

The logo for Ghostbusters, featuring the word "GHOSTBUSTERS" in a bold, black, sans-serif font. A red circle with a white slash through it is positioned over the letter "O", and a white ghost figure is visible behind the slash.The logo for Star Trek: The Next Generation, featuring the words "STAR TREK" in a large, blue, italicized, sans-serif font. Below it, the words "THE NEXT GENERATION" are written in a smaller, blue, italicized, sans-serif font.

Story by Jason Wages
Concept art by Jen Seng (zillabean.deviantart.com)

Concept:

Humanity faces an invasion from alien ghosts from beyond time, and only by joining forces can the tenacious GHOSTBUSTERS and the intrepid crew of the ENTERPRISE-D stop them from harvesting the souls of the human race across the annals of history.

Adapting to a futuristic world that cannot appreciate the wonder of the supernatural, the Ghostbusters will need to defend their reputations and their skills, while Captain Picard and his team will need to open their minds to a bigger world that science cannot explain, where space is *not* the final frontier.

And all the while, an old, familiar threat prepares to destroy both forces from the past and future.

Story:

Human souls are being drained in modern-day New York City and the Ghostbusters must stop the unusual invading spirits, chasing them through the depths of the city and through a portal to centuries and light years beyond. Finding themselves in the distant 24th century, our heroes encounter the crew of the Enterprise-D, investigating unusual energy activity across the sector which leads to their time-traveling enemies they last encountered in the 1800s: the Devidians.

The Ghostbusters team up with Starfleet, attempting to combine their knowledge of the aliens and the occult to determine what is behind this rise in activity, while at the same time trying to adapt to a world which not only has no belief in the supernatural, but has no historical record of who they are. Things grow especially tense when the only evidence of the Ghostbusters' activities comes from a time when the world believed they were frauds. Fighting to defend their reputation and the validity of their claims, the GBs split up with various members of the crew to chase leads across the sector, tracking the ever-growing Devidian activity.

Within the archives of Memory Alpha, the team discovers the *Grimoire Stantz*, a magical tome written by Ray in the distant past, but his future. The tome helps the team learn the truth behind the Devidians and who is responsible for their torment: the ancient Sumerian god GOZER. Meanwhile, other members of the team find a lone Devidian also named Stantz, who had been its world's Selector when Gozer had come for them, and has since "lived" with the sad knowledge

of its responsibility in its world's un-death. Determining Gozer's location, the Enterprise races to confront an ancient god of evil.

On the Devidian homeworld, Gozer is indeed awaiting them, carrying centuries of hate towards the only beings who ever truly bested him; he possesses Data to cause havoc for the Enterprise. A grand battle against his spiritual minions and against the Devidian version of the Destructor itself takes place, where the Enterprise must utilize the combined ingenuity and technology of teams from both eras. To lose means certain death for humanity in the past, present and future.



Winston Zeddemore, Worf, Dr. Egon Spengler, Data, Dr. Beverly Crusher, Dr. Peter Venkman, Deanna Troi

Points of interest:

The Devidians from the episode "Time's Arrow" (with Mark Twain) are aliens AND ghosts, forced into an eternal hunt for souls to consume.

Ray and Winston painting the Ghostbuster logo on a shuttlecraft before they head out into space. Egon like a kid in a candy store with all the amazing future-tech.

Peter trying to hit on Troi (and every other flavor of alien he meets), Worf and Riker keeping a close eye on him.

Winston gabbing with Guinan in Ten-Forward, she reminisces that "Ted was the only one who knew, but he could keep a secret."

Peter attempting to turn to random pages in the prophetic *Grimoire Stantz*; Ray having written hundreds-of-years past "Stop making me waste paper, Peter."



"There is no Data, only Zuul!"

The Earth wasn't Gozer's only target, just the only world that could fight him off. Other worlds have succumbed to his influence.

The Enterprise-D taking on the Destructor with phasers converted into massive proton streams. Two amazing worlds collide!

Format:

Self-contained, 4-issue storyline.

Upon completion, would be compiled into a collected graphic novel under "Ghostbusters" canon comics series, counting as the next volume (like with the TMNT crossover).

The *Grimoire Stantz* (both its future incarnation and Ray's in-progress present version) can be especially useful for introducing future adventures for the GBs.

Either Dan Schoening would do his usual run as artist, or potentially my good artist friend Jennifer Seng (art samples included), depending on IDW's needs and artist availability



Egon: tribbles. Tribbles: Egon.

GHOSTBUSTERS / STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION

ISSUE #1 (OF 4)

WRITTEN BY JASON WAGES

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PAGE ONE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. The first of four page-wide panels spanning human history from top to bottom, showing Devidian incursions across time. In each panel, moving from left to right with each period, is a shoulders-high figure of the time, but with a malicious intent in his expression: a Devidian in the guise of a human, always holding a snake-shaped implement, and always behind them in the background are drained, depleted bodies. The first panel is ANCIENT EGYPT, the Devidian in the guise of an Egyptian nobleman. His ophidian is a black wooden rod with a golden cobra arcing from the top. In the background, a slave lies dead on the ground at the side of a pyramid still under construction.

