

"Netherverse"

A spec screenplay by

Boyan Blocka

*(Based on characters and stories
created and owned by
Dan Aykroyd, Harold Ramis,
et al.)*

Suite 303, 2045 Barclay St.
Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6G 1L6
604-692-0889
boyan@boyanmedia.com

FADE IN:

CLOUDS -- EARLY MORNING

Clouds touched by golden sun extend to the horizon; a patchwork quilt of white. Flying through errant wisps the ghostbusters THEME comes to life. Just as the familiar music reaches its crescendo - it morphs into an ORIENTAL version and the clouds break to -

EXT. CHINA, MT. LISHAN VALLEY -- DAY

A lush valley of farmland and rice paddies. At it's center, a wide, squat pyramidal MOUND covered with trees and bisected by a path leading to a flattened peak. SUPERIMPOSE:

Mount Lishan Valley, Shaanxi province, China. March 29, 1974.

EXT. PERSIMMON GROVE -- CONTINUOUS

Three quarters of a mile away, FARMERS struggle to hoist *something* from a freshly dug well. Straining under the objects weight, their pulley SQUEALS on the verge of collapse. Just as the object clears the well, greedy anticipation turns to dread. It's ...

CUT TO:

INT. PIT 1 BUILDING, LOBBY -- DAY

... a TERRACOTTA WARRIOR statue. Proud. Noble. Menacing.

One of a dozen life-size statues in the lobby of what is today - China's largest museum. SUPERIMPOSE:

Xian, China. The Museum of Terracotta Warriors. Present day.

Surrounded by ASIAN TOURISTS with cell-phones, cameras ... and cell-phone-cameras, the statue and his brethren stand unblinking through the staccato of flashes.

MICHELLE (O.S.)

The most significant discovery of
the twentieth century -

DR. MICHELLE ZHONGYI, 40, leads a VIP TOUR GROUP past the statues and through the crowd. Despite dusty adidas, dirty khakis and a dingy floral shirt, she's both ravishing and scholarly.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 - the mausoleum of the first
 Emperor, rivals - some say,
surpasses the grandeur of the
 Egyptian Pharaohs.

An ARMED GUARD, 25, watches Michelle and her group exit to -

INT./INT. PIT 1 BUILDING, OBSERVATION DECK -- CONTINUOUS

A vast, hanger-like chamber encircled by an observation deck. Awed by the superstructures' huge arcing beams, the tour group can't help but stare as Michelle nonchalantly pushes through the crowds -

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 And yet, while the Emperor dreamed
 of an empire that would last ten
 thousand years - in the end, the
 only immortality he would know -

- she pushes through the last of the crowds to the railing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 - is here.

A MASSIVE EXCAVATION. 16 feet deep. 2 football fields long. 1 football field wide.... ELEVEN TRENCHES filled with SIX THOUSAND life-sized terracotta WARRIORS. A vast army for battles unknown. Mouths agape, the Tour Group stares. We follow their gaze to -

INT. EXCAVATION TRENCHES -- CONTINUOUS

ARCHAEOLOGISTS scraping away clay and brushing away dirt; revealing the past one stroke at a time. ANGLE ON - An archaeologist's hand digging and -

- DIG BEYOND (VFX transition) - a mile of earth blurs by to -

INT. EMPEROR'S TOMB, BURIAL MOUND -- CONTINUOUS

PITCH BLACK and the muffled ROAR of a pneumatic hammer breaking rock. A BEAT later -

A panel gives way and new light pierces ancient darkness and the panel falls to a distant SPLASH.

TAISHI, 37 - a taut, mean looking man wearing a HAZMAT suit, descends through the newly minted hole via a squeaky remote-controlled wench. Looking around, he's entered:

A massive, domed chamber, 1000 feet in diameter inlaid with jewels that sparkle like stars in the sky.

At the center of the dome is an impressive stepped pyramid (almost Mayan in configuration) surrounded by a roiling sea of mercury. On the top of the pyramid - a SARCOPHAGUS.

Taishi touches down a few feet from the sarcophagus and disconnects his descent cable.

Now eye-level with the sarcophagus, he studies its intricate cuneiform etching. Slowly reading the grooves with his fingers, he comes upon -

A fist-sized JEWEL laying on the sarcophagus surface. Embraced with gold tendril-like inlay and shaped like an egg (with each end drawn to a point), the jewel mesmerizes.

Taishi shines his headlamp directly on the jewel. Laser-like beams fill the chamber, shooting from the jewel's every facet. The effect is hypnotic, enticing ...

Balanced on it's belly, Taishi apprehensively touches one end of the Jewel. It rocks harmlessly. Swallowing, Taishi steels himself and -

1... 2... 3...

- SNATCHES the jewel! He dives to the side of the sarcophagus, fully expecting a barrage of arrows offering instant death. But none come. Relieved, he opens his hand and -

- the jewel begins to THROB. Faint at first, a red glow pulses from deep within. Deeper. Stronger. Rhythmic like a heartbeat. Then -

As though stretching from a long slumber, one golden tendril after another unfurls from the jewel until it looks like an eight-spoked star.

Taishi watches the jewel in his palm, amazed as the jewel hinges back and the tendrils begin to wriggle. It's not until the jewel itself suddenly flips over that Taishi realizes he's actually holding -

A Spider-Jewel!

Taishi screams and drops the creature. It lands right-side up and SKITTERS around the corner out of sight.

Terrified, Taishi scours the vicinity.

TIC-TAC ... the Spider-Jewels metallic legs skitter in the darkness.

Taishi whirls around -

TIC-TAC TIC-TAC TIC-TAC... Taunting. *Somewhere close. Where?*

TIC-TAC TIC-TAC TIC-TAC TIC-TAC TIC-TAC TIC-TAC ...

The Spider-Jewel skitters across Taishi's foot, slices through his pant leg and ascends - quickly. Panicking, Taishi unzips, trying to flee his hazmat suit. But, tripping, he falls end-over-end to -

BLACK.

THE PYRAMID'S BASE -- SOMETIME LATER

Taishi blinks awake. He looks down. His body is covered with spider web and a single silken strand leads from him to the Sarcophagus high above. We follow his terrified gaze up to -

THE PYRAMID'S PEAK, SARCOPHAGUS -- CONTINUOUS

- a rat-sized hole on the side of the sarcophagus and in -

INT. SARCOPHAGUS -- CONTINUOUS

- through the poorly mummified remains of the EMPEROR to the Spider pulsing in its ribcage nest.

INTERCUTTING

Taishi at pyramid's base; Emperor in sarcophagus:

The Emperor's eyes bolt open revealing decayed sockets of darkness.

Taishi gasps as waves of smoke-like life force ripple from his body along the web and up to the sarcophagus.

The Emperor's eye sockets fill with smoke-like energy. He moans to life while -

Taishi writhes as life force DRAINS away. His face pales and his skin shrivels.

In a burst of smoke-like energy, the sarcophagus lid explodes off. The Emperor's decayed hand reaches up and over, grasping the coffin's edge.

Taishi, terrified, stares as -

The Emperor falls to the step outside the sarcophagus. A revolting composite of corpse and ghost intermingled, he pulls himself to the edge and looks down to -

- Taishi.

Driven by fear, Taishi tries to free himself from the web as -

The Emperor crawls down the steps head first. His shriveled legs dragging behind like cans behind a wedding car.

THE BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

Taishi. Half-dead. Crawls for his life, and -

The Emperor. Half-alive. Crawls for Taishi....

A ROAR. A SCREAM and a burst of ethereal ENERGY brightens the entire chamber until we CUT TO:

BRIEF TV STATIC

A COMMERCIAL for GBI (GHOSTBUSTERS INTERNATIONAL):

INT. HALLWAY, GBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

MAX DRECK, 57, swaggers towards us - Armani, hair gel, cowboy boots and a smile. He speaks with a southern twang and exudes arrogance and ignorance in equal measure. He could be a caricature, but oddly he seems all too familiar.

DRECK

I'm Max Dreck, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of GBI. You probably know us as the ghostbusting people. But we haven't been *just* ghostbusters for quite some time.

He opens a door.

DRECK

C'mon, I'll show ya.

INT. PHARMACEUTICAL LAB -- DAY

A poorly cast, muscle-bound 'RESEARCHER', 45, (think Fabio) looks up from his microscope.

RESEARCHER

For ectoplasm-based pharmaceuticals available without prescription -

Dreck walks into frame wearing a lab coat. He pats the Researcher's shoulder and calibrates some dials on a machine he knows nothing about.

DRECK THE SCIENTIST

- who ya gonna call?

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK, HAUNTED HOUSE -- DAY

Two TEENAGE couples run up the steps to a haunted house ride. They give their tickets to a CARNY. GIRL 1 turns to us -

GIRL 1
For spooktacular rides and
attractions --

She hands her ticket to the Carny who happens to be Max Dreck.

DRECK THE CARNY
(tears ticket)
- who ya gonna call?

INT. VICTORIAN HOME -- DAY

A female REALTOR whips open the dusty curtains. Sun pours in on sheet-covered furniture as a YOUNG COUPLE revels in the moment.

The Realtor watches from the window as two GHOSTBUSTERS outside walk to their ECTOMOBILE SUV, smoking ghost traps in hand. They give the Realtor the thumbs up. She turns to us smiling:

REALTOR
For previously occupied properties
at rock-bottom prices --

Dreck steps into frame and hands the newlyweds a fruit basket.

DRECK, GIVER OF FRUIT
- who ya gonna call?

EXT. ARMY TEST VILLAGE -- DAY

A tank wheels into sight CRUSHING GRAVEL to dust. Its main gun, an energy cannon, VAPORIZES a nearby target 'hut' in an awesome display of Ghostbuster technology gone horribly wrong. The tank's hatch opens. A TANK COMMANDER, 25, pokes his head out -

TANK COMMANDER
For weapons of *considerable*
destruction --

Another village hut EXPLODES, shot by three SOLDIERS jogging by. Each is wearing a modern slimmed-down Ghostbuster proton pack. One of them, winded, stops running and turns to us ... guess who?

DRECK, MAN OF WAR
- who ya gonna call?

INT. NURSERY -- DAY

A MOTHER, 35, plays with her CHILD, 4. The child claps as a STAY PUFT MARSHMALLOW MAN *literally* terrorizes the other toys. Beyond mechanical, the toy seems truly possessed. The Mother looks to us barely able to act through her nervousness:

MOTHER

For award-winning toys powered by
EctoPlay --

Dreck tiptoes in and whispers with all the sensitivity a corporate raider can muster:

DRECK THE ROLE MODEL

- who ya gonna call?

EXT. GBI HEADQUARTERS -- RAINY DAY

Dreck, the actors from the commercial, and two-hundred soggy, truly unhappy GBI employees (seventy-five wearing Ghostbuster uniforms) stand in front of the monstrosity that is their corporate headquarters. Matters are made worse by the pissing rain. Dreck, smiling, is the only one with an umbrella.

CHAIRMAN DRECK

The *new* Ghostbusters
International -

EVERYONE

- diversified holdings for
uncertain times.

INSERT ANIMATED GRAPHIC OF THE GBI LOGO followed by a quick scroll of the company's holdings:

Amusement Park Rides, Cosmetics, Demolition, Diet Beverages,
Energy, Gambling, Parking lots, Paranormal Elimination,
Pharmaceuticals, Real Estate, Television, Toys, Non-Lethal
Weapons Systems

END OF COMMERCIAL

CUT TO:

EXT. JANINE AND LOUIS' TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

A narrow brownstone on a street lined with identical narrow brownstones....

The peace is broken by the sound of a plate SHATTERING.

INT. JANINE AND LOUIS' TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Another plate SMASHES against the living room wall. Windows open and close. Lights flicker. Knickknacks fly around. Clearly, the home is in the throes of a major paranormal disturbance when -

The kitchen door swings open and JANINE MELNITZ-TULLY, 38, storms into the living room. Very pregnant and very pissed off.

JANINE

This - is not a marriage -

Janine looks around the ravaged living room. Battered, scarred and taped - she's done her best to make the home presentable in a Home & Garden meets war-torn country sort of way.

JANINE (CONT'D)

- it's a haunting.

LOUIS TULLY, 43, trails meekly, like a forsaken family pet *through* the still swinging door. The same adorable nerd as ever, *except* - he's a ghost. Evidently a yoga enthusiast, too, because he's in a FLOATING lotus position he can't seem to escape.

LOUIS

Janine -

He struggles with his legs.

JANINE

Louis. We can't go out. My friends won't visit. My Mom won't come. The neighbors fear us. Their kids egg our house. We can't even have dinner without paper plates.

Another plate BREAKS.

LOUIS

We can buy more, I know a good clearance warehouse -

A glass SHATTERS.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

- or maybe plastic.

Janine starts to cry. She takes a tissue from a kleenex box that floats by.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

No really. There's some good plastics out there. My cousin Harv - the twitchy one - swears by them.

JANINE

(blows nose)

Oh good one Louis.

(blows again)

Your drug addict cousin recommending our china. Is your mental patient grandmother going to recommend our preschool?

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Cousin Harv has legitimate medical issues.

JANINE

Three years of pain killers for a plantar's wart? That's gotta be some kind of record. I should have listened to my mother.

LOUIS

Wha - whaddya mean? ...I might not be able to practice law but I can still do accounting.

A small victory, he manages to get his legs undone.

JANINE

You scared your one and only client away.

LOUIS

Tax law frightens a lot of people.

JANINE

It was you Louis.

LOUIS

Mrs. Brummer hasn't filed since '03, compounded with interest rates, capital gains and her nephew's poor investment advice -

Janine raises her hand and walks to the door.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

No really - if she -

JANINE

Louis!

They hold a painful gaze. She opens the front door.

JANINE

I can't do this.

EVERY ITEM ORBITING THE ROOM CRASHES TO THE FLOOR.

SLIMER pokes his head *through* the kitchen door to see what's going on. Covered with food, the ghost spud looks fatter than ever.

JANINE

(pointing to Slimer)
And I want him out too!

She exits. Louis and Slimer watch forlorn.

EXT. JANINE AND LOUIS' TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Janine closes the door behind her - not with a slam but with the softest of motions and maneuvers down the steps holding the guardrail for support.

Louis comes to a window nearby and calls to her.

LOUIS

Janine.

She ignores him and walks to a waiting TAXI.

LOUIS

(louder)
Janine!

The taxi drives away.

LOUIS

(whimpers)
Janine.

Slimer offers Louis some sandwich.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION DECK/EXCAVATION -- DAY

Michelle is reading an Archaeologist's report. A YOUNG MALE ARCHAEOLOGIST, 30, follows her anxiously. She finally nods and signs his report. He sighs, relieved. She looks up to see that the crowds are transfixed on something out of her line of sight.

MICHELLE
 (to Young Male
 Archaeologist)
 **What's going on?

(NOTE: **Indicates Chinese with English subtitles)

The Young Male Archaeologist shrugs.

Michelle pushes through to see for herself. From a distance, she sees a figure walking along the top of the trench wall, inspecting the statues.

An Armed Guard climbs over the railing. Nervously, he shimmies onto the trench wall and trails after the trespasser, weapon drawn.

INT. EXCAVATION - TRENCH WALL -- SAME TIME

ARMED GUARD
 **Stop.

The figure turns. Dressed in regal but ratty Chinese funerary attire. It's the Emperor. With the energy he's drawn from the tomb robber, he now looks more human save for his eyes which smoke with jade fury.

Scared the Guard FIRES. The bullets pierce the Emperor harmlessly, leaving gapping holes of oozing mercury. Behind the Emperor, antiquities on display fair worse, SHATTERING with every bullet fired.

The Emperor examines the oozing holes in his chest and touches his mercury blood - and laughs.

The Guard advances and FIRES again, hitting the Emperor (and shattering another statue).

MICHELLE
 (to Guard)
 **No. Stop. The statues!

The Emperor turns to see the shattered statues and turns back, eyes smoking with fury.

EMPEROR
 **Insolence is repaid with death.

ORBS OF ENERGY build in his palms.

The Guard retreats, but -

The Emperor lobbs the orbs - striking the Armed Guard and hurling him back twenty feet into the railing.

The Emperor GLIDES towards his downed opponent and INHALES.

Smoky life force drifts from the Guard into the Emperor's mouth.

ANGLE ON - the Armed Guard's hand SHRIVELING.

The Emperor savors the Guard's life force and BRIGHTENS, becoming a little more human looking (less decomposed, less transparent). Then, like a wolf smelling new prey, he looks up to -

The tourists.

EXT. PIT 1 BUILDING, ENTRANCE -- A BEAT LATER

BEDLAM! Hundreds of tourists flee as energy orbs blast through walls and past their heads.

INT. EXCAVATION -- SAME TIME

The Emperor laughs and then he hears WHIMPERING. He floats down to the excavation level and slowly walks down the row listening at the front of each column.

Meanwhile, two terrified Archaeologists sit at the end of the most distant column. ARCHAEOLOGIST 1 tries to help ARCHAEOLOGIST 2 up. Archaeologist 2 whimpers in pain, gripping his bloody knee.

ARCHAEOLOGIST 2

**Who are we going to call?

Just as the Emperor approaches the last column, a souvenir beans him in the back of the head. He turns -

It's Michelle! Standing at a stand of miniature terracotta warriors. She wings another mini-statue. It smashes against a wall near the Emperor.

Distracted, the Emperor rises up from the excavation and pursues her.

Near Michelle, walls and windows BLOW OUT, shattered by the Emperor's orb blasts. Each blast a little closer until -

A blast throws Michelle off the observation deck onto a trench wall. She flails madly for grip but slips into the trench - landing hard; for the moment dazed.

The Emperor smiles and glides towards her.

EMPEROR

**You - shall be my concubine.

A mini-statue beans the Emperor in the back of the head.

