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Lego Scooby-Doo! Blowout Beach Bash

By Emily Brundige

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- What's the word?

- Friends of Tommie!

Don't stop the party on account of us.

Gather around let's party time

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

It's the greatest jam in town

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Swinging kids and a radio

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Let your backbone slip

let's do-si-do

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Tonight we dance like

the sand's on fire

Come on if you want to have

fun at the Bingo Bash

- Oh, all right.

- This is awesome, let's go!

Listen to the drums with

the crazy beat

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Watch the palm trees sway

in the crazy heat

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Tonight we dance like

the sand's on fire

Come if you want to have fun

at the Bingo Bash

Don't they know wherever we go

We conquer all we face

Tommie and friends all

ain't got a chance

For nothing but second place

Nothing but second place

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Slow down!

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

You're all having too good a time.

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash

Blowout Beach Bingo Bash
Catch a wave and shoot the curl
Blowout Beach Bingo Bash
To the greatest party
in the whole wide world
Blowout Beach Bingo Bash
Blowout Beach Bingo Bash
Blowout Beach Bingo Bash
Blowout Beach Bingo Bash
Run away, it's...
Dr. Najib?
And I would have
gotten away with it, too,
if it weren't for you meddling kids.
Hey, I might have caught ya.
Ah, you're right, I'm pretty
bad at my job.
Thanks, meddling kids.
I'll take it from here.
Man, oh, man.
Like, I don't know about you guys,
but I sure wouldn't mind going
someplace fun and sunny.
How long have we been in this
stuffy old museum anyhow,
two weeks?
Three weeks?
It's been two days.
Huh, seemed longer.
What do you say, guys?
Let's go somewhere fun and unwind.
I can't think of any place more fun
than right here at the Museum
of Archeology.
I, for one, found the display
on Aztec agriculture amazing.
Velma, that's good.
"Maize" is what the Aztecs called corn.
Yeah, it was the "corn" er
stone of Aztec agriculture.
It's lucky we're here, 'cause
that joke belongs in a museum.
I'm with Shaggy.
Let's go somewhere fun.

If you kids are looking for
someplace fun to go,
the annual Blowout Beach Bingo
Bash just started.
It's three fun-filled days of
singing, dancing, games and food.
- Food!
- Food!
Sure.
They end the whole thing
with a giant beach barbecue
where they crown the two most high-
spirited partiers Captains of the Bash.
Yeah, let's all go.
Sure, I'd be up for...
Wait a second, you almost got me.
I should not be in this line of work.
Well, gang, looks like we're off
to the Blowout Beach Bingo Bash.
Yay!
Could we turn the music down?
I'm trying to read the
guidebook to Blowout Beach.
Who needs a guidebook for a beach?
There's sand and water and, uh...
And that's it.
Not so,
there's the historic boardwalk,
a thriving downtown music scene
and a newly built pier amusement area.
There's actually quite a bit to do.
I'm going to draw up a schedule
to optimize our fun once we get there.
You can't optimize fun, Velma.
You just have fun.
I beg to differ.
We've already missed half a day.
If we're going to cram three days of fun
into two and a half days, it's going
to require some tight scheduling.
Good thinking, Velma.
You know, schedules are one
of my favorite types of plans.
Right up there with blueprints

and building instructions.

Oh, man.

Like, you guys are squares and
a couple of two-by-two bricks.

- Hey!

- We're just as fun as you three.

We are fun.

Why, just last week I took us
all to that amusement park.

That was a creepy, abandoned
amusement park.

Filled with vampire clowns.

What about the week before
that, when I was like,

"Hey, guys, let's go to the zoo."

Creepy, abandoned, and there was
a giant, zombie polar bear.

Face it, you two, you just
don't like to have fun
like other people like to have fun.

You'd rather be solving a mystery.

Like, it's not your fault
you guys are totally
obsessed with creepy mysteries.

We are not obsessed with mysteries.

You named your van the Mystery Machine.

You guys just can't resist
the spooky stuff.

Just like how Scoob and I
can't resist a cheeseburger.

- Or pizza.

- Or a hot dog.

Or a triple decker sandwich.

- With extra pickles.

- And mustard.

Oh, man, I'm getting super hungry here.

What was the point I was trying to make?

Sandwiches taste good?

No, that wasn't it...

Oh, yeah!

You two are no fun.

Not true, we have fun.

We have lots of fun.

Oh yeah? What's the last

fun thing you did?
Oh! I read a fascinating book
on the history of nets.
Like, I rest my case.
We'll prove we can be just
as fun as you guys.
- Yeah... We will?
- At the end of this weekend,
when they name the captains of
the Blowout Beach Bingo Bash,
it's going to be me
and Fred up on that stage.
Yeah? I mean... Yeah!
You'll see. Blowout Beach, here we come.
Come on, let the sun in
Ain't no sense in running
The beach is where they'll be
It's no mystery to me
The sand and surf are waiting
Boardwalk ripe for skating
The place I want to be
It's no mystery to me
You and I, let's take us a ride
In the sky today
Then let's see what a party can be
When we're twisting the night away
Come on, let the sun in
Ain't no sense in runnin'
The beach is where I'll be
it's no mystery to me
Uh-oh, I'm getting a very creepy and
abandoned feeling from this place.
Everyone is probably down
at the boardwalk.
According to my guidebook,
during the Bash
the boardwalk is party central.
Maybe there's another boardwalk.
Where did everybody go?
They must have sensed Fred and Velma's
party pooper vibes and left town.
Ha-ha, very funny.
Come on, let's check in to the hotel.
Then we can catch up

with the party and prove
we can have a good time.
Pardon me, my fellow
carefree, fun-loving teens.
Uh, we're looking for the Bingo Bash.
The Bash is over, Daddy-O,
we're splitting.
You cats should split, too,
if you know it's good for you.
I wonder what spooked them.
- Probably the pirates.
- "Pirates?"
Calm down, fellas, I'm sure
he's just joking.
Nope, no joke.
How do you do, Rob Holdout.
And this my lovely wife, Laura Holdout.
As owners of this fine
establishment and all
the attractions you see
on the boardwalk,
allow me to welcome you
to the Holdout Inn.
Ah, thank you.
Sorry, but did you say those teens
were scared off by pirates?
Pirates ransacked the pier this morning.
Chased everyone off. Cookies?
My goodness, the entire bowl?
We need two rooms, please.
Oh, I'm sorry, but we've only
got one available room.
You're in luck!
Another room just opened up.
You know, it is so nice to see
young people undeterred
by the threat
of ferocious ghost pirates.
Excuse me?
I'd like to take a second to
confer with my associate, please.
Scooby-Doo, old pal, did she
just say what I think she said?
"Ferocious ghost pirates?"

