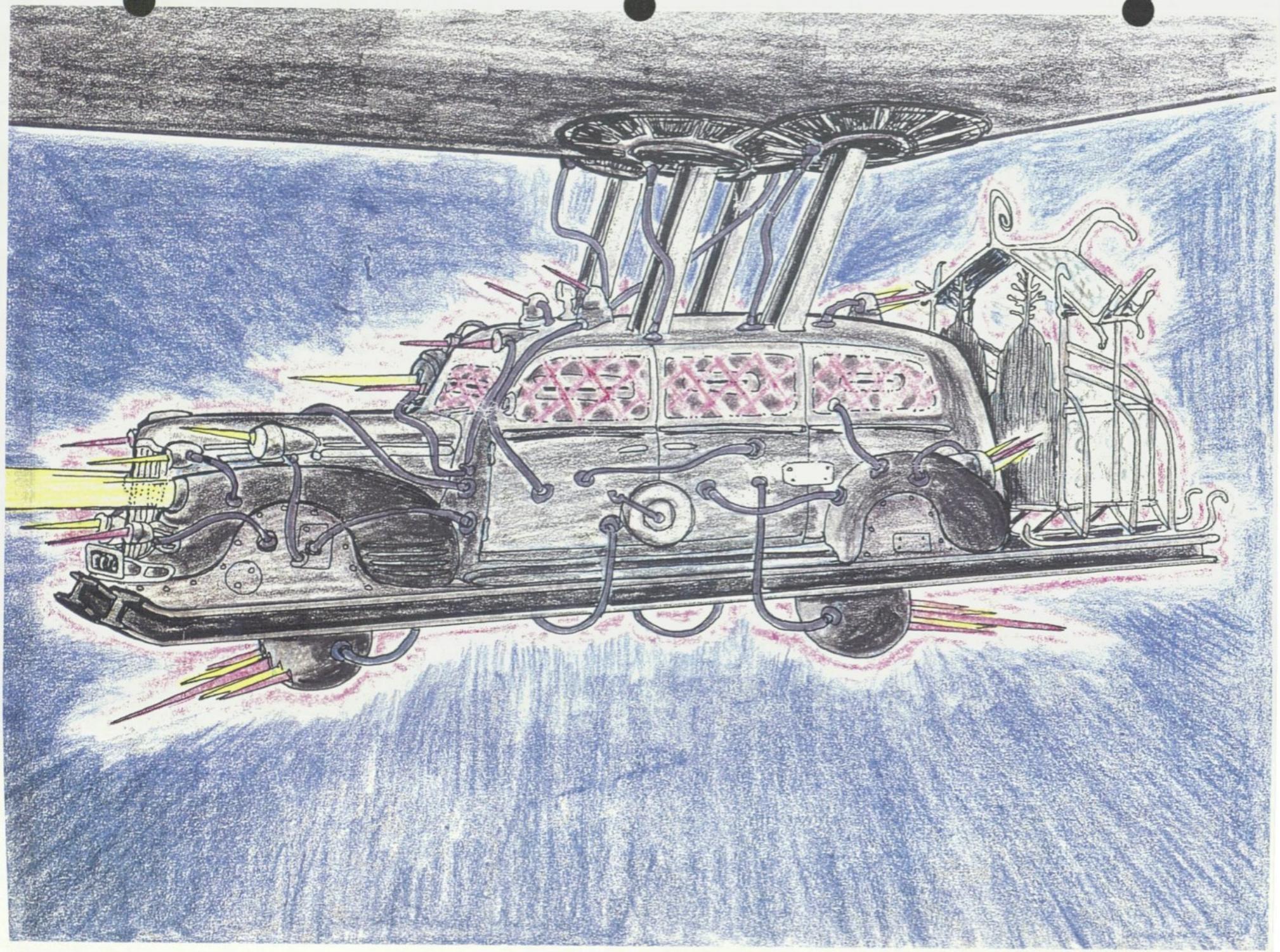
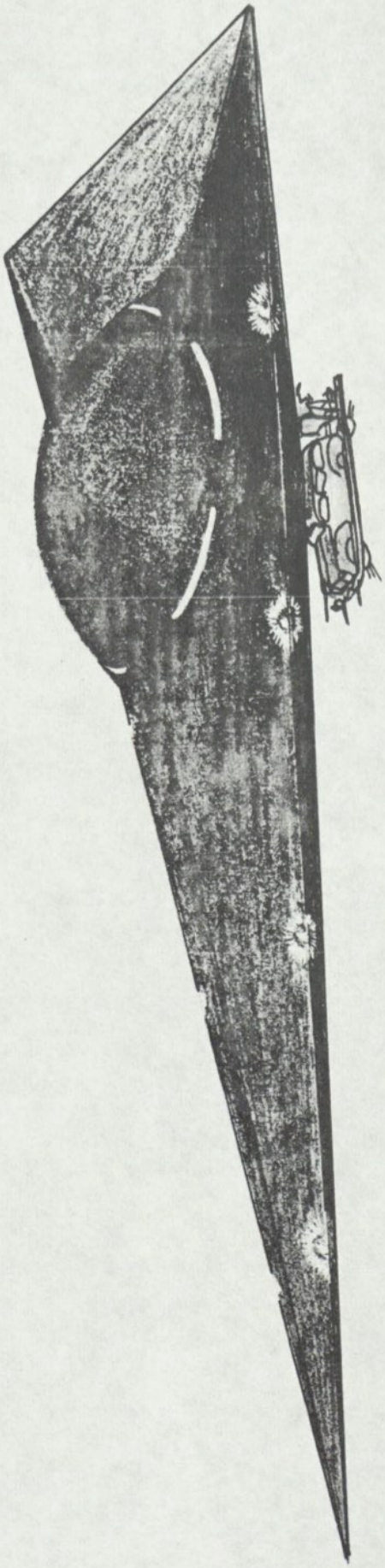
GHOSTBUSTERS III

HELLBENT

AYKROYD LIMITED REVISION DRAFT OF JUNE 23, 2006







OPEN ON:

A STATUE'S FORLORN HEAD- NIGHT

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

TRAVEL DOWN SLOWLY

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

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH GRAVEYARD- NIGHT

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

MEANDER LOW

Among the stones, the darkened famous names of financiers.

ALONG A LENGTH OF IRON FENCE

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

TRAVEL SLOWLY TO THE FAR CORNER

Slightly down in elevation.

TO A STONE

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

HOLD ON THE STONE

JOHN J. DESSETER
FINANCIER-PHILANTHROPIST

1858-1938

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

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

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

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

THE GRAVE

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

FEET

In spats and patent leather shoes, TRAVEL SLOWLY ALONG

THE CORPSE OF J.J. DESSETER

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

HOLD

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

DISSOLVE TO:

A DEEP BLACK VELVETY BLACKNESS-

HOLD ON NOTHING

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

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

An aperture is becoming evident. A HUGE BLACK RIVETED IRON DOOR is THRUST OPEN by a MUSCLED, SCALED, BROWNISH-GREEN CLAW AND FOREARM.

TWO OTHER CLAWS AND ARMS SHOVE OUT an impeccably attired FIGURE IN WHITE TIE, TOP HAT, CANE AND TAILS. Wafts of ash, flame and smoke are GULPED back as the IRON DOOR SLAMS SHUT leaving the figure in the VOID. He stands and recovers

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

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE SKULL OF J.J. DESSETER-

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

EXT. THE GRAVESITE-

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

THE HOMELESS MEN-

React and run away screaming.

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE-

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

He taps open his top hat, jams it on his head then floats out THROUGH THE FENCE to the horror of the fleeing street people.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT- NIGHT

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

INT. POLICE CAR-

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

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

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

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

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

She sips her coffee.

CUT TO:

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

A brushed aluminum and green glass financial tower.

AN INDUSTRIAL FLOOR POLISHER- NIGHT

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

A CLEANER-

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

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

CAMERA IS MOVING

Closer to the revolving doors.

INT. BANKTOWER ATRIUM

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

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

COUNTY OF NEW YORK HISTORIC REGISTER

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

With an engraving of the old building.

QUICK PAN FROM THIS INTO ECU- DESSETER'S SKULL

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

INT. COREBANK ATRIUM- REVOLVING DOORS

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

DISSOLVE TO:

A DEEP VELVETY BLACKNESS

HOLD ON THE VOID- SILENT- DARK- COMFORTING

Now a SQUARE of crimson light becomes evident in the TOP LEFT CORNER of FRAME. GRINDING RUSTED PLATES are accompanied by AN INCREASING ORANGE LIGHT which reveals a ten foot high, six foot wide SLIDING DOOR rolling to one side on SCREECHING CASTORS. TONGUES of FLAME lash out at us. THREE SILHOUETTES appear against a GREAT PUFF of EMBERS. Two are muscular with NON-HUMAN HEADS. They escort out one human in a long coat and black Stetson hat.

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

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

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE- NIGHT- HIGH

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

STUDY-PAN ALONG THE WALL

Around the front of the building. It is-

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB- NIGHT-

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

PUSH IN TO THE DOORS-

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. MADISON AVENUE- ECLAIRES BAR AND RESTAURANT-NIGHT

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

INT. ECLAIRES

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

THE BARTENDER-

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

INT. CELLAR STAIRS/WINE CELLAR-

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

BETWEEN THE RACKS OF WINE-

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

BARTENDER
Hey, is that you Christie?

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

HER P.O.V.-

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

U.S. GRANT'S SPIRIT

Sifting through the brandy selections. The PART-BEARDED SKULL turns to her. She screams and exits-

THE CELLAR DOOR

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

GRANT
WHIIISSKKEEYY.

People are screaming and heading for the exits.

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

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

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

THE BARTENDER

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

ON THE WALL- PHONE NUMBERS WRITTEN- HIS FINGERS RUN DOWN

HOSPITAL- FIRE- DOCTOR- GHOSTBUSTERS

DISSOLVE TO:

MUSIC: Commence theme.

SLAM CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYSCAPE NIGHT-

The music really begins to pop:

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

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

MASTER GB goes into a burning little break as-

EXT. HUDSON HIGHWAY- ABANDONED BRIDGE TOWER- NIGHT

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

INT. CADILLAC

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

FRANKY

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

LOVELL

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

MOIRA

A fit, clean, compact, Italian-Jewish gymnastic champion and science undergrad. Beautiful. Dry sense of humor. In authority and comfortable with it.

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

CARLA

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

All four are in their early twenties.

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

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

MOIRA
Then why are you here?

FRANKY
Personally I thought I'd get some answers.

CARLA
Answers to what?

FRANKY
You know, the nature of life and death..

LOVELL
Where people go after they die..

FRANKY
Right. The mysteries of the universe.

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

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

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

LOVELL
Who made her the Witch Queen anyway??

EXT. HUDSON HIGHWAY- BRIDGE- TOWER COLUMN

A highway night repair crew is gathered at the base of a soaring but DESOLATE ornate stone CONTROL TOWER. The CREW CHIEF in a CITY BTA hard hat runs up and cautions them. He leads them slowly along the guardrail to the other side of his orange safety barrels which are blocking the lane. They proceed under his caution.

MOIRA
Ghostbusters! What you got?

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

FRANKY
Yeah? What's it looks like?

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

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

CREW CHIEF
Most of him's there sort of.

FRANKY(thick Jersey accent)
Sounds like you got a full fixed repeater.

LOVELL
Class 4.

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

MOIRA
I brought two. Let's get it done.

INT. THE ABANDONED TOWER- NIGHT

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

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

FRANKY
I know. Never.

