouth freezes.  
Delia and Charles plead with the recovering Maitlands.

DELIA

(frantic)

Please, can't you do something!  
Please!

ON BARBARA AND ADAM

Adam, not fully recovered, heroically tries to speak --  
but his jaw falls off. An exhausted Barbara tries to  
help him reattach it.

Betelgeuse looks at Lydia.

BETELGEUSE

You know if we're going to get  
married, we're going to need  
witnesses!

Betelgeuse shifts his glare to Charles and Delia.

# TB

From Behind, Delia's horrid sculptures come to life and attack Charles and Delia. The sculptures twist around them, forcing them to watch the hideous spectacle.

Adam and Barbara are rapidly trying to recover as the ceremony begins.

A DEATH-MASKED OLD PREACHER

slides down the fireplace, ready to perform the service, speaks with a hissing death rattle.

PREACHER

Do you, Betel...

His mouth drops and is frozen.

BETELGEUSE

Uh-uh! No one says the B word!

PREACHER

Do you, \_\_\_\_\_, take this woman to be your wedded wife? To honor...

BETELGEUSE

(interrupting)

You betcha!

Lydia screams and struggles.

PREACHER

And... you? Do you, Lydia, take this man?... er, uh... man... to be your lawful wedded husband?... In sickness...

Lydia struggles. Her screams are muffled and distant. Betelgeuse grabs her and shakes her.

BETELGEUSE

You don't have to answer him, snookums. I'll do it for you.

(eerily, speaking in her voice)

I'm Lydia Deetz and I'm of sound mind. The man next to me is the one I want. You asked me... I'm answering. Yes. How I love that man of mine.

Adam, now fully regenerated, moves toward them. He shouts the incantation.

ADAM

Beetle...

# TB

ANGLE

Betelgeuse turns to him and with a sweep of his hand, Adam's teeth (as if they were false), fly out of his mouth and CLATTER to the floor. Adam, toothless, musters up his ghost powers and --

ON TEETH - TIGHT -- they rare back and continue shouting...

TEETH

Beetleju...

ANGLE

Mayhem breaks out. A furious Betelgeuse stomps at them with his feet. The teeth scuttle under the model.

BETELGEUSE

(angrily, to old man)

Now move it, pops!

ON ADAM

Speechless, Adam heroically charges toward Betelgeuse, ready to strike him. Betelgeuse spins on him and waves his hand. SOUND OF RUSHING WIND.

ON ADAM

He has been zapped into his model town.

ANGLE

Barbara screams and jumps at Betelgeuse.

BARBARA

Beetlegeuse...

Betelgeuse turns on her, eyes flashing.

ON BARBARA

A gag comes over her mouth.

ON MODEL

Adam is running around the streets trying to get out of the model. He looks up into the sky, sees a red glow and THUNDERING WEDDING MUSIC. He doesn't know what to

# TB

ON BARBARA

She tears away her face (like tissue) and tries to say his name again...

BARBARA

Betelgeuse...

ON BETELGEUSE

More angry, he waves his hand.

ON BARBARA

Her lips are zippered shut.

IN MODEL

Desperate, Adam gets an idea. He runs over to the truck Betelgeuse had crashed earlier, jumps in and tries to start it.

ON BARBARA

She unzips her mouth and tries again.

BARBARA

Be

ON BETELGEUSE

Fire darts from his eyes....

ON BARBARA

A chromium steel plate is riveted across her mouth. She screams wordlessly behind it.

IN MODEL

Adam finally gets the truck started.

BARBARA

Struggling with her mouth, frustrated to the breaking point, she looks all around the room and rushes to the window and CRASHES through into the night.

# TB

IN MODEL

Adam sees Barbara rush out. He looks back at Betelgeuse, floors the gas pedal and goes for one last shot.

BETELGEUSE

BETELGEUSE

(angry)

Now, let's get rolling!

PREACHER

Then, by the authority vested in me by...

A RUMBLE comes from outside. Everyone notices but the Preacher. He stutters to finish the wedding.

BETELGEUSE

By me! Get on with it!

LOUDER NOISE from outside. Now nearly DEAFENING.

PREACHER

Yes... by him. I now pronounce you man and...

ANGLE

The truck is racing up to Betelgeuse's foot. Adam bails out just in time as the truck hits Betelgeuse's foot and EXPLODES, giving him a distracting hot foot, then --

ON WINDOW

Through it -- amidst a cloud of yellow dust -- CRASHES the sand worm. Barbara rides him bareback. Barbara struggles to control the ROARING worm. She pulls on his ears and looks around for Beetle Juice. Seeing him, she spurs the Worm after Beetle Juice.

ANGLE

Beetle Juice struggles, trying to run from the worm. But Barbara and the worm outmaneuver him, corner him, and when the worm reaches him, he opens his hungry mouth and gulps Betelgeuse in one mouthful.

BETELGEUSE

Rrrrat shit!



# TB

ANGLE

Barbara leaps off, as the Sand Worm continues down through the floorboards of the house

Betelgeuse is gone. Adam is back to full size. Charles and Delia are no longer held by the sculptures. Lydia runs back to her family and Adam and Barbara. The dust settles.