That's what I thought.

- Well.

- It's been great.

Vacation over, boy, am I relaxed.

- Back to the Mystery...

- Cut it out, guys.

Ghost pirates, you say?

No, no, no, no.

Control yourself, Velma.

You are not here to investigate,

you are here for one reason

and one reason alone.

That's right.

We're gonna be crowned

Captains of the Bash.

Ah, well, isn't that nice?

You know, our kids Chad and

Krissy were last year's captains.

Great, maybe they could give us

some tips on maximizing our fun

in the most efficient way to

party down in the group setting.

Uh, maybe.

The only thing is, there aren't going

to be any captains this year, hon.

- What?

- Why not?

The ghost pirates stole the hats

they used to crown the captains.

Were the hats valuable?

No, they're just regular

old pirate hats.

But you can't have captains

without them.

- It's tradition. Tradition.

- Tradition.

So then maybe the pirates

stole them to stop the Bash.

I thought you said no investigating.

Well, this is different.

We've to get those

pirate hats back if Fred

and I are going to be

Captains of the Bash.

Excuse you, we are
the Captains of the Bash.

Krissy, Chad.

These nice young teens
are just checking in.
Would you like to show them
to their rooms?

- As if.

- Yeah, as if, Mother.

Okay, well, this young lady
had some questions about, uh,
maximum and official group
settings and, uh...

She wanted tips on being fun.
She looks like she could use them.

Nice ascot.

Chadwick Martin Holdout, that
is no way to talk to a guest.
Whatever, Pops.

We're going to the Octo Rock
Lounge and you can't stop us.
Later.

What's "SD" stand for?

Strange Dog?

Those two were crowned the
most fun partiers at the Bash?

Fred, Velma, you guys might
have a shot at this.

You'll have to excuse them.

They've had a pretty bad attitude
since they were voted captains.

Those dang hats really
went to their heads.

Maybe it's not so bad that
the pirates stole them.

Can you tell us a little bit
more about the ghost pirates?

Sure, that's them.

Right over there.

- Ghost pirates!

- Ghost pirates!

Oh, it's just a painting.

I recognize those two from my guidebook.
That's the pirate queen

Bonnie Bingo Belle
and Captain Brutimore Bash.
The Bingo Bash is named after them.
And behind them is the Salty Brick,
the most feared ship
to ever sail the seas.
They even have a lady tied to the front.
That particular figurehead is
the Roman goddess Aurora.
And that skull and crossbones is
what they call a "Jolly Roger".
Say, would you kids like to hear about
the very first Blowout Beach Bingo Bash?
You see, it was way back
in pirate time...
Oh, Rob, you are not going to
bore our guests with a history lesson.
Rob's sort of the town's
amateur historian.
Well, now, they don't mind, do you?
Well, we really should be partying.
But I suppose we have time
to squeeze in a little history.
That's the spirit.
Now, like I was saying, it was
way back in pirate times.
The pirate queen, Bonnie Bingo Belle
and her partner, Captain Brutimore Bash,
were the two most famous pirates around.
They had just plundered a ship belonging
to the super wealthy
Duchess Ducheeseslob,
and decided to hide out for
a while at Blowout Beach,
which, at the time, was
a notorious safe haven
for pirates, rascallions,
scallywags, lowlifes,
privateers, smugglers and just
all-around bad guys.
Yes, sir, they owned this town.
In fact, the smugglers even
built secret tunnels
all over Blowout Beach

to smuggle their goods.
Oh, now, Rob, they don't
need to know all that.
Just get to the Bingo Bash part.
Honey, I was just about to.
No, you were talking too much.
It's a story dear, the whole point
- is talking.
- I know what a story is.
Every time.
Every time I start talking...
Oh, it's not every time.
- You start up...
- Two sentences?
...with "Rob, you talk too much."
Oh, is that supposed to be me?
- Do you wanna tell the story?
- Is that what...
- Fine.
- Hold on.
Bingo Belle and Captain Bash
sailed into port,
their ship full of treasure.
Well, anyhow they were so happy with all
their new riches that they threw a
giant party that lasted three days.
It was the first
Blowout Beach Bingo Bash.
Oh, you see, on the third day,
a navy warship, the Gilded Cod,
under the command of the dashing
Commodore Ducheesseslob...
The duchess's nephew.
Commodore Ducheesseslob sailed into
Blowout Beach and ambushed the pirates.
They arrested Bingo Belle
and Captain Bash.
But, as it turned out, it wasn't
Bingo Belle and Captain Bash at all.
It was just two teenagers Belle
and Bash had given their hats to
in order to fool the Commodore.
Those were the first teens
crowned Captains of the Bash.

May I continue?

As soon as the Commodore realized his mistake, Belle and Bash, aboard the Salty Brick, sailed into the harbor, opened fire on the beach and sunk the Gilded Cod. What they didn't anticipate, however, was that waiting for them in the harbor were even more navy warships under the command of Admiral Ducheeseblob. The duchess's uncle. The admiral confiscated the Salty Brick and arrested all the pirates aboard, except for Belle and Bash. In all the chaos, they and the treasure disappeared. Never to be seen again. There they are, Officers, arrest them. Sheriff, what's this about? Mr. Monkfish is alleging that you two are responsible for that pirate attack earlier. A pretty cheap stunt, trying to chase away all my customers on the busiest weekend of the year. Hello, Dwight Monkfish. I own the pier at Blowout Beach. It's the big wooden thing sticking out into the ocean. Perhaps, you've seen it? We're Mystery Incorporated. Oh, is that your band name? Well, when you get tired of this rundown dump you should come by. We're always looking for fresh, young musical acts down at the pier. You can work for tips. Now look here, Monkfish. Who do you think you are, coming in here accusing us of crimes? Calling our cozy inn a "dump".

