

GHOSTBUSTERS

by

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&

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FADE IN

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

The sun shines brightly on the classic facade of the main library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. In the adjacent park area, petty hustlers and drug peddlars go about their business.

FRONT STEPS

A few people lounge on the steps flanked by the familiar stone lions. A WOMAN mounts the steps and enters the library.

INT. MAIN READING ROOM

The woman enters the cavernous hall. People are dotted throughout the room sitting at long oak tables polished by decades of use. Reading lamps with green glass shades cast a golden glow on the tables. The patina of age is everywhere. It is very quiet.

LIBRARIAN

A slightly stout, studious looking girl in her late twenties circulates quietly among the tables picking up books and putting them on her cart. Everything seems completely normal and peaceful.

POV

A single eerie musical note signals the presence of something strange looking down on the librarian from a vantage point high above the room. It follows the librarian as she pushes her cart around a counter.

WORK AREA

The librarian is alone in a back room sorting books for re-shelving. Behind her is the card catalogue. One of the books attracts her interest and she starts leafing through it.

THE CARD CATALOGUE

Another eerie note is heard as one of the drawers silently slides open. As it is located behind the librarian she doesn't notice this unusual occurrence. Nor does she notice

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that the file cards start flipping out of the drawer like hundreds of projected playing cards.

THE LIBRARIAN

She moves past another row of cards. Two more drawers slide quietly open. The librarian is oblivious to the fact that now thousands of file cards are shooting out of the open drawers just behind her.

THE STACKS

The librarian works her way through rows and rows of old iron shelves containing many thousands of volumes stacked from floor to ceiling. As she puts the books back in their proper places, she slowly gets the feeling that she's being watched. She continues her task but suddenly hears a scratching noise and stops.

LIBRARIAN

(puzzled)

Hello? Is anybody there?

A ROW OF BOOKS

As the librarian walks down the aisle books start shooting off the shelf behind her. She turns suddenly and sees the fallen books.

A NOW FRIGHTENED LIBRARIAN

She walks slowly to the end of the aisle and tentatively peaks around the corner. No one. She starts to scratch her head and suddenly a dozen books fly off the shelf right in front of her and fall to the floor.

LIBRARIAN

(frightened)

All right! Who's there? Lyle?

Is that you?

Very slowly now, her heart pounding, the librarian tiptoes to the other end of the aisle. She gets to the corner and starts to peek around it, afraid to look but unable to resist.

POV

The librarian's face appears around the end of the stacks and she gets her first look at the thing that's been watching her. Her eyes go very wide, and her mouth opens in horror. She screams.

A HIDEOUS DEMON MASK

It's a horrible face, half-animal, half-human, with very long fangs and bulging eyes.

VENKMAN (V.O.)

Sorry I'm late, gentlemen. I hope you haven't been waiting long.

Fall back to reveal DR. PETER VENKMAN standing at the end of a long conference table. He is holding the hideous demon mask that we saw in the beginning of the scene.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

I was doing some very important sleep research and I guess I lost track of the time.

As he speaks, he sets out two more demon masks, an audio cassette player, a slide carousel and a disorderly sheaf of notes. Venkman is a great salesman, extremely charming when he wants to be, but his charm is wasted on this audience.

THE CONFERENCE TABLE

Eight distinguished looking academic types are seated around the table, glowering at Venkman.

OFFICER #1

(stern)

Dr. Venkman, the purpose of this meeting is to determine whether or not this University will continue funding for your program. For the record, Vice-Regents Chandler and Maisman will not be attending.

VENKMAN

Really? Maybe we better pick a day when they can make it?

OFFICER #1

I think there are enough of us here to evaluate your work.

(to the committee)

Ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Peter Venkman, Co-Director of our Psychology Department's Paranormal Studies Laboratory.

VENKMAN
(psyches himself up
and begins a desperate
pitch to the committee
chairman)

Okay! Hey, thank you, Dean Yaeger.
Thank you not only for what you've
contributed to our work in the
paranormal, but I think the whole
Board of Regents will want to join
me in thanking you for your tremendous
effort on behalf of all the sciences
and departments of this university
which I am so proud to be associated
with. And if I was on that Nobel
Committee, I think the story would
have been a little different in Stock-
holm last week.

DEAN YAEGER
(not buying it)
Thank you, Dr. Venkman.

VENKMAN
Okay. I know what you're all thinking:
"What are those guys doing down there
in the basement of Weaver Hall. I
heard they sacrificed a lamb down
there and made contact with the Devil."
Well, ladies and gentlemen, NOT TRUE.
We are three dedicated scientists who
worship only one thing - the quest for
knowledge wherever it may lead.

He puts on a cassette of "up" music, dims the lights and
starts a slide show.

SLIDE ONE - SPENGLER

VENKMAN
My colleague Egon Spengler. Mathematician,
theoretical physicist, genius. Even I don't
know what he's talking about half the time.

SLIDE - STANTZ

VENKMAN
Dr. Raymond Stantz. "Ray." Biochemist,
electrical engineer. I'm talking
about every major corporation - Army -
I'm talking about state of the art all
the way and a guy who's willing to
gamble on a theory no matter how nutty
it may sound to a less far-sighted
person.

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VENKMAN (CONT'D)

And me...I'm here to tell you, gentlemen, that the funds you have so graciously granted us in the past have been put to good use down in the Paranormal Studies Laboratory.

Slides of various projects and lab activities are shown.

A PRIEST

I heard you were trying to create life down there in a test-tube.

VENKMAN

Nobody can create life, your holiness. You either have it or you don't.

THE DOOR

STANTZ appears and spots Venkman through the glass door. He waves excitedly.

VENKMAN

He reacts but tries to continue.

OFFICER #4

Dr. Venkman, according to this data you went over budget last year by \$35,000.

VENKMAN

That was a computer error.

THE DOOR

Stantz raps on the glass. The Regents see him and react.

VENKMAN

He can't believe Stantz would interrupt the grant meeting. He waves him off.

DEAN YAEGER

And now you're looking for ghosts?

VENKMAN

That's right.

(lowers mask)

We believe that supernatural manifestations are indicators of energy

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VENKMAN (CONT'D)

that exists outside the reality envelope common to most of us. We don't know what we don't know, but we do know that things happen in this world that strongly suggest tremendous forces at work on planes of reality that may be teeming with life of their own. And here, ladies and gentlemen, tangible evidence of a realm beyond.

MORE SLIDES

The graphics depict Venkman's speech.

VENKMAN

For example, here structural damage to a house caused by unknown hyperkinetic forces.

(next slide)

Rashes, bites and welts from a case we studied in Northern Quebec.

(new slide)

Here, a double exposure of a polaroid photo showing people who were not there. Incredible. Here is a bent spoon. Self-explanatory. Not only do such things exist, but my associates and I are convinced that such events are about to increase to seriously uncomfortable proportions. The question is...

(he shines a pocket flashlight on his own face, providing spooky lighting)

Will we be ready?

One of the Regents puts the lights back on

DEAN YAEGER

Thank you, Doctor Venkman. I think that will be enough. We'll look over your written proposal and let you know. By the way, have you ever actually seen a ghost.

VENKMAN

That depends on what you mean by "seen."

DEAN

"Looked at with your eyes."

VENKMAN

Just last week we went out to study
a rockfall.

OFFICER #3

Rockfall?

VENKMAN

Yeah. Stones and pebbles somehow
materialize and fall out of the sky
from an untraceable source.

OFFICER #3

You actually witnessed this?

VENKMAN

Well, we got there after it happened.

DEAN

Thank you, Dr. Venkman.

VENKMAN

Thank you, Dean Yaeger.

The meeting breaks up and Venkman once again sees Stantz
hovering by the door as the Regents exit.

STANTZ

He is very excited as Venkman joins him and they walk down
the hall.

STANTZ

We got one!

VENKMAN

(irritable)

One what?

STANTZ

Full-torso apparition. Public
library. Scared the shit out of a
librarian, blew books off the shelf.

VENKMAN

What makes you think this one's
real?

STANTZ

Spengler went down there. He took
some readings. Right off the top
of the scale. We're close,
Venkman. I can feel it.

VENKMAN

(convinced)

Let's go.

INT. MAIN READING ROOM

Stantz and Venkman meet Spengler who is standing with the
HEAD LIBRARIAN.

VENKMAN

What've you got, Egon?

SPENGLER

I don't understand. What have I
got?

VENKMAN

Let me rephrase it for you, Spengler.
It was a stupid colloquialism.

SPENGLER

And not a very precise one.

VENKMAN

Okay, how's this? What the hell
is happening?

SPENGLER

I have trace PKE valences every-
where in the building and extremely
high readings in the interior stacks.

HEAD LIBRARIAN

(worried)

What does that mean?

VENKMAN

It means the place is haunted.

HEAD LIBRARIAN

(gasps)

Oh, God.

VENKMAN

(to Stantz)

(referring to librarian)

Who's this?

STANTZ

This is Mr. Gregory. Head Librarian.

VENKMAN

Who actually saw it?

STANTZ

One of the assistants. A paramedic
gave her a shot.

VENKMAN -

Let's see her. Is she good looking?

SPENGLER

Good in what sense?

They exit.

OFFICE

A Paramedic is taking the plump librarian's blood pressure as Venkman and Stantz enter.

VENKMAN

Hi, Doc. How is she?

PARAMEDIC

She's showing signs of shock and -
this is weird - she has blisters
but no signs of being burned.

VENKMAN

(moving to the
girl)

Hello, miss. I know this may be a
difficult time for you but I need
you to answer a few questions for
me.

LIBRARIAN

(slightly hysterical)

I'll try.

VENKMAN

Atta girl.

(he winks at her)

Now, you saw something down there -
what did it look like?

LIBRARIAN

It was horrible!

She makes a distorted and horrible face.

VENKMAN

(repelled)

Horrible, huh? Worse than what you
just did?

LIBRARIAN

And I'm not the first one who's
seen it either. Most people keep
their mouths shut about it. People
might think you're crazy.

STANTZ

This is great, Venkman. Could be an FRVP - Free-repeating vaporous fantasy.

(to the girl)

Was it kind of like a mist or a vapor or did it have arms and legs?

LIBRARIAN

I don't remember legs. But definitely arms because it reached for me.

STANTZ

Arms! Great! I can't wait to get a look at this thing.

VENKMAN

(to the girl)

Now I have to ask you some embarrassing questions. Bear with me, please. Do you habitually use drugs, stimulants, or alcohol?

LIBRARIAN

No.

VENKMAN

I thought not. Have you or has any member of your family been diagnosed schizophrenic or mentally incapacitated?

LIBRARIAN

My uncle thought he was Saint Jerome.

VENKMAN

I call that a big yes. Are you currently menstruating?

LIBRARIAN

(offended)

No.

PARAMEDIC

What the hell does that have to do with it?

VENKMAN

Fuck off, man. I'm a scientist.

(to girl)

One last question. Should this turn out to be real, will you grant us exclusive commercial rights to this phenomena?

SPENGLER

Interrupting, reading his meters.

SPENGLER

It's moving!

STANTZ

(up for it)

Let's go.

They rush out of the office.

DEEP IN THE STACKS

It's dark. They come slowly down the aisle with Spengler leading, taking constant readings. Their faces are lit mainly by the light of their own monitoring and recording equipment.

HIGH POV

Looking down on them from the spectral point of view.

A SPIRAL STAIRCASE

One by one, Venkman, Stantz and Spengler come down the tightly winding, old, iron staircase. They are scared. Books are strewn all over the floor.

A BOOKSHELF

The books start to slide forward.

THE STACKS

A whole shelving unit topples over and almost crushes the team under a ton of books. They jump to safety.

VENKMAN

Nice.

(out loud)

Hello...

Spengler looks at his meters and silently points at a dark aisle intersecting the one they're in. The team inches toward it.

SPENGLER

It's here.

They stop at the corner.

THE DARK AISLE

The team peeks around the corner and looks toward camera. They see the full-bodied ghost of a woman standing up the aisle.

THE GHOST

She looks like hell, hovering on the edge of being and non-being.

VENKMAN, STANTZ AND SPENGLER

They stare in amazement. Venkman whistles.

STANTZ

(whispers)

Let's get a little closer

He steps toward it fighting his own dread. Venkman follows reluctantly. Spengler moves in with his equipment. They're scared.

VENKMAN

(furtive whisper)

What do we do now, Ray?

STANTZ

(sotto voce)

I don't know. What do you think?

VENKMAN

(urgently)

I don't know...Spengler! What do we do now?

SPENGLER

(quietly)

About what?

VENKMAN

Great...C'mon, Ray, think of something.

STANTZ

(whispers)

I got it.

(he gets as close
as he can, then
screams)

GET HER!

He leaps at the apparition.

VENKMAN

He jumps reflexively at almost the same moment and they grab at thin air.

THE GHOST

She drops back about six feet, looms up into a raging demon-like specter and blasts them with a hideous roar.

VENKMAN, STANTZ AND SPENGLER

They scream and fall backward.

EXT. LIBRARY - MAIN ENTRANCE

They burst through the doors and onto the broad steps. Venkman sits on the stairs clutching his heart.

VENKMAN

(to Stantz)

"Get her?" That was your whole methodology? 'Get her?'

STANTZ

(exhilarated)

Okay, I'm sorry, but wasn't it fantastic! I can't believe it! It was real!

VENKMAN

If we ever do this again I think we're going to need a new approach. Jumping on 'em just isn't going to make it, Ray.

STANTZ

We'll do better next time. The readings we got from this one are the first, real, reliable data we've had. If we can analyze it, we can handle it.

VENKMAN

(skeptical)

Where's Spengler?

They look around.

PUBLIC TELEPHONE

Spengler is at a pay phone nearby. He has hot-wired a mini-computer to the phone and is programming the data. Venkman and Stantz join him.

SPENGLER

(watching the readouts)

I'm patched into the Bell Labs computer in Boston. We should have an answer in a moment.

(the readout shows
number series and
tables)

I was right, Stantz.

STANTZ, BEAMS

VENKMAN

(impatient)

What? What is it? C'mon, I'm not that good at math.

SPENGLER

I think we can catch one.

Venkman is speechless. His mind reels at the possibilities. He knocks lightly on Spengler's cranium.

VENKMAN

Solid gold.

EXT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - WEAVER HALL

Washington Square - Greenwich Village scene. Dope pushers hit on Venkman, Stantz and Spengler as they head for the lab. Venkman is obsessed.

VENKMAN

(scheming)

So you think we can trap a ghost
and hold it somehow?

