

The Real Ghostbusters was an American animated television series, a spinoff of the 1984 movie. The series ran from September 1986 to October 1991, and was produced by Columbia Pictures Television, DiC Enterprises, and Coca-Cola Telecommunications. J. Michael Straczynski was story editor. This is the second of the two scripts we wrote for it.

The Real Ghostbusters: The Headless Motorcyclist

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT MANHATTAN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

CAMERA PANS over the Manhattan skyline. The lights of the buildings shine prettily against the dark blue sky, conveying a festive and relaxed atmosphere.

CAMERA TRUCKS IN SLOWLY towards Central Park, on to an elegant penthouse terrace.

EXT PENTHOUSE

A chic party is in progress. We HEAR a STEREO BLARING in the b.g. Elegantly dressed PEOPLE walk in and out with drinks, mingling on the terrace and savoring the night.

INT PENTHOUSE

CAMERA MOVES into the penthouse and PANS OVER the party. It is a scene very similar to the one outside. We HEAR mindless PARTY CHATTER over the music.

CAMERA TRUCKS IN on a large buffet table, amply covered with drinks and hors d'oeuvres, near which we discover

MEDIUM ANGLE ON PETER AND BANKER

PETER VENKMAN, looking very smooth and dapper in a fancy evening suit, a (fruit juice) cocktail in hand.

Peter is leaning forward with a canny look on his face and is talking to a silver-haired, conservative-looking gentleman who looks very much like a Wall Street BANKER. Which he is.

PETER (smoothly) I'm telling you, what you really need is our new, Year-Round Ghost Protection Policy. Keeps you safe from spooks, or your money back!

ANGLE ON BANKER

He looks slightly befuddled, as if events are moving too quickly for him.

BANKER (with a slight stutter) Gh-ghost Protection Policy... Er, I'm not sure we have a need for... .pn2 .h1# .h2 .h3 .f1 MEDIUM ANGLE

The Banker tries to slide away from Peter, who puts a hand on the man's arm to prevent any possibility of escape.

PETER (earnestly) Need! Of course you have a need! We're living in troubled times...

ANGLE ON PETER

PETER (CONT) (lyrically) Think of all the dead accountants who must haunt your vaults at night, the embezzlers that shot themselves, rather than face the shame of a long trial, the...

ANGLE ON BANKER

Now he looks somewhat worried and defensive.

BANKER Embezzlers? We've never had any embezzlers!

CAMERA PANS to the right to reveal RAY STANTZ walking by. He is stuffing a sandwich into his mouth and looks bored. Although he is wearing formal attire, he still manages to look less well groomed than anyone else in the room.

ANGLE ON RAY

FROM OUT OF FRAME, Peter's arm grabs hold of Ray, just as he is about to take another large bite of his sandwich. He is put off balance by the gesture. The food misses his mouth, flies past his ear and over his shoulder.

ANGLE ON SANDWICH

which finishes its trajectory, landing in the glass of KATE, a very attractive young woman, who is presently talking to another male PARTYGOER.

ANGLE ON KATE AND PARTYGOER

Kate looks somewhat taken aback, but not angry. She shrugs and smiles the incident away.

KATE Well, I guess that blows my diet!

PARTYGOER Let me get you a new glass...

KATE No, that's all right, I'll get it.

She turns and heads for the buffet table.

ANGLE ON PETER, RAY, AND THE BANKER

Peter introduces Ray, who automatically beams at the befuddled Banker.

PETER This is one of my associates, Dr. Ray Stantz. He can tell you about all the deadly ghosts that haunt the banking world.

Ray enthusiastically shakes hands with the Banker, who looks as if he can't believe Ray is expert at anything.

RAY (excitedly) Banking! Yes, the world of banking is full of ghosts! There was the Axe Murderer of First National Trust, and the Spectre That Ate Tax-Exempt Bonds...

BANKER (genuinely worried) *Ate* tax-exempt bonds?

CAMERA PULLS OUT to show Kate coming towards the group to get to the buffet.

ANGLE ON KATE

She extends her arm past them to take a glass.

KATE Excuse me.

ANGLE ON PETER

Peter turns his head to look at her, and obviously is taken with her great beauty.

PETER (muttering to himself) Wow!

MEDIUM ANGLE ON THE GROUP

While Ray and the Banker are involved in deep conversation, Peter walks away to follow Kate.