I call 'em like I sees 'em.
Just look at this place,
loose bricks everywhere.
You gotta press these things
together firmly.
It's disgraceful.
Hey! Sheriff,
do you really think Rob
and I would steal the hats
right off our own children's
darling little heads?
Besides, you've been
trying to get us to sell
our property to you
since you came to town,
you pompous moustache twirler.
Why, I'd rather see
the boardwalk destroyed
than sell it you.
Yeah, how do we know
it wasn't you responsible
for that pirate attack?
Oh, oh, that's rich.
Me, sabotaging my own business the day
before I open my brand-new
roller coaster.
It's called the Blowout Blizzard.
You'll love it, it goes
up, down, around, you name it.
It's even got a loop.
Mitzi, what are you standing around for?
Give these kids some free passes
for the grand opening tomorrow.
Except for him, no dogs allowed.
How rude.
So you're not arresting them? Fine.
But I'm watching you.
Come on, Mitzi, what are you
standing around for?
We've got things to do.
- It was nice meeting you.
- Mitzi!
Sorry to bother you, folks.
Hmm, I'm gonna catch up

with the Sheriff for a second.

Well, that vacation lasted
about two seconds.

You know, Sheriff, my friends
and I are mystery solvers.

Mystery solvers? I thought
you were in a band.

No, we solve mysteries.

If there is anything we can do
to help your investigation...

"Investigation?"

It was probably just some local
teens blowing off some steam.

All they did was take a couple
of old hats and chase away
some obnoxious out-of-towners
like yourselves.

Frankly, this is usually
a nice sleepy beach town,
so now with Monkfish trying to make
this a year-round vacation spot,
well, my deputy and I wouldn't mind
if those pirates did put an end
to the Bash and all the annoying
tourists, like yourselves,
that it attracts.

What did he say?

Gang, it's time to investigate.

Velma, you got any leads?

I sure do.

Daphne, you go investigate the pier.

Talk to that Dwight Monkfish.

See what you can find out.

Shaggy and Scooby, according
to my guidebook

Bingo Belle and Captain Bash's
ship, the Salty Brick,
is still docked in the harbor
as a historical exhibit.

Why don't you go check it out?

Like, forget that.

There's ghost pirates running around and
you want us to go check out their boat?

You guys weren't actually scared

by those ghost stories, were you?

Not scared.

Terrified!

That's too bad.

According to my guidebook,
the Salty Brick has an
excellent snack bar.

- Snacks?

- Yup.

It says here they've got nachos,
French fries, chicken wings,
popcorn shrimp, and
deep-fried Scooby snacks.

We'll catch you landlubbers
later, we've got a bus to catch!

And on the starboard side,
you'll see more portholes.

The term "porthole" applies whether
they are on the portside of the ship
or the starboard side.

There are 36 portholes on this ship,
each one with its own unique story.

How could they turn something
as scary as a pirate ship
into something so boring?

Please save your questions
for the end of the tour.

Like, excuse me, Mr. Museum Guide dude.

Like, do you think that
we can stop by the snack bar?

Oh, no, we replaced that
with an exhibit on barrels.

But don't worry,
we'll get to that later.

No snacks?

If you don't mind, we'd
like to abandon ship.

Out of consideration for
all our other guests,

- I can't lower the gangplank...

- What other guests?

...for you to leave
until after the tour.

Now, if there are no

further interruptions,
we still have four more
hours on this tour.

Four hours?

I don't think my stomach's is
gonna make it that long, Scoob.

Let's see if there's
anything to eat in the ship's galley.

There are 42 different and
fascinating uses for a porthole.

Number one...

So, this is the local
teen rock and roll club?

It's quieter than I thought it would be.

Nice.

I guess everyone's nerves are still
recovering from the pirate attack.

Well, maybe as the future

Captains of the Bash,

it's up to us to get the party going.

Ahoy, maties!

No, no, no, no, no.

We're not pirates.

Just a couple of freewheeling
teenagers such as yourselves.

Maybe tone down

the pirate speak, Captain.

And let's try engaging a smaller group.

Hey, fellas. Say, would you like to

hear a funny story about a trap?

"Trap?"

Actually it's about a
snare trap, to be specific.

- Maybe later.

- Look over there.

It's Chad and Krissy,

we should go say hi.

Hey, Chad, Krissy,

fancy meeting you two here.

- Do we know you?

- We met at your parents' inn.

Less than an hour ago, you

wouldn't show us to our rooms.

You made fun of his ascot

and insulted our dog.

Oh yeah, Strange Dog.

- Can we help you?

- Yeah, actually we were...

Oh, no, when I said, "Can we help you?"

I meant it more like, uh...

- Go away.

- Yeah, that.

- Look, chum...

- It's Chad.

Ah, right.

Listen, if we did something
to offend you, I'm sorry.

But we were just wondering
if you could tell us anything
about the pirate attack earlier.

I understand the pirates took the
hats right off your darling...

Um...

I'm sorry, what's that?

Shoo, fly, don't bother us.

Come on, Fred, let's go.

You know, you two are decidedly unjinky.

"Jinky."

What a couple of...

Corn dogs, now I know
what you're thinking.

You can get corn dogs
down at the boardwalk.

But these aren't any old, normal,
run-of-the-mill boardwalk corn dogs, no.

These are infused with, uh...

Wasa, uh, wasalami,
wasatoosie, wasa-matter-you...

Mitzi, what's that stuff called?

- Wasabi, sir.

- Wasabi!

How's that for a classic
gourmet experience?

I want to transform this sleepy old town
into "the" destination for the
young and well-to-do.

And it begins
by bulldozing that ugly old

beach and boardwalk down there
and turning the whole thing into piers.

You want to turn the whole
town into piers?

You hear that inflection
in her voice, Mitzi?

It is the sound of
resistance, of complacency,
of a no-can-do attitude.

Yes, sir.

Piers, Ms. Blake, are the future.

The ocean levels are rising up
and piers will be there to meet them.

My piers.

Now, if you'll excuse me,
I have to go to a photoshoot
for Modern Pier Owner magazine.
They're putting me on the cover.

Ms. Capaletto can answer any
further questions you may have.

Piers!