It's Michelle's entire ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM lead by the Young Male Archaeologist! The bookish crew, of twelve continues throwing mini-statues in earnest until the Emperor roars after them.

Archaeologists 1 and 2 having just climbed from the trench at the far end, yell, motioning for Michelle to follow them to the emergency exits.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS 1 AND 2

**Doctor! This way!

Michelle runs to a ladder and hastily climbs the trench wall.

The Emperor, now monkey in the middle, sees Michelle and turns to pursue.

Desperate, Michelle makes a mad hurdling dash ACROSS THE EXCAVATION TRENCH WALLS! Leaping from wall top to wall top over the statues below, inches from a fatal fall.

The Emperor chases, throwing orb after orb, but each blast is smaller than the last, until -

The attack stops.

Michelle turns to see the Emperor staring at his hands. Stunned, the Emperor descends to the ground and collapses.

Again corpse-like, the Emperor's body has partially regressed to it's half-mummy/half-ghost state.

Michelle's Archaeological team slowly advances.

The Young Male Archaeologist, closest and bravest of all, approaches the dead Emperor. After a BEAT he turns to the other more cautious older Archaeologists.

YOUNG MALE ARCHAEOLOGIST

**It's okay. I think he's -

But the relief on his teammates faces turns to terror. The Young Male Archaeologist turns back -

The Emperor, standing, grabs the Young Male Archaeologist by the throat and pulls him close.

EMPEROR

**You're half right.

Michelle, still on the other side of the excavation, watches horrified and helpless - as the Emperor INHALES the smoky life force from the Young Male Archaeologist -

MICHELLE

**Nooo!

- and hunts down her team; downing them with a single powerful force blast and inhaling them all.

Without recourse, Michelle flees through a hole in the wall.

And the Emperor roars, drunk with power.

EXT. GBI HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

A glass behemoth of corporate self-love, the GBI building is divided into two wings, yin and yang, by a glass atrium at it's center. Dominating the entrance is a gaudy golden fountain framed by four ghostbuster statues fires colored water streams at a rotating Ghostbusters symbol.

An egg pelts the Ghostbusters symbol, PULL BACK to -

Dozens of rowdy GBI STRIKERS. Most in ghostbuster uniforms, some in jeans, all brawny marine types. Their signs read:

Who WE Gonna Call?

O.C.A.W. - The time is right!

I wear a Proton Pack so Dreck can wear Armani.

Dreck slimed us!

The strikers shout "Fair pay for fair busting!" as -

A CAMERA MAN, 25, lead by NANCY MEDDLING, 38, a babelicious, black reporter (think Tyra Banks with cat eye glasses and a killer business suit) shoots on the spot interviews.

SUPERIMPOSE: Live from GBI Headquarters

NANCY

(to camera)

Thank-you Chuck. For a week now, employees of Ghostbuster's International have been striking here in front of GBI headquarters.

A GBI STRIKER throws another egg at the fountain -

NANCY

And as you can see, emotions are running high.

Nancy walks up to a striker whose name ironically *is* STRYKER, 40, and taps his shoulder. Stryker turns to her (and the camera) and smiles. Despite the hardship of a prolonged strike, he looks angrier and scruffier than anyone else.

NANCY

Excuse me sir, what is your name?

STRYKER

I'm Stryker.

NANCY

Yes we know that. But what is your name?

STRYKER

No, that's my call sign,
(shows name patch)
Stryker. Real name's Marty.

NANCY

Okay, Marty -

STRYKER

Stryker. Nobody calls me Marty.

NANCY

Stryker, why are you here?

STRYKER

Well as you can see - we're striking.

NANCY

Yes, but what does this all mean for you?

STRYKER

Nancy, I got three kids. Granted they're all over eighteen and probably should get jobs. They depend on me. I can't let them down -

NANCY

(interrupts)

What's changed? Why strike now?

STRYKER

A lot. A - LOT. Like night and day man. We used to be like royalty - without the crowns and incest I mean. Traveling all over the place, first class. Catching class 3's and 4's, 5's and 6's. There was respect you know.

NANCY

And now?

STRYKER

Now? Can I speak off the record?

NANCY

Sure, you want us to turn off the camera?

STRYKER

No, keep it rolling.

NANCY

(confused)
Okay then.

EXT. FIREHALL -- MORNING

The Ghostbusters sign wobbles in the breeze, barely clinging to the weathered facade of the old Hook & Ladder number 8 firehall. If this were a western there'd be tumbleweeds.

STRYKER (V.O; CONT'D)

It's been tough ma'am, you know.
(crying)

I can't bring home the bacon on Class 1's. Performance bonus' suck. Going union is the only way for old-school busters like me to survive.

INT. FIREHALL, VEHICLE BAY -- DAY

Proton Packs. Ghost traps. PKE meters. Slime blowers. Ectomobile (its license plate reads ECTO 1C). The vintage Ghostbusters arsenal looks as good as '84 - unfortunately -

- the famous fort is now a musty museum....

Labeled by index cards, protected by glass cases and encircled by velvet ropes, it's all history now.

NANCY (V.O.)

And there you have it. They're
striking for hours, striking for
pay -

We sweep past the 80's relics to a grizzled RAY STANTZ, in an old wooden office chair, feet up on the desk, cigarette hanging from his mouth. He's surrounded by empty bottles of butterscotch ripple schnapps, crumpled bills, cigarette butts, and poorly taped antique books on the occult. Remote in hand, he watches the television by his feet as Nancy concludes:

NANCY (CONT'D)

(on TV)

- and some like Stryker here,
striking for respect -

A red alarm bell on the wall RINGS and LIGHTS FLASH.

RAY

(clicks off TV)

Coming!

He lurches up and runs to a rack holding four proton packs and throwers, each designated for it's legendary owner - Stantz, Spengler, Venkman, Zeddemore. He chooses his and with a grunt heaves it on and stumbles forward.

The red alarm bell RINGS again.

RAY

Coming I said!

He activates the proton pack. It HUMS to life sounding more like a CANNED RECORDING then real and toes a nearby foot switch causing the front door to UNLATCH and a tape marked 'GB MUZAK' to play.

The door CREAKS open as the GHOSTBUSTERS THEME builds.

MEREDITH, 75, and her heavily-pierced gothic/Marilyn Manson-wannabe grandson, JASON, 14, enters.

MEREDITH

Hello?

JASON

(whines)

Grandma -

MEREDITH

Didn't you want to come here?

JASON

I did, when I was like five.
Ghostbusters are so eighty's now.
This is like visiting a VCR museum.
I mean - who gives a crap?

The 'canned' sound of a Proton Thrower FIRING and the coat rack next to Jason bursts into flames. Luckily, Jason jumps out of the way.

JASON

Holy -

RAY (O.S.)

If you'd been a class three free
roamer -

Jason and Meredith turn to Madame Tussad quality wax duplicates of the original GB. They don't see Ray, standing amongst the dummies, until he steps forward -

RAY (CONT'D)

- I'd have you bagged and tagged
by now.

Ray clicks a switch on his thrower and the coat rack beside them extinguishes and the music stops.

RAY

I'm Dr. Ray Stantz, Parapsychologist,
and retired Ghostbuster. Welcome
to -

CLICKS a mic pack on on his belt (like a football ref) -

RAY (CONT'D)

THE WORLD OF THE PARANORMAL!

His words ECHO dramatically through the hall. Clicking off again he adds:

RAY (CONT'D)

But you can call me Ray.

He extends his hand. Only Meredith shakes it.

MEREDITH

I'm Meredith. This is my grandson
Jason.

(trying to explain
him)

He's ... shy.

RAY
 Meredith. Jason. A pleasure. Here
 at
 (echoes)
THE WORLD OF -

The phone's RINGS -

RAY (CONT'D)
SHIT!

- BOOMS unpleasantly across the bay. Ray clicks off his mic.

RAY
 Sorry. Excuse me. Sorry.

Ray answers the phone -

RAY
 World of the Paranormal. Un-huh.
 Un-huh. Did ya try the cow dung
 talisman? Un-huh. And the
 incantation? Un-huh.
 (listens)
 What about sheep's blood?

Intense female crying (Janine)....

RAY
 Well yes that could stain.

He lights a cigarette as Janine's crying rises in volume.

RAY
 Okay. Stop. Stop. Breathe. Good
 girl. You know I can't. I'm barred
 from ... Yes. Yes I know. Godson.
 Okay, this is the last time.

He hangs up and smiles at Meredith and Jason like a used car
 salesman about to pitch his lot's lemon. Meredith smiles back.
 Jason looks on suspiciously.

RAY
 Have either of you ever watched
 Bass Masters?

MEREDITH
 The fishing show? No, but when I
 was young I once caught a rainbow
 trout in the Shushwaps.

RAY
 Good. Excellent.

Ray unhooks the velvet ropes surrounding the Ecto 1C.

JASON

Fishing's boring except when you
get to bash 'em over the head with
a hammer.

RAY

(not really listening)
Okay. Then let me ask you this -

He unhooks the last rope -

RAY (CONT'D)

Have either of you ever trapped a
fully manifested, free floating
vaporous apparition - in it's
native habitat?

They both shake their heads.

RAY

Then Meredith, Jason - today's
your lucky day. You've just won A
FREE GHOST TOUR!

Ray opens the Ecto 1C's hatch and slides out the proton pack
rack. Confirming energy levels, he plunks his in beside three
others.

MEREDITH

(to Jason)
Hear that? A ghost tour!

RAY

Ten times more thrilling than any
fishing trip you'll ever go on.

He closes the hatch and opens the passenger door for Meredith.
She slides in without a fuss.

JASON

Whoa! Grandma - geez!
(to Ray)
Ghosts and Goblins are bogus.
This' all smoke and mirrors. You
showed me yourself.

RAY

Right. Right. Say no more ...
Goblins are B.S.

Ray guides Jason to a blind-spot behind the Ecto 1C (where
Meredith can't see).

He activates a secret toggle on his proton pack. This time the nuclear accelerator HUMS to life sounding very, very real....

RAY (CONT'D)
 Apparitions, banshees, geists,
 ghouls, non-corporeal beings,
 phantoms, phantasms -

He takes a long loving pull from his cigarette -

RAY (CONT'D)
 - spirits, spooks, specters,
 spectral demigods, vapors, wraiths
 ... what you might call Ghosts -

He FIRES at a ghost-shaped piñata hanging from the firehall ceiling. It EXPLODES in a rain of candy.

RAY (CONT'D)
 - are not.

He plucks a smoldering candy off the roof of the Ecto and hands it to Jason.

RAY
 Now get your pierced ass in the car.

ECTO 1C, DRIVER'S SEAT -- A MOMENT LATER

Ray looks in his rearview mirror - Jason sits there pouting.

RAY
 Kids.

He flicks his cigarette out the window, it bounces off a cardboard ghost display and rolls right back under the front tire of the Ectomobile as -

EXT. FIREHALL, VEHICLE BAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Ecto 1c PEELS OUT and takes a hard left.

INT. TALK SHOW SET -- DAY

In darkness, PETER VENKMAN, sits in a comfy chair at the center of the stage twiddling his thumbs and looking around bored. He hosts a Springer-esque talkshow called....

VOICEOVER SINGERS
 VENKMAN LIVE!

A trio of enthusiastic VOICEOVER SINGERS belt out the shows name as two unenthusiastic STAGE HANDS watch a TV MONITOR showing a SERIES OF CLIPS for the next show. PUSH IN and go to -

CLIP 1:

INSERT - (CHEESY GRAPHIC & TITLE): A POSSESSED DAIRY FARMER

A baritone-voiced NARRATOR introduces -

NARRATOR (V.O.)
A possessed dairy farmer.

Peter attempts sympathy for a bereaved dairy farmer, 65, named BOBBY.

PETER
So tell me, when did you begin channeling Buttercup?

BOBBY
(sucking back tears)
Ma- Moo. Moooooo!

PETER (OVER)
Mm-arch? Mmm-ay? Mooovember?

CLIP 2:

INSERT - (GRAPHIC & TITLE): A CORPORATE COVERUP

NARRATOR (V.O.)
A corporate cover-up.

A pudgy corporate mogul, FRANK, 60, sweats under the AUDIENCE hot seat accosted by BOOS.

FRANK
This is ridiculous. I'm arguing with a man who thinks he's a cow.

BOBBY
(offended)
Mooooooooooooo!

PETER
And somehow you're losing?

Peter feeds the dairy farmer some grass and strokes his chin.

PETER
Don't listen to him Buttercup.

CLIP 3:

INSERT - (GRAPHIC & TITLE): A GHOSTLY INTERVENTION

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A ghostly intervention.

Frank cowers as a GHOST COW confronts him. *Really the cow's just sort of grazing nearby* enclosed in an ENERGY FIELD.

BOBBY

You tell 'em buttercup.

FRANK

Okay. Alright. The antibiotics were tainted! Please! Get it away from me!

PETER

Not until you apologize to me, my studio audience, Bobby and buttercup.

INSERT - (CHEESY GRAPHIC & TITLE): GAUDY VENKMAN LIVE LOGO

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thursday on -

END OF SERIES

INT. TALK SHOW SET -- CONTINUOUS

VOICEOVER SINGERS

VENKMAN LIVE!

NARRATOR (V.O.; TAPED)

Venkman Live... The only show that confronts the living --

A light comes up on Venkman. He finishes the Narrator's phrase:

PETER

- with the dead.

(suddenly cheerful)

People possessed by pets. Won't you come watch?

He holds a smile. It's obvious this whole shtick has really worn thin.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Cut! Good take.

A BELL and the studio lights come up full. The CREW claps.

Peter gets up and bows. A flamboyant MALE ASSISTANT rushes over and proceeds to undo Venkman's mic. He obliges, holding his arms out.

PETER
Was it good? You don't think it
was too contrived?

The Male Assistant ignores Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)
(to everyone in
earshot)
C'mon guys, we're scratching
bottom here.

He walks towards the stage exit.

PETER
Give me Elvis. Get back Hoffa!
THOSE were shows!

He punches through a stage exit. The crew continue striking the set.

PETER (O.S.)
(continuing)
And I wanna change the name. We
haven't been live in three years.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- MORNING

WINSTON ZEDDEMORE, jogs with his SECURITY and STAFF. He looks as fit as ever - more than can be said for the sorry pack of REPORTERS trying to keep up....

A HEFTY reporter, 45, wheezingly asks:

HEFTY
Mayor Zeddemore - isn't it true -
you're aiming - higher?

WINSTON
There's a saying - it doesn't
matter how fast you move - as long
as it's always forward. Twenty
years ago I was a Marine. Five
years ago I was still busting
ghosts. Today, I'm Mayor. Who
knows the future? I just want to
take that next step.

A PUDGY FEMALE REPORTER queries:

PUDGY FEMALE REPORTER
And that next step is?

WINSTON
Re-election. We've made great
progress. More jobs. Lower taxes.
Tourism's back to an all time high.
But we need to run harder on this
next lap -

To emphasize, Winston runs faster -

HEFTY REPORTER
(trailing)
Oh gawd no.

The group laughs and Winston stops to walk.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
We need to run this city more like
a business.

An AIDE, 25, hands him a towel.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
In a company you're encouraged to
go under budget. In government,
if you go under, the department
gets their budget slashed in the
next review.

The Aide hands Winston some water. Winston laterals the water
to Hefty who, surprised by the charity, drinks appreciatively.

TODD, 40, the Mayor's stylish Campaign Manager chimes in -

TODD
What the Mayor really means -

WINSTON
Todd. We talked about this.
(to reporters)
I mean what I say. Running our
budgets reactively isn't any way
to move forward. To truly thrive
we must first survive.

NANCY (OS)
Speaking of survival -

The Mayor and his entourage turn to Nancy Meddling. She's *not*
in running gear and she's *not* smiling. Flashing credentials,
she turns on her mini-recorder and starts her attack. Part
professional, part personal - her grudge is barely hidden.

NANCY (CONT'D)

- you're down in the polls. Does this mean you're going to pull the ghostbusting card again?

WINSTON

Look. That ship has sailed. The Ghostbusters are near and dear to my heart but we've moved on. *So should you.*

A cold BEAT -

NANCY

Rumor has it that they haven't spoken to you since the hostile takeover -

WINSTON

I'm not going to dignify that with a response.

NANCY

But surely you could've known -

WINSTON

Known what? My decision to do some good for the city would result in the loss of a company we put our lives into? Anyone *else* got a question?

She holds her mini-recorder closer to his face, drawing him back -

NANCY

Some would argue that that responsibility lies solely with you and that Mr. Dreck was only taking advantage of a fortuitous situation. Being a politician, I'm sure you know a thing or two about *taking advantage*.

WINSTON

I'd like to know who those people are because in my books, Max -

Todd needles him -

WINSTON
 (backtracks)
 - Dreck is a man whose
 contributions to our city have
 been frequent and generous.

Winston glares at Todd. Todd nods approvingly.

NANCY
 (not buying it)
 Un-huh. Your relationship with
 the Ghostbusters Mr. Mayor -

WINSTON
 I'm on excellent terms -

NANCY
 Really? My interview with Dr.
 Peter Venkman -

WINSTON
 (interrupts)
 I'm not going to accept criticism
 from a man who couldn't take
 responsibility for a houseplant
 if he had a full-time gardener.

NANCY
*I was just going to say - my
upcoming interview with Dr.
 Venkman should provide some
 insight, but I think you've
 cleared some things up now. If
 you'll excuse me.*
 (pushes through group)
 I've got to run.

She hops a waiting cab.

Winston stands stunned as the Reporters, smelling blood,
 frenzy him with questions.

INT. BRIGHT OFFICE HALLWAY -- DAY

EGON SPENGLER walks with an anxious female PERSONAL ASSISTANT.
 They stop at a set of double-doors. From inside comes an
 anguished moan and POUNDING.

