

BEETLE JUICE

SECOND DRAFT SCREENPLAY
REVISED 2-3-87

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FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
BY
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based on a story by

Michael McDowell and Larry Wilson

FADE IN:

EXT. WINTER RIVER, CONNECTICUT - DAY

A crisp and perfect New England town. Almost too neat to be real. No visible townspeople. CAMERA EXPLORES town.

CAMERA FLIES

over a rickety bridge -- PAST the Maitland Hardware and Appliance store -- PAST the church -- the Historical

Society -- UP over the graveyard on the hill and finally --

To the Maitland house. The perfect Victorian house surveying the tiny village. Suddenly --

A GIANT DADDY LONGLEGS SPIDER

mounts the crest of the hill beside the house, pauses to wave a spindly leg and then creeps menacingly on top of the Maitland house.

ADAM (O.S.)
Well, well, you're a big fella...!

A hand -- as big as God's -- with a huge tweezer, gently reaches down out of the sky and lies, palm up, in the yard next to the house. Daddy Longlegs climbs into it. The hand rises into the sky again.

INT. ATTIC - NEW ANGLE - DAY

Reveals Winter River as a miniature town, while The Daddy Longlegs and the hand are normal size. Above the model are a homely representation of moon, sun, and stars -- a whole, tiny, mechanical universe to track the hours of the day. A large plat map of the city is

prominent on the wall.

The hand is ADAM MAITLAND'S. In his late 30's, he's a solid easy-going citizen. Capra used to make movies about him.

Adam's model town sprawls across most of the attic space. Windows on either end of the attic shed good light into the warm room. Adam very carefully lifts the spider out the open window. Smiles as he drips him lightly on the breeze.

CAMERA TILTS UP FROM THE WINDOW

To see the real Winter River, laid out exactly as the model, at the foot of the hill. Adam breathes deeply and looks very pleased at the glorious town below him.

ON HIS HUGE HAND AGAIN

as it reaches into model and tweezes a tiny sign into the tiny window of Maitland's Hardware Store on main street. It reads:

ADAM AND BARBARA MAITLAND
ARE
ON VACATION!

HOORAY!

Adam leans down and eyes the sign.

BARBARA

(behind him)

I'm ready!

Adam turns to see entering: BARBARA MAITLAND, 35 -- a wholesome beauty who is mellowing well. She smiles at him. Perhaps a certain tinge of sadness about her, because they don't have children.

ADAM

(happy to see her)

She's ready.

BARBARA

(eyeing the model)

It looks great.

ADAM

(nodding)

Thanks.

She pushes a wrapped present across the table.

BARBARA

Happy vacation, honey!

Adam smiles and gives her a present he's hidden under the table. He opens his present. A can of furniture oil.

ADAM

Manchurian Tung oil?

(playfully grabs
Barbara and kisses
her)

Where did you get it?

BARBARA

Helen got it for me in Oslo.
There's enough to refinish the
gateleg table and the cherry
wardrobe...

Adam hands Barbara a carefully-wrapped bundle -- she unwraps her gift... rolls of very expensive floral wallpaper. She cradles it in her arms like gold leaf.

BARBARA

Oh, Adam... it's beautiful.

Adam nods, and embraces her.

ADAM

Enough to do the guest room...

BARBARA
(cooing)
I'm so glad we're spending our
vacation at home...
(with a sudden resolve)
... I'm going to get started right
now!

ADAM
(pulling her back)
Whoa!... hold on...

Barbara calms down, returning to Adam's embrace... as:

PHONE RINGS -- They freeze, then grin.

ADAM & BARBARA
(unison)
No one's home!

HONK HONK outside. They look at each other horrified.
Peer out the window.

BARBARA
Oh no.

ADAM
(pointing at her)

It's your turn, darling.

She shakes her head with resignation and goes downstairs.
KNOCKING on door from below.

INT. STAIRCASE AND KITCHEN - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Adam and Barbara downstairs. We see the rambling, old fashioned quality to the house.

Clean, sentimental, warm and floral. Some rooms in progress. They continue down the main staircase past photos of themselves, old photos of the early days of Winter River, pictures and mementos of three generations in hardware. Barbara goes to the kitchen and Adam continues down to the basement.

HER POV - A WOMAN

JANE BUTTERFIELD -- tall, gawky and aggressive peeks in the kitchen door. She's divorced three husbands and buried another for good measure. She's ruthless but is weirdly, seamlessly pleasant. She waves a legal sized paper at them, starts to come inside.

INT./EXT. KITCHEN DOOR

Barbara makes dash for it and holds it just as Jane gets a foot in. Jane smiles wildly.

JANE

Hi, Barb! I'm glad I caught you.
I heard you were on vacation!

BARBARA

That's right, Jane. Complete
vacation.

JANE

Honey -- today I am three hundred
fifty thousand dollars!

BARBARA

No! Jane, it is 6:45 in the
morning!

JANE

Look at me, think of me as cash!
This offer is really real! From a
rich man in New York City who only
saw a photograph!

(rattles on)

My buyer has just made a killing
in condos in Manhattan, but he's
got a little stress problem...

(taps her head)
... so -- he wants to bring the
wife and kid for the old peace and
quiet.

BARBARA
That's what we're looking for,
too.

JANE
Barbara Maitland, sweetie, just
listen now. This house is too
big. It really ought to be for a
couple with a family.

That hurts Barbara a little. She looks at Jane.

JANE
(continuing)
Oh, honey... I didn't mean
anything... it's just too big for
you.

Jane compulsively affixes her business card, face inside.
in the windowpane.

BARBARA
(shutting door)
'Bye, Jane, see you in a few

weeks.

ADAM

is humming happily, looking for paint brushes in the ground floor storeroom. He spies a cassette deck and looks through a stack of cassettes and plays one. It is an old INKSPOTS LOVE SONG.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Barbara is starting to paper the walls already. She frowns at the MUSIC. Goes to the door.

BARBARA

Oh, honey. You said no Inkspots on this vacation!

It CLICKS OFF. She goes back into the room.

INT. STOREROOM - DAY

Adam puts away the tape but keeps humming the song. He opens the shutters on a small window. ON WINDOW...

JANE

(her huge face
grinning at him)

Boo!

He jumps back, frightened.

ADAM

No, Jane.

Adam closes the shutters as Jane affixes yet another card to the window. He continues his search for a brush.

JANE

exits jauntily, flapping her contract down the lawn.

INT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Adam continues rummaging for a brush. Can't find it.

ADAM

(calling to distant
Barbara)

Honey, come with me down to the
store?

BARBARA (O.S.)

What for?

ADAM

I need a good brush for this Tung
oil and I want to pick up a piece
of the model. Let's go early
before anyone sees us.

Barbara has already papered a few rolls in the guest
room.

BARBARA

Okay, but let's hurry back. You
just run in okay?

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

The Victorian house from the model "in the flesh."
Adam stands by the station wagon.

On the bumper of the car is a sticker reading:
WARNING: I BRAKE FOR ANIMALS.

Barbara gets in driver's side. They drive off.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

Adam dusts the inside of the dashboard. Clean Clean.

BARBARA

(preoccupied)

Jane said we should sell the house
to someone with a family.

ADAM

Ah, the ever-tactful Jane.

Puts his hand on her shoulder.

EXT. THE RIVER AND BRIDGE AND HILL - DAY

We see the car coming down the hill toward the bridge.

ADAM (V.O.)

We should be flattered that she
wants to sell our house.

BARBARA (V.O.)

I know... I just wish she'd leave
us alone.

ADAM (V.O.)

Let's not think about it. We'll
have a nice romantic, quiet,

vacation. Here comes the bridge
chorus.

Car reaches the rickety covered bridge. Car shakes,
bobbing up and down on every plank.

ON Barbara and Adam TIGHT -- (they've done this routine
before). They sing an old Johnny Mathis song. With a
lot of vibrato.

TOGETHER
Chances are... When I wear a
foolish grin...

They laugh.

EXT. DOWNTOWN WINTER RIVER - DAY

Just like the model, but real. And populated.

CAMERA PAUSES ON a gorgeous storefront with a brass
lion out front. Sign above doors says --

BOZMAN BUILDING 1835

An old man polishes the lion as Maitlands drive by and
wave.

BARBARA (V.O.)
Wave at the lion.

ADAM (V.O.)
Don't forget the balls, Ernie.

BARBARA (V.O.)
(embarrassed)
Adam!

Ernie looks around to see no one's looking and polishes
the balls of the lion.

CAMERA SPIES A JAUNTY DOG

like Benji, peeing on the opposite corner of the lion.
Maitlands drive by store with sign:

JANE BUTTERFIELD
ANTIQUES
REAL ESTATE
TRAVEL

INT. ANTIQUE STORE REAL ESTATE OFFICE TRAVEL AGENCY -
DAY

The store is bursting with antiques of all sorts,

travel brochures, photographs of houses for sale, and a serve-yourself Xerox machine. LITTLE JANE, her eight-year-old daughter is drudgingly making copies.

Jane, phone in hand, rushes to the window to watch Maitlands drive by. Almost popping the cord when it reaches its end. She's waiting for the other party to pick up.

JANE

Y... ello. Mrs. Deetz? Well the condition is what we country folk call, fixin'... Yes, I think they are fixin' to accept another offer. Well maybe if you offer 390,000 they'll take it.

EXT. MAITLAND HARDWARE - DAY

Adam sprints up the steps of his lovely hardware store. OLD BILL, a slightly-addled ancient barber, is napping in a chair in front of his shop, next door to Adam's. Adam fumbles with the lock, not interested in conversation. He drops his keys, waking Old Bill.

OLD BILL

'Morning, Adam. You need a haircut before your vacation?

ADAM

No thanks, Bill.

OLD BILL

How's the model coming?

ADAM

Good, Bill -- Good.

Bill turns around and continues prattling even though Adam has entered. Bill prattles throughout.

OLD BILL

Y'know, I was thinkin'... you said Bozman built the foundation in 1835 but y'know his grandson came in here last week and said he found a bottle with an 1836 stamp in it plastered in the foundation.

(suddenly disgusted
at the memory)

He's got hair down to his goddamned shoulders...

INT. MAITLAND HARDWARE

Adam pulls down a few good paintbrushes and carefully

picks up a small model of the Bozman building. He walks out. Old Bill continues unabated.

OLD BILL

He said "Just give me a trim..." I took a scissors to him so fast... would've skimmed him clean if he hadn't...

Adam strides by quickly to the car.

ADAM

See you, Bill.

OLD BILL

Right.

EXT. MAITLAND'S CAR - DAY

The Maitlands drive their car out of town.

ON JANE

EXT. CAR AND BRIDGE - DAY

Car approaches.

INT. CAR - DAY

Five brushes sit on the seat next to Adam. He cradles small replica of the Bozman building, complete with brass lion.

BARBARA

It's a beauty.

ADAM

Yeah it turned out okay. We applied for a historical plaque for it. That'll be the third one on Main Street.

BARBARA

(jokingly)

With all these historical landmarks in town, where are they going to put the condominiums?

ADAM

(grinning)

Slow down there, honey... I don't want the vibration to weaken the model.

BARBARA

(nervous)

Oh... I'm sorry...

Barbara starts to apply the brakes.

Just before the bridge the dog waddles out in the road. Stops to pee. Barbara swerves. As the car hits the rickety bridge, the speed is just a bit too much.

Boards RATTLE and loosen, the car skews and catches in an open slot, careens to the right, then the left and the bridge.

INT. CAR - DAY

A piling has smashed through the window on the passenger side, crushing the upper part of Barbara's arm. She is wailing in pain and fright.

Adam tries to help Barbara. He tries to get out of the car. None of this succeeds.

EXT. BRIDGE AND RIVER - DAY

The dog finishes, looks over at the car, walks across the bridge and steps on the one board which holds the

car aloft.

The car rocks back and forth for a moment, and then slides forward toward the water.

EXT. CAR AND BRIDGE

The car plunges into the rushing water. It floats for a moment, and then sinks like a stone.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BARBARA AND ADAM'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quiet, still, expectant. There is a fire laid in the hearth. Suddenly and for no apparent reason it ignites and burns with a furious cheerfulness.

Barbara and Adam enter, dazed, wet, and bedraggled.

BARBARA

Something like this always happens
when we try to go on vacation.
Always.

Adam leads her toward the fire.

ADAM

You'll feel better when you're
dry.

He holds out his hands to be warmed. Barbara comes up
beside him. All this time she's been holding her
injured arm with the other hand.

BARBARA

This fire wasn't burning when we
left the house.

ADAM

How's your arm?

BARBARA

I'm not sure. It feels... frozen.

She holds her arms out to warm them. One hand catches
on fire.

BARBARA'S LEFT ARM

They stare at it dumbfoundedly before Adam regains his
senses and snatches it out of the fire. Two of the
fingers are burning like candles, and Barbara indus-

triously blows them out.

BARBARA

Oh, Adam.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM: A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

They are sitting on the couch together. Barbara is looking away slightly -- as one does when a doctor is drawing blood -- while Adam looks at her fingers. He frowns.

He looks at his skin. It is pale. He looks at Barbara.

ADAM

You'd better sit down, hon.

BARBARA

I am sitting.

ADAM

I'll tell you what, Barbara. I don't think we survived that crash.

BARBARA

(pause)

Oh, Adam. We're home. In our own house. Nonsense. I'll make some coffee. You get some more firewood.

Adam gets up, a little absently, she follows him as he wanders to the front door. He peers out.

ADAM

Let's take things extra slow. Do you remember how we got back up here?

Barbara tests her hand, clenches and unclenches her fist.

BARBARA

I'm fine. My arm works fine.

Adam, exploring, opens the door, steps out on the front porch.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - TWILIGHT

Adam's face is painted with color of sunset. He stands atop the steps leading down to the front yard. Barbara

stands just inside the open threshold, looking out worriedly.

BARBARA
(quiet sarcasm)
The end of a perfect day.

Adam starts to step down to the yard.

ADAM
Honey, I'm gonna go down to the
bridge and retrace our steps.

He steps off the last step into the yard and promptly disappears.

BARBARA
Adam!

EXT. THE GREAT VOID

Adam is nowhere. There's no ground, no sky, nothing to stand on or hold onto or give boundaries or distance. Just vast nothing. Not white and not colored either.
NOISE OF A CLOCK TICKING.

Adam looks about surprised, doesn't like what he doesn't see. He turns around to head back up the

steps. There are no steps.

ADAM

Barbara?

His VOICE ECHOES STRANGELY. He runs off a little in the distance, and calls again from over there.

ADAM

(continuing; quietly)

Where are you?

He goes even farther away.

IN THE FOREGROUND

an enormous geared wheel -- the size of a man -- rolls by, tearing up the unseamed ground. Something pours up out of the tear -- ooze or stuffing.

Adam runs forward and stares after the wheel, which is now out of sight.

TWO SMALLER GEARS

looking very much like components of a giant watch -- spin along behind him. One of them veers suddenly

toward him, and though Adam jumps out of the way, the gear snags his trouser leg and shreds it. LOUD TICKING.

A PERFECTLY ENORMOUS GEAR

comes barreling toward him. Adam leaps out of its way. The gear turns, fish-tailing, kicking up ooze and stuffing.

Adam flings himself suddenly to the right, but trips into the path of the gear. As he's about to be crushed, he's suddenly jerked up to safety.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

It's Barbara who's grabbed him, and quite evidently saved his life -- not life, perhaps -- but existence. He's shaken, breathless.

Barbara stares at him, as if wondering what he's just been through.

ADAM

(weakly)

You saved my -- uh -- life... or whatever...

BARBARA
Two hours.

ADAM
What?

BARBARA
That's how long you were gone.

ADAM
(pondering that)
... Hmmm?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barbara leads Adam into the house.

ADAM
Anything happen while I was away?

BARBARA
Yes, it did. Yes, it did. I made
a couple of small discoveries.

BARBARA

stands by the mirror over the hearth mantle. On the mantle is Barbara's prize collection of porcelain horses. Adam comes to stand beside her. They look into the mirror, and there is no reflection of them.

Barbara picks up one of the horses, and trots it through the air. The horse is imaged in the mirror.

BARBARA

(continuing)

There's that, and there's this.

She picks up an ancient, leather-bound book. It's yellow and worn, about the size of the Boy Scout manual.

CLOSEUP: Its title is HANDBOOK FOR THE RECENTLY DECEASED.

ADAM

(reading)

Handbook for the recently diseased.

BARBARA

Deceased. I don't know where it came from. Look at the publisher.

ADAM

(he does and reads)
Handbook for the Recently Deceased
Press.