Wow, the cover.

He must be well-respected
in the pier-owning community.

Mr. Monkfish owns Modern
Pier Owner magazine.

He's on every cover.

Oh, I see.

Thanks Ms. Capaletto.

"Mitzi." My friends call me Mitzi.

Because it's my first name.

Mitzi, did you witness the
pirate attack this morning?

I did.

They were just like Mr. Holdout
used to describe them.

- Mr. Holdout?

- Where?

No, Mr. Holdout used to
describe the pirates?

Oh yes, he used to give
the tours of the Salty Brick
when I was a kid.

He had to stop after he hurt his

leg in that bumper car accident.

Oh, what happened?

Another bumper car just
hit him and drove off.

Mr. Holdout used to love telling
us about the missing treasure.

I still remember the poem he
used to recite.

Poem?

- Where?

- No, he'd recite a poem?

Oh, yes.

You see, they never did
find Belle or Bash.

But the parrots they kept
aboard the Salty Brick used
to repeat this poem about the treasure.

Could I hear it?

Let me see now.

"If ye be looking to get rich quick
"then climb aboard the Salty Brick.

"Go on bow, tip our hats

"respect great treasure

"and at the dawn, shake
hands for good measure."

Hmm, so this morning did
the pirates mention
the missing treasure?

No.

They just stole the hats
off Chad and Krissy
and then chased everyone off.

They said the Bash was over.

Do you know where Mr. Monkfish
was during all this?

I know what you're thinking.

It wasn't him.

I know he comes off as brash,
arrogant, a little short-tempered,
gross, slimy, pure evil and
the lowest kind of scum,
but he isn't all bad.

I think in his own way he
really cares about this town

and its people.
What are you doing, makeup?
I have very sensitive skin, you dolt!
You wouldn't know anything about that.
You have the coarse skin of
someone destined for failure.
Like all the other losers
in this one-pier town.
You're fired! In fact, you're all fired!
Give me that, I'll do it myself.
That's right, work it,
yup, you're an animal.
I love business!
How are we going to be named Captains of
the Bash when the bash
is more of a bust?
We just have to figure out a way to
get this party started up again.
Now, what's something that regular
non-mystery solving teenagers enjoy?
Ah! Hmm...
May be the gang was right about us.
Let's go catch up with them.
Jinkies!
Say, that's one crazy dance move.
What's it called?
Oh, no, I wasn't doing a dance.
It's called the Jinky.
What?
These cool teens were
impressed by your new dance.
Oh, that.
Yes, it's a pretty popular
move where we come from.
Oh, where's that?
Uh... Cooltown?
Upper Cooltown.
Sounds cool.
Say, do you think you could
show us how to do the Jinky?
Oh, I, I guess.
Gather around, everyone,
there's a hip new dance you gotta see.
Hey, Tentacles, play something

with a beat.
When you're feeling uneasy
and a little bit queasy
Do the Jinky
When you're awkward and cheesy
But you long to be breezy
Do the Jinky
Do the Jinky
Do the Jinky
Do the Jinky
Do the Jinky dance
Whoa!
Just jerk your arms around
As if you have no control
of your body
Do the Jinky
And snap your fingers
to the crazy beat
We don't have fingers.
Oh, right, sorry.
When your breathing's kind of wheezy
And you want to take it easy
Do the Jinky
When your body's not in synchy
You might as well be doing the Jinky
You might as well be doing the Jinky
The Jinky
I can't hear you!
The Jinky
One more time.
The Jinky
Oh, golly, I'm so sorry.
Yeah, you are sorry.
And so is your lame new dance.
- Lamoid.
- Yeah.
More like the Jerky.
Hey, what's your problem?
She said she was sorry,
we're just trying to have fun.
It is so sad what passes
for fun these days.
Come on, everybody,

let's ditch these weirdos
and go someplace cool.
Um, why are you all just standing there?
Your Bash Captains are leaving.
So leave, you two have been
major bummers for way too long.
- Whatever, it's lame in here.
- Yeah.
When you losers realize how
uncool this is,
come find us.
And we might forgive you.
How did those two become last
year's Captains of the Bash?
Who knows?
Hit it, Tentacles.
What kind of pirate ship
doesn't have a kitchen?
Like, "arrr" you kidding me?
- Everyone's a critic.
- It wasn't me.
Like, we better find some food quickly.
The sound of my stomach
growling is making me lose
- my appetite.
- Me too.
Arrr!
On second thought, maybe
there's some food above deck.
Like on land.
Far, far away from here.
Like, in a different country.
Yikes!
Looks like we've got a couple
of stowaways.
Like, we were just leaving.
- Right, Scoob?
- Leaving?
I'm already gone.
And that is all 42 uses for a porthole.
Which brings us, of course, to
the cousin of the porthole,
the gun port.
Quick, Scoob, pull some

of those cannons over here
and we'll barricade the door.

No touching.

- Scoob!

- Whoa!

This tour is already in progress.

If you'd like a tour, you'll have
to come back for our next tour.

Another fascinating use for portholes.

Welcome, ghost pirates, to another
episode of This Old Ship,
the show that takes moldy old ships
and transforms them into
stylish, modern sailing vessels.

What be all this now?

This old ship needs a total
interior design overhaul.

Scoob, what are you thinkin'?

Hmm...

Open concept.

You took the words
right out of my mouth!

Try, if you will, to picture our vision.

We start by adding a few more
portholes along this wall,
give it a light, airy feel.

Moving on, we were thinking we could
paint this wall over here a fun color.

Yeah, really make it pop!

And, of course, we
just want to lose this
wall entirely and open up the space.

What do you think?

That would really improve the
flow to the bow of the ship.

Exactamundo.

So now that we're all on
the same page with the design,
let's start demo!

As the boat owner, I'll let you
take the very first swing, big guy.

Thank you.

Like, run, Scoob!

Fred? Velma?