STANTZ

(excited)

We can do it, man. Me and Spengler
could come up with an energy grid
that could work.

VENKMAN

(psyching up)

This is a breakthrough. Professional
Paranormal Investigations and Elimina-
tions.

A PUSHER accosts them.

PUSHER

Loose joints, man?

SPENGLER

All right.

He reaches in his pocket and hands the pusher a joint.

INT. WEAVER HALL

They trot down the stairs to the basement.

VENKMAN

You know what this could mean to the
University? They'll probably throw
out the entire Engineering Department
and turn their building over to us.

THE BASEMENT

The door of the Paranormal Studies Lab. A sign dangles
from the doorknob: Maid - Please Make Up This Room.
Scrawled across the door is a line of student graffiti
that reads "Venkman Burn in Hell!". It looks like
it's been written in blood. A WORKMAN in painter pants is
at the door as Venkman, Stantz and Spengler approach. Venk-
man sees the graffiti and reads it.

VENKMAN
(to the workman)
I don't suppose you wrote this.

WORKMAN
(shakes his head)
Nope

VENKMAN
Probably a religious fanatic then.

They go in. The workman starts scraping their names off the door with a razor blade.

THE LAB

They enter. Janitorial and maintenance personnel are busy dismantling their apparatus and equipment. Dean Yaeger is supervising. Venkman confronts him.

VENKMAN
(shocked)
I trust you're moving us to a better space somewhere on campus.

DEAN YAEGER
No. I simply want to make sure that when you leave these premises you don't leave with what the University likes to think of as it's property.

STANTZ
(to Venkman)
You said you floored 'em at the Regent's meeting.

VENKMAN
(righteous)
Ray, I apologize.
(at Dean Yaeger)
I guess my confidence in the Regents was misplaced. They did this to Gallileo, too.

DEAN YAEGER
It could be worse, Dr. Venkman. They took the astronomer Phileas and staked his head to the town gate.

VENKMAN

Ouch. Well, thanks for terminating our grant, Dean Yaeger. I guess now I can call you "Mort."

STANTZ

Sees a janitor cleaning up his bio-chemical experiment.

STANTZ

Don't touch that!

The janitor backs off. Stantz picks up a Petri dish and carries it gingerly to a big storage fridge. He opens the door of the fridge. He is bathed in unnaturally green light as he stores the Petri dish with hundreds of others containing pulsing molds and jellies.

JANITOR

(appalled)

What is that stuff?

STANTZ

Bioplasm.

JANITOR

(worried)

Are you taking it with you?

STANTZ

No way, man.

He exits. The janitor sprays 409 on one of the molds.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE

Stantz and Venkman are sitting on a bench both looking desolate.

STANTZ

(shaking his head)

This is like a major disgrace. Forget M.I.T. or Stanford now - they wouldn't touch us with a poly-vinyl chloride pole.

VENKMAN

You're always so worried about your reputation. We don't need the university. Einstein did his best stuff while he was working as a patent clerk. They can't stop progress.

STANTZ

(not cheered)

Do you know what a patent clerk makes? I liked the university. They gave us money, they gave us the facilities and we didn't have to produce anything! I've worked in the private sector. They expect results. You've never been out of college. You don't know what it's like out there.

VENKMAN

(with visionary zeal)

Let me tell you, Ray; everything in life happens for a reason. Call it fate, call it luck, Karma, whatever. I think we were destined to get kicked out of there.

STANTZ

For what purpose?

VENIMAN

(with real conviction)

To go into business for ourselves.
and make an enormous bundle of cash.

EXT. AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS

Venkman, Stantz and Spengler enter the Irving Trust headquarters. They are all neatly dressed in suits.

INT. IRVING TRUST

Venkman, Stantz and Spengler are seated at the desk of a LOAN OFFICER.

LOAN OFFICER

Your credit references are OK and your professional credentials are most impressive. However, I'm still at a loss as to the precise type of psychological consulting business you plan to do.

STANTZ

We're really planning to be a kind of parapsychology business.

LOAN OFFICER

What kind now?

VENKMAN

He said a pair of psychologists are better than one. And that's the whole concept here. Doctor Spengler and myself will staff the clinic and Doctor Stantz will take care of administration.

LOAN OFFICER

Kind of a mini psychiatric medical centre, huh?

VENKMAN

That's it. A Mini Psych.-Med Centre. No overhead and all income.

LOAN OFFICER

Apart from the three thousand dollars your aunt has on deposit here, Doctor Venkman, is there any other property which you could consign to Irving Trust as collateral?

SPENGLER

I own an automobile.

LOAN OFFICER

Good. Year and make?

SPENGLER

It's a 1957 Saab.

The other two look at him. The Loan Officer thumbs slowly through their presentation. He brings forth strange designs of backpacks and black boxes and wands as soon before in Venkman's slide show.

LOAN OFFICER

And what are these again?

SPENGLER

Those are proton packs and that's a Nutrona wand. They're prototypes of new devices for putting proto-matter in stasis.

VENKMAN

(covering)

It's a completely new X-ray setup we invented.

LOAN OFFICER

Appears you'll need quite a bit to get started.

He continues thumbing through. There is a long silence.

LOAN OFFICER

Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry but the best I can do for you is underwrite an initial loan of ten thousand dollars. Based on your expertise and the fact that the bank's money will be buying most of this equipment you need, we can overlook the matter of collateral until you get established.

They all AD-LIB "thank-you's." The Loan Officer makes some notes and signs some forms with several flourishes.

LOAN OFFICER

And what is to be the name of your new company?

STANTZ

Ghostbusters.

EXT. FIREHALL

An abandoned brick, 4-story, fire station built by the city around the turn of the century. It bears a coat of faded red paint and a legend above the garage door in chipped gilt letters: Engine Company #93. The garage doors open revealing Venkman standing in the white-tiled garage bay with a middle-aged woman in a CENTURY 21 blazer.

INT. GARAGE BAY

Venkman is looking around.

CENTURY 21

Besides this, you've got another substantial work area on the ground floor, office space, sleeping quarters and showers on the next floor and you have your full kitchen on the top level. It's 10,000 square feet total.

SPENGLER

Comes out of the office area with a pocket calculator.

SPENGLER

It's 9,642.55 square feet.

CENTURY 21

(shrugs)

What is he - your accountant?

STANTZ

He is on the third level looking down the well of the shiny brass fire pole.

STANTZ

(shouts, loving it)

Wow! Does this pole still work?

CENTURY 21

At the bottom of the well.

CENTURY 21

(to Stantz)

It goes all the way to the fourth floor. However, I won't be demonstrating it.

STANTZ

Looks okay.

He jumps on and slides down. The Century 21 agent steps quickly out of the way as he rapidly descends to the bottom level.

STANTZ

(to Venkman)

This will really come in handy.

VENKMAN

(considering, but not wanting to appear too eager)

This might do...I don't know... it just seems kind of "pricey," don't you think? We're trying to keep our costs down. You know how it is when you're starting a new business.

CENTURY 21

What kind of business are you in?

STANTZ

Ghostbusting.

CENTURY 21

Oh well, this place is perfect for it.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - DAY

DANA BARRETT, an attractive woman in her late 20's, is riding her 10-speed bike up Riverside Drive with a shopping bag of groceries in the carrier basket. Guys on the street check her out as she rides by, but she coolly ignores them. She turns the corner at 79th Street and heads west.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING

Dana rides up, walks her bike into the lobby and gets into the elevator.

INT. THIRTY FIFTH FLOOR

Dana gets off the elevator with her bike and goes to the door of her apartment. As she unlocks it, an ELDERLY WOMAN, MRS. BLUM, sticks her head out of another apartment and sees her.

MRS. BLUM

Dana, I hate to bother you but could you please turn off your TV when you go out? It was blasting all morning. Personally I don't care but it makes Morris crazy.

MORRIS

(from inside the
apartment - Loud)

Did you tell her?

MRS. BLUM

(shouts back)

I'm telling her! I'm telling her!

DANA

(amused)

It won't happen again, Mrs. Blum.
I'm sorry.

MRS. BLUM
You're a nice girl, Dana.

MORRIS
(off-camera - Shouts)
What did she say? Did you tell
her?

MRS. BLUM
(going back inside -
Shouts)
I told her! What do you want from
me!

She closes the door behind her.

DANA

She smiles to herself and enters her apartment.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT

It's a roomy, two-bedroom flat with a great view of the river. She parks her bike in the entrance hall, grabs the bag of groceries and goes through the living room toward the kitchen. Remembering Mrs. Blum, she stops at the TV set to turn it off, but sees it's not on. She shrugs and enters the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Dana switches on the radio and starts unpacking groceries. She sets a carton of eggs on the counter, then starts putting other items away in the pantry.

THE EGGS

The top of the carton pops open. Dana walks by the counter but doesn't see it. Then, one by one, the eggs erupt and spill over onto the counter. When the glop hits the counters it sizzles. The eggs are frying on the formica top.

DANA

She hears the sizzle, turns and sees the eggs frying. She gasps, then recovers and inspects the mess. She touches the counter gingerly, but it's not at all hot. Deeply perplexed, she takes a carton of milk out of the shopping bag and goes to the refrigerator.

THE REFRIGERATOR

She pulls the door open and gets the shock of her life. The inside of the fridge has somehow been transformed into what could only be described as the Gateway to Hell - a fiery path leading to a temple door. The incredible vision is accompanied by unearthly chanting.

DANA

She stands there transfixed by horror, the flames reflecting in her eyes.

THE FRIDGE

The chanting gets more frenetic and ominous as the temple doors slowly begin to open.

DANA

She is paralyzed.

THE TEMPLE DOORS

They continue to open, revealing a terrible presence within. It starts to turn toward camera, it's evil eyes burning, it's huge fangs dripping gore. Then it opens it's mouth and bellows a single word.

THE PRESENCE
(roars)

ZUUL!

DANA

She screams and slams the refrigerator door. Instantly, everything is normal again. She looks around the room.

THE EGGS

They are back in the carton, unbroken.

DANA

Fighting her fear, she turns back to the fridge and very slowly reaches for the handle. Then summoning all her courage, she yanks open the door. Ketchup, mustard, bottles of vitamins and other food items fall out of the rack on the inside of the refrigerator door. Dana sighs with relief as she sees nothing but the cool, white porcelain interior of the fridge. She closes the door and stands there for a moment, still shaken by the vision. Then she shakes her head and leaves the kitchen. The moment she leaves, every metal appliance and utensil in the kitchen flies across the room and sticks to the refrigerator door.

EXT. FIREHALL - A FEW DAYS LATER

The garage bay door is open. Two painters on scaffolding are completing a paint job on the front of the structure in flat black paint. A carpenter finishes hanging a sign over the man-door. It is a small circular, international-style symbol -- a red circle with the red diagonal bar of prohibition stroked across a rendering of Casper the Friendly Ghost in the centre of the circle.

INT. FIREHALL

Spengler is in the process of setting up a complex communications board. A bored looking redheaded young woman sits near him in an office swivel. She is JANINE who has been hired to answer the phones. She speaks with the definitive Queens accent.

JANINE

All this for just a couple of phone lines? This is bigger than the set-up over at Western Sound. They had ten lines, and it was smaller than this.

SPENGLER

Not all of this is for the office telephones. I'm constructing a fiber-optic network to monitor microwave activity outside the commercial frequencies assigned to telephone and television transmission.

JANINE

(doesn't have a clue)

Mm. I think you're the nicest one. It's the other two I don't know about. Dr. Stantz seems alright, I guess... but this one...

Venkman enters. He winks at Janine.

VENKMAN

Hi. How's it going? Fun job, huh? Here's copies of our advertising. The business ad in the Times, Voice and Post. The Help Wanted item we're running for our security man...and this is our Yellow Pages quarter page.

He hands it to Spengler.

CLOSE-UP - YELLOW PAGES AD

(COMEDY GRAPHIC TO COME)

SPENGLER

(flatly)

This is amusing.

VENKMAN

Control yourself, Egon.

Spengler hands the ad back and exits, running wires along the baseboards. Venkman hears an auto horn honk outside.

INT. GARAGE BAY

The garage door opens, there is the rumble of a broken muffler and Stantz drives in in a blue and white, 1975 Cadillac Full Formal Excelsior Ambulance. He hits the siren, flashes the emergency lights and jumps out enthusiastically. Venkman crosses to the car.

STANTZ

I found it! This is the car. How do you like it?

VENKMAN

Superb. How much?

STANTZ

Six hundred dollars. Needs some work.

VENKMAN

(calls out)

What do you think, Janine?

Janine makes a face.

JANINE

If you want my honest opinion, I think it's sacriligious.

There is the sound of metal cleats on concrete. Venkman looks up to see a tall lanky black man enter the firehall. He is WINSTON who has come in response to their Help Wanted ad.

WINSTON

I'd like to see Doctor Venkman.

VENKMAN

Got an appointment? Relax. Just kidding. I'm Venkman. What can I do for you? You got a case for us?

WINSTON

I saw your ad in the paper. You know, for a security man.

VENKMAN

Okay. Let's talk.

They head for the office.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Winston is facing Venkman across the desk.

WINSTON

...after ECM school at Kelly Air Force Base in Texas I flew for the S.A.C. Command at Reese as an Electronic Warfare Officer. After the service I was head of Installations for Sentry Alarm Systems in Los Angeles, then I moved up to V.P. at their Pacific headquarters. Then some partners and I started our own optic beam manufacturing operation, but we got wiped out in the microlens flood of '82.

VENKMAN

(impressed)

Hm. You know, Mr. Zeddemore, I sincerely hate to tell you this but I'm afraid you may be eminently over-qualified for this job. The pay is going to be lousy unless we really hit paydirt right away. When we advertised for a security man, we were really talking about some fairly dirty physical work with some degree of personal risk.

WINSTON

I have a ninth degree black belt in Wing Chun boxing. I have a Class 3 Federal firearm's license and I have permits to carry anywhere in the continental United States. What kind of risk are you talking about?

VENKMAN

(leans forward
confidentially)

We are going to locate ghosts and spirits, trap them with concentrated beams of quantum energy, and remove them from people's homes, businesses and places of worship.

Winston stares at him for a long time.

WINSTON

(breaks into a smile)

What are you really doing?

EXT. FIREHALL - NIGHT

The black exterior paint job is now complete, the sign is tastefully illuminated and the whole exterior has a non-descript high-tech look. The lights are lit on the top floor.

STANTZ (V.O.)

I'd say the odds against it are about
25,000 to one.