RAY ... and the strangest thing is that it only ate bonds that were issued by defense contractors...

PETER'S POV

We follow Kate elbowing her way through the party crowd to

EXT PENTHOUSE

Kate walks over to an attractive young man, whom she kisses lightly on the cheek. It is obvious that they are together. His name is BUD, and he has the look of a Madison Avenue yuppie executive.

CAMERA PULLS OUT to reveal a grimacing Peter. Suddenly, a hand comes from OUT OF FRAME to land on his shoulder. It is WINSTON ZEDDMORE'S.

WINSTON (VO) Looks like you struck out, buddy.

ANGLE ON PETER AND WINSTON

Peter shrugs.

WINSTON (CONT) Don't worry about it! The night's still young, and there's plenty more fish in the sea!

The two men are turning to walk back inside when we HEAR very LOUD voices.

ANGLE ON KATE AND BUD

The two are involved in a sudden, heated argument, and are behaving in an agitated fashion -- especially Bud.

BUD (angrily) We're supposed to be at this party together! I didn't come over here to watch you hanging around with some other guy!

KATE (defensively) You're being ridiculous! I already told you that he was an old friend I haven't seen for years!

ANGLE ON PETER

He was about to leave the terrace with Winston, but stops to see more of what is going on.

ANGLE ON KATE AND BUD

Bud is getting more agitated. He grabs Kate by the shoulders, as if to shake her.

BUD He didn't look very "old" to me!

KATE Let me go, you're hurting me!

ANGLE ON PETER

He fumes over the treatment, and goes over to the couple to see if he can help Kate.

ANGLE ON THE THREE OF THEM

PETER (threatening) That's no way to treat such a pretty lady!

ANGLE ON BUD

Bud stops yelling at Kate and turns his attention to Peter.

BUD (very irritated) Buzz off, Buddy! We don't need you butting into our business!

MEDIUM ANGLE

Peter puts his hand on Bud's shoulder.

PETER You may not need me, but I'm sure this beautiful lady does.

Peter's remarks are the last straw. Bud forcefully removes Peter's hand from his shoulder and then shoves him, hard.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include other PARTYGOERS, and Winston, watching the action.

It looks like the argument is going to escalate. Both Bud and Peter put themselves in "macho" fighting stances, ready to come to blows. PETER (really furious) Okay! You've had your chance! Now I'm going to take you down a peg or two!

BUD (smirking angrily) Yeah, you little wimp? When I'm through with you, you're going to look like day old Brie!

Several Partygoers then hold Bud back, while Winston attempts to calm Peter.

ANGLE ON WINSTON AND PETER

WINSTON Come on, Pete. Let's leave these folks alone to settle their own problems...

ANGLE ON KATE AND BUD

Kate tries to placate Bud, putting her hand on his arm.

KATE I'm sorry Bud. Why don't we go and talk...

Bud shrugs her hand away angrily.

BUD I'm going, but not with you!

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he pushes his way into the

INT PENTHOUSE

and, through the crowd inside, to the apartment door which he jerks open and SLAMS behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT PENTHOUSE

Peter and Kate both stand looking in the direction of Bud's exit. Kate has a worried expression on her face.

PETER Good riddance!

KATE (extremely worried) Oh, my! Now he's really in for trouble! Peter does a double take and looks at Kate, trying to understand what she means. CAMERA TRUCKS IN on Kate's worried expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS OVER the almost deserted street and TRUCKS IN onto a fancy, red SPORTS CAR, ZOOMING along at a fast clip.

INT SPORTS CAR

Bud is driving. He is still grumbling about his night.

BUD Who does she think she is! I bet that guy was another "old friend"...

As he crosses Broadway, he glances at his rearview mirror.

CLOSE UP ON REARVIEW MIRROR

A small dot of light rapidly grows larger and larger, and blindingly bright. We HEAR the ROAR of a powerful motorcycle motor.

ANGLE ON BUD

He squints his eyes, and tries to shield himself from the glare of the painfully bright light.

BUD (annoyed) Geez! I hate that! The guy's blinding me! Why doesn't he pass or something!

EXT SPORTS CAR

Bud puts his hand out of the window, gesturing impatiently at his follower to pass him.

For a second, nothing happens, except the SUPERCHARGED ROAR of the motorcycle engine REVVING angrily.