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

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

THE G.B.'S

Cautiously reach the top of the steps.

THEY SEE

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

It whirls upon them.

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

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

THE CANE

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

WHITE TIE SPECTRE

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

EXT. BRIDGE TOWER

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

WHITE TIE SPECTRE
(his voice fills the night)
IT'S ALL GONE! ALL GONE! THE NEW YORK I KNEW! I HAVE NO PLACE TO GO!

THE G.B.'S-

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

THEIR P.O.V.- WHITE TIE SPECTRE-

He hits the water with a bad sound.

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

LOVELL
(looking down)
So that's what happened to that cat. Let's split.

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

LOVELL
Even a dead guy couldn't live through that.

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

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

A LEDGE

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

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

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

EXT. TOP OF BRIDGE TOWER- NIGHT

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

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

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

(HARDWARE, EQUIPMENT, NOTE- Team will use familiar versions of the same proton/nutrona throwers with separate trap until the conversion to MUON RESERVOIR TECHNOLOGY. See illustration).

FRANKY AND LOVELL

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

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

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

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

MOIRA
I CAN'T GET THE TRAP
ON HIM!

FRANKY
(collar rips)
HEY! HELP HERE?!

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

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

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

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

MOIRA
NO! DON'T USE THE TRAP
UNTIL ITS SET IN POSITION.
KEEP THAT STREAM OUTTA THERE!
HE'LL KILL US IF WE BURN UP
THE EQUIPMENT!

FRANKY
NO! SCREW THIS! LIGHT IT UP!

FRANKY-

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

LOW HEROIC ANGLE

Above him Lovell STRUGGLES TO HOLD HIS FRIEND'S COLLAR WITH ONE HAND and IGNITES HIS WAND with the other.

Hanging by his collar Franky snaps the trap open and the magnesium pink flare throws a WIDE INVERTED CONE.

FRANKY
G' HEAD POUR IT IN THERE!

Lovell directs a SOLID NUTRONA COURSE into the trap.

EXT. BRIDGE TOWER- NIGHT- LONG WIDE SHOT

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

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

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

CITIZENS ON THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN

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

FRANKY

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

THE TRAP- CLOSE

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

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE

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

FRANKY AND LOVELL

Lovell cannot hold both his wand and his friend so he makes the choice and drops his smoking equipment to lunge for Franky who lets go of the trap to throw his arm up and grab hands for safety.

THE TRAP

Falls away into the depths of the river, it's FULL STROBE INDICATOR WINKING like a marker buoy followed by the pack and wand which crackle as they hit the water.

THE G.B.'S-

Watch the equipment disappear into the water. Each one of them is covered in a very fine translucent gray ash.

MOIRA
Great. A seasoned proton pack and a brand new trap. That's a hundred thousand dollars worth of equipment. We are really in for it now.

EXT. ON THE BRIDGE ROADWAY- NIGHT-

The G.B.'S emerge onto the highway from the tower.

CARLA(indicating)
Oh-oh. Here comes the Supervisor.

ECTO- 19- A CONVERTED MID-EIGHTIES BUICK-

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

THRU ECTO-DRIVER'S WINDOW-

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

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

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

ECTO-19- KEYCHAIN- CLOSE-

A small hand slips the keys into his jumpsuit pocket above a nameplate- SUPERVISOR DR. COLBY.

ON THE G.B.'S-

LOVELL
Oh man. It's E.T.

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

FRANKY
His brain he can have.

Their SUPERVISOR emerges from the fog.

MOIRA
Good evening Dr. Colby.

THE SUPERVISOR-

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

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

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

NAT
Let me guess. Someone prematurely mixed a boson-trap spray with a solid nutrona course and your result was a particle blow-back which fried your pack.

FRANKY
That always works though.

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

MOIRA
I'll take full responsibility sir.

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

LOVELL
In the trap.

CARLA
At the bottom of the river.

FRANKY
But in the trap!

MOIRA
We lost the pack too.

Nat puts his hand on his forehead, looks down and shakes it from side to side in mock exasperation.

EXT. GHOSTBUSTERS MAIN OFFICE- THE GARAGE- NIGHT

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

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

GHOSTBUSTERS- "Ready To Believe You" -Since 1985

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

INT. GB GARAGE

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

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

ECTO 10

Pulls in.

MOIRA, CARLA, FRANKY AND LOVELL

Exit the car and are met by-

DR. WINSTON ZEDDEMORE

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

MOIRA
It's been busy Doctor.

WINSTON
Got any time slips. Traps full?

FRANKY
One FRV, Class Four.

WINSTON
Let's see.

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

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

LOVELL
I thought you said you can't swim?

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

INT. SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE

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

OFFICE CHAIR CASTORS/ WHEELS CLOSE UP

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

LOUIS TULLY

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

LOUIS
Hey Winston. I think I've figured out how to forestall the contemplated insolvency

LOUIS (continues)
through the next quarter and avoid a Chapter Eleven filing before the fiscal closing in December provided Ray and Egon don't expend all our operating capital on research.

LOVELL
Any cheque possibilities for us this week Louis.

LOUIS
Not unless we sell the building.

He propels himself away at high speed

FROM OUTSIDE THE LONG ROW OF SUPERVISORY GLASS

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

WINSTON

Is stopped at a desk by JANINE.

JANINE
What's this?! Looks like mutiny!

WINSTON
I gotta see Egon and Ray.

JANINE
No one gets in 'til they're finished.

WINSTON
It's been three days.

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

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

INT. G.B. R&D- LAB

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

A PROTOTYPE SUIT is close to being completed.

EGON SPENGLER

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

SPENGLER
Something's gone wrong.

STANTZ-

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

STANTZ
What? I pre-set the Veneziano amplitude.

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

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

SPENGLER
How's yours?

STANTZ
My seat blew out ten hours ago.

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

STANTZ
I gotta take a break. Have to take a break or I'll start making dangerous mistakes.

SPENGLER
Let's finish the test sequence.

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

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

VIRTUAL MAGNISCOPE

He fixes his eyes to the viewer cup.

HIS P.O.V.- MICRO CLOSE UP

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

SPENGLER
Setting anti-quark ignition cradle.

STANTZ
Glueball entering your flux field now.

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

GLUEBALL AND CRADLE- MICRO CLOSE UP

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

SPENGLER
Cut your shield.

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

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

STANTZ
Insert your muon.

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

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

SPENGLER
Graft in bosonic loop.

Stantz uses pincers to extract a single pink and white particle and its path from a stasis plate which has been

holding it. He deftly inserts the string of energy in amongst all the others competing for space, time and motion.

STANTZ
QCD flux tube holding. Meson waste at speed.

SPENGLER
Prepare to submit targets.

Stantz drops various items above field around the glueball.

STANTZ
Straight pin.

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

SPENGLER
Cherry stone.

STANTZ
Dog biscuit.

SPENGLER
Nixon postage stamp.

STANTZ
Casino gambling chip.

SPENGLER
Jeweler's hammer.

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

SPENGLER
Alright. That's enough.

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

SPENGLER
Ten years of research to replicate the natural void into which human beings lose their socks.

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

SPENGLER
Restore the shield. Neutralizing handler mechanism.

STANTZ
Restoring shield.

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER
Remove gluon string.

THRU MAGNISCOPE

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

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

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

SPENGLER
RAY!!

STANTZ
SORRY!!

INT. R&D ROOM-

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

THE GLUEBALL/GLOWING DOT

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

SUPERVISOR'S WINDOW ABOVE THE SERVICE AREA

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

WINSTON, JANINE, MOIRA, FRANKY, LOVELL AND CARLA

React to the explosion of glass from inside the lab.

AN ECTO UNIT UP ON A HOIST-

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

EXT. FRONT GARAGE DOOR-

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

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

As the GLUEBALL BURNS A SUB-ATOMIC PATH THROUGH EVERYTHING IN ITS WAY. People dive, duck and swerve as it barely misses them.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER- CITY SKYLINE - WIDE-

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

THE GLUEBALL-

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

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

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

LOVELL
Let's see that again!

FRANKY
Yeah! That's potent!

STANTZ (really upset)
When I jiggled the string
I knocked it off the cradle.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

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

STANTZ
It takes months to assemble those
glueballs.

SPENGLER
Not to mention the cost to
construct one.

Stantz gets off his stool at the work bench and the pants of his plastic Hazmat suit dissolve into pieces. He and Spengler exit the lab into the hall.

INT. HALL WAY - STANTZ AND SPENGLER

They stop at-

A PORTRAIT OF VENKMAN- WITH A GOLD PLAQUE- CLOSE-UP

PETER VENKMAN 1948-1998

STANTZ
I could have killed us all.
Like my last mistake did to him.

SPENGLER
Ray you did not kill Venkman.
It was an industrial accident.
He lost his grip and slipped.

STANTZ
But he was trying to help me.

SPENGLER
Peter Venkman was the Chairman of this company. He called the shots on what we were to research. He was obsessed with developing his foolproof love potion and it cost him his life. We were all merely instruments in his hands.

JANINE-

Enters urgently.

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

STANTZ
But is he really dying?

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

WITH SPENGLER AND STANTZ

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

STANTZ
This might really be it.
Got the box?

SPENGLER
Yes. I've got the box Ray.

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

CREW CHIEF(calling up to her)
My divers fished these out of the
river for you. Thanks for your help.

MOIRA
It's what we do.

MOIRA AND CARLA

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

Carla waits holding her stinking. strobing, muddied trap.

A ROW OF WHITE AND RED LIGHTS START TO FLASH BRIGHTLY.

TRAP BANKS FULL- USE ALTERNATE FACILITY.

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

EXT. REAR OF GARAGE- ECT0-50- TRANSFER TRUCK- NIGHT

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

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

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

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

FRANKY
G'night ladies.

LOVELL
Yeah. Too bad you had the bonus trap.

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

INT. FRANKY'S WRECK- FRANKY AND LOVELL- THEIR P.O.V.-

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

LOVELL
To bad for them!

FRANKY
Yeah tough break uh.

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

EXT. PULASKI SKYWAY- ECTO-50- NIGHT

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

EXT. PROPYLENE AVENUE- NIGHT

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

EXT. GB JERSEY STORAGE FACILITY- NIGHT

It cannot be seen for the 9 FOOT HIGH THICK BLACK FLYMESH CAGE around the entire two acres.

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

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

INT. ECTO- 50

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

MOIRA
Remote card lock. Verify.

FRANKY (nodding, tired)
Mmm. hmm..

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

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

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

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

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

VAULT RECEPTACLE

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

MOIRA
Open vault drop.

A MASSIVE INDUSTRIAL SHUDDER throbs through the building.

CARLA
My reservoir valve open.

The surge goes through the boom.

MOIRA
Franky, check the flow.

FRANKY
Carla doesn't mind.

CARLA
I'm busy here. Lovell.

LOVELL
Just check it man.

Franky reluctantly leans into the vault receptacle wall.

EXT. RECEPTACLE- BRANCH

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

HIS P.O.V.- FLOW MONITOR- VIDEO SCREEN- THE COURSE OF CAPTURED SOULS

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

THE G.B.'S

A couple of them turn away.

FRANKY
When are we gonna put all those poor souls someplace nice, you know, like heaven.

MOIRA
That's what they're suppose to be working on in the lab.

CARLA
Just watch the flow… Watch the flow…Watch the flow…

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL- 3:00 AM

A more forbidding Gothic medical structure could scarcely be devised.