DEVIDIAN: (CAPTION)

We are timeless, and we are hungry. We must feed, or we will end. There is no other way.

Panel 2. It is the era of the BLACK DEATH, the scene a thatched village with carts of bodies in the streets. The Devidian has taken the form of a monk, his ophidian an iron staff in the shape of the Rod of Asclepius (the medical symbol of a snake climbing a rod).

DEVIDIAN: (CAPTION)

The dregs of human history are our hunting grounds. You are our prey. This is how it has been since the beginning.

Panel 3. The streets of San Francisco, 1893, as seen in the Star Trek: The Next Generation episode "Time's Arrow". The Devidian is as he was in that episode: a well-to-do gentleman with a fancy cane, the snake's head made of carved ivory. The victim is the old Forty-niner, drained and dead in the alleyway.

DEVIDIAN: (CAPTION)

We disturb your history as little as possible, shrouding our hunts beneath the cover of disasters both natural and man-made.

Panel 4. It is MODERN DAY NYC, a hospital ward with the city visible out the window. An old woman lies in a hospital bed, gone. The Devidian is a doctor, his ophidian a cane with a silver snake's head as the grip.

DEVIDIAN: (CAPTION)

We live within the realm of myth, just beyond the fringes of your perception. Unknown, unopposed, unchallenged...

DEVIDIAN: (CAPTION)

Until today...

VENKMAN (BURST, OC)

Doctor's orders, creep...

PAGE TWO (TWO PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel: The Ghostbusters are on the scene! Chaos in the hospital as Peter Venkman and Winston Zeddemore fire their proton packs at the Devidian-Doctor, who is ducking out of the way as their beams go overhead. Behind them, Ray Stantz and Egon Spengler have two other Devidians of their own (each disguised as nurses), lifted off the ground with proton beams. The room itself is for the infirm, making it hard to tell who is lying there from the ravages of the body versus those the Devidians have already drained, but two including the latest victim are pale and discolored from drainings.

VENKMAN:

Take two of these and call us in the morning!

SFX: (VENKMAN'S PACK)

FZZZAKKK!

SFX: (ZEDDEMORE'S PACK)

FZZZZZAM!

Panel 2. Wide panel: Both still firing away, Winston gives Peter an annoyed look, Peter responding in his usual cool way.

ZEDDEMORE:

How many more of those doctor puns am I gonna have to put up with from you?

VENKMAN:

Well, we're in a hospital, sooo... Heck, you knew what you signed up for.

ZEDDEMORE:

Great.

PAGE THREE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Small panel left: The Doctor-Devidian makes a break for it out the doorway and into the hospital hallway, cradling his ophidian cane close to his body to protect it as blasts careen overhead, tearing apart the surrounding walls.

Panel 2. Small panel right: worms-eye view as Peter and Winston give chase, seen from just behind their feet as the Doctor-Devidian pushes open the door in the distance at the end of the hallway.

VENKMAN:

Slow down, buddy! I've the prescription for what ails ya!

Panel 3. Wide panel: Back in the room, both Nurse-Devidians are being held above an activated trap with Ray's proton stream, writhing in struggle to the beams but not seemingly affected by the trap's energies.

STANTZ: (OP)

Weird, the traps aren't doing squat to them. The beams have them held, but who knows how long that's going to work.

Panel 4. Wide panel: While Ray is focused on holding the Nurses with his proton pack, Egon has the PKE meter out, calmly gathering data on their confusing foes.

SPENGLER:

The readings on them are odd, like some sort of spirit with a corporeal sub-component.

STANTZ:

Possession?

SPENGLER:

No, these are their bodies, but... It's as though they're manifesting a physical shell which is tethered to an ethereal form. Like a ghost wearing a spacesuit made of self-replicated skin.

STANTZ:

Then maybe without the skin—

Panel 5. Small panel: Egon raises his arm-mounted blaster at the Devidians (off page) and fires two shots.

SPENGLER:

We can expose them to the "vacuum".

SFX:
SPAK! SPAK!

PAGE THREE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Small wide panel left: close-up on the Devidians, seen from the side. The blasts strike the trapped Nurses, who have raised their arms to protect themselves to no avail. Their skin begins to shatter from the point of impact...

DEVIDIANS (BOTH, BURST):
NO!!

Panel 2. Small wide panel right: ... and suddenly bursts off their true bodies like confetti; beneath are the ghostly Devidian forms we know from TNG: Time's Arrow -- white and almost emaciated with a head that is mostly orifice, both arcing backwards in pain at being exposed to our world. As this happens, the entire scene shifts to shades of blue.

SFX: (SKIN POPPING OFF)
PPAFF!

DEVIDIANS: (BOTH, BURST)
AAAAAA

Panel 3. Wide large panel: Bird's eye view of Ray and Egon from where the Devidians are, or rather were: their ghostly bodies violently phase out of reality. Ray looks on in surprise, his blaster finally lowered and off. Egon just keeps the EKG meter held aloft, catching what remaining data he can, his expression collected as always. The scene is still in shades of blue as the Devidians disappear.