Hey, Daph!
Do the Jinky!
The what?
The Jinky!
Daphne, I want you to meet
Brenda and Tommie.
They're the jinkiest.
Daphne rolls in our crew.
Far out!
Any friend of Vel and the
Fredman is su casa, you dig?
"Crew?" "Fredman?"
- Fun, right?
- Sure.
I wanted to talk to you guys.
I think I found some clues
down at the pier.
Oh no, you don't!
We're having fun.
Yeah. Clues can wait.
"Clues can wait"?
Who are you?
I'm Vel from Cooltown,
and according to my calculations,
it's time to get funky!
Have you guys found anything out here?
Or have you just been
dancing this whole time?
There'll be time to investigate after
we're crowned Captains of the Bash.
No, there won't. Did you
forget they stole the...
Daph, do you mind? You're being
a real party pooper right now.
Yeah, you're being a total Fred.
You're Fred!
Like, we have major problems.
Where's Fred and Velma?
You mean Fredman and Vel?
They're out on the dance floor.
I think maybe we teased them
a little too hard.
It's like all they care about
now is fun.

Like, I don't blame 'em.
We could all use a little fun.
You'll never guess who we
ran into at the Salty Brick.
- The pirates!
- Yeah.
- That's right.
- Good guess.
No, behind you!
The pirates!
Zoinks!
Arrrr! Party's over.
Arrrr!
Arrrr!
Where'd the pirates go?
Who cares? As long as they're gone!
Brenda and Tommie are gone, too!
Well, maybe if Shaggy and Scooby hadn't
led the pirates right to the club...
Like, no way, man!
We saw those pirates sail off.
How could they have sailed the ship
away and shown up minutes later
at the Octo Rock Lounge?
Oh, now you start investigating?
Maybe if you two hadn't been so caught
up in trying to prove you could be fun,
we could have saved your friends.
Well, if we'd been busy investigating,
they wouldn't have been our friends!
What's all the commotion?
I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Holdout.
We're just upset about those pirates.
Well, you're not gonna get
anywhere by squabbling.
Teamwork, that's the key,
if you want to solve
your little case of the missing hats.
That's right.
I'm afraid the case is bigger
than just missing hats now.
It's expanded to two missing teens.
And, like, one boat-napped boat!
Two missing teens?

- That's impossible.

- Are you kids sure?

The pirates ran off with Tommie and
Brenda at the Octo Rock Lounge tonight.

The Octo Rock Lounge, eh?

I'll let the Sheriff know.

Why don't we walk you kids
to your rooms?

Cookies?

Like, man, if I never set foot on
that boat again, it'll be too soon.

Yeah.

I've never been so bored and
so terrified at the same time!

Bored? On the Salty Brick?

That's impossible.

I understand you used to lead tours
of the Salty Brick, Mr. Holdout.

Oh yes, way back when
before... the accident.

Is that Belle and Bash's parrot?

It sure is.

His name was Aloysius Featherton
Scourgebottom Wendellwing Crackers IV.

Try saying that three times fast.

Aloysius Featherton Scourgebottom
Wendellwing Crackers IV.

Aloysius Featherton Scourgebottom
Wendellwing Crackers IV.

Aloysius Featherton Scourgebottom
Wendellwing Crackers IV.

All right, I guess
it's not so hard after all.

Do you remember the parrot's poem
you used to recite on your tours?

Oh, that? No, it's been years.

If you kids don't mind,
it's getting late,
and we really should be getting to bed.

Yeah, besides, Velma and I
need to get up early.

We're competing in the
Bingo Bash Limbo Contest.

How can you two be thinking

about a limbo contest?
People are missing!
Yeah, like, how low can you go?
Well, you two are just
jealous that Velma
and I are better at having fun than you.
Think after all the heavy
lifting Fred and I do on every...
You two are behaving
like a couple of spoiled children.
How about that Daphne getting
on our case out there?
Well, I don't know, Fred.
Like, maybe she has a point.
You too?
Oh! First, we're too boring for
you guys, and now we're too fun!
All I'm saying is you can be fun
and responsible at the same time.
- Right, Scoob?
- Uh-uh, leave me out of this.
Sometimes you have
to take responsibility,
and I know that's a big word, dude,
but responsibility is what you need.
Daphne, I...
We were just trying to show
that we know how to party down.
You were supposed to be investigating.
Now your friends are missing and
we don't have any clues to go on.
How can you and Fred be
so unconcerned about this?
You wouldn't understand.
Dancing tonight, I felt fun.
I just wanted that feeling
to last a little longer
before I go back to deductive,
rational, party-pooing old Velma.
Oh, yeah?
Well, if that's how you feel,
maybe Scoob and I should sleep
out in the Mystery Machine.
- Fine.

- Fine!

Come on, Scoob.

Scooby?

Scooby-Doo?

Like, Scooby-Doo, where are you?

- Over here!

- Was that Scooby?

I'm in here.

Whoa!

Huh?

Huh?

You guys aren't Scooby!

How did we ever get by without your
brilliant powers of observation?

Ha-ha. Where's Scooby?

Back here!

These must be the tunnels
the smugglers built
back when the city
was a safe haven for pirates.
Neato. Let's explore.

- I don't know.

- We do have to be up early for limbo.

You guys aren't going to give
up exploring secret tunnels
for a silly limbo contest, are you?

Like, a limbo contest doesn't
even make sense!

Where's the competition?

We all bend at exactly the same height.

You guys coming or what?

- Okay.

- I guess.

Do you guys hear that?

It's coming from over here.

And yet, you're both rude.

You're rude, ill-mannered kids.

The way you've been treating
those nice, young teens.

We raised you better than that!

Like, what are they saying?

I don't feel right spying on those
nice people and their rude children.

Well, then get out of the way

and let someone else listen.
Must have been the wind.
You kids go off to bed now.
You can't tell us when to go to bed!
We're teenagers.
We do what we want.
- And besides...
- March!
Honey, you still got it.
Come on, Rob.
We've got work to do.
It's kinda getting late.
We should probably turn in, too.
Does anybody remember which...
I think it was that one.
I don't think it was that one.
Like, it's been forever and
there hasn't been one doorway.
Maybe we should turn back.
Or stop for a midnight snack.
Sorry, guys. These tunnels must
go all throughout the city.
Wait, I see a light up ahead.
Is it the inn?
No, I think it's the police station.
Let's just get out of this tunnel.
Hold on, someone's coming.
Let me look.
It looks like they're making furniture.
Why would they be building furniture
in the middle of the night?
Like man, who cares?
Let's just get in there and apologize
for coming through their painting
and get back to our rooms.
Like, I am bushed and way
overdue for my midnight snack.
Shaggy, wait!
- What was that?
- I don't know.
Let's check outside.
Help me push this against the wall.
Okay, they're gone now.
Let's go.