BARBARA
(finally admit-
ting it)
I don't think we survived the
crash.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam is already in bed, reading from the handbook.
Barbara is getting ready for bed -- going through a
ritual of sorts that they practiced every night of
their married lives.

BARBARA
I don't like situations like this.
I hate it when I'm not in control.
So just tell me the basics.

ADAM
This book isn't arranged that
way. What do you want to know?

BARBARA
There are a thousand things... Why

did you disappear when you walked
off the front porch? Is this a
punishment? Are we halfway to
heaven or are we halfway to hell?
And how long is this going to
last?

ADAM

I don't see anything about
"Rewards and Punishments" or
"Heaven and Hell."

(frustrated)

This book reads like stereo
instructions! Listen to this...
'Geographical and Temporal
Perimeters... Functional
perimeters vary from manifestation
to manifestation." This is going
to take some time.

BARBARA

paces, she trips on her wallpaper rolls. Kicks them.

BARBARA

I knew I'd never finish the guest
room. Adam, we just can't stay in
here forever!

They look at each other, the question hangs in the air.
Can't they?

Adam stands and walks to the window.

ADAM
(thoughtfully)
Maybe we should set up a normal
routine.

She looks at him like he's nuts.

ADAM
(continuing)
I mean, let's try to nail down
something in our lives. A regular
schedule. We can keep track of
time and go on with our projects
up here in the attic.

She shakes her head, exasperated. Flops down on the
bed.

BARBARA
Oh, God, maybe this is all just a
bad dream.

ON ADAM - TIGHT - a somber look comes across his face.

ADAM

I'm afraid not, honey.

Barbara looks up at him, questioningly.

BARBARA

Why? What's wrong? Adam?

She stands and joins him at the window.

THEIR POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

In the distance we see an automobile funeral procession threading its way toward the nearby cemetery. Headlights are on. We recognize Jane's car in the line.

REVERSE ON BARBARA AND ADAM

somber faces.

TIGHTER ON PROCESSION

It arrives at the gravesite. We see some familiar faces, Ernie, and Old Bill the Barber. Jane and little Jane watch as two identical coffins are carried to-

gether, to two open graves.

ON BARBARA AND ADAM

She drops her head sadly on his shoulder. He leans his face slightly into hers.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam is setting up a small monument in the model town cemetery. It reads: ADAM AND BARBARA MAITLAND/UNITED IN LIFE/UNDIVIDED IN DEATH.

ADAM

I wish I had a better view of the cemetery from up here. I don't know which area is the best placement for us.

Barbara, trying to clean, lets out a frustrated YELP!
She paces.

ADAM

(continuing)
Cabin fever, han?

BARBARA
I can't clean anything. The vacuum is out in the garage. I can't leave the house. Why don't they tell us something? Where are all the other dead people in the world? Why is it just you and me?

ADAM
Maybe this is heaven.

BARBARA
(looking at the dusty walls)
In heaven there wouldn't be dust on the wallpaper.

ADAM
Hon... I didn't want to die, but really, this is fine with me. Look, we never have to wash dishes again.

BARBARA
Dishes? We haven't eaten in three weeks! Adam, I'm not like you. I

really need to be around people,
get out to the church and go
grocery shopping.

ADAM

But I'm not hungry, are you?

Barbara shakes her head and picks up the Handbook and
pages through it desperately.

BARBARA

I keep having this feeling that
something has got to happen.

CAR DOOR SLAMS outside. Adam and Barbara look at one
another. Run to window.

EXT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Jane Butterfield is staring up at the old house.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam, from his angle, can just barely see her.

ADAM

God, it's Jane.

BARBARA
What's she doing here?

ADAM
I don't know.
(shouting)
Jane, Jane, up here!

EXT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Unhearing, Jane heads for car. SOUND OF WIND UP.
Blows her dress. Little Jane straggles along with her
like an apprentice.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara watches Adam, and shakes her head. He stops.

BARBARA
She can't see you, right?

Adam nods.

BARBARA
(continuing)
In the book, Rule Number Two: the

living usually won't see the dead.

ADAM

Won't? Or can't?

BARBARA

Just says "won't." Wait a minute.
Here it says "the living are
arrogant... they think they'll
never die, so they refuse to see
the dead."

ADAM

Arrogant. That's Jane all right...

Barbara sighs and nods.

BARBARA

At least we won't have to worry
about her.

Adam smiles and goes to his model.

EXT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

Jane drives away. CAMERA HINGES to see a FOR SALE
sign. Across it -- another smaller banner. It reads:
SOLD!

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The Maitlands are asleep. CAMERA EXPLORES the room a bit. It is getting slightly tatty. Adam rolls over, pulling the covers off Barbara. We see:

ON BARBARA -- she is hovering off the side of the bed.

An OMINOUS RUMBLE -- like a 4.0 earthquake shakes the house. GLASS RATTLES, the ceramic horses on the mantelpiece jump around. Barbara falls to the floor. They look at one another with horror. They leap up and run downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The RUMBLE BUILDS TO A CLIMAX, there is a LOUD METALLIC SQUEAL, and then a CRASH... just as Barbara and Adam arrive.

THE FRONT DOOR

smashes open revealing a moving van ramp.

A TEN-FOOT ELECTRIC-BLUE ITALIAN LEATHER COUCH

slides smoothly down the ramp. On the couch sits DELIA DEETZ.

The couch CRASHES into the base of the staircase, smashing the newel post and several of the balusters. Barbara cringes. One of the balusters falls at Delia's side. She grasps it like a scepter.

Two MOVING MEN rush down the ramp.

MOVING MAN #1

Sorry about that, Mrs. Deetz.

DELIA

Don't worry. It was going anyway.

Delia is relentlessly New York, relentlessly fashionable, relentlessly thin -- totally self assured.

She is also a woman with a mission -- to gut Barbara and Adam's house and remake it in her own very upscale image.

Delia's gaze is on the living room, but she looks through Adam and Barbara as if they weren't even there

(which to her eyes they're not).

Still holding the baluster, Delia gets up off the couch and moves into the living room, surveying it with an odd mixture of ambition, and resolution.

BEHIND HER

the two Moving Men bring in a matching blue leather armchair. In the armchair sits LYDIA DEETZ.

Lydia, age 14, is a pretty girl, but wan, pale and overly-dramatic, dressed as she is in her favorite color, black. She's a combination of a little death rocker and an 80's version of Edward Gorey's little girls.

She has a couple of expensive cameras around her neck -- and is already taking photographs of the moving men. Lydia is cool, Lydia is sullen, Lydia is her father's daughter by his first marriage. Lydia is usually about half-pissed off. But underneath... we like her a lot.

The Moving Men still hold up the chair, waiting for Delia to decide where she wants it.

DELIA

(continuing)
Jesus. Who lived here? The
Waltons?

TIGHT ON Lydia -- calmly surveys the house.

Delia signals wearily that the Moving Men can put the
chair down anywhere.

DELIA
(continuing)
Get all this other crap out of
here.

Lydia hops down out of the chair, and comes farther
into the living room.

DELIA
(continuing)
Where is your father?... probably
in the kitchen.

That's the cue for CHARLES DEETZ, who comes in through
the swinging door, and across the dining room... a ner-
vous but basically pleasant man, CHARLES DEETZ is
intent on attacking rest and relaxation with the same
vengeance that earned him millions in real estate.

CHARLES

The noise in that kitchen. Noisy
refrigerator, noisy faucets...
We'll have to replace it all. I
want no humming in the house.

LYDIA

exploring on her own, gazes around the living room with
growing pleasure, she backs up for a good angle to
photograph.

CAMERA HINGES -- She is standing with her back right up
to Barbara -- who is horrified at this creature.

Charles enters.

CHARLES

(to Lydia)

What do you think, honey?

LYDIA

Delia hates it.

Lydia gazes at a dusty maze of spider webs.

LYDIA

(continuing)

I could live here.

A movement makes Lydia turn around and scream. It is Delia. Not Barbara.

DELIA

Settle down, Lydia. I wonder where we are going to get counseling for you out here.

A VIOLENT FALSETTO SCREAM turns the Deetz family's attention to the front windows.

OTHO (O.S.)

Help! Oh help!

OTHO'S MASSIVE BODY

Wedge in the window frame. The short, stubby legs, dressed in the world's largest pair of Georgia Armani slacks, protrude into the living room, waving frantically. Expensive Italian loafers are kicked off the feet, revealing a pair of expensive patterned socks. By their feet shall ye know them.

DELIA

It's Otho!

CHARLES

Otho, why didn't you just come in
the door?

Otho's voice comes as if from a great distance.

OTHO (O.S.)

It's bad luck. And I believe
hugely in luck.

DELIA

Hold your breath and we'll pull.

Delia turns to Charles and Lydia for help -- doesn't
get it -- and at last pulls Otho into the living room
single-handedly.

All this while the Moving Men are variously carting out
the handsome old furniture and bringing in the hideous
new furniture.

Otho is Robert Morley at his most obscenely fat and
faggoty. But he's not all fat and fun -- this customer
carries nasty emotional weight as well.

OTHO

holds onto the curtains for support as he is pulled
through the window. And when he is at last all the way

through, and upright on his feet, he suddenly gives a tremendous yank. The whole drapery apparatus, including valences, crashes to the floor.

OTHO

That was the single most unattractive window treatment I have ever seen in the entire of my existence.

DELIA

(starry eyed)

I'm so glad you could leave the city to consult me, Otho.

Otho is looking around the room with an eye of quiet horror.

OTHO

Yes, of course you are. Well, Otho had an intuition. Call it a hunch -- that it was going to be a fabled monstrosity of a house. And it certainly is. Charles, you're lucky the yuppies are buying condos, so you can afford what I'm going to have to do to this place. We are talking from the ground ups'ville!

CHARLES

That's fine, Otho. Just keep me out of it. I am here to relax and clip coupons. And goddamnit, I mean to do it.

He exits to find solace in a quiet corner of his house. During this speech, Otho has been surreptitiously posing for Lydia's camera. She clicks the shutter.

OTHO

(ignoring her)

Is the rest of the house as bad as this?

DELIA

The rest of the house is probably worse. When can you and I get started?

OTHO

No time like the present, as my wicked stepmother used to say.

Out of the pockets of his size 56 Georgia Armani jacket, Otho takes two cans of spray paint -- the kind the graffiti artists use -- and shakes them as if they were castanets. They certainly sound like it.

OTHO

Delia, let's get this show on the road.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

At one end, near the stairs leading up to the attic, Barbara and Adam are slumped against opposite walls.

BARBARA

Adam, we are in hell. I hate these people.

ADAM

They make Jane look good.

BARBARA

Is this a punishment for something we did in life? What can we do?

ADAM

(determined)

We're not completely helpless. I've been reading the book. There's a word for people in our predicament, honey.

Barbara looks at him.

BARBARA
(continuing)
Ghosts!

Barbara is shocked at the reality.

Otho and Delia come up the stairs at the end of the hallway.

OTHO
We're dealing with negative
entertainment potential here. I
mean, there's absolutely no organic
walking flow-through.

Otho looks down the hallway. It's empty. Adam and Barbara are no longer there.

DELIA
What's wrong?

OTHO
I thought I saw something.

DeLia turns and spray-paints on the wall -- in luminous orange -- the word MAUVE.

DELIA

Okay?

OTHO

(screaming with delight)

You read my mind! I love clients who can read my mind. I don't think people realize how strong a connection there is between interior design and the supernatural.

DELIA

(fawning)

I know... I read your book, The Haunted Tapestries of the Waldorf.

OTHO

Gooooo!

Delia opens the door and they step inside another room.

DELIA

This will be Lydia's room.

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM - DAY

It's not Lydia's room yet, of course, because it still

has the Maitlands' furniture in it. Barbara had partly wallpapered it before the accident. Her tools are still there.

DELIA

What do you think?

OTHO

Viridian?

DELIA

Viridian? What is...?

Otho spray-paints the word VIRIDIAN on the wall -- plus the word BLUE GREEN -- and Cr2 O3, right over a picture of Adam and Barbara as kids.

OTHO

Blue-green! Hydrated chromic oxide! Remember I'm schooled in chemistry. I was a hair analyst! Briefly. Interior design is a science, Delia! Think of me as Doctor Otho.

(looking at wall)

And this patient is truly sick!

DELIA

Of course, her favorite color!

How beautiful!

Delia smiles. Behind Delia and Otho, the room's closet door swings slowly open with an ominous CREAK.

DELIA AND OTHO

turn that way, with a suggestion of dread. Inside the closet, Barbara's corpse is suspended from the ceiling by a belt. The corpse twists with a CREAK, and Barbara grins ghostly -- and slowly tears off her face, leaving nothing but muscle and bone beneath. Her eyeballs dangle on her cheeks.

Delia and Otho stare aghast.

DELIA

Oh my God!

OTHO

We just have to pray that the other closets are bigger than this one.

He walks over. Looks inside.

OTHO

(continuing)

Were these people dwarfes? (sic)
(spies something)
Oooooo!... Look!

He finds, neatly hung in plastic, the Maitlands' wedding outfits. Totally captivated by this powerful image, he peers through the plastic at them. Holding each up to Delia. Barbara watches wide-eyed at them.

OTHO
(continuing)
Ozzie...
(holding up
her dress)
... and... Harriet! What happened
to these people?

Delia slams the door in Barbara's contorted face.

DELIA
They died.

INT. HOUSE - SAME TIME

Delia and Otho come out of Lydia's bedroom and go through the bathroom. Disgusted, they continue on to the study.

OTHO

reaches out and turns the knob. The door swings ominously open on Charles' study. This had been Adam's reading and birdwatching study. Bird posters on the wall, books everywhere. Straight out of Better Homes and Gardens 1963.

OTHO

Ooo. Deliver me from L.L. Bean!

ANGLE

There is one slight difference, however, because on the rag rug in the middle of the floor lies Adam's headless corpse. Standing over him, holding in one hand a long knife and in the other Adam's blood-and-gore dripping head is Barbara -- with a maniacal look on her face. Behind them, Charles is thumbing through Adam's Audubon collection. He sits up like a cornered animal protecting his territory.

CHARLES

(to Otho and Delia)

This room is off limits. I don't want either of you to touch one piece of furniture in here. This

is my room.

INSIDE THE ROOM

The eyes of Adam's severed head open and look up at Barbara -- she stops screaming.

ADAM'S HEAD

They don't see us. They can't hear us.

Outside, Delia is shaking her head.

DELIA

The woman who lived here had the aesthetic instincts of Betty Crocker.

BARBARA

I'm going to get her.

DELIA

I cannot convey to you the extent to which this house bores me.

OTHO

(looking around
scientifically)

Once you cover up the wallpaper,
knock down a few walls, alter the
traffic patterns, and -- perhaps
-- think about an inground pool --
the place might just be livable.
What's on the third floor?

DELIA

Attic space.

OTHO

Let's see. We could turn that
into a media room.

They head up the stairs to the attic.

INT. STUDY - SAME TIME

Adam's head has a look of terror on it.

ADAM'S HEAD

Oh, God. I forgot to lock the
attic door!

Adam's headless body jumps up off the floor and rushes
out of the room.

INT. STAIRCASE TO ATTIC - SAME TIME

Otho and Delia climbing. The headless corpse careens past them, around the bend in the stairs and out of sight.

OTHO
Did you feel something?

Delia shakes her head.

OTHO
(continuing)
I felt a cool wind.

The expression on Otho's face suggests he knows more than he's telling.

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE ATTIC DOOR - SAME TIME

The headless corpse rushes through the open door into the attic.

INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

The headless corpse slams the door shut, turns the key in the lock. Then he slumps against the locked door in

an exaggerated stance of relief.

INT. ATTIC LANDING - SAME TIME

Delia tries the knob. The door is locked.

OTHO

You don't have a key?

DELIA

Maybe Charles does.

OTHO

I have a feeling there's some very
interesting space behind this
door.

DELIA

(sarcastic)

Probably the world's largest
Reader's Digest collection!
C'mon, let's have some chablis,
Otho, I'm laid bare by this
experience. Entirely bare.

INT. STUDY - SAME TIME

Barbara still holding Adam's head.

Charles still calmly leafing through the Audubons.

ADAM'S HEAD

Whew! That was close.

BARBARA

I cannot witness this.

Barbara distractedly puts Adam's head on a bookshelf.
His headless body fumbles with the books and finally
reattaches the head.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Adam turns away from the window.

Barbara, fuming, moves around Charles making wild
gestures.

BARBARA

What's the good of being a ghost
if you can't frighten people to
death?

ADAM

Oh, honey...

BARBARA

No, I'm not putting up with this.

She storms out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Barbara storms in, as if straight from the room upstairs. She heads straight for the back door. Just as she opens the door, Adam rushes up.