DEVIDIANS: (BOTH, BURST)
AAAAAAaaaaaa*

SFX:
SSSSHNN

Panel 4. Small corner panel: Egon is adjusting his glasses, examining the EKG meter. Ray, his proton wand collected, looks to Egon in confusion. The scene is back to normal colors.

STANTZ:
Did everything just go blue for you, too?

PAGE FOUR (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Wide panel: Back to the Doctor-Devidian, who is desperately weaving his way through the hospital staff and patients, the ophidian cane still clutched tight. Everyone is looking at him in confusion, and in the distance tailing him are Peter and Winston, proton wands held upward but not firing.

ORDERLY:

Aah!

OLD MAN IN WHEELCHAIR:

Slow down, you whippersnapper!

ZEDDEMORE:

Can't get a clear shot with all these people around!

VENKMAN:

You could try. We're in a hospital, it's not like anyone you hit would have to go far.

Panel 2. Third-wide tall panel (left): shot within an unlit stairwell, looking up from half-a-flight down as the Doctor leaps over the railing downward. Winston has just reached the burst-open hallway door, and is close to catching up.

Panel 3. Third-wide tall panel (mid): the pursuit down the stairs and into the darkness continues. The view is downward as the Doctor sprints deeper and deeper, a floor ahead of the Ghostbusters.

Panel 4. Third-wide tall panel (right): the Doctor has reached the bottom of the stairwell, barely lit, and desperately pushes open a metal electrical room door while darting in, the Ghostbusters only half-a-flight behind.

Panel 5. Wide panel: the electrical room door slams shut behind the Doctor, Winston and Peter finally reaching it. Winston has his wand up, ready for action, while Peter looks exhausted, his hand up like he's going to speak but hunched over to catch his breath.

SFX:

CLANK!

ZEDDEMORE:

For a ghost, this guy's cardio game is pretty tight.

VENKMAN:

H... Hh...

VENKMAN:

...

VENKMAN:

Never mind... Too tired... to be clever.

PAGE FIVE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Small corner panel: From within the dark electrical room, Winston kicks the door in, ready for what awaits him like a trained soldier. Peter has gathered himself and is ready behind him.

ZEDDEMORE:

What happened to Peck's mandatory workout regimen? Don't you go to the gym anymore?

VENKMAN:

I agreed to LOSE ten pounds, I never vowed to KEEP it off.

Panel 2. Large panel: the room, now visible, is an electrical room full of panels and switches, but in the center on the floor is a manhole, its cover tossed to the side haphazardly. Winston and Peter look down at the dark hole, Peter's arms thrown up in exasperation.

VENKMAN:

The sewers? REALLY? Why does it always end up with us crawling into some smelly, creepy sewer under the city? I'm serious, I want to know.

ZEDDEMORE:

Hey man, cry to someone else. I'M the one who always ends up neck deep in a slime river.

Panel 3. Wide panel: Winston begins to climb into the sewer while Peter, closer up, contacts the others via walkie-talkie.

VENKMAN:

Breaker breaker niner-niner, this is Doc Petey calling Spengs & the Ray-Man, you boys got your ears to the ground, over?

SPENGLER: (OP, BURST)

This is Egon. What's your position, Venkman?

VENKMAN:

Ah-ah, you have to say "over" or it doesn't count, over.

ZEDDEMORE:

Peter...

VENKMAN:

(small)

Spoil sport.

VENKMAN:

We're about to crawl into a dark pit that smells like Ray's sock drawer –

Panel 4. Wide panel: On Egon and Ray, who are now outside at the entrance to the hospital.

SPENGLER:

Ah, the sewer.

STANTZ:

Hey!

VENKMAN: (OP, BURST)

You boys think you can join us? I'll even let Ray make a "He who smelt it dealt it" joke. Over.

SPENGLER:

We'll triangulate the position of the ghost and meet you down there.

VENKMAN: (OP, BURST)

"Meet us down there" what? Over.

SPENGLER:

Sigh, goodbye, Peter.

SFX:

Clik

PAGE SIX (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Wide panel: Deep within the sewers beneath NYC, Peter and Winston are carefully stalking for the doctor-Devidian. The sewer is dank and labyrinthine, a brick tunnel covered in sludge with multiple paths branching here and there. A river of you'd-rather-not-know runs down its length. Thankfully, there is a stone path along the side that our heroes can traverse, though it doesn't afford much headroom. Peter is holding his nose as they go.

VENKMAN:

And I thought they smelled bad on the outside.

SFX: (DISTANT)

CLANK

ZEDDEMORE:

You hear that? Around the corner up ahead.

VENKMAN:

You sure that wasn't a sewer gator? Or our pizza-eating ninja pals?

Panel 2. Small panel left: We're around the corner now, the source of the sound visible: a sewer grate has been pulled off, tossed to the side of a pipe. In the grime of the floor stones, the scuffing of shoe prints is visible. Winston and Peter are at the ready, but their quarry has clearly escaped into the pipe.