AMBULANCE ENTRANCE

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

CARDINAL STEPPINO

A fifty-ish, no nonsense, six foot, Italian New Yorker. A Mafiosi in scarlet sashes, black beads and Cross.

He is accompanied by several officers of the Church and muscle priests. He stops them.

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

SPENGLER
(brushing by)
Is he still conscious at this moment?

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

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

SPENGLER
The only one.

They all enter the elevator.

EXT. ELEVATOR

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

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

SPENGLER
Maybe this experiment will help you confirm it.

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

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

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

PUSH THROUGH THE DOORS INTO-

INT. CHRONIC CARE WARD- NIGHT

Packed with priests, nuns, bishops, rabbis, Imams.

STANTZ
Quite the bon voyage party.

CARDINAL
Of course. He was the Chief Administrator of the V.I.G.

SPENGLER
V. I. G.?

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

Stantz and Spengler nod appreciatively "Oh,of course."

CARDINAL
He handled the worst possession cases and cast out many demons. We are all here to pray that his soul withstands the onslaught of the darker forces which might take advantage of his weakness now.

A team of physicians approaches led by an attractive young female DOCTOR.

STANTZ
How's he dying..er doing?

DOCTOR
Vitals are fading fast.

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- TRENODIUS

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

TRENODIUS
Men! Did you bring it?!

STANTZ
Yes Professor. We'll set it up.

SPENGLER
You feel it's time?

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

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

TRENODIUS
YOU OUT! AND YOU! AND YOU! AND THEM! ALL OUT BUT THE GHOSTBUSTERS!

SPENGLER
Sounds like he's back in class.

TRENODIUS
Everyone out but my two students! Doctor please-

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

CARDINAL
I am a Cardinal! Cardinal Steppino!

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

STANTZ

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

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

STANTZ
(holds up a light bulb)
Go.

Trenodius closes his eyes.

STANTZ AND BULB- CLOSE

He holds it up near his face.

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

The tiny tungsten wire POPS.

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

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

THE DOCTOR AND NURSES

React.

SPENGLER
Hit. Hit. Hit...

TRENODIUS

Opens his eyes.

THE LIGHT BULB

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

STANTZ
We're good here.

Blood droplets flow and the nurses rush to help him.

SPENGLER AND LIGHT BOX

SPENGLER
Color test.

Trenodius illuminates the red bulb, then the green.

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

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

TRENODIUS- SLOW PUSH IN -

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

MOVE IN CLOSER

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

More monitors activate.

TRENODIUS
But I will soon know the Light.

He closes his eyes.

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

The monitors flatten their tones.

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

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

STANTZ
You say.

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

PUSH INTO HIS EYES AND DISSOLVE TO HIS P.O.V. AS HE TRANSITS FROM THE LIFE STATE

DISSOLVE TO:

TRENODIUS AFTERWORLD P.O.V.

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

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- TRENODIUS

A calm peaceful smile lingers on his face.

Stantz and Spengler holding the light board across the bed.

The GREEN BULB illuminates. ON OFF ON OFF

SPENGLER
He's hitting.

STANTZ
Green! Hitting green! He sees the light!

INT. THE BLUE TUNNEL- TRENODIUS-

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

They hold out arms and beckon gently.

THE LIGHT BOARD- STANTZ AND SPENGLER-

The GREEN bulb illuminates.

INT. THE TUNNEL-

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

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

INT. THE YELLOW GLOW

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

THE SMILING, GREETING FIGURES SUDDENLY GRAB HIM. THEY KICK AND BEAT HIM WITH FISTS, BOOTS AND BASEBALL BATS.

TRENODIUS' SPIRIT-

Turns to run back through the tunnel but is caught and dragged back to be wailed upon by the WELCOMING SOULS WHO ARE TRANSFORMING INTO A WRITHING CLUSTER OF SUB-DEMONS. His FACE reacts with horror.

THE LIGHT BOARD-

The green bulb BURSTS. The RED BULB lights up.

STANTZ
Whoa! Hitting RED!

It glows fiercely and EXPLODES.

INT. TUNNEL- TRENODIUS' SPIRIT

The Golden Light recedes and a dark purplish, inky fluid floods the SCREEN as he is hauled away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- NIGHT- TRENODIUS' DEATH BED

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

SPENGLER AND STANTZ

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

DOCTOR
He's back.

She checks.

NURSE
Yes. He has life signs. But he's comatose.

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

SPENGLER(pulls out envelope)
He gave me this..to open after he was gone.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP- VIEWING SCREEN NIGHT

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

EXT. G.B. JERSEY STORAGE FACILITY- NIGHT

MOIRA
That's it. Transfer unit empty.

She flicks off the truck's moaning turbine.

CARLA
Truck shunt locked.

ON THE TRUCK- INSTRUMENT DISPLAY

SHUNT-LOCK-LOCK-LOCK

MOIRA
Truck shunt locked check.
Vault shunt lock.

AT THE VAULT INSTRUMENT PANEL

FRANKY
Shunt closed.

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

LOVELL
Come on. It's Miller time.

EXT. TRANSFER TRUCK

It leaves the black-meshed compound.

THE VAULT SHUNT VALVE- CLOSE-

A WARNING STROBE- WINKING- UNLOCKED- UNLOCKED- UNLOCKED

SHUNT VALVE CAP/CLIP RING- ECU

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. G.B. GARAGE- MORNING

All the doors open up for the shift change.

INT. GARAGE

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

NAT
Morning Lovell.

LOVELL
Morning.

NAT
Morning.

FRANKY
Morning.

NAT
Morning.

MOIRA
Morning.

NAT
Morning.

CARLA
Morning.

INT. SUPERVISOR'S LEVEL

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

JANINE
Morning Winston.

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

JANINE(into loud speaker)
All teams assemble now for a briefing.

STANTZ, SPENGLER AND WINSTON

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

ON THE FLOOR-

The teams gather to look up at their leaders.

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

WINSTON
This morning I have a multiple Code Purple increase in reports of supra-normal events across the city. Get ready for a long day.

LOVELL
And overtime!

STANTZ
We spent a fascinating evening with our mentor Father Trenodius last night. The results of a post-terminal psi-kinetic test we did indicates that our friend tried to die and cross into an afterlife plane but was apparently refused entry.

SPENGLER(holds up letter)
He left us this letter and Ray places great credibility in our friend's belief that an afterworld does in fact exist. A reality plane side-by-side to ours but only slightly out of phase with what you and I see.

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

SPENGLER
If our friend's own incomplete non-death is any indicator then there may be blocked conduits to after world planes if they exist.

ON THE FLOOR-

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

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

This breaks up some of the team members around them.

MOIRA (to the Bosses)
What should we look for?

STANTZ
We should prepare for a flow of massive energy from the posthumous states back into our own material reality. Look for an increase in disturbances and activity especially among the recently deceased.

WINSTON
Okay. Let's all go to work. I'll be watching.

ON THE FLOOR-

CARLA
What was that all about?

LOVELL
Business as usual.

MOIRA
They're just shook up about their friend.

CUT TO:

THE ZIP OF A BODY BAG- CLOSE

The finality over multiple gunshot wounds.

EXT. CRIME SCENE- DAY

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

CORONER'S STAFF

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

AT THE CORONER'S TRUCK

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

THE GURNEY

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

INT. A SURGICAL OPERATING ROOM- DAY

A team is performing a detailed operation.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE/ VARIOUS CUTS

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

NURSE
I'm sorry Doctor.

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

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

THE PATIENT
(from behind the tent)
Hey, Doc. How much longer is this gonna take? I'm feeling a little uncomfortable here.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNNEY-GAVIN FUNERAL HOME- A PARKED HEARSE- DAY

Ecto Unit drives in and parks next to the hearse.

THE BOOTS-

Four pairs hit the pavement.

LOVELL, FRANKY. MOIRA AND CARLA

Go up the steps.

INT. FUNERAL HOME

They enter the hall to see the entire funeral home staff feeding Cokes and junkfood to a roomful of animated corpses.

ATTENDANT
It's nuts in here.

LOVELL
We can see that.

MOIRA
What's going on?

ATTENDANT
I don't know. That's why I called you. All I know is that at seven o'clock this morning all these people were dead now they're up wandering around like children who don't want to go to bed.

LOVELL
And they're hungry as shit too.

CORPSE
I want to go home. Right now!

CARLA
It's not an unreasonable request.

ATTENDANT
Huh?

FRANKY
Technically they have a legal right to do so.

EXT. A HOUSE IN YONKERS- DAY

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

MAN
Yes.

FRANKY
Mr. Rod Burke.

MAN
Yes. Who are you?

LOVELL
We're from the Ghostbusters.

MAN
So. What do you want here?

FRANKY
It's about your Grandmother Flora.

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

LOVELL
Yeah. That's the one.

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

LOVELL
(into walkie)
Bring her up.

THE MAN'S P.O.V.

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

THE MAN AND HIS WIFE

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

FLORA
What's for supper?

FRANKY
Congratulations.

LOVELL
(offering invoice)
Sign here.

DISSOLVE TO:

A DEEP VELVETY BLACKNESS

HOLD ON THE VOID

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

There is a profile view as LICKS OF CARBON AND FLAME lash out across FRAME and MANY FIGURES are thrust out by multiple

scaly, muscled claws and forearms.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

A GRAVESIDE

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

ECTO TEN

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

THE MOURNERS

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

LOVELL-

He is on his cell phone.

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

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

CORPSE (to Lovell)
Hey Pal. Where can I get a gun?

LOVELL
They're pretty active over here in Queens.

WIDEN TO REVEAL-

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. G.B. GARAGE SUPERVISORY LEVEL

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

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

STANTZ
Pal, we've been in this line of work for a decade. We've never seen anything like this.

Nat's cell phone rings.

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

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

SPENGLER
I'd take the call.

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

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

MARTA DESSETTER- CLOSE

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

THE OFFICE DOORS

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

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

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

MARTA
And how do you propose to accomplish that?

SPENGLER
Alteration of the planar frequency around the Five Boroughs by a gluon phase reversal enabling us to vibrate or agitate across the field dividing us from what could well be a parallel reality.

STANTZ
Think of it as lima beans hopping across the surface of a hot sieve.

MARTA
Meaning you'll need money.

NAT
To build a Heisenberg-Feynmann loop provider.

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

SPENGLER(to Stantz)
Planar frequency attenuators so we don't select the wrong environment.

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

STANTZ
You're close to nailing it.

MARTA
I want to go along for the ride.

SPENGLER
There'll be limited seating.

MARTA
Can you come back once you get there?

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

MARTA
How much?

SPENGLER
Nine billion dollars.

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

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

ON MARTA-

As she enters the bathroom and turns to see-

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

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

EXT. THE OFFICE

She bursts out from the bathroom.

MARTA
YES!! YES!! WHATEVER YOU NEED!!

CUT TO:

INT. G.B. GARAGE-

Nat addresses everyone. All teams.

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

LOVELL
What kind of research?

NAT
The kind with travel involved. Testing new equipment.

ON LOVELL, FRANKY, MOIRA AND CARLA-

Franky and Lovell shake their heads. 'Uh-uh! No!' They want no part of it. Carla and Moira exchange a look and head for the stairs to the offices overlooking the floor as does everyone in the building leaving Franky and Lovell behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. G.B. GARAGE- NIGHT

SUPER LEGEND- ONE WEEK LATER

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

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The ECTO CONVOY of vintage ambulances crosses the East River.

EXT. OLD BROOKLYN PIERS- WAREHOUSES

The CONVOY turns into the warehouse district.

