

Ghostbusters: The Rise of Samhain

by
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Inspired by
"When Halloween was Forever"

By
J. Michael Straczynski

A patch of woods near a house with exterior lights.

A figure shrouded in black steps forward.

The figure's hands curl at his sides.

A man exits the house, carrying a trash bag. Whistling to himself, he walks to the trash can, and lifts the lid.

A long sickle slips across his throat, spilling blood. The man falls to the ground, gurgling. The sickle swings downward into the body.

A dark graveyard with various creepy headstones, all covered in webs. A group of young people loiter.

A girl holds a crystal of some kind on a string, allowing it to lead her around with her eyes closed.

Lightning flashes, thunder cracks, and a strong wind blows through, swinging the crystal wildly.

GIRL #1

I can feel them... Calling to me.
The spirits have awakened. They're
restless, waiting for their night
of retribution... But, there's
something else. Something...
Leading them. A malevolent force,
but it's no spirit. I believe it to
be a demon. It feels evil.

She walks slowly around a bit more, still lead by the crystal.

GIRL #1

Who are you? Give us your name. I,
of the mortal realm, command it of
thee!

An evil laugh echoes through the grave yard. Two glowing eyes and a mouth in the shape of a jack-o-lantern materialize in a nearby tree. A dark figure, which is very difficult to make out, leaps suddenly and with great speed out of the trees. The figure begins swinging the sickle around, chopping into the assembled group. A few get away.

The figure bends down, grabbing a chunk of dripping, bloody flesh, and walks away.

3 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

3

Yellow police tape surrounds the grave yard, which is littered with limbs and splatters of blood. Two police detectives survey the carnage.

JOE HOLIDAY holds up a digital camera, snapping photos, while Detective #1 looks around the cemetery.

DETECTIVE #1

Hey, Joe, come take a look at this.

Joe snaps a couple more pictures, then joins Detective #1 behind another headstone. The headstone says SAMHAIN, written crudely in blood.

JOE HOLIDAY

Oh, shit.

Ghostbusters Theme (Ska Cover) begins.

FADE TO BLACK.

The Ghostbusters logo / Title Screen dissolves in.

4 INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM - DAY

4

JEFF MAYHEW slips into a chair before a computer screen and places a headset / mouthpiece over his head, then places his hands on the mouse and keyboard.

JEFF

Alright, bitches, it's on!

A battle in *Unreal Tournament* begins. Jeff grabs the gun that emits a green beam, and begins firing it at opponents.

JEFF

Hell yeah! I'm a Ghostbuster,
bitches!

The phone rings, and he quickly picks it up, slipping it between his shoulder and his free ear.

JEFF

Speak now, or forever hold your
peace, damn it, I'm busy as hell.

He looks shocked, slipping his headset off.

5 INT. RICHARD'S LIVING ROOM / OFFICE - DAY

5

Various occult, science, alien, conspiracy, and horror books litter a dining table, bookshelf, and whatever else is between. Computer keys steadily tap away.

RICHARD LUDER sits at his computer, typing a long document when his cell rings.

He quickly minimizes his text window and brings up his media player, switching it to record mode, then shoves an ear bud in place. He grabs a microphone and places it against the receiver, then hits the answer button.

RICHARD

Yes?

JEFF

Richard? It's Jeff.

RICHARD

Hello, Jeff.

JEFF

Richard, turn off the recorder.

RICHARD

OK.

He sits still for a moment.

RICHARD

It's off.

JEFF

Good. Now listen, you'll never guess who I just got a call from.

RICHARD

Nixon?

JEFF

No.

RICHARD

Then why bother calling me?

JEFF

Because, it was Winston.

RICHARD

Winston. Like, Zeddemore?

JEFF

Yeah.

RICHARD

We haven't heard from him in years.
What did he want?

JEFF

He got a call from a Police
Department here in Jersey. They
wanted to bring him in as a
consultant.

RICHARD

Of what, exactly?

JEFF

There have been some unexplainable
deaths recently.

RICHARD

So how does that involve Winston,
and, more importantly, how the hell
does it involve me?

JEFF

I'm getting to it, just relax. They
found the name Samhain written in
blood at five of the seven murder
sites.

RICHARD

Why only five?

JEFF

They think there's a copycat.

RICHARD

Wow. So get to the part where I
need to start caring.

JEFF

Well, obviously, Winston isn't
exactly educated in the occult.

RICHARD

Obviously.

JEFF

And neither am I.

RICHARD

I know.

JEFF

That was always your area.

RICHARD

Yes it was.

JEFF

So, I wanted to know if the name Samhain means anything to you.

RICHARD

Well, yeah, it means a lot, actually. To a lot of different people. Firstly, it's not pronounced *Samhain*. It's either *Souen*, or *Sighwin*. Traditionally, it falls at the end of the harvest season, and is a celebration of the Celtic New Year. It's also the one time of year when the boundaries between the living and the dead are supposedly blurred, at times disappearing completely, allowing spirits, among other things, to communicate with the living.

JEFF

Wait, what kinds of other things?

RICHARD

I guess like Demons and things, I don't really know. It's very speculative, and nobody can seem to agree on what exactly went on back then. Anyway, these people would perform ceremonies honoring their dead relatives, attempting to communicate with them. They also believed that evil spirits could come into the realm of the living and cause harm, such as serious illness or destroyed crops. They would wear masks and create elaborate costumes in an attempt to frighten the evil spirits away. It was also the time when they would slaughter livestock and take supplies for storage over the winter.

JEFF

Right.

RICHARD

Wiccans also observe Samhain, in fact, to them it's a holiday to celebrate death in itself. Many perform rituals, casting spells and praying and the like. There are some Neopagan sects which also perform animal sacrifices, and occasionally drink the blood, but this is very rare, especially today. It's assumed that these sacrifices are in honor of the traditional slaughtering of the cattle.