EGON
 How long's he been in there?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
 Two, maybe four hours. I don't
 keep track, it's not my job.
 (adds offering)
 If you want, I got my kids' spare
 Ritalin and Xanax in my purse.

EGON
 I think we'll be fine.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
 I got a taser and pepper spray -

EGON
 I'm sure it's okay. Thank-you.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
 Suit yourself.

She holds her badge up to a reader and the door unlocks.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
 We tried the lights. He won't budge.

INT. DARK OFFICE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Egon swallows and enters alone. The hallway is littered with
 paper. At the far end, *someone* with his back to us, straddles
 a garbage can, beating it within an inch of it's life.

Egon subtly withdraws a syringe from his pocket.

EGON
 I heard.

PETER
 Do you know how much of my life I
 spent in this hallway? I got my
 daytime emmy nomination in this
 hallway. I signed my divorce
 papers in this hallway. I heard I
 lost my house when I was *in* this
 hallway. For a month I've lived
 in my office ... *at the end of*
this hallway and this is how they
 repay me?!
 (realizes)
 This is the worst hallway of my
 life.

He turns to Egon. Egon adeptly conceals the syringe.

PETER

So unless you've come to commit me, Egon, please, just let me wallow alone.

EGON

Actually, I came to talk to you about Ray.

PETER

Ray? How is ol' Ray of sunshine? Still running that museum of his?

EGON

Yes - and into the ground. His fixation on the past is becoming unhealthy.

PETER

Ah Ray, can always count on him to make me feel better about my own life.

EGON

I think it's time for this month's intervention.

Suddenly realizing his life doesn't quite suck so much - Peter gets up and dusts himself.

A BEAT LATER - they walk down the hall together. Egon stealthily puts the syringe back in his pocket.

PETER

You weren't really going to stick me with that thing were you?

Egon smirks.

EXT. WEST 97TH ST -- DAY

Winston's limo drives down West 97th street.

INT./EXT. MAYOR'S LIMO/WEST 97TH STREET -- DAY

Winston watches the street go by as Todd does calculations.

TODD

Except for the part where Nancy tore you a new one, I think that went pretty well.

WINSTON

Maybe I'll get the sympathy vote?

TODD
You got mine. She's definitely
got an ax to grind.

WINSTON
Why's it always in my back?

TODD
Maybe you shouldn't of slept with
her.

WINSTON
Wasn't like that -

Winston's limo stops at an intersection. Ray's Ecto 1C serendipitously pulls up besides the Limo. Winston's eyes brighten.

TODD
You know she has a point, about
the ghostbusting thing, a token
appearance might -

WINSTON (OVER)
Todd, we'll reconvene tomorrow.

Winston exits the Limo -

TODD
Wait -

INT./EXT. MAYOR'S LIMO -- CONTINUOUS

Todd peaks his head out the window -

TODD (CONT'D)
Where you going? I got a
spontaneous meet-and-greet booked
for three.

EXT./INT. ECTO 1C -- CONTINUOUS

Winston knocks on the passenger side window. Ray lowers it, smiling when he sees his old friend.

RAY
Nice track suit. You running for
Mayor or *from* Mayor?

WINSTON
Undecided.

RAY
 Want to come bust a class four on
 seventieth?

WINSTON
 Anyone I know?

RAY
 (smiles - cryptic)
 Could it be anyone else?

WINSTON
 Room for one more?

INT. ECTO 1C -- A BEAT LATER

Meredith smiles politely, but Jason's eyes go wide when he
 sees Mayor Winston.

JASON
 You're, you're -

WINSTON
 Yes.

Winston looks at Ray, Ray grins.

INT. MAYOR'S LIMO -- DAY

Todd sits back stunned and then smiles. He whips out his PDA
 and speed dials -

TODD
 Jim. How'd you like tomorrow's
 front-page?
 (covers phone; to Limo
 Driver)
 Don, follow them.

DON the Limo Driver, 65, nods and turns to follow the Ecto 1C.

INT. JANINE AND LOUIS' TOWNHOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- A LITTLE
 LATER

Ray enters followed by Jason (who's scared despite a brave
 front) and Meredith (who's happy despite wearing a Proton
 Pack nearly as big as her).

WINSTON (O.S.)
 Ray.

RAY
 (to Meredith and Jason)
 Go on, I'll catch up.

Ray stays back as Meredith and Jason go into the living room. Winston enters.

WINSTON

Ray, explain to me why you're letting civilians carry Proton Packs -

RAY

They're perfectly safe. The packs are locked in demo mode. Makes the whole experience come alive!

Meredith smiles upon seeing a porcelain figure on the floor.

MEREDITH

Hummels!

Ray gives a thumb's up and Winston waves to Meredith and then pulls Ray behind the corner.

WINSTON

Ray, these packs are *seventy* pounds each. That's a pound for every year of her life.

Ray checks his PKE meter and pokes his head around the corner -

RAY

(whispers to Meredith and Jason)

He's upstairs. Meet you up there.

Meredith and Jason nod. Ray watches Meredith climb. She's remarkably spry for her age.

RAY

(to Winston)

Whaddja want me to do? Leave 'em at the firehall? I owe Janine this and bringing backup is procedure -

(motioning to Meredith)

Besides, she's in better shape than I am.

WINSTON

Civilians aren't backup. The mailman isn't backup. Hitchhiker's aren't backup. You gotta stop this. Let Janine and Louis sort out their own problems.

The sound of Meredith STUMBLING O.S.

MEREDITH (O.S.)

I'm fine.

INT. HALL AND STAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Winston charges up the stairs. Meredith is on her knees. Her skirt's above her knees. Jason stands by uselessly.

WINSTON

Ma'am, please, let me carry that for you.

MEREDITH

Back off sonny. I was dead lifting soldiers in Korea when you were still a twinkle in your father's eye.

Meredith heaves the pack back on and keeps walking.

Ray comes up the stairs a little winded.

RAY

She okay?

WINSTON

(verbally bruised)
She's fine.

INT. HALLWAY -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Whispering, Ray briefs his new recruits.

RAY

Okay, we're gonna do this by the book. He's a low-class threat so we're just going to talk him into the trap. Questions?

JASON

Why's he have to go in the trap, he lives here doesn't he?

WINSTON

Yeah Ray, why?

RAY

Okay, enough questions. Everyone ready? Good.

Ray flips down his goggles.

RAY

One...

He turns the door knob.

RAY
Two...

The group leans forward -

RAY
Three!

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The foursome burst in. First Ray and Winston followed by Jason and finally Meredith. (*Note: Meredith is too short to see much of anything and spends most of the time behind the bathroom door.*)

Louis, pants around his ankles, dives off the toilet through the wall leaving an icky slime mark.

JASON
(noticing wall slime)
Ohhh crap.

Winston looks in the Toilet bowl.

WINSTON
No kidding. Ghost doo.

RAY
(apologetic)
Louis, I didn't know you were on the can. I'm sorry.

LOUIS (O.S)
Can't it wait?

RAY
I'm afraid not it's a tax question.

LOUIS (O.S)
Why do you always side with Janine?

RAY
(guilty)
That's not true.
(lies)
I'm - being audited.

Winston shakes his head, disgusted with Ray.

LOUIS (O.S.)
I hope you're not joking. Audits are nothing to joke about.

The mirror CRACKS up it's length.

LOUIS (O.S.)
I can be really scary.

The lights flicker and a plant falls off the counter.

Meredith manages to get past the door - just after Louis' exit. She looks around at the chaos and smiles.

RAY
(reading PKE Meter)
We need to go - now.

Ray tries to muscle Jason out but the twerp persists.

JASON
There's a projector here isn't there?

The faucets and shower - GROAN and BLAST OPEN.

RAY
Rule number one of Ghostbusting -

Ray and Winston shove Jason and Meredith out of the bathroom -

RAY AND WINSTON
- don't piss off the ghosts.

EXT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The wallpaper TEARS OFF the walls, clawed by unseen hands. Louis rises through the floor. He looks as if he's been possessed by the devil himself. He DEMONICALLY WARBLER:

LOUIS
I can be very scary.

Meredith sees Louis. Her jaw drops. Jason flees down stairs screaming.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jason runs in looking for a place to hide. He hears a JAR BREAK in the fridge. Nervously he opens the freezer door -

Inside, Slimer chattering away, freezes as he attempts to eat a container of ice cream.

Jason screams. Slimer screams. Jason flees the house. Slimer bolts through the back wall of the fridge. Another jar breaks.

WINSTON
 (hits him)
 You're an idiot.

Louis' feeble screams and the sound of proton thrower blasts fill the house.

LOUIS (O.S.)
 (distant yell)
 Guys!

Ray and Winston scramble to their feet and run after Louis and Meredith.

EXT. JANINE AND LOUIS' TOWNHOUSE -- A LITTLE LATER

The front door opens. A smoking ghost trap emerges held by -
 Meredith, smiling victoriously. No one expects -

A media circus - REPORTERS. PHOTOGRAPHERS. CAMERAMEN.
 Satellite trucks. POLICE. Curious ONLOOKERS.

Ray follows, looking much the worse for wear. A cigarette droops from his lips as -

Five REPORTERS (three MALE and two FEMALE) rush him at the door, hitting him hard and fast with questions.

MALE REPORTER #1
 Are the original Ghostbusters back
 in business?

RAY
 (off guard)
 Ah no. We. I. Mean - I -

FEMALE REPORTER #1
 What liability do you face for
 using GBI technology *without a
 license?*

Winston pushes past Ray. The Reporters turn to Winston.

REPORTERS
 The Mayor! Mr. Mayor! Mr. Mayor.

WINSTON
 No comment. He has no comment.

MALE REPORTER #2
 Mr. Mayor. Have you taken up
 Ghostbusting again? Is Ghostbusting
 part of your campaign platform?

FEMALE REPORTER #2 (OVER)
 What type of ghost was in there?

WINSTON
 Gentlemen, *ladies*, don't you have
 anything better to do than dream
 about Ghostbuster reunions?
 (looking right at us)
 It's never going to happen.

Winston and Ray descend a few more steps. The last two
 reporters close in.

FEMALE REPORTER #2
 Did you stage this event to
 coincide with GBI's pro-union
 strikes?

MALE REPORTER #3 (OVER)
 How do you feel about GBI
 employees joining the O.C.A.W.?

WINSTON
 The Oil, Chemical and Atomic
 Workers union is an excellent
 choice. As to your first question,
 we're just, um -

RAY
 Doing a simulated Ghost tour. It's
 a new offering from my museum -
 (deepens voice)
 the World of the Paranormal.

FEMALE REPORTER #2
 (motions to Meredith)
 And the smoking trap?

Ray looks to Meredith, she smiles sweetly.

RAY
 Dry ice. Simulating the endothermic
 aspects of ecto containment.

Jason, now amongst the onlookers is not buying any of it.

RAY
 And inside the house is an array
 of cleverly hidden *projectors*,
 movement servos and other parlor
 tricks simulating a typical class
 four manifestation.

MALE REPORTER #3

So all this ...

RAY

Just a haunted house.

The reporters laugh.

WINSTON

He'll let you know when it opens.
But let me tell you - it's scary.

The reporters laugh and let Winston and Ray pass.

In the b.g. Jason and Meredith walk to a waiting cab.
Meredith still has the ghost trap.

RAY

(voice lowered)
You saved my bacon.

WINSTON

Yes I did.

RAY

(suddenly remembers)
Louis!

He looks around and sees Meredith and Jason enter the cab.
The cab starts to leave Ray runs up and pounds the cab roof -
it stops.

Ray frowns at Meredith. She sheepishly hands him the smoking
Ghost Trap through the window. In return, Ray cups some ghost
slime from his shoulder and hands the specimen to Jason.

RAY

Here. A souvenir you *can* keep.

JASON

Aw, cool. Ghost snot. Thanks!

RAY

(corrects)
Ectoplasm.

The cab drives off. Jason waves from the back window.

RAY

(to Winston)
Feel like dinner? I gotta new
gadget you're gonna love.

WINSTON

Had me at bacon.

They wave at Jason and Meredith as the cab drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUSEUM GROUNDS -- EARLY MORNING

GENERAL WU, 60, of the Chinese PLA 47th Army Group (People's Liberation Army) stands in the turret of a tank. Binoculars in hand, he watches a storm build above the Emperor's burial mound. All around him, PLA SOLDIERS rapidly deploy in what was formally the museum courtyard. Battle hardened, Wu looks tougher than the tank he stands in.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIREHALL -- NIGHT

The ghostbusters sign flickers on the edge of failure. An upstairs light is on.

RAY (O.S.)

- start by putting as much food
as you can on the calorie reducer
plate.

INT. FIREHALL, KITCHEN -- SAME TIME

Where all infomercial gadgets go to die, Ray's kitchen is as much a museum as the rest of the firehall. He SLOPS a mound of salmon, spaghetti and salad onto a sieve-like plate mounted on top of a large tupperware container. Winston watches amused.

RAY (CONT'D)

Then, clamp the patented flat food
press on like so -
(he struggles)
and turn -
(more struggle)
- turn, TURN your way to fewer
calories.

Food, squishes through the holes in the plate into the container below. Ray takes the lid off - a perfect pancake of squished salmon, spaghetti and salad.

RAY

I press it flat to cut the fat.

Peter and Egon enter, surprising Ray mid-demo -

PETER (O.S.)
Ray, we gonna have to cut up your
credit cards again?

RAY
Peter! Egon!
(he bear hugs them)
I was just showing Winston my
Flat-food Press!

Peter mimics the commercial announcer:

PETER
*Eat as much as you want, whenever
you want as long as it's no
thicker than a quarter of an inch!*

RAY
You got one too!?

PETER
I turned the TV off at that point,
but good to see it's working for
you.

RAY
(nods)
Two pounds this month alone!

Ray GLOPS some pressed food out and offers it to Egon -

EGON
I, uh never eat on an empty stomach.

PETER
Ah, c'mon, when's the last time
it's been empty?

Ray offers glop to Peter. He accepts and instantly regrets it.

RAY
Wow. What's it been like two years
since we've all been together.
This is historic.

Ray reaches in the fridge and hands out beers.

EGON
(corrects)
Two years, one month, twenty-six
days.

WINSTON
Too long.

PETER

Maybe not long enough. Hey Winston,
don't you have babies to kiss or
votes to buy or something?

While Ray washes his hands, Peter discretely puts his plate
in the cupboard. The guys smile.

RAY

Guys, neutral territory. This is
Switzerland, okay? We're all
friends here.

He hands out plates of snacks and they all walk into -

INT. FIREHALL, LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ray's living room is tasteful blend of occult, yuppie
gadgetry, 1950's sci-fi memorabilia and Ikea. The foursome
plop down in leather furniture around a LARGE PLASMA TV.

PETER

(to Winston)

I lost a lot of money on those
shares - not to mention, umm -
the company!

EGON

We all lost.

PETER

Boo-hoo Egon. Some of us don't
have patent royalties coming out
the ying-yang.

EGON

Yeah? Well some of us don't sleep
with an endless array of
supermodels.

PETER

They're not all super.

EGON

Tough life.

WINSTON

Pathetic.

Peter turns to Winston -

PETER (OVER)

Excuse me? Two words: *Super -
models.*

WINSTON
Yeah? I got two words -

RAY
(trying to intervene)
Switzerland. Here.

WINSTON (CONT'D; OVER)
Dana and Oscar.

The names hit Peter hard.

RAY
Switzerland is a peaceful country.

Peter turns the other cheek but reconsiders, and -

PUNCHES Winston - knocking him to the floor.

RAY
Peter! That's not Swedish.
(to Winston)
Let me grab you some ice.

Ray runs off. Winston wipes blood from his lip and gets up.

WINSTON
Truth hurt Venkman?

He approaches Peter. Peter assumes a half-ass boxing stance. Egon tries to hold Winston and Peter apart.

EGON
(to Peter)
He's an ex-Marine.
(to Winston)
Peter's show's been canceled, he's
had a rough day.

Winston relents.

WINSTON
(to Peter)
You're not worth it.

Winston starts to walk away.

PETER
I am too worth it. Yeah, that's
right you run.

Winston turns back. Peter resumes his boxing stance.

WINSTON
Peter that was a lucky tap.

PETER
Yeah?

Winston grabs Peter's wrist while adeptly foot sweeping him to the ground.

WINSTON
Yeah.

EGON
(whispers to Peter)
I told you.

PETER
Shutup and help me up.

WINSTON
I'll see myself out.

Winston leaves. Egon tries to help Peter up but Peter shrugs him off.

INT. FIREHALL, VEHICLE BAY -- A LITTLE LATER

Ray slides down the fire pole and races after Winston.

RAY
Winston, wait!

He catches up -

RAY
(trying to joke)
Peas be with you.

WINSTON
(takes peas)
I guess some wounds don't heal.

RAY
I'm sure it's just a flesh wound.

WINSTON
I meant Venkman and I.

RAY
So did I. He's stubborn. We'll try again next year.

EXT. FIREHALL -- NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Ray watches Winston walk into the night. Above, the old Ghostbusters sign flickers on the edge of dying.

Ray looks up sadly and goes back in. He flicks a switch and the GB sign goes dark.

EXT. PIT 1 BUILDING -- DAY

Tanks and infantry hold the front while nervous chinese Soldiers keep watch behind sandbag walls. In the distance, the storm above the burial mound looms larger than ever.

ON TOP OF TANK 1 (closest to Pit 1), a COLONEL, 35, watches the museum entrance with binoculars. Suddenly -

SCREAMS over the radio and a BEAT LATER -

A DUST STORM blasts from the Pit 1 building, shattering windows and blowing open it's doors.