ON HOLE - JUNO

peers into the room. She pulls the whores through the hole.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - WINTER RIVER - A BRIGHT DAY

BIRDS SING. Ernie polishes the lion. Old Bill sleeps. People stroll.

EXT. MISS SHANNON'S BOARDING SCHOOL - DAY

A lovely white boarding school with long, green lawn. A BELL RINGS. Girls come out the front door. Say goodbyes. Lydia walks out too, carrying books.

LYDIA

'Bye, Serena. See you later.

Lydia walks along Main Street of Winter River.

EXT. JANE BUTTERFIELD'S ANTIQUES/TRAVEL/REAL ESTATE

Jane is getting out of her car -- Little Jane follows.

JANE

Hellooo! How's school?

LYDIA

(not particularly  
interested)

It's okay. How's the dirt  
business?

JANE

Well, I'm expecting a call from  
your parents. I have some news  
for them.

# TB

Jane hears PHONE RING from inside, rushes in to answer it.

LYDIA

Tell them I'll call them tonight.

EXT. MAIN STREET - WINTER RIVER - A BRIGHT DAY

Ernie polishes the lion. Lydia passes.

LYDIA

Don't forget the balls, Ernie.

He looks around, surprised.

INT. JANE BUTTERFIELD'S ANTIQUES/TRAVEL/REAL ESTATE

Jane screams into the phone.

JANE

What do you mean no? After all  
I've done for you. I don't do  
this for my health you know.

CAMERA EXPLORES a row of photographs of houses for sale.

ON PHOTOGRAPH -- of the old Maitland house. It is delapidated and haunted-looking. A legend reads: Fixer-Upper's Special."

BACK TO JANE -- she is frustrated.

JANE

I have here a bona fide offer of  
\$250,000.00 for that dump.

Little Jane is now at the Xerox machine. The NOISE irritates Big Jane and she throws a wad of paper at Little Jane. Little Jane gets mad and throws her papers into the air and exits.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

We recognize the furniture. It's the Deetzes'. Delia is on the phone to Jane. Charles comes in with the Wall Street Journal. He fidgets, taps his fingers, as he reads and pours coffee -- all at once.

DELIA

(whisper to Charles)  
It's Mrs. Butterworth again.

Charles picks up the extension.

CHARLES

# TB

Listen to me, Jane. We don't want anyone looking at the house. We don't want it painted, the yard mowed, the trees trimmed, nor do we want it termite inspected. It's not for sale.

INT. JANE'S STORE - DAY

Jane listens. Silent. Thinking.

JANE

Well. Okay for now. When will you sell it?

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

DELIA

(smiles)

Never, honey. Never.

She hangs up. Looks at Charles.

DELIA

(continuing)

Some people never know when to leave things the way they are.

Charles smiles.

INT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

SOUND OF SWEEPING -- CAMERA eases up -- Barbara is sweeping. Adam working on his model.

ADAM

What time is it?

BARBARA

3:30 I guess.

ADAM

Give or take a year.

Barbara smiles.

The KITCHEN DOOR SLAMS. Barbara looks up at Adam. They smile.

ADAM

Did you get the paint?

LYDIA'S VOICE

I got it. And I took pictures of the new church for you, too.

# TB

BARBARA

How'd you do on the science test?

ON LYDIA

LYDIA

(hangs her head)

It was gross. They wanted me to dissect a frog. I told them no way. I said it was against my religion. I got a C.

Adam frowns a little.

BARBARA

How did you do on the math test?

Lydia looks down coyly.

ADAM

We studied all day yesterday.  
Don't tell me...

LYDIA

I got an A!

They grin with pride.

LYDIA

(continuing)

So can I?

ADAM

(shaking his head)

Uh-uh. Only if you got above a C on science.

LYDIA

Oh, go on...

BARBARA

Oh, Adam, don't tease her. You never got an A in science in your life!

ADAM

All right.

ON LYDIA -- she puts down her books. Loosens her collar, ruffles her hair and waits.

ADAM

(continuing)

Okay.

Lydia looks down. Lydia begins to levitate.

# TB

She lifts her head and leaves the white bread world behind! In a voice as deep and soulful as Percy Sledge:

LYDIA

"When a man loves a woman.  
He can't keep his mind on nothin' else."

Behind her ghostly images of the football players appear as back-up.

FOOTBALLERS

Oooooo. Hummm oooooo.

LYDIA

He'd change the world for the good thing he's found. When a man needs a woman, He cain't keep his mind on nothin' else. If she's bad, he won't see it, she can do no wrong.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

ANGLE

A great pile of sand with the whorehouse in the middle. An irritated Betelgeuse crawls out on the roof. Hating the singing he shakes his fist at the sky -- loses his footing and tumbles into the sand. Terrified, he scrambles to get out.

ON PILE

A moving coil under the sand sends him scurrying inside again. The Sandworm SNAPPING right behind him as he runs back out on the roof.

ANGLE

CAMERA TILTS UP to see house. It is the perfect, New England house. CAMERA PULLS BACK from the model -- out the window of the real house.

Outside the real house -- we see it is dilapidated, and undeniably, the perfect haunted house.

FADE OUT.