JEFF

So you're saying it was kids trying to be Wiccans?

RICHARD

No, that's not what I'm saying at all. In fact, I highly doubt it, since the main principles of Wicca include peace and naturalism. Most people, like yourself, pre-judge, and assume Wiccans are Satanists, which is not the case.

JEFF

Somehow, this conversation doesn't help me at all.

RICHARD

Well, I'm sorry.

JEFF

I thought Samhain was like, a dude.

RICHARD

No, he is not now, nor has he ever been a dude. Samhain as an entity does not exist, that's another misconception. It is believed that that belief stemmed from a screwed up translation. Many religious sects see Samhain as a definitive ending, not only of the year, but many things, and has been said to symbolize the death of God. Or a God of some kind. Many many years ago, some diaper bag translated it as God of Death.

JEFF

Is there anything else that might help with this case?

RICHARD

Not that I know of. I mean, I can do some digging, I'll even check Tobin's Spirit Guide to see if maybe there is some link to Samhain, but I doubt it.

JEFF

Well, would you mind at least coming down to the crime scene with me a little bit later? They want me on as a consultant, and I'm no help without you.

RICHARD

I guess I can do that, but honestly, I don't think I'll be any more help than you. Where is it?

JEFF

In some little burb near the pines.

RICHARD

Oh, great. You know how I love the pines. Son of a bitch.

JEFF

Well I didn't exactly choose the site of the murder. I didn't go, oh hey, you know what? It would be incredibly inconvenient for Richard if someone were to get murdered less than 5 miles from the pines.

RICHARD

Alright, alright! I get the point. When are you gonna pick me up?

A horn honks.

JEFF

I'm outside.

6

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

6

Richard climbs into the passenger's seat of Jeff's old pickup.

RICHARD

Were you outside the whole time?

Jeff pulls away.

JEFF

No, not the whole time.

7

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

7

Late afternoon light over the cemetery.

The two detectives appear to be checking the cemetery with rubber gloves and bagging bits of evidence.

Jeff's truck pulls up, then shuts off.

JEFF

It's like old times.

RICHARD

Yeah. Not sure I like it.

Richard swings his door open and hops out. The two start up the stairs to the graveyard, Jeff in front.

DETECTIVE #1

Are you the Ghostbusters?

RICHARD

Well, actually.

JEFF

Yes. Yes we are.

JOE HOLIDAY

Oh, good. You're here. It's kind of a nasty scene here, hope it's alright.

JEFF

Well, you sort of get used to it in our line of work.

JOE HOLIDAY

Amen.

RICHARD

What line of work, Jeff? I'm a writer!

JEFF

Fine, so we're not officially Ghostbusters anymore, but we're still the experts.

RICHARD

Not anymore. Look, man, things have changed. A lot. I don't ever want to be a Ghostbuster again, and I'd really like it if we could not act like we still were. Okay? I'm a writer who happens to specialize in the occult. That's it.

JEFF

I understand.

RICHARD

Do you? I'm not sure you ever really understood, Jeff. People are dead. Including our two other team members, and three of the original guys from New York.

JEFF

It's not your fault, and it's not mine either. Legal responsibility and actual responsibility are usually not the same.

RICHARD

Yeah, I had to sell my house to settle the lawsuit, Jeff. Because the thing about the government is, they don't give a shit who's responsible, all they care about is getting their damn money.

Jeff shakes his head and walks over to Joe Holiday.

JEFF

What have you got, Joe?

JOE HOLIDAY

Nearly identical MO on seven murders. Now, I don't want you thinking I believe this is some paranormal phenomena. I just thought that you guys could offer some insight into this Samhain nonsense and help give us some clues.

JEFF

We don't really know where to start. I mean, as it turns out, Samhain isn't an actual being, it's a holiday celebrated by various Neopagan sects, each with their own beliefs.

JOE HOLIDAY

So do you think we should be looking to Pagans?

JEFF

I don't know. It's worth a shot. Other than that, we don't really have anything else to go on right now.

RICHARD

Hey! Take a look at this!

Jeff, Joe, and Detective #1 make their way over.

RICHARD

Have you guys found this substance at any of the other crime scenes?

Richard rubs a slimy residue between his fingers.

JOE HOLIDAY

Not that I know of. At least, it wasn't reported.

RICHARD

When the next murder occurs, make sure your guys are looking for this, too. Most people might ignore a wet spot on the floor or a piece of furniture.

Richard stares absently at the goo and walks away.

DETECTIVE #1

What the hell is he doing?

Jeff shrugs, then follows Richard.

RICHARD

I'd like to get a sample of this.

JEFF

Why? What do you think it is?

RICHARD

Well, I can't be certain, but it looks like a form of ectoplasm.

JEFF

So you're beginning to think it's ghosts?

RICHARD

No, actually, I really don't think it is. In fact, that couldn't be further from the truth.

JEFF

What do you think it is?

RICHARD

I would rather not discuss it until I know something for sure.

JEFF

Makes sense.

RICHARD

You ready to get out of here?

JEFF

Sure. Why?

RICHARD

I don't want to discuss any more in front of these idiots.

JEFF

Fair enough. Let's go.

8 INT. RICHARD'S LIVING ROOM / OFFICE - NIGHT

8

Jeff and Richard sit in the living room. Richard at the computer, Jeff on the couch, half asleep.

JEFF

So what's new?

RICHARD

Not a lot, actually. I finally got a book published last year.

JEFF

I know, I saw it. It was pretty good.

RICHARD
Really? You read that?

JEFF
Yeah.

RICHARD
Wow. Thanks. But what about you?
Where have you been?

JEFF
I started a paranormal
investigation company out of my
basement. It's like being a
Ghostbuster... Without the busting.

RICHARD
I've got it. Come on, get up.

JEFF
What? What is it?

RICHARD
It's exactly what I thought. That
ectoplasm we found might not have
been ectoplasm at all.