Soldiers duck behind sandbags and within armored vehicles as the wind blasts past. The Emperor's voice ECHOES on the wind:

EMPEROR (O.S.)
 **I am Qin Shi Huang. Uniter of
 the provinces. Emperor of all
 under heaven.

The dust clears. The Emperor stands at the entrance to the Pit 1 Building.

EMPEROR (CONT'D)
 **Who defies me?

The Colonel, megaphone in hand stands agog. A SOLDIER below him in the tank nudges him.

COLONEL
 **We the -

EMPEROR
 **Silence!

The Emperor hurls an energy orb. The Colonel ducks inside, narrowly escaping the blast which SHATTERS a tree nearby.

Curious, the Emperor floats toward Tank 1 - and walks *through* it ... but not in the ghostly way - his body (partly solid partly ghost) MORPHS into the tank with a SQUISHY sound. The Colonel manages to get out of the tank, but it's other occupants aren't so lucky and -

SCREAMS and a BURST of LIGHT come from the Tank and it rocks slightly. Then -

SILENCE.

Scared, some Soldiers in the vicinity backup a few paces.

The Emperor exits the back of Tank 1.

EMPEROR

**You hide in iron chariots? What mockery of war is this?

INT. BLUFF, CHINESE COMMAND VEHICLE -- SAME TIME

Miles from the front on a bluff with an excellent view, General Wu watches the action on numerous MONITORS. He's surrounded by anxious PLA OFFICERS.

PLA OFFICER 1

(over radio)

**Tank one - come in. Lead one respond.

STATIC. PLA OFFICER 1 looks up to General Wu and shakes his head grimly.

INT. BLUFF, CHINESE COMMAND VEHICLE -- SAME TIME

The General takes the mic from PLA Officer 1.

BACK TO SCENE - as General Wu addresses the Emperor from a museum loud speaker.

GENERAL WU (O.S.)

**This is General Wu of the People's Republic of China. Surrender or be destroyed.

The Emperor looks around for the source of the voice, impressed.

EMPEROR

**Your magic is no match for mine. As my army rises from the earth -

The Emperor, his eye smoking with fury, raises his arms and the ground begins to SHAKE -

EMPEROR (CONT'D)

**so shall yours fall.

INT. BLUFF, CHINESE COMMAND VEHICLE -- SAME TIME

General Wu calls out his order:

GENERAL WU
 **All units. Attack! Attack!

EXT. MUSEUM GROUNDS -- SAME TIME

Some soldiers fire. Some fall. Most just flee. And suddenly, those soldiers standing closest to the Emperor find themselves sinking into the concrete (like quicksand) as -

A MASSIVE TSUNAMI OF EARTH AND CONCRETE BUILDS AND SURGES FORWARD.

The wave tosses the tanks and armored vehicles back like toys before absorbing them.

A dust cloud covers all and -

Green energy CRACKLES in the dust storm as muffled screams hint at the misery within.

ON THE PERIPHERY - smoke-like life-force is sucked away (towards Pit 1) and with it (like a vacuum) dust.

Finally, all that's left is -

A FOREST OF HANDS. Salvador Dali on acid; a surreal nightmare landscape of hands, rifles and tank turrets jutting from concrete.

INT. FIREHALL, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Peter, remote in hand, flips channels, nursing a beer and a foul mood. Across the room, Egon listens to phone messages.

Ray storms in and turns off the TV.

RAY
 You're going to apologize.

PETER
 (turns TV back on)
 For what? Punching the guy who sold us out? We could have been billionaires by now.

EGON
 (corrects Peter)
 Millionaires.
 (to Ray; as he checks
 messages)
 When's the last time you checked
 the main line for messages?

Ray looks to Egon and back to Peter -

RAY
 We're not done.

Peter shrugs and sips his beer. Ray walks over to Egon.

RAY
 Mostly prank calls from teens.
 GBI gets the hot ones now.

EGON
 Un-huh -

ANGLE ON - PHONE'S DISPLAY, Egon scrolls through -

EGON (CONT'D)
 One from the U.N., one from the
 State Department and three from
 mainland China?

REG (O.S.)
 (on TV - yelling)
 Charles, I gotta tell ya ...

Egon and Ray turn to the television. For a moment they see
 FOOTAGE FROM A JITTERY HANDHELD CAM showing the swirling
 storm above the Burial Mound - bigger than ever.

Then Peter turns the channel to football.

Ray and Egon wrestle the remote away and flip back to:

EXT. MT. LISHAN VALLEY, BLUFF -- MORNING

REG CHAPMAN, 38, vacationing weatherman, stands on a bluff
 overlooking the Burial Mound several miles away. WINDS buffet
 him from all directions. Adding to the tumult, his camera-
 person (shooting from inside the van) seems woefully
 inexperienced.

SUPERIMPOSE: Live via Satellite from Shaanxi Province, China

REG (CONT'D)

In all my years as a *meteorologist*
at KSPT - *never* have I seen super
cells like this.

Reg steps aside as the view *awkwardly* ZOOMS IN. Reg, barely
in frame, illustrates the breaking news from a weatherman's
POV.

REG (CONT'D)

Notice the two pressure systems
combining with a high northerly
creating an almost cyclonic effect.
While normally I would expect this
to dissipate, in this case, it
seems to be concentrating around
that hill - which, I'm told is
the burial mound of China's First
Emperor.

The voice of CHARLES, network anchor queries:

CHARLES (OS)

Reg, are you able to move in
closer? Is anyone hurt?

REG

We're fine. Clearly this is
unusual weather, but my
understanding is that China has
excellent weather preparedness.

Reg tries to smile but the wind WOBBLES HIS CHEEKS like 7G's
on an Astronaut cyclotron, suddenly -

A GUST knocks him off his feet (and OUT OF FRAME).

CHARLES (O.S.)

Reg? Reg you there?

We hear Reg's MUFFLED CURSING (O.S.)

REVERSE ON REG'S TERRIFIED FAMILY - as his 5 and 10 year old
DAUGHTERS SCREAM and his WIFE panics. It's then we realize
his 'crew' is actually his vacationing family. The eldest
daughter holds a boom mic. His wife holds the camera.

DAUGHTER 1 AND 2

Daddy! Daddy!

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CAMERA VIEW AND REG'S FAMILY'S POV

Reg gets up and leans through the passenger window while his
Wife continues filming the storm.

Reg, (partially in frame) tries to calm his girls:

REG (O.S.)
 (quietly)
 Shh, this is Daddy's big break.
 Please, be quiet.

A BEAT LATER - hugging his rental van's side mirror, Reg courageously continues, struggling to hear through his earpiece.

CHARLES (O.S.)
 (repeats)
 Can - you - get closer - Reg?

REG'S POV - HIS ANGRY WIFE - holding the camera

WIFE
 Reginald, you move this van one
 inch and -

BACK TO SCENE

REG (OVER)
 I've been trying, but so far have
 been stymied by authorities ...

WIFE
 Reginald!

Reg continues, ignoring his terrified wife -

REG (OVER)
 I'm not sure if you can see this
 at home, but it looks like there's
 a military build-up. I've seen
 choppers ferrying heavy equipment
 into place and a long caravan of
 personnel. Presumably, this is
 some sort of rescue operation.

Another GUST, this time Reg's ready for it -

REG
 - but it looks like things are
 going to get a lot worse before
 they get better. With 2 and 7
 action news reporting live from
my vacation in China. This is
meteorologist - Reg Chapman.

WIFE
 Reginald!

INT. NEWS STUDIO -- SAME TIME

Charles, the perfect network anchor sits at his perfect desk.

CHARLES

Thanks Reg.

(smiles)

And now, Omar Bush with sports.

INT. FIREHALL, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Ray turns off the TV. Ray and Egon start pulling books from the shelves. Peter looks on bewildered - and ignored -

PETER

It's just a storm.

RAY (OVER)

(pulls and announces)

Space catalog.

PETER

C'mon guys -

EGON

(ignores Peter - pulls)

Thompson's Almanac for
Psychomagnetheric Activity.

PETER (CONT'D)

(louder)

- we're *retired*.

RAY

(ignores and pulls)

National Geographic -

(shows cover)

china issue!

Egon cocks a curious eyebrow -

RAY (CONT'D)

(adds)

- it's got a cool map.

Egon nods.

PETER

Shouldn't this be a GBI thing?
Don't they have strapping young
bucks just itching for action?

RAY
GBI's on strike, they might not
of caught *wind* of this.

Hearing the pun, Egon smirks.

EGON
Wind. Good one.

Ray reaches for another book. Peter grabs Ray's sleeve.

PETER
Ray -

RAY
(shrugging away)
This could be major.

EGON
Maybe major major. Mother nature
doesn't fuel convective updrafts
like that. It's too focused.

RAY
I agree. I haven't seen super-
cells like that since ...
(looks to Egon)
Spook central. Our first big case.

RAY, EGON AND VENKMAN
(ominous - all realize)
Gozer.

RAY
(nervous)
You don't think he's -

EGON
No. But whatever it is, it's
comparable. Possibly bigger. And
growing.

PETER
I am NOT going to China.

RAY
You won't have to. We'll just do
some fact checking and give GBI a
courtesy call.

PETER
Courtesy call? Right.

EXT. GBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

One light is on in the upper floor of GBI headquarters.

DRECK (V.O.)
 What part of - you don't own the
 company anymore, don't you
 understand?!

INT. GBI HEADQUARTERS, DRECK'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Dreck's office is a former boardroom, his desk is the boardroom table. Only half attentive, he sits at his desk sipping scotch and watching a huge wallscreen 'dashboard' showing real-time stats of day-to-day operations.

RAY
 Max please, put some men on this
 before it's too late -

He pushes a hand-colored satellite photo towards Dreck.

RAY (CONT'D)
 - look at the storm configuration.

DRECK
 (smudging - unimpressed)
 What is this - Crayola?

Egon enters the room and answers:

EGON
 The purple represents
 psychomagnetheric energy on a
 scale we've never seen before.

DRECK
 Woo - scary stuff.
 (suspicious)
 You find the bathroom okay?

EGON
 The hallways all look the same.

Dreck looks down at the photo again. Egon subtly nods to Ray.
 Dreck pushes the photo back -

DRECK
 Sorry boys. Hands are tied -

EGON
 Then lend us equipment and we'll
 do the job.

DRECK

(to Egon)

You? For godsakes Egon. You're supposed to be smart. You can't even hold your bladder for a five minute conversation how you gonna handle China? They got spicy food.

Egon looks to Ray - Ray shrugs and nods.

DRECK

Okay guys, look, I'm gonna break with tradition and level with you. Ghostbusting's a dead horse - we're liquidating.

RAY

Are you insane? Ghostbusting's your core business, it'll kill the company!

DRECK

Far from. What with men, containment, research, liability, training - busting's a cost drain that accounts for thirteen percent of our diversified revenues now. Besides, we got a heck of a buyer -

Eyebrows raise -

DRECK

Army's gonna pick up the whole shebang for five hundred mil. Imagine. Your tech's gonna be the basis of a new weapons category.

Eyebrows raise higher -

DRECK (CONT'D)

They call 'em 'Weapons of Considerable Destruction.' Wicked for short. Catchy, huh?

EGON

Very.

DRECK

See - army's got big weapons and small weapons, but their middle - like you guys - is flabby. So now whether they wanna blow things up a little or blow things up good, we give 'em options.

RAY

And China?

DRECK

I think we're gonna sit that dance out.

RAY

I think you're missing the point -

DRECK

Am I? Suppose you're right. Suppose something truly apocalyptic is going down and you or GBI can't quite do the job. We're talking -

(counts off)

reduced investor confidence, a drop in share price, lost jobs, hell, kiss the whole army bid good-bye.

EGON

It would be the end of the world...

DRECK

(not getting it)

Darn toot'n. But if I *don't* volunteer anything and the proverbial dooky hits the fan. Then no matter what - we're golden. We'll be able to set any price and terms we want with China AND get the army sale to boot.

EGON

So you're going to 'sit and hold' as the worst paranormal disaster in the history of mankind begins to unfold?

DRECK

Don't be such a wussy-wuss. We'll jump in when the time and price are right.

RAY

Okay, we're done here.

They walk to the door.

DRECK

Wait, don't leave. I got thirty year old scotch.

INT. GBI HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Ray slams the office door. They walk a few steps and Ray concludes:

RAY
I guess that leaves -

INT. FIREHALL, VEHICLE BAY -- LATER

Peter walks around the museum in a daze.

PETER
Plan B?! This is your plan B? This is more like plan Q maybe plan Z.

RAY
It'll work. I keep it all primed and ready.

PETER
Ray, this is a museum. These are artifacts. We're artifacts. Egon -

EGON
(looking at Ectomobile)
It is antiquated and there's significant corrosion on much of the equipment.

RAY
Just needs bondo, new undercarriage, maybe an engine.

EGON (CONT'D; OVER)
But it might work -

Egon, pulls a silver cylinder (the same size and shape of a cigar tube) from his coat.

EGON (CONT'D)
(smug)
- with this.

PETER
You swipe a cigar off Dreck's desk?

Peter snatches the cylinder from Egon and plays with it. He throws it high in the the air and catches it. Egon and Ray's eyes go wide.

PETER
(continuing)
Mmm. Cuban.

PETER

Take off the rose colored glasses.
Do any of us look like we should
be leading expeditions anywhere
other to the local Krispy Kremes?

Peter tosses the tube higher. Ray eyes the tube nervously and moves towards Peter.

RAY

Peter. China's not even on their
radar. If we don't do this, no
one will.

Frustrated, Peter tosses the cylinder higher. Egon and Ray watch as the cylinder spins and comes down IN SLOMO -

Peter's hands bumble to catch the tube. PULL BACK to Peter catching it and then frowning as he sees -

Ray and Egon LUNGING at him. All three fall OUT OF FRAME behind the desks like a herd of Buffalo off a cliff.

BACK TO SPEED

Their skirmish continues a COUPLE BEATS (and we see the flail of an an arm or three) before MOVING IN on -

THEIR BIZARRE MEXICAN STANDOFF

ANGLE ON - Peter in a headlock - but we can't see who's applying it.

PETER

I'm guessing this is important.

ANGLE ON - Ray grimacing.

RAY

Yes.

PETER

Anything you want to tell me Ray?

RAY

Nothing nice.

PETER

You guys went to the Fort Knox of
Ghostbusting and all you swiped
is this silver tampon?

PULL BACK a little - Ray's also in a mystery headlock.

RAY
Tampons are smaller unless you
count the applicator -

Peter looks to his right. We follow his eyes to Egon. Egon's mouth is dangerously close to Peter's armpit.

PETER
Egon?

Peter tightens his grip bringing Egon right in.

EGON
(almost unintelligible)
Let - me - go.

PETER
Fine. But I want you to know -
I'm not feeling very connected
with you right now.

Peter releases Egon. In turn, Ray releases Peter. Taunting, Peter again tosses the silver tube in the air and catches it.

RAY
Okay, Peter. Stop! Can you keep a
secret?

PETER
Did I tell anyone about your bed
wetting?

RAY
Until now, no.

Egon smirks.

PETER
Then tell me.

He stabs at Ray with the tube -

PETER
(continuing)
Engarde.

RAY
We call it the Virgin Mary.

Ray puts on a Michael Jackson type glove laying by the tube's container.

PETER
Excuse me?

RAY

The containment grid, the whole ghost containment system, it's all a facade.

PETER

Okay, Ray no more Butter Ripple Schnapps. Egon, what the hell's he talking about?

EGON

After Peck detonated the containment grid in '84, Ray and I worked out a safer, more reliable ghost containment system.

PETER

And?

EGON

You're holding it.

Peter's eyes go wide.

PETER

This -

EGON

... holds every low class entity we've ever captured. Yes.

RAY

(adds)

Higher class threats are vanquished or stored in other containment cores in Queens.

PETER

Other tampons?

EGON

Slightly bigger ones, yes.

Peter is stunned. Ray takes the opportunity to tear the tube from Peters hands.

PETER

But there's thousands?

EGON

Millions actually. Including GBI's recent appropriations.

PETER

But it's so -

RAY

Small? Ghosts take up no physical space so the size of confinement is irrelevant. To a ghost, this might as well be a country.

EGON

It's dimensionally transcendent.

PETER

Okay whatever. It's safe?

RAY

(hesitates)

Completely. Theoretically.

EGON

The shell is a selectively permeable titanium hafnium composite. Theoretically impervious to anything shy of a ballistic impact. At least our computer models say so. To be safe, Ray wears a glove.

RAY

I also have safety glasses.

PETER

Okay Michael, why the big secret?

RAY

The best way to keep pandora's box closed, is to not tell anyone where to find it.

EGON

Or, how to open it.

Peter's eyebrows raise.

RAY

So we welded together some parts - air conditioning, bank vault plating, shiny lights. And Voila, perception of public safety and a portable means of ghost containment for extended away missions.

EGON
Not to mention a guaranteed yearly
EPA rubber-stamp.

RAY
Ever wonder why we never let
anybody in the room when we were
working on the grid?

PETER
I thought it was for safety?

RAY
I had a lot of good naps.

EGON
I cultured rare fungi.

PETER
Does anybody else know about this?

RAY
Well, just Winston.

Peter reacts surprised.

EGON
And Janine.

PETER
You told Janine?

RAY
And of course Louis - for legal
reasons.

PETER
I don't believe this. You tell
Dana, too?

RAY
No, we wouldn't do that.

EGON
She did figure it out, though

PETER
My ex-wife knows? And all these
years I thought we were partners?
I thought we were friends?

RAY

It was hard enough convincing the Fed's to re-license us let alone worrying about you showing off the Virgin Mary at the neighborhood pub.

PETER

I wouldn't do that.

They look at him -

PETER

Okay, maybe. But only once and that's it.

(changes subject)

Hey, isn't GBI going to need this?