ZEDDEMORE:

Fresh scuff marks on the bricks. Unless your sewer gator is wearing wingtips, we've got our man.

VENKMAN:

Wingtips, running... This is about the un-ghostliest ghost that ever ghosted a ghost.

Panel 3. Small panel right: The duo has now entered a dry sewer pipe and are crawling on their hands and knees to travel its length.

ZEDDEMORE:

You saw what he did to those old folks at the hospital. Whatever he is, I'm betting it still falls under our jurisdiction.

VENKMAN:

Hey, I see some light up ahead. Is that... could it BE? It IS!

Panel 4. Wide panel: We can now see what Peter and Winston saw: a wide-angle shot of a large, empty cave of nothing. No exits, no paths, it's just a seemingly ordinary natural formation of bedrock walls and columns (though unknown to them, virtually identical to the Devidians' layer

in Time's Arrow). The only unusual component is a three-foot-wide pool of water in the center, glowing enough to partially illuminate the room.

VENKMAN:

A big bunch of nothing. Looks like our mad doctor gave us the slip.

VENKMAN: (SMALL)

Egon's not going to be happy.

PAGE SEVEN (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. Wide panel: Close-up on Winston; he's put on the ecto-goggles and flips a switch on the side. Peter is behind him putting the goggles on as well.

ZEDDEMORE:

If he could have gone through walls he would have lost us in the hospital easy. I'm not convinced.

SFX:

Pip

ZEDDEMORE:

Let's see if he left any--

Panel 2. Huge panel: the entire room has gone to oddly-lit shades of blue, and the cave has suddenly gotten a shot of life in the arm. Glowing orbs swarm about, and the central pool has a massive, stone-like repository of glowing soul-orbs floating just above it. Peter and Winston look up in shock as they discover they're not alone: the Devidian, now fully revealed, is floating threateningly besides them. It is larger and more ominous than its companions (10-foot-tall phantasm class), spikes and protrusions jutting from its body, and is wielding its ophidian, no longer disguised either and writhing about in its master's hand.

ZEDDEMORE:

--clues...

Panel 3. Wide panel: Close-up on Peter, who can't help but grin with his usual smarm.

VENKMAN:

See, now, THAT'S how a ghost is supposed to look. SO much better.

PAGE EIGHT (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Wide panel: Perspective is from below the Devidian, seeing only its floating feet from worm's eye view. Peter and Winston dive in opposite directions as the Devidian fires off a wave of small, wisp-like bolts from its hands which strike the cave walls where they stood.

DEVIDIAN:

You have invaded our sanctum. Interrupted our feeding.

Panel 2. Wide panel: the GBs are old pros at this. Landing on his shoulder, Peter has his proton wand up and is already firing on the Devidian off-panel.

VENKMAN:

I'd pass on the human souls, buddy, you clearly need something with more carbs. Maybe a sandwich?

DEVIDIAN: (OP)

You will not survive this encounter.

VENKMAN:

See, that's the hangry talking.

Panel 3. Wide panel: Close-up on the Devidian. His left arm is pushed back, caught by Peter's proton stream, the ophidian still in his right. Despite the blast, the Devidian remains floating and is largely unaffected by the weapon.

DEVIDIAN:

None from your time has ever challenged us, you will be no different.

ZEDDEMORE: (OP)

Yeah, well...

Panel 4. Large panel: Winston has maneuvered behind the Devidian, and has a clear shot which he takes. The Devidian arcs in pain as the beam snares his right side, including part of his body and the arm holding his ophidian. Still, his whole body has not yet been engulfed.

ZEDDEMORE: (BURST)

Time's up!

PAGE NINE (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Wide panel: Despite being caught with two beams, the Devidian is still resisting, not going down without a fight. His left arm aimed towards Winston, a spray of energy orbs blasting wildly at him now. His ensnared state is making it hard to aim, though, and Winston is easily sidestepping the blast.

DEVIDIAN:

Impossible! You shouldn't have the power to engage us yet, not in our place of power!

ZEDDEMORE:

Damn, he's strong! Can you get your trap?

Panel 2. Small panel left: Close-up on Peter, struggling to hold the Devidian off-panel with his own proton wand.

VENKMAN:

I can barely keep him from blasting at us with both hands! Where's the cavalry when you need it?

Panel 3. Small panel right: Back to the Devidian: he has suddenly been struck by two additional proton beams coming from off panel, his body now completely ensnared!

DEVIDIAN:

AAAAA!

Panel 4. Wide panel: Ray and Egon have arrived, both having followed the same path as Winston and Peter. With Peter in the foreground, Ray is already on the ground while Egon is mostly out of the pipe: both have joined in the blasting, shooting the Devidian off-panel. Both are also wearing ecto-goggles, so as to see their foe.

STANTZ:

You called?

VENKMAN:

Why Ray, you little showman. You were just waiting in there for the perfect moment, weren't you?

STANTZ:

My timing is all natural, I swear.