JEFF
What?

RICHARD
You kept some of the equipment,
didn't you?

JEFF
Well, yeah.

RICHARD
Have you got the goggles, or a PKE
Meter?

JEFF
Both, actually.

RICHARD
Ready to go back to the cemetery?

JEFF
Should I call Holiday?

RICHARD
No, not yet.

JEFF
What are you thinking?

RICHARD
It's just a hunch.

Richard heads for the door, Jeff jumps up to follow him.

9 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

9

An old, creepy basement.

A man dressed in a robe and carrying a flashlight opens the basement door and steps inside.

MAN #1
Hello? Who's down here?

Silence. He pans the flashlight across the basement, searching.

A shadow moves rapidly across. The man turns quickly, panning the flashlight around.

The man continues walking through the basement, panning the flashlight around.

Behind him, the bright, evil grin and eyes of a jack-o-lantern appear. Samhain leaps out of the shadows, grabbing the man.

The flashlight falls to the ground, rolling away. The two silhouettes struggle in the spotlight. The man's silhouette picks up a gun. Samhain's silhouette fights him. The gun goes off, and Samhain knocks it from the man's grasp.

Samhain leans over the man, shoving his pumpkin face closer, and exhales a fog into the face of the man, who turns pale, his eyes darkening.

10 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

10

A creepy, foggy cemetery.

Jeff and Richard enter, Richard carrying the PKE Meter, Jeff wearing the Ecto Goggles.

JEFF
I don't see anything, yet.

RICHARD

PKE Meter reads negative, too.
Let's go back over there, where I
found the goo earlier.

The two make their way across the cemetery.

JEFF

Still nothing. I'm looking at
exactly the same spot.

RICHARD

Adjust the goggles. Set the
frequency slightly higher.

P.O.V. OF ECTO GOGGLES.

Green drips and splatters of what appears to be ectoplasm.

JEFF

I've got it. It's not ectoplasm,
frequency's too high.

RICHARD

Exactly as I thought. Ghosts exist
on a completely different plane,
but it's close enough to ours that
we're occasionally able to
interact. Demons, however, exist on
a completely different level. A
plane that is nearly undetectable
by us, either accidentally or
otherwise. They're everywhere, but
invisible to us. It's kind of like
when a dog whistle blows and we
can't hear it.

JEFF

So you think it's demons?

RICHARD

It's much more likely than ghosts.
I believe a demon was conjured,
either accidentally or on purpose,
I don't know.

JEFF

And that fits in with Samhain, how?

RICHARD

As I've said, it's a holiday for
many religious sects.

RICHARD(cont'd)

Including some demonic ones.
Perhaps through some ritual or
another a gate was opened, allowing
a demon to come forth.

JEFF

A demon, working in the name of
Samhain.

RICHARD

It's not impossible. In 1956, a
similar event occurred in a small
farm community down in Salem
County.

JEFF

New Jersey?

RICHARD

Yes.

JEFF

What happened?

RICHARD

A couple of kids out in the woods
accidentally conjured a demon
during some celebratory rituals and
spells on the night of Samhain, the
31st of October. It killed nearly
fifty percent of all cattle and
burned almost as many crops. It
nearly crippled the town.

JEFF

Holy shit.

Jeff's cell rings. He answers.

JEFF

Hello.

JOE HOLIDAY

(filtered)

I'm on my way over to a disturbance
call. They got me out of bed for
it. I thought you guys might be
interested, it seems to match the
MO.

JEFF

Sure. What happened?

JOE HOLIDAY

(filtered)

According to eye witness reports, there was a loud commotion, what sounded like a heavy struggle, including a gunshot, coming from a neighbor's home. Six people saw a cloaked and shadowed figure take flight over the neighborhood.

JEFF

Must have been some ruckus.

JOE HOLIDAY

(filtered)

Evidently so. Do you want to come by and take a look at the place with me? See if anymore of that shit turns up?

JEFF

Yes, absolutely. Give me the address.

Jeff takes out a small notebook and pen, jotting down some information, then hangs up the phone.

RICHARD

What? What is it?

JEFF

There's been an attack or something, I don't know. But I think your demon was there. Six different witnesses report seeing a dark figure in a cloak flying over their neighborhood.

RICHARD

Holy shit.

JEFF

I told Joe Holiday we'd come by.

RICHARD

We'd better get moving.

Jeff and Richard pull up, and get out of the car. Joe greets them.

JEFF
Have you been inside yet?

JOE HOLIDAY
No, I figured I might as well wait for you.

JEFF
What do we expect to see?

JOE HOLIDAY
The wife says they heard a noise, she sent her husband to take a look, and now he's dead in the basement. No blood anywhere.

JEFF
I wonder if any of that goo is around.

JOE HOLIDAY
Let's go find out.

Joe turns away from the group and heads into the front door. Jeff begins to follow, then grabs Richard and veers away into the basement.

RICHARD
What? What's the problem?

JEFF
It's not likely they'll find anything in the house. The guy's dead in the basement. The killer was probably never even upstairs.

RICHARD
That should be obvious.

JEFF
Exactly. They're looking too hard, and so are you.

12 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

12

Jeff pushes the basement door open and steps inside, followed by Richard.

Jeff searches for a light, but can't find it.

RICHARD

Here.

Richard pulls out a flashlight and turns it on. He slowly pans it around the darkened basement.

JEFF

Do you always carry a flashlight around in your pocket?

RICHARD

Well, yeah.

JEFF

Dare I ask why?

RICHARD

For just such an occasion.

Jeff nods irritably and steps deeper into the basement. Richard follows and nearly trips over the body of the man.

RICHARD

(looking down)

Oh, hell!

JEFF

What the hell is your problem?

RICHARD

Besides stepping on a dead guy?

Richard kneels by the dead guy, and reaches out to touch the slimy residue on his neck.

