

Who Ya Gonna Call?

A.N.D

Bill, Sal, and Joe huddled together in a dark corner of the basement, their last refuge against the invaders.

"Did you see those ugly things?" Sal yelled. "Where did they come from? What are they doing in our house? How can we get them to go away?"

"They're from another dimension," Joe told her. "I've seen their type before. There you are, living peacefully in your own house, and they come crashing in, changing things around, making funny noises all the time, scaring decent folk half to death... It's serious! These buggers are stubborn, too. We're gonna need professional help to get rid of them."

"Remember what we saw today?" Bill asked. "Those people in grey jumpsuits, with the hi-tech backpacks? What about them?"

"They're the Ghostbusters, " Joe said. "They're real powerful, too -- they got Gozer and the Carpathian."

"Wow," Sal whispered. "They are powerful."

"And you think they'd take this case?" Bill wanted to know.

"I think so," Joe replied. "Like I said, this calls for professional help."

The other two nodded agreement with frightened expressions.

"Right!" snapped Joe, floating through the water cooler. "All together now..."

"Beetlejuice."

"Beetlejuice."

"BEETLEJUICE!"