RAY

I wouldn't let Dreck touch this with a ten-foot rectal probe.

Ray puts the cylinder back in it's box and closes it tight.

PETER

One question -

Ray and Egon look at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Why Virgin Mary?

RAY

It's a punchline to a bad joke.

EGON

(explains)

Until now, it had never been touched by human hands.

Ray waves his Michael Jackson glove.

INT. AIR CHINA FLIGHT -- NIGHT

An Air China STEWARDESS looks at Peter and Egon's tickets and hands them back. Ray trails behind, looking for his ticket in his travel bag. All wear tourist clothes.

PETER

I was expecting first class.

EGON

We're lucky they let us on.

RAY
Thankfully we still have street
cred.

Ray puts his Proton Pack in the overhead rack and takes off his leather jacket revealing huge wet armpit stains....

PETER
You could of stowed that below.

Ray frowns.

PETER (CONT'D)
- or not.

A MALE PASSENGER, 40, double-takes on Ray's arm pits. Ray sees his concern and mistakes it for travel anxiety.

RAY
(whispering)
It's okay, we're Ghostbusters.

He shakes the passenger's hand and sits down.

Across the aisle, Peter sits next to a YOUNG MOTHER, 25 reading to her SON, 3:

PETER
Don't make these planes big enough,
do they?

YOUNG MOTHER
(snide)
No ... they don't.

She turns away and continues reading. Burnt, Peter stares straight ahead and then discretely checks his breath.

In the middle row, Egon sits next to a really fat SNORING GUY. The guy snorts obnoxiously and his head rolls to Egon's shoulder and his eyes roll back. Egon discretely withdraws his PKE meter from his coat and takes a reading - *just in case*.

Back to Ray - breathing fast and hard (like a lamaze class). The male passenger does his best to ignore this by reading.

Ray suddenly *squeezes* the armrests and in so doing the male passenger's hand.

MALE PASSENGER
Don't like flying?

Breathing hard, Ray nods.

The male passenger extracts his hand from Ray's death grip and tries to go back to reading.

Ray locks his seatbelt on and pulls it tight. Really tight. Really, really tight. Again the male passenger looks over and then goes back to his book.

A COUPLE BEATS LATER - COMPLETELY UNEXPECTEDLY -

Ray blasts forward simulating his own mini-crash. He scares the crap out of the male passenger.

RAY
Can't be too safe.

Ray reclines calmly, confident that his seatbelt works and starts reading the safety card.

INT. XIAN INT'L AIRPORT, TARMAC -- DAY

A hot tarmac at the edge of the airport. SUPERIMPOSE:

Xian, China. 16 very long hours later

A US marine C-5B GALAXY heavy transport aircraft wheels to a stop. It's size makes the Chinese MILITARY OFFICIALS, POLITICIANS and dozens of SOLDIERS impressed and uneasy.

A chinese diplomatic limo approaches in the f.g. crossing the 'T' of a long red carpet. A CHINESE MILITARY BAND plays as a Military OFFICER opens the limo's door for....

RAY
I think I'm getting better at this
flying thing -

Ray, Peter, and Egon step out, still in tourist togs -

RAY (CONT'D)
- I only needed three air sickness
bags this time.

PETER
Hold the dream Ray, hold the dream.

A luggage cart pulls up with their gear. Egon bends over to check the tools of their trade.

PROCESSION'S POV - EGON - inspecting equipment.

Egon has a nasty case of ass crack he doesn't seem to be aware of....

EGON
Packs are fine.

REVERSE - ON PROCESSION - horrified by Egon's white-guy ass.

EGON (CONT'D)
Need to re-calibrate, though.

A BEAT LATER - IN SLOW-MO - our heroes approach the procession
very un-heroically.

A JUNIOR OFFICIAL looks at a picture of the Ghostbusters
(circa 1980's) and up to the GB approaching.

JUNIOR OFFICIAL
(uncertain)
You are - these Ghostbusters?

PETER
I know what you're thinking and I
assure you - under all this fat
we're actually quite thin.

JUNIOR OFFICIAL
I am Liu Hu, first assistant to
Defense Minister Wei...

DEFENSE MINISTER WEI nods. Just behind him Michelle walks
forward when introduced:

JUNIOR OFFICIAL
...and this is Dr. Michelle
Zhongyi, Director of the Museum.
She will be your liaison.

Ray unsure of Chinese protocol, waves shyly, bows and then
shakes her hand.

RAY
I'm Dr. Ray Stantz and these are
my associates Dr. Peter Venkman -

Peter eyeing the asian beauty instantly turns on the charm.

PETER
Please, call me Peter.

MICHELLE
Please, call me Doctor.

Peter blinks.

RAY
and Dr. E-

MICHELLE
(recognizing)
Egon! You're ...

EGON
A Ghostbuster? Yes.

PETER
I think she was going to say
overweight.

EGON (OVER)
Spores, molds and fungi are just
a pleasant diversion.

PETER
(to Egon)
You know her?

Egon, *still* smiling, *still* shaking Michelle's hand:

EGON
We met at MushroomCon '2002. She
was the keynote speaker on
Caterpillar Fungus - *Cordyceps*
Sinensis.

MICHELLE
It's a fungus found in certain
levels of our excavation.
(to Egon - impressed)
You remembered?

EGON
How could I forget? You stole the
show.

PETER
Some show.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Your *Fuligo Septica* presentation
was dazzling, too.

PETER
Fuligo what?

EGON
Dog vomit slime.

PETER
I don't believe it - a sexy asian
Egon.

A SHOTGUN SOUND causes all heads to turn to -

The transport plane. An American Marine LOADMASTER, walks down the back ramp of the C-5B shaking his head as smoke wafts out of the planes huge loading bay. He motions whatever's inside - out.

Another SHOTGUN BACKFIRE. A powerful engine ROARS to life and a plume of exhaust wafts out as -

The ECTO 99 backs down the plane's ramp. White and silver. Ghostbuster logos on the side. Equipment array on top ... In every respect an Ectomobile, except - it's a bigass RV with a pollution control problem.

RAY

Ease up on the choke!
(nervous)
They don't know her.

The mouths of the Chinese Officials drop.

CHINESE OFFICIAL 1

What - is - that?

RAY

That, gentlemen is the Ecto 99. Our Remote Containment Mission Platform. RCMP for short. With charged spectral shielding, ecto containment facilities, state of the art op center, espresso machine and sleeping room for six - it's our home away from home.

The Ecto 99 BELCHES again -

PETER

(to Junior Official)
You booked my room, right?

RAY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, we had to mothball her because she broke too many city ordinances.

EGON

Thankfully your pollution bylaws aren't as stringent.

Another smoky exhaust belch and Ray asks:

RAY
So, which way to the paranormal
disturbance?

Twenty Chinese Diplomats all simultaneously point in the direction opposite Ray's gaze. Ray and the guys turn to see an immense purple maelstrom on the horizon. Ray's caught by surprise.

RAY
Holy shit-storm!

PETER
This is your walk in the park, Ray?

EGON
(urgent - to Michelle)
You should probably brief us on
the way.

INT. ECTO 99 -- DAY

Ray pushes buttons on the complex dashboard. If he wasn't driving on the highway, you'd swear he was flying a 747. Peter sits in the passenger seat watching scenery blur by. Behind them, Michelle sits in a captain's chair, while Egon works at a laptop workstation.

MICHELLE
Six days ago one of our seismic
sensors picked up a mechanical
wave form on the Emperor's burial
mound.

EGON
Grave robber?

MICHELLE
Yes, we think so. A visiting
archaeologist was reported missing
as was some of our excavation
equipment. If he found one of the
original builders tunnels, it's
possible he may have broken in.

RAY
Well that would be solid evidence
for a causal incident. But what I
don't get is how this thing got
so big so quick.

EGON
It gets worse.

Egon maneuvers a joystick by his laptop. In response -

EXT. ECTO 99, TOP EQUIPMENT ARRAY, PKE ANTENNA -- CONTINUOUS

On top of the Ecto 99, an antenna aims directly at the storm in the distance.

EGON (O.S.)
We got outliers.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHELLE
Outliers?

ANGLE ON - EGON'S LAPTOP DISPLAY - a pulsing upside down bell curve with a flow of data scrolling down the side.

EGON
Psychokinetic Energy falls along a bell curve. Extreme positive readings tells us we're dealing with a deity, extremely negative tells us we're dealing with a ghost. Humans, unless possessed or telekinetic, show up dead center.

Egon takes a probe attached to the laptop and jabs Michelle. She laughs.

EGON
(points at screen)
See? Neutral.
(adds)
And ticklish.

RAY
Until now we've always had one side or the other - never both.

MICHELLE
So there are two things out there?

EGON
Unlikely. Only one signature as far I can tell.

RAY
Then that leaves us with -

EGON
An augmented class eight.

MICHELLE

Is that bad?

EGON

To be safe, lets assume yes. Our classification system optimally covers a spectrum of seven classes, outside that - it gets murky.

PETER

Define murky.

EGON

Until now, we assumed a class eight was a rounding error in our math.

RAY

Of course it could also mean our equipment needs to be re-calibrated.

EGON

(defensive)

I did a Stantz baseline before we left.

RAY

You did? How? When?

EGON

When you were in the shower. Shampooing I believe.

MICHELLE (OVER)

What's a Stantz baseline?

Ray and Egon look to her and then glare at Peter. Peter smiles.

PETER

(beat)

All our instruments are calibrated to Ray's naked body.

Michelle's stares. Egon and Ray glare at Peter, livid.

PETER

What? You can calibrate on anybody. Why always Ray?

EGON

He's my control variable.

PETER

Control variable my ass. He's the only person you can get naked.

EGON

(to Michelle)

We get a better reading from exposed epidermis. Clothing is disruptive, especially polyester. For some reason it always registers as pure evil.

Michelle blurts out laughing. Egon smiles, unsure what she finds so funny.

EXT. MUSEUM GROUNDS -- A LITTLE LATER

Two PLA SOLDIERS motion the Ecto 99 through a checkpoint.

EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT -- LITTLE LATER

The Ecto 99 squeals to a stop. They're the only vehicle in a huge deserted parking lot.

PETER (V.O.)

Gentlemen. Let's get sexy.

MONTAGE - the guys put their GB uniforms on (some with considerable difficulty). End on name tags: VENKMAN, STANTZ, SPENGLER and -

EGON (V.O.)

I'm not coming out.

EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT -- SAME TIME

Venkman, Stantz and Michelle wait for Spengler to come out of the Ecto 99.

PETER

C'mon Egon, let's see your booty.

EGON (O.S.)

No. I look silly.

PETER

Spengy, c'mon be a man. Nothing hat tape can't fix.

Egon Spengler shyly steps out of the Ecto 99. His GB uniform is exceptionally tight. Peter and Ray suppress laughter as they notice his camel-toe.

RAY
That's gotta hurt.

EGON
I never realized how much exercise
I got from trapping entities.

PETER
It'll let out.

A few steps -

EGON
I can't breathe.

EXT. MUSEUM GROUNDS -- A LITTLE LATER

FROM A DISTANCE - DISTORTED BY HEAT WAVES - The guys and Michelle walk across the vast expanse towards the main exhibit buildings.

EXT. PIT 1 BUILDING -- A LITTLE LATER

ANGLE ON - GB and Michelle from behind, walking towards pit 1 and taking readings with their equipment.

EGON
I'm getting Hutchinson scalar
effects.

A lightening bolt shoots from the ground up to the clouds.

RAY
Just like the Moose Jaw density
shift of '43! The energy must've
been off the charts.

Beyond them a forest of HANDS and TANK TURRETS protruding from the concrete -

PETER
I'm guessing this wasn't here
before?

Michelle shakes her head.

PETER
My therapist is gonna love this.

They gingerly walk between the hands and up the steps into the building.

INT. THE OBSERVATION DECK -- A LITTLE LATER

The cavernous chamber is dark. From across the excavation, silhouetted by sunlight, we see the GB and Michelle enter. Below, the statues seem to lurk in the shadows. The GB and Michelle turn on headlamps.

MICHELLE

Sorry there's no power. The region's been without electricity and our backups keep blowing.

EGON

The storm's reverse polarity is probably a contributing factor.

PETER

Impressive GI Joe collection.

MICHELLE

Pit 1 is the first and largest of the three main pits we've discovered. This pit holds 6000 terracotta warriors.

They continue walking along the observation deck. Venkman claps his hands, whistles and generally just acts like an ass.

PETER

Does someone like to play with dolls? I think someone does.

PETER (CONT'D)

Here Ghosty, Ghosty!

MICHELLE (OVER)

What's he doing?

EGON

Goadng the entity. They hate that.

PETER (OVER)

Get your fresh human sacrifices!
(to Ray, serious)
Anything?

Ray shakes his head, no.

RAY

Sometimes it's the only way we can induce an appearance.

MICHELLE (OVER)

He's good at it.

EGON

A natural.

A LITTLE LATER -

The GB take readings with their equipment. Egon holds a Spenglimeter and a PKE Meter; Ray's got goggles and a Gigameter; Peter's got a pumpy gadget attached to a PDA.

RAY

(frustrated)

Anybody got anything?

Egon shakes his head.

PETER

Blue light's blinking.

RAY

Ionization trails are negligible?

PETER

Yeah. Meant that.

They cross over an area fenced off with Chinese military police tape.

PETER

Whoa. Holy california raisins.

DEAD ARCHAEOLOGISTS - they look like skeletal mummies made of beef jerky.

MICHELLE

He just inhaled them.

RAY

That sucks.

Egon kneels down and takes readings.

EGON

Complete absorption. No PKE whatsoever. Highly unusual.

RAY

Then what happened?

MICHELLE

Then I - I ran. And he ... laughed.

PETER

Personal question - do you run funny?

Michelle glares at Peter. Ray interrupts to smooth things out.

RAY
Doctor, I'd like to go down to
the excavation.

MICHELLE
Of course.
(looks to Peter)
please, don't touch anything.
These artifacts are priceless.

PETER
(to Ray; quiet)
What's she looking at me for?

INT. THE EXCAVATION -- A LITTLE LATER

They walk among hundreds of statues. Peter reaches out to touch a terracotta statue, Michelle pulls his hand away and leads on.

RAY
(to Peter)
Why do you have to be such an ass?

PETER
She's got her job I got mine.

At the CENTER COLUMN Michelle stops, stunned.

EGON
What's wrong?

MICHELLE
The center guard is missing. There
were 600 statues here.

The center excavation trench is empty. Not a statue, not even a shard; just light colored depressions where statues once stood.

PETER
Maybe they're being cleaned
(looks around)
or went for a smoke?

EGON
Minor PKE traces. Nothing unusual
for an archaeological dig.

Ray scans the area with ectothermic goggles:

RAY
Major latent GeVs, though.
Enhancing...

INSERT - RAY'S GOGGLE POV - THE CENTER COLUMN

Purplish hues with a flow of data superimposed. At every statue's former position, faint blue energy shimmers like a shadow frozen in mid air. The clarity improves and bright blue vertical columns of energy appear over each depression. Faint trails lead from each position to the west end wall.

RAY (O.S.)
Whoa. Trails. They lead -

BACK TO SCENE

Ray jogs to the column's west end and pats the wall -

RAY (CONT'D)
Here.
(flips goggles up)
Doctor, your statues went for a
walk.

MICHELLE
What? That's impossible.

PETER
Not as unusual as you might think.

RAY
What I don't get is how they got
through?

PETER
They're ghostly. They just walked
through.

RAY
No, they're statues.
(to Michelle)
When a ghost goes through a wall
it leaves a measurable trace of
energy called ectoplasm.

PETER
Ghost slime.

RAY (CONT'D)

- Egon's readings show neither.
It would take a set of very
extreme circumstances to allow
for something like that. Almost
unfathomable.

MICHELLE

As unfathomable as soldiers
sinking into solid concrete?

EGON

She's got a point. Massive scalar
shifts could be at play.

(smiles at Ray)

You thinking what I'm thinking?

RAY

Way ahead of you.

Egon and Ray turn their throwers on simultaneously.

MICHELLE

What are you doing?

RAY

An experiment. If all goes well,
we shouldn't damage any artifacts.

MICHELLE

And if it doesn't?

PETER

How good's your insurance?

MICHELLE

Wait! Please -

Michelle runs in front of the wall trying to protect her
museum.

EGON

Doctor - *Michelle*. If we can focus
enough energy, we might be able
to replicate the event that
resulted in the loss of your
statues. Please, this will work
much better if you stand behind us.

She moves behind them.

PETER

Avon calling!

They fire on the wall and -

TTHHHHHOOOM-KRRRAK! AN ENERGY PORTAL OPENS UP on the wall in front of them. They power down.

MICHELLE

I don't believe it.

RAY

Believe it. A stabilized intra-dimensional cross-rip for your viewing pleasure.

EGON

It's times like this I feel proud to wear a home-made nuclear accelerator.

PETER

Please, ladies first.

Michelle looks at Peter and without hesitation jumps into the portal.

Aghast, Egon slams Peter against the side trench wall.

EGON

You idiot! We didn't test it. It might not be stable. She could be -

PETER

Egon -

He pulls Egon's hand off and walks over to the portal -

PETER (CONT'D)

If you're right, give my baseball cards to Oscar.

- and steps through.

RAY

Peter!

Egon and Ray stare at each other, unsure what to do.

A COUPLE BEATS LATER - Peter pokes his head back out -

PETER

C'mon in. Water's great.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Winston is reviewing a speech when one of his Bodyguards runs in.

BODYGUARD 1
Sir, we need to move you now!

Winston jumps out of his chair expecting the worst.

JANINE (O.S.)
Is he there?! Is he in there? MOVE!

Sound of PLANT POTS BREAKING outside the door and scuffling.