RICHARD

Bingo.

JEFF

Why does it have to be bingo?

RICHARD

You're in a mood tonight. Here, give me the goggles.

Richard grabs the goggles off Jeff's head and shoves the PKE meter in his hand.

Richard stands and scans the basement.

RICHARD
Whoa. This is a hotspot for recent
demonic activity. What's the PKE
Meter say?

JEFF
It says I want nachos.

RICHARD
Don't push my buttons, alright?

JEFF
Sorry.

RICHARD
I doubt it.

JEFF
Oh, that's funny.

RICHARD
What?

JEFF
It still says I want nachos!

RICHARD
Dude, forget about the damn nachos,
alright?

JEFF
Fine, fine!

A foot scrapes across the gravelly floor.

RICHARD
What the hell was that?

Behind him, a figure quickly moves out the door and takes
off.

JEFF
Hey!

RICHARD
What the?

Jeff takes off out the door, Richard follows, lifting the
goggles onto his forehead.

Jeff runs by the front of the house, pursuing the figure, as
Joe Holiday steps outside.

JOE HOLIDAY
What the hell's going on?

RICHARD
I think there was a dude down there
with us!

JOE HOLIDAY
Shit!

Joe draws his gun and chases after Jeff. He runs into the street and aims toward the dude.

JOE HOLIDAY
Freeze! Police!

The man falls to his knees, heaving and fighting for breath.

JEFF
A little out of shape?

Jeff grabs him by the arm and leads him back to the house. The man heaves, fighting for breath all the way back. He sits on the front steps as the others gather around.

JOE HOLIDAY
What's your name, bud?

BILL
The name's Bill. Bill Weber, and
I'm not talking to you, bud.

JOE HOLIDAY
Maybe you'd like to talk to
somebody down at the station,
instead?

BILL
Won't talk to them either.

RICHARD
Look, why don't you leave us alone
with him a little while, huh?

JOE HOLIDAY
Fine, I'll be in the basement.

Joe disappears into the basement.

RICHARD
We're not cops, so why don't you
just tell us what you're doing
here.

BILL

I just heard some noise over here,
and I came over to make sure my
neighbor was OK.

JEFF

Give us the truth.

RICHARD

Listen, we're pretty sure you're
involved with a demon of some kind.
We used to be the Ghostbusters, we
know about this kind of thing.

BILL

I hope so.

JEFF

Well, just tell us what happened.

BILL

Alright, fine. I had some business
I needed taken of for me. The kind
of things I couldn't do for myself.

JEFF

Like what?

BILL

That's not relevant right now.

RICHARD

He's right. Just let him go on.

BILL

So I've been waiting and waiting.
Finally, all realms of existence
were close enough for me to do the
ritual, and bring a demon into our
world.

RICHARD

So, you actually succeeded in
conjuring a demon?

BILL

Yeah.

RICHARD

What happened?

BILL

Well, I opened the gate, and the demon I had been calling for stepped out. I tried to control him, but I'm still new at this majick thing, and I wasn't powerful enough to control it.

JEFF

Did it attack you?

BILL

No. But it did... Transform.

RICHARD

Transform how? Into what?

BILL

Well, it noticed the Halloween decorations and all, and it uh... I don't know, I think it possessed a jack-o-lantern.

RICHARD

Seriously?

BILL

Dead seriously. It took a physical form of a dark cloaked figure so it could become tangible here in our world.

RICHARD

But that still doesn't really explain what you're doing here, exactly.

BILL

I've been chasing it around for two weeks, trying to control it and send it back.

RICHARD

Only you can't send it back, since it has chosen a physical form.

BILL

Right. Meanwhile, his minions are wreaking total havoc all over town.

RICHARD

What minions?

BILL

Well, mostly it's been reported as vandals and dismissed. They haven't really hurt anybody, but I'm fairly sure that they could, very easily.

JEFF

What are his minions, exactly?

BILL

They're some kind of spirits. I know they're ghosts, because I witnessed his drawing of them.

JEFF

How does he do that?

BILL

He absorbs the soul of a human being through what seems to be inhalation, and then they're twisted and warped, then released out into the air.

JEFF

At least they're bustable.

RICHARD

Oh, no. Hell no, Jeff. Not happening.

JEFF

What other choice do we have?

RICHARD

To walk the hell away, and let this whole thing go.

JEFF

But why?

RICHARD

What have I been saying this whole time? Too many people have died.

JEFF

Yeah, but think of all the people who would have died if we hadn't done anything.

RICHARD

I don't think I would feel responsible for each of those individual deaths. Now forget it!

JEFF

Bill, describe these spirits to us.

BILL

Well, I don't know how, really. I know they've got heads. Creepy heads, but heads. They've got arms, but no legs. They've got like, I don't know, flowy bodies that just kind of end.

JEFF

Sounds like a class three full torso apparition. Are they tangible?

BILL

Yeah. They can touch you any time they want to, they can manipulate the environment, and can even go invisible for short periods of time.

RICHARD

So we're talking poltergeist abilities.

BILL

I don't know. Sure.

JEFF

So it's more like a class four.

RICHARD

Listen, Bill, I think we have everything we need from you right now. Let me have your contact information, and if we think of anything else, we'll let you know.

BILL

I've got to stop it!

RICHARD

Yeah, you really do.

BILL
But, aren't you going to help me?
You're the Ghostbusters, aren't
you?

RICHARD
Not anymore. You're on your own.

Bill looks to Jeff, who just shrugs.

RICHARD
Go home, Bill, and get some rest.
You look terrible.

Richard and Jeff walk away and get into Jeff's truck. Jeff
pulls away.

JEFF
So what do you think?

RICHARD
I think we have a Halloween demon
running around.

JEFF
Sounds like an evil Halloween
decoration. A pumpkin head?

RICHARD
Yeah, I know. It's hard to swallow.

A person steps in front of the truck. Jeff hits him.