ADAM

Barbara, honey! Don't go out there. You don't know --

BARBARA

Nothing can be worse than this...

She flings open the door and steps outside. She promptly disappears.

ADAM

Barbara!

EXT. SURFACE OF SATURN'S MOON TITAN - DAY

Barbara plunges into the dusty surface of Titan with an enormous Saturn looming in the sky. She looks around with wonder and some fear.

A SULFUR VOLCANO

erupts in the distance. A meteor CRASHES with a lurid EXPLOSION. As from a great distance she hears Adam's VOICE. Like THUNDER.

ADAM

Barbara!

She turns slowly in the yellow dense sand that covers the surface of this distant moon.

BARBARA'S POV

Adam is trudging towards her. Behind him, hovering isolated in the air, is the kitchen door.

BACK TO SCENE

Adam at last catches up with her. Surveys around them.

BARBARA

Oh Adam. Find somebody. I'm
getting all yellow. Do something!

BEHIND THEM

Something is burrowing rapidly toward them through the sand. The Something could be right out of "Dune".

BARBARA AND ADAM

stare for a moment, then Adam grabs her and pulls her toward the kitchen door. But the kitchen door has moved, so they veer in the new direction.

The Something follows them and rises out of the sand.

ON SOMETHING

It is a very big, very nasty, and very hungry SNAPPING SANDWORM. It ROARS and lunges at them.

BARBARA

slightly angered at it, instinctively bats at it.

THE SANDWORM

is momentarily stunned at Barbara's audacity. It freezes and shakes its loathesome head.

BARBARA

bats at it again. Adam is wide-eyed, tries to pull her away. The Sandworm recovers and ROARS after them.

ADAM

grabs Barbara and tries to escape, but they slip and sink in the sand.

They make it to the door just in time, swing it open and hurl themselves through. The door shuts with a BANG just in front of the ROARING SANDWORM.

THE SANDWORM

rears and ROARS in frustration, HOWLING to the ringed planet.

INT. KITCHEN

Barbara, weeping, throws herself in Adam's arms.

BARBARA

Oh, Adam, don't ever leave me
alone.

ADAM

You left me.

BARBARA

I know. I'm sorry.

She hugs him tight.

BARBARA

(continuing)

I just realized that I could have
been killed alone. Don't ever
leave me, honey.

Both contemplate that horror.

BARBARA

(continuing)

We're trapped in this house
forever... with those... people.

ADAM

You can't say that for sure. It could be a transitional thing. Like a post-life crisis. We just have to be tougher with them. Come on. Have some brandy. Spirits?

BARBARA
(a tentative smile)
Death didn't improve your sense of humor.

They head for the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Adam has his arms around Barbara's shoulder. They walk in the door and stumble upon the Deetzes at their dinner. Lydia's back is to them. Barbara and Adam back out of the room but stop to listen.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Deetz's around the dining room table. There are candles and good china laid out-- but they're eating out of Chinese take-out boxes.

DELIA

I can't believe that we're eating
Cantonese. Is there no Szechuan
up here? Hunan?

CHARLES

There's only one Chinese
restaurant out here, darling, the
owners are Irish and Irish people
happen to cook Cantonese. They
don't know better.

LYDIA

I plan to have a stroke from the
amount of MSG that's in this food.

DELIA

This is our first meal in this
house, Lydia. Why don't we all do
our little private parts to make
it a pleasant one?

CHARLES

Lydia, relax. We'll build you a
darkroom in the basement.

LYDIA

(dramatically)

My whole life is a darkroom!

One... big... dark... room.

Delia rolls her eyes and nods. She's been through this before.

DELIA

Nonsense... you'll go to school,
maybe meet a farm boy.

Delia laughs. Charles smiles.

LYDIA

(doleful)

Yeah, maybe if he's nice, he'll
let me hang myself from a rope in
his barn.

CHARLES

Lydia, in a couple of years this
whole town will be filled with
people like us.

DELIA

We'll be the art center of summer
New York. I'll start sculpting
again... I'll teach those gallery
bastards to refuse my sculpture.
And when Otho and I get through
with this house, you people are

not going to recognize it.

LYDIA

(dramatically)

I say let's keep it the way it is.

Delia stares at Lydia.

CHARLES

(smiles)

Good idea!

Delia shifts her glare to Charles.

LYDIA

I do. I really like it. I mean, it's already sort of like somebody's home, isn't it? Their couch is comfortable and doesn't stick to your legs. It smells like a real home, not a French whorehouse.

DELIA

Lydia, at your age, you are so young.

(back to business)

Charles, we need to call that awful Jane Butterfield tomorrow

and get the key to the attic door.
Can't you find a way to hold back
some of her commission?

CHARLES

We're going to have a lot to do
tomorrow...
The Goodwill truck is coming.

DELIA

... and whatever is up there in
that attic goes away with it.

CHARLES

Should have it fumigated, too. I
saw a fly today.

Lydia looks at them with a mixture of sadness and
anger.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - ON THE STAIRS

-- listening, sit Barbara and Adam. A tear rolls down
her face.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam and Barbara are lying down on the floor, peering out of one of the small windows overlooking the front yard of the house. The handbook open in front of them.

EXT. FRONT YARD - ADAM AND BARBARA'S POV - DAY

The entire front yard is alive with workmen and their vehicles. Plumbers, electricians, cable TV men, etc. In the road on front of the house are several cars of rubbernecking locals, astonished by all the activity. The City has come to Town. Moving men continue to move in the Deetz' modern, expensive and ugly furniture. They collide with Goodwill men coming out with the Maitlands' lovely antiques and personal possessions.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam and Barbara just look at one another as if to say "We're next!" Adam leafs through the handbook furiously.

BARBARA

Look in the index...

ADAM

Not really... what's this?

Adam pulls from the book an ancient, yellowed, crumbling handbill. He carefully opens it.

ON handbill -- very primitive, crude, red printing.

ADAM (V.O.)

(reading)

Having difficulty adjusting?
Is death a problem and not a
solution? Unhappy with eternity?
Troubled by the living? Call
Betelgeuse, the bio-exorcist.
That's Betelgeuse, Betel...

The remainder of the sheet is torn off.

ON Barbara -- fingering the torn edge. Looking in the book for the remainder. No luck.

BARBARA

That's it? No number, or
instructions?

ADAM

Nothing. The bio-exorcist? I
don't get it...

INT. KITCHEN

Charles, away from the chaos outside is calmly steeping a mug of herb tea. His solitude is interrupted by a 2500 lb. Vulcan range breaking through a too-small kitchen window.

CHARLES
(shouting through
the window)

What the hell are you trying to do
out there?

DELIA - OUTSIDE

is berating the inept crane operator and shrieks periodically at some fine art movers who are struggling under her horrid modern welded steel sculptures.

LYDIA

snaps photos of the mayhem. She stops to scan the whole house.

LYDIA'S POV

When her gaze reaches to top of the house, she suddenly

glimpses Barbara and Adam's faces in the window.

BACK TO SCENE

Lydia blinks hard. Her mouth drops open. She looks all around -- as if she'd just seen a ghost or two.

JANE BUTTERFIELD'S CAR

pulls up. Little Jane sits in the front seat, burdened with an enormous stack of collated and stapled copies.

Lydia catches sight of Jane and runs over.

Little Jane locks her door, in fear of Lydia--the strange. Lydia stares at her.

LITTLE JANE

Are you a boy or a girl?

LYDIA

I only speak to vertebrates.

LYDIA

What happened to the people who used to live here?

LITTLE JANE
(ratty little voice)
They drowned!

JANE
Yes, they were family. I was
devastated.
(beat)
Here, darling.

Jane hands a key to Lydia.

LYDIA
(impressed)
Is this the key to the attic?

JANE
That's a skeleton key. It'll open
any door in that house. Will you
give it to your father?
(handing her a
business card)
And you might mention that I
single-handedly decorated the
house. In case he needs advice in
that area. Come see me.

Jane goes away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lydia's face sobers as she looks up at the now empty attic window.

DELIA (O.S.)

Help! Get off me!

Lydia drops the skeleton key into her pocket surreptitiously. She follows Delia's SHRIEKING.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Lydia rounds the corner to see Delia, pinned flat against the house by one of her horrid steel sculptures. Two movers are struggling to free her. Lydia snaps a quick photograph.

They finally free Delia. She clutches at her head, just short of tearing her hair out.

DELIA

You jerks! That is my art, and it is dangerous! You think I want to want to die like that?

(seeing Lydia)

Lydia. Moving is a family affair.

So buckle down now and go get
Mommy some drugs.

LYDIA
Any particular kind?

DELIA
Joke! Joke! Aspirin!

Lydia walks off toward the house.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara is half-hiding on the edge of the window.

BARBARA
That little girl saw us.

ADAM
She couldn't have. We can't make
them see us.

BARBARA
But she saw us. I could feel it.

ADAM
(pause, thinking
that over)

That's all we need.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lydia looks up the stairs at the attic landing. She's a little scared. She decides to go up the dark stairs.

IN THE HALL

At the end of the hall stands Charles, directing men who are carrying books into the room that will be his study.

He continues on.

A BLAST of STEAM

fills the hallway, because workmen are already going at the wallpaper. Lydia emerges from it. Looking up at stairway to attic, mounting courage.

INT. STAIRCASE TO ATTIC - DAY

Lydia creeps upward, taking the skeleton key from her pocket. FLOORBOARDS SQUEAK.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Adam works on his model. He hears the SQUEAK, looks up confidently.

ADAM

(whispering)

Don't worry. I've locked it.

Barbara smiles and knits while rocking in her chair.

INT. ATTIC LANDING

Lydia quietly inserts the key in the lock of the attic door. She turns it. The key is stiff. She turns harder. It's stuck. Lydia tries the door -- it's no go. She turns the key again. This time it goes all the way around.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara and Adam, surprised by the key, look at each other, carefully, very quietly, stand up and tiptoe toward door.

ON THE SCREEN OF AN OLD TV SET

in the corner of the attic -- Suddenly -- a ghostly image POPS ON.

ON TV - A BIZARRE, SMALLISH FELLOW

outfitted in a too-big cowboy hat, bad wig, and oversized sunglasses appears on screen singing very quickly. (It's a heavily disguised BETELGEUSE.)

BEHIND HIM

the CAMERA QUICKLY PANS an assortment of tombstones a la Cal Worthington.

BETELGEUSE

(singing)

Have the living got you down?

Betelgeuse!

Are they jacking you around?

Betelgeuse!

Have you broken out in hives

'Cause you're tired of their jive?

I will drive them from your

hive... Betelgeuse!

ANOTHER ANGLE

CAMERA TILTS DOWN a flashing tombstone with "BETELGEUSE" written on it. Adam rushes over to shut it off. He can't find a plug. He looks around behind set... no workings inside at all. He peers around to the screen. It is blank. Suddenly -- Betelgeuse POPS ON AGAIN.

BETELGEUSE

Say it once... Betelgeuse
Say it twice... Betelgeuse.
The third time's a charm...
Betelgeuse!
Come on down!

He POPS OFF. Adam and Barbara stare at each other.

INT. LANDING - DAY

Lydia listens. Did she hear something? She puts her hand on the knob and tries to turn it. It's stuck.

Then the key eerily pops out of the lock and falls on the floor.

Charles' head suddenly appears behind her. Scares her.

CHARLES

What are you doing?

INT. ATTIC

Adam is holding on tight to the knob of the door. With her knitting needle, Barbara has poked the key out.

The two stand absolutely still, listening, terrified of the living intruders.

INT. ATTIC LANDING - LYDIA AND CHARLES

LYDIA

I was just trying to open the door. Mrs. Butterfield brought over a skeleton key.

CHARLES

Let me have it.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara and Adam tighten.

ON THE LANDING

LYDIA

But it doesn't work.

She hands her father the key. He looks at it and throws it in the corner.

CHARLES

Skeleton keys never work. Anyway, this can wait. We'll get a crowbar later. Where's your mother?

LYDIA

(very quick decisive delivery)

Stepmother.

CHARLES

I'm going down to relax. I want a noise-free zone. Do you understand? Noise-free.

He goes down the stairs.

LYDIA

Dad?

He continues.

CHARLES
(irritated, over
his shoulder)

What?

LYDIA
I'm lonely.

A BLAST OF STEAM from below drowns out her words.
Charles stops and turns around. The BLAST STOPS.

CHARLES
What?

TIGHT ON LYDIA

She is resolved.

LYDIA
Nothing.

Charles continues. She begins to follow slowly.

ON KEY

behind Lydia. WIDEN as Adam rushes out the door, grabs the key and rushes back in again. Lydia hears something but doesn't see.

INT. ATTIC

Barbara and Adam have moved away from the door.

ADAM
(looking through
the handbook)
We need some help. I found
something this morning. Here.
Emergencies.
(reads)
"In case of emergency, draw door."

BARBARA
Draw door? I don't know why we
keep looking in that stupid book.

Adam takes a piece of chalk and draws a little door on the exposed brick of the chimney.

BARBARA
(continuing)
You don't actually think this

is going to work?

Adam draws a doorknob. Then he tries to turn it. The door, perhaps to his surprise, fails to open.

BARBARA

Yet another triumph for Adam and Barbara in the afterlife. Why don't we try this Beetle guy??...

ADAM

Wait.

He looks at book, then writes on the door: KNOCK AND ENTER. He exchanges a glance with Barbara. She's even more skeptical than before. Turns away in disgust.

Adam knocks on the door, and turns the knob. Nothing. She is more disgusted. Adam goes back to the book.

ADAM

(continuing)

Aha! Knock three times.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He knocks three times. Turns knob. The chalked door swings magnificently open.

Behind is an eerie light source, SOARING MUSIC, maybe even a heavenly choir singing pear-shaped syllables.

Barbara and Adam look at one another again. They hold hands and step tentatively through.

Their figures are lost in the blinding light.

They start to shut door after them.

ON THE ATTIC LANDING

Lydia is staring at the light pouring from under the attic door. It suddenly goes out.

ON LYDIA

She is dumbfounded. She listens.

ON THE LANDING

Lydia speeds down the steps.

INT. CHARLES' STUDY - DAY

Charles, fiercely intent on relaxing, paces like a catfish out of water. Ralph Lauren in K-mart. He stretches. He sits uneasily in an easy chair, tries like hell to get comfortable. Finally, he puts a book under his bottom to get sitting straight. Looks around tapping his fingers. What to do? Looks at watch.

He takes down a book from Adam's library, it is an Audubon book of birds. He whips through it like it's the comics and then looks around for more.

He finds the "Illustrated Walden" by Thoreau. He speed reads it.

He is now really bored. Goes to the fireplace, tries to light it. Cannot do it. Goes to desk and writes:

OTHO-INSTALL GAS FIRE LOGS IN
STUDY.

He studies bird posters. Finds beautiful cardinal picture.

Takes field glasses and looks out window.

HIS POV

Spies big ugly-looking ratty bird devouring something.

ON CHARLES

horrified. Wrinkles his nose.

Lydia enters. He jumps.

CHARLES

Jesus Christ!

Lydia is shocked.

CHARLES

(continuing)

Darling, can't you see I'm
relaxing in here!

LYDIA

Well I just wanted to tell you
what I saw.

CHARLES

Lydia. What the hell is the point
of my moving up here if you people
won't let me relax? Go help your
mother.

Charles returns to field glasses, spies something. She

looks at him in frustration.

LYDIA

(on her way out)

Fine. Maybe you can relax in a
haunted house. But I can't.

She exits. Charles peers after her, brow furrowed.
Looks out again at the village. Uses his field glasses
to get a better look.

HIS POV

It is the Bozman Building. Ernie is out front pol-
ishing the brass lion.

ON CHARLES

He thinks. Moves the field glasses to punctuate his
discovery of the building. (His eyes never leave field
glasses throughout the following.)

CHARLES

Nice building... Bad paint. Good
lines... bad roof. Good
parking... hmmm???

That really registers with him. Without looking, he dials a familiar number on the phone with one hand, lifts the receiver. He clacks his teeth together purposefully.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Botco International.

CHARLES

Yes, I'd like to speak with Maxie Dean.

SECRETARY'S VOICE

He's not in right now.

CHARLES

Well tell him that Charles Deetz called.

He hangs up and continues to spy on Bozman Building. Clacks his teeth.

CHARLES

(continuing)

My God what I could do with that parking.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT SHOT - BARBARA AND ADAM

Very still, they look cautiously to the right and left -- just with their eyes. They're astounded by what they see, though we don't yet see it.

ADAM

... Not what I expected when we walked through that door.