SPENGLER:

The others were resistant to the traps, we've got to force it into one as fast as possible before it breaks loose.

Panel 5. Wide panel: Close-up on the Devidian's head, proton energy arcing across its skin. Despite its limited expressions, it appears to be exerting extra energy.

DEVIDIAN:

I... will not be contained...

PAGE TEN (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. Huge panel: With a huge force of will to overcome the beams, the Devidian has raised its right arm, unleashing the full might of the ophidian. The snake's mouth wide open, streams of bio-energy pour out of the Ghostbusters into its maw as it draws their life force from their bodies. They've all lost their grips on their proton wands, all being lifted off the ground by the ophidian's power.

DEVIDIAN:

No, I will FEED! On you ALL!

Panel 2. Wide panel: Peter, Egon and Ray are turning sickly pale, the same shade as all victims of the Devidian draining. All are held in place in mid-air as the ophidian strips them of their life force, energy strands streaming from their chests.

VENKMAN:

So... this is what... this is like. Not a fan.

SPENGLER:

The ophidian... It seems to... channel its power. We've got... got to disarm it.

VENKMAN:

The what?

STANTZ:

The... SNAKE... Zap the snake...

Panel 3. Wide panel: Winston, still on the other side of the Devidian, has also turned pale and sickly as life energy streams from his body, being held aloft. Despite losing his hold of the proton wand, he has a wrist-mounted blaster at the ready and fires a red-hued shot at the Devidian off-panel.

ZEDDEMORE:

On it.

SFX:

SPAK!

PAGE ELEVEN (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. Wide panel: From behind, the Devidian's ophidian is struck by Winston's energy shot, and it arcs wildly as red energy courses through it. The Devidian turns, shocked at the sudden turn of events.

SFX: (ENERGY SHOT IMPACT)
FZAK!

SFX: (OPHIDIAN)
KSSSSSS!

DEVIDIAN:
What have--

Panel 2. Egon and Ray drop to the ground, freed of the ophidian's grasp. The blue colors of the Devidian's world begin to break, with normal hues visible through the fragmentations.

SFX: (GBS HITTING THE GROUND)
WHUD!

STANTZ:
Oof!

Panel 3. Wide panel: Close-up on the Devidian's upper half. Both hands gripping the ophidian, he's trying to hold back the energy coursing through it, to no avail. The snake's head is writhing about, smaller arcs of red energy shooting in all directions from its body but a much larger discharge bursting from its open mouth. Peter is mustering the strength to slowly get off the ground.

DEVIDIAN:
HOW?? You should not have the power to challenge us in this era! Who are you?!

VENKMAN: (SMALL)
Oh man, I'm going to have to fire our press agent.

VENKMAN:
We're the GHOSTBUSTERS, doc. We're kind of a big deal.

Panel 4. Small panel left: Close-up of the Devidian's face. Despite the red energy arcing about, he has stopped struggling, and just looks down at his foe.

Panel 5. Small panel right: Same close-up of the Devidian, only change is the clash of his blue world and our colors, and the arcing of red electricity.

DEVIDIAN:

Then it is time. The cycle –

PAGE TWELVE (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel: Close-up on the ophidian's head. Energy pours from its mouth.

SFX: (OPHIDIAN)

KSHAAAAAAA

Panel 2. Large panel: Everything goes white, with the barest silhouettes of blue of Egon, Peter and Ray, as energy engulfs the room. They try to shield their eyes against the light...

Panel 3. Black.

Panel 4. Black.

PICARD: (CAPTION)

(bottom right corner)

Captain's Log, stardate 47971.2...

PAGE 13 (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. Large panel: Beauty shot of the Enterprise-D, flying towards the viewer through space at warp speeds. <Note: this adventure takes place between ST:TNG ep 7x24 (Preemptive Strike) and 7x25 (All Good Things...)>

PICARD: (CAPTION)

The Enterprise is en route to the Donatu system following a sudden spike in triolic wave activity across the sector. The last time we encountered the use of triolic energy was during our run-in with a race of time-traveling invaders harvesting human neural energy for sustenance, a predatory species known as the Devidians.

Panel 2. On board the Enterprise bridge, Captain Jean-Luc Picard, Commander William Riker and Lt. Commander Data are gathered around the bridge science station, Data seated and typing away; angle on their faces as they look past us and at the monitor behind the viewer. In the background manning his own station is Worf.

PICARD: (CAPTION)

Whether this is a prelude to another invasion, or just a sign of one that has been ongoing for centuries from the shadows, only time will tell.

DATA:

Captain, we have received telemetry from Deep Space Four confirming triolic energy patterns emanating from three additional systems.

RIKER:

That makes 29 total in the last 72 hours.

DATA:

Indeed, sir. The additional reports confirm our supposition that the Donatu system remains the highest concentrated source of energy for the area.

Panel 3. Close-up on Picard looking thoughtfully at the monitor, Riker in the background.

PICARD:

Mr. Data, have our probes relayed any spike in triolic activity from Devidia II?