JEFF
What the hell?

RICHARD
Where did he come from?

JEFF
I don't know. He just appeared in
front of me.

RICHARD
Shit. Come on.

Richard climbs out of the truck, followed by Jeff. They walk
around to the front of the truck to find the man from the
basement lying there, mouth and face all bloody.

JEFF
Did I kill him?

The man's eyes snap open. He jumps up, spilling more blood out of his mouth, splattering it outward. He takes off, quickly disappearing.

JEFF
Was that just a zombie?

RICHARD
I hope not.

JEFF
Why?

RICHARD
Because. If it is, then it's time to dig out the packs.

JEFF
Either way, I have to dig out the old books.

RICHARD
So do I. On the bright side, this will make an interesting story.

13 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

13

Samhain stands in the woods, arms raised.

SAMHAIN
Come to me, my little ones! Answer to Samhain, the Lord of Death, and the Master of Halloween!

Several small ghosts flutter through the woods, heading in his general direction. A couple of possessed humans trudge through the woods.

14 INT. RICHARD'S LIVING ROOM / OFFICE - DAY

14

Richard sits at his desk, littered with papers, reading through books.

The doorbell rings.

Richard answers the door to find Jeff and Joe standing there.

RICHARD
This a surprise, come in.

They enter the living room and each take a seat.

RICHARD

So what's happened?

JOE HOLIDAY

Murder reports have been pouring into my office day and night. Many of them by eyewitnesses who have been able to identify the behavior and give descriptions of the assailants.

RICHARD

Well, what do we know?

JOE HOLIDAY

We know of at least four separate assailants who continuously appear at these locations, in various combinations. The eyewitnesses all say the same thing: zombie-like activity. As if these weren't acting of their volition.

RICHARD

Well, that's funny, because, as you can see, I've been doing a lot of research. These people aren't zombies, they're demonically possessed, only it's not true possession. Tell me, these people sound more like they act in a hive fashion, similar to ants and bees.

JEFF

That's right.

RICHARD

They're not possessed by individual demons. They're being controlled by a mastermind of sorts. This demon, who calls himself Samhain, has apparently enslaved not only their bodies, but their souls as well, based on what Bill said to us at the last crime scene.

JEFF

There have been plenty of reports also of objects attacking, and even maiming people. Sometimes accompanied by a glowing spirit of some kind, to put it their way.

JOE HOLIDAY

What do you know about that,
Richard?

RICHARD

Well, it's a good/bad situation.

JOE HOLIDAY

How do you mean?

RICHARD

It's like this. I've narrowed down
my search of demons to three
possible candidates. That's against
the database of known demonic
entities, Tobin's Grimoire, the
sister of Tobin's Spirit Guide.

JOE HOLIDAY

Why those three, specifically?

RICHARD

Well, so far they seem to match the
behavior and the abilities of this
Halloween Demon as we taken to
calling it. Either way, the good
news is, once we remove this demon,
the spirits and the bodies of these
poor souls will no longer be in his
control. Everything will be gone.

JOE HOLIDAY

What's the bad part?

RICHARD

The souls will never be able to
return to the bodies. Those people
are effectively the walking dead.

JEFF

Wow.

JOE HOLIDAY

No shit.

JEFF

That still doesn't explain the
senseless murder.

RICHARD

The demon gains power through fear,
he feeds on it.

RICHARD(cont'd)

In fact, all three of them do. It can be any one of them, they generally work together.

JEFF

So what the hell are we going to do?

RICHARD

The only thing we can do. We have to get the packs out of mothballs.

JOE HOLIDAY

I'm convinced. I honestly believe we have a legitimate phenomena. I've seen things I can barely admit to myself on this case. But that brings me to my next point.

RICHARD

Which is?

JOE HOLIDAY

All things considered, you would think a mastermind would have a dwelling place, a safe haven, if you will. I had begun to think it was a group of cultists, of serial killers, similar to the Charles Manson case.

RICHARD

Which these demons are credited with.

JOE HOLIDAY

So I took notes, and questioned extensively. I mean, considering the zombie-like behavior, it sounded to me like brainwashing, or mind control of some kind. I've taken special note of the direction in which they normally flee.

RICHARD

What have you got?

Joe pulls a folded piece of paper out of his pocket and opens it up to reveal a map of South Jersey with directional ratios drawn out.

JOE HOLIDAY

Now, initially, the murders seemed to be moving in a straight line.

He points to a line of connected dots running from the pine barrens nearer the Delaware river.

JOE HOLIDAY

Here's the cemetery we called you to. That was last Thursday.

He points to a lone red dot.

JOE HOLIDAY

These surrounding it represent murders we've been investigating all week. This one was on Saturday. This one Sunday. These four on Monday. Notice a pattern?

JEFF

It's a spiral, running counter-clockwise.

JOE HOLIDAY

Exactly. The state Behavioral Crimes Unit thinks it's symbolic of something. Of what, they don't know.

JEFF

They always seem to run in the direction of the center.

JOE HOLIDAY

Exactly. I've narrowed it down to roughly four square miles.

RICHARD

We'd better get out there right away. Halloween is tomorrow. On that note, who the hell knows what's going to happen? That seems to be his target.

JEFF

So let's go.

RICHARD

Hold on. I've got to make a call first.

JEFF

To who?

RICHARD

Hey, Bill. It's Richard, with the Ghostbusters. We need you to come with us and try to stop this demon. If we don't get him now, there's no telling what will happen tomorrow.

15 INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY

15

Jeff opens a door to reveal two Proton Packs sitting on the floor. He picks one up and begins placing it on his back.

JEFF

Just as heavy as ever.

RICHARD

I'm sure. How about traps?

JEFF

Got a couple of those, but what we'll do with the spirits from there, I don't know. Our containment unit was decommissioned along with everything else.

RICHARD

We'll just have to hold them until we can get a new one built.