EXT. A MASSIVE ANCIENT WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

A BLACK METAL DOOR SLIDES UP revealing-

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

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

INT. WAREHOUSE- HIGH WIDE

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

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

THE CONVOY OF ECTO UNIT VEHICLES

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

VARIOUS CUTS- ECTO UNITS'- DOORS

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

STANTZ AT THE WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

WIDEN TO REVEAL

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

EXT. GOVERNOR'S ISLAND FERRY- DAY

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

EXT. THE ISLAND-DOCKSIDE

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

THE RANGER

She looks puzzled at the sight of the kid.

RANGER
Are you from the Ghostbusters?

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

INT. ECTO UNIT

As they drive through the abandoned complex.

NAT
So what you got?

RANGER
You mean you're going to handle this?

NAT
Depends on the specifics of the manifestation but basically yeah.

RANGER
O.K. I'm Trina. I'm here alone most days. Go straight. Been here since the City inherited this White Elephant from the Army. Turn left next street.

EXT. NAT'S ECTO UNIT-

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

INT. NAT'S UNIT- RANGER

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

She begins hyper-ventilating.

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

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

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

EXT. ABANDONED OFFICER'S MANSION- LATE AFTERNOON

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

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

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

THE FRONT DOOR

He enters the house.

INT. ABANDONED MANSION

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

WITH HIM THRU LIVING ROOM- BALLROOM- DINING ROOM-TO

THE KITCHEN DOOR

He pushes through the door, following the sound.

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

A tile and porcelain architectural relic. He walks in slowly. There is a BURST of WATER AND SLUDGE from the sink. This stops him and he checks the room cautiously. Now piles of

CUTLERY on the counter FORM A CLOUD and like a swarm of flies launch themselves at him.

NAT-

Ducks and swats away the attacking implements. He watches as

A SILVERY MIST

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

NAT
Hey!

The phantom sobs, quietly, not responding.

NAT (as to a pet)
Go across now and I won't use this thing.

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

THRU HIS GOGGLES

He watches the shape evaporate.

ON HIM

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

NAT AND THE GRAY LADY PHANTOM

The doors on the cabinets near her SPLINTER and she begins spinning government china at him. Now he sees her in full- a hefty, bug-eyed, BLOWSER WITH MAKE-UP CRUSTED ON HER.

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

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

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

As Nat chases the THERMAL TRACE UPSTAIRS.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

He has his trap in hand.

THRU GOGGLES

The TRACE lingers by a door.

BEDROOM DOOR

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

INT. THE BEDROOM

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

ON HIS FACE AND GOGGLES

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

NAT
Aaaaaggghhh!!!

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

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

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

ON NAT

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

THE ANGRY DRUNKEN GHOST OF U.S. GRANT

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

GRANT'S GHOST
GIVE ME BACK MY WOMAN!!

NAT

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

GRANT'S GHOST

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

MOIRA AND CARLA

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

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

GRANT'S FLASH-PLASMED GHOST-

Is ABSORBED in a path of iridescent pink light AND IS SUCKED INTO HER RIGHT GREAVE leaving a slight remnant of particulate residue.

NAT
Wow! Thanks. Where did you guys come from?

CARLA
Your back-up alert was on.

NAT(checking his belt and turning it off)
Oh yeah. It must have come on when she threw me on the bed.

MOIRA
Who?

NAT(holding up trap)
Her. In here.

MOIRA
Oh.

NAT
What's this stuff?

CARLA
New generation trapping hardware. Muon reservoirs. Particle greaves.

MOIRA
We volunteered to try it out.

NAT
I guess it works.

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

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

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

FRANKY AND LOVELL(singing)
Permanent paid vacation.
Fully Paid vacation.
Got my. Paid vacation.
I can go. All over the nation.
I'm baaad..nationwide.

MOIRA, CARLA AND NAT

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

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

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

FRANKY
Look at this.

LOVELL
People actually working for a living.

FRANKY
Personally I've been enjoying this. Good food.

LOVELL
Lots of it. Sleep.

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

LOVELL
I like being paid for this.

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

MOIRA
See you in Brooklyn.

FRANKY
Is that the new equipment?

LOVELL
What's that prong thing on the glove?

WINSTON-

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

WINSTON
Everything's moving up. Looking at insertion at 3:15. They're ready to brief you on the adventure of your lives.

Moira and Carla take their equipment and exit. He turns to Franky and Lovell.

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

They react. Are they fired?

FRANKY
Wait! We're coming!

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE

Around the inside perimeter of the walls now is a GLUON FENCE. Black spliny, urchinish networks of thin piping and rods knitted together like tank traps and stretching in a rough symmetrical array from floor to ceiling. The centre of the floor is dominated by a seven foot by ten foot BLACK AND

GREY OCTAHEDRONAL CUBE and banks of computer benches on eight sides around it.

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

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

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

SPENGLER
Perhaps even more than your lives may be at risk depending upon your personal beliefs.

STANTZ
We must ask those of you who do not choose to put yourselves at this kind of risk to go now. Once we reveal to you the next level, no one will be allowed to leave the building.

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

EXT. WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

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

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

STANTZ
As you are aware the City has been victimized by the dead. Our theory is that afterworld conduits are being impeded by a blockage, if you will, in a bottom plane of existence parallel to ours.

SPENGLER
We are now being severely impacted by this adjacent reality. A possible theory is

SPENGLER (continues)
that this action may be at the design of a specific intelligence.

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

MOIRA
How do you accomplish that sir?

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

STANTZ
We'll flux the planar phases of both realities by applying gluon reversal using the Heisenberg-Feynmann loop provider.

CARLA
Meaning we take a ride in this box.

SPENGLER
It won't be much of a ride.

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

WINSTON
That is to be used only in the instance of terminal danger.

LOVELL
You mean like clicking my Ruby Slippers together.

FRANKY
In your case. Exactly.

STANTZ
We plan to extract you from here after fifteen hours.

SPENGLER-CLOSE

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

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

ON THE VOLUNTEERS

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

Spengler and Stantz exchange a look.

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

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

WINSTON
Questions?

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

Stantz and Spengler look at each other then shrug and nod.

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

CUT TO:

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

STANTZ, SPENGLER AND NAT

At the terminals programming settings.

FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA AND CARLA

Winston assists them in equipping.

THE OCTAHEDRONAL/CUBE/ LOOP PROVIDER

Winston escorts them to it.

STANTZ

Types in a keyboard command.

OCTAHEDRON- FRONT LEAVES/PANELS

They open revealing the interior of the cube.

FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA, CARLA

Enter the cube.

INT. CUBE/ H.F. LOOP PROVIDER

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

SPENGLER AND STANTZ

They nod to each other and both type simultaneous commands.

INT. CUBE/ PROVIDER

FRANKY
Feel anything.

LOVELL
Uh-uh..Moira?

MOIRA
Nothing. Carla?

CARLA
Nope.

STANTZ, SPENGLER, NAT AND WINSTON

STANTZ
Send 'em?

Spengler nods gravely and resignedly

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

INT./EXT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE

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

INT. OCTAHEDRON/PROVIDER

MOIRA
How long did they say it would take?

THEIR P.O.V.

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

FRANKY
It didn't work.

LOVELL
Where are the lights?

MOIRA
Maybe they blew some circuits.

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

EXT. OCTAHEDRON

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

They come out into a velvety BLACKNESS where the interior of the warehouse was and walk to a large square demarked by crimson lines of light all around it. There is no one nor anything in sight. No Stantz, Spengler, Winston, Nat or equipment. Just the four of them FRAMED in the seams of light.

LOVELL
Looks like everybody went to lunch.

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

WAREHOUSE- DOOR SWITCH CLOSE

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

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

MOIRA
They just locked us in.
Turned the thing on and left
us here.

FRANKY
Let's get a cab back to Manhattan.
I'm thirsty..you thirsty??

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

At a distant traffic light they see many taxicabs approaching the light. The cabs come roaring through the red light. All FOR HIRE.

ON THE G.B.'S

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

THEIR P.O.V.

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

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

MOIRA
Let's keep hoofing.

LOVELL
Where's the bridge?

EXT. STREET CORNER

It is lit RED by a City lamp.

ON THE G.B.'S

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

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

MOIRA
I don't hear sirens.

Round the corner and stop. They see the Bridge and gape in awe.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- STANTZ, SPENGLER AND WINSTON

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

WINSTON
Setting up com. receptor dishes.

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

NAT
Interlink nav. transmitter blipping.

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

SPENGLER
Where are they?

NAT
Walking over the Brooklyn Bridge.

EXT. MANHELLTON- ORANGE PERMALIGHT- NIGHT

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

THE BRIDGE- HIGH WIDE

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

TRAFFIC SIGNS-

TO MANHELLTON ALL LANES

NO HONKING

QUIET OR GO TO MINES

PRIVATE VEHICLES PROHIBITED

BRIDGE- CAR LANES

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

PEDESTRIAN LANES

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

EVERYBODY HAS A SLIGHT SUNBURNT TINGE TO THEM. The smoldering sky. The massive black skyline of the City twinkles in electric reds. These are at odds with the complete absence of any emergency vehicle sounds. However there is the audio of a muffled, distant, advancing, consumptive roar.

MOIRA, CARLA, FRANKY, LOVELL

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

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

CARLA
It's weird. So quiet.

MOIRA
Except for those distant
muffled explosions.

LOVELL
And that constant dull
roar of some huge furnace.

FRANKY
Look. What's that in the river?

They stop along the rail and let people squeeze by.

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

From a very high vantage they see the waters around the Island. A FUMING, SMOKY torrent of sludge, sewage, landfill trash, raw meats all coursing at sixty miles an hour. Far below traversing the SURGE two cable ferries can be seen in operation spilling over with naked people who are being thrust off by muscular, glistening, SCALY BEINGS. Dozens of souls are flung under the boats at the hands of the Ferry Operators, to be claimed by the speeding, burbling current.

THE BOATS

Cross back and forth endlessly. All suspended a few feet above the foaming brown current.

LOVELL
I'm definitely glad we walked.

MOIRA
Come on. Let's keep moving.
We gotta go to City Hall and
talk to the Mayor.

INT. STYX COMMAND CENTRE- WAREHOUSE- COM. SCREENS

WINSTON
They aren't even halfway across.

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

SPENGLER
You can figure everything takes
longer in Hell.

EXT. MANHELLTON BRIDGE- OFF RAMPS ISLAND SIDE

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

PEDESTRIAN RAMP-

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

THE G.B.'S

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

EXT. HOLY SQUARE

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

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

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

BLACK FORDS

Lined up by the hundreds snaking through to the Courthouse. Large headed, blue coated, blue-skinned figures emerge, coming and going, ascending and descending the courthouse steps in solemn business-like fashion.

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

MOIRA
Let's ask one the Mayor's name.

They walk deeper into Holy Square.

THE CARS BESIDE THEM

Doors open and they see that these blue-coated, blue-skinned creatures are in fact MONSTROUS MINOTAURS. All are in police

uniforms, driving to and fro in the black Fords by the dozens.

MINOTAURS

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

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

MOIRA(she addresses a Captain)
Excuse me Captain.

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

CAPTAIN
What is it? Who are you?

MOIRA
Is the Mayor at City Hall today?

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

MOIRA
Would the Mayor be there?

Another Blue Minotaur joins him.

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

CARLA
Thanks we can find him.

She takes Moira's arm. Other Blue Minotaurs have stopped and are focusing intently on the G.B.'s.