BARBARA

No. But it's somewhere without big worms.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK and we find that Adam and Barbara are in:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The most unpleasant waiting room that you ever remember waiting in. Fifties furniture with broken legs, couches propped up on telephone books.

Standing ashtrays with dirty stand. Linoleum floors patched a hundred times. National Geographics with the covers torn off. The "Take a number" registers in the millions.

AS THE CAMERA COMPLETES A CIRCLE OF THE ROOM

We see a RECEPTIONIST. She's the quintessential 50's receptionist -- tight sweater, bullet-breasted bra, bleached hair, red lipstick. She's wearing a ribbon across her breast reading "MISS ARGENTINA" and there are knife slashes across both wrists.

RECEPTIONIST

You don't have an appointment, do you?

ADAM

W... We didn't know how to make one.

BARBARA

An appointment for what?

RECEPTIONIST

What do you want?

BARBARA

We need some help.

RECEPTIONIST

Already? You just bit the big one nine months ago and you want help?

ADAM

Nine months? What difference does that make?

RECEPTIONIST

(shrugging)

Good luck. You're going to use up all your help vouchers.

ADAM

Help vouchers?

RECEPTIONIST

D-90's. You spend a hundred and twenty-five years on earth, actually, in that house, during which you get only three class-one D-90 intercessions with Juno. You probably haven't even read through the manual completely yet.

BARBARA

Why three?

TYPIST

Behind the Receptionist holds up both hands each of

which have only three fingers on them.

TYPIST

Rule Number Three. Everything
comes in threes...

RECEPTIONIST

You'll have to wait if you don't
have an appointment.

BARBARA

How long do we have to wait?

ADAM

Wait for who?

RECEPTIONIST

For Juno, your caseworker. Not
that it matters to your type. But
there are all these other people
here ahead of you. I'd say 3
hours.

The waiting room is now filled with people. Dead
people, some in fairly awful states. A cornucopia of
carnal shreddage.

Adam and Barbara look around for a moment, then very
quietly, they reach out to grasp hands.

RECEPTIONIST

(continuing)

Number 54 million, six hundred
one. Ferndock.

CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATTIC LANDING - DAY

Lydia kneels down with a screwdriver, a nail file, an ice pick, and a credit card. She inserts nail file into the door. She struggles, and after several attempts -- finally uses the ice pick and POP! The door swings open ominously.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia enters. The room is dim, and filled with dust motes. There are shadows in all the corners.

She bumps into a switch which engages the model sun and moon and that eerily illuminates the model town. She's frightened, then entranced.

She peers at it from different angles, her fear forgotten. She notes small tools scattered around an unfinished area. She continues around the model, oblivious to everything else. Then...

She kicks something. Ducks under the table and comes up with something, holds it up to the light. It's the handbook. She looks through it. Finds the marked page... looks at the chalk door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Barbara and Adam are still holding hands, as if they hadn't moved. Like waiting for an IRS audit.

BARBARA

(to Adam)

Is this what happens when you die?

The Receptionist overhears. She points at Barbara.

RECEPTIONIST

This is what happens when YOU die.

(points to another
corpse)

That is what happens when HE dies.

That is what happens when THEY
die. It's highly personal. And

I'll tell you something... if I
knew then what I know now... I
wouldn't have had my little
"accident!"

She holds up her wrists and smiling at her little joke,
wiggles them indicating her slashes.

OTHER CORPSES
(all together)

Amen!

Barbara and Adam look at them. Corpses resume doing
what they were doing. A GRINDING NOISE O.S. -- The
Receptionist looks up.

Barbara and Adam also look O.S.

THEIR POV

A Message delivery wire GRINDS along loudly on a
pulley. The actual message is held in the hand of the
MESSENGER, a flattened corpse, suspended as if on a
shirt clothesline, tire marks on his face and clothing.
A major roadkill. Dust and gravel ground into him. He
smiles wanly at Barbara and Adam as the Receptionist
takes a message on a piece of paper and reads it.

RECEPTIONIST

Maitland, party of two! Take your
handbook and go to the sixth door.

Barbara and Adam upset at the loss of their handbook...

BARBARA

We forgot our handbook.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia is studying the handbook with intense interest.

CHARLES (O.S.)

(from distant
downstairs)

Lydia, Delia needs your help!

Lydia gives one more look at the book, and then goes to
the door quickly and silently.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Right now, Delia says!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

RECEPTIONIST

(shaking her head
in disgust)

Out that way, through the typing
pool, down the corridor, sixth
door on your left. Sixth door.
Two threes.

(shaking her head)
Airhead.

Adam and Barbara walk through a door.

INT. TYPING POOL - DAY

A vast room of desks arranged in a grid, straight
out of "How To Succeed In Business"... Each desk is
occupied, too, but most of the secretaries are merely
skeletons, or mouldering corpses slumped over their
typewriters.

Only one secretary, somewhere in the vast grid, is
typing slowly, with long pauses between words.

The Messenger on his return trip, parallels Barbara and
Adam as they walk along. Barbara can't look at him.

MESSENGER

How do I look? There're no
mirrors on this side.

ADAM
(trying to be
pleasant)
Fine, you look fine.

MESSENGER
Thanks. I've been feeling a
little flat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He laughs at his own joke as he goes back through the very, very narrow slot in the wall where the line runs. Adam and Barbara look to the right and left. A vast stack of files slips off a desk and spills out onto the floor.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Barbara and Adam enter corridor.

Empty, like a hotel corridor, but all the doors are of different types -- a revolving door, a dutch door, church doors. They walk past a waist-high window,

covered by a roll-up shade.

BARBARA

A hundred twenty-five years!
I can't believe it. I can't
believe they didn't tell us.

She bumps into the shade and it rolls up FLAPPING. She
stares in through the window. Adam peers in it too.

THEIR POV

A smouldering, mist-filled room. From the smoky plasma
floats an occasional tortured soul. Unspeakably SAD
MUSIC wafts from within. They get only a glimpse of
the bodies in this horrible human soup.

BARBARA

Adam, look at this.

Suddenly, floating up from below, immediately on the
other side of the window, a white-crepe face emerges.
It seems to be that of a woman, her eyes are red and
blue tears rim them. Her pale skin is covered with a
flaking crust of salt. She wears the saddest look
ever. Her mouth opens plaintively but no sound comes.

BARBARA

(continuing)

Oh, Adam... what is this?

A reflection joins them on their side of the window.

A SINISTER LITTLE JANITOR

wizened and efficient, pulls the shade down firmly.

SINISTER MAN

That's the lost souls room.

A room for ghosts who have been
exorcised. Poor devils. That's
death for the dead. It's all in
the handbook. Keep moving.

The man scuttles off. Adam and Barbara walk on sadly,
until they come to a door that looks exactly like the
swinging door between the kitchen and dining room of
their house.

ADAM

This is it... the sixth door.

Puzzled -- Barbara pushes it.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everything is dark, quiet -- but the furniture is obviously not theirs, and neither is the decoration. Adam and Barbara exchange glances, and push on through into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quiet, dark. Everyone's asleep.

ADAM

My God, we're back home.

BARBARA

Look at this, everything is different down here. All our furniture is gone.

ADAM

How long do you suppose we were waiting?

JUNO

Three months.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A spot comes on, revealing JUNO -- their caseworker. She's an older woman, no nonsense about her. Over-dressed in an outfit that includes a blouse with ruffled cuffs. We will at some point catch a glimpse of her slashed throat -- she smokes heavily. Occasionally smoke puffs from her cut throat.

JUNO

I'd nearly given up on you. I was about to leave. I do have other clients.

BARBARA

Are you Juno, our caseworker?

JUNO

Yes. I evaluate individual cases and determine if help is needed, deserved, and available.

BARBARA

We need help. We deserve help.

ADAM

Are you available?

JUNO

No.

(beat)

What's wrong?

BARBARA

We're very unhappy.

JUNO

What do you expect? You're dead.

ADAM

We'd like some help in getting rid
of the people who moved in here.
Barbara and I worked very hard on
this house.

BARBARA

We probably wouldn't mind sharing
the house with people who were --

JUNO

-- like you used to be?

BARBARA

Yes.

ADAM

But these people --

He indicates a particularly bad piece of Delia's sculpture. Juno walks around it shaking her head.

INT. HOUSE

The following conversation takes place as Barbara and Adam follow Juno as she looks around the house and ends up in their attic space.

JUNO

Things seem pretty quiet here.
You should thank God you didn't
die in Italy.

(checking the file)

The Deetzes. Okay. Have you been
studying the manual?

ADAM

We tried.

JUNO

The Intermediate Interface chapter
on Haunting says it all. Get 'em
out yourself. It's your house.
Haunted houses don't come easy.

BARBARA

We don't quite get it.

Juno's watch BUZZES, she stops it.

JUNO

I heard.

(refers to her file)

Tore your face right off! Bad news. It obviously doesn't do any good to pull your heads off in front of people if they can't see you.

ADAM

We have to start simpler, is that it?

JUNO

Start simply. Do what you know. Use your talents. Practice. We only help those who help themselves. Just do a little at a time. And of course, practice, practice, practice. It's tricky but -- you weren't murderers by any chance, were you?

BARBARA

No.

JUNO

Pity. Murderers seem to have an

easy time of it. Just look at
Amityville.

(reminiscing)

He was one of my boys. Didn't
have to give that one any lessons.
From day one... But I must be
off... I've got a plane load of
football players crashed in the
midwest... they need a lot of
help, just with the basics.

Points at her head indicating dumbness.

BARBARA

If... we have trouble. What about
the guy in the flyer? Betelge...

JUNO

(quickly interrupt-
ing her)

Don't say his name, you don't want
his help.

Adam and Barbara look at each other. Puzzled.

ADAM & BARBARA

Well... We might...

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Juno peers into the model cemetery with interest. A FLY BUZZES around her. Juno blows it away. Fly flees.

JUNO

No you don't! He does not work well with others.

BARBARA

What do you mean? What's he do?

A grave look comes over Juno's face as the light changes to suggest someone telling a ghost story around a campfire.

JUNO

I wasn't going to bring it up -- but rather than have you stumble into it and make another mistake, I'll tell you --

(she nervously puffs her cigarette)

He was my assistant, but he was a troublemaker...

He went out on his own as a freelance bio-exorcist -- claims to get rid of the living... got into more trouble -- you remember the

Chicago Fire...

Adam and Barbara look at each other. Juno continues.

JUNO

(continuing)

He was demoted to a Grade-6 malevolent spirit. He's been imprisoned on that plane ever since... in fact, I believe he's been sleezing around your cemetery lately. He can only be brought back by saying his name three times.

Adam and Barbara attempt to interrupt --

JUNO

(continuing)

But I strongly suggest that you remove the Deetz's yourself.

She takes a final drag on the cigarette and smoke billows out the hole in her throat. Juno starts to FADE.

ADAM

And if we need you again, how do we...?

Juno fades. Gone. Barbara goes to the model, looks at the cemetery.

BARBARA

That guy is in our cemetery. Oh, Adam.

ADAM

(holds her shoulders, calms her)

Look, she's right. We'll just start simple, honey, be tougher. I feel... confident. C'mon.

They exit.

CAMERA FOLLOWS ACTION - OVER THE MODEL

The FLY BUZZES. It lands and crawls along into the model of the cemetery.

THE FLY

resplendently green and iridescent, pauses and fiddles with its hairy parts. Starts to walk by.

VOICE

Pssstt! Over here!

Fly stops. Tilts its multi-eyed head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Two hands come up from the earth of that grave holding a candy bar.

VOICE

I can't use this. You should have it. Flies get so little respect anymore.

THE FLATTERED FLY

walks over to the grave. In a flash, the hands grab the struggling fly and dance it like a doll over the grave and then pull it into the earth.

FLY

Buzzz!

(turns into)

Help me! Help me!

A MANIACAL LAUGH grows from the grave. WIND BLOWS as

the Fly disappears. Ivy whips away from the gravestone. We see, for the first time, the chiseled name:

BETELGEUSE

CLAP OF THUNDER.

INT. CHARLES' STUDY - NIGHT

Charles is on the phone. He has drawings laid out in front of him. He is at his most urban persuasive, and oddly relaxed -- he is finally in his own element.

CHARLES

Maxie, have I not always made you money? I think that is the only real question here.

INT. MAXIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

New York office, cool design, black couch, and MAXIE DEAN, a 55-year-old, super tan, white-haired wheeler dealer. Sign says: CHAIRMAN of BOTCO INDUSTRIES. Maxie looks rich and he looks cool as he talks to Charles. Behind him, Sarah, his rich-looking blonde wife, is looking at herself in a mirror.

MAXIE

Well, Charles -- no one has made me money like you. Until your nerves went, you were a demon. It is just that... Winter River, Connecticut is, you'll forgive me, no fucking where. Why would I invest that kind of money to buy an old building way the hell up there?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

CHARLES

Not a building! That's the beauty of it. I think I can buy the whole town. These people don't know the value of their property!

MAXIE

Then we own a whole town full of nowhere.

CHARLES

No, No -- C'mon, Max, you know me. I've got plans. You gotta come up here and see, then I'll tell you about it.

Maxie isn't much interested.

MAXIE

Well, sure, Charles, but I am busy here... you know how it was when you were active.

This burns Charles. But he swallows it. He hears something in the corridor outside -- a kind of LOW MOANING.

CHARLES

(into telephone)

Just a minute, Maxie. Somebody.

MAXIE

No listen... we'll talk about this visiting later, I gotta go, I gotta meeting on the Japanese joint venture.

CHARLES

(torn between the
MOANING and Maxie)

Great idea, Maxie! Those Japanese could run it for us. Listen, think right about it, will you? We've almost got the house ready,

you bring Sarah with you and I'll show you.

MAXIE

Yeah yeah, we'll think on it.
Bye ya, Charles. You relax up there, ya hear?

Maxie hangs up. Shakes his head.

MAXIE

(continuing)

Putz! Inter River? My ass.

INT. CHARLES' STUDY - NIGHT

Charles hangs up frustrated. MOANING INCREASES. He goes to the door and flings it open.

A figure is right there in the doorway -- A ghost under a sheet. But a "designer" sheet. He wails away like a banshee. Eyeholes cut in sheets, Charles jumps, recovers.

CHARLES

Oh, Jesus, Lydia! Is Connecticut so boring that you have to think up shit like this?

ON Barbara, she stands back away from the door observing skeptically.

CHARLES

(continuing)

I had Maxie Dean on the phone!
Darling, Dad's found a way to make
some money here while I relax, so
scram!

He slams the door, turns around. Then turns around again, and jerks the door open. The ghost is retreating, beaten.

CHARLES

(continuing)

And your mother is going to kill
you when she sees that you cut
holes in her \$300 sheets. You
provoke her you know. I mean she
can be an unreasonable bitch. But
you do provoke her.

He SLAMS the door again.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adam helps Barbara on with her sheet.

BARBARA

God, this is so corny. Have we
been reduced to this? Sheets?

ADAM

Think of them as death shrouds.
And the moaning is important.
Really moan!
(imitating Juno)
Practice, practice, practice.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Television still going, Delia asleep with curlers.
Adam and Barbara glide inside, go over and stand beside
the bed.

ADAM

Deep breath... and...

INT. LYDIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

She has her ever-present camera around her neck. Sud-
denly hears MOANS from her parents' room. Thinking it
is sexual, she cringes. Covers her ears.

LYDIA

Gross! How can he stand that woman?

(louder)

Hey, cut it out! I'm a child!
For God sakes!

The NOISE gets weirder. Lydia gets interested.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Barbara moan and groan. Delia doesn't stir.

BARBARA

I feel really stupid.

ADAM

It's not stupid. We're ghosts.
Do you want this woman for
breakfast for 125 years? Moan
louder!

Barbara moans louder and more weirdly.

Delia stirs, sits up, but doesn't open her eyes.

Adam and Barbara are excited then... disappointed as

Delia fumbles on the bedside table for the remote control device, and without opening her eyes, turns off the television set. Then she turns over, and is lost to the world totally.

Barbara sighs. She and Adam walk toward the door. When they open it however, Lydia is standing there in her pajamas -- she snaps a FLASH Polaroid -- and Adam and Barbara jump backwards with yelps of fright.

LYDIA

Sick! Sexual perversion! If you're going to do weird sexual stuff you ought to stay in your bedroom, okay?

Lydia starts back into her room. Then looks at the developing photograph. Something catches her eye.

Lydia yelps with fear.

LYDIA

Holy cow! No feet!

She screams. Adam and Barbara scream. Lydia rushes back toward them, starts flashing pictures.

Adam and Barbara run around and are pushed into a corner. Polaroids fly everywhere.