STANTZ - CLOSE UP

He is concentrating hard.

STANTZ

(decides)

All right. I'm going to risk it.
One card.

THE DORMITORY

Stantz, Winston and Venkman are sitting around a table playing cards. The kitchen and dayroom area has been restored to near firemen's specifications. Spengler works at a bench under a wierd purple spotlight.

WINSTON

(deals out a card)

Brave man.

VENKMAN

And a lousy card player. First he tells us he has a four card straight and then he draws to it.

STANTZ
(looking at his card)
I could be bluffing.

He looks obviously disappointed with the card he drew.

VENKMAN

Looking over his shoulder we see his cards.

VENKMAN
I, on the other hand, have incredible
cards and bet a nickel.

He tosses in a coin, deliberately rolling it off the table.
While Stantz and Winston watch it roll across the floor, he
slides a hidden ace of spaces out of his shirt cuff.

VENKMAN
Okay, Winston. It's a nickel to
you.

WINSTON

He looks at his cards and carefully considers.

WINSTON
(to Venkman)
Okay, now you could have three
aces because you already had two
and you got one out of your sleeve.
But I'm not sure which card you took
out of your shoe before.

VENKMAN
Are you accusing me of cheating?

Janine enters, dressed to go home for the day.

JANINE
(to no one in particular)
I'm leaving now.

VENKMAN
Who's gonna get the phones?

JANINE
The phones? I wouldn't say the calls
are pouring in, Dr. Venkman.

VENKMAN
(defensive)
They will. Don't worry.

STANTZ
Thanks, Janine. You can go now.

JANINE
(to Spengler)
Good night, Egon.

She poses attractively as Spengler looks up from his work and notices her.

SPENGLER
What?

JANINE
I said "Good night."

SPENGLER
(looks around, evaluating
her statement)
I think it's too early to tell.

JANINE
(knowing she missed
something)
Mm.

She exits.

VENKMAN

Having noted the exchange.

VENKMAN
Spengler! She likes you! A
girl likes you. You're an animal.

SPENGLER
We're all animals, Venkman.

SPENGLER

He finishes adjusting the device he's been working on and calls out.

SPENGLER
Okay - It's ready.

STANTZ

He gets up excitedly and goes to the workbench. The others follow.

STANTZ
(examining the new
hardware)

This is it - we're making history
with this.

WINSTON

What is it?

Spengler puts on a bulky backpack power unit.

SPENGLER
This is the proton pack.

VENKMAN
What's it weigh?

SPENGLER
14.55 kilos.

VENKMAN
Thanks a lot.

STANTZ
(for Venkman's benefit)
Thirty-two pounds.

VENKMAN
Was I the only one who didn't know
that?

The others all nod.

SPENGLER
(continuing the
demonstration)
This is the Neutrons wand.

He straps a metal rod to his inside forearm that projects
out across his palm to 8 or 10 inches past his fingertips.
It is connected by cable to the power pack.

STANTZ
(loving the rig)
Let's turn it on.

VENKMAN
(cautious)
Will it work?

STANTZ
We'll never know until we test it.

He runs a long AC extension cord to a heavy duty wall outlet.

SPENGLER
(to Winston)
I'm working on a self-contained
version but for now we'll run off
building current.

STANTZ
Power!
He plugs it in.

SPENGLER
(hand on switch)
Ready.

They all take one last look at each other and move further
away from Spengler.

SPENGLER
Switch...
(flips it)
...ON.

An audible surge of power runs from the wall socket along
the extension cord to the power pack on Spengler's back.
The pack heats up to 550 degrees and kicks the electrical
surge back down the wire to the wall outlet which melts.
At once, the lights in the room black out.

EXT. FIREHALL - NIGHT

All the lights in and on the building go out, as does the
street lamp and the stoplight on the corner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDINGS

They black out in rapid series, leaving dark silhouettes
against the night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

DOWNTOWN MORNING

Wall Street is bustling. Chinatown is a beehive. The Fish Market is busy. The ship channels are bumper to bumper. Lower Manhattan is alive with commerce.

EXT. FIREHALL - MORNING

Nothing is happening.

INT. FIREHALL - RECEPTION

Janine sits patiently at the phone console reading a magazine. Her desk has been completely personalized with family photos, fuzzy animals, monogrammed coffee cup, etc. Suddenly the phone rings loudly. She leaps to answer it.

JANINE

Ghostbusters!

Venkman comes sprinting out of the office to hover over her shoulder as she takes the call.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Sure, I remember...sure, give me your number...No, they can't come to the phone right now.

(she frowns at Venkman)

They're in a meeting...Okay, 'bye.

VENKMAN

Who was it?

JANINE

The painters. They want the rest of their money.

VENKMAN

(worried now)

I don't understand it. I've tried every form of printed mass media circulation in the city except...

(snaps his fingers)

Handbills!

He races back in to the office to work on it.

THE DOOR

Dana Barrett enters and looks around at the redecorated firehouse.

JANINE

She sees Dana come in and greets her with studied officiousness.

JANINE

May I help you?

DANA

I'm looking for the Ghostbusters.

JANINE

Are you a bill collector?

Dana

(confused)

No.

JANINE

(relieved)

Good. Then what can I do for you, dear?

DANA

I'm not sure. I saw the Ghostbusters ad in the Village Voice but I'm not clear about what they do.

JANINE

(confidentially)

At the moment, they don't do much of anything but I'll let you talk to Doctor Venkman. What's your name, dear?

DANA

Dana Barrett.

Janine picks up the phone and buzzes Venkman on the intercom line.

JANINE

(into the phone)

There's a Miss Dana Barrett here to see you...No, I asked her...I think she's a customer.

THE OFFICE DOOR

It flies open and Venkman rushes out.

VENKMAN

(excited)

Hi. I'm Peter Venkman. You have a problem?

DANA

(a little overwhelmed)

Well, I think I do.

VENKMAN

Come on in. Let's talk about it.

Dana smiles at Janine and crosses to the office.

JANINE

(to Dana)

Good luck.

INT. OFFICE

Dana's hands are trembling as she lights a cigarette. Venkman notices but doesn't comment.

DANA

(embarrassed)

I guess I'm still a little shaky.

VENKMAN

(soothing)

That's all right. Just try to relax.

(he dims the
lights a little)

You want to tell me about it?

He takes a small tape recorder out of the desk drawer.

DANA

Is that necessary?

VENKMAN

Does it bother you?

DANA

Well, what I have to say may sound a little strange.

VENKMAN

We're professionals, Miss Barrett.
Anything you say will be strictly
confidential. Trust me.

He switches on the tape recorder. Dana takes a long look
at Venkman and decides to tell all.

DANA

I think my apartment is haunted.

VENKMAN

What makes you think so?

He looks at the tape recorder and sees that the tape isn't
moving.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

Damn!

He gives it a shake. Nothing happens.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

Batteries must be dead. Go ahead,
Miss Barrett. I'll just take notes.

He grabs a legal pad but can't find a pen or a pencil.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

Damn it! I'm sorry. We're just
getting organized here. Go ahead,
I'll make mental notes.

He keeps rummaging through desk drawers.

DANA

(rapidly losing
confidence in him)

Maybe I should come back when things
are a little more - together.

VENKMAN

No, no, no! Wait! Here's pencils.
(he finds a box of
new, unsharpened pencils)
Go ahead. I'm listening.

He sticks a new pencil in an electric pencil sharpener on
the desk. Nothing happens. He bangs on it violently. Dana
takes a pen out of her purse and hands it to him.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now tell me everything
that happened, exactly as you experienc-
ed it.

DANA
(hesitates a moment,
then decides to trust
him)

Something in my refrigerator is trying
to get me.

Venkman slowly looks up from his note pad and stares at Dana.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The door opens and Dana enters the darkened flat with Venkman.
She switches on the light and leads him to the living room.

DANA
My psychiatrist thinks I'm losing
my mind, my friends think I'm taking
LSD, and I haven't had the nerve to
tell my parents yet.

Venkman is carrying an electronic device on a shoulder strap.
He starts taking readings.

VENKMAN
(looking over the
apartment)
Why don't you just move?

DANA
It took me three years to find this
place. I'm not giving up that easy.

VENKMAN
That's the spirit. What's in there?

He points to a door.

DANA
That's the bedroom, but nothing
ever happened in there.

She takes off her jacket.

VENKMAN
(noticing her body)
That's too bad.

DANA
What?

VENKMAN

Nothing. Is that the kitchen?

He points to another door.

DANA

(nods)

Uh-huh.

VENKMAN

Well, let's check it out.

DANA

I'll wait here if you don't mind.

He enters the kitchen.

INT. THE KITCHEN

The room is a real mess. Utensils are lying all over the floor. The cabinets and walls are splattered with food.

VENKMAN

(calls out)

You're quite a housekeeper.

DANA

(off-camera)

I told you, I...

VENKMAN

I know. It happened by itself.

He scans the room with his monitoring device.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

Nothing.

He looks in a couple of cabinets, then confronts the refrigerator. With mild trepidation he grasps the door handle, then suddenly jerks it open. The handle comes off in his hand.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

Damn!

DANA

(off-camera)

Are you all right?

VENKMAN

Yeah, yeah.

He grips the side of the fridge door and pulls it open.

LIVING ROOM

Dana stands there nervously watching the kitchen door.
Finally, it opens and Venkman comes out munching an apple.

VENKMAN

There's nothing there now and I
don't get any significant readings.

(Dana looks upset)

But that doesn't mean that what
you saw wasn't real or that it won't
happen again.

DANA

This is terrible. Either there's a
monster in my kitchen or I'm complete-
ly crazy.

VENKMAN

If it's any comfort to you, I don't
think you're crazy.

DANA

(laughs ironically)

Thanks. Coming from you that
really means a lot to me.

VENKMAN

I'm a qualified psychologist.
Hysteria was my specialty and you
don't show any of the classic
symptoms. I believe that something
happened here and I want to do some-
thing about it.

DANA

All right. What do you want to do?

VENKMAN

I think I should spend the night
here.

DANA

(she's had enough)

That's it. Get out.

VENKMAN

On a purely scientific basis.

DANA

Out!

VENKMAN
I want to help you.

DANA
I'll scream.

VENKMAN
Don't scream.

DANA
(urging him to
the door)
Then leave.

VENKMAN
Okay, okay. But if anything else
happens, you have to promise you'll
call me.

DANA
(opening the door)
All right.

VENKMAN
Okay. Then I'll go.

DANA
Good-bye.

VENKMAN
(in the hall)
No kiss?

She closes the door in his face and triple locks it.

CUT TO:

INT. FIREHALL KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Stantz and Winston are eating Chinese food out of cartons.

WINSTON
(full of doubt)
I don't believe any of this shit,
man.

STANTZ

(emphatic)

These are documented. Did you ever hear of the Manse Turbulence? Farm-house in Pennsylvania - major structural damage, multiple full head and torso manifestations - ecto fluids. Boy, the walls were alive on that one. And I'm willing to bet that for every reported supra-phenomenal occurrence, there are at least 75 to 100 that go unreported. They're out there.

WINSTON

(leans in)

I'm willing to take your word on this, Ray, because I respect you. But if we ever really do see the kind of stuff you're talking about, I'm counting on you. I know these guys are your friends, but...

Venkman enters.

STANTZ

(looks up)

Hi, Pete. How was your date?

VENKMAN

It wasn't a date. It was an investigation.

STANTZ

(hopeful)

Anything?

VENKMAN

Nice girl, but no ghost.

WINSTON

This bites it, man. We're running out of ways to kill time.

VENKMAN

We're also running out of money.

SPEENGLER

He finishes an adjustment on the new self-contained power pack and starts to put it on.

SPEENGLER

(to Stantz)

It's ready.

Winston shoots a worried look at Stantz.

DORMITORY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Spengler is wearing the new Proton Pack and Neutrons wand. Venkman, Winston, Stantz and Janine are assembled to watch the test.

JANINE
(to Spengler)
Is it all right if I watch?

SPENGLER
Please do.

JANINE
(flattered)
Thank you.

SPENGLER
(to the others)
I've heat-shielded the entire pack and it's fully portable now. We'll each be capable of shooting an ion stream up to 12 feet. The stream will repel ectoplasm but have no effect on the physical environment. Ready?

He puts his hand on the switch.

STANTZ
Ready.

Venkman, Stantz and Winston slowly crouch behind a desk for cover. Janine looks over, sees them hiding, and looks back at Spengler with real trepidation.

SPENGLER
(hits the switch)
Power!

THE NEUTRONA WAND

An incredibly powerful stream of charged particles shoots from the end of the wand and blasts a hole in the wall 25 feet away. Spengler is knocked over by the force of the wand.

WINSTON

He looks to Stantz for reassurance.

STANTZ
(undaunted)
We're getting there.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE - DUSK

Taxis and limos shunt and discharge passengers to the services of a pair of uniformed doormen beneath an awning identifying it as...

HOTEL SEDGEWICK

INT. HOTEL - SUB-BASEMENT

A brightly lit, fluorescent corridor. A gray haired stocky man in green work clothes with a hefty gut enters and goes through a door marked ENGINEERING.

INT. BOILER ROOM

A maze of dark passageways with sinews of overhanging and protruding ducts, vents, and pipework. TRACK with the gray haired man as he makes his way down the passage to his desk in a dimly lit corner. He sits at his desk, settles into his chair, turns on a small portable black and white T.V., takes a large, partially eaten roast beef sandwich from his desk drawer and begins to eat.

ANGLE PUNCH CLOCK

Bolted to the wall with punch card racks beneath. 5:40 P.M.

ANGLE MAN

Eating and watching the T.V. intensely.

ANGLE KEY RACK

A large pegboard hung with master keys and duplicates for the entire hotel.

ANGLE CLOCK

With an audible click it marks 5:41 P.M.

ANGLE MAN

Totally engrossed in T.V.

CLOSE UP KEY RACK

A couple of keys on one hook begin to vibrate -- they tinkle almost imperceptibly. Others on hooks next to these begin until a whole row becomes infected. The next row begins.

ANGLE MAN

He looks up. The key rack seems alive with vibration.

ANGLE KEY RACK

A shimmying, tinkling blur, keys are leaping off and flying in all directions.

ANGLE OVERHEAD DUCTS

There is a throbbing shudder as if something is being forced through it.

ANGLE PUNCH CLOCK

With a loud hiss the glass face cracks and splits into two pieces and falls to the floor.