It's stuck.
Man, oh, man, who built
a smuggling tunnel
you can't smuggle things out of?
We'll just have to keep
looking for another exit.
Come on.
That's it!
I am freaking out, man!
I can't go on!
Let's face it.
We're mole people now.
We'll just spend the rest
of our lives underground.
Just the five of us,
and that crab over there,
building a new underground society.
Shaggy, snap out of it!
Sorry. Sorry.
I'm just so tired and hungry.
So, so very hungry.
You think any of these rocks are edible?
Hold on a second. Did you
say, "That crab over there"?
Yeah, that little guy over there.
Hey, we could eat that crab!
Yeah!
If there's a crab, then we
must be close to the shore
and an exit.
Come on, gang, follow that crab.
It's the Salty Brick.
Not that creepy old pirate ship again!
Jeepers. How did they manage to get the
ship in through that tiny opening?
They must have sailed it in
during low tide,
when the opening would be larger.
Pretty ingenious.
From the outside, you wouldn't
even know there was a cave here
most of the time.
Well, let's check it out.
- No way, no how.

- Nuh-uh.

I thought you said you wanted
to investigate this case?

I'm tired, I'm hungry, my legs are sore,
and I've already been chased
off that boat once today.

There is nothing you can say or do
to get me and Scooby to go
back on that creepy old ship.

I can think of something.

You wouldn't dare!

- Would you do it...

- Don't say it!

- For a...

- Please, no!

Scooby Snack?

Stand firm, old buddy.

We do not need it.

We are better than this!

Two Scooby Snacks?

Nuh-uh. We have our dignity.

Like, we are a united front,
and you shall never break us.

Three Scooby Snacks?

Yes, absolutely.

Just give us the snacks!

We'll do anything!

We're weak.

So weak!

It's Brenda and Tommie!

Thank goodness you guys showed up.

Just in time, too.

What do you mean, "just in time"?

Those creepy pirate kooks said
they'd be coming back at dawn.

Of course!

According to the poem, they're
supposed to shake hands at dawn
for the treasure.

That's not too long from now.

Hmm... Well, then.

We'll have to work fast.

I think you mean, like, walk fast,
as in, run, as in, let's get out of

here before the pirates show up?
Sorry, Shaggy. This may be our only
chance to get the drop on them
and we've got to take it.
Tommie, Brenda, you guys get help.
We're gonna stay here and set up a trap.
- Right on.
- Be safe, Fredman.
Maybe Scoob and I should go with them.
Yeah, Fredman, with them.
Shaggy, Scooby, I need you
to go gather some wood
from those walkways down there and
come back as fast as you can.
Like, dude, I'm starting
to miss party animal Fred.
Come on, Scoob.
Daphne, Velma, you two help me
gather up some nets and rope.
If this works, we'll be back on
the beach having fun in no time.
That reminds me.
We really should try to come
up with some new dance moves.
I wouldn't want people to think
we're a couple of one-trick ponies.
Good thinking.
Maybe if we move our arms
and legs kinda like...
Guys, seriously? Focus.
- Uh, right.
- Sorry.
That wasn't bad.
It's no Jinky, but not bad.
Guys!
That ought to do.
Let's get these planks back to Fred.
Right.
- Uh-oh.
- What is it?
Look for yourself.
Hold on, I can't see.
Let me put these down.
Oh, excuse me,

would you mind holding these for me just for a second? Thanks.

Oh, I see.

Boy, do I feel silly.

Like, how oblivious can you get?

P-Pirates.

P-Pirates?

Pirates!

I'll take these back now.

New plan. Put the planks back!

I think this might work.

Yeah, it seems like a pretty solid trap.

No. I mean this pivoting motion I'm doing.

I think with the right musical beat...

Fred!

Right... Right.

Focus. I... I'll stop.

- Fred!

- I said I'll stop!

- Daphne! Velma!

- It's Shaggy.

Pirates!

Pirates!

Scooby-Doo Scooby don't

Scooby does when

the others say they won't

Hurry, Scooby,

don't ya got it coming bad

We've having Scooby fun

doing the Scooby dance

I like you, that's a fact

More than you'd like a Scooby Snack

Chasin' ghouls or settin' traps

Rest assured that I got your back

Scooby, Scooby, Scooby listen to us

Scooby, Scooby, Scooby,

fun, fun, fun, fun

Scooby-Doo Scooby don't

Scooby does when

the others say they won't

Hurry, Scooby,

don't ya got it coming bad

We've having Scooby fun

doing the Scooby dance
Scooby-Doo Scooby don't
Scooby does when
the others say they won't
All right, you scurvy dogs.
Who are you calling "dogs"?
Hey!
No offense, Scoob.
It's time ye all be walking the plank.
Great. Now we'll never be
Captains of the Bash.
That's what you're worried about?
It's a big deal.
I was almost officially
and verifiably fun.
I'm sorry I teased you
guys about being boring.
I'm sorry we got carried away.
And I'm sorry to interrupt,
but I thought ye all
were walking the plank.
Yeah. Less talking and more walking.
Well, this is it.
I guess we better jump, guys.
What's the hurry?
I think it's time...
Pedal to the medal, Tommie.
Looks like those pirates are
steering their ship around.
They'll never be able to
make it through there.
They'll have to wait hours
for the tide to get
low enough to sail out.
Or they could do that.
Oh, this is fun!
Hey, everybody.
Look out there.
It looks like Brenda,
Tommie and the new kids!
And the pirates.
Almost to shore, gang.
I just wanted to have
a fun, relaxing weekend.