Lydia runs out of film. She stares at them, panting with fear. A standoff.

LYDIA
(continuing)
A... Are you the guys who're
hiding out in the attic?

ADAM
(fake terror voice)
We're ghosts.

Barbara moans.

LYDIA
(skeptical, cautious)
W... What do you look like under
there?

Adam and Barbara pull shut bedroom door, go out into the hall -- as if to keep from waking Delia with their conversation.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

All three stare at each other tentatively.

ADAM

Aren't you scared?

LYDIA

I'm not scared of Ralph Lauren.
Those are sheets. Are you gross
under there? Are you "Night of
the Living Dead" under there?
Like all bloody veins and pus?

ADAM

What?

LYDIA

"Night of the Living Dead?" It's
a movie.

BARBARA

(pulling off
the sheet)

If I had seen a ghost at your age,
I would have been frightened out
of my wits.

LYDIA

You're not gross. Why were you
wearing a sheet?

BARBARA

We're practicing.

ADAM

You can actually see us? Without
the sheets?

LYDIA

Is this like a trick question?

BARBARA

Tell the truth.

LYDIA

(offended)

Of course I can see you.

ADAM

Nobody else can.

LYDIA

I'm wearing contacts... Also I
read through the "Handbook for the
Recently Deceased." It says that
live people ignore the strange and
unusual... I, myself, am strange
and unusual.

BARBARA

(tenderly)

You look like a regular girl to me.

Lydia blushes. Barbara smiles warmly. She is beginning to like Lydia.

ADAM

You read our book? Could you follow it?

Lydia nods her head.

LYDIA

Why are you creeping around Delia's bedroom?

ADAM

We were trying to scare your mother.

LYDIA

Stepmother. I'm very sensitive about being related to reptiles.

Barbara smiles.

LYDIA

(continuing)

You can't scare her. She's sleeping with Prince Valium

tonight.

(defiantly)

I stole the key to your attic, you know.

Adam and Barbara look at each other.

BARBARA

Maybe we better talk.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Adam's rigged up the moon, and stars, too. Adam and Barbara and Lydia stand just beyond the fringes of the town, dimly lighted giants.

LYDIA

You did this? You carved all these little figures and houses and things?

ADAM

(pleased)

I certainly did. I'd finish it too, but... I don't get out much.

LYDIA

And this used to be your house, I

bet. Why do you want to scare everybody?

ADAM

We want to frighten you away.
(a little embarrassed)
So that you'll move out.

LYDIA

You don't know the Deetz's very well, do you? My father bought this place. He never walks away from equity. Why don't you leave?

BARBARA

We can't. We haven't left the house since the funeral.

LYDIA

Funeral. God, you guys really are dead!

(fascinated)

What was it like? The funeral. Did you cry?

ADAM

We weren't there. The handbook says funerals aren't for the dead.

LYDIA

God, if this is true this is amazing! I kinda like it up here. Can I visit you sometimes?

ADAM

Well, I don't know... We don't get many visitors.

BARBARA

You know you're really a pretty girl.

Lydia flushes.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Lydia!

LYDIA

I better go...

BARBARA

Wait... I don't think it would be a very good idea if you told your parents that we're up here.

ADAM

Unless you think it would scare them off.

Lydia starts to exit.

ADAM

(continuing)

You tell them that we are
desperate horrible ghoulish
creatures who will stop at nothing
to get back our house.

LYDIA

(looks him up
and down)

Wait a minute, what if this is a
dream? Can you do any tricks to
prove I'm not dreaming?

Barbara shakes her head, a little ashamed.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Well, if you are real ghosts, you
better get another routine, those
sheets suck!

She sneaks a smile at Barbara and exits.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A big ugly machine is doing something unnecessary to the yard.

INT. DARKROOM/BASEMENT - DAY

The FAST-TICKING CLOCK is a timer. Lydia is making Polaroid enlargements. She's quick and expert at this. She's examining a print with a magnifying glass.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY

Delia shrieks. Going through the dirty clothes, she's just come across the sheets with the eye holes in them.

DELIA

Lydia! Lydia! My hands are
shredded from doing the laundry,
and now I have to deal with your
vandalism!

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Lydia, pounding up from the basement with the wet print, collides with Delia, rushing down from the second floor with the scissored sheets.

DELIA

Lydia, honest to God I'm going to kill you. I'm having a party tonight. I'm cooking, I can't get servants. Do I need angst? No, I certainly do not!

Lydia speeds by her.

DELIA

(continuing)

You owe me three-hundred bucks, Lydia! Don't go running to your father, you worm.

INT. CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

Lydia rushes in. Charles is working furiously on a word processor, amidst an array of maps and plans.

LYDIA

Dad. Do you believe me?

CHARLES

Yes. Except when you creep around in your mother's --

LYDIA

Stepmother's...

CHARLES

... sheets.

LYDIA

Well this is... I mean, this is
the weirdest --

CHARLES

Lydia, I don't know what it is
with you and these practical
jokes, but --

LYDIA

This is not a joke! That sheet
was full of ghosts.

She hands him the photo. He looks. Lydia points
out...

LYDIA

(continuing)

No feet.

Charles laughs.

LYDIA

(continuing)
You don't believe me. That sheet
was full of ghosts. They live
here.

Charles begins to scroll through computer program.

CHARLES
(dismissing it)
Very clever, Lydia. Now would you
please -- I'll tell you what... I
know! You're bored, right? You
take that camera and your bike
and photograph every building in
town. Don't tell anyone what it's
for...

(handing her a
wad of bills)
Here, take some cash and go do
it. How's that? You want to
stretch, don't you?

Lydia exits, with determination. Charles looks up on
the wall and runs his finger over a plat map of Winter
River, just like Adam's in the attic.

CHARLES
(continuing)
Look at the size of these lots...

Adam peers at the map, puzzled.

ADAM

What is this guy doing?

Barbara follows Lydia out. Adam thinks, intrigued.
Exits.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Delia is frantically preparing for the evening's dinner party. Lydia is very much in her way, trying to show her the photographs. Delia isn't looking at them.

DELIA

I can't believe you are doing this to me! Ghosts. I am giving a dinner party for seven people tonight. Otho has agreed to come back for the demolition of the attic. My agent, Bernard, is bringing some woman who writes for "Art in America." In fact, no one here tonight has not been in "Vanity Fair." Except you.

LYDIA

(resigned)

I told them you were too mean to be afraid.

DELIA

Don't you dare talk to others about me. I'm an artist! The only thing that scares me is being embarrassed in front of my friends. Do you know how hard it is to get civilized people to set foot in this part of Connecticut? Not a solitary word of this pubescent tripe to anyone.

Lydia exits angrily.

CAMERA HINGES. Barbara is watching, horrified at Delia's occupation of her (Barbara's) kitchen. Adam appears.

BARBARA

Lydia's trying, but they don't believe her.

ADAM

She's got photos, Barbara.

BARBARA

Adam, you had a photo of Big Foot!

ADAM

This is different. Eventually she'll take someone to the attic. And then what? We've got to try to contact this guy Betelmyer. We gotta get some help, hon.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - LATER - DAY

Adam looks intently through the book.

Barbara's eye is caught by something in the model cemetery. She moves over and sees a small gravestone lit up by neon.

BARBARA

Adam!

Adam comes over. Looks.

ADAM

I didn't do that one... Hmmm.

BARBARA

It's him. Look... Betelgeuse...
Betelgeuse...

She looks at Adam, "should I?" Adam chews his lip thoughtfully.

ADAM

Go ahead... third time's a charm.

BARBARA

(after a deep breath)

Betelgeuse!

ZAP! They are transported into the model graveyard.

EXT. INSIDE THE MODEL GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

WIND BLOWS -- With shovels and lanterns, Adam and Barbara are unlikely gravediggers. The mechanized clouds move in the sky across the mechanical moon, throwing weird shadows everywhere. Ground fog creeps slowly along the graves. It is so eerie.

BARBARA

What happened?

ADAM

Three times. Powerful number.

BARBARA

(standing in front
of grave)
Bet... el... geuse. What an
awful name. I thought it was like
-- you know. The juice of
beetles.

Adam cringes too.

BARBARA
(continuing)
Where is he? What do we do?

Adam looks down at the grave. Knocks on the stone.
Nothing.

ADAM
Has anything been simple so far?
From the look of the shovel, we
dig.

BARBARA
Oh, Adam. I don't have gloves.
My nails keep getting longer.
I'll break them.

Hands her a shovel anyway. She digs.

EXT. INSIDE THE MODEL GRAVEYARD - LATER - NIGHT

They're almost down six feet. By now they are both almost out of sight in the grave. Inside the grave -- Adam suddenly hits wood.

BARBARA

It's about time.

They lean down and brush dirt off a brass plate on the coffin.

"BETELGEUSE"

ADAM

I guess we open it.

BARBARA

Maybe we should knock first?

A slight TREMOR shakes them. They look at each other and try to scramble from the grave.

TOPSIDE

They just barely crawl out when a mouldering corpse springs out of the grave and jumps on Barbara's back, and plants a thousand-year-old kiss on her lips. She

screams and burbles. Adam pulls the corpse off her back. The corpse does a Three Stooges hammer on Adam's head.

Adam staggers backward, unhurt but shocked. All three stop.

ON THE CORPSE

Something unreal about him, almost mechanical. Then the corpse, grinning insanely at them, flies straight up into the air over their heads. He CRASHES against the tombstone...

And Adam and Barbara see the corpse is only a huge marionette on a string and pole. A LAUGH comes from behind the gravestone.

PUPPETEER BETELGEUSE

steps out. He looks like someone who just crawled out from under a rock. This is one slippery customer. Betelgeuse speaks in a rapid polyglot, choosing words and phrases from every slang in the world. Barbara is mighty uneasy.

BETELGEUSE

All right. Who are you?

BARBARA

We're...

BETELGEUSE

You're the dead.

ADAM

Aren't you dead?

BETELGEUSE

Hell no! I'm rolling. I'm a
businessman. I'm the man what
am. Beeetel Jooose! Who
do I gotta kill?

ADAM

You don't kill anyone.

BARBARA

Just get some people out of our
house.

BETELGEUSE

Bio busting. I love it. Who do
I gotta kill? Family -- right?
Obnoxious, I bet.

(contorting face)

Mommie, daddy, piglets.

BARBARA

Just one daughter.

BETELGEUSE

Hey you've been on Saturn!

(brushing yellow dust
off her)

I hate those Sandworms! Yecchhh!

I've lost a lot of buddies to
Sandworms.

(back to work)

So a daughter? She got good legs?

God I love a young leg.

Air blows up Barbara's dress, exposing her legs. He
leers.

BARBARA

She's only fourteen...

ADAM

... acts like she's thirty-five.

BETELGEUSE

(rubbing hands)

How does she feel about short old
men with dirty ears?

Barbara is grossed out and increasingly uneasy. Beetle Juice senses it and gets back to business.

BETELGEUSE

So you, the dead, want me, the undead, to throw the live guys -- Mommie, Daddy and Lolita, who might not mind a tumble with an older guy, out into the cold? Even though they have paid hard casharoonie for your dump?

ADAM

But... the Deetzes are destroying our house.

BETELGEUSE

(scolding sarcasm)

You Maitlands are the backbone of the afterlife. So what's my cut?

ADAM

Can you scare them off?

Beetle Juice looks offended.

BETELGEUSE

Me, scary? You be the judge.

ANGLE

He swirls his face and shoulders into a horrifying image. Pleased, he laughs at himself.

BARBARA
(decisively)
Honey. Let's go.

ADAM
Go? What d'ya mean? We need help.

BARBARA
No, we don't. We can work something out ourselves. We just have to try harder.

BETELGEUSE
Hold on. Let's not be squeamish, missy. You rang my bell, you gotta lick the pump. I'm rolling!

BARBARA

grabs Adam. Betelgeuse is getting mad. Not pretty.

BETELGEUSE

Folks, be reasonable here. I'm at
your service. You be the judge.
I'm a harmless guy. Try me.

BARBARA

Home. Home. Home!

ZAP

They are gone. Betelgeuse is furious.

BETELGEUSE

You fresh corpse creeps! Who do
you think you are?... Walking
away from a professional?

BETELGEUSE

walks to a tree and kicks it hard. The whole huge tree
falls, KABLOOM!

INT. ATTIC - DAY

A small tree falls in the model. Adam, across the

room, walks over and straightens it.

He looks at Barbara who is poring over the handbook.
Making notes. Counting out procedures.

ADAM

Honey, I think that was a mistake.

BARBARA

I am not going to expose that
little girl to that... pervert
down there.

ADAM

How'd you do that?

BARBARA

(proud of herself)

Just a hunch... remember things
come in threes -- three times in,
three times out... I'm getting the
hang of this stuff.

ADAM

I think we really pissed him off.

BARBARA

I don't care...

ADAM

But we let him out.

BARBARA

I've changed my mind... I feel really confident. We're getting better at this stuff. We can scare them off ourselves -- tonight! I've got an idea. You're going to love it... I'm going to hate it.

ADAM

turns to look down at the model again. Straightens the tree. Turns away. We can see a tiny light moving through the tiny model forest towards the house.

ADAM (V.O.)

Okay. But that Betelgeuse sure seemed mad.

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

(singing)

Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work I go!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner for seven, as promised. Everything looks very nice. Deetzes are in control and in their element. The element is neurotic-chic.

Some of the guests are affecting distaste for having had to make the long drive to Connecticut. There's a bitchy feud going on between GRACE, the "Art In America" writer, and BERNARD, Delia's agent, that threatens to become a full-scale war.

Otho is drunkish and engaged in his third favorite occupation -- direct attacks on the personal weaknesses of his friends. He's singled out his victim, BERYL, the editor for Ballantine, a frail-looking woman who is dressed "artistically."

OTHO

(to Beryl)

Well, darling, you can only have a hysterectomy once, so why don't you tell us what you really went into the hospital for last week? Or dare I ask, is that a nose "nouveau?"

CHARLES

(privately; to
Otho)

Otho, you've got to help me get Maxie Dean up here. I have a deal that could make all of us very comfortable.

OTHO

He's a cloven-hooved beast!

CHARLES

He's your cousin.

OTHO

I am ashamed to say he is. Look, nothing short of giving away free sacks of money would get him up here, Charles. And Sarah? Forget it. You can't get her out of Bergdorf's with plastic explosives.

(still on Beryl's
case)

I just hope it wasn't yet another of your dreary suicide attempts. You know what they say about people who commit suicide. In the afterlife, they become civil servants.

BERNARD

Otho! I didn't know you were into the supernatural?

OTHO

Of course you remember! After my stint with the living theatre. I was one of New York City's leading paranormal researchers until the bottom dropped out of the business in '72.

BERYL

(sick to death of
this blowhard)

Paranormal... Is that what they're calling your kind now?

Lydia watches Otho thoughtfully. Suddenly very curious.

Delia senses that Lydia might talk ghosts here.

DELIA

(a threat; quietly
to Lydia)

Don't you dare.

LYDIA

I saw some ghosts.

All quiet.

DELIA
(interrupting)
Lydia tried to play a most
amusing joke on me this afternoon.

LYDIA
It wasn't a joke.

DELIA
Tried to convince me that this
house is haunted. Kids. Kids.
Kids! I love them.

Otho's glance sharpens at this. Everyone else listens.

GRACE
By ghosts?

LYDIA
By what else?

DELIA
(laughing it away)
In sheets yet. Designer sheets.
They --

Charles, seeing things aren't going well for Delia,
proposes a toast.

CHARLES

I propose a toast to our intrepid
friends. Who braved the
expressway and fourteen toll
booths to visit us. May your
buildings go condo.

All lift their wineglasses. All drink. All synchro-
nously spit out their wine. All together now...

EVERYONE

Yechhh!

Charles lifts the wine bottle from the cooler. Disgust
spans the room.

ON bottle -- it bears the familiar spread wings of
Thunderbird!

BERYL

Thunderbird wine? My God, Delia,
don't you even have a Safeway up
here?

DELIA

(horrified; but
recovering)

Joke Joke! Charles get the good

wine and I'll serve the shrimp.
It's a joke.

Delia stares a spike through Lydia. Delia and Charles rush into the kitchen. Otho looks at his glass and peers at Lydia.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Delia rushes to get the sushi. Charles finds some good wine.

DELIA

(rapidly; furious)

Lydia switched wines. Charles -- if you do not agree right now, to boarding school, you can forget having what you call sex -- ever again in your natural lifetime.

He nods reluctantly. She rushes back to guests.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia is looking around curiously. Delia and Charles rush back in with sushi and good wine. Delia pours for Bernard, the obvious connoisseur. He tastes the wine.