DATA: (OP)

No, sir. The planet continues to remain dormant since our previous engagement.

RIKER:

Perhaps the Devidians aren't behind this, after all? Maybe someone else, or even a natural occurrence?

DATA:

Unlikely, Commander. We know of no other species that utilize this form of energy due to its deleterious effect on living tissue, and to date triolic energy remains exceptionally rare as a natural phenomenon.

PAGE 14 (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Worf in the foreground, behind his controls. With a turn of his head, he addresses the captain, still in the background with Data and Riker.

PICARD:

And yet, no trace of temporal incursions.

RIKER:

We dealt them a serious blow when we chased them to 1800s, they may be taking precautions to avoid further detection.

WORF:

Captain, we're approaching the Donatu system.

CAPTAIN:

Thank you, Mr. Worf. All stop.

Panel 2. Large space shot: in the foreground floats a massive asteroid, and atop that an old, abandoned mining station; no lights or power visible, the structure looks so derelict to almost seem haunted, possessed. Parts of the station have been pummeled by smaller asteroid debris. The Enterprise has taken up a position in low orbit, a third the size of the old base.

PICARD: (CAPTION)

"There are no planets in this system?"

DATA: (CAPTION)

"None capable of supporting life, Captain. The system consists of three Class P planets with no atmosphere or geological activity, as well as an asteroid belt, possibly the remnant of a planetary collision."

Panel 3. Back to the Enterprise bridge: Riker is looking to the console adjacent to Data's, gathering readings of his own. Behind them both, the station is visible on the main viewscreen.

RIKER:

Looks like the station's life support and structural integrity are somehow still intact. What do you think, an old mining station?

DATA:

Possibly, sir. Though the triolic energy seems particularly concentrated on this location; any humanoid lifeforms would have had to abandon the base or suffer considerable cellular damage from prolonged exposure.

Panel 4. Foreground is Picard, his hand is pointing to the turbolift. In the background, Data is still seated but turned towards the captain, while Riker is getting up from the computer station, addressing his crewmates.

PICARD:

Mr. Data, is the triolic radiation immediately dangerous?

DATA:

Short-term, the effects are easily treatable by Dr. Crusher. However, I would advise exposure no longer than 15 to 20 minutes at a time.

PICARD:

Number One, take an away team to the station and investigate. Alert us if you find anything that would indicate Devidian activity.

RIKER:

Aye, sir. Worf, you're with me.

PAGE 15 (FIVE PANELS)

Panel 1. The interior of Donatu station is a run-down mess of pipes, metal and the ruined remnants of dead technology ages gone; despite the seeming haphazardness of the debris, however, there is a certain intention to it, like the room has been shaped this way on purpose. Riker, Geordi La Forge, Worf and two red-shirts are beaming into a large, open storage room, barely visible in the darkness. They are beaming down in a defensive formation, phasers at the ready.

RIKER:

We're in. See anything, Geordi?

LA FORGE:

Whoa. This place... The way the wreckage is shaped, the magnetic signature... Commander, it's just like two years ago on Devidia II.

RIKER:

Elaborate.

Panel 2. Small panel left: La Forge looks around in the darkness, while behind him the other crew members scan the area, flashlights and tricorders in hand. He's clearly seeing something they are not, something ominous.

LA FORGE:

This part of the station has been trilocized, like the cavern rock face on Devidia and in San Francisco, shaped to act as a conduit for all that energy we've been detecting.

SFX: (GEORDI'S TRICORDER)

BREEBREEBREE

Panel 3. Small panel right: Everything goes to shades of blue. Geordi looks to his tricorder as it detects something. Whatever it is, it's not good. Worf in the background is getting a similar readout from his own tricorder, alarmed.

SFX: (WORF'S TRICORDER)

BREEBREEBREE

WORF:

Commander!

DATA: (BURST, OP)

Geordi, I am detecting a fluctuation across subspace localized in your immediate area.

LA FORGE:

We're getting it, too, Data. Synchronic distortions at 0.001 percent – no, wait, 0.5 percent! ... Back down to 0.03 percent...

Panel 4. The blue-shift has transformed the landscape further: focus on Riker as he steps back from a soul-pillar that now stands where nothing was before. Coming into view are the half-visible forms of glowing, white Devidians, prompting Worf to ready his phaser.

LA FORGE: (OP)

3.5 percent... 0.74... 6! The distortions are all over the place!

WORF: (SMALL)

How can we see them without a subspace field inverter?

RIKER:

Any temporal readings?

DATA: (OP, BURST)

Negative, sir. However, I am detecting substantial phase-shifting accompanying the synchronic oscillations, I advise returning to the Enterprise, before—

Panel 5. Close-up on Geordi as he reads his tricorder. The blue-shift is gone and the original environment and color are restored.

LA FORGE:

Zero... The synchronic distortions have completely dropped off—

SFX: (TRICORDER, LOUD)

BREEBREEBREE

DATA: (OP, BURST)

Temporal rift detected, beaming you KCCCHH*

LA FORGE:

Ten percent! Triolic activity is spiking! Something's...