JEFF

I'd really like to do some research and see if we can literally split the molecules and completely obliterate the spirits, rather than holding them.

RICHARD

That would be great.

Joe Holiday's phone rings.

JOE HOLIDAY

Yeah. What? Slow down. Alright, I'm on my way.

RICHARD

What's the problem?

JOE HOLIDAY

Reports are flying in like crazy. The phones haven't stopped ringing.

JOE HOLIDAY(cont'd)

Inanimate objects are attacking people, ghosts have been sighted, the undead are murdering uncounted amounts of people.

RICHARD

Listen, we'll meet Bill and try to send this thing back to hell. Keep us updated.

JOE HOLIDAY

Alright. Keep your phone on, Jeff.

JEFF

Right.

Holiday walks out.

RICHARD

Well, looks like we've got a lot of work to do. A good four square miles before the world turns to shit.

JEFF

We should get started then.

Richard nods.

16 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

16

Joe Holiday steps out of the car and makes his way to a dark alley between two houses. He readies his handgun and flashlight.

Two of the undead crouch over a body, eating it.

Holiday creeps around the corner of the house, observing.

They turn and lunge for him.

17 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

17

Richard and Jeff stalk around, Richard using the PKE Meter, Jeff wearing the Ecto-Goggles.

RICHARD

There's definitely something here. Are you seeing anything?

JEFF

Not so far. Any idea how big?

RICHARD
Not sure. But big. Maybe a class
seven.

JEFF
Whoa.

RICHARD
No shit.

Loud gunshot. A green splat nails a tree beside Jeff. The two look back over their shoulders to see a dark figure all in black whose face is concealed by a wide-brimmed hat. His eyes glow green, and he holds a smoking revolver.

JEFF
Class seven?

RICHARD
I'd say so.

JEFF
Full-bodied, free-roaming, humanoid
apparition.

RICHARD
Definitely.

JEFF
Firing what appears to be
ectoplasmic bullets.

The figure raises his gun again and fires a bright green ectoplasmic bullet. The Ghostbusters dodge and take off.

RICHARD
That's a big yes.

The figure stares at the Ghostbusters, then aims and fires again. The bullet hits a tree right near to where they're standing.

RICHARD
Holy shit!

- Ghostbusting Fight Scene -

Richard gestures for Jeff to come over.

RICHARD
We're never going to get him like
this. I've got an idea.

18 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 18

Joe Holiday steps back out into the street from the alley. He dials Jeff's phone. It rings a few times, then goes to voice mail.

JOE HOLIDAY

Damn it!

19 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 19

Richard stands in the open, facing the Ghost, roughly twenty paces apart.

RICHARD

I guess we'd better start.

The ghost merely nods, readying his hand by his holster.

RICHARD

One.

Jeff stands behind a tree out of the Ghost's sight holding a trap.

RICHARD

Two.

Jeff nods at Richard.

RICHARD

Two and a half!

Jeff readies himself to throw the trap.

RICHARD

Three!

At that exact second, Jeff leaps outward, tossing the trap at the ghost's feet and opening fire. Richard dives out of the way, also opening fire.

Jeff stomps on the trap pedal, causing it to open. The ghost gets sucked in.

The trap sits on the ground, smoking and sparking.

RICHARD

I don't remember all that.

JEFF

Yeah. I hope to God it holds.

The trap bounces around a bit, then sits still.

JEFF

Well, it looks like we still got it.

RICHARD

Yeah, it's like riding a demented bicycle without any brakes.

Jeff's phone rings. He fishes it out and answers.

JEFF

Yeah.

JOE HOLIDAY

(filtered)

Where the hell have you guys been?

JEFF

We got sidetracked. What's the problem?

JOE HOLIDAY

(filtered)

I've been trying to get ahold of you. Paranormal activity is through the roof. Ghosts everywhere. Physically assaulting people.

JEFF

They're beating people?

JOE HOLIDAY

No, they're using weapons now.

JEFF

Sounds like poltergeists.

JOE HOLIDAY

I don't care what the hell it is, it's not good. And I've just been assaulted by some not-so-dead people.

JEFF

What happened?

JOE HOLIDAY

I put them down.

JEFF

Let's hope they stay that way. We still have to meet with Bill. I'll call you when we get there.

JOE HOLIDAY

Alright, I'll talk to you then.

20 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 20

A humped bridge over a creek of water.

Joe Holiday clicks off the phone and sticks it in his pocket. He appears tired, rubbing his eyes, then the bridge of his nose. He sits on the guard rail.

21 EXT. MARTIN'S LAKE PARK - NIGHT 21

Richard and Jeff enter the park, peering around.

RICHARD

He said he'd be here waiting for us.

JEFF

Maybe something came after him.

RICHARD

Maybe. I'll try his phone.

Richard pulls out his cell and dials Bill. It rings three times then goes to voice mail.

RICHARD

Not answering.

He tries again.

JEFF

Let me call Holiday, see what he says.

He dials Holiday.

22 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT 22

Holiday's phone rings. He answers.

JOE HOLIDAY

What's up?

JEFF

We can't locate Bill. He was supposed to meet us here, and he's not answering the phone.

JOE HOLIDAY

Alright. I'm not too far from his home. I'll swing by and check it out.

Joe puts the phone away, then walks down the bridge back to where he had parked.

23 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 23

A decent house on a quiet street.

Holiday walks up to the door and knocks. His gaze shifts downward to the doorknob which is spotted with blood. Joe draws his gun, then using the bottom of his shirt, turns the knob and pushes the door open, entering the house.

24 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 24

Joe steps into the living room, which appears normal.

JOE HOLIDAY

Hello?

Silence. Joe uses his flashlight to help see in the darkness, and presses on into the kitchen. He pulls out his cell and dials Jeff.

JEFF

Joe?

JOE HOLIDAY

Yeah. Listen, I don't think he's here. Maybe you guys should come over here.