All wait. Is it Kerosene du Pape? He smiles. All smile.

Otho is more interested in Lydia's story. He leans toward her...

OTHO

Now, Lydia... Favor us about your ghosts.

DELIA

No! Do not encourage this little... person.

OTHO

Oh, Delia, lighten up!

DELIA

She's been without therapy up here and I will not allow her to ruin...

But then:

DELIA

Something comes over her -- she straightens, then crouches a little, her hand sweeps across in front of

her, almost mechanically. And then our Delia Deetz, unable to help herself, leaves the whitebread world behind and possessed, sings in someone else's voice, a rich, NEGRO TENOR.

DELIA

"If I didn't care, More than
words could say."

Lydia's eyes widen. MUSIC UP. All the guests are spellbound.

Charles, too, has the beat -- The Ink Spots in his eyes. In a voice not his own.

CHARLES

"If my every prayer, did not
begin and end with just your
name."

Delia is shocked. She looks at Lydia.

DELIA

For God's sake, stop me...

She is cut short by her powerful inspiration.

DELIA

"I could not be true to you

beyond compare."

ALL THE GUESTS

except Lydia, are possessed to become the chorus. They stand by their chairs, they spin in perfect Motown choreography.

EVERYONE

(except Lydia)

"Shoo doo wop. Shoo doo wop."

DELIA

"If I didn't care... for you..."

EVERYONE

"Shoo doo wop. Shoo doo wop."

A look of sheer delight comes across Lydia's face, unlike anything we have previously seen. She dances and claps her hands in time with the music. She is in teen heaven.

NOTE: Delia and the guests are fully aware of their singing/actions, but helpless to stop themselves. While it is funny, it is nevertheless just a little frightening.

Lydia excitedly looks around the room to see if she can see the ghosts. She can't.

Now the song pauses... Everyone tries to recover for a shocked second. Instead, the tempo changes.

As the tempo quickens, the guest/chorus is syncopated like alternating pistons as they are pushed and pulled into their chairs. They sing throughout.

THE SONG

crashes to its end. Bernard looks down at his shrimp cocktail. The shrimp draped over the rice roll suddenly rears up like a hand and, making a tiny fist, grabs his dangling tie and... smash --

WIDER -- All the guests are punched by the shrimp, back over their chairs to the ground. They are stunned. Suddenly everyone runs frightened into the next room.

EXT./INT. ATTIC ROOM - NIGHT

Adam and Barbara with huge smiles on their faces, dance the bugaloo then hug and kiss on the landing in front of the attic. Door is open.

TOGETHER

We did it!

ADAM

Let's watch 'em scatter.

They enter the attic and run to the window. Look out over the front yard.

YARD OF HOUSE - THEIR POV - NIGHT

filled with the cars of the guests, as well as Delia and Charles' vehicles.

ADAM (O.S.)

Any minute now. They'll all run screaming.

BACK TO SCENE

They wait. Nothing moving outside.

BARBARA

Your Ink Spots were wonderful!

Adam smiles proudly.

ADAM

And your shrimp was remarkable.

BARBARA

My shrimp? I did the wine.
Didn't you do the sushi?

ADAM

N... No, I just did the Ink Spots.

BARBARA (V.O.)

Who did the?

Timid KNOCK at the door of the attic.

Barbara glances at Adam. They don't know what to do.

LYDIA

(from outside the
door)

It's me. Lydia.

Adam, puzzled, goes to the door and opens it. Lydia is standing there, sheepish.

LYDIA

(continuing)

They'd like for you to come
downstairs. Delia says you can

pick any sheets you want.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guests are sitting expectantly. The photographs are being passed around. The wheels are turning in Charles' mind -- he sees a gold mine. Everyone speaks at once.

DELIA

It does indicate a marvelously urbane sense of humor on the part of these ghosts -- that they actually appear in sheets!

OTHO

We're dealing with Tracy and Hepburn here, a very sophisticated pair. We must protect them, treat them with respect. Nurture them.

CHARLES

People will pay big money for this. Right, Grace?

GRACE

(nodding)

Charles, I want to know why you

didn't tell me about this --

DELIA

(now changing her
tune)

We were waiting for proof.
Lydia's photographs...

Charles is scheming.

BERNARD

(skeptical)

What are you all talking about?
We... we just got a little drunk,
that's all.

OTHO

No matter how drunk you get, you
cannot sound like the Ink Spots.

(to Charles)

Charles, this is it! You can get
Maxie Dean up here now.

Charles plots and plans.

OTHO

His wife Sarah loves the
supernatural. I did a reading for
her just last week. Told her her

jowls would tighten soon. I mean she will make him sprint up here in his helicopter if you can produce ghosts for her.

BERYL

The "Enquirer" has offered fifty thousand dollars for absolute proof of life after death. I'll send them over.

BERNARD

I'm Delia's agent! I've lost money for years on her work. If anything actually happened here, I'll handle it, thank you. But not until I see some real proof.

Lydia appears at the base of the stairs. Everyone stops squabbling, looks at her expectantly.

LYDIA

They don't want to come down.

OTHO

Why not?

Bernard shakes his head as if all this were an elaborate hoax. He harumphs!

LYDIA

I think the reason is they were trying to scare you, and you didn't get scared --

DELIA

Of course we weren't scared.
(looking around)
Just a little startled. One of those shrimp dropped down my Kamali.

Bernard is now convinced this whole business was a put-on.

BERNARD

(shaking his head)
Total collective hallucination.

BERYL

I was a little tipsie.

DELIA

This was not a hallucination, people. This was real, really totally real.

GRACE

Of course, they were rather
spectacular effects -- for
Connecticut, I mean.

OTHO

All presences have a home space. A
place where they live, so to speak.
Where do they hide out?

LYDIA

(reluctantly)

The attic.

CHARLES

The attic room is locked --

LYDIA

They're ghosts. They do what they
want.

OTHO

Fabulous! Otho Fenlock's "Locked
Door" ghosts! Probably committed
suicide up there -- hanging like
bees from the rafters. I'm
totally enchanted.

Bernard gathers Grace and Beryl and walks out the door.

BERNARD

Delia, you are a flake. You have always been a flake. I'm packing up and going back to the tricks of the city. That I can manage. If you must frighten people, do it with your sculpture.

They exit. Delia is horrified and embarrassed.

DELIA

Wait! I'm going to get to the bottom of this! Lydia, is this some high-tech trick of yours? I want you to take us up there tout sweet!

INT. LANDING OUTSIDE OF ATTIC

Delia, Charles, Otho and Lydia -- creep, creep.

DELIA

(whispering)

Shhh. They're in there? God, they live like animals. This is where they've been hiding out?

Lydia nods. Delia suddenly, brashly pounds on the

door.

DELIA

(shouting)

All right, you dead people! Come on out, or we'll break down this door and drag you out on the ropes you hanged yourself with!

LYDIA

Shhhh. They didn't commit suicide.

DELIA

It doesn't matter.
What matters is I've got a roomful of guests down there, who think I'm a fraud.

(to Lydia)

I am going to teach you something here Lydia. You've got to take the right tone in things like this, or people -- whether they're dead or alive -- people will walk all over you.

(loud)

Come on out, or I will make death so miserable that you will wish you had never lived!

Delia pounds on door, which opens with an eerie CREAK.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia is pushed in first. She looks around. Delia, Charles and Otho come in next, carefully. One by one they straighten up and look around.

DELIA

(whisper)

So where are they, Lydia?

Lydia shrugs, looks around.

CHARLES

(off-handedly)

Answer your mother.

LYDIA

Listen, you guys. These ghosts are really nice people. I think we scared them off. Let's just leave them alone. Okay?

Charles is suddenly transfixed. He stares at the model.

CHARLES

It's the whole damn town.

They gather around. Lydia is a little sad as she looks at the empty room and the model.

OTHO

Look at that detail!

DELIA

Look at the tiny figures.

CHARLES

Look at all that parking!

LYDIA

Come on. Leave their stuff alone.

OTHO

They're not here, Lydia?

She shakes her head. Otho spots the handbook. Palms it.

DELIA

I have never been so embarrassed... They haven't gone for good, have they?

Delia is suddenly out the door, urging them all outside.

DELIA

(continuing)

Everyone out of there. If they're
in there somewhere, I don't want
to scare them away. Come on now,
stay out of there. We've got work
to do.

Otho pockets the handbook secretly as everyone exits.
Delia carefully closes the door.

CAMERA EASES OVER TO THE WINDOW

We see two pairs of hands, white-knuckled, gripping the
window sill from the outside.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Barbara and Adam are hanging outside the window.
CAMERA EASES BACK to see that instead of hanging from
the house --

They are hanging from a ledge over The Inferno --

ON INFERNO

circles of rosy hell. Several devilish Monsters slaver up at them, hoping for new meat for the furnace. Small geysers spurt foul gasses.

WINDS

BLOW hard on Adam and Barbara. They struggle to hold on and pull themselves back up and into the window.

ADAM

Juno, help! Juno!

After nearly falling, Adam barely saves Barbara and they finally make it up, and disappear into the window.

INT. ATTIC LANDING - NIGHT

Delia, Charles and Otho all start down the stairs, one by one. All are holding the handrail.

DELIA

Lydia, I will never forgive you for embarrassing me in front of my social inferiors. You help us with these ghosts or you'll be

sorry.

LYDIA

I'm sorry already.

CHARLES

(fixing on Otho)

Now, let's get back to business. I
I want to get Maxie Dean and Sarah
up here immediately. I can make
history here! I'm going to turn
this sleepy little backward town
into a leading supernatural
research center... and amusement
park.

LYDIA

(disgusted)

I cannot believe this.

CHARLES

Delia will cook...

Delia glares at him.

CHARLES

(continuing)

I'll bring the wine... and the
business plan. And Lydia --

you'll bring the ghosts.

LYDIA

(frustrated)

I can't bring the ghosts. They're not here!

CHARLES

... Otho, could you actually... do something with them?

OTHO

(pats the handbook
under his coat)

Perhaps... if I were properly motivated...

LYDIA

That's slavery and murder. You don't know them. They're nice people!

POV -- down the handrail, as they walk downstairs. Lydia lags behind, sullen.

LOWER END OF THE HANDRAIL

lifts, and turns. The handrail has become a long, fat,

diamond-backed snake -- unlike any we have ever seen. It flashes terrifying steel teeth and a red-feathered comb. It turns and HISSES at them.

ON DELIA

She screams as she looks down at her hand on the rail -- it grips the scaly, throbbing, dripping body of the snake.

THE SNAKE

just gets longer and nastier as it turns back in the air, up the stairs toward them. Its tail circles Delia and spins her like a top. When she stops -- the snake gives her a big wet snake kiss.

SNAKE

snaps Otho in the behind. It hurts.

THE SNAKE

rears up and spreads a red-comb and HISSES loudly.

ALL THREE

of them fall over each other trying to escape.

THE SNAKE

hovers horribly over them. Grabs Charles in its coils and squeezes him hard -- his fearful face reddens, then it suspends Charles over the edge of the stairs.

SNAKE

We've come for your daughter,
Chuck!

HE

leers at Lydia and drops Charles like a rock over the bannister. Charles screams.

THE SNAKE

Grins at a terrified Lydia.

SNAKE

rears back for a strike, when suddenly, like thunder.
One word is heard.

BARBARA

Betelgeuse! Betelgeuse!

Betelgeuse!

THE SNAKE

looks up with familiar eyes. At top of stairs stands
an angry Barbara.

What happens next is almost too fast for the eye to
see.

THE SNAKE

shrinks and turns back into the regular mahogany hand-
rail.

BETELGEUSE

or his outline, whips up the stairs, through the door,
and is gone like a rocket.

BETELGEUSE

RRRatt shit!

OTHO AND DELIA

rush downstairs -- Lydia is terrified. She runs away.

LYDIA

I hate you! I thought you were my
friends.

BARBARA

No, wait!

Lydia screams and runs down the stairs.

LYDIA

(screams)

I hate all of you!

Slowly, Barbara returns to the attic.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Adam and Barbara are exhausted. Agitated.

ADAM

Great choice we've got here. We
get to spend the next century
either hanging out that window or
doing parlor tricks.

Adam is working with the model town. Barbara is pac-
ing.

ADAM

Maybe they'll leave now. That
snake was a pretty nasty customer.

BARBARA

He might have hurt somebody.

ADAM

But he didn't. We've got him
where we want him.

ON THE MODEL

A column of water shoots high in the air.

Adam rushes over to the model -- looks down.

INT. MODEL - DAY

Betelgeuse has run a beat-up old pickup into a fire hydrant. He stands nearby, hopping mad; shakes his fist at Adam.

BETELGEUSE

You pansy-assed cretins! How dare you do that to me. I coulda finished the job!

IN THE ATTIC

Barbara and Adam, obviously disturbed, look at one another with concern.

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

(thin and piping voice)

Why did you stop me?

BARBARA

I don't like Charles Deetz particularly, but you could have killed him.

BETELGEUSE

Hey, I've been bottled up for six hundred years. Every dog has his day. This is my town. I need a

night to howl.

ADAM

This is my town.

BETELGEUSE

You wish! I nearly scored with
that little blonde. I need me a
short little queen.

ANGLE

Angry, Barbara reaches down into the model and plucks
Betelgeuse up.

Barbara lifts him up toward her, squeezing him
slightly.

BARBARA

You leave her alone, you horrid
little prick!

CLOSEUP - BETELGEUSE IN BARBARA'S HAND

Betelgeuse grins. Suddenly large spikes shoot out all
over his body, piercing the skin of Barbara's palm and
fingers. Barbara's blood is a rich pink.

She squeals and releases the evil spirit and he plummets.

EXT. MODEL - DAY

Betelgeuse lands on the town common. Betelgeuse is defiant.

BETELGEUSE

Go ahead. Make my millenium!

ANGLE

We hear the tinny strains of "Honky Tonk Angel" as if from down the street. He turns around to follow it.

BETELGEUSE

This burg got a cathouse? I'm getting anxious if you know what I mean. Six hundred years and all.

He turns the corner to a whorehouse, with women -- women with demon horns -- hanging out of the window, beckoning. Betelgeuse rubs his hands together and swaggers inside.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Barbara aghast, watching this from above.

BARBARA

Adam! Why did you build a whore
house? Have you ever been to...?

ADAM

I didn't --

ANGLE

He doesn't finish -- a strong WIND blows through the
attic, nearly knocking Barbara and Adam over. They
close their eyes against the gale.

When they open their eyes again, they're no longer in
the attic. They're in --

INT. JUNO'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A cubicle in a much larger office. Miss Argentina
swishes by.

RECEPTIONIST

God, you have got her steaming
now.

She exits. There are other special workers. The place
is really, really busy. Adam and Barbara sit down to
wait. Juno storms through with a sheaf of papers. She
sees them. She is steaming mad.

JUNO

The whorehouse was my idea. I
want Betelgeuse out of the
picture! We've got some serious
talking to do.

BARBARA

About what?

JUNO

You people have really screwed
up! I received word that you
allowed yourselves to be
photographed. And you let
Betelgeuse out and didn't put him
back, and you let Otho get ahold
of the handbook.

ADAM

Handbook? When...?

JUNO

(continuing tirade)

Never trust the living! We cannot
have a routine haunting like yours
provide incontrovertible visual
proof of existence beyond death.

ADAM

Well, we didn't know --

A BUNCH OF FOOTBALL PLAYERS

follow Juno like hungry dogs.

DUMB #1

Hey, Coach, where's the men's
room?

JUNO

(frustrated)

I'm not your coach. He survived.

DUMB #2

You don't need a men's room.
You're not no man no more. But
Coach, let me get this -- What's
our curfew over here?

They start squabbling. Juno has to wrangle them into another room.

JUNO
(frustrated)
I'll be right back.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Charles sits at the table with a small bandage on his head. Delia takes off her Gucci belt and whips it on a chair absent-mindedly.

DELIA
I feel like we've been at war,
Charles.

CHARLES
At least insofar as we have our
first casualty. Me.

DELIA
Otho'll know what to do.

CHARLES
What's he going to do? Viciously
rearrange their environment?

DELIA

Otho knows just as much about the supernatural as he knows about interior design.

CHARLES

Let's hope he knows how to produce those damn ghosts for Max and Sarah... Because I've bought options on property all over town. I need Max's financing...

DELIA

Just don't tell Lydia.

CHARLES

Why not?

DELIA

I think she's in with them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LYDIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's dark. The bedroom curtains have been closed.
DRAMATIC OPERA MUSIC builds throughout.

Lydia melodramatically dressed in a long black dress appears carrying a candle. She is softly crying.