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

LT.
Hey! How come you thanatons employ your shaping capacity to appear this way?

CAPTAIN
You know humor is forbidden in Holy Square!

LT.
Arrest them!

The G.B.'s take a look around them, they are the focus of a hundred angry, howling, braying Police Minotaurs.

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

A ring of Police Minotaurs closes in on them.

EXT. HOLY SQUARE- COURTHOUSE STEPS

They are escorted roughly up into the black-creped and red-spotlit pillared Monument To Justice in Manhellton.

AT THE PILLARS

The Minotaurs are all howling and braying in a frenzy. A wave of them sweeps the G.B.'s up the steps.

FRANKY
Slag this! I'm hittin' my egress button.

CARLA
Listen to him! A few hours in in Manhellton and he's ready to cut out!

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

His hand goes to his belt.

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

FRANKY
Yeah but not this bad!

MOIRA
We are experiencing a
parallel plane of existence.
Personally I want to see how
things work around here.

AT A PILLAR

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

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

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

CAPTAIN
Stand aside counselor.

FRANKY
How long before we get a hearing?

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

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

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

FOLLOW THE ARROWS

PIVOT TO STRAIGHT DOWN OVERHEAD ANGLE

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

THE G.B.'S

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

A ROW OF MINOTAURS IN BLACK TUXES

Processes people, STAMPING THEIR HANDS.

THEIR HANDS- CLOSE

In green ink, encircled GUILTY.

THRU THE TURNSTILES

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

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

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

ON THEIR COLLECTIVE P.O.V.

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

REVELERS

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

DANCERS

Grinding against each other.

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

LOVELL, MOIRA, CARLA AND FRANKY

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

FRANKY
This is supposed to be jail!?

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

CARLA
How long do we have to stay here?

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

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

FRANKY
Here. Take your time. I kind of like this place.

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

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

THE STAGE

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

A DANCER

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

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

LOVELL, FRANKY, CARLA

On their awestruck and stunned expressions.

CARLA
Right. This is hell for sure.

FRANKY
This sure is.

LOVELL
Uh-uh.

MOIRA

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

FRANKY
This ain't so bad in here.

CARLA
Yeah if you like unhygienic make-out rooms.

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

She looks past her colleagues into the blackness of bodies to see-

MICHAEL TAGHANIK

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

TAGHANIK
Got your message. Guess what.

TAGHANIK (continues)
You're out. I pled diplomatic immunity to the bouncers.

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

TAGHANIK
Follow me.

FRANKY
What happens to all these people?

TAGHANIK
Ah, they'll be here forever.

INT. LOVE CATACOMBS- MONTAGE

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK..... WHICH BECOMES A REFLECTIVE RIPPLING SUBSTANCE

PULL OUT FROM PAPER GREEK DELI CUP FILLED WITH BLACK COFFEE

ON THE COUNTER NEAR A LIQUID DISPLAY CONSOLE

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- PARALLEL GRID SCAN

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

NAT

Is asleep on the console.

WINSTON

Wears reading glasses and scans a technical manual.

STANTZ

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

SPENGLER

Enters with coffees.

SPENGLER
Where are they?

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

STANZ
Must be some River.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS AND DISSOLVE TO

INT. LABYRINTHINE BLACK GRANITE CAVE

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

THE RIVER- SURGING SLUDGE, MEAT AND BONE TORRENT AT A SIXTY KNOT RACE-

The G.B.'s exit from A HOLE IN A HIGH HEWN GRANITE FACE cut from huge blocks along a narrow path beside the infernal, smoky, foaming course of excretion and living chunks.

THE G.B.'S

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

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

MOIRA
Agghh what are those big red
meaty chunks?--

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

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

TAGHANIK

He stops at A WOOD-PANELED DOOR CUT INTO the granite face. There is a brass plate illuminated.

MICHAEL TAGHANIK-
LEGAL AND POLITICAL COUNSEL- LICENSED BY ETERNA COUNTY.

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

INT. TAGHANIK'S OFFICE

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

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

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

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

SECRETARY
Coffee?

MOIRA
Thanks.

CARLA
I'll pass.

FRANKY
Yeah. Thanks. I've been thirsty ever since I got here.

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

MOIRA
Go ahead counselor.

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

LOVELL
Hundred year bonded Scottish stock.

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

CARLA
How are we supposed to do that?

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

FRANKY
We might be able to arrange that.

LOVELL
Provided we get to see the Mayor within the hour.

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

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

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- NIGHT-

EXTREME CLOSE UP LIQUID DISPLAY- MANHELLTON GRID SCAN

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

NAT(back on duty)
Blips are on the move. Six miles an hour.

STANTZ
Headed to City Hall.

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

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

A couple of HIGH SPEED golf carts carry well-tailored burgundy suited individuals.

LOVELL
How long is this hallway?

FRANKY
Yeah, we said within the hour.

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GOLF CART TERMINUS-

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

INT. ELEVATOR- THE G.B.'S

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

FRANKY
So how long is this ride?

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

TAGHANIK
We're here.

INT. MANHELLTON CITY HALL- MAYOR'S ANTE CHAMBER

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

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

SECRETARY
Certainly Mr. Taghanik. Go right in.

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

CARLA
Hey alright.

FRANKY
Indeed.

LOVELL
T.C. Rockin' B.

MOIRA
See. Our man is connected.

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

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

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

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

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

TAGHANIK(interrupting)
Mr. Mayor.

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

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

TAGHANIK
My friends here wanted to meet you.

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

MOIRA
Sir, we represent a company which investigates--

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

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

CARLA
He just goes on like this all day right?

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

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

TAGHANIK
It doesn't.

LOVELL
Well then who in hell runs this City?

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

CARLA
Who would that be?

TAGHANIK
O.K. Now in addition to the cases of whiskey, we'd be talking about you guys bringing me back the components and such so I could build my own portable distillery.

MOIRA
Our employers could handle that.

TAGHANIK
Really? Alright. You want the maximum monster in this burg? You're looking at a private audience with Mr. Siffler.

LOVELL
Uh-huh. And what's his position.

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

EXT. CITY HALL PARK- NIGHT

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

LOVELL
This place is devoid of protesters.

EXT. CITY HALL- WIDE FROM FAR POINT OF PARK

Crimson and orange windows. The Mayor can be seen holding forth as usual through the large, wide, open classical panes.

THE G.B.'S

As they look up at the DOME of the building perceiving something behind it which can only be seen from this vantage of the Park.

THE DOME AND A LARGE NEON STROBE IN RED AND WHITE- CLOSE

"PROTESTERS WILL GO DIRECTLY TO MINES"

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

DISSOLVE TO:

AN OPAQUE BLACK SURFACE

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

THE OPERATOR

In foundry leather and welding aprons, opaque welding helmet.

THE GRINDING- CRACKLES AT THE SURFACE OF WHAT IS BEING SHAPED-

PRISMS OF BLINDING MAGNESIUM BRIGHTNESS assault the worker sending light particles into his lead apron.

SPENGLER TRAVEL WITH HIM AND REVEAL

INT. WAREHOUSE- INTERCEPTOR SAIL

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

THE GRINDING OPERATOR

Ceases grinding and removes his helmet. It is Stantz. Spengler joins him.

SPENGLER
The sail. It didn't look this big in our schematics.

STANTZ
Nineteen feet pal. We need a nice big stasis bath.

SPENGLER
Yes. We can never get enough of that.

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

MARTA DESSETER

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

STANTZ AND SPENGLER

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

MARTA
So is this the ship?

WINSTON(following her)
Ma'am this is not a good area for anyone without lead underwear.

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

AT THE TRACKING CONSOLE AND OCTAHEDRON

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

NAT
A Heisenberg-Feynmann Loop Provider Collidor.

SPENGLER
We have a scout team in place now.

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

STANTZ
We are planning to extract them soon.

PUSH INTO TRACKING GRID AS THE LITTLE BLIPS SKIP SOUTHWARD

AND DISSOLVE TO:

DISTANT PERSPECTIVE- A SMALL CANYON OF RED AND ORANGE NEON

EXT. BOOZE ALLEY- HIGH- NIGHT

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

BAR/LIQUOR/DRINK/ALCOHOL/OZ./SHOTS/BOOZE

TAGHANIK

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

BOUNCER
Nice try Michael.

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

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

FRANKY
Yeah we didn't come here to party.

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

TAGHANIK
She's got it brother. Once a day. Everyday. I gotta come to this part of town for the turndown.

MOIRA
We respect that but-

TAGHANIK
Don't worry. It was on the way to where I'm taking you. And that place is a lot worse than my private eternity.

They walk away down the seemingly endless corridor of neon, blinking bar signs.

DISSOLVE TO:

THEIR FEET

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

MOIRA

She stops and picks up

A 100,000 DOLLAR NOTE- CLOSE

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

It is a BLACK ANGEL against a red background. There is a signature in black against deep orange-

GRAPHIC- EXTREME CLOSE-UP-

"L.Siffler" over the designation Chairman, Treasurer, Controller, Reserve Bank of Manhellton.

FRANKY
Wow. A hundred grand.

CARLA
Sure but look at how many.

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

TAGHANIK
Last month's currency.
Forget it. Come on we
turn here.

EXT. NARROW SERVICE STREET- THE G.B.'S AND TAGHANIK

Kicking the banknotes like leaves, they follow the sweeper down a dark, long, confining banker's alley piled twenty feet high on either side with transparent bags of shredded office paper. More trash bags are being thrown down behind them as they walk.

THEIR P.O.V

For the first time a different color tone floods in from the end of the street. It is the most wonderfully blended golden and deep greenish hue.

THE G.B.'S

Leave the trash alley and are blocked by-

A RESERVE BANK BULLION WAGON

A massive, black, green, and gold ten ton Ford armored truck. The back doors open. UNIFORMED MINOTAUR BANK GUARDS throw open the back doors and hurl down large bundles onto the curb.

A BUNDLE- CLOSE

Of brand new Reserve Banknotes. These are immediately fallen upon and sprung free by residents of the street who shovel them into large orange garbage bags. Each person picks up their individual burden and scurries away.

THE BULLION TRUCK

The guards close the door. The G.B's react startlingly to the CRAAACK OF A BULLWHIP. They look to see-

THE FRONT OF THE TRUCK

PULLED BY A HARNESSED TEAM OF FIFTY SUNBURNT INDIVIDUALS in different eras of pinstripe morning coats, banker suits, top hats and business attire.

Sitting above the windshield atop the truck is a-

COWLED COACHMAN

Who leans over and peeks back with only yellow eyes visible. He checks to see the guards are finished. The coachman whirls to the front and cracks a long whip above the ear of the lead banker in the team and the truck rolls out revealing-

EXT. WEALTH STREET- MAIN SQUARE- NIGHT

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

A STATUE- A BULL AND A BEAR IN COMBAT

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

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

Reserve Bank Bullion Trucks are hauled to and fro up and down the streets by teams of bankers responding painfully to cracks of the whip.

THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THEM

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

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

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

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

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

A SAFE

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

THE G.B.'S

As the huge safe lands inches from them and explodes onto the sidewalk throwing out shards of concrete and spilling notes. Now other things begin to RAIN DOWN from the buildings. More safes.

TWENTY POUND COIN BAGS

Begin hitting and scattering ancient style- glittering doubloons.

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

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

EXT. SQUARE AND SCULPTURE- HIGH- WIDE

Taghanik lurches out rapidly leading them from under the rain of lethal objects past the bear and bull statue across the square-

AS THEY RUN A BULLION TRUCK DRAWN BY LOST SOULS GALLOPS BY

It almost runs them over.