ANGLE MAN

Jumps up from the desk. Everything falls silent. The last key hits the floor. There is no sound or movement except the humming of the heating plant.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM

Evening twilight filters through a thickly draped eleven foot high casement into a sleeping chamber of a large, old luxury hotel. Luggage, shoes, clothes, a room service cart, several champagne bottles are strewn about as vestiges of a day's partying.

ANGLE BED

A young newlywed couple embraces under the covers.

WOMAN

You see. It was much more satisfying because we waited until our wedding day.

MAN

I don't know...it probably would have been the same.

WOMAN

Well, thanks a lot.

The man rolls over.

WOMAN

~~What are you doing?~~ Are you just going to roll over and go to sleep?

There is no response.

WOMAN

I don't believe this.

From O.S. around them, the room's silence is broken by the sound one would hear should one witness a cat attempting to dislodge a hairball from its throat.

WOMAN

Are you alright?

The sound increases until it is as if ten cats were trying to dislodge hairballs.

WOMAN

Hey, sweetheart, will you CUT
THAT OUT!!

The sounds stop. There is an extraordinarily loud pounding against the walls which shakes the floor around them. The man sits up angrily.

MAN

What are they DOING up there?

He gets up out of bed and walks across the room.

WOMAN

Now where are you going?

MAN

To the bathroom, where do you think?

WOMAN

(aside)

Have I done the right thing?

INT. BATHROOM

The man enters and turns on the light. He runs himself a glass of water and drops in a couple of Alka Seltzer.

CLOSE UP AIR VENT

It whirrs softly. Then through the grate the faintest hint of a translucent yellow mist begins to waft through.

ANGLE MAN

He drinks his Seltzer. He sniffs the air. An odour is cutting through. He sees a light, filmy yellow blur in the mirror. He turns and looks up.

ANGLE BEDROOM

The man yelps from inside the bathroom O.S.

MAN

Uuugh!

WOMAN

What's wrong with you now?

The man comes charging out, stuttering in stunned horror. The woman gets out of bed and goes into the bathroom.

WOMAN (V.O.)

What did you do in here? It smells awful!! OH...oh no...oh, my God.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BAR

Of the same luxury suite. The woman rushes into the arms of her husband who is on the telephone.

MAN

...right...it's smelling up the whole suite...I don't know...it's just hanging off the ceiling...I've never seen anything like this...1425...quick...please.

As the man and woman comfort each other, the door to their bedroom opens and through it into the full light glides the source of their discomfort - a truly foul yellow vapor. They cover their mouths, cough and run out the door of the suite into the hall, shouting and hacking.

EXT. HALL

Their belongings come flying out after them in a cloud three feet off the ground.

INT. FIREHALL OFFICE - NIGHT

Janine turns off the light at her desk. She packs up her purse and puts on her coat.

The phone rings. Janine answers it unenthusiastically.

JANINE

Ghostbusters...yes it is...Yes, of course they're serious. You do! You have! Yes, sir. Well, they're out on another case now, but if you'll give me the address...Don't worry, they'll be totally discreet.

She hits an alarm button and a loud bell starts ringing frantically.

EXT. FIREHALL - NIGHT

The garage door slides up and in a blaze of light and screeching tires the ambulance squeals out and makes a right turn. The vehicle has been painted flat black and has been fitted with communication wafers, antennae and all the original lights have been replaced with purple and white strobes. The siren has been altered to emit a low, unearthly moaning. The purple and white strobe bars give the car a strange ultraviolet aura. It rounds the corner and heads up the West Side Highway.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

A maid unlocks a room and takes fresh towels and sheets from her cart. A waiter comes down the hall pushing a room service cart laden with a five course meal with chilled wine.

ANGLE MAID

The waiter passes her cart. She glances at him. Then with the slightest double take, she notices that something is following him. She gapes in disbelief.

HER P.O.V. OF WAITER AND CART

The yawning urine-yellow VAPOUR hovers inches above the waiter's shoulder. She screeches in disgust. The waiter turns and has to duck and dodge to get under and away from the apparition. He backpedals gasping.

ANGLE VAPOUR

Drifts past them down the hall. The room service cart follows after it as if drawn behind in the wake of the fume.

ANGLE WAITER AND MAID

Both utter startled CRIES as the maid's service cart pushes past them to follow the room service cart and the vapour. They both look at each other and start howling.

EXT. HOTEL - FRONT DOOR

The black ambulance pulls up to the main entrance, siren blaring. The doorman steps forward. Venkman, Stantz, Spengler and Winston leap out of the car. They open up the rear door and remove their equipment. People on the street stop and gawk.

INT. ELEVATOR

Venkman, Stantz, Winston, Spengler, the gray-haired maintenance man who first saw the apparition, the hotel manager, and the waiter ascend.

WAITER

I never seen anything like this.

MAINTENANCE MAN
(chatters in a Slavic
tongue)

HOTEL MANAGER

It's happened before...but never this
bad...but I guess that's why fellows
like you are in this business.

WINSTON

It's happened before?

HOTEL MANAGER

Not as bad as this.. but everyone here
knows about the twelfth floor.. the
disturbances, I mean. The older people
on staff say it's been going on for
years and years.

VENKMAN

Ever reported it before?

HOTEL MANAGER

Heavens no. The owners don't like us to
talk about it..I hoped we could take
care of this quietly tonight.

STANTZ

Yes, sir. Don't worry, we handle this
kind of thing all the time.

The car stops. The doors slide open and there waiting to enter
the elevator is the vapour. Spengler, Stantz, Winston and
Venkman yelp in fear and claw each other for protection, gasping
and exclaiming:

Jeeesussss!! Look at that thing.

Someone hits the button and closes the door shutting out the
supernatural intruder.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Like the rooms in the old luxury hotel, the corridor is vast.
Venkman and Stantz walk slowly along checking each room.
They are rigged out in Proton Packs and Neutrona wands. On
their heads they wear black brushed metal, flip-down infra
visors. Dangling from Stantz's utility belt is a foot-pedal
on a cord attached to an elongated black box.

VENKMAN

I just thought of something.
We never had a successful test with
any of the equipment.

STANTZ

That's why this is a great opportunity

VENKMAN

Thanks. I feel much better about it now.

INT. SERVICE PASSAGEWAY

Winston and Spengler are tracking the vapor equipped like the others.

WINSTON

What if the packs don't work?

SPENGLER

Then we'll be virtually defenseless.

WINSTON

Man. Shit. Man. Man. Shit. Man.

They hear the shattering sound of glass, metal and dishes being hurled to the floor. they run toward the noise.

VENKMAN AND STANTZ

They hear it, too, and run toward it.

FREIGHT ELEVATOR BAY

The vapor is hunched over a cart of dirty dishes. It hangs there, translucent, foul, yellow, feeding off table scraps and left-over beverages, knocking dishes off the cart and scattering refuse.

STANTZ AND VENKMAN

They step out at one end of the corridor. Stantz sets himself and accosts the vapor.

STANTZ

Hey!

WINSTON AND SPENGLER

Appear at the other end, cutting off the wapor's retreat.

THE VAPOR

It looks up suddenly and flies at Stantz and Venkman, then makes a run at Winston and Spengler, blowing right past them in a repulsive cloud.

VENKMAN
(wiping ecto-slime
off his shoulder)
Ugh! He slimed us.

STANTZ
(on the move)
Let's go!

He dashes off.

INT. BANQUET ROOM

The room is dark and large with high, ornately corniced ceilings. The two teams enter through opposite doors.

STANTZ
I can't find a light switch.

SPENGLER
Ecto-visors.

They flip down their visors.

STANTZ'S INFRARED P.O.V.

He peruses the room. It is empty. He looks up and scans the ceiling. A form flits behind a carved beam.

STANTZ
There!! On the ceiling!! Hey, come
on down here, ya slug!

Stantz drops to one knee and hits the elbow toggle switch. Two particle streams shoot up. They dislodge the vapor which vanishes.

STANTZ
They work!

Spengler flips down his visor.

SPENGLER'S INFRARED P.O.V.

He tracks the vapor as it bounces across the ceiling.

SPENGLER
GIVE ME TWO PURGES NOW!!

Stantz throws out his streams. The vapor's path is cut off. It escapes, but Venkman shoots and stops it. Spengler tries to align his ion streams with Venkman.

SPENGLER
TRAPEZOIDAL CONFIGURATION!! DON'T
LET 'EM CROSS!!

The vapor slips free again. Winston throws out two streams and traps the vapor with Stantz.

ANGLE STANTZ AND WINSTON

Twist and bend their arms and bodies to conform to the necessary configuration of wands.

CLOSE UP THUMB VALVE

Stantz adjusts the length of this stream.

ANGLE STREAMS

Form a geometrically crude trapezoidal box around the vapor. Stantz and Winston slowly bring the vapor down to the floor. It vanishes completely. Only the iridescent trapezoidal box remains.

SPENGLER

Don't worry. He isn't going anywhere.
Now DON'T LET THE STREAMS CROSS BEHIND
THE POINT OF INTERSECTION OR YOU'LL Q
US ALL INTO THE TENTH DIMENSION.

INFRARED P.O.V.

The vapor, confined in the box, fuming and seething and attempting to get free.

ANGLE STANTZ AND WINSTON

Guide the invisible catch closer to the floor.

STANTZ

Easy...easy...I'm going to throw in
my trap now.

SPENGLER

Kick it directly underneath.

Stantz jerks his leg up triggering a release on his equipment belt. The cord and foot pedal fall to the floor. At the end of the cord there is a long, flat black metal box two feet long, four inches wide and two high. The vapour re-materializes and spits up noxious, gelatinous sputum which penetrates their confining field and thoroughly douses its assailants. They yelp in disgust, and, unable to use their hands to clear the substance from their visors, they must shake their heads like dogs. Stantz kicks the box under the apparition and toes the foot pedal into position.

SPENGLER

Easy.. easy.. open the trap now!!

Stantz stomps on the foot pedal and with a loud electronic snap, the long metal box on the floor sprays up a fixed multi-dimensional inverted pyramid of bright, beaded, white light.

SPENGLER
 DON'T LET THE PHOTON STREAMS GET NEAR
 THE NUTRONA BARS ON THAT TRAP!!

They herd the vapor to the top of the trap.

SPENGLER
 Watch it...watch it...now.

Stantz stomps the foot pedal again.

EXT. BANQUET HALL - CORRIDOR

The Hotel Manager and the Super inch toward the door. Suddenly there is a loud double electronic snap and a blinding flash of PINK LIGHT from inside the banquet room. Wisps of brown smoke and carbonized particles come out from the top of the doorway in a large residual puff. The manager runs.

INT. LOBBY

Normal evening traffic. The elevator opens and the G.B.'s emerge. Stantz and Spengler come out first covered in various ecto-slimes. Stantz holds the trap by its foot pedal. He dangles it away from his body as if it is something putrid. Venkman and Winston follow. The hotel manager approaches them.

HOTEL MANAGER
 What happened? Did you see it?
 What is it?

Stantz removes his infra visor and wipes some slime off his face. He is beaming.

STANTZ
 We got it!

He holds up the trap.

HOTEL MANAGER
 What was it? Will there be any
 more of them?

Winston and Venkman come forward.

STANTZ
 Sir, what you had there was what we refer to as a focused, non-terminal repeating phantasm or a Class Five Full Roaming Vapor...A real beauty.

VENKMAN

(starts writing
a bill)

That'll be \$5,000 for the entrap-
ment plus \$500 for proton recharge
and storage.

HOTEL MANAGER

(shocked)

\$5,500! I won't pay it! I had no
idea it would be so much.

VENKMAN

Fine. We'll let it go again.

(calls out)

Ray! Bring it back.

HOTEL MANAGER

No! All right. Anything.

EXT. HOTEL SEDGEWICK

The Ghostbusters come through the revolving doors and see a
real mob scene on the street. A large crowd has gathered
around the Ectomobile and the police have put up a barricade
to hold them back. Photographers are taking pictures of it
and several reporters are there waiting for them. As the
Ghostbusters cross to the vehicle, people in the crowd cheer
and the reporters start firing questions at them.

REPORTER #1

Nate Cohen. I'm with the Post.
What happened in there?

REPORTER #2

Did you really see a ghost?

REPORTER #3

Is this some kind of a stunt?

STANTZ

(holding up the trap -
loudly to the crowd)

We got one!

REPORTER #1

Can we see it?

STANTZ

Uh...I'm afraid not.

VENKMAN

This is not a sideshow! We're
serious scientists.

REPORTER #2

Are you saying that ghosts really exist?

VENKMAN

Not only do they exist, they're all over the place! And that's why we're offering this vitally important service to people in the whole tri-state area. We're available 24 hours a day, seven days a week. We have the tools and we have the talent. We're ready for anything.

WINSTON

He's talking to another reporter off to the side.

WINSTON

Zeddemore. Z-E-D-D-E-

He is interrupted by singing off-camera.

STANTZ & VENKMAN

(singing)

Ghostbusters...

STANTZ AND VENKMAN

They are singing to a TV minicam news team.

STANTZ & VENKMAN

(singing)

Ghostbusters - you have a ghost
But you don't want to play host
They can be bad house guests
And all-night pests
You can't sleep at all
Who do you call
Ghostbusters...Ghostbusters.

A flashbulb goes off and Venkman and Stantz are still-framed into a front page newsphoto.

DISSOLVE:

Dissolve still photograph of Ghostbusters to the following montage underscored by a further, musical development of "Ghostbusters" song.

MONTAGE

NEW YORK POST

The front page shows the team outside the Hotel Sedgewick with a big headline that reads - GHOSTBUSTERS?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FIREHALL

The team hears the alarm bell, leap from their beds and slide down the pole.

CUT TO:

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

A front-page photo of the Ghostbusters entering a mansion on Long Island. The headline reads: GHOSTBUSTERS - ARE THEY FOR REAL?

CUT TO:

AIRPORT RUNWAY

The Ghostbusters in full gear come out of a huge cargo plane carrying a trap.

DISSOLVE TO:

NEW YORK TIMES

A smaller front page photo of the team and a discreet headline: AIR FORCE DENIES GHOSTLY ENCOUNTER.

CUT TO:

AN EXECUTIVE OFFICE

The team stands around watching an Executive writing a big check.

DISSOLVE TO:

WALL STREET JOURNAL

The lead story is titled: PSYCHIC SCIENCE YIELDS LARGE RETURNS.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIREHALL

The Ectomobile comes roaring out of the garage with sirens blasting and lights flashing.

FREEZE FRAME

DISSOLVE TO:

TIME MAGAZINE

The cover shows the Ectomobile with the banner: GHOSTBUSTERS-BEYOND BELIEF.