She sits at her dressing table, the candlelight shows her writing paper. She begins a very dramatic letter.

LYDIA

I am alone.

She looks at it and crumpling the paper, starts again.

LYDIA

(continuing)

I am utterly... alone. You have sealed my fate with your betrayal. I can no longer stand to be used like a puppet between two deceitful worlds. By the time you read this, I will be gone, having jumped off...

She scratches that out.

LYDIA

(continuing)

... having plummeted off the Winter River Bridge. Then you will know that I am no longer a toy in your petty feuds. Goodbye,

Lydia.

A tear falls on the paper as she folds it and puts it in an envelope. OPERA MUSIC BUILDS AND CONTINUES.

INT. CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

Lydia slowly makes a copy of the suicide note. The green of the Xerox light falls eerily on her sad face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lydia at bottom of attic stairs.

LYDIA'S POV - STAIRS AND DOOR AT TOP

They look ominous. She starts upward.

INT. ATTIC ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Lydia peers in.

The room is empty. Lydia comes inside.

LYDIA

Are you here?

She hears SOMETHING. Looks all around the room.
Nothing.

LYDIA

(continuing)

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland? I've come
for the last time?

(laying note on
table)

Where are you? Barb...

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

They're dead.

Lydia looks around, then peers into model.

BETELGEUSE (V.O.)

(continuing)

Think small. I'm talking to you.

EXT. MODEL TOWN - BUILDING ROOF - DAY

A tiny Betelgeuse on the roof of a building, wearing a silk dressing gown, looking like he just dragged himself out of bed. One of the horned whores is nude, sunbathing in the corner, and Betelgeuse drapes a

blanket over her. Lydia's face looms enormous in the sky.

BETELGEUSE

Cookie, they are dead, dead,
deadski.

LYDIA

Of course they're dead. They're
ghosts.

BETELGEUSE

No, I mean they've gone.
Decamped. Split. Vanished.

LYDIA

Where'd they go?

BETELGEUSE

The happy hunting ground. Who
cares?

LYDIA

Are you a spirit too?

BETELGEUSE

Sort of. High spirit. Heh heh.
Listen, cookie, I've been trapped
in this burg for hundreds of

years. All I want is to get out.

LYDIA

I want to get in.

BETELGEUSE

You do? Over here? On my side?

LYDIA

I think so.

BETELGEUSE

(scheming quickly)

Well, yes, of course. It's great over here. You'll meet all the greats. James Dean. Sid Vicious...

LYDIA

Well, it can't be any worse than my life here.

BETELGEUSE

(sinister, encouraging her)

That's right. They treat you like scum, I bet?

LYDIA

Yeah.

BETELGEUSE

I can't help you from this side,
but here's how we do it. So
simple. Say my name three
times. That's all. I'll be all
yours. Then I'll bring you over
here in style.

LYDIA

I... I don't know what your name is.

BETELGEUSE

Minor problem. The rules. I
can't tell it to you. But.. do
you know how to play charades?

LYDIA

Yes.

BETELGEUSE

Of course you do.

He holds up two fingers in a V.

LYDIA

Two words.

Betelgeuse holds up one finger.

LYDIA
(continuing)
First word.

Betelgeuse puts two fingers on his arm.

LYDIA
(continuing)
Three syllables.

BETELGEUSE
No, dummy. Two.

LYDIA
Your fingers are so small I can't
see them. First word -- two
syllables.

He points behind her.

LYDIA
(continuing)
I don't know what that signal
means.

BETELGEUSE
It means look behind you, bimbo.

ANGLE

Lydia looks behind her. A great beetle the size of a Volkswagen is crouching. Its feathery antennae reach out toward her menacingly. Lydia yelps.

LYDIA

Beetle!

BETELGEUSE

Good girrrl!

POP! The beetle disappears. Betelgeuse holds up two fingers.

LYDIA

(still shaken)

Second word. Be careful.

ANGLE

Apprehensive, she jumps when a simple carton of orange juice materializes. Orange juice pours out into a ghostly glass.

LYDIA

Breakfast? Orange?

The orange juice disappears. He shakes his head.

LYDIA

Breakfast beetle? Beetle? Beetle
fruit? Fruit bat? Fruit Battle?
Volkswagen? Fruit wagon?

BETELGEUSE

Good thing you are a beautiful
kid. You are dumb!

Betelgeuse does the signal for "Now Put Them Together."

LYDIA

I am not! Beetle... Juice?

BETELGEUSE

(jumping with delight)
That's it!

LYDIA

Your name is Beetle Juice? Yecch!
That's as bad as Deeelia Deeetz.

BETELGEUSE

It's spelled different, but
basically... Now you said it

twice, just one more time. And
I'll be free.

(sinister)

And then you'll be free.

Lydia, puzzled, gets the magnifying glass and peers at
him.

ON HIS UGLY FACE BIG IN THE GLASS

Betelgeuse jumps in the air, his robe parts -- we don't
see anything, but maybe Lydia does.

LYDIA

God, you're anatomically correct!

BETELGEUSE

Just say it.

LYDIA

(recognizing something
about him)

You were the snake! Right? I
know. It was you.

BETELGEUSE

You've got to say it!

LYDIA

No I don't. I don't take orders
from Smurfs.

BETELGEUSE

How'd you like to be married to...
the King...?

Lydia doesn't get it.

BETELGEUSE

(continuing)

... Elvis?...

(boasting)

You know, ever since he came over
he and I have been just like this.

(crosses his fingers)

I can arrange it. Just say my
name one more time.

She thinks about that one. Shakes her head.

LYDIA

No, No... I need to talk to
Barbara.

Betelgeuse smiles.

BETELGEUSE

Well, cookie, just say my name. I
can get her.

(rubbing his horny little
hands together)

That and so much more...

Lydia walks around thinking for a moment.

LYDIA

Who else did you say is over
there?

INT. JUNO'S OFFICE - DAY

Juno staring at them, hard.

JUNO

Yes... or no? Do you want the
Deetzes out or in?

ADAM

Out.

BARBARA

What about Betelgeuse?

JUNO

Forget him. He'll remain with his

whores until someone calls him.
You need to worry about people like
Otho. There are a lot of
phony trance mediums. They
usually can't make the formulas
work, but if Otho stumbles on the
right words in that handbook... he
could hurt you. As in --
exorcism.

They both look puzzled.

JUNO

(continuing)

In plain English -- that's death
for the dead. I don't care what
it takes, just get them out of
there now. It's not pretty, but
-- that's death!

Adam stands to go.

JUNO

(continuing)

Wait a minute. Let's see what
you're going to do...

They look at Juno.

JUNO
(continuing)
... to scare her. I want to make
sure it's not some silly parlor
trick.

Barbara looks at Adam.

ADAM
I'll do the hard part, hon.

ADAM

reluctantly pulls on his face, and contorts it into a
living, breathing, horror. Juno is even a little
repulsed.

JUNO
Not bad. Not bad. Now you? Go
ahead.

ANGLE

She reluctantly does with her face a minor version of
Adam's horror.

JUNO

(continuing)

Okay. You look great! Now go clean house. And don't forget the photographs and the damned handbook.

ANGLE

Barbara and Adam slowly stand and walk out the door. Barbara/Monster looks back pleadingly. Football players flood into Juno's office. One PARTICULARLY DUMB PLAYER has a revelation. (He's pretty grisly, maybe sat too close to the engine.)

PARTICULARLY DUMB PLAYER

Coach! Coach, I don't think we survived the crash!

Barbara and Adam look at each other and continue out the door.

OUTSIDE JUNO'S OFFICE

They enter a long dark hallway. They suddenly find themselves standing in front of Lydia's room. Adam/Monster looks at Barbara/Monster as he grabs the door-knob. She stops him. Tears fall down her sad ghostly

face.

BARBARA

Adam. I can't do it. I like that little girl.

ADAM/MONSTER

It's too late. Sometimes things just work out this way. We have to, honey.

BARBARA/MONSTER

No we don't. We can rebel or something. We'll just stay up there in our room. I'll read, you can build on the model. Come on.

She rushes up the stairs, toward the attic. He follows her.

ADAM/MONSTER

Wait. We can't, honey. Our house...

She gets to the door. Grabs the handle.

BARBARA

I want to be with Lydia!

She throws open the door.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Lydia is standing over the model, about to say
Betelgeuse's name.

LYDIA

Okay. Beetle... J...

Barbara/Monster, horrified, screams!

BARBARA/MONSTER

! Lydia, stop!

Adam/Monster runs to grab her. Lydia is terrified.
Screams.

ADAM/MONSTER

No, don't say it!

BETELGEUSE

Say it! Rat shit!

Betelgeuse slips off the roof into a patch of thorny
bushes.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Lydia screams, Adam/Monster tries to calm her. Lydia struggles and, thinking she is being attacked, runs out the door. Smack into Barbara/Monster.

Barbara catches her, frightens Lydia even more. Barbara holds onto her as she struggles. Barbara/Monster slowly changes back into regular Barbara. Lydia sees who it is and she hugs her. Like mother and daughter.

ON ADAM - slowly returning to himself. He smiles slightly at the scene.

BETELGEUSE (O.S.)

You lily-livered bleeding hearts!

BARBARA

I'm so sorry we frightened you.
What were you doing?

LYDIA

He... Beetle Jui...

Barbara quickly puts her hand over her mouth.

LYDIA

(continuing)

He said if I let him out he would
take me over to the other side to
find you.

BARBARA
No, Lydia, we're dead.

LYDIA
I want to be dead, too.

BARBARA
(shocked)
No you don't! No... Lydia... Why?

LYDIA
(after a pause,
dramatically
but for real)
Life is just... unliveable...

Barbara hugs her. She fumbles for words. This is an
unusual situation, a dead person talking a live person
out of killing herself. She rocks Lydia a little.
Barbara looks at Adam.

BARBARA
Lydia, believe me... we know...
all the hard stuff is the same
over here. You're going to be who

you are... whether you're alive or
dead... and over here -- it's...
It's flat... there's no food, no
colors... you can't smell the
flowers.

(thinking)

If we knew then what we know
now... we'd have been more
careful...

ADAM

(in the style of the
dead receptionist)

... we wouldn't have had our
little accident.

Lydia looks at Barbara lovingly.

BARBARA

So never let Beetlejuice out --
never. Besides...

(looking at Adam)

We're thinking about letting
everyone stay... you and your
father and mother can stay too.

LYDIA

(smiles and says
slowly)

Step... mother.

ADAM/MONSTER

is not sure, huffs around a little. He is trying to change back into Adam, except for his nose, which remains like a beak for a minute. Finally, it changes too.

Lydia and Barbara laugh at him.

ANGLE

Without noticing Lydia, Otho and Charles push in through the door and grab the model. They take it out the door.

Adam is beside himself. Doesn't know what to do.

Barbara stops him from taking action.

ADAM

What is going on?

LYDIA

Really. I don't know.

Adam looks suspiciously at her.

LYDIA

(continuing)

I really don't. I'll go find out.

She runs out the door.

BARBARA

Be careful.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lydia runs through the hallway and into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia walks into a presentation in progress. Sitting around the table are Otho, Maxie, and Delia. Sarah Dean is there, too. She looks around Lydia hoping for ghosts. Sarah is heavily made up, smells bad.

Lydia's photos of the sheeted ghosts are blown up and standing on a nearby easel. Charles, over the model with a pointer, is lost in mid-sentence.

CHARLES

-- In short, I've got options to buy enough of Main Street to control the city council for a hundred years. And at the prices I'm talking about, if it all fell apart tomorrow, we just move out and sell to the Arabs and we still come out... I've talked to Ed Cornwall about a wax museum, here... in Thanksgiving Park... Ed's the man who made the talking Jesse Jackson statue.

And I've got a museum dedicated to 50 Great Moments in the Paranormal -- and parenthetically, D-Con wants to the right to start an insect zoo here in the old hardware store.

(seeing Lydia)

Lydia, did you finally decide to join us?

They all give her an oily smile.

CHARLES

Honey, I am just finishing the first phase presentation about our little project here. Then we'll take a stretch and invite our friends... to meet

your friends.

Sarah gets Maxie's attention and unable to contain her excitement, silently urges him to get on with the ghosts.

SARAH

Are they here yet?

MAXIE

Yes, Charles, let's cut the bullcorn. We're here to see ghosts. This whole ghost town museum and such like follows a train, if you've got the engine... so let's see your goddamned engine.

Everyone looks at Lydia.

LYDIA

They're... not here anymore.

CHARLES

(smiling apologetically)

Nonsense, every time she says that, the paint peels, and some wild creature tries to kill us.

SARAH

(motioning)
We've got these pictures, Lydia.

LYDIA
No, really... they said they might
come back and all of us could live
in peace if you agreed not to
tease them or make them do silly
tricks.

Sarah is disappointed. She goes to Maxie. Delia takes
over.

DELIA
She's become a little emotional
about all this. No counseling up
here. But we aren't relying on
her. No, we rely on
professionals. We have... Otho.

The whole room turns to Otho. Who is scribbling some-
thing and mumbling.

CHARLES
Are they still here, Otho?

Otho looks up; he missed the question.

DELIA

Are they still here, Otho?

OTHO

Oh, they're still here. They're just not showing up.

CHARLES

They're probably guilty about what they did to me.

DELIA

Not these people! They are ruthless!

MAXIE

I don't care from guilt. I just want to see them.

CHARLES

Otho, can you do it?

OTHO

It's tricky, but I think I can handle it.

He dramatically produces the handbook.

LYDIA

No!

Lydia begins to think about this scene and she shifts to another point of view.

LYDIA

Wait a minute! What am I worried about? Otho, you can't even change a tire!

OTHO

(taking the challenge)
I'll need something personal of theirs.

LYDIA

You'll have to go to the Goodwill.

Delia gets an idea.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The moon stares down icily through gray clouds. Wind up.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Barbara is looking out the window.

BARBARA

(wistful)

You know, I've been thinking. I
could teach Lydia to sew.

ADAM

Little black party dresses?

BARBARA

(punching him playfully)

Ah, Adam, you don't know anything
about little girls. She's just...
missed out on some love, that's
all...

ADAM

(huffy)

Let's see if she can get my model
back.

BARBARA

You can build another one... with
her.

Adam isn't convinced. Barbara motions him to sit next
to her.

BARBARA

(continuing)
Come here, I want to talk to you.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Delia carefully brings out a big plastic bag. Lays something out on the dining room table.

DELIA
I'm deeply sentimental about...
weddings.

Lydia stands to see: Delia carefully lays out Barbara's white wedding dress. Then next to it, Adam's wedding tux.

Lydia looks at it. A chill runs through her.

LYDIA
(hushed realization)
Their wedding clothes.

OTHO
(dramatically)
Their wedding clothes.

Otho then holds up the handbook.

SARAH

The "words".

Otho nods.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia is nervous now. Otho lights a candle and Delia turns out the lights.

OTHO

Hands vermillion / start of five
bright cotillion / raven's dive
nightshades promise / spirit's strive,
to the living / let now the dead...
come alive.

Nothing happens. Lydia nervously turns away.

LYDIA

(sarcastically)

Doo wah.

ANGLE

Then a SIZZLE, a TINY CRACKLE, along one side of the square.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Barbara with her arm on his shoulder, talks to Adam.

BARBARA

We've been given a gift here,
honey. A real live little girl.
She likes us a lot. She needs
us. Maybe that's why we died so
young, to keep us from getting
so... attached to things. The
house, antiques, your model. Look
at us. We didn't have room for
anyone.

ADAM

(after a long thought)
What makes you think she likes me?

Barbara slowly smiles. He does too.

He turns to Barbara. CAMERA HINGES WITH him to see --

ON BARBARA

Her face is frightened. She cannot speak. She reaches

out to him -- but is disappearing. He reaches for her
but she is suddenly -- GONE.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Varicolored lightning bolts shoot from every corner of
the square. A gasp from everyone but Lydia.

ON LYDIA -- she is looking away. She turns to see:

ON THE DRESS

Barbara's wedding dress floats over the table and fills
slowly, painfully, with the arms, legs and finally the
frightened face of Barbara. A lightning bolt flares.

Lydia rises slowly to her feet, unable to resist.

More lightning bolts.

OTHO

As sudden thunder / Pierces the night;
As magic wonder / Mad affright
Rives asunder / Man's delight:
Our ghost, our corpse and we
Rise to be.

Lydia walks slowly toward Barbara.

ON BARBARA

She is in pain, she is very slowly aging. She speaks, but no words can be heard. Not even by Lydia. But we can see she is calling for... Adam.

LYDIA

Stop it!

MAXIE

Shhhh!

Lydia screams for Adam.

LYDIA

Adam. Adam.