BODYGUARD 1
(urgent)
A woman's here -

JANINE (O.S.; OVER)
Let go!

BODYGUARD 1 (CONT'D)
- she claims to know you.

WINSTON
(recognizing)
I know that voice.

BODYGUARD 1
You sure? She seems irrational.

WINSTON
That's just one of her many
endearing traits. Let her in.

In storms Janine barely restrained by BODYGUARD 2 who is covered with plant soil. Janine grabs his cajones:

JANINE
You want your children to walk
with a limp?

Bodyguard 2 looks to Winston. Winston shakes his head. Bodyguard 2 retreats.

JANINE (CONT'D)
Didn't think so. *Mess with a
pregnant woman....*

WINSTON
Janine, what can I do for you?

He comes from behind his desk to greet her.

JANINE
Yeah yeah, blah blah, the guys
need our help.

WINSTON
I'm sorry?

JANINE
It's been three days and no check
ins. Not even a GPS ping.

WINSTON
What're you talking about?

JANINE
The lojack on their packs - it
stopped pinging.
(beat)
Is this plausible denial stuff?
'Cause if so, Winston, you suck.

WINSTON
I really don't know what you're
talking about.

JANINE
The China gig? GBI wouldn't budge
so the guys went themselves.

WINSTON
What? China?

She moves towards him - he steps to the other side of his desk.

JANINE
LOOK, the guys are in trouble.
Louis is missing. Dreck won't help.
Shit's hit the fan. Comprende?

Winston nods. She eases herself into *his* chair.

JANINE
My woman's intuition tells me
they're in horrible danger. And
if anything happens to my Louis I
would never forgive myself.

Winston collapses into the guest chair.

JANINE
Winston -

He looks up.

JANINE

Could you get me a latté? I'm
feeling peckish.

INT. NETHERVERSE, GRAND HALL -- DAY

Before Peter, Egon, Ray and Michelle is a covered path leading to a gigantic CHINESE PALACE. A TECHNICOLOR DREAM. The area looks the same as it might have two thousand years ago. In the sky above, the same storm looms large, shimmering in to and out of reality.

MICHELLE

Where are we?

PETER

Air smells good, sky's clear. I
think it's Canada.

RAY

When are we might be an equally
valid question.

MICHELLE

You mean we've time traveled?

EGON

Not unless the past were shot in
Technicolor. This is too idealized.

RAY

More like a funhouse mirror. A
Netherverse, perhaps?

PETER

A nether-what?

EGON

A Netherverse. There's a theory
that all thoughts create micro-
bubbles of unpotentiated space-
time reality. Miniature universes
if you will. Following that theory,
any thought backed by sufficient
energy could manifest as reality.

PETER

Un-huh.

RAY

Don't you see? The Emperor might
have manifested his own idealized
universe! The power to do that
boggles the mind.

PETER

So this is the Emperor's idealized universe? Where's the chicks and beer?

EGON

That's your idealized universe.

RAY

(looks at ground)
Doctor, is this copper?

MICHELLE

Copper-bonded I think. But it's strange we'd find it here.

EGON

Why?

MICHELLE

Historically it was only used for waterproofing chambers built below the water table. Molten copper was poured between the stones acting as a seal.

PETER

So?

Michelle looks around.

MICHELLE

We're above the water table.

They walk down the Grand Hall.

ANGLE ON - Ray's Ghost trap. Unbeknownst to Ray, the trap's indicator light is blinking.

INT. NETHERVERSE, BODY LIQUOR POOLS -- A LITTLE LATER

A HUGE STREAM OF BRIGHT ORANGE OOZE. It smells worse than it looks and it looks pretty damn bad. Egon takes readings. But, fearless, Peter ladles his gloved hand through the funky stew and pulls it out dripping.

PETER

Ghost slime. We must be close.

Egon measures Peter's hand.

EGON

No. Definitely not Ectoplasm.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Body liquor.

They turn to her -

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Under certain conditions, human
remains liquefy and ferment.

Peter blinks.

MICHELLE
720,000 men spent 37 years
building the Emperor's mausoleum.
We found a small fraction of their
graves but the majority have never
been found.

RAY
I think Peter found them.

Michelle nods. Peter smells his glove and revolted, flees
behind a pillar.

MICHELLE
You'll want to throw that away.

PETER
No problem there.

Ray offers his canteen. Venkman's hand reaches out and takes
it.

RAY
Take your time.

EGON
(checking equipment)
The valences are building in the
direction of the flow.

RAY
Go. I'll stay with Venkman.

Egon and Michelle follow the body liquor along a pathway and
exit.

INT. NETHERVERSE, EMPEROR'S TOMB -- A LITTLE LATER

Egon and Michelle look out on the vast Emperor's tomb (an
exaggerated version of the one Taishi infiltrated).

EGON
 (over headset)
 Ray, I think we found something,
 over.

RAY
 Right behind you, over.

Ray and Peter enter. Peter still looks a little green.

RAY
 Holy.

Before them - a sea of mercury swirls violently around the pyramid. Above, the ceiling embedded with gems, sparkles like stars in the sky.

EGON
 (perplexed by readings)
 With this much mercury the air
 volatility should be lethal - I'm
 not even registering a pip.

RAY
 Count ourselves lucky for that.
 Maybe the laws of physics are
 different here?

Michelle looks up at the ceiling of the chamber, dazzled.

MICHELLE
 It's just as Sima Qian said.

The others follow her gaze to -

THE HEAVENS - inlaid with gems and pearls, the ceiling is a perfect replica of the constellations, moon and sun.

PETER
 Sima who?

MICHELLE
 The Grand Historian of the Han
 dynasty. It's his records that
 provide the most complete record
 of the Emperor's mausoleum.

A RUMBLE and the ceiling of stars moves.

PETER
 What the hell was that?

EGON
 (checks watch)
 Noon.

PETER
 That's his watch?

MICHELLE
 And calendar. Probably a divining
 tool as well.

RAY
 Obsessed with immortality, makes
 sense he'd be a time fetishist, too.

EGON
 Kinky.

THE BRIDGE -- A LITTLE LATER

Egon, eyes glued to his instruments, leads the group across.

PETER
 Umm, Egon ...

Egon stops and sees that he has walked into and is standing in the middle of Taishi's chest (VFX: the shriveled remains of Taishi looks solid but in fact are as intangible as a hologram)....

PETER (CONT'D)
 Never mind.

EGON
 Is this, *was this*, Taishi?

Michelle nods. Peter and Ray approach. Egon stoops down *in* Taishi and takes a reading.

EGON
 If I believe these readings, he's
 not here. He's like an echo from
 our universe imprinted here. A
 ghost for lack of a better term.

PETER
 A dead ghost? Now I've seen
 everything.

RAY
 I'm getting nada, too. C'mon,
 let's go see what else isn't here!

Michelle traces the web from Taishi to the pyramid. The GB follow.

INT. NETHERVERSE, THE PYRAMID'S PEAK -- A LITTLE LATER

Michelle arrives at the top not even puffing. Venkman, Egon and Ray follow, exhausted.

RAY

Man -

- he takes a pull from his asthma inhaler...

RAY (CONT'D)

- what I wouldn't do for a smoke.

They look into the sarcophagus. Inside are eight jade stones sitting in a bed of spider web and silken tatters.

Peter reaches in and picks up one of the jade pieces. He sniffs it and winces -

MICHELLE

Embalming plugs. They were used to keep the soul in the body. One for each orifice.

Peter drops the piece in the coffin.

RAY

I thinks that was his butt plug.

PETER

You're the butt plug.

Egon pats Peter's shoulder -

EGON

Can't keep your hands to yourself today can you Venkman?

PETER

Shutup.

MICHELLE

(reading sarcophagus)
When the Spider eats the fly. The Dragon will be reborn. When jade hare hides golden toad ...

PETER

Rock beats scissors?

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

... the halves will be as one.

She looks up to the ceiling -

MICHELLE

Look! Their trajectories. In Chinese cosmology, a jade hare represents the moon, a golden toad represents the sun.

ANGLE ON - THE CEILING - MICHELLE AND GB POV

On the ceiling a jade moon only a few feet from the golden sun.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

When the moon eclipses the sun -

RAY

- something very bad will go down.

EGON

Look here. How much you want to bet this coffin wouldn't pass a streak test?

RAY

(examines - nods)

Traces of nickel, regmaglypts are obvious -

PETER

(coughs)

English.

EGON

Peter, Google this later.

PETER

Why Google later when I can Egon now?

RAY

Doctor, how does a meteorite factor into the Emperor's immortality myth?

Michelle looks quizzically, not understanding.

EGON

These thumb print-like depressions are regmaglypts. Coupled with the dull sheen and the high nickel concentration, this sarcophagus is almost certainly carved from a solid meteorite.

Testing a theory, Michelle scours the coffin's surface until she finds a small marking in a lower corner. She gets very excited.

MICHELLE

There is a legend that in the year before the Emperor died, a meteorite fell in Henan province. Believing it would yield divine secrets, he ordered the rock brought at once, but when it arrived, in addition to his royal seal ...

She points to the small cuneiform marking and then draws their attention to six more symbols near it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

... someone carved these six symbols.

PETER

What are they?

MICHELLE

Each represents a state he conquered.

MICHELLE

To the Emperor, the vandal's curse was clear. With his death, China would revert back to its seven states and his legacy would be forever lost. Outraged when no one would admit to the vandalism, the Emperor had all who were questioned, executed.

PETER

I guess this explains what happened to the rock.

EGON

But it doesn't explain how his spirit was reanimated -

RAY
 Maybe his butt plug fell out?

Everyone laughs but Peter .

PETER
 Laugh all you want - I think I know.

Peter trots down a few steps and examines the spider web leading from Taishi to the coffin.

PETER
 I see this downtown every other week.

(points)
 This guy, Taishi - he's like a Ford. And the Emperor here, he's like a Chevy who left his lights on too long.

(a beat)
 Connect one to the other - what do you have?

Egon and Michelle stare blankly, but Ray clues in -

RAY
 A jump-started Emperor?

PETER
 Bingo.

MICHELLE
 Impressive.

EGON
 And surprisingly lucid, too.

RAY
 So now all we have to do is -

BOOM! A single loud distant drum beat.

PETER
 What was that?

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

MICHELLE
 War drums.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Egon fans his PKE meter. High PK readings show up in all directions. He shakes his head.

MICHELLE

What do we do?

EGON

Based on these readings - I believe fleeing is in order.

They flee the pyramid and across the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

New York Civic Auditorium. A large sign reads: Televised Mayoral Debate - Tonight.

INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM, IN THE WINGS -- SAME TIME

The AUDIENCE cheers loudly in the b.g.

JANINE

You sure about this?

WINSTON

No.

The audience cheers louder as the voice of PHIL, 60, the Debate Moderator, begins introductions.

PHIL (O.S.)

Please welcome -

INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM, STAGE & AUDIENCE -- CONTINUOUS

Nancy, standing near the front of the audience, claps politely.

PHIL (CONT'D)

- the incumbent Mayor of New York City. The honorable Winston Zeddemore.

Winston charges out waving and the audience cheers louder. In stark contrast to his well-coifed OPPONENTS, a MALE, 40 and FEMALE, 50, Winston looks distracted, uneven, unkempt.

WINSTON

Good evening Mr. Moderator, my esteemed opponents -

WINSTON'S POV - JANINE IN THE WINGS

Janine listening to her cell phone. After a BEAT, she sees Winston and shakes her head sadly.

WINSTON (O.S.)
- citizens of New York.

BACK TO SCENE

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Tonight, I'm not here to win a
debate or argue issues. I'm here
as a resident of this city, a
citizen of this country and an
inhabitant of this planet.

His opponents look at each other, not sure what's going on.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Six days ago, my friends, whom
many of you may remember as the
original Ghostbusters, came out
of retirement for a secret mission
that may have bested even them.

A MURMUR of concern from the audience.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
And now, I've learned that a grave
injustice has been done, all but
ensuring their defeat - even
before they left our soil.

A mild uproar. Nancy looks around.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
The man who stole their company -

INT. GBI HEADQUARTERS, DRECK'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Dreck (watching the debate), CHOKES on his latté.

ON DRECK'S WALLSCREEN:

WINSTON (CONT'D)
The man who only hours ago laid
off the entire Ghostbusters
division. The man who even now
plunders their technology. Has
flatly refused to provide even
one iota of support.

DRECK (OVER)
Get me legal! Now!

But the phone's dead -

DRECK (CONT'D)
Hello? Eva? Anyone?

INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM, STAGE -- SAME TIME

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Forcing my friends to salvage what
they could from their own museum.

GASPS from the audience.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
And so, what could've been an
easily contained situation a week
ago, is now on the verge of global
disaster.

Winston collects himself a BEAT -

WINSTON
In life there are responsibilities
that bind us. Duties we must face
no matter the cost. And so I stand
before you, perhaps no longer
Mayor, perhaps no longer a free
man - but I am forever - a
Ghostbuster.

The crowd cheers. Nancy smiles, stunned.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Men and women of GBI. You are
without a company, but you are
not without purpose. Around the
country, around the globe, right
now your pagers are ringing.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. (and this carries through the series
of quick cuts)

In the audience - several GBI are shocked as their pagers
vibrate or ring.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
But it is not GBI calling.

QUICK SERIES OF CUTS OF GBI GHOSTBUSTERS RECEIVING PAGES:

A) A GBI MAN awoken in bed. He looks at his pager -

WINSTON (V.O.; CONT'D)
And it is not Max Dreck calling.

B) A GBI WOMAN in traffic. She swerves into the free lane and pulls over to read her pager.

C) STRIKING GBI in front of GBI Headquarters. All look down at their pagers. Stryker looks up smiling.

INSERT - PAGER CLOSEUP

The text scrolls: Report to nearest dispatch for Cat. 1 Assignment.

WINSTON (V.O.; CONT'D)

The call you are getting is not from some corporation, some global behemoth more concerned with profits and share price than your well-being.

INT. GBI HEADQUARTERS, DRECK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dreck stares at the wallscreen. He picks up the phone.

DRECK

Security!

Again NO DIAL TONE. He SLAMS the phone down. He marches to the office door and attempts to open it. It's locked from the outside.

DRECK

What the hell?

Dreck realizes he's a caged animal as the television continues in the b.g.:

WINSTON (CONT'D)

No, the call you're getting is the call of duty. And NEVER will there be a call as important as the one you answer tonight. Good luck. God speed.

Dreck struggles with the door - but it doesn't budge.

The audience goes nuts. Nancy wipes back tears as Winston steps from the podium into Police custody.

INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM, BACK STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

STAGE HANDS pat Winston on the back as Police help him navigate through.

INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Nancy takes advantage of a SECURITY GUARD distracted by the crowds and sneaks back stage past him.

INT. CIVIC AUDITORIUM, STAIRS - A BEAT LATER

Winston descends the stairs. Nancy stops him.

NANCY

Next to me dumping you, that's
the dumbest thing anyone's ever
done.

She kisses him.

NANCY

It was also the bravest.

POLICE CHIEF

(unlocks cuffs)
These won't be necessary.

Winston turns to the POLICE CHIEF, 58.

WINSTON

Chief!

POLICE CHIEF

I was a rookie back in '84. Didn't
believe in ghosts. Didn't believe
in hundred story marshmallow men,
either. I've now seen both now -
so if your guys need help, the
NYPD is there in anyway you need.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

The Mayor's Limo storms down the alley led by a full POLICE ESCORT.

INT. GBI HEADQUARTERS, DRECK'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Sitting on the floor, eating from his bar fridge, Dreck's pounds back whiskey and looks at the gun in his lap. He gets up and saunters over to the door. He aims at the door knob and SHOOTS. Sparks fly and pieces RICOCHET causing him to jump.

He shoots a couple more times and then opens the door.

INT. GBI HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

What was once a clear hallway is now cluttered with boxes blocking Dreck's passage north or south.

He walks to the elevator across the hall and pushes the button with the tip of his gun. The Elevator opens and Meredith is standing there with a modern proton thrower charged and ready to fire.

MEREDITH

Don't even think about it.

Dreck drops his gun.

INT. NETHERVERSE, GRAND HALL -- DAY

They turn a corner into the Grand Hall. Still running, Ray glances back -

Four FLAG BEARING WARRIORS round the corner. He stops in his tracks and turns his thrower on.

RAY

We can take them.

Egon and Peter turn and activate their throwers as well.

MICHELLE

We should run.

... four more warriors round the corner.

EGON

No problem.

MICHELLE

We should run.

PETER

Piece of cake.

... then four more.

The guys look at each other. *This isn't good.*

MICHELLE

We should -

... And four more after that. And so on....

PETER

Lady, we heard you already.

(to his team)

Any ideas?

Ray fires.

RAY

Aim for their crotches!

Egon and Peter follow suit. The proton streams shatter the first rows of ghost warriors, pulverizing the statues and blasting smoke-like ghosts from them.

Triumphant, the guys stop firing and -

More warriors round the corner, walking over the the fragments of their fallen comrades unceasingly.

PETER

Freak'n army ants.

Then, the fallen Warriors recombine, stronger than ever.

RAY

Army ants that can regenerate.

Again the GB fire. Their streams wider and stronger. Warriors shatter by the dozen, but as statues fall new ones reinforce their ranks and the fallen recombine faster than ever.

EGON

Max it out. Dump the plasma!

Turned full, their proton thrower barrels glow white hot as the guns emit thick beams of energy. Retreating to the end of the hall, the GB and Michelle take cover behind the last available pillar.

PETER

Aim for the crotches? Good plan Ray.

The war drums stop. Michelle looks and confirms -

RAY

They've stopped their advance.

Peter looks and sees ARCHERS running up the sides of the main infantry line.

PETER

Yeah? Then who're they?