EXT. FIREHALL - DAY

The ambulance pulls up and waits for the garage bay door to open.

CLOSE UP

INT. FIREHALL

Ecto-One enters. Venkman and Stantz disembark. They carry a couple of traps apiece. Their jumpsuits are covered with smoldering ecto-slime.

INT. THE RECEPTION AREA

Janine is handling a steady barrage of phone calls, switching from one line to the other.

JANINE

(answering a call)

GHOSTBUSTERS -- please hold.

(switches)

Good afternoon, Ghostbusters -- please hold.

(switches back)

Yes, can I help you?

(pause)

Yes...yes.. Is it just a mist or does it have arms and legs?... Uh-huh...

Well, the soonest we could possibly get to you would be a week from

Friday...I'm sorry, but we're completely booked until then...Uh-huh...Well, all I can suggest is that you stay out of the bedroom until we can get to you...

Thank you.

(switches)

Ghostbusters.

Venkman and Stantz enter.

WINSTON

What'd you get?

Stantz pulls a trap out of the car and holds it away from his body at arm's length.

STANTZ

Another FRVP. That's six in five days.

WINSTON

You guys look like shit.

STANTZ

Yeah, well, we chased this sucker for an hour, finally got it cornered and it puked this slime all over us. Why don't you take this down to Spengler.

(holds out the trap)

I need a break.

WINSTON

Forget it, man! The phone's been ringing off the hook.

Stantz sits wearily on the bumper.

STANTZ

I don't believe it. The pace is killing me.

VENKMAN

He crosses to Janine and drops a paid invoice on her desk.

VENKMAN

Here's the paper on the Brooklyn job. She paid with a Visa card.

JANINE

(into phone)

Please hold.

(hits the switch)

There's a man in the office from the EPA. He's been waiting for an hour.

VENKMAN

What's he want?

JANINE

(snippy)

I really don't know, Dr. Venkman. All I know is that I haven't been away from this desk for two weeks and you promised you'd hire more help.

VENKMAN
(heading for his
office)
Not now, Janine.

THE OFFICE

The walls are plastered with newspaper and magazine stories on Ghostbusters. WALTER PECK, a junior EPA administrator, is reading one of the articles when Venkman walks in.

VENKMAN
Can I help you?

PECK
(turns, all business)
I'm Walter Peck. I represent the
Environmental Protection Agency,
third district.

VENKMAN
(not impressed)
Great! How's it going?

PECK
Are you Peter Venkman?

VENKMAN
Yes, I'm Doctor Venkman?

Peck looks at Venkman's soiled jumpsuit.

PECK
Exactly what are you a doctor of,
Mr. Venkman?

VENKMAN
I have PH.D.'s in psychology and
parapsychology.

PECK
I see. And now you catch ghosts?

VENKMAN
You could say that.

PECK
And how many ghosts have you caught,
Mr. Venkman?

VENKMAN
I'm not at liberty to say.

PECK

And where do you put these ghosts
once you catch them?

VENKMAN

In a storage facility.

PECK

And would this storage facility be
located on these premises?

VENKMAN

Yes, it would.

PECK

And may I see this storage facility?

VENKMAN

No, you may not.

PECK

And why not, Mr. Venkman?

VENKMAN

Because you didn't say the magic
word.

PECK

(sighs)

And what is the magic word, Mr. Venkman?

VENKMAN

The magic word is "please."

Peck laughs nervously.

PECK

May I please see the storage facility?

VENKMAN

Why do you want to see it?

PECK

Well, because I'm curious. I want to
know more about what you do here.
Frankly, there have been a lot of
wild stories in the media, and we want
to assess any possible environmental
impact from your operation. For instance,
the storage of noxious, possibly hazardous
waste materials in your basement. Now
either you show me what's down there
or I come back with a court order.

VENKMAN
(sighs)
All right.

PECK
You'll show me your facility?

VENKMAN
No, you'll come back with a court order.

PECK
(exiting)
Have it your way, Mr. Venkman.

VENKMAN
(shouts after him)
Doctor! Doctor Venkman!

He watches Peck leave then crosses to Janine.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)
Did you ever get hold of Dana Barrett?

JANINE
I tried but no one answers.

VENKMAN
(concerned)
Okay. I'm going out for a while.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

In the basement of the firehall. Winston and Stantz enter from upstairs. Spengler is repairing a foot pedal. He looks tired. The walls are illuminated and hung with wands, packs and traps under repair. Equipment, work orders, parts, catalogs and old lunches are piled on tool benches. One half of the room has been sealed off from floor to ceiling with concrete cinder blocks. At mid-level there is a row of thin metal-lined slits. Winston and Stantz approach this wall and insert the traps into the slits.

STANTZ
Set entry grid.

There are several GRATING ELECTRONIC SNAPS like bugs being fried in an outdoor insect light.

WINSTON
Nutronize. System shut.

They do this with each of the four boxes and after withdrawing each one of them, they toss them into a bin marked: FOR RECHARGE.

WINSTON

I have to get some sleep, man. I worked all night last night.

STANTZ

(to Spengler)

I need two new purge valves. How's the grid around the storage facility holding up?

SPENGLER

It's getting crowded in there. We have to arrange some kind of spill-release system.

Winston and Stantz check a video monitor.

CLOSE UP MONITOR SCREEN

The video camera sweeps back and forth like bank surveillance, depicting the interior of the storage facility, a bleak repository for souls of any species. Strange lights, mists and shapes waft aimlessly. Human-like figures lean against the wall in despairing poses, some fight with each other. Others flit and hang on the ceiling. This is a sad and frightening limbo and a most unholy makeshift asylum.

WINSTON

(turns away from the monitor)

I can't look anymore. It's too depressing. What are they all doing here anyway? I thought when you die you see a beautiful white light and you pass through it to the other side.

STANTZ

That's one theory. Apparently no one bothered to tell them about it.

Spengler joins him and gazes into the monitor.

STANTZ (CONT'D)

What do you think, Egon?

SPENGLER

(worried)

I thought we'd be busy but I never expected this many. That's what bothers me. All my recent data points to something big on the horizon.

STANTZ

How big?

SPENGLER

I'm not sure yet but we could see something on the order of the Tunguska Blast.

WINSTON

What's the Tunguska Blast?

STANTZ

Tunguska Blast? The unexplained total destruction of 10,000 acres in Siberia.

WINSTON

(unimpressed)

Sounds like the Russians detonated a hydrogen bomb.

STANTZ

It happened in 1909.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Dana gets out of a cab and enters. We pan up the side of her building to a strange cloud in the sky.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT

She enters and takes off her coat. She's wearing dance clothes and is really tired. She sits down in an overstuffed chair and takes off her leg warmers. Then she leans back and closes her eyes. It is very quiet. Something dreadful is about to happen. Then it happens. The phone rings so loudly it makes Dana jump. She picks it up.

DANA

Hello...Oh, hi mom. Yes...yes.
Everything's fine. No...nothing.
Just that one time...I am...I will...
I won't...Mother! I'm all right.
I told you. Everything's fine...!
All right. I'll talk to you tomorrow...
I promise. 'Bye.

She hangs up the phone, leans her head back and closes her eyes again. We hold on her for a long beat.

THE KITCHEN DOOR

An eerie light is seen coming through the cracks around the door.

DANA

She sits up in surprise and looks at the kitchen door.

DANA

Oh, shit!

She starts to get up but suddenly a pair of scaly, inhuman hands rip out of the chair cushion on either side of her and clutches her around the waist. She screams and tries to break their grip, but another pair of hands tears through the upholstery and grabs her around the chest and neck, pinning her to the chair.

THE CHAIR

As if drawn by a powerful force, the chair with Dana in it slides across the living room floor toward the kitchen door.

THE KITCHEN DOOR

The whole door is now pulsing.

DANA

She is horrified.

THE KITCHEN DOOR

It swings open, revealing a fiery chamber where the kitchen used to be. Dana screams as the chair propels her into the kitchen. Then the door swings shut behind her.

EXT. DANA'S BUILDING AGAINST A DRAMATIC NIGHT SKY

A full moon beams through broken clouds casting an eerie light on the peak of the Empire State Building. Gradually the clouds begin to swirl, slowly at first, then faster like water running out of a drain. Suddenly a bright light appears at the center of the vortex.

A PARK BENCH

TWO BUMS are sitting there, one draining a bottle, the other staring up at the unusual light in the sky.

FIRST BUM

That is very strange.

The second bum looks up and sees it, too.

SECOND BUM

What, that? Oh, I've seen that
lots of times. That's a...it's
one of those...you know.

FIRST BUM

Some sort of atmospheric thing,
isn't it?

SECOND BUM

Yeah, like a light-cloud.

FIRST BUM

(hardly reassured)
Yeah, that's what I thought.

they both look up at the sky.

THE CLOUD

Suddenly, a beam of incredibly bright light streaks through
the center of the vortex and hits the top story of a modern
high-rise.

INT. LUXURY HIGH-RISE APARTMENT

A very fashionable party is in progress. A waiter moves
through the room with a tray of canapes and offers them to
a couple standing by a large picture window. Suddenly, the
window explodes as something comes hurtling through the glass
and crashes into a table. The man and woman leap back in
horror and gape at the CREATURE.

THE CREATURE

Growls and snarls at them with hellish ferocity. It is canine
in form, but demonically accessorized with lizard-like skin,
horns, dorsal spikes, and multiple rows of razor sharp fangs
and teeth.

THE DINING AREA

The party guests are paralyzed by fear as the Creature
snarls and spits. Then as suddenly as it arrived, the
Creature leaps across the room, smashes through the door and
is gone.

INT. HIGH-RISE LOBBY

A DOORMAN stands at his post near the revolving door. Two
elegantly dressed visitors wait as he phones to announce them to
one of the building residents. He hangs up and the visitors
cross the lobby to the elevators.

THE ELEVATORS

The visitors, a distinguished looking man and his wife, wait for the elevator. The man pushes the "UP" button, mildly impatient. The green "UP" light winks on, a bell tone sounds and the doors slide open.

VISITOR'S POV

The Creature is crouched in the elevator, slavering and growling.

VISITORS

The man looks at his wife without betraying his real fear.

MAN

(quietly)

We'll take the next car.

At that, the Creature comes shooting out of the elevator and streaks across the lobby.

THE DOORMAN

Turns just in time to see the Creature before it runs right over him and blasts through the revolving doors.

REVOLVING DOORS

They spin so fast that the wind blows the Doorman's hat off.

EXT. AN ALLEY

Four or five DOGS, a cute mix of mongrels, are picking at the trash cans behind a good midtown restaurant.

THE TWO BUMS

They stand across the alley, jealously eyeing the dogs.

SECOND BUM

(shouts at dogs)

Hey! Leave some for the rest of us!

He throws a stick at the dogs.

THE DOGS

They GROWL and BARK at the Bums. A big German Shepherd mongrel lunges menacingly.

THE BUMS

They recoil quickly.

FIRST BUM

Easy! Down, boy!

(to the Second Bum)

He's a big one. You don't want to mess with that particular breed.

SECOND BUM

Bullshit! You just have to use the proper tone with them.

(to the dogs)

Sit!

THE DOGS

They ignore the Bums, but one of them looks up and sees something coming down the alley.

THE BUMS

The Second Bum continues.

SECOND BUM

I said "Sit!" you mangy mutts.

THE DOGS

are all staring in the same direction now, mesmerized by some new presence.

THE ALLEY

The Creature walks slowly toward the dog pack, casting a giant shadow on the building.

THE DOGS

Terrified, they begin slowly backing away from the trash cans, their eyes fixed on the approaching Creature.

THE BUMS

cross to the trash cans, oblivious to the danger, and start daintily rummaging for leftovers.

SECOND BUM

See? You have to use your command voice -- gain their respect.

FIRST BUM

Well, I hope they left some of that nice Quiche Lorraine. I could go for that.

THE CREATURE

Keeps coming, slow and fearless, it's eyes gleaming with brutish intensity. It lets out a low, rumbling growl.

THE BUMS

They hear the unearthly noise and freeze. Their eyes meet and they turn toward the Creature.

THE CREATURE

Steps out of the shadows revealing its hideous appearance.

THE BUMS

Are shocked.

FIRST BUM

(amazed)

That is the ugliest mutt I have ever seen.

SECOND BUM

I'll go along with that.

Suddenly, the Creature leaps forward with a blood-curdling roar. The bums scream and go running off down the alley as the Creature tears through the trash cans looking for food.

THE END OF THE ALLEY

The Doorman of the high-rise appears accompanied now by two Policemen.

DOORMAN

(pointing at the Creature)

There it is!

The Policemen draw their pistols and fire at the Creature.

THE CREATURE

Bolts and runs out of the alley in the opposite direction.

EXT. BROADWAY AND 42ND STREET

The streets are crowded with people going to and from movies, plays and restaurants.

THE CORNER

The light changes and a few people start to cross Broadway. A PEDESTRIAN casually checks the street for cars and SCREAMS as the Creature comes streaking up Broadway heading uptown against traffic at incredible speed.

THE CREATURE

rung right over stopped cars and taxis, scattering pedestrians, and causing a huge traffic jam. Cars are slamming on their brakes, causing a chain-reaction of rear-end collisions.

THE SIDEWALK

PEOPLE stop and gawk as the Creatures comes flying by.

FIFTY-SEVENTH AND BROADWAY

Traffic is completely stopped. One Yellow Cab DRIVER HONKS his horn incessantly.

THE CAB DRIVER

leans on the horn and SHOUTS at the car in front of him.

CAB DRIVER
(mean and surly)
Come on! Move it, ass wipe!

CAB DRIVER'S POV

The Creature lands right on the hood of his taxi and roars at him through the windshield.

CAB DRIVER

He looks at it in shock, then quickly recovers.

CAB DRIVER
Get off the goddamn cab, you ugly
son-of-a-bitch!

He honks his horn again.

THE CREATURE

Jumps at the sound of the horn and leaps off the cab.

COLUMBUS CIRCLE

The Creature crosses the plaza stopping traffic in all directions and races toward Central Park.

PARK ENTRANCE

A DOPE DEALER is pouring some pills into a customer's hand as the beast leaps right over their heads and disappears into the park. The customer and the dealer exchange shocked looks and throw away the pills.

THE STREET

Several patrolmen arrive on foot and follow the Creature into the park.

EXT. DANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Venkman enters and sees two cops talking to dishevelled party guests. He sidles up to the doorman.