EXT. RESERVE BANK

A classic columned black granite edifice-

RESERVE BANK OF MANHELLTON.

Taghanik looks up.

TAGHANIK
Oh-oh.

The G.B.'s react fearfully.

LOVELL
WHAT! WHAT IS IT NOW!

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

MOIRA
Alright. Let's start walking.

CARLA
Yeah, we have to report back to our employers soon.

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

FRANKY
In what?

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

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

THE WATERLINE

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

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

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

The speed boat cuts a path along the lower part of the island. Buildings black. Windows glowing red. In the far right corner a large Monument can be seen at the entrance of the harbour and river.

CAMERA SOARS DOWN AND FINDS THIS OBJECT

THE STATUE OF PROLONGED AGONY

A HUGE BLACK ANGEL rendered classically WITH RED EYES GLOWING AS IT HOLDS A TRIDENT AND A MACHINE PISTOL.

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- TRACKING GRID- STANZ, SPENGLER, NAT

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

WINSTON
Ray, the Goon's here.

He and Stantz leave the tracking console.

TRAVEL WITH THEM

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

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

They gaze out over the river.

THEIR P.O.V

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

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

CARLA
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

LOVELL
I FEEL A STRONG PULL TO THAT SPOT.

TAGHANIK
YEAH. NOBODY'S ALLOWED OVER THERE.

FRANKY
YOU MEAN THAT'S NOT JERSEY!?

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

EXT. THE RIVER TAXI- WIDE

Plying its way North. Manhellton on its right and the GOLDEN MIST on its left.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STAIRS TO BOAT BASIN

Taghanik and the G.B's emerge.

EXT. THE STREET- NEAR THE BOAT BASIN

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

ON THE G.B.'S BOOTS- CLOSE

As they wade through ankle deep accumulations of dog feces.

SOME OF THE DOGS

Prodigious, multiple bowel movements are underway.

ON THE G.B.'S

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

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

FRANKY
This <u>is</u> hell!

The sound of an unmuffled engine causes them to turn.

A LARGE CITY PLOW

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

CARLA
I hate it when people don't pick up after their dogs.

MOIRA
The dogs can't help it. It's the people's fault.

LOVELL
Check this out man.

He points to-

AN ORANGE AND BLACK STREET SIGN

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

TAGHANIK

Leads them down a dark street to an EXTREME ORANGE GLOW.

MOIRA
Where's this guy live anyway?

TAGHANIK
In his apartment overlooking Central Mines South. The most exclusive building in town and the tallest. You should see the views!

He points to the SPIRE and they all stop to look up at its RED glowing peak against the eternal dusk. They are awestruck by its size.

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

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

A THICK WISP OF BLACK SMOKE

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

EXT. CENTRAL MINES SOUTH

Polished black monoliths with glowing red windows along the south edge of the MINE.

THEIR P.O.V.

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

ON THEM

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

THE CENTRAL MINES SOUTH COUPLE

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

THEIR FACES- VERY REALISTIC BUT CLASSIC DEVIL HEADS

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

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

TAGHANIK
Yeah, this is a ritzy part
of town.

ON THE G.B.'S

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

EXT. APARTMENT SPIRE

Black onyx with a gold plaque-

DIABOLAX SPIRE. 666 CENTRAL MINES SOUTH.

The G.B.'s look up at it's THOUSAND STOREY face.

LOVELL
It's big.

FRANKY
Big building.

INT. THE LOBBY

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

TAGHANIK
Michael Taghanik to see
Mr. Siffler.

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

They enter the mahogany and gold elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

FRANKY
Let me guess. Penthouse.

The doors close. The elevator starts to move.

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

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

CARLA
We are really whipping.

LOVELL
Yeah. But are we going up or down?

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

ON THEM

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

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

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

SIFFLER

A distinguished, 40's something, handsome-looking guy in a black three thousand dollar business suit and orange silk tie.

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

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

SIFFLER
Thank you Mr. Taghanik. Well done. You got them here quickly.

Taghnanik grabs the bottle.

TAGHANIK
Pleasure to serve my true master. Call anytime.

MOIRA
You're fired.

Taghanik unscrews the bottle cap, begins drinking and exits.

SIFFLER(comes out from behind desk)
Allow me to introduce myself I'm Luke Siffler.

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

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

LOVELL
Great. Just great. Lots to see and do.

FRANKY
You have a beautiful office here.

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

Siffler invites them to see the view from below the fifty storey-high Gothic arches. They all gather as he shows them the extent on Manhellton Island. Its rivers and DISTANT GOLDEN FOG BANK which occupies a small corner of the far horizon. ITS WARM LIGHT INTRUDES SLIGHTLY ON THE CARBONOUS ORANGE PERMALIGHT IN THE DISTANCE.

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

SIFFLER
Oh I know why you're here. And where you're from. I knew someone would come eventually. Once I started the dumping.

MOIRA
Good then perhaps you can answer some of our questions.

SIFFLER
If you answer some of mine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRANKY
You can take that to the bank--

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

SIFFLER'S BODYGUARDS- FIVE OF THEM

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

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

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

MOIRA
Back to my first question.

SIFFLER
Let me show you something here on my desk.

THE G.B.'S

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

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

THE ORB

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

SIFFLER(he pushes a toggle and flips the Manhattan side up)
This is as close as I've been able to visualize your physical plane. How did I do? I find it most attractive. The capitol of your world as this is of mine. Now you've been here for a few hours. You see that we have traffic and population problems which could be substantially alleviated by dispatching <u>our</u> non-essential residents into <u>your</u> environment.

MOIRA
This will be unacceptable to our side.

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

LOVELL
You'd be surprised. We've done a lot of bad things to our side.

SIFFLER
Let me be blunt I wish to possess the technology which will enable my staff to begin acquiring your property more actively. Your possession of these means at this time is most convenient.

FRANKY
No, you aren't taking any of that, sir.

The bodyguards' tails twitch nervously.

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

LOVELL
And we'll get back to you.

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

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

SIFFLER
I'm afraid I cannot allow you leave.

MOIRA- HER HAND- CLOSE

Goes to her arming toggle.

THE BODYGUARDS

Dive like line-backers to stop them.

CARLA

Knocks Siffler aside and runs to the elevator.

A FEMALE BODYGUARD

Dives in after her. The elevator door closes on them.

MOIRA'S HAND AND BELT-CLOSE

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

LOVELL

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

HIS HAND AND BELT- CLOSE

The bodyguards RIPS THE BELT OFF HIS WAIST before he can get to the toggle.

FRANKY

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

MORE BODYGUARDS

Flood through the sliding panel.

MOIRA

She is stripped of her belt and greaves.

LOVELL

All four limbs are held.

FRANKY

His equipment is torn off.

SIFFLER
Bring them here.

He gestures to the front window of the office. Now his suit begins to BULGE AND RIP as his shape changes from the courtly graying human into a Classic but mottled Lobster red and green devil with yellow eyes, teeth and larger horns than

seen on any of the others around him. The G.B.'s are hustled over to face him.

SIFFLER
JUST SO YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE DICKING AROUND WITH!! BEHOLD YOUR FUTURE ACCOMMODATIONS... DID I MENTION WE'RE ALSO HEAVILY INTO MINING AND SMELTING?!!

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

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

SIFFLER

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

SIFFLER
Wait!! Where's the fourth one!!

INT. DIABOLAX SPIRE ELEVATOR- CARLA AND BEAUTIFUL FEMALE BODYGUARD

In mid-downward, high-speed hurtle. They are in a violent struggle as the devil woman tries to prevent Carla from undoing the toggle protector with one claw. The guard's other claw works to keep the GREAVE pointed away from her own head.

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

EXT. SIFFLER'S PRIVATE ELEVATOR ENTRANCE- CENTRAL MINES- SUB-LEVEL- CARLA AND SIFFLER'S BODYGUARD

They tumble out onto a beach of burning black and gold sands.

CARLA

Rolls up and kicks the devil woman in the head giving herself time to-

CARLA'S WAIST AND HAND CLOSE-UP

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

CARLA'S FACE

She takes one last look at the environment.

HER P.O.V.

She is in a massive cavern on the black sand beach of a vast burning lake dotted with blackened islands draped in clumps of moaning naked sunburnt individuals being prodded and pushed in by GREEN SUB-DEMONS.

ON CARLA

The bodyguard leaps to grab her but everything is suddenly obscured in a loud, MAGNESIUM PINK SNAAP.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP TRACKING GRID- HOMING PULSE BEACONS

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

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

At the tracking grid console.

WINSTON
We got one coming back!

SPENGLER
Prepare the trauma team.

Team members scramble.

THE OCTAHEDRONAL CUBE/ LOOP PROVIDER

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

SURGICAL TEAM

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

WITH STANTZ, SPENGLER, WINSTON AND NAT

As they rush to await the-

CUBE LEAVES

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

INT. FLOOR OF CUBE- CARLA

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

ON THE OPERATING TABLE

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

CARLA
He's got Franky..the others too. The belts! He has their belts!

STANTZ
Who's He?

Stantz and Spengler exchange a look.

CUT TO:

MOIRA'S FACE- CLOSE

It is sweating .

WIDEN TO REVEAL- MOIRA, FRANKY AND LOVELL

Are in their underwear being marched over the black and gold sands under the cavern by-

FIVE FOOT HIGH, GREEN, RED-EYED SUB-DEMONS

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

CUT TO:

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE- SIFFLER AND A BODYGUARD

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

SIFFLER
No no no! Give me that! I'll do it!

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

a Winchester fingers the protective toggle which is open and innocently HITS THE EGRESS BUTTON.

SIFFLER
NO! NOT NOW! I'M NOT READY YET!!

He is obscured by a bright PINK SNAAP.

BODYGUARD
Oh-oh!!

CUT TO:

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- SPENGLER, STANTZ, WINSTON

WINSTON
What if he uses it to come here?

NAT AT TRACKING CONSOLE

NAT
Got another one coming back!!

OCTAHEDRONAL CUBE- LOOP PROVIDER

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

INT. CUBE- SIFFLER

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

SPENGLER, STANTZ, WINSTON, SURGEONS AND DESSETER

They all react at the sight.

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

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

STANTZ
Look at him!!

WINSTON
He's got a tail.

SPENGLER
And what a tail!

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

NAT AT THE CONSOLE

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

THE CUBE

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

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

SPENGLER
Maybe he wanted to negotiate.

CUT TO:

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

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

BODYGUARD
Master! You've returned.

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

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

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

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

INT. BROOKLYN- WAREHOUSE- LOOP PROVIDER

The arcing SNAAP flickers more RADICALLY now. SPARKS exude from the cube. The leaves open.

SIFFLER

STANDS THERE SHAKING OFF THE POUNDS OF PLASM LIKE A DOG.

He strides forward on his lizard-like haunches then clumsily and aimlessly fires a full course from the stolen GREAVE into the room.

EVERYONE IN THE ROOM

Ducks except for an amazed-

MRS. DESSETER

She gets FLASH-PLASMED.

STANTZ AND SPENGLER AT THE CONSOLE

They are afraid. Stantz hits PROVIDE/ SEND TRAFFIC

NAT
Who panicked now!?

CUT TO:

SIFFLER

In a CONCUSSION OF light from the fully OPEN LOOP PROVIDER. A SUBSTANTIAL CRACKLE of energy surrounds his waist.