PAGE 16 (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. The away team has been completely enveloped in the Devidians' world, as the Doctor-Devidian hovers amongst them, ophidian gripped in hand as it was at the end of his confrontation with the GBs; over a dozen smaller Devidians surround everyone. Both the Doctor-Devidian and the away team are surprised at each other's presence.

DEVIDIAN:

– continues.

Panel 2. Riker quickly raises his phaser at the Doctor-Devidian (OP), his other hand tapping his chest combadge, while behind him the smaller ones swarm the two red shirts.

RIKER: (BURST)

O'Brien, get us the Hell out of here!

REDSHIRT 1:

There's too many--!

Panel 3. The Doctor-Devidian, aiming the ophidian at Riker, effortlessly blasts him back with a force pulse. A dynamic shot from behind Riker as he tumbles in mid-air, his phaser knocked out of his hand by the pulse.

DEVIDIAN:

Enough of your toys.

RIKER: (BURST)

HUUF!

WORF: (OP, BURST)

COMMANDER!

Panel 4. Close-up of the two redshirts' faces, pale and dead as Devidian hands overwhelm them, draining their life energy en masse directly.

SFX: (DEVIDIAN CROWD, MULTIPLE TIMES SPACED ACROSS PANEL)

Feed us

Feed us

Feed us

PAGE 17 (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Upward view of Geordi and Worf, back-to-back with phasers firing to no avail against the encroaching Devidians who have now turned their attention away from the redshirts; beams just pass through the enemy with little effect other than momentarily disturbing their image. Geordi is hitting his combadge to no effect.

GEORDI:

La Forge to Enterprise! Dammit, the synchronic distortion is disrupting communications! I can't get a signal through!

WORF:

Honorless dogs! You won't take down a Klingon warrior so easily!

DEVIDIAN: (OP)

Your weapons mean nothing, the secrets to challenging us lost to time.

Panel 2. Prone and dazed from the Devidian attack, Riker tries to collect his senses, his hand reaching out around the blurs and shadows to find his phaser.

DEVIDIAN: (OP)

Thank you for stepping into our lair.

RIKER:

My phaser... Where...?

Panel 3. Small panel left: Focus on Riker's hand, which finds the grip of an unknown weapon (proton wand, mostly obscured by said blurs and shadows)

DEVIDIAN: (OP)

Now feed us.

Panel 4. Small panel right: Close-up of Riker's face as he furrows his brow, realizing something is amiss.

RIKER:

What?

Panel 5. Close-up on Worf and Geordi, still back to back. Worf looks over his shoulder to his crewmate. Geordi isn't particularly moved by Worf's subsequent pep talk. Hungry Devidian hands prepare to engulf the two.

SFX: (DEVIDIAN CROWD, MULTIPLE TIMES SPACED ACROSS PANEL)

Feed us

Feed us
Feed us
Feed us

WORF:

Hold fast, Commander! If we must die today, we gladly die fighting to the last man!

LA FORGE:

Wish I could share the sentiment, Worf.

SFX: (OP, PROTON PACK POWERING UP)

Kssshhhh

RIKER: (OP, BURST)

Geordi! Worf!

PAGE 18 (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Surprised, Geordi and Worf quickly duck as a proton-pack energy stream strafes wildly across the Devidian crowd, stunning and entangling many of the nearest attackers. The Doctor-Devidian, not among those struck, turns to the blast's source, once again attempting to shield the ophidian with his body.

RIKER: (OP, BURST)
GET DOWN!

SFX:
FZZZAAAAAAK!

Panel 2. Large panel: On one knee, Riker has gotten his hands on a proton wand, and is unleashing its power on the Devidian attackers. The wand's power cable extends into the shadows, pack unseen. The commander is struggling to control the beam which he is attempting to aim like a sniper rifle, as the energy discharge flails about wildly.

RIKER:
Unf! This is... like trying to shoot... out of a Denobulan eel!

SFX:
FZZZAAAAAAK!

Panel 3. The Doctor-Devidian has had enough: in a shot heavy with perspective, the Devidian is the sole focus of the panel as it speeds at Riker with an outstretched, clawed hand. Proton blasts zip by at its sides as it deftly dodges Riker's shots.

DEVIDIAN:
You will feed us! We cannot let you stop us!

RIKER: (OP)
Dammit! Fire straight, you damn—

Panel 4. Back to Riker, still trying to aim the proton wand, when a gloved hand (Ray's) comes from off-panel and grips the body of the weapon, catching him off-guard.

STANTZ:
Word of advice when handling a proton wand, friend:

PAGE 19 (THREE PANELS)

Panel 1. Large beauty shot panel: The Ghostbusters are here! Riker is still on one knee, but has relinquished the proton wand to Ray whom he views with surprise. The GBs are all lined up, all firing their proton packs at the incoming Devidian attacker off-panel.

STANTZ:

It's easier if you think of it like a fireman's hose.

VENKMAN:

That's right, fellas: spray and pray!

SPENGLER:

Classy as always, Venkman.