JEFF

We're on our way.

25 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 25

Jeff and Richard walk up to the house to find Joe sitting on the front steps.

Jeff pulls the goggles over his eyes and begins to scan the front of the house.

JEFF

There's no residuals of any demonic presence. Nothing recent, anyway.

RICHARD

PKE is picking something up, but not from here.

JOE HOLIDAY

So whatever happened to him didn't happen here.

RICHARD

Nope.

JOE HOLIDAY

What are we going to do?

RICHARD

We can't send this demon back without him. We'll have to split up. Not only do we have to find Bill, we also need to find Samhain.

JEFF

How are we going to do all that?

RICHARD

We'll figure a way. We have to.

JEFF

Great. From pessimist to optimist in just one day, that's...
Something.

RICHARD

Whatever. Look, we'll each have to go our own way. Keep phone communications up, and meet up every hour or so. What time is it now?

Richard checks his phone.

RICHARD

That can't be right. How long do you think we've been out here?

JEFF

I'd say two hours at least, maybe three. Could even be more.

JOE HOLIDAY

It's been a long time.

RICHARD

My phone tells me it's twenty after 11.

Joe and Jeff both check the time.

JOE HOLIDAY

That's what I've got, but how-

JEFF

Time must be slowing down.

RICHARD

Wait. Time itself?

JEFF

It's possible. Think about it. If you were a demon who crossed over into our world and took on Halloween as a persona, wouldn't you want it to last forever?

RICHARD

Are you joking or something? Trying to get me back? What did I do?

JEFF

No, I'm serious. According to our clocks, we've only been out here like twenty minutes. We all know it's been at least a couple hours.

RICHARD

So at midnight, time stops, just gone, just like that?

JEFF

Yes. Halloween would then, in fact, last forever.

JOE HOLIDAY

What in the hell are you two going on about?

JEFF

Just imagine it. Time stops,
everything freezes except for life.
The sun never rises or sets ever
again, it remains midnight, the
thirty-first for eternity.

JOE HOLIDAY

But the sun doesn't actually rise
or set, that's just the perception.

JEFF

Exactly. The earth revolves
constantly, it never stops. But if
the sun never rose again, that
would mean the earth had stopped
turning.

RICHARD

Which could be catastrophic,
considering gravity is entirely
dependent on the earth's
revolution.

JEFF

Right. Think of it. Mass tidal
waves. Madness. Worldwide panic. If
the earth stops moving, it will
disrupt the entire solar system.
The whole thing could either
implode, each planet subsequently
crashing into the sun, or perhaps
just fall apart, the planets taking
off and going their own way. And
there's no telling how many
galaxies are dependent upon our
own. It's like a tent, each post
works together to hold it up. Take
one down, and the whole thing falls
apart. It could destroy the very
fabric of time and space.

JOE HOLIDAY

And that's bad.

RICHARD

Extremely.

JOE HOLIDAY

Cool.

JEFF

It's impossible to tell exactly how long we have until the stroke of midnight. It could be one hour, or it could be five. We have to move quickly.

RICHARD

We should split up. It's dangerous, but we don't have a choice. There's too much to do.

JOE HOLIDAY

I've got to try and keep the peace. My phone's been ringing nonstop.

RICHARD

Exactly. You do your job, Joe, and try to avoid a panic, meanwhile, keep your eyes peeled for Samhain and Bill. We'll have to do the same. You guys ready?

Both shake their heads.

RICHARD

Me neither. Let's go then.

Richard shrugs, then walks away.

Jeff and Joe look at each other. Jeff shakes his head, then shrugs, heading off in the opposite direction from Richard.

- MONTAGE INVOLVING THE GHOSTBUSTERS SEARCHING THROUGH TOWN, MAYBE BUSTING A GHOST OR TWO, JOE SEARCHES BILL'S HOUSE TO FIND DEMONIC STUFF IN THE BASEMENT -

26 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

26

Richard crosses the cemetery, carrying the PKE Meter. He stops just before an opening in the woods and pulls out his flashlight, shining it into the woods and sees a clear path.

27 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

27

Richard steps into the woods, peering around carefully. As he gets deeper into the woods, he sees various oddities. Skulls, limbs, disgusting shit in general.

RICHARD
 Oh, dear Lord, I just stepped into
 hell, and it sucks.

28 EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

28

A bus stop by a main road.

Bill stands beside the bus stop sign, fidgeting nervously. He continuously checks his watch and looks at the bus stop sign.

Jeff rounds the corner wearing his ecto goggles.

POV OF ECTO-GOGGLES

Bill glows bright green as he stands at the bus stop.

Jeff lifts the goggles and approaches Bill.

JEFF
 Hi, Bill.

Bill jumps and turns.

BILL
 Oh, hi.

JEFF
 (smiling)
 Bill? What the hell are you doing?

BILL
 Nothing. I was uh, waiting for you
 guys.

JEFF
 Halfway across town from the agreed
 meeting place?

BILL
 Oh, I must have made a mistake with
 that.

JEFF
 Are you serious?

BILL
 Yeah.

JEFF

You want me to believe that? Here you are, at a bus stop, and you want me to believe this is where you said you'd be?

BILL

Um. Well I-

JEFF

Listen to me, Bill. We need you to send this pumpkin-headed bastard back to hell, OK? I want you to realize something. If this thing succeeds, all life as we know it is gone. He'll likely enslave the entire human race. Then the universe will friggin explode. Do you want that, Bill?

BILL

I don't believe you.

JEFF

Then believe this.

Jeff pulls out his Neutrona Wand and activates it.

JEFF

Trust me, Bill, you don't want to feel a beam of concentrated energy on your skin. You probably won't feel it much, considering this will tear right through a limb and remove it in the blink of an eye.

BILL

You're crazy.

JEFF

Yes. I am.

BILL

I won't go.