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

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

ON HIS DESK- THE OTHER BELTS

They crackle and the beacon chasers wink out. There is a final little PUFF and SNAAP of M-vapor from the dying system. Their energy storage is finally depleted.

MRS. DESSETER

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

CUT TO:

A BLACK SURFACE

Is pushed away. It is the BURNT-OUT SHELL of the used Loop Provider. What lies behind it-

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

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

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

WINSTON
Probe belts and provider cube are shot. The whole system's blown out. That version of your loop is finished.

STANTZ
This new elliptical loop looked good on paper. I just hope it works.

SPENGLER
It should. At six billion a copy.

HOIST CONTROL- CLOSE

A GREEN BUTTON is pushed.

THE CARTESIA ELLIPSE INTERCEPTOR

Is being lowered by crane at Stantz' hand into a yellow ring painted in the floor around which are banks of computer consoles.

AT THE CONSOLES- WINSTON AND SPENGLER

They run up the systems. Carla is there in a robe, watching.

WINSTON
Where's Nat?

SPENGLER
The kid? I don't know. He's supposed to be helping Ray.

MRS. DESSETER

She is on an operating table being brought to.

DESSETER
Has the ship left yet?

NURSE
Lie down.

DESSETER
What's that humming?
Out of my way!

She gets up.

ELLIPSE-INTERCEPTOR- STANTZ AND WINSTON

Lower themselves through the two roof hatches under the SAIL. All of the equipment on the lab floor has chasing strobes and lights. There are multiple HUMS and MOANS.

SPENGLER
Good luck..

STANTZ
And God's speed..right?

SPENGLER
If it helps you. See you when you get back.

INT. ELLIPSE CABIN

Stantz and Winston monitor the liquid consoles. The windscreen in front of them is black. There is black piping and flow-lines all around them.

ELLIPSE-SAIL

Pulses and rings of crackling, arcing pink and white light surge along the surface and then down into the piping around the lower body.

MRS. DESSETER

She runs to the console deck.

SPENGLER

Travel from his face as he glances at her to his hand as it keystrokes for- PROVIDE/ SEND ELLIPSE.

MRS. DESSETER (diving on him)
Wait! I paid for it! I want to go!

SPENGLER
I really cannot let that happen.

THE ELLIPSE

Crackles and SNAAAPS into an obscuring magnesium FLARE and is dematerialized leaving nothing but wafts of scintillating metallic vapors.

INT. CABIN

Stantz operates an ALL-WAY CONTROL TOGGLE.

WINSTON
Fixing a point in Manhellton somewhere above the West River.

Another crackle surrounds them.

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

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

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

INT. CABIN- STANTZ AND WINSTON

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

STANTZ
How's that for precision?

WINSTON
I've got their pulses.
Go north. To Central Park.

STANTZ
Cabin stasis field positive.
Toggling forward now.

Stantz slightly nudges the toggle. The VISU-SIM view changes rapidly as the outside surroundings accelerate by. The G.B.'s are unaffected. Engulfed in their stasis field.

EXT. RIVER- ABOVE MID-TOWN- ORANGE PERMALIGHT

The VIBRATING BLUR of the ELLIPSE FLITS IN, rises and turns towards the skyline of the city.

INT. THE CABIN

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

WINSTON
There's the mine.

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

STANTZ
Implant pulses getting stronger. They're down there.

WINSTON
Go for it.

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

EXT. CENTRAL MINES SOUTH- ELLIPSE INTERCEPTOR- HIGH WIDE

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

INT. CENTRAL MINES CAVERN- EXT. ELLIPSE

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

INT. ELLIPSE CABIN

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

WINSTON
Closing on implants.

Stantz works the toggle to avoid stalagmites and stalactites.

EXT. ELLIPSE

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

FRANKY, LOVELL AND MOIRA

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

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

MOIRA
Yeah, you're getting good at this.

LOVELL
I'm dying.

FRANKY
Maybe we're dead already.

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

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

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

Everyone turns to look including the green demons.

EXT. ELLIPSE

FROM A MILE AWAY IT FLITS IN SKIMMING across the fiery lake and in seconds it becomes HUGE in the foreground above.

FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA

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

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

INT. CABIN

STANTZ
Arm those throwers for me.

WINSTON
I can't. I'm running stasis.

NAT

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

NAT
Maybe I can help.

EXT. THE STATIC ELLIPSE - CRACKLING, MOANING, ARCING

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

GREEN DEMONS

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

INT. CABIN

WINSTON
They need help fast.

STANTZ
Go to the back hatch. I'll pivot us in closer. The doors will open, you plasm everything in sight.

THE SULPHUR DIG

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

FRANKY, LOVELL, MOIRA

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

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

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

GREEN DEMONS

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

MOIRA'S ANKLE

As she is the last to climb on the rotating Ellipse. Her skin BLEEDS with CLAW SLASHES.

FRANKY AND LOVELL

Kick away the heads of the mineguards. Moira wrests free from the demon's clutch and they pull her inside. The door slides down.

EXT. ELLIPSE- IN HUMMINGBIRD-LIKE MOTION

It flits away across the cavernous FIERY expanse.

EXT. CENTRAL MINES- WIDE- FROM A THOUSAND FEET UP

In seconds the Ellipse grows from a dot in the b.g. to attain the foreground. It sits there horizontal. Humming.

INT. CABIN

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

MOIRA(leans in)
That's his office.

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

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

A BLACK SHAPE BEGINS TO SQUEEZE ITS WAY OUT FROM A JAGGED HOLE

A GIANT HORNET

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

INT. CABIN- VISU-SIM

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

EXT. ELLIPSE

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

STANTZ- HIS HAND- CLOSE

JIGGLES THE TOGGLE UP, DOWN, SIDEWAYS.

THE ELLIPSE

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

INT. CABIN

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

STANTZ
More giant hornets. We gotta get out of here.

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

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

STANTZ AND WINSTON

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

EXT. THE BRIDGE AND ENDLESS GLOWING FOG

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

INT. ELLIPSE CABIN

As they pass above the last visible girders of the bridge which is absorbed on the far side by the golden mist. Now, suddenly, all the VISU-SIM winks out and goes BLACK. Power systems die.

WINSTON
All stasis and agitator systems inactive.

STANTZ
Cartesian positioner has gone cold.

NAT
Feel's like we're dropping.

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

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

EXT. ELLIPSE

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

Suddenly a GUST of WIND alarms them all.

The MIST blows away and clears slowly revealing that they are standing on a patch of ultra-green grass.

ON THE G.B.'S

Find themselves standing on the PUTTING GREEN of a gorgeous rolling golf course. Infinite lush turf under golden light.

As they contemplate this a glowing YELLOW DOT sails in on them from above and they see it is-

A GOLF BALL

Which hits the lip of the green and rolls within two feet of the cup.

THEIR DISTANT P.O.V.

They look up to see a WHITE TITLEIST GOLF CAP come up from behind a far rise. Now a figure in white rolls towards them from far down an endless fairway. The person is driving a canopyless WHITE GOLF CART.

STANTZ AND WINSTON

Strain to see who it is and as the cart draws closer recognition lights their faces. It is -

VENKMAN

He rolls up to them and gets out, putter in hand. Stantz, loses it and cries.

STANTZ
Pete. I'm so sorry about what happened--

VENKMAN
Wait. I'm not Venkman. I assumed this familiar form for you because it is the best way to communicate to you so many complicated matters. However Pete does say hello. He's in a very happy place and he forgives you for your part in the lab accident. He sends you this.

Venkman taps Ray on the head with his putter.

STANTZ
Thanks. Tell him we miss him and love him.

VENKMAN
I will. Now. What can I do for you? As if I didn't know.

LOVELL
You know this guy Siffler. Lives across the bridge.

VENKMAN
Oh yes. He's an old associate. Nasty individual.

WINSTON
His place is crowded so he's raising the dead where we come from and wants to take over our world as a dumping ground.

VENKMAN (shaking his head wearily)
Oh I know.

STANTZ
We've done as much as we can,

NAT
We need help.

WINSTON
We literally had nowhere else to turn.

VENKMAN
Well, I know you mean it when you ask me like that and I can see you've put a lot of effort into

VENKMAN (continues)
this and really tried your best to help out. So I'll tell you what, for one hour whomever you can get to cross the bridge from there will be forgiven, redeemed and accepted. But remember I am keeping the bridge open for one hour only.

WINSTON
Amen.

LOVELL
Thank-you.

VENKMAN (sighs)
Sure. They are all my children anyway.

NAT
Would it be too much to ask for picture?

VENKMAN
Look in a mirror. You'll find me there.

FRANKY
How about an autograph?

VENKMAN
No more autographs since Moses. Now if you'll excuse me. I need to sink this ball.

He sinks the putt and mists swirl in to engulf him and the golf course.

STANTZ
You heard what he said. Let's go talk to that guy.

They climb into the Ellipse.

EXT. UPPER RIVER BRIDGE AND GOLDEN HORIZON BEYOND

The Ellipse emerges from the white, warm fog in a wake of mist and flits southward back towards Central Mines South.

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE- SIFFLER

Back in his human form behind the desk in a silk robe

and pajamas. He's got MULTIPLE MAGNIFICENT RED DEVILS IN COUNCIL and he is on the phone.

SIFFLER (fuming)
Vent the lower smelters.
Release another hundred
thousand bio-residues
for re-animation in the
adjacent plane. We'll flood
the place with walking dead!

There is a MOAN of something outside the window. Siffler looks and all turn to see.

AN ARCING, CRACKLING SHAPE OF LIGHTS

The Ellipse flits in and turns. The THROWERS CLICK UP TO AIM at the large windows.

ELLIPSE- THROWERS

Courses of INTERTWINING LIGHT pour out.

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

The WINDOWS BURST INTO POWDER.

THE BODYGUARDS

Extract their machine pistols but are FLASH PLASMED as is everything alive in the room except for-

SIFFLER

Bolts through the sliding panel next to his fireplace.

INT. ELLIPSE/CABIN

Stantz and Winston exit leaving Nat at the toggle. Moira exits with them.

INT. REAR COMPARTMENT/EQUIPMENT RACKS

The back door slides up. Franky and Lovell exit.

EXT. ELLIPSE- FRANKY AND LOVELL

Climb up ladders on the side of the body onto the sail from where they start pasting the HORNET HOLE, dropping the insects in GLOBS of PLASM as they each crawl out.

WINSTON, STANTZ AND MOIRA

Climb down on the hood of the Packard body which is vibrating statically near Siffler's shattered office window. They jump across the vast chasm into-

INT. SIFFLER'S OFFICE

They land in the dripping over-plasmed chamber. Stantz slips and almost falls through the gap to the endless drop below.

WINSTON (grabbing him)
Too old for this work?

STANTZ
Definitely.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS- BODYGUARDS

Enter with guns drawn.

MOIRA

Pumps out RAPID GLOBS from her GREAVE and COATS THEIR PISTOLS.

She follows Stantz and Winston through the aperture next to the fireplace. The sliding panel is half open, impaired by coatings of PLASM.

INT. SPIRAL STAIR CHAMBER

Long, winding steps spiral upwards into the antennae tower.

THE G.B.'S

Look up to see SIFFLER EXITING at the top of the stairs into a lofty chamber in the building's roofcap. They chase him.

BODYGUARDS

Enter the stair well and begin climbing after the G.B.'S.

EXT. TOP OF DIABOLAX SPIRE- ANTENNAE- BEACONS- FROM OVER ELLIPSE

Franky and Lovell drop hornets in PLASM GLOBS. Behind and above them in the tip of the spire a RED LIGHT comes on from a small ROOM.