VENKMAN

What's going on?

DOORMAN

Somebody tossed a bear through a window in the penthouse.

VENKMAN

Oh.

He goes to the elevators.

INT. HALLWAY

Venkman rings Dana's bell, waits, rings again and knocks.

VENKMAN

(calls out)

Dana?

The door opens and Dana is standing there but she has changed radically from the woman we met earlier. Her hair is down, flowing loosely over her naked shoulders, her eyes are wide open, filled with a kind of love-slave longing, her lips are parted and wet and she is wearing only a nightgown. She stares vacantly at Venkman.

VENKMAN

Hi.

DANA

Are you the minion?

VENKMAN

Not that I know of. Were you expecting one?

DANA
I am the gatekeeper.

Venkman realizes something is wrong.

VENKMAN
Let's not discuss it in the hall.

He enters her apartment. She yields.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT

Venkman looks around. He notices the holes ripped in the chair. He sees soot around the door to the kitchen. Dana stands there, passive and obedient.

VENKMAN
(humoring her)
Okay. Let's start over. I am
Peter Venkman.

DANA
I am Zuul.

VENKMAN
You are the gatekeeper?

DANA
You are the Minion of Gozer.

VENKMAN
Wrong. Who is Gozer?

DANA
He is the Destructor - Gozer the
Gozerian, Lord of the Sebouillia,
Scourge of the Glethestements.

VENKMAN
(he thinks she's
flipped)
A scourge, huh? Sounds heavy. You
know what I think? I think we ought
to get out of here and talk more
about this. Are you hungry?

ZUUL
Without nourishment this body will
die.

VENKMAN
(looking at her
body)
That would be a total tragedy.
Get dressed and we'll go.

He points her toward the bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBUS AND 78TH - THAT NIGHT

The Terror Dog comes trotting out of the park. The streets are almost deserted as it passes the Natural History Museum and continues toward Amsterdam Avenue.

THE CORNER

The Two Bums come up from the subway still shaken by their earlier encounter.

FIRST BUM

Well, that does it for me. I'm not going below 42nd Street until the city does something about this dog problem. What is our tax money for?

SECOND BUM

You're absolutely right about that, but I still don't agree about the other thing. A good heavyweight boxer could take a karate guy every-time.

The Bums come around the corner and stop dead in their tracks.

BUMS POV

The Creature trots across the street and into an alley.

BUMS

Their jaws drop.

FIRST BUM

They're everywhere!

SECOND BUM

What do you make of it?

FIRST BUM

Frankly, I wouldn't even want to hypothesize about a thing like that.

SECOND BUM

You're right. Some things are better left to the experts.

The Bums hurry off and pass a lively nightspot.

EXT. THE RAT CLUB

Four very chic New Yorkers enter the most popular new disco in the city. A BOUNCER is turning away other, not so chic, customers who are clustered around the door trying to get in. One large man towers over the others.

THE ENTRANCE

The large man is LOUIS TULLY, a conventioneer from Cincinnati, and at the moment he's quite drunk, arguing with the Bouncer.

LOUIS

Look, my friends are in there and they're waiting for me.

BOUNCER

Who are they?

LOUIS

(pulls him close so the others won't hear)

Jackie Onassis.

(bouncer doesn't buy it)

Mick Jagger?

BOUNCER

Get lost, man.

LOUIS

(grabbing his collar)

Jackie's gonna be really pissed off when I tell her about this.

BOUNCER

Get your hands off me or I'll break your arm.

Louis lets go and smooths his collar.

LOUIS

(begging)

Look, I came all the way from Cincinnati.

(digs into his pocket)

I'll give you three bucks.

(Bouncer glowers at him)

Four! I just gotta go to the bathroom.

Louis gives up and starts to leave. THREE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS come out of the club and head for a limo parked at the curb.

LOUIS
Girls! Wait up!

He accosts them with suave assurance.

LOUIS (CONT'D)
Going my way?

They look him over.

FIRST GIRL
I doubt it.

They get into the limo.

LOUIS
I'll pay you.

They drive off, leaving Louis alone. He looks around, still pretty woozy and does an urgent little dance.

LOUIS
(to himself)
Ooooh, I really gotta go.

He hurries down the street looking for a suitable spot.

AN ALLEY

Louis enters the alley and heads for a dark spot behind some large trash dumpsters.

A DARK CORNER

Two beastly eyes gleam in the darkness.

LOUIS

He starts to relieve himself, singing a pop song as he goes. Then he hears a low, rumbling growl and looks around.

THE TERROR DOG

It steps out of the shadows and snarls at Louis.

LOUIS

He squints drunkenly at it.

LOUIS
(kindly)
Hello, poochie. Come here, fella.
Come to Louis.

THE TERROR DOG

It pounces on him with incredible ferocity.

THE STREET

We hear a terrific struggle going on in the alley, then silence. Finally, Louis walks out but it's obvious that something is different. He walks stiffly erect as if unused to having only two legs, and his eyes have the vacant faraway look of someone possessed. Two PEDESTRIANS walk by and Louis confronts them.

LOUIS

I am Vinz Clortho, minion of
Gozer the Gozerian, Lord of the
Sebouillias. Are you the gate-
keepers?

The Pedestrians look at each other and walk on, leaving Vinz Clortho alone and confused.

FIRST PEDESTRIAN

I hate those foreigners.

EXT. SOHO - NIGHT

Venkman and Zuul stroll down a street of dull warehouses.

ZUUL

Your world is beautiful.

VENKMAN

(looking around at
the decrepit buildings)

Yeah, well, it's not all as nice as
this.

They enter a fashionable Soho restaurant - Celine's.

INT. RESTAURANT

While Venkman asks the Maitre d' for a table, the Zuul observes two other women taking off their jackets and hanging them on a coatrack. She starts to take off her blouse, but Venkman stops her.

VENKMAN

This place is hip, but not that
hip. Why don't we sit down.

As they make their way through the restaurant, men at every table turn to ogle the Zuul. She smiles innocently at all of them. Venkman practically drags her to the table, embarrassed by all the attention. They sit.

VENKMAN

(muttering)

What a bunch of jerks.

He sees her smiling at a guy across the room.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

Dana...

(she doesn't respond)

Zuul.

(she looks at him)

I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but I think you should let me examine you and possibly seek some really expert psychiatric help.

ZUUL

Why?

Venkman looks up and sees the WAITRESS standing there looking at him, having just overheard the last exchange.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

VENKMAN

Yes. Bring us both the veal special and a bottle of house wine - white.

WAITRESS

Thank you.

ZUUL

(to Venkman)

What's veal?

The Waitress stares at her.

VENKMAN

(to Waitress)

She's from out of town.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELINE'S RESTAURANT

VINZ CLORTHO (formerly Louis Tulley) enters the restaurant.

INT. CELINE'S

Vinz' rumpled "Stayin' Alive" suit makes him quite conspicuous in contrast to the dark-suited patrons with their fur-coated wives. He walks through the lobby to the Maitre-d's podium just as Venkman and Dana pass by him and exit the restaurant. He takes a long, sneering look at Vinz.

MAITRE D'

May I help you?

VINZ

Yes. I have come to enter the city. Are you the Keeper of the First Portal?

MAITRE D'

Yes, I am the Maitre d'. And the name, sir?

VINZ

Vinz Clortho. I am the Minion of Gozer, Volguus Zildrohar, Lord of the Sebouillias.

MAITRE D'

(consults his book)

Volguus - Zildrohar? I'm sorry but I don't see the names here. When was the reservation made?

VINZ

Never.

MAITRE D'

.(haughty)

Ah, well then, I'm afraid I can't help you. We are quite full. If you expect to dine at Celine's you must reserve at least one month in advance. This is a very popular room, sir.

VINZ

(getting mad)

Do you bar the way to the first portal?

MAITRE D'

As I said, we are booked up... however, if it's just you and an escort we might be able to work something out - for a small consideration, of course. How many are you?

VINZ

The Precursors of Gozer number one hundred.

MAITRE D'

(throwing up his hands)

I'm sorry, sir. It's out of the question.

VINZ

(really steaming)

Do you bar my way then, keeper!??

The Maitre d' looks down and writes in his book. The conversation with this lunatic has ended.

MAITRE D'

You have to have a reservation.
Good night, sir.

VINZ

He blows his top. He grips the podium with both hands, opens his mouth and lets out a roar that sounds like it came right from the depths of Hell. Steam and vapor pour from his mouth, blowing the Maitre d's shirt and jacket right off his back, and covering him in gelatinous bits of mucous and tissue.

THE MAITRE D'

Deeply shocked, he scrapes some jellied plasma off his reservation book and stares at it.

MAITRE D'

Perhaps I do have something, sir.

EXT. HUDSON PARKWAY - SAME NIGHT

Ecto-One speeds northward, strobes lit.

INT. ECTOMOBILE

Stantz is at the wheel. Winston is gazing out the window, clearly preoccupied.

WINSTON

Are you a Christian, Ray?

STANTZ

Yeah.

WINSTON

Me, too.

(getting at something)
Do you believe in God?

STANTZ

No. But I always liked Jesus.

WINSTON

Me, too. Parts of the Bible are great.

STANTZ

Yeah. I always thought the total massacre of the Phillistines would make a great movie.

WINSTON

(coming to the point)

Do you remember something in the Bible about a day when the dead would rise up from their graves...?

STANTZ

And the seas would boil...

WINSTON

Right. And the sky would fall...

STANTZ

Judgement Day. Every ancient religion had its own myth about the end of the world.

WINSTON

Well, has it ever occurred to you that the reason we've been so busy lately is because the dead have been rising from their graves?

STANTZ

(stares at Winston)

Let's put on some music.

He jams in a tape. It is Bad Company singing "Bad Company 'Til The Day I Die."

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

Ecto-One crosses over to Jersey.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Venkman and Zuul stroll up Broadway. She is fascinated by the carriage horses waiting at the curb to pick up people at the theaters.

VENKMAN

We call them horses.

ZUUL

(noticing bridles
and harness)

Are they prisoners?

VENKMAN

No, no. They're volunteers. This is considered a good job for a horse.

ZUUL

(compassionate)

They look so sad.

She kisses one of the horses with deep emotion. It's a long, very sincere kiss. The CARRIAGE DRIVER looks a little worried.

VENKMAN

(gently pulls her
away)

Let's go back to your place. I want to try something.

INT. DANA'S BEDROOM

She is lying on the bed. Venkman is sitting on a chair beside the bed.

VENKMAN

(talking softly)

You're going deeper and deeper...
You're completely relaxed, listening
only to the sound of my voice.

DANA'S FACE

She is in a deep trance.

VENKMAN

Who are you?

DANA

I am Zuul. I am the Gatekeeper.

VENKMAN

Right...waiting for the Minion of
Gozer - okay. But I want to talk
to Dana now and I want Dana to
answer. Dana..can you answer me?

DANA
(as herself -
long pause)

Yes.

VENKMAN

I want you to look at me.
(she opens her eyes)
Remember me?

DANA
(surprised to see
him)

Yes. What are you doing here?

She starts to sit up. He restrains her with a light touch
on the shoulder.

VENKMAN

You're having some kind of experi-
ence that I don't understand yet.
It could be a past life intruding
in the present. It could be some kind
of personality split. Whatever it is,
it's going to make it almost impossible
for you to hold a straight job, so
we're going to work on it more to-
morrow. For now, I'm going to count
backward from ten and when I get to
zero you'll go peacefully to sleep
and wake up in eight hours feeling
refreshed and relaxed. Okay? 10-9-
8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-zero.

Dana drops into real sleep. Venkman covers her tenderly and
tiptoes out.

DANA

Lies there motionless for a long moment, then slowly levitates
off the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT DETMERRING - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Ecto-One pulls up to a pair of massive stone parapets and a hewn timber gate set in a thick redoubt on an escarpment high above the river. Stantz and Winston get out. The wind whips in off the water and whistles eerily through the tree tops. There is not a light anywhere.

They pull in and park in the middle of the moonlit, cobblestone parade ground next to a circa 1812 caisson. They disembark. Two figures approach them from the shadows. As they draw closer, Stantz and Winston see their Stetson hats and uniforms.

PARK RANGER

Evening. We've had a problem here for quite some time. I called your outfit a couple of weeks ago.

WINSTON

Busy time of year.

PARK RANGER

Nobody likes to talk about this sort of thing.

WINSTON

You don't have to worry about that with us, sir.

STANTZ

Right. We'll believe anything.

PARK RANGER

Well, there have been strange things going on here for as long as I can remember. Not that they bother me, mind you. I'm a God-fearing man. Lately, though, it's been bothering the tours we run through here in the daytime. If the tourists start talking about it, why...it could go all the way to Washington.

STANTZ

Uh-uh...we understand. We'll sweep the place. See if we can find it.

PARK RANGER

I've only heard and sensed things, but the boy here claims he had a bad experience.

YOUNG RANGER

Bad experience! It tried to kill me.

WINSTON

What do you mean?

YOUNG RANGER

I was in the officers' barracks one afternoon last week, and I felt this presence then. It was like something descended on me and I couldn't breathe.. it was like suffocating me. It was all I could do to get up and get out of there.

PARK RANGER

He was napping on the job at the time. Could have been a bad dream.

STANTZ

Uh-huh. Well, you guys go back to your posts. We'll give the place a good going over.

INT. FORT - GUNNER'S CORRIDOR

Stantz and Winston walk past a long line of cannon. Their visors are down. They wear their usual equipment.

STANTZ

You check the armory. I'll go down to the officers' barracks.

They split up. Winston takes a long, low passageway. Stantz descends a set of stone stairs. They both leave frame. The sound of their separate footsteps fades O.S.

INT. ARMORY

A long, wide low cavern. Winston stops in the entry, extinguishes his cigarette and steps into the room.

INT. BARRACKS - SINGLE OFFICER'S QUARTERS

A painstakingly restored period room with a four poster bed, writing table and wardrobe hung with uniforms. The door swings open with a creak. Stantz enters. He sweeps the room with his visor. Checks his valence meter. Nothing unusual. He lifts his visor. Pokes around amongst the various artifacts. He toys with

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

an old flintlock pistol. He fingers an officer's uniform. It is a beautiful light blue with thick gold shoulder pads. Stantz removes his pack and wands. He sets them on the floor and puts on the uniform jacket. He steps to a full length mirror and models it, striking a few heroic poses. He shrugs, sits on the bed, bouncing the mattress and squeezing it. He then lies down full length and tests it, hands behind his head. He looks up at the canopy above him.