OTHO

(louder)

As flies the lizard / Serpent fell;
As goblin vizard, / At the spell
Of pale wizard, / Sinks to hell;
The buried, dead, and slain...
Rise again.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

In a lightning flare we see: Adam searching for Barbara. He rushes out into the hallway.

ADAM

Barbara! Barbara? Ba...

His last plaintive call becomes mute as he too begins slowly to disappear.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

On each of the watchers one by one, scared but delighted too. No one is watching Lydia.

ON LYDIA -- tears well up in her eyes.

ON BARBARA

She is slowly aging. Now a bewildered Adam appears, floating in his wedding suit. Seeing his Barbara, now older than he is, Adam reaches for her hand...

ON HANDS -- as he grasps her hand, it seems to be made of white crepe; it wrinkles and nearly collapses.

Adam... puzzled, calls her name silently.

DELIA

What's happening to them?

OTHO

I don't know.

CHARLES

Are they suffering?

LYDIA

(screams)

They're dying.

MAXIE

They're already dead. They can't
feel a thing.

Obviously not true.

ON BARBARA -- she looks down slowly at Lydia and with effort makes a loving smile. She reaches out toward Lydia.

Completely helpless now, Lydia weeps openly and then something comes over her. She rushes across the room. Stares down at the model.

LYDIA
Where are you? Help us! Please.
Betelgeuse!

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING.

EXT. MODEL TOWN GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Someone, or something, like the figure of death in the Goya drawing, is perched atop the gravestone of Barbara and Adam Maitland. The graves beneath him are open. The figure turns... it is Betelgeuse. He is filing his talons casually.

He speaks with a ghastly rasp.

BETELGEUSE
So... You're ready for me now?

LYDIA
You've got to help them.

BETELGEUSE
Can you help me?

LYDIA
(frightened)

... I will.

BETELGEUSE

Then I'll help them. For a price.

He grins.

LYDIA

W... What is it?

BETELGEUSE

(his words echo
horribly

Be... my... queen!

LYDIA

(repulsed)

Your qu...? But you're...

BETELGEUSE

(smiling devilishly)

I'm beeyoo-teeful.

ON LYDIA

She is chilled. Steps back.

She turns back to the Maitlands who are continuing to
age. Looks back to the model.

LYDIA
... All right... Betelgeuse...

ON BETELGEUSE

He doubles in size. The tombstone crumbles beneath
him...

LYDIA (V.O.)
(louder)
Betelgeuse...

WIDER ON GRAVEYARD

He doubles in size again.

ON LYDIA

She hesitates.

ON BETELGEUSE - TIGHT

He looks up at her confidently.

LYDIA

Betelgeuse!

DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Barbara and Adam's corpses are nearly at the end of their ropes.

CHARLES

All right, that's enough. Can you stop this now?

Otho doesn't answer.

CHARLES

(continuing)

Otho?

OTHO

It's too late, Charles. I'm sorry.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia peers at the model. Betelgeuse is transforming. There's a LOW RUMBLE. The model town starts to shake.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lydia backs away. Betelgeuse's head, now human-size, rises from the center of the model town.

TIGHT ON HIS FACE

His grin is malevolent and malicious. It's showtime, folks!

BETELGEUSE
Attention, K-Mart shoppers!

ON DEETZES

-- who have been focused on the Maitlands now turning around to the model.

ON MODEL

Betelgeuse begins a bright but sinister Carnival Barker's pitch. His shoulders now are clearing the model.

BETELGEUSE

Welcome to Winter River!

ANGLE

Sarah rushes over to the model, thinking this is more of the show. Maxie follows.

BETELGEUSE

Hel LO Piggies! Welcome to Winter River! See the Museum of Natural Greed. The Monument to Bored Businessmen! Come closer!

ANGLE

Suddenly Betelgeuse's arms elongate, swell and CRACKLE.

ON MAXIE AND SARAH

Their eyes grow wide.

TIGHT ON BETELGEUSE'S HANDS

They split, unfurl, and transmutate into two, shiny, huge sledgehammers.

ON BETELGEUSE

He grins, his eyes sparkle in anticipation. CARNEY
MUSIC UP.

BETELGEUSE
(roughly to the tune
of "Santa Claus is
Coming to Town")
You better not sell, you better
not buy...

ON MAXIE AND SARAH

Behind each of them, a graduated CARNIVAL BELL RINGING
GAME STANDARD erects itself.

ON BETELGEUSE

BETELGEUSE
(still singing)
Or old Uncle Beetle Claus will be
makin'... you... fly.

Betelgeuse swings his hammer/hands and sends Max and

Sarah zooming through the roof. GONG. GONG.

ANGLE

BETELGEUSE
(in style of game
show host)
Yowser, yowser. Well, who do we
have here tonight?

ANGLE

He looks up at the suspended Maitlands.

BETELGEUSE
Let's have a hand for the
Maitlands, Barbara and Adam. They
deserve a rest.

ON MAITLANDS

Wispy shadows by now, but still alive/dead. They fall
in a heap on the floor. NOTE: They immediately start
to regenerate themselves.

BETELGEUSE

Well, we'll get back to them after
they recover from their flight.

ON ADAM

Filling out again, he struggles to stand, but falls.
Barbara shakes her head, trying to regain her focus.

BETELGEUSE

(looking around)

My God, what ugly wall dressing.
Who is responsible for all this
ugliness?

(spying Otho trying
to hide)

Otho, it's you! Watch out for the
taste patrol!

ANGLE

He waves and the door opens. A little Italian gentle-
man appears.

OTHO

No. Noooo! My God. It's Giorgio
Armani!

GIORGIO

Before youa getta started herea, I
joost wanta to saya, Otho,
don'ta weara my stuff? Okay?
Youa too fat for human-type
clothes. Ita makes my designs
looka like aircraft covering!

ANGLE

Otho is horrified. Suddenly he looks down and sees his
clothing has transformed into a polyester nightmare.
He runs out the door screaming. Betelgeuese laughs
with delight then focuses on Lydia.

BETELGEUSE

Let's leave this crazy world
behind us. I'll take you out in
style!

Sound of eerie WEDDING MARCH. The fireplace changes
into an expressionist altar.

ANGLE

His leering horned whores walk like bridesmaids, in
step, through the door. They rush toward Lydia.

ANGLE

Frightened, Lydia is assaulted and pulled forward by these ugly handmaidens; she suddenly looks down and sees she is now clothed in a blood-red wedding dress. Lydia screams!!

BARBARA

No... No!

Adam's eyes widen.

LYDIA

(frightened, but
hurling the incan-
tation to make him
disappear)

No... Betelgeuse. Bet...

Betelgeuse waves a hand and Lydia's mouth freezes.
Delia and Charles plead with the recovering Maitlands.

DELIA

(frantic)

Please, can't you do something!
Please!

ON BARBARA AND ADAM

Adam, not fully recovered, heroically tries to speak -- but his jaw falls off. An exhausted Barbara tries to help him reattach it.

Betelgeuse looks at Lydia.

BETELGEUSE

You know if we're going to get
married, we're going to need
witnesses!

Betelgeuse shifts his glare to Charles and Delia. From Behind, Delia's horrid sculptures come to life and attack Charles and Delia. The sculptures twist around them, forcing them to watch the hideous spectacle.

Adam and Barbara are rapidly trying to recover as the ceremony begins.

A DEATH-MASKED OLD PREACHER

slides down the fireplace, ready to perform the service, speaks with a hissing death rattle.

PREACHER

Do you, Betel...

His mouth drops and is frozen.

BETELGEUSE

Uh-uh! No one says the B word!

PREACHER

Do you, _____, take this woman to be your wedded wife? To honor...

BETELGEUSE

(interrupting)

You betcha!

Lydia screams and struggles.

PREACHER

And... you? Do you, Lydia, take this man?... er, uh... man... to be your lawful wedded husband?... In sickness...

Lydia struggles. Her screams are muffled and distant. Betelgeuse grabs her and shakes her.

BETELGEUSE

You don't have to answer him,
snookums. I'll do it for you.

(eerily, speaking in
her voice)

I'm Lydia Deetz and I'm of sound
mind. The man next to me is the
one I want. You asked me... I'm
answering. Yes. How I love that
man of mine.

Adam, now fully regenerated, moves toward them. He
shouts the incantation.

ADAM

Beetle...

ANGLE

Betelgeuse turns to him and with a sweep of his hand,
Adam's teeth (as if they were false), fly out of his
mouth and CLATTER to the floor. Adam, toothless,
musters up his ghost powers and --

ON TEETH - TIGHT -- they rare back and continue
shouting...

TEETH

Beetleju...

ANGLE

Mayhem breaks out. A furious Betelgeuse stomps at them with his feet. The teeth scuttle under the model.

BETELGEUSE
(angrily, to old man)
Now move it, pops!

ON ADAM

Speechless, Adam heroically charges toward Betelgeuse, ready to strike him. Betelgeuse spins on him and waves his hand. SOUND OF RUSHING WIND.

ON ADAM

He has been zapped into his model town.

ANGLE

Barbara screams and jumps at Betelgeuse.

BARBARA

Beetlegeuse...

Betelgeuse turns on her, eyes flashing.

ON BARBARA

A gag comes over her mouth.

ON MODEL

Adam is running around the streets trying to get out of the model. He looks up into the sky, sees a red glow and THUNDERING WEDDING MUSIC. He doesn't know what to do.

ON BARBARA

She tears away her face (like tissue) and tries to say his name again...

BARBARA

Betelgeuse...

ON BETELGEUSE

More angry, he waves his hand.

ON BARBARA

Her lips are zippered shut.

IN MODEL

Desperate, Adam gets an idea. He runs over to the truck Betelgeuse had crashed earlier, jumps in and tries to start it.

ON BARBARA

She unzips her mouth and tries again.

BARBARA

Be

ON BETELGEUSE

Fire darts from his eyes....

ON BARBARA

A chromium steel plate is riveted across her mouth.
She screams wordlessly behind it.

IN MODEL

Adam finally gets the truck started.

BARBARA

Struggling with her mouth, frustrated to the breaking point, she looks all around the room and rushes to the window and CRASHES through into the night.

IN MODEL

Adam sees Barbara rush out. He looks back at Betelgeuse, floors the gas pedal and goes for one last shot.

BETELGEUSE

BETELGEUSE
(angry)

Now, let's get rolling!

PREACHER

Then, by the authority vested in
me by...

A RUMBLE comes from outside. Everyone notices but the
Preacher. He stutters to finish the wedding.

BETELGEUSE

By me! Get on with it!

LOUDER NOISE from outside. Now nearly DEAFENING.

PREACHER

Yes... by him. I now pronounce
you man and...

ANGLE

The truck is racing up to Betelgeuse's foot. Adam
bails out just in time as the truck hits Betelgeuse's
foot and EXPLODES, giving him a distracting hot foot,
then --

ON WINDOW

Through it -- amidst a cloud of yellow dust -- CRASHES the sand worm. Barbara rides him bareback. Barbara struggles to control the ROARING worm. She pulls on his ears and looks around for Beetle Juice. Seeing him, she spurs the Worm after Beetle Juice.

ANGLE

Beetle Juice struggles, trying to run from the worm. But Barbara and the worm outmaneuver him, corner him, and when the worm reaches him, he opens his hungry mouth and gulps Betelgeuse in one mouthful.

BETELGEUSE

Rrrrat shit!

ANGLE

Barbara leaps off, as the Sand Worm continues down through the floorboards of the house

Betelgeuse is gone. Adam is back to full size. Charles and Delia are no longer held by the sculptures. Lydia runs back to her family and Adam and Barbara. The dust settles.

ON HOLE - JUNO

peers into the room. She pulls the whores through the hole.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - WINTER RIVER - A BRIGHT DAY

BIRDS SING. Ernie polishes the lion. Old Bill sleeps. People stroll.

EXT. MISS SHANNON'S BOARDING SCHOOL - DAY

A lovely white boarding school with long, green lawn. A BELL RINGS. Girls come out the front door. Say goodbyes. Lydia walks out too, carrying books.

LYDIA

'Bye, Serena. See you later.

Lydia walks along Main Street of Winter River.

EXT. JANE BUTTERFIELD'S ANTIQUES/TRAVEL/REAL ESTATE

Jane is getting out of her car -- Little Jane follows.

JANE

Hellooo! How's school?

LYDIA

(not particularly
interested)

It's okay. How's the dirt
business?

JANE

Well, I'm expecting a call from
your parents. I have some news
for them.

Jane hears PHONE RING from inside, rushes in to answer it.

LYDIA

Tell them I'll call them tonight.

EXT. MAIN STREET - WINTER RIVER - A BRIGHT DAY

Ernie polishes the lion. Lydia passes.

LYDIA

Don't forget the balls, Ernie.

He looks around, surprised.

INT. JANE BUTTERFIELD'S ANTIQUES/TRAVEL/REAL ESTATE

Jane screams into the phone.

JANE

What do you mean no? After all
I've done for you. I don't do
this for my health you know.

CAMERA EXPLORES a row of photographs of houses for
sale.

ON PHOTOGRAPH -- of the old Maitland house. It is
delapidated and haunted-looking. A legend reads:
Fixer-Upper's Special."

BACK TO JANE -- she is frustrated.

JANE

I have here a bona fide offer of
\$250,000.00 for that dump.

Little Jane is now at the Xerox machine. The NOISE
irritates Big Jane and she throws a wad of paper at
Little Jane. Little Jane gets mad and throws her
papers into the air and exits.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

We recognize the furniture. It's the Deetzes'. Delia is on the phone to Jane. Charles comes in with the Wall Street Journal. He fidgets, taps his fingers, as he reads and pours coffee -- all at once.

DELIA

(whisper to Charles)

It's Mrs. Butterworth again.

Charles picks up the extension.

CHARLES

Listen to me, Jane. We don't want anyone looking at the house. We don't want it painted, the yard mowed, the trees trimmed, nor do we want it termite inspected. It's not for sale.

INT. JANE'S STORE - DAY

Jane listens. Silent. Thinking.

JANE

Well. Okay for now. When will
you sell it?

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - DAY

DELIA
(smiles)
Never, honey. Never.

She hangs up. Looks at Charles.

DELIA
(continuing)
Some people never know when to
leave things the way they are.

Charles smiles.

INT. MAITLAND HOUSE - DAY

SOUND OF SWEEPING -- CAMERA eases up -- Barbara is
sweeping. Adam working on his model.

ADAM
What time is it?

BARBARA

3:30 I guess.

ADAM

Give or take a year.

Barbara smiles.

The KITCHEN DOOR SLAMS. Barbara looks up at Adam.
They smile.

ADAM

Did you get the paint?

LYDIA'S VOICE

I got it. And I took pictures of
the new church for you, too.

BARBARA

How'd you do on the science test?

ON LYDIA

LYDIA

(hangs her head)

It was gross. They wanted me to
dissect a frog. I told them no
way. I said it was against my
religion. I got a C.

Adam frowns a little.

BARBARA

How did you do on the math test?

Lydia looks down coyly.

ADAM

We studied all day yesterday.
Don't tell me...

LYDIA

I got an A!

They grin with pride.

LYDIA

(continuing)

So can I?

ADAM

(shaking his head)

Uh-uh. Only if you got above a C
on science.

LYDIA

Oh, go on...

BARBARA

Oh, Adam, don't tease her. You never got an A in science in your life!

ADAM

All right.

ON LYDIA -- she puts down her books. Loosens her collar, ruffles her hair and waits.

ADAM

(continuing)

Okay.

Lydia looks down. Lydia begins to levitate.

She lifts her head and leaves the white bread world behind! In a voice as deep and soulful as Percy Sledge:

LYDIA

"When a man loves a woman.
He can't keep his mind on nothin' else."

Behind her ghostly images of the football players appear as back-up.

FOOTBALLERS

Oooooo. Hummm oooooo.

LYDIA

He'd change the world for the good
thing he's found. When a main
needs a woman, He cain't keep his
mind on nothin' else. If she's
bad, he won't see it, she can do
no wrong.

MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

ANGLE

A great pile of sand with the whorehouse in the
middle. An irritated Betelgeuse crawls out on the
roof. Hating the singing he shakes his fist at the
sky -- loses his footing and tumbles into the sand.
Terrified, he scrambles to get out.

ON PILE

A moving coil under the sand sends him scurrying inside
again. The Sandworm SNAPPING right behind him as he
runs back out on the roof.

ANGLE

CAMERA TILTS UP to see house. It is the perfect, New England house. CAMERA PULLS BACK from the model -- out the window of the real house.

Outside the real house -- we see it is dilapidated, and undeniably, the perfect haunted house.

FADE OUT.