Michelle looks as the air fills with a HISSING sound -

MICHELLE

Archers.

Hundreds of energy arrows whiz through the air, chipping away at the pillar.

INT. NETHERVERSE, GRAND HALL -- A LITTLE LATER

Hiding behind the pillar. Egon, Ray, Peter and Michelle watch in horror as their cover deteriorates.

RAY

The gate, if we lay down enough fire, we can still make it!

PETER

Six hundred ghosts warriors riding our ass? Don't think so.

EGON

Venkman's right. The arrows will eviscerate us.

(takes off proton pack)

I have another idea.

Egon unclasps the Pack's housing, revealing a complex mosaic of chips, fiber optics and coolant hosing. He pulls a hose which hisses with steam and yanks chips.

RAY

(knowing full well)

What are you doing?

Egon pulls out fiber optic cables. The proton pack begins to make a GRATING sound.

EGON

You guys provide cover.

RAY

Wait.

Ray grabs the straps of Egon's pack -

RAY (CONT'D)

I got us in this mess, I'll go.

Egon nods and hands Ray the pack.

RAY

You could've put up a bit more of a fight.

Michelle and Venkman watch quizzically. Egon explains:

EGON

There's enough energy in a proton pack to level a city block. If we can drop this close enough, the ensuing blast should incinerate their ranks. Long enough for us to escape.

A LITTLE LATER -

Ray edges out a little from the pillar. The arrows increase; Ray stumbles back.

RAY

Coming?

All three run out throwers blazing. Ray carries the sabotaged proton thrower ahead of him like a shield. Egon and Peter's proton streams intercept most arrows but -

One HITS THE PACK - causing it to burst into flames. Ray, terrified screams but keeps going.

Finally, Ray tosses the flaming pack ahead like a sack of potatoes and retreats. Peter and Egon lay down cover vaporizing most of the arrows and follow suit. When -

An arrow makes it through - severing the Ghost Trap hanging from Ray's belt. Ray runs back but Egon and Peter intervene -

PETER

Leave it Ray! Leave it!

RAY

Louis is in the trap!

Egon and Peter drag Ray back behind a pillar as -

Two WARRIOR OFFICERS (1 and 2) push through the front line. The first Officer motions the archers to stop firing and picks up the Proton Pack. The second Officer picks up Ray's Ghost Trap and looks at it suspiciously.

RAY

(continuing)

I forgot to let Louis out of the trap when I got back to the firehall.

Egon and Peter blast the stone Gate. Instantly the energy portal opens up.

EGON

Ray c'mon! There's no time.

- a few yards ahead, Michelle, Peter and Ray keep running.

They turn the corner and run headlong into -

A HUNDRED GBI led by Stryker. Egon, Peter, Ray, Louis and Michelle surrender and a GBI INSTRUMENTS OFFICER takes a quick sensor sweep.

MICHELLE

Did we win?

THUNDER rumbles ominously.

PETER

I'm gonna say no.

GBI INSTRUMENTS OFFICER

(finishes and confirms)

Clear.

An audible sigh of relief as a hundred GBI stand down.

VOICE/WINSTON (O.S.)

I hope you don't mind -

A GBI officer pushes through the GBI troops to the front. He raises his visor - it's -

RAY

Winston!

WINSTON (CONT'D)

You've been gone six days. We started to get concerned.

EGON

Clearly the Netherverse has it's own distinct space-time.

PETER

So you're saying I should've parked in *long-term* parking.

Egon and Ray smile.

PETER (CONT'D)

Crap. You guys are always costing me money.

More THUNDER and the buildings auxiliary lights flicker.

GBI INSTRUMENTS OFFICER

(to Stryker)

Sir, we're picking up an energy build-up at the end of the corridor. I think the portal's going to open again.

STRYKER

GBI secure position!

Stryker makes complex marine-style gestures and the GBI respond by running down the corridor.

STRYKER

(continuing)

We'll catch the bugger by surprise.

(to GB)

We won't let you down!

He runs down the column with his GBI men.

RAY

(realizing)

Wait.

(to GB)

We gotta stop them.

The GB and Michelle (led by Ray) climb the ladder to the observation deck.

INT. OBSERVATION DECK -- CONTINUOUS

From Ray's vantage, we see the GBI troops advance down the center column led by Stryker. At the rear of this advance, a LARGE GBI MAN carries a pack at least three times the size of everyone else's.

RAY

(yells to Stryker)

Tell your men to stand down!

Stryker hears Ray and looks up as his men point their throwers at the wall.

STRYKER

(yells back)

With all due respect, sir, we can handle -

THROOOOM-KRAK! The center column fills with light. A massive portal opens on the trench wall. The GBI in the trench step back, momentarily blinded.

EGON
 (to Winston)
 The Emperor feeds on energy. If
 GBI engages him, we lose.

Winston tries to talk to Stryker and his men over the headset but all he gets is STATIC:

WINSTON
 Stryker. Come in. Stryker you
 gotta retreat.

Stryker looks up to the GB and Michelle. They wave at him frantically, but he can't hear them over the roar of the energy portal and static....

GB AND MICHELLE
 (adlib - MOS)
 Get out! Retreat! Stand down! Save
 yourself!

The Emperor steps through the portal.

STRYKER
 (to men)
 Balls up!

Three 'GBI BOWLERS' roll three steel balls towards the Emperor. Each ball in succession springs open (like a flower) releasing a vertical wall of flickering energy.

Stryker nods to his TRANSLATOR. The Translator steps up with a megaphone and translates into Mandarin as Stryker says:

STRYKER/TRANSLATOR
 On behalf of the human race, I
 order you to return to your place
 of origin or nearest convenient
 parallel dimension.

Peter looks at Ray and shakes his head.

Undeterred, the Emperor walks forward. The GBI ready themselves. Stryker gulps.

The Emperor touches the first energy field. It nips at his fingers, surprising him. He smiles, touches it again and INHALES the field completely.

WINSTON
 (over headset)
 Stryker. Get your out of there!

Stryker's team back up a few steps. Undaunted, Stryker makes another hand gesture. In turn, two GBI run up, the Large GBI Man follows behind. The first two GBI take their packs off and plug their main energy feeds into the Large GBI Man's pack.

The Emperor touches the second field and drains it.

The Large GBI Man hits some keys on his forearm computer and a trident-like barrel UNFOLDS from his pack, SPLITS and SWIVELS around his waist RECONNECTING in front - forming a Double-Barrel Proton Thrower (DBPT for short)! With the flip of a switch, a SHARP MONOPOD SHOOTS into the ground bracing the heavy DBPT and the trident tip spins to life, quickly building a sphere of energetic fury.

The Emperor begins to drain the third field.

STRYKER

Fire!

Stryker's order is cut short as the blast stabs forward from the DBPT and everything goes momentarily SLOMO. The width of a telephone pole, the blast engulfs the Emperor and fills the excavation trench (and area) with blinding light.

After a COUPLE BEATS -

The light dims, the dust clears and clay (melted into molten glass) drips from the sides of the trench walls. But -

The Emperor still stands.

RAY

Oh no.

Stryker and his team stare, mouths agape.

The Emperor smiles and exhales a small smoky orb. For a BEAT it hangs in the air, then -

It EXPANDS like a water ripple across a pond, traveling through everything unimpeded.

Stryker's team flees and some manage to duck under the ring as it expands across the whole of the excavation.

The GBI are surprised to discover the ring has no effect on them. But confidence is cut short when -

A MOAN like a CHOIR OF THE DEAD builds and -

TERRACOTTA WARRIORS begin springing to life in the surrounding trenches!

In trench after trench, WAILS of horrid rebirth are followed by Terracotta Ghost Warriors springing into the air ready for battle.

Chaos ensues as (quick cuts):

- Stryker's team, throwers blasting, make a mad dash for the ladders while -

GBI and GB on the observation deck fire their throwers at the ever growing ranks of Warriors springing up from the trenches, but -

- taken down by Energy Arrows, slain by Energy swords or inhaled by the Emperor himself, many GBI meet a horrible end.

- Rolling out of the way of one Warriors sword, Michelle picks up a stray thrower and joins the battle. There are so many Warriors she has to kick them back before she can even fire - shattering them.

- Stryker, climbs out of the trench but the Emperor's at the top waiting for him and lifts him up by the neck. Just as the Emperor begins to inhale -

Peter fires at the trench wall causing the Emperor to lose balance and drop Stryker.

END OF QUICK CUTS

The Emperor falls back and the collapsing wall looks to have covered him and -

Stryker jumps clear to the opposing trench wall and climbs to safety.

RAY

Aim for the trench walls! Try to cover the broken statues up!

The GB turn and aim for the trench walls but Michelle intervenes.

MICHELLE

Wait!

RAY

You can't possibly be trying to save your museum now?

She points at the main support structure.

MICHELLE

Aim for the support beams instead.

EGON

You realize this will level the place?

MICHELLE

My duty is the preservation of the archaeological record,
 (turns thrower on)
 but since the archaeological record is trying to kill us -

She fires at a main support beam.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm making an exception.

Egon, Winston, and Ray join her firing on other support beams and intermittently stave off Warrior attackers who promptly regenerate while -

Peter and Louis wave GBI out of the facility, and Stryker helps carry his men out as the massive building's roof begins to GROAN under it's own weight -

INT. THE EXCAVATION -- CONTINUOUS

The Emperor and his men look up as the stadium size roof buckles -

EXT. PIT 1 BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

The whole roof collapses, issuing forth a huge blast of dust as Ghostbusters old and new flee.

In the b.g., the storm continues to build, engulfing the entire sky.

EXT. BLUFF -- SAME TIME

From a distance, General Wu, watches as the american GB and GBI forces flee the museum and the Pit 1 building collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLA/GBI BASE CAMP -- LATER THAT DAY

A sprawling PLA basecamp; At it's distant periphery, sequestered to their own area and guarded by PLA, the Ghostbusters (old and new) with their myriad ecto-vehicles await impatiently. The two sides (PLA and GBI) watch each other warily through razor wire fence.

EXT. ECTO 99 -- DAY

Peter does his best to lead, but his team is despondent.

PETER (O.S.)
Okay super-force, let's start with
what we know.

INT. ECTO 99 -- SAME TIME

Everyone looks sullen except for Louis who does his best to meditate calmly in the corner. Ray sitting next to a microscope is the first to reply:

RAY
We know our throwers don't work
because of the terracotta's
hafnium bonded crystalline makeup.

WINSTON
We know we're vastly outnumbered.

STRYKER
We know time is running out.

RAY
We know there's a Chinese General
itching to go nuclear if we don't
solve this thing soon.

PETER
Spengy, how 'bout you?

Egon looks up and finally says -

EGON
We know we're screwed.

With Egon played out, everyone's head drops, but Venkman is relentless -

PETER
Well I for one won't take that.
We are Ghostbusters. We are the
chosen few. We will - we will ...

Peter fumbles for words -

RAY
(offers)
Rock you?

PETER

That's right, Ray. We will rock you.

(cuffs Ray over the head)

Thanks for coming out.

Ray winces and then realizes:

RAY

That's it! Peter, you're a genius!

RAY

Louis, we need a big favor. It involves risk and going to a place none of us would ever want to go.

Louis looks at Ray apprehensively then asks -

LOUIS

If it's a tax office I already said I'm not doing your taxes again.

EXT. PLA/GBI BASE CAMP, GENERAL WU'S TENT -- A LITTLE LATER

Two stern PLA GUARDS stand at attention outside of the tent.

RAY (O.S.)

General, I don't know why we didn't see this before -

INT. GENERAL WU'S TENT -- CONTINUOUS

CROWDED AND SMOKY. The GB, Michelle, Stryker and Louis stand amongst a group of Chinese PLA OFFICERS around a large table. On the table is a digital touch screen detailing the entire area. General Wu, his back turned to the group, surveys a yellowed map on the wall.

RAY (CONT'D)

(pointing to map)

Copper bonded walls and floors.
Seas of mercury. Diamagnetic forces. Dense metallic sarcophagus.
Don't you see?

GENERAL WU

(impatient)

No.

RAY

The whole tomb, the whole palace is one gigantic psychomagnetheric capacitor.

EGON

(adds)

Ghost-Battery - for lack of a better term.

RAY

And after charging for twenty-two hundred years - it's about to discharge in a big bad way. Egon, tell 'em how bad.

EGON

Imagine wearing a suit of bananas while trapped in a cage with an angry gorilla strung out on crystal meth.

All Eyebrows raise - but few comprehend -

EGON (CONT'D)

That - would be a good day by comparison.

GENERAL WU

You would have us believe a two thousand year old dynasty can harness electricity, let alone absorb and transmit power on a whim?

Michelle steps up and addresses both the General:

MICHELLE

General Wu, have you ever heard of the Baghdad Battery?

The General shakes his head.

MICHELLE

In 1936, Iraqi rail workers found a two thousand year-old clay pot.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It had an iron rod down its center and was surrounded by a cylinder of copper. When filled with an electrolyte - like grape juice, it gave off 2 volts of electricity. Dozens of these jars have been discovered. They were probably used for electroplating.

GENERAL WU

A clay pot filled with grape juice
is a far cry from a mound you
claim to be a, a -

EGON

Self-charging psychomagnetheric
capacitor?

The General nods.

MICHELLE

An ancient knowledge of electricity
is not unfathomable. History cites
other examples....

EGON

The Ark of the Covenant.

MICHELLE

The Egyptian Djed pillar.

RAY

The Coso Mountain spark-plug.

EGON

Ah, Ray - that one's discredited -

RAY

It was?

(murmurs under breath)

You could of told me.

GENERAL WU

Enough! I do not believe in fairy
tales. Unconventional threats
require unconv-

An EARTHQUAKE interrupts. Everyone dives for cover. When the
shaking stops, everyone runs outside to see -

INT. / EXT. GENERAL WU'S TENT (VIEW OF MOUND AND STORM) --
CONTINUOUS

The storm looming larger than ever. The group watches as two
funnel clouds descend from its center. A third funnel lags
just behind. Inky darkness covers the sky and lightning (both
to and from the ground) completes the hellscape.

The funnels become tornadoes and carve away the burial mound.
Where they dig, geysers of light issue forth and the long
buried palace is unearthed.

WINSTON

You believe in fairy tales now?

RAY

His netherverse is starting to merge with our reality. If we don't act soon, it'll be too late.

General Wu watches the storm a BEAT -

GENERAL WU

What do you require?

CLOUDS -- DAY (LATER)

A CRUISE MISSILE'S POV - blasting through clouds on a journey down to -

EXT. BATTLEFIELD -- CONTINUOUS

What was once farmland, urban sprawl and museum is now a vast battlefield. In seconds, the missile blurs past the remains of the museum; past troop carriers racing forward; past THUNDERING artillery cannons and HISSING missile launchers; past all of this and onto -

THE EMPEROR'S PALACE! A sprawling mass of real palace and netherverse palaces combined. The cruise missile, joined parallel by five others, slams into the palace walls EXPLODING in synchronized fury.

But when the smoke and flames clear, the truth remains ... the palace is unharmed.

INT. PALACE, MAP ROOM - SAME TIME

The Emperor and his ghostly GENERAL TIEN, plot on a FLOOR MAP OF CHINA (so big they can stand on it). Gold and silver, the floor map is detailed with ancient cities, mountains and trees and it's rivers flow with mercury. Above it's surface, miniature shell bursts, missiles and explosions (like holograms) show a view of the actual battle outside.

EMPEROR

**They know not the art of war.
The fools launch a siege. Be merciful General. Kill them quickly.

General Tien bows and exits.

EXT. PALACE GATES, BATTLEFIELD -- DAY

The massive stone gates start to RUMBLE open and WAR DRUMS begin as eight thousand Terracotta Warriors march out onto the battlefield.

PLA AND TERRACOTTA ARMY

The scene INTERCUTS between the PLA front and the Terracotta offensive:

Fear is in the eyes of every PLA soldier, but bravely they await orders. In the visible distance -

The Terracotta Warriors separate into respective battle lines led by General Tien on horseback. General Tien raises his sword and the Terracotta Army halts. Meanwhile -

Three lines of PLA Tanks advance ahead of the PLA soldiers and come to a stop.

General Tien lowers his sword, signaling -

GENERAL TIEN

**Attack!

His Archers FIRE a volley of energy arrows high into the air. Simultaneously -

General Wu, standing in the turret of an armored personnel carrier orders:

GENERAL WU

**Fire!

TANKS, ARTILLERY and MOBILE MISSILE LAUNCHERS unleash their firepower but it is futile because -

ENERGY ARROWS skewer tanks and Warrior SWORDSMEN slice through armor plating like butter as the PLA flee.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE, BATTLEFIELD -- DAY

Winston, Ray, Egon and Michelle (now dressed in a GBI uniform) peeks out from the dense foliage and watch the distant battle with binoculars. A few feet behind them, covered in bushy camouflage is the Ecto 99.

RAY

This could be a decisive victory.

EGON

Or, the single-most catastrophic decision made by a human being in the whole of mankind.

They ponder this a beat.

RAY

Should we let Venkman have the honors?

Peter steps out of the Ecto 99, swatting back scrub and camouflage netting and pulls up his fly.

EGON

That's what I was thinking.

WINSTON

(listening on headset)
Terracotta Army's cleared the palace. Door's open.

They jog back to the Ecto 99 and Ray (over his headset) commands:

RAY

This is Papa Bear, Let's roll.

A MOMENT LATER -

The Ecto 99 bursts from the bushes and heads north for the palace. Behind it, two Ectomobile SUVs tail close behind.

EXT. ALONG PALACE WALL, BATTLEFIELD -- A LITTLE LATER

Northward across the battlefield the Ecto 99 and SUVs race. On their left, the palace walls. On the right, smoking ruins of tanks and other PLA military equipment forming an almost perfect wall of smoke and debris obscuring their palace approach.