Next time, I'll just stay
home and read a book.
Come on, everybody, let's
give those pirates what for.
Yeah!
We made it.
Return fire!
Fire. Fire.
Gosh, I'm really sorry about your inn
and the rest of the boardwalk,
Mr. and Mrs. Holdout.
Do you think you'll rebuild?
Oh, heavens, no.
Most of those places were so old,
we don't even have the
instructions for them anymore.
No. I'm sorry to say
we already agreed to sell
Mr. Monkfish our land and what's left
of the boardwalk tomorrow morning.
Sorry, we've got no other choice.
That's right.
I'd like to say I'm sad to
see you go, but point of fact,
I'm over the moon.
Mr. Monkfish, this is hardly
the time or place.
Where's your sense of decency?
"Decency", he says!
Oh, that's rich.
- You believe that?
- Yeah.
Oh, what do you know.
What does "SD" stand for,
anyway, Strange Dog?
I'll tell you all who the
decent ones around here are.
Those pirates, that's who.
I'd like to shake their hands.
Hands or hooks or whatever
they've got, I'll shake it.
Not only have they put an end
to all your cheap, low class,
Bingo Bash shenanigans,

they've also paved the way for my
ultra-modern high-end pier complex.
They even did the most of
the demolition work for me,
how about that?
When I build up this...
Oh, can it, you loudmouth.
Mitzi!
Why I never...
Never in all my life...
Apologize this instant!
I apologize, all right.
I'm sorry I ever started
working for you.
I'm sorry I actually defended you
when people said you were rotten.
And I'm sorry I didn't see you for
what you are a whole lot sooner.
This is my hometown.
It's where I grew up.
And now, it's nothing.
If you were any kind of human being,
you would see how
hurt I am, but you're not.
You're just a greedy troll
that moved out
from under his bridge and set
up shop on a pier.
I'm hurt. You were like the
daughter I never had.
You have three daughters!
Three? Huh, that's a lot.
Well, you were like
the fourth I never had.
But now you're nothing to me.
Just like the rest of these
screwy misfits.
As for you two,
this changes nothing.
We made a deal and I expect to see you
at the pier tomorrow morning
to finalize the paperwork.
We'll be there.
Unlike you,

we handle ourselves with dignity.
That's right. Dignity.
Now buzz off, you hopeless clod!
You don't have to ask me twice.
I'm giving you a second chance.
What for? I don't know.
But if you come with me now, I'm
willing to forgive everything.
I believe the lady said buzz off!
Et tu, Mitzi?
Sorry about that, everyone.
I tried to talk him out of
coming down here,
but when he gets an idea in his head,
there's just no stopping him.
That's all right, dear.
It was nice to finally see
you stand up to him.
Well, Laura, honey, we should
probably get going.
No use sitting around, moping
about what's already over.
Agreed.
Chad, Krissy, come on, we're leaving.
Bye, everyone.
Bye.
Bye.
Well, on the bright side, at least now
we'll be Captains of the Bash for life.
Yeah. You can all take
comfort knowing that
the last captains were
the coolest captains.
Oh, get lost, creeps.
Sorry. Only losers get lost.
We're out.
Smell you later, beach bummers!
Well, I guess Mr. Holdout's
right. It's over.
No more Bingo Bash.
- No more captains.
- No more boardwalk.
I can't believe the
Holdouts are selling.

It's over.
Wait, it's not over.
There's still one more day.
Fredman, I admire your attitude.
But look around. Game over.
No.
We still need to crown the
Captains of the Bash.
Oh, Fred, give it up.
This isn't about being
fun or cool anymore.
It's not about all that.
It's about teamwork and not giving up.
Gather around, everyone.
I've got a plan.
Hey, Sheriff!
Come on down to the pier.
When you guys are done there, stop by!
Right next to the roller coaster.
I did not give you permission
to use my pier.
Come down here right now!
Sorry, can't.
No dogs allowed.
We'll see about this!
All right, are we all
clear on what to do?
- I think so.
- Once they show up,
they're gonna be coming after you.
Just lure them to that spot and then
make sure you get out of the way.
- Daphne? Velma?
- We know.
Be prepared to spring the
net when they hit that spot.
And stand by on the
secondary net, just in case.
We got it.
It's not rocket science, friend.
That's the go sign.
No turning back now.
Hello, Bingo Bashers!
Now, as you all know, each

year at the end of the Bash
we crown the two people who really
stood out as the lives of the party.
And this year...
Not so fast, boyo.
We're putting an end to this party
once and for all.
There'll be no more captains.
It ends with us.
Oh, no.
Please, don't hurt us.
Yeah, please.
Don't come after us.
You? No.
Obviously it'd be them we're after.
Aye. They'd be the obvious
choice for captains.
Us? You really think so?
Jinkies!
Guys!
- Sorry.
- Aye!
You're the ones everyone follows.
And you're the ones we're gonna stop.
Oh, new plan.
- Everybody...
- Run!
Scoob!
- Huh?
- Huh?
- Hmm?
- Hmm?
Smile.
Hmm!
Hey, hey!
Hey, we were here first.
Huh?
Boy, how about those pirates thinking
we deserve to be Bash Captains.
Maybe we could discuss this sometime
when we're not running for our lives.
On the one hand, it's pretty flattering.
On the other hand, though,
it really threw my plan for a loop.

Fred, that's it! A loop!
Hey, everyone, try to lure them
over to the roller coaster.
Shaggy, Scooby, come with me.
- Where did they go?
- We're over here, you soggy bilge rats.
- Now we've gotcha!
- Sorry.
- Uh?
- What?
Bye-bye, we were just leaving.
Ha-ha, fooled you.
Not again.
Uh-oh!
- Help!
- Stop the car!
Whoo-hoo!
Huh?
Come on, we've got
to help Shaggy and Scooby.
Velma, I need you at the stage.
Daphne, get up to the Ferris wheel.
Okay, everyone, teamwork!
Not again!
Scooby, old pal, this is it.
My one regret...
...is that I didn't eat
more Scooby Snacks.
- Yikes!
- Oh!
Now to see who these pirates really are.
Chad and Krissy!
Oh, kids, how could you?
Oh, I'm so ashamed.
That's right, they just couldn't
let go of their titles.
Release us this instant.
We are your captains.
Ah, that's just sad.
I couldn't figure out the motivation
behind the pirate's attacks.
At first I thought
they wanted their hats back
because the hats

were mentioned in that poem
about finding the missing treasure.
But if that were the case, why did they
keep attacking once they had the hats?
Obviously they wanted to stop
the Bash for some reason.
So I figured by announcing that we'd
be crowning the new Bash Captains,
that would be enough to lure
the culprits into our trap.
Wait a second!
Didn't this all start
because the hats were
stolen off of their heads?
Like, how could they steal the hats
off of their own heads?
Unless...
Like, they were really ghost
pirates the whole time.
No, they're not.
Also, how could they have been at the
Octo Rock Lounge being mean to you guys
at the same time they were
chasing Shaggy and Scooby
- around the Salty Brick?
- Yeah.
- Easy, they didn't.
- What?
Well, you heard the girl,
they're innocent.
Best untie them and we'll be on our way.
Not so fast.
They're didn't, their partners did.
You see, I first struck upon the idea
that it wasn't just one set of pirates
but two, when Mr. Holdout here told us
the best way to solve this case
would be to work as a team.
My suspicions were confirmed
when I noticed that one set of pirates
seemed to move slower than the others.
Not to mention Belle switched from being
left-handed to right-handed
and back again.