PUSH IN PAST THEM TO WINDOW IN SPIRE ROOFCAP- SIFFLER

He is frantically engaged in some activity.

INT. SMALL ROOM- ON HIM

He flips on banks of switches. Rows of winking red lights activate. An illuminated plaque declares this is-

COMMAND ALARM CONTROL

He grabs a gold microphone from a goose-neck on the console.

SIFFLER
ATTENTION ALL RESIDENTS
AND MUNICIPAL PERSONNEL
THIS IS YOUR LORD AND MASTER
DIABOLAX SPIRE IS UNDER
ATTACK...

EXT. HOLY SQUARE

LARGE SPEAKERS ON POSTS broadcast his message. Minotaurs stop and their heads whip around to listen.

SIFFLER(over speaker)
...BY LIVING HUMANS.
CONVERGE ON DIABOLAX SQUARE...

INT. FORD

Minotaurs listen on the radio. They turn on their sirens but the driver throws his hooves up because they are stuck in the constant six-mile-an-hour traffic.

SIFFLER
...IMMEDIATELY. CONVERGE NOW
ON CENTRAL MINES SOUTH...

EXT. WEALTH STREET

Speakers boom his voice down from the rooftop.

SIFFLER
...I REPEAT I AM UNDER ATTACK
BY LIVING HUMANS..

INT. BROADCAST ROOM

Stantz and Moira burst in leveling their GREAVES at Siffler. Winston stays on the stairs THROWING GLOBS at the pursuing bodyguards.

STANTZ
Stop. Or I spackle you!

SIFFLER
I'm not afraid of your
weapons.

MOIRA
Wait. Both of you. Just listen. We've solved your overpopulation problem. An arrangement has been made to open up the nether regions to those residents of Manhellton who are permitted to cross the bridge in the next hour.

STANTZ
Get on your emergency broadcast system and tell everyone to head towards Jersey. One hour's grace.

SIFFLER
If I do that then EVERYONE will leave here and there'll be no one to run the place for me. I choose who leaves and who doesn't.

STANTZ
Get away from that mike.

SIFFLER
Wait. Think for a minute about what you're doing. You need this place. Without it there wouldn't be the nether region. Your world would have no balance! Like stop and go! Black and white! Good and evil!

MOIRA
Sure but nobody's had a chance to try it without you around.

SIFFLER
ENOUGH!

Siffler begins to bulge at the shoulders under his robe in the first stages of his bestial transmutation but before he can attain full size-

MOIRA AND STANTZ

Sling him with double courses of PLASM.

MOIRA
He looks good in puke green.

STANTZ(grabs the mike)
ATTENTION ALL RESIDENTS OF MANHELLTON. THE NETHER REGION

STANTZ (continues)
IS OPEN. ALL IS FORGIVEN
YOU ARE FREE. THERE IS ROOM
FOR EVERYONE ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE BRIDGE.

VARIOUS CUTS AROUND THE CITY

As they hear Stantz voice broadcast the message of freedom.

BLUE MINOTAURS

Get out of their Black Fords and begin running northward.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE

CRICKETS punctuate his droning speech. The loudspeakers declare the nether region open. Functionaries and staff all head for the exits.

EXT. WEALTH STREET- BULLION COACHMEN

They hurl down their whips and leap off the wagons.
The bankers shuck their harnesses and run northward.

INT. TAGHANIK'S OFFICE

He and his secretary hear the broadcast on his desk radio,

TAGHANIK
Come on! Let's get outta here!

They exit.

INT. SPIRE/BROADCAST ROOM-

Stantz continues to announce. Moira assists Winston in delaying the bodyguards on the stairs.

SIFFLER

His plasm cocoon begins to quiver. In a gelatinous EXPLOSION the confining substance BURSTS AWAY and HE GROWS TO HIS FULL DEMONIC FORM. He picks Stantz up by the neck and punches his way through the window to climb onto the spire's sloping roof.

MOIRA AND WINSTON

Follow Siffler and Stantz out. The bodyguards RAM the door flat and run in FIRING machine pistols.

EXT. DIABOLAX SPIRE- ROOFCAP AND ANTENNAE ARRAY-ORANGE PERMALIGHT

Siffler has Stantz around the waist and is squeezing him so hard that his screams sound like Fay Ray's.

WINSTON AND MOIRA

They cling to antennae and work their way to their comrade.

SIFFLER AND STANTZ

SIFFLER
YOU USELESS PIECE OF CARBON AND MUCOUS. I HATE YOU. NONE OF YOU ARE WORTH THE TROUBLE.

He leans his head back, HIS JAWS OPEN MASSIVELY WIDE. He dangles Stantz' head inside and-

SIFFLER'S EYE

A BRIGHT PRECISION BEAM OF GOLDEN LIGHT hits him. He shrieks, and brings his arms up to fend off this luminous assault, dropping-

STANTZ

Who rolls down the roofcap, past the antennae and falls over the edge of the eaves.

SIFFLER

Temporarily blinded by the strong single beam of light from the sky on the other side of the bridge. It is pinning him into place.

EXT. ELLIPSE- ON TOP OF SAIL

Franky and Lovell are battling the hornet swarm. Lovell clicks the palm trigger on his greave uselessly. A LOUD REPETITIVE CLINK TELLS HIM his pipe vest is depleted.

LOVELL
RESERVOIRS EMPTY. I'M OUT!!

FRANKY
CAN'T GET THEM ALL!! LOOK OUT!!

Lovell fights off a hornet in legs to hand combat, stabbing at its belly with his GREAVE PRONG.

STANTZ

Falls from the antennae cluster above, THROUGH THE HORNET CLOUD onto the SAIL. Franky catches him and drags him to safety. Lovell holds him like a doll and uses Stantz' GREAVE

to release more courses from his employer's reserves. Now his system CLINKS. So does Franky's.

LOVELL
Quick! Let's get him inside!
Where are the others?!

Fending off and stabbing at the hornets they climb down through the rear hatch which closes behind them.

EXT. SPIRE ANTENNAE CLUSTER

Siffler swings down closer to Winston and Moira. He grabs for them with his claws howling and roaring blasts of brown flecked wind at them.

WINSTON AND MOIRA

Are depleted and their palm triggers CLINK helplessly.

THE ELLIPSE

Pops up into FRAME crackling and arcing. Winston and Moira leap from the roofcap onto the top of the SAIL and climb in through the front roof hatches.

SIFFLER

Hops onto the SAIL after them.

INT. CABIN

Everyone hears the thud.

NAT

Flicks the toggle back.

ELLIPSE

It DARTS straight backwards, away from the Spire and out over-

EXT. CENTRAL MINE- FROM TWO THOUSAND FEET UP

Siffler crawls off the sail and starts to rip piping away around the rear hatch, attempting to enter the cabin.

NAT

Jiggles the toggle forward, back, side to side, up and down.

ELLIPSE

In an INCREASED, HIGH VIBRATING BLUR it SHAKES SIFFLER OFF like a bee would a water droplet. He falls away-

SIFFLER

Head over tail. Arms and claws flailing he PLUNGES, shrieking down into the fiery molten pit ten thousand feet below. It takes a long time for him to fall. He hits as a speck. This then is followed by a MASSIVE, YELLOW, SULPHUROUS, MUSHROOM CLOUD ERUPTION.

INT. CABIN

Nat tips the Ellipse on wing and the VISU-SIM depicts their exit away and across the apartment blocks below.

EXT. UPPER RIVER- FROM ISLAND TO SHORE OF NETHER REGION

The GOLDEN GLOW grows higher and casts its light out over the bridge and onto the orange red and black darkness of Manhellton. Fingers of brightness begin touching some darker recesses of the City.

EXT. BRIDGE ROADWAY/BRIDGE ENTRANCE- MANHELLTON SIDE

Black Fords and orange Checkers jam the roadbed along with sunburnt individuals, Minotaurs, Red Devils and Green Sub-Demons all eagerly fleeing into the light on the other side.

INT. ELLIPSE CABIN

Stantz takes the operator's toggle. The VISU-SIM shows that they are darting over the bridge. He stops them in place and tips the vessel so that everyone can see the exodus.

THE BRIDGE ON THE OTHER SIDE

Closes as a drawbridge would to accept the immigrant traffic. The G.B.'s smile.

WINSTON
Positioning wave for home.

STANTZ
Let's get the hell out of here!

He reaches down to-

A RED GEAR LEVER NEAR HIS KNEE- EGRESS

He slams it down with an authoritative thunk.

EXT. ELLIPSE

It CRACKLES, ARCS and VIBRATES out of sight in a PINK SNAAPP.

INT. BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE- NIGHT

With a SNAAP the ELLIPSE VIBRATES BACK INTO THIS PLANE. Teams of G.B.'s rush to assist the crew as the hatches whine open and the intra-planar travelers emerge, smoking, sunburnt and in shock.

STANTZ

Staggers into Spenglers' arms and collapses.

STANTZ
We went to Heaven! Saw God!
He was Venkman!

Spengler looks at him. Shakes his head and injects him using a percussive syringe loaded with tranquilizers.

EXT. MANHATTAN- TRINITY CHURCHYARD- DAY-

Tourists get their pictures taken. Through the fence unseen behind them floats-

THE WHITE TIE SPECTRE- J.J. DESSETER

The fatigued spirit happily descends into the grave marked with his name.

EXT. GRANT'S TOMB- DAY-

From the woods around the mausoleum the spirit of U.S. GRANT wafts in through the trees scattering some street kids who are smoking cigarettes on the steps of his grave.

He drains the last of a fifth of whiskey through his translucent form, smashes the bottle on the steps and drifts in through the doors back to his tomb.

EXT. BROOKLYN QUEENS GRAVEYARD- HIGH WIDE- DAY-

Hundreds of corpses return to their graves.

INT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL ROOM- TRENODIUS

He lies comatose. Stantz and Spengler are on vigil. Now the instruments go into FLATLINE ALARM. His eyes open, his face relaxes into a near beatific smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

GOLDEN WARM TUNNEL OF LIGHT

Trenodius' spirit walks down to the friendly beckoning figures at the end of the blue and white tube.

FIGURES AT THE END OF THE TUBE

Spirits of friends, parents, old priests, a Pope and Venkman in his street clothes as one of the welcoming group.

THE LIGHT BOX

The BULB is HITTING GREEN GREEN GREEN

EXT. NEW YORK HOSPITAL- DAY

Stantz and Spengler exit and go to an Ecto-mobile which is parked near the ambulances. Nat, Lovell, Franky, Moira, Carla and Winston wait for them.

STANTZ(smiling broadly)
He's gone. He's across.
Into the light.

INT. ECTO UNIT

Lovell drives out to turn into the traffic on York Avenue. Everything is gridlocked.

EVERYONE'S P.O.V.

They are in a thick, honking, dirty, cursing rush hour traffic jam. A woman on the corner has her purse snatched by a street thief. She chases after him screaming for the police.

LOVELL
It's beautiful isn't it.

CARLA
I love this city.

FRANKY
Unconditionally.

Everyone nods in agreement.

EXT. ECTO UNIT

Lovell puts his elbow out the window. It's just great to be there.

WIDEN OUT AND PULL BACK AND UP AND AWAY TO UNTIL THE ECTO UNIT IS JUST A SMALL WHITE DOT IN THE LONG LINE OF TRAFFIC IN THE BUSTLING CITYSCAPE.

THE END



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