Winston, sitting in the front passenger seat of the Ecto 99, talks to a satchel in his lap:

WINSTON

Louis, you can do this. It's just like negotiating with the teamsters - their bark is worse than their bite.

Winston tosses the satchel out the window.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Good luck!

PETER
 (to Winston)
 Yeah, the teamsters were pussycats.
 You ever heard of Jimmy Hoffa? I
 had 'em on my show once - nice guy.

The satchel lands, partly spilling out the silver Virgin Mary tube wrapped in plastic explosive.

The Ecto 99 and the SUVs enter through the palace gates.

INT. PALACE, GATES -- MOMENTS LATER

Their vehicles parked, Ray communicates with two GBI Teams using elaborate hand gestures. The two GBI TEAM LEADERS reply with a few of their own and GBI TEAM 2 splits off and runs away. Peter's impressed:

PETER
 Ray, whaddya say?

RAY
 Take out the guards. Secure the front. Protect our butts.

PETER
 You said all that? What'd they say?

RAY
 They agreed. They also said they were sorry your show was canceled.

PETER
 Really?

RAY
 (smirks)
 No.

EGON (O.S.)
 Got a strong energy signature.
 Let's go!

Egon and Michelle round a corner, Ray, Winston and finally Peter follows.

PETER
 Not funny Ray.

INT. CORRIDOR OF ROOMS, PALACE -- A LITTLE LATER

Peter catches up with his team. They're in a corridor with nine rooms. Egon is concentrating on his PKE meter as it fluctuates madly. A wind blows quiet and low.

The wind goes HIGH PITCH for a moment, gusting past.

RAY
Listen. You feel that?

Egon, Michelle, Winston and Peter all nod. They slow their walk. Winston touches his shoulder, realizing:

WINSTON
Something cut me.

They turn to Winston. He's got a razor thin gash on his shoulder.

Another HIGH PITCHED gust and -

MICHELLE
Ow!

Michelle's shoulder is cut, too. The GB activate their throwers.

PETER
This wind's racist.

FEMALE HISSING draws the GB and Michelle's attention back to nine beautiful ghosts who move like wind - the Emperor's CONCUBINES.

PETER
Holy ghost geisha.

MICHELLE
Geisha are Japanese. Those - are the Emperor's Concubines.

PETER
Pretty hot for dead bitches.

Peter FIRES at CONCUBINE #1, she blurs past his stream becoming like wind and gashes his cheek before moving back amongst her laughing peers. Pouting, she looks at her razor sharp nails and sharpens them on the walls making sparks.

Rabid with desire, the Concubines gossip rapidly, hissing:

CONCUBINE #1
(to others)
**Beautiful man, I want his eyes.

CONCUBINE #2
(looking at Winston)
**Beautiful man, I want his lips.

CONCUBINE #3
 (looking at Egon)
 **Beautiful man, I want his hair.

CONCUBINE #4
 (looking at Ray)
 **Beautiful man, I want his ears.

CONCUBINE #5
 (looking at Michelle -
 pouts)
 **I have no beautiful man.

The Concubines look to their sister sadly.

CONCUBINE #6
 **No matter sister, we will share.

They slowly walk towards the GB and Michelle dragging their nails along the walls and ceilings, grooving and sparking on the stone. The GB and Michelle backup.

EGON
 What they just say?

MICHELLE
 You don't want to know.

PETER
 Okay, ladies you like it hard?
 Gloves are off. Fire!

Peter fires past Egon, blasting concubine #1 back just before she can slice Egon.

Enraged, #2 and #3 fly at Peter and Egon's heads but just as they do -

RAY
 Oh no you don't!

Ray joins in, firing dead center, causing #2 and #3 to veer away allowing Winston to lasso #2 while, Egon snags #3.

Still struggling with #1, with one free hand, Peter slides his ghost trap below the three ghosts, while Ray provides random fire coverage against the other six Concubines.

Angry, #4 blasts past, Egon, cutting his calf with her nails. Egon grimaces, but doesn't let go of his hold on #3 and in turn -

Ray hits #4 square.

Peter stomps the trap switch causing -

#1 and #2 to get sucked down into the trap's field. Peter redirects his stream at #3 and she too gets trapped in the trap's field. The trap SNAPS shut.

The guys nod to each other confidently.

RAY

Like riding a bike.

It becomes a ballet, as the GB proceed to track, lasso and trap in quick fluid motion....

Egon slides his ghost trap into the vicinity of #4 and ZAP - #4 is caught in the field.

Peter and Ray's streams pull #4 down into the trap while Egon tracks #5 with Winston. Another trap SNAPS shut.

Egon calmly ducks as Peter's proton stream slices inches over his head after #5 while Ray and Winston provides cover against the remaining Ghosts. At the last minute, Egon spins and hits #5 dead on holding her until Peter pegs her too. And she too ends up in a trap. SNAP! Then -

#6, #7, and #8, all lunge at the GB who (facing the opposite direction) -

TURN EXACTLY ON TIME - and fire at the three ghosts, hitting them square and bringing them into a trap Ray just kicked out. SNAP!

HISSING (behind them) draws their attention to -

Concubine #9, holding Michelle by the throat, laughs and flies off with her. Egon follows. The guys watch, winded.

PETER

I think he likes her.

INT. BODY LIQUOR POOLS -- A LITTLE LATER

Winston, Peter, and Ray enter huffing and puffing. They collapse against a wall.

RAY

I'm too old for this.

Stryker enters full of pep.

STRYKER

Where's Egon?

Egon walks INTO FRAME and sits down - drenched in sweat and panting. Egon unscrews his water canteen and drinks.

PETER
 Didn't catch them?

Egon shakes his head, too winded to speak.

PETER
 (to his team)
 These old packs are heavier then
 they used to be aren't they?

EGON
 (nods)
 I blame - humidity.

Egon hands the canteen to Winston. Winston accepts -

WINSTON
 I blame jet lag.

Winston hands the canteen to Peter. Peter downs it -

PETER
 I - blame Ray.

- he hands the canteen to Ray ... it's empty. Ray tosses the canteen into the body liquor. It makes a GLOOPY splash that grabs Stryker's attention.

STRYKER
 What is this stuff? It smells like
 ass and liquor.

RAY
 Well, you'd be half right.

PETER
 Ray, why would the Emperor want
 all of this?

RAY
 I dunno. Nostalgia. Some hellish
 architectural feature.

PETER
 Bad interior decorator?

Egon smiles suddenly -

EGON
 Or maybe this is his electrolyte?

PETER

This is the Emperor's gatorade?

RAY

(realizing)

No. For his battery -

Stryker's GBI Team 1 runs in, carrying eight traps on top of their regular equipment. They hand the fresh traps to Winston, Ray, Egon and Peter who promptly clip them on.

RAY (CONT'D)

- we'll explain later.

(to GBI team 1)

Boys, I have an assignment for you -

(points to body liquor)

See this stew? Cook it.

A BEAT LATER -

The original Ghostbusters run off as Stryker and his team blast the body liquor.

INT. PALACE, MAP ROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

The Emperor sits at a throne at the end of the map room. Michelle sits in the queen's throne to his left, in a trance. The Ghostbusters enter, throwers drawn. Peter brashly walks into the center of the massive floor map knocking over pieces and crushing cities.

PETER

Games over.

RAY

Victory's ours.

WINSTON

Surrender or be destroyed.

The guys look to Egon for his macho addition -

EGON

(pumps fist awkwardly)

Yeah.

The Emperor grabs Michelle, dragging her in front of him. His upper body falls limp as his ghost-self partially exits and possesses Michelle. The guys are revolted. Michelle bolts upright and in the EMPEROR'S VOICE says:

EMPEROR/MICHELLE
 With every second you strengthen
 us. With every soul we multiply.

Emperor/Michelle hurls a force blast. The guys manage to
 dodge. The wall behind shatters.

Egon, on the floor next to Peter, suggests:

EGON
 Now would be a good time.

The Emperor throws another blast, both roll out of the way.

Ray and Winston run past dodging blasts, shouting:

WINSTON AND RAY
 Peter, push the button! Push the
 DAMN button!

Peter withdraws a remote detonator.

PETER
 (to Egon)
 Um, what if I don't want to push
 the button?!

Egon finally grabs Peter's hand and makes him push the button.

PETER
 Hey, that doesn't count.

A RUMBLE as -

EXT. NEAR PALACE GATES -- SAME TIME

THE VIRGIN MARY/SATCHEL goes SUPERNOVA! A swirling mass of
 energy geysers up, coalescing into TENS OF THOUSANDS OF GHOSTS.

INT. MAP ROOM -- SAME TIME

A 'mini-geyser' (mirroring the real one outside) rises from
 the floor map. The Emperor/Michelle is horrified to see the
 energy plume on the map, rising like a rocket before turning
 and arcing down - on the rear flank of his Terracotta ghost
 army.

The Emperor pulls free from Michelle and repossesses his
 corpse. Michelle falls unconscious. The Emperor runs for the
 window, pulls back the screen and watches first hand as the
 containment core ghosts descend upon his beloved armies rear
 flank.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD (BEHIND TERRACOTTA ARMY) -- SAME TIME

Lead by Louis, GHOSTS of all types, swoop down and shove the Chinese Warrior Ghosts from their statues. It's an insanely unfair melee, that quickly dominoes through the eight thousand terracotta warriors leaving them vulnerable to frontal -

ATTACK! GBI climb out of camouflaged trenches flanking the sides and front of the battlefield and -

Proton throwers blasting, three hundred GBI and one thousand PLA work together, lassoing and trapping the newly evicted Chinese Ghost Warriors.

INT. MAP ROOM -- SAME TIME

Feeling his army's energy loss, the Emperor slumps. He coughs and mercury dribbles from his mouth. Seeing this, he looks to the Ghostbusters and flees.

EGON
He's vulnerable.

INT./INT. MAP ROOM/CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

The GB chase him out of the Map Room and down an adjacent corridor.

RAY
We can't let him get back to the tomb. He'll just recharge.

PETER
Bastard's trying to drink straight from the hose!

Stryker appears a little further down the corridor with GBI Team 1.

STRYKER
There'll be no hose drinking on my watch!

Stryker and his team FIRE, grooving the walls and ceiling but the Emperor evades their blasts.

A deep fissure CRACKS down the center of the ceiling, quickly traveling in both directions down the corridor.

Desperate, the Emperor attacks. GBI Officer 1 turns to run, but the Emperor grabs him by one his pack straps and INHALES. GBI Officer 2 flees the other way and is knocked down by a force blast. He too is drained.

A LITTLE LATER -

Peter shimmies between a pillar into a narrow passage between two rooms. The Dragon passes by. Peter looks the other way and sees an adjacent hallway (parallel to the one he just exited). He peeks out.

Michelle waves to him. He tip-toes to her.

INT. PALACE, CATACOMBS, END OF HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Michelle and Peter climb out of a builder's shaft into the end of a narrow hall.

CRUNCH. They turn, at the far end of the hall the Dragon comes around the corner. The Dragon blows a force blast, Peter ducks but the blast knocks Michelle hard against a wall rendering her unconscious.

RAY (V.O.)
 (over headset)
 Venkman? You there? we've
 neutralized the body liquor! The
 Emperor can't store any more
 energy now. Keep running. You can
 run him down.

Peter, cornered, responds with slow terror -

PETER
 Good - to hear - Ray.

... the Dragon Emperor gets closer. Peter's against the wall.

RAY (V.O.)
 Pete? Is he there with you? Blast
 him!

PETER
 I don't - have my thrower - Ray.

... ten feet away; saliva drips from the Dragon's mouth.

RAY (V.O.)
 Where's your thrower? Didn't I
 tell you to be careful.

... face to nostril. Venkman gets a whiff of 2000 year old dragon breath.

PETER (OVER)
 (trying to remain calm)
 Ray - not now.

The Dragon opens his mouth.

PETER

Wait.
 (desperate)
 I could be your Vader.

WINSTON (O.S.)

(sarcastic)
 Sell out -

PROTON THROWERS HUM TO LIFE. The Dragon-Emperor turns to see Winston, Egon, Ray and Stryker.

RAY (CONT'D)

Fry him.

They FIRE and Peter dives aside as -

The Dragon EXPLODES in a blast of energy and slime.

A COUPLE BEATS LATER -

Peter opens his eyes. The Emperor, a corpse once more, lays on top of Peter. Disgusted, Peter pushes the Emperor off. The Emperor's head rolls back and from his mouth comes -

The Spider-Jewel! It takes a sniff of the environment and skitters for Michelle trailing a strand from the Emperor's mouth....

Inches from Michelle. Peter STOMPS on the arachnid with a satisfying CRUNCH. Obsessive, he keeps stomping as Egon, Winston, Ray and Stryker approach. Just when it looks like he's done - he throws in a few more angry stomps.

WINSTON

Pete, I think you got him.

More stomps. Peter, looks at Winston -

PETER

How come you didn't blast me?

WINSTON

I don't shoot voters.

Michelle moans, regaining consciousness.

PETER

You got my vote.

He shakes Winston's hand. Ray and Stryker smile. Egon goes to Michelle and cradles her.

She looks up into his eyes and smiles. True love.

INT. BODY LIQUOR POOLS -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Winston lead; Michelle (assisted by Egon and Ray) limps behind; Stryker follows, lugging equipment. They descend into the room proper. The huge body liquor pool is cooked to a solid white.

STRYKER
Omelette anyone?

EXT. PALACE, GATES -- A LITTLE LATER

The Ghostbusters and Michelle emerge from the gates. Like the battlefield, our heroes are scorched, tattered and dirty.

PLA SOLDIER
**Look!

The jubilant GBI, PLA and allied ghosts CHEER. Ray is visibly touched by the solidarity. Peter smiles.

RAY
(wiping eyes)
It's just dust.

PETER
Right, I've seen you cry at card tricks.

He gives Ray a noogie.

MICHELLE
Wait.

EGON
What's wrong? Is it your ankle?

Michelle looks up at Egon and smiles shyly.

Egon stares blankly. Peter, ever the friend, shoves Egon into a lip lock -

PETER
Kiss her genius.

At first Egon's shocked by the kiss but he adapts - and his leg rises to match Michelle's injured one.

The allied GHOSTS land and the field of GBI and PLA part to make way.

WINSTON

Look!

A huge legion of ghosts walk toward the Ghostbusters. GBI and PLA watch from the periphery - weapons ready.

At the front and center of the ghosts is a particularly tall and menacing ghost, call him GRIMM. We get the sense he might be the leader.

ON GHOSTBUSTERS - A LITTLE NERVOUS.

A familiar VOICE quavers from the mob of ghosts.

VOICE/LOUIS (O.S.)

Umm, excuse me.

And ghosts clear a path for -

LOUIS (OS)

Pardon me. Sorry. Thanks. Thought we were landing back there.

The commotion amongst the Ghosts moves forward until it's behind Grimm. Grimm steps aside and Louis steps out.

RAY

Louis, you did it!

PETER

How'd you persuade them - was it toastmasters?

LOUIS

That helps but no. As you can imagine, most ghosts don't really like you - so after setting a formal agenda and establishing a charter loosely based on geneva conventions - we decided enslavement to a Ghost Emperor was slightly less appealing then containment. On that note, turns out we have a lot of shared grievances, so we, sort've -

WINSTON (OVER)

You didn't -

LOUIS (CONT'D)

- formed a union and just took it from there.

RAY

He did.

STRYKER

Aw man, how we gonna deal with this?

LOUIS (OVER)

As duly elected leader of the
captured ghosts of the containment
core -

RAY (OVER)

(gripping thrower)

Only way we can -

LOUIS (CONT'D; OS)

I hereby make the following strong
suggested verbal requests -

RAY (CONT'D)

(powers down - smiles)

Diplomacy. Lots of diplomacy.

Everyone takes Ray's lead and powers down.

THE END.

FADE OUT.

CREDITSInitially BLACK, the credits make way for clips of the months
to come.

INT. HALLWAY, GBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Dreck is escorted out by two SECURITY GUARDS. He clutches a
whiskey bottle, a plant and his office chair and refuses to
give any of them up as he's dragged away. The Ghostbusters
watch, triumphant. (*Homage to Steve Martin's "The Jerk"*)

INT. NY MAYORAL VICTORY PARTY -- DAY

Peter raises Winston's arm and the CROWD cheers. At Winston's
side, Nancy, laughs and hugs his waist.

INT. VAST AUDITORIUM -- DAY/NIGHT?

Superimpose: Oslo, Norway. Nobel Peace Prize CeremoniesThe Ghostbusters in tuxes look on, Janine (sitting in the
front row with sleeping twins) waves as Louis receives a
Nobel Peace Prize. Ray and Egon, looking on, hold prizes for physics.
A few ghosts (including GRIMM and Slimer) sit amongst the

human AUDIENCE and clap.

EXT. NEW YORK CATHEDRAL -- DAY

A shiny Ectomobile, decorated with wedding flowers is parked out front of the venerable church. Inside -

INT. NEW YORK CATHEDRAL, BY THE ALTAR -- SAME TIME

Egon waits nervously with Ray, Peter and Winston. Ray fiddles with Egon's flower. Egon faints when he sees Michelle, walk up the aisle. The guys catch him just in time.

INT. THE EMMY AWARDS

PARIS HILTON presents Venkman an Emmy for 'Best Daytime Talk show Host.' Peter hugs Paris for a long, long time. Paris being Paris, does not think this is hot.

INT. DRECK'S OFFICE -- DAY

Ray sits in Dreck's old chair and bounces. Janine comes in and hands him a report. He smiles. He spins in the chair and looks around giddily before pointing the fancy remote at the wallscreen (and us) and....

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK and CREDITS CONTINUE FULL.

FADE OUT.