So I asked myself,
who would know enough about this town
and its past to pull off these crimes?
Who would benefit from the
destruction of the boardwalk
both monetarily, and by destroying
any evidence of their crimes?
And who would know enough
about the Salty Brick
to expertly sail it into a secret harbor
in an attempt
to try to find the treasure?
I know! It was
that boring old museum guy.
I never trusted him.
I'm innocent, I tell you.
You'll never catch me alive!
No. Again, no.
It was none other
than Mr. and Mrs. Holdout.
- What?
- You've got no evidence.
- That is just plain absurd.
- Is it?
Mrs. Holdout, I noticed when you checked
us in, that you were left-handed.
Mr. Holdout, you could remember
the ridiculously long name
of a long-dead parrot and every
other detail about the pirates.
But when it came to reciting a poem
that might lead us to suspect you,
you had conveniently forgotten it.
You also were surprised to hear
Brenda and Tommie had gone missing,
but not that the Salty Brick
had been stolen.
And when we made a noise
in the secret passageway
you all looked towards the painting,
whereas the police assumed, when
we made a noise in their wall,
that it must have come from outside.
Wait, you were where now?

You even said to Mr. Monkfish
when he was accusing you
that you would see the boardwalk
destroyed before you sold it to him.
Oh, Rob, I've always said
you talk too much.
All right, fine, it's all true.
And we would've
gotten away with it, too,
if it weren't for our meddling kids.
- Hey!
- Well, it's true.
I had the whole thing worked out...
Been planning it for years.
I even let all the insufferable teens
of this town play our boardwalk games
and ride the attractions for free
so they'd vote our rotten kids captains.
I had to get those hats.
It's in the poem...
"Tip our hats,
"great treasure," yada, yada, yada.
Only we had those hats for a year.
Tipped them all over town,
shook hands every dawn,
- and no treasure.
- Right.
I thought if I could
just have a little more
time with them, I could
find the treasure.
So we stole the hats.
Then things got out of hand with Chad
and Krissy kidnapping those teens.
Sorry, Brenda. Sorry, Tommie.
And then we blew up the boardwalk.
Sorry about that, everyone.
Opsie, our bad.
That way we could destroy
those incriminating tunnels
and then sell the whole
thing off to Monkfish.
So at least we could make some
money from this whole fiasco.

And that explains why they sabotaged my roller coaster.

Wait, no it doesn't.

Why did you do that?

- We didn't.

- But I know who did.

You see, I first realized that...

Ugh, look, sweetheart, I've already sat through two of these reveals.

You think you could just cut to the chase?

Ooh, but I never get to do these.

Ah, fine. It was the Sheriff and the Deputy.

We saw them building office furniture out of pieces of your roller coaster in order to hide the evidence.

They wanted to destroy tourism so they wouldn't have to work so hard.

Huh, so you're saying I didn't do any of the crimes this weekend? Weird.

I would have put my money on me.

I mean, I'm such a greedy businessman.

That's right, we did it.

So what?

How are you going to arrest us?

We're the only law in this town.

- Check and mate.

- Or, is it?

Dr. Najib!

Hey, guys.

What, you all know this guy?

I couldn't help it.

He made it sound like so much fun and he promised to go to jail right after the Bash.

I believe my friend here could help in arresting these gentlemen.

Oof, I don't know. That sounds like a lot of work.

Okay, I could never say no to you.

Come on, everybody.

You'll all have to scooch into the back of my car. I hope that's okay.

If it helps I could drive separately.

That'd be great. Oh!

Oh, no you don't. You!

What am I gonna do with you?

Take you to jail, that's what.

Well, bye again, everybody.

Bye.

Well, I guess that's everything.

Not totally.

Don't you wanna know

where the hidden treasure is?

You mean you know?

Pretty easy when you've been cracking
poem-based clues as long as I have.

Brenda, Tommie, will you take these
hats over to the front of the ship?

So the poem says, "Go on bow."

The bow is what you call
the front of a ship.

Now, if you guys will tip the hats.

So the next part says,

"At the dawn,
shake hands for good measure."

Young lady, dawn isn't
for another 10 hours.

I'd like to wrap this up
and get dinner sometime soon.

If that's okay with you.

See, that's

the mistake Mr. Holdout made.

"Dawn" isn't referring
to the time of day.

The figurehead on
the Salty Brick is of Aurora,
the Roman goddess of the dawn.

Brenda, Tommie, shake her hands.

- Holy moly!

- Look at all them sparklers.

Wow!

By my estimation there should be
enough there to rebuild the boardwalk.

But the Holdouts already sold
the boardwalk to Mr. Monkfish.

Ah, go ahead and take it back.

We've already had
too many bad guys today as is.
Yay!
I'm sorry I ever doubted you.
Ah, who could blame you,
I'm very unlikable.
Fred, Velma, I think
I speak for everybody here
when I say,
we want to name the two of you
this year's Captains of the Bash.
Yeah, you guys might not be
the loosest cats around,
but you never gave up on the party
and that's the true spirit of the Bash.
Thanks, but no thanks.
We're retiring
from the party animal life.
Fun was fun, but deep down our
hearts are as square as they get.
But I can think
of three worthy replacements
who never gave up on this case.
Daphne, Shaggy and Scooby.
What are your orders, my captains?
Let's party!
Scooby-Dooby-Doo!
Scooby-Dooby-Doo!