ANGLE ON BUD

Puzzled that he has not yet been passed, Bud turns his head to see who is following him.

BUD'S POV

At last, we SEE the shape of the HEADLESS MOTORCYCLIST, carrying a FLAMING HELMET in one of his bony hands. With a LOUD SCREECH of tires, and a super ROAR of the engine, the Motorcyclist rears his bike on its back wheel, where it is silhouetted against the lights of Manhattan.

WIDER ANGLE

The unnerving sight of the horrifying motorcyclist almost causes Bud to lose control of the sports car as it makes a skidding right turn into Washington Square Park.

INT SPORTS CAR

Bud's knuckles turn white as he angrily grips the wheel.

BUD (fury in his voice) If this is someone's idea of a joke, I'll give them their money's worth!

EXT SPORTS CAR - A SERIES OF SHOTS

takes the two vehicles through a spine-tingling chase through the narrow streets of GREENWICH VILLAGE. The car ZOOMS, making hairpin turns and burning rubber. But the Motorcyclist is not shaken.

INT SPORTS CAR

Bud's expression changes from anger to worry.

BUD (nervously) That guy's good, but I know how to get rid of him!

EXT SPORTS CAR

Bud drives the car into a basement parking lot. Assuredly, he spirals through it and comes to another exit, barred by a metal curtain.

INT SPORTS CAR

Bud points a radio-control device at the shutter.

BUD (maniacally happy) Ah, ah, I got him! Obviously the jerk doesn't work here!

EXT SPORTS CAR

The metal gate opens with a CLANGING WHIR to let Bud's car through, and then closes behind him, equally LOUDLY.

Bud zips the car into an alley, and stops in the shadows.

INT SPORTS CAR

Bud wipes the sweat from his brow.

BUD Well, let him find his way outta there!

Suddenly, we HEAR a RESOUNDING LAUGH. The effect is very chilling and scary. Bud's eyes open wide.

BUD'S POV

We see the Headless Motorcyclist zooming RIGHT OUT OF THE SOLID METAL GATES!

ANGLE ON BUD

Bud swears and starts the car again.

BUD I'm getting outta here! I don't know who that guy is, but I'm not gonna wait around to find out!

EXT SPORTS CAR

The car REVS UP at incredible speed, and leaving a cloud of dust behind it, heads down Broadway.

Instead of driving with his earlier assurance and skill, Bud now zigzags his car nervously all over the road. We keep HEARING the frightening and unnerving sound of the Motorcyclist's ghostly LAUGH.

INT SPORTS CAR

Jerkily, Bud keeps looking over his shoulder, in a state of rapidly increasing panic.

BUD I've got to shake him! I've got to get out of here! This baby can do 120 once I get her on a straight road!

EXT SPORTS CAR

He makes a left turn from Broadway onto Canal Street, almost causing the other cars there to have an accident. Then, he ZOOMS towards the MANHATTAN BRIDGE, pursued by a CACOPHONY of HONKING HORNS and SHOUTED INSULTS.

The Motorcyclist is still hot on his tail, but he is no longer laughing.

EXT MANHATTAN BRIDGE - ANGLE DOWN CANAL STREET

Bud's car grows very quickly from a small dot on the horizon as it ROARS onto the bridge with a WHOOSH!

The Motorcyclist is in hot pursuit, also growing from a mere speck to full size. But, instead of getting onto the bridge he SCREECHES to a total and complete halt!

ANGLE ON MOTORCYCLIST

He ROARS and shakes his fist in anger.

INT SPORTS CAR

Bud, seeing in the rearview mirror that the Motorcyclist has stopped, brings his car to a SCREECHING, twisting halt.

EXT MANHATTAN BRIDGE

The two opponents stare at each other for a micro-second.

ANGLE ON MOTORCYCLIST

In a superhuman display of strength and accuracy, the Motorcyclist throws his flaming helmet at Bud's car.

ANGLE ON SPORTS CAR

The helmet CRASHES through the passenger side of the windshield, and the entire car goes up in SOARING FLAMES.

Bud scrambles out of the burning car. Standing there, he sees

BUD'S POV

The Motorcyclist once more raising his fist in the air, but this time in an unmistakable display of triumph. Then, the Ghost REVS his engine and ROARS away into the night, LAUGHING maniacally. In the distance, we HEAR the approach of POLICE SIRENS.