STANTZ'S POV OF CANOPY

A soothing embroidered and needlepoint display of the regimental arms.

STANTZ

He yawns. His eyes droop, blink, and finally close. His head lolls sideways, his mouth drops open slightly, and he snorts a little SNORE. He drops off to sleep exhausted.

INT. ARMORY - WINSTON

He sees a large pile of stacked up cannonballs and picks one up. He hefts it in his hand and then replaces it. He walks away.

CLOSE UP CANNONBALL

It settles. The entire pile beneath it crumbles.

WINSTON

Turns to see the orbs being dispelled in a NOISY, wild, scattered race around the floor. He dances to avoid ankle injury.

INT. SINGLE OFFICER'S QUARTERS

Stantz is still asleep. He SNORES LOUDLY.

CLOSE UP STANTZ'S FACE

He is in deep slumber.

INT. WARDROBE

A uniform sleeve moves slightly. A sabre in its sheath begins to TAP LIGHTLY against the open doorsash. A phosphorescent light streaks out in between gaps in the clothing, casting patterns over the room.

STANTZ'S PACK AND WANDS - CLOSE UP PACK

A panel winks on. There is a gauge: VALENCES. A needle jumps into the red.

STANTZ

Passed out. He rolls over. From inside the wardrobe in the B.G. a shimmering pink mist rises up and begins to take form on the ceiling.

MIST

The vaguest remnants of a human form. It hovers and shifts as if appraising Stantz.

STANTZ

Tosses and rolls onto his back. He is still in REM Delta.

BED CANOPY

The mist slithers in through the curtains and takes a position above him. It begins to descend slowly.

STANTZ

The mist widens and elongates and sprawls in suspension over his body. He awakes. The apparition is inches above his face. He GASPS, but can't move, totally transfixed with fear.

STANTZ'S POV

He is face to face with a lost soul. It is a beautiful feminine face. It presses in closer. He sucks in his breath. Is he begin smothered? The gaunt figure then SLIDES ABRUPTLY AWAY from his face down his body to a spot below his waist.

STANTZ

Props himself up on his elbows and looks down to see the apparition vanish, his belt come undone, and his zipper get whisked open.

CLOSE UP STANTZ'S FACE

His look changes from fear to confusion to pleasure. He closes his eyes and submits.

CUT TO:

INT - BARRACKS CORRIDOR

Winston is smoking a cigareete, ambling down the barracks corridor. He hears voices. He walks to the door behind which they emanate.

WINSTON

Stantz? Is that you in there?

STANTZ
(from behind door)
LATER, MAN!!

Winston shrugs and slinks out.

EXT. FIREHALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

A police van pulls up, the garage door is opened and the van pulls in. A patrol car is already parked there.

INT. FIREHALL

A POLICE SERGEANT is talking to Spengler.

SERGEANT
We don't know what to do with him. Bellevue doesn't want him and I'm afraid to put him in the lock-up.

SPENGLER
Why?

SERGEANT
It took eight of us to restrain him at the restaurant. I'm telling you, there's something really wierd about this guy. And I know you guys are into this stuff so we figured we'd check with you.

SPENGLER
Let me see him.

They cross to the back of the police van and the Sergeant opens it.

INT. THE VAN

Vinz is on the floor, wearing a straight jacket. He is tied with leather restraint straps and ankle cuffs.

SPENGLER
Hello.

VINZ
Are you the gatekeeper?

SPENGLER
Who are you?

VINZ
I am Vinz Clortho, Minion of Gozer, Lord of the Sebouillia, Scourge of the Glethestements.

SPENGLER

I am Egon Spengler, human being of earth, Master of Physics, Doctor of Philosophy. Greetings Vinz Clortho.

(to the Sergeant)

Free him, Officer. I will speak with the Minion of Gozer.

The Sergeant looks at Spengler, convinced that he's as crazy as Vinz.

VINZ

Okay. I'm sure you guys will have lots to talk about.

He hops into the van and starts unchaining Vinz.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Spengler is looking through packets of dehydrated foods used by astronauts and campers. A pot of water is heating on a hot plate.

SPENGLER

I like these dehydrated meals because they save time. And they have a long shelf-life.

Vinz is looking through the viewing monitor of the storage facility, chuckling at the trapped entities.

VINZ

(points at one of the entities)

Hah! Look at that one.

Spengler shows him a packet of dehydrated food.

SPENGLER

Would you like the beef stroganoff?

VINZ

Yes, I would.

Vinz takes it, tears the top off the packet and starts eating the dehydrated food.

SPENGLER

Don't you want to mix it with water?

He holds up the pot of boiling water.

VINZ

Yes, I do.

Vinz takes the pot of boiling water and drinks it.

VINZ

It's good.

SPENGLER

(intrigued)

Could I ask you a few questions, Vinz?

VINZ

Are they hard?

SPENGLER

No, but if it's too difficult, you tell me and we'll stop. And if you don't mind, I'd just like to hook you up to this polygraph machine while we talk.

He sits Vinz down and starts placing electrodes on him.

VINZ

(worried)

I have to find the Gatekeeper, Egon.
I must await the Mighty Gozer.

SPENGLER

Vinz, how will Gozer come?

VINZ

He will come as the Destructor -
probably, or maybe just a scourge.

SPENGLER

(checking the poly-
graph reading)

I see. And what size might he be?
Bigger than you, Vinz?

VINZ

That all depends, Egon. You just never know with him. He's funny in a very terrible sort of way. Two things I don't like are being impaled on anything and being roasted in fires.

SPENGLER

That's a perfectly normal reaction.

He pulls a thick loose leaf binder off a shelf and lays it on the table in front of Vinz.

SPENGLER (CONT'D)

I want you to look at these pictures, Vinz, and tell me if you see Gozer or anything that looks like Gozer.

Vinz starts flipping through a book containing photos and renderings of spooks, demons, monsters, devils, Gods, etc.

VINZ

(reacts to one of the images)

Oooh. That's a scary one.

Spengler is preparing a hypodermic needle.

SPENGLER

Can I take some of your blood while you do that, Vinz?

VINZ

Certainly, Egon. Take as much as you need. I've got lots.

Spengler begins the blood test and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT DETMERRING - MORNING

The sun is up over the beautiful Hudson River country as Stantz and Winston say good-bye to the Park Service Rangers at the main gate. They get into the Ectomobile and head back toward the city.

INT. ECTO-ONE

Winston is driving. Stantz is gazing out the window.

WINSTON

I don't believe we drove all the way up here and didn't get anything.

STANTZ

(guilty)

I wouldn't say that.

WINSTON

You made a contact? Why didn't you call me? What was it?

STANTZ

(lying)

I'm not sure. I want to go back up there as soon as I can to do some more checking. It happened too fast. I was lying there and this warm, pleasureable feeling engulfed me.

WINSTON

(laughs)

That figures. The head Ranger thinks it's the spirit of a girl who was kept by the officers back in the 1830's or 40's.

STANTZ

(surprised and angry)

You mean a prostitute?

WINSTON

Yeah - like a campfollower, I guess.

He sees that Stantz is holding back.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Is there something you're not telling me?

STANTZ

(depressed)

I think I'm in love.

WINSTON

.(not connecting)

You have a problem with your girl?

STANTZ

Yeah, she's been dead for 150 years.

Winston looks over at Stantz, finally getting the whole picture.

EXT. FIREHALL - MORNING

Two cars pull up out front, a New York City Police car and a lime green K-car with U.S. Government plates. They are followed by a Con-Edison utilities van and a County Sheriff's car. Peck gets out of the government car. He approaches the main door and rings the buzzer. Two COPS get out and flank him. A SHERIFF joins them.

SHERIFF

Mr. Peck.

PECK

I'm Peck.

SHERIFF

I have all the documents you'll need. Cease and desist all commerce order, seizure of premises and chattels, ban on the use of public utility for nonlicensed waste handlers.

PECK

How about my entry and inspection order?

SHERIFF

Have to serve that to someone in the building.

PECK

(with relish)

All right. Let's go. I know just who I want to serve it to.

They enter.

INT. FIREHALL - RECEPTION AREA

Janine is at the coffee-maker when the law enters and walks right past her desk. She rushes over to block their way.

JANINE

(feisty)

I beg your pardon! Just where do you think you're going?

PECK

Step aside, miss, or I'll have you arrested for interfering with a police officer.

JANINE

(not moving)

Who do you think you're talking to, mister? Do I look like a child? You can't come in here without some kind of warrant or writ or something.

Peck hands her the court orders. Janine scans them quickly.

JANINE
 (steps aside reluctantly)
 This is just like Poland.

Peck brushes past her and leads his cohorts toward the basement. Janine rushes over and hits the alarm.

DORMITORY

Venkman wakes up at the alarm and picks up the red phone.

VENKMAN
 (groggy)
 What??

JANINE

On the phone.

JANINE
 You better get down to the basement right away. The EPA is down there with the police.

VENKMAN

He leaps out of bed, steps into his jumpsuit and dives for the sliding pole.

INT. BASEMENT

Spengler is arguing with Peck. Vinz Clortho is sitting quietly in the corner, watching the argument with interest.

PECK
 (high-handed)
 I want to see what's in there.
 Now either you shut off those "beams"
 or we'll shut them off for you.

SPENGLER
 (calmly)
 If I were to deactivate the grid generator, the facility could no longer contain the high-concentration of valences inside. You can see what's inside through the monitor if you wish.

He switches it on.

PECK
 (ignores it)
 I'm not interested in TV right now.

Venkman enters and asserts himself.

VENKMAN

(to the Sheriffs)

At ease, officers. I'm Peter Venkman. I think there's been some kind of misunderstanding here and I want to cooperate in every way I can.

PECK

(turns on him
immediately)

Forget it, Venkman. You had your chance to cooperate but you thought it was more fun to insult me. Now it's my turn, smart-ass.

VENKMAN

If you turn that thing off we won't be responsible for the consequences.

PECK

On the contrary! You will be held completely responsible.

(to the Con-Ed man)

Turn it off.

The CON-ED man steps to the control panel and looks at the switches, meters and chasing lights.

VENKMAN

(to the Con-Ed man)

Don't do it! I'm warning you.

THE CON-ED MAN

He looks nervously at the Sheriff.

CON-ED

I've never seen anything like this before. I don't know...

PECK

(enraged)

Just do it, fella! Nobody asked for your opinion.

The Con-Ed man reaches for a switch but Venkman grabs him from behind.

VENKMAN

(to Peck)

Don't be a jerk!

The Sheriffs and Cops grab Venkman and drag him off the Con-Ed man.

PECK

If he tries that again, shoot him.

The Sheriffs look at Peck with contempt.

SHERIFF

(to Peck)

You do your job, pencil-neck.
Don't tell us how to do ours.

VENKMAN

Thank you, Sheriff.

PECK

(to Con-Ed)

Now turn it off.

The cops slacken their hold on Venkman.

VENKMAN

He looks at Spengler, worried.

SPENGLER

He mimes an explosion with his hands.

VENKMAN

He nods and backs toward the door. Spengler gets the same thought.

CONTROL PANEL

The Con-Ed man turns all the switches to the OFF position.
The panel lights go out.

POWER METER

The needle indicator drops to zero.

ENTRY SLITS

The glowing field around each slit vanishes.

PECK

He feels the floor start to shake.

VENKMAN, SPENGLER AND VINZ

They run like crazy for the stairs.

VENKMAN

(shouts)

Run for it!

PECK

He looks at the cops and the Con-Ed man. They all run.

THE STORAGE FACILITY

Light and vapor are starting to leak through the seams between the concrete blocks. Suddenly a concrete block is blown out of the wall and flies across the room with tremendous force. A bright light shines through the hole.

PECK

He runs for the stairs.

EXT. FIREHALL

Everybody comes running out and sprints across the street. Venkman hangs back at the front door making sure they all get out.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

One by one, the concrete blocks are blowing out of the wall and flying across the room with destructive results. Then all the entry slots blow out simultaneously.

EXT. FIREHALL

Venkman is still at the door waiting for Peck who comes running out just as the roof blows off. As they dash for safety, the large garage door is blown away.

VENKMAN, SPENGLER AND JANINE

They stand there with the cops looking up in awe.

THE FIREHALL

A powerful geyser of energy is shooting out the top of the Firehall like a phenomenal Roman candle, reaching a hundred feet in the air.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN

Ecto-One stops to let a firetruck speed by with lights and sirens blaring.

INT. ECTO-ONE

Stantz and Winston hear lots of sirens now.

WINSTON
Must be a big fire, huh?

STANTZ
(looking around)
I wonder where.

WINSTON
Look at that weird light by the river.

STANTZ
Yeah. Looks like it's right near the...firehall.

STANTZ & WINSTON
Oh...shiiit...

EXT. ECTO-ONE

Winston hits the strobes and siren and takes off fast after another firetruck.

EXT. FIREHOUSE

Fire trucks, police cars, Con-Ed trucks, and a general mob are assembled, watching the roof of the building which is spurting a translucent blue substance. It looks like a massive natural gas flame. Bits of ecto material rain down on the onlookers.

SPENGLER AND VINZ

Flanked by police and undergoing a barrage of questions from Peck and fire officials. Vinz listens attentively, loving the show.

PECK
...does it contain TCE, PCB or tailings from styrene esters or any polyflouric groups...?

FIRE CHIEF
Did you have any kind of solvents or any concentrated sulphurs of any kind?

FIRE CAPTAIN
What are the pink particles? What will happen if we do use water?

Spengler just shakes his head.

SPENGLER

No...no water. There's nothing
you can do.

Ecto-One pulls up. Winston and Stantz jump out. Stantz finds
Venkman.

STANTZ

What happened??!!

VENKMAN

The storage facility blew. This
nitwit...

(indicates Peck)

...shut off the protection grid.
Court order.

Spengler and Vinz come over and join them.

STANTZ

Egon, did you get any readings on
that discharge?

SPENGLER

The initial blast was unusually
powerful.

VINZ

(nods)

Yes, it was.

SPENGLER

Now we're just seeing a nutrona
shower from the damaged purge system.

VINZ

(nods)

It's a shower.

VENKMAN AND WINSTON

They seem to notice Vinz for the first time.

VENKMAN

(to Spengler)

Who's this guy?

SPENGLER

He is Vinz Clortho.

Vinz looks at Venkman.

VINZ
(to Spengler)
Is he the Gatekeeper?

SPENGLER
No.

The word "Gatekeeper" rings a big bell for Venkman.

VENKMAN
Did you say "Gatekeeper?"