JEFF

Oh, you'll go.

Joe Holiday trudges up a poorly lit street.

His phone rings, which he answers.

JOE HOLIDAY
What's up?

JEFF
(filtered)
I've got Bill.

JOE HOLIDAY
Great. Where are you?

JEFF
(filtered)
I'm at a bus stop near the edge of town.

JOE HOLIDAY
Have you heard from Richard lately?

JEFF
No. I was hoping you had.

JOE HOLIDAY
No. Not a word. Think he's okay?

JEFF
He's the last one I would expect not to be okay.

Jeff's phone beeps.

JEFF
He's beeping through, I'll add him to the conference.

RICHARD
You're never going to believe this. I found the beast's hiding place, but the son of a bitch isn't here.

JOE HOLIDAY
Richard, where are you?

RICHARD
I'm deep into the woods behind the cemetery. I'd love it if you guys could get here, like, now, or as close to now as possible.

JEFF

I'm on my way, with the whiney little girl that brought Samhain into this world.

RICHARD

That's excellent news.

JEFF

Yeah. I found him sitting at a bus stop, trying to skip out on his problem.

RICHARD

I'm going to plant my foot in his ass when this is over. Remind me. I don't know how much time we have left. My phone says eleven fifty-eight. That could be twenty minutes, an hour, who the hell knows?

JEFF

And who the hell knows when he'll be back.

RICHARD

I was getting to that. And I'm uncomfortable not knowing. I'll meet you in the cemetery.

30

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

30

Richard stands in the middle of the darkened cemetery, nervously gripping his Neutrona Wand.

Jeff and Bill approach, followed momentarily by Joe Holiday.

RICHARD

I hate this.

JEFF

Me too. Waiting is like death. I want to tear my eyes out.

Undead approach the graveyard.

JOE HOLIDAY

What the hell is this all about?

JEFF

Maybe they're ready to go home.

RICHARD
They weren't dead to begin with.

JEFF
Do you think he came back?

RICHARD
It's possible.

JEFF
Let's go take a look.

RICHARD
Right. Joe, are you alright by
yourself a couple minutes?

JOE HOLIDAY
Go, damn it!

31 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 31

Richard and Jeff head into the woods, flashlights moving wildly about.

RICHARD
Come on, you bastard. Show your big
fat pumpkin face. So I can friggin'
kick you in it.

They move deeper and deeper into the woods.

32 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT 32

Joe draws his gun, aiming at the approaching undead.

33 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 33

Jeff searches through the ecto-goggles.

JEFF
He's definitely here.

RICHARD
Where? I see no sign.

JEFF
I'll follow the trail.

The two push further into the woods.

34 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT 34

Joe fires a couple of bullets. The undead take the shots, unphased, and continue toward Joe and Bill.

JOE HOLIDAY
This is not good.

35 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 35

They approach the lair which Richard found earlier.

JEFF
The trail just stops here. There are traces of his protoplasm all over the place, but this is it.

A black figure moves across the frame.

SAMHAIN
So, you've come to the home of Samhain. In search of what? Certainly not devotion.

RICHARD
What the hell are you?

SAMHAIN
I see you've brought my little friend along, too. I can smell him. His soul smells so delicious, doesn't it?

With that, Samhain takes off in the direction of the cemetery.

JEFF
Oh, shit!

They run after him.

36 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT 36

- Montage Battle Scene -

RICHARD
Damn it, Bill! Open the gate!

BILL
I don't know if I can!

RICHARD

Just do it! It's 11:59. Who knows what happens at midnight? Or how long until it strikes?

BILL

Who cares!? Not me!

Richard storms over to Bill and throws him to the ground.

RICHARD

Open the gate, Bill!

BILL

Alright, Alright! Just get the hell off me!

Richard pulls away, aiming the Neutrons Wand at him.

Bill sits down and begins speaking some incantations under his breath.

A large pentagram forms in the grass.

JEFF

We don't have much time!

RICHARD

What the hell are we supposed to do? We're not even hurting him!

JEFF

We only have one choice.

RICHARD

No.

JEFF

If we do it, we have a chance of survival. If we don't, then who knows?

RICHARD

Don't even say it. We're not doing it.

JEFF

We have to cross the streams!

RICHARD

Son of a bitch, Jeff!

JEFF

Come on!

RICHARD

Fine, you start!

Jeff fires a beam at Samhain, which wraps around his body. Richard fires one immediately after and the two join. The beam is extremely powerful, and causes Samhain to explode. The frightened demonic creature, now in its true form curls up on the ground, screaming in agony. He crawls into the pentagram, which then glows so intensely bright that everyone has to look away, then vanishes.

Jeff looks at his watch.

JEFF

It's midnight.

JOE HOLIDAY

I think we did. The undead, eh, dropped dead.

RICHARD

Good, great, we did it.

He powers down the proton pack and takes it off.

RICHARD

Don't ever make me do that again. I will personally punch your nuts off.

Bill lies still on the grass.

JOE HOLIDAY

Bill? Did he just friggin' die?

The three walk over to him. Joe kneels down and checks for a pulse.

JOE HOLIDAY

He's gone.

37

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY

37

Jeff and Richard stand by the door with the Ghostbusting equipment in it. Richard holds the trap containing the ghost cowboy.

RICHARD

What do you think you'll do with this?

JEFF

I'm going to try and create that machine I was telling you about. Destroy the ghosts, you know? We can't build another containment unit, but maybe I can build a ghost scrambler.

RICHARD

That's a good idea.

Richard hands the trap back to Jeff. Jeff sets it down with the other equipment.

RICHARD

I need to go, got some things to take care of. Keep in touch, Jeff.

JEFF

I will. Take care, Richard.

RICHARD

I'll see you later.

Richard leaves.

The ghost trap sits on the floor, then sparks of lightning travel all over it, and a red LED begins to blink.

FADE TO BLACK.