Panel 2. The Devidian is hit with all four streams at once, stopped dead in its tracks as its body arcs from the impact. It is still holding the ophidian.

DEVIDIAN:

Not... again! No!

Panel 3. Close-up on Spengler talking to Stantz, all beams still firing away. Ray pulls out a trap with his left hand.

SPENGLER:

Ray, it's in its true form!

STANTZ:

Which means, the trap might work this time! On it!

PAGE 20 (SIX PANELS)

Panel 1. Wide panel: The Devidian is thoroughly entwined with proton streams, yet through sheer effort lifts his arm with the ophidian, preparing to use it on the team once more.

DEVIDIAN:

You cannot... stop us! You cannot defeat... the will of—

Panel 2. Small panel left: Close-up of Winston, who raises his left arm, wrist blaster attached, and fires.

ZEDDEMORE:

Not this time, doc.

SFX:

SPAK!

Panel 3. Small panel right: The wrist blaster hits the Devidian's arm, violently knocking the ophidian from its grip.

Panel 4. Small panel left: Riker makes a diving catch for the ophidian, gripping its wriggling body as he leaps.

Panel 5. Small panel right: Worm's eye view focused on the ghost trap in the foreground as Ray (in the background with his companions still firing) tosses it at their Devidian captive.

STANTZ:

Remember: three out of three doctors recommend a trip to the containment unit!

Panel 6. Wide panel: The Devidian reaches up to the sky desperately as a bright burst of energy shines from below, the ghost trap being activated, its body stretched and distorted by the strain.

SFX:

VWOOOORP

DEVIDIAN:

NOOOOOOO

PAGE 21 (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. Focus on the trap, snapping shut as the last vestiges of its prey are sucked in. The blue-shift ends and all the normal colors of the room return.

SFX:

PSSSHH

Panel 2. Worf and Geordi, still back-to-back, but they watch carefully as the Devidians that had surrounded them suddenly fade away.

SFX: (DIMINISHING)

Feed us

Feeeeed

Feeeeee*

DATA: (OP, BURST)

—ordi, can you read me? Repeat: a temporal anomaly has formed at your position.

Panel 3. The Ghostbusters enjoy a moment of respite from their battle. Peter is patting Ray on the back, Egon scans the room once more with his EKG meter, while Winston is the first one to notice something is amiss.

VENKMAN:

Not bad, not bad. Though I would've gone with "For hauntings lasting more than four hours, consult—"

STANTZ:

I like to keep my one-liners PG and under, Petey.

SPENGLER:

I'm still detecting substantial levels of psycho-kinetic energy, but they're more generalized now. I'm going to need some samples.

ZEDDEMORE:

Uh, guys? I don't think we're in Kansas anymore.

Panel 4. View up on Riker, holding the ophidian which has without its master reverted to its cane-form. Worf and Geordi are walking up to join him, Geordi tapping his combadge. All are viewing the Ghostbusters curiously.

RIKER:

You're a long way from Kansas, friends. About five-hundred light years back that way.

LA FORGE:

Data?

DATA: (OP, BURST)

Geordi, are you alright? You and the away team were momentarily pulled into a subspace rift brought about by the synchronic distortions.

LA FORGE:

We'll... get back to you on that in a second.

PAGE 22 (FOUR PANELS)

Panel 1. The GBs realize something's amiss. They're eyeing the Enterprise crew surprised (GBs on the left side of the panel, away team on the right). Ray takes the lead on questioning, though he's looking more excited than alarmed at the predicament.

STANTZ:

500 light years? You're saying... we're in OUTER SPACE?

SPENGLER:

And someone mentioned a temporal distortion. Based on this technology, your outfits... Perhaps the apropos question is WHEN are we rather than the inevitable WHERE?

STANTZ:

AND time travel?!

RIKER:

That may be a bit... complicated to explain. Maybe you can tell us who you are first.

Panel 2. Close-up on the GBs, Venkman taking lead on answering. Unlike his companions, he's not even slightly fazed by the revelation of their displacement. The GBs aren't particularly amused by his subsequent introduction of the team.

VENKMAN:

Well, future-pals, I'm Doctor Peter Venkman and these are my sidekicks Groucho, Chico and Harpo.

STANTZ:

Doctor Ray Stantz.

ZEDDEMORE:

Winston Zeddemore.

SPENGLER:

Doctor Egon Spengler.

VENKMAN:

And we are the world-famous GHOSTBUSTERS, straight out of New York City's colorful 21st century!

Panel 3. Small panel, corner of panel 2: Close-up on Riker, who clearly has no idea who they are.

RIKER:

The, ah... The WHO?

Panel 3. Small panel left 2/3: Close-up on Peter, fingers on his temples, clearly annoyed, with Ray by his side. Ray is curiously pointing to Worf (off-panel).

VENKMAN:

I am so firing our press agent.

STANTZ:

Space, time-travel, and... I guess, werewolves?

Panel 4. Small panel right: Close-up on Worf in almost a snarl at the perceived insult.

WORF:

Grrr....