Before Vinz can answer, Peck intrudes with a POLICE CAPTAIN in tow.

PECK
I want them arrested, Captain.
These men have been acting in
criminal violation of the Environ-
mental Protection Act and this ex-
plosion was a direct result.

VENKMAN
(angry)
You turned off the power!
(to the Captain)
I tried to stop him. I have
witnesses.

VINZ
I saw it. They fought.

VENKMAN
(to Vinz)
Don't help me, all right?

CAPTAIN
I'm going to have to arrest you
all, Mr. Venkman. You can discuss
this with the judge. I'm going to
read you your rights now so please
listen carefully.

A LIEUTENANT enters. He flashes a badge.

LIEUTENANT
Excuse me, Captain. Are these the
Ghostbusters?

CAPTAIN
Yes.

LIEUTENANT

(to the GBs)

The Mayor would like to see you
in his office right away. The
switchboards are lighting up at every
precinct in town. The whole island
is going crazy. Come with me please.

The Lieutenant leads them to an official car waiting at the
curb. Spengler hangs back a moment to talk to Vinz.

SPENGLER

I want you to wait here for me.
I may be gone for a long time.

VINZ

(worried)

Thousands of years?

SPENGLER

No...less. Just wait..

He joins the others and they drive off leaving Vinz alone
and forlorn in the crowd.

VINZ

He stands there for a moment, really at a loss, then he looks
up at the top of the Firehall.

THE ROOF

The stream of vapors seems to be drifting in one direction
across the rooftops.

VINZ

He gazes at the trail then starts walking automatically in
that direction, his eyes fixed on the sky.

EXT. WALFORD ASTORIA HOTEL - DAY

A well-dressed BUSINESSMAN comes rushing out of the hotel
and jumps into a cab parked at the curb.


INT. THE BACK SEAT

The Businessman leans close to the safety partition and
shouts his destination.

BUSINESSMAN

Gulf and Western Building! And I'm
in a hurry, so let's not dawdle.

THE FRONT SEAT

Through the windshield we see that the driver is a badly decomposed corpse in a leather jacket and snap-brim cap. 

THE PASSENGER

Through the partition he sees a skeletal hand reach out and start the meter.

EXT. THE STREET


The cab peels away from the curb at tremendous speed and turns the wrong way up a one-way street.

CUT TO:

INT. FASHION SHOW ROOM - SAME TIME

Models in Paris modes parade up and down the runway to the polite applause of wealthy customers.

A MODEL

She starts down the runway in a very exotic fur coat. She reaches the end of the runway and pirouettes for the customers. Suddenly, a yapping mink head pops out of the shoulder of the coat, then another and another until the whole coat is a mass of writhing, yapping rodents. The model screams and throws the coat off. 

THE AUDIENCE

Scream and run for the exit. Those people with fur coats throw them off before they run.

CUT TO:

EXT. A STREET - SAME TIME

Vinz is walking along, still gazing at the trail in the sky. He passes a subway entrance.

SUBWAY ENTRANCE

A huge crowd of people descends the stairs into the subway. The last of them disappears around the corner. Then echoing screams are heard and the whole crowd comes charging back up the stairs pursued by a strange apparition.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

It's the accounts department of a major corporation. Young men and women are working at typewriters, and computer terminals in the sterile, modern office.

A PROGRAMMER

She bends over at the file cabinets and something gooses her. She looks around, miffed, but sees no one. She goes back to her desk. Her skirt hikes up suddenly. She yanks it back down. Then she feels a strange, not unpleasant tickling under her. She squirms. Her skirt goes up again. The tickling gets unbearable, forcing her to stand.

She walks briskly between the rows of desks trying to get to the ladies room, fighting to keep her skirt down. Her co-workers begin to notice and laugh.

A TYPIST

She stands up to look and her blouse pops open.

THE OFFICE

All the women begin to scream and squirm as the invisible molester runs wild in the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS - SAME TIME

A Sabrett hot dog vendor is dispensing pretzels and dogs from his pushcart.

THE VENDOR

He opens the top of the bin and reaches in to get a bun. He feels around inside knowing the cart should be loaded with food. Then he peers inside and yanks his arm out with a shout. He falls back in fear.

THE CART

The gluttonous onion-headed vapor from the Hotel Sedgewick rises out of the pushcart stuffed with hot dogs, buns and pretzels. It belches loudly at the gaping spectators then takes off with the pushcart.

THE VENDOR

He shouts and takes off after him.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER STREET

The cab weaves through traffic at breakneck speed. Cars are forced up on the curb. Pedestrians run for safety.

INT. THE BACK SEAT

The Businessman is reading the Wall Street Journal, oblivious to the whole situation.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. MARKS PLAYHOUSE - DAY

A worn, graffiti-spattered \$1.99 triple bill movie house in the New Wave district near Second Avenue. The bill reads --

ALL NIGHT ALL DAY HORROR SHOW
IN 3-D

INT. THEATRE

The house is packed with hooting, jeering, beer-drinking pot-smoking downtowners, all wearing cardboard 3-D glasses. They are wildly razzing and throwing things at the screen on which is running a bad sixties British horror indie pic. The film breaks. The sound crackles off and the lights come up. There is a storm of protest and abuse hurled at the projectionist. Then from all around them O.S. there starts a thin whistling whine. It builds above the shouts and jeers in the theatre until everyone stops to hear what it is. It is like no other sound ever heard - piercing, all-permeating shrill whistle, like the fan blades of some massive unseen turbine beginning to rotate. The lights in the theatre flicker. The musty ancient curtains on either side of the screen are picked up in an unseen wind which lifts them, spreading dust and ripped old fabric about the house. There are shouts and sounds and noises from deep beyond the recesses of the backstage. The curtains are now flying in a serious wind. All the lights in the theatre extinguish except that from the projection booth. From a point in the centre of the screen, a searing bolt of phosphorescent light rips back along the projection beam into the booth. The beam evolves into an ethereal strand of unified, glistening particles. The wind dies down. People in the house are hushed. They gaze transfixed as a procession of phantasms emerge in single file through the illuminated screen. Almost as if suspended on a clothesline, they weave and bounce along the length of the pulsating beam, in through the hole in the projection booth.

INT. THEATRE

The apparition is gone. All is quiet. Then the audience bursts into wildly enthusiastic applause.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL

The official cars arrive and the Ghostbusters are hustled past a mob of reporters, all shouting questions at once.

REPORTERS

(as babble)

Are you under arrest? - Did you have a bomb factory in the basement? - What are you going to do about all these ghosts?

INT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE

Secretaries and aides scurry about in a chaos of ringing telephones and waiting city officials. Fire Department subalterns argue loudly about jurisdiction with their Police Department counterparts. Members of the City Council and county officials compete loudly for the attention of the secretaries who are trying to placate people on the phones. As the Ghostbusters are led through the outer office, everyone stops what they're doing to stare at them.

THE GHOSTBUSTERS

They can feel the hostility and panic around them.

A BUREAUCRAT

(off-camera)

I hope they lynch those bastards.

Winston gulps. An Aide opens the door to the Mayor's office and announces the Ghostbusters.

INT. OFFICE OF THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY

The Ghostbusters enter and see a very concerned group of leaders arguing like crazy. The Police and Fire Commissioners, State and City Police Commandants, the Archbishop of the New York Diocese, the Regional Director of the Environmental Protection Agency, the Governor of the State of New York, and various other high-ranking officials.

THE AIDE

(entering with the Ghostbusters)

The Ghostbusters are here, Mr. Mayor.

At once, the group turns and instantly regains perfect decorum.

THE MAYOR

He is a likeable Democrat and a man of the people - particularly the Irish, Italian and Jewish people.

MAYOR
(looking them over)
Okay, the Ghostbusters. And who's
Peck?

Peck shoulders his way forward.

PECK
(adrenaline pumping)
I'm walter Peck, sir. And I'm pre-
pared to make a full report.
(holds up dossier)
These men are complete snowball
artists. They call their company
Ghostbusters and purport to be able
to clear dwellings of spirits and
hauntings...they're clever and soph-
isticated con men...they use nerve
and sense gases to induce hallucina-
tions in people's houses. The people
think they're seeing ghosts and call
these bozos, who conveniently show
up to get rid of the problem with a
fake electronic light show.

MAYOR
(to Venkman)
You using nerve gas?

VENKMAN
The man is a psychopath, your Honor.

PECK
Probably a mixture of gases, no
doubt stolen from the army...

STANTZ
Bullshit!!

PECK
...improperly stored and touched
off with those high-voltage laser
beams they use in their light show.
They caused an explosion.

WINSTON

He steps forward.

WINSTON
I'm Winston Zeddemore, your Honor.
I came to work with these gentlemen
when they first went into private
practice...and I didn't believe any
of this either. I'm a highly-trained
engineer. I've done two hitches as
a flying officer in the Strategic Air
(CONTINUED)

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Command. I've been all over the world and I've seen a lot of strange things, so I can tell you with complete confidence that these occurrences are real. Since I joined these men I have seen shit that would turn you white.

VENKMAN

(steps up)

Mr. Mayor, if you will put your trust in us, I absolutely guarantee that we will deal with every single physical disturbance that happened as a direct result of the explosion, even though we do not accept responsibility for it in any way, shape or form.

He looks accusingly at Peck. The Mayor looks for help from the assembled leaders.

FIRE COMMISSIONER

All I know is, that wasn't a light show we saw this morning. I've seen every form of combustion known to man, but this beats me.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

And nobody's using nerve gas on all the people that have seen those... things...all over the city. The walls were bleeding at the 53rd Precinct. How do you explain that?

He looks to the Archbishop. Everybody focuses on the ornately attired Prelate.

ARCHBISHOP

Officially, the Church will not take a position on the religious implications of these...phenomena. However, since they started people have been lining up at every church in the city to confess and take communion. We've had to put on extra priests. Personally, I think it's a sign from God but don't quote me on that.

MAYOR

(shaking his head)

I can't call a press conference and tell everybody to start praying.

AIDE

I checked out Ghostbusters, Inc.
with the Better Business Bureau...
no complaints. The FBI, the CIA
and the IRS have nothing on them.
And they got a terrific rating in
Consumer Reports.

(admiringly to
Venkman)

Nice growth potential, too.

VENKMAN

(flattered)

Thank you. We like to think we're
number one in the business.

PECK

(snaps)

I don't believe you're seriously
considering listening to these men!
Mr. Mayor, it's your duty as this
city's top law enforcement official
to lock these men up immediately and
prosecute them to the statutory
limit!

The Mayor takes a long look at Peck, then at the Ghostbusters,
then back at Peck.

MAYOR

Get him out of here.

(Peck looks stricken)

We've got work to do.

DISSOLVE TO:

A LARGE WALL MAP

New York and outlying areas. It is dotted with pins.

SPENGLER

(putting in a last
pin)

I've plotted the locations of our
99 confirmed manifestations. Look
at the pattern and where it is.

(the pins form an
unmistakable circle)

Over the tri-state region we have
many heavy industries responsible
for the destruction of ozonic and other
atmospheric layers. The random mesh
of microwaves from telephone and tele-
communication senders acts as a lens
increasing the focus of all the sun's
dangerous gamma and U.V. rays which
would otherwise be filtered out if the

(CONTINUED)

SPENGLER (CONT'D)

protective atmospheric layers had not been destroyed. These rays are being focused raw on a region under which there lies buried many thousands of tons of chemical and radioactive waste releasing stripped electrons into the atmosphere.

As he speaks, he indicates these facts on the map with lines.

SPENGLER (CONT'D)

Finally, even a casual glance at the map reveals that this region lies within an almost equilateral triangle having as its intersecting points the Indian River Plant in New York here, the Three Mile Island facility in Pennsylvania here, and the Sands Creek Reactor here...two of which we know are leaking hundreds of roentgens per hour.

STANTZ

He's lying on the Mayor's sofa with his shoes off, looking at the map. Winston is pouring himself a snifter of the Mayor's cognac.

WINSTON

(also looking at
the map)

Plus you've got a tremendous output of ELF radiation from a billion machines and appliances in the city.

STANTZ

I think we're due for another big cracking of the psychic whip.

VENKMAN

He's sitting at the Mayor's desk with his feet up.

VENKMAN

(taking a cigar out
of the Mayor's humidor)

And it's going to happen here.

He lights the cigar.

MAYOR

(Perturbed)

Just help yourself to my brandy and cigars.

VENKMAN

Thanks, Pat.

MAYOR

(exasperated)

So what are you getting at here?
Give it to me straight.

STANTZ

(sitting up)

Mr. Mayor, something maybe about
to blow a big hole in our reality...
a puncture in our physical universe...
or a rip.

SPENGLER

Or a gate.

VENKMAN

(connects)

Yeah. Tell me about your friend
Vinz.

SPENGLER

According to him, he's been sent to
prepare for the coming of something
or someone he calls Gozer.

VENKMAN

(gets up and paces
nervously)

And he's looking for the gatekeeper?

SPENGLER

Exactly. But he doesn't know where
it is.

Venkman goes to the map and stares at it.

VENKMAN

(really worried)

I know where it is.

He points to a spot on the map where all the lines converge.

VENKMAN (CONT'D)

78th and Riverside. Now we just
better hope that Vinz doesn't find
it.

EXT. DANA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

78th and Riverside. Vinz stops in front of the building and
looks up.

THE BUILDING

Strange lights are beginning to flash from the windows.

VINZ

He enters the building and a moment later a huge tremor shakes the structure and splits the sidewalk in front. Pedestrians run for cover as the building entrance caves in.

INT. THE ELEVATOR

Vinz rides up to Dana's floor. He glances up at the floor indicator.

THE FLOOR INDICATOR

All the floors light up, then the glass crystals over each number pop.

INT. DANA'S FLOOR

The elevator doors open and Vinz gets out. A crowd of tenants rushes onto the elevator clutching their most prized possessions. He gets through the panicked tenants and walks down the hall. Mrs. Blum, Dana's neighbor, comes out of her apartment.

VINZ

(to Mrs. Blum)

Are you the gatekeeper?

MRS. BLUM

No! Next door. But this is a hell of a time for a visit. The whole building could come down.

THE ELEVATOR

Morris is holding the elevator for Mrs. Blum.

MR. BLUM

(from inside the
elevator - shouts)

Are you coming or what? We're waiting here!

MRS. BLUM

(shouts back)

I'm coming! I'm coming!

She rushes off, leaving Vinz alone in the hall. He goes to Dana's door and mechanically knocks three times.

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