Scooby Doo 2: Monsters Unleashed

By William Hanna
Here we are, folks,
on the red carpet at the grand opening...
... of the Coolsonian Criminology Museum.
Tonight's premiere exhibit
is a rousing look back...
... at the exploits of Mystery Incorporated.
And here they are.
Folks, this crowd is going crazy
over Mystery Inc.
Here you go, girls.
I got an ascot for each of you.
Hello!
Check it out! It's a Shag and Scoob quake
and the whole city's shaking!
Yeah!
Come on, Scoob.
Sorry.
I consider it a privilege, sir.
- Daphne!
- Don't you two look beautiful. Thank you.
Daphne! Daphne! Daphne!
Hi! We love you!
We have you tattooed on our chests! Look!
That's very sweet.
Velma! Velma!
- Sign it, please.
- We love you, Velma.
Thanks.
- I love her so much.
- May I have a word...
...with Coolsville's hottest detectives?
- Absolutely.
That's your word.
Come on, dear. We're late.
Heather Jasper-Howe
at the grand opening...
...of the new Coolsonian
Criminology Museum...
...with our guests of honor, the master
detectives of Mystery Incorporated.
Shaggy!
Right on!
Hello! Hello!
With all your success, will you still
have time for us in little old Coolsville?
Of course little old Coolsville
can solve its problems without us...
...but we'll always be here to help.
The people of Coolsville
are the best in the world!
- Can you tell us a little about the exhibit?
- Absolutely.
Mystery Inc. is proud to donate
the costumes of criminals we've unmasked.
- Like The Black Knight Ghost.
- Our very first case.
The 10,000 Volt Ghost.
The Skeleton Men,
and even the dreaded Pterodactyl Ghost.
We've also donated the costumes
of some of our more ridiculous foes.
Like Chickenstein.
Can we get a shot of you
next to The Black Night?
Ridiculous? Obviously she forgot
that dude tried to pluck us.
- Remember what I told you?
- Never pick your nose in public?
No, but that's good too.
- Image is everything.
- Yes! Image is everything.
The whole city's watching,
so try and keep a brave face.
- They're costumes.
- Right.
She's right, Scoob.
Up close, they look totally fake.
The Tar Monster scared the locals
of Byzantius away to take their treasure.
But on the positive side,
he'd pave your driveway for free.
Isn't that right, Velma?
Velma?
- Hi.
- Hi.
Daphne, this is Patrick Wisely.
He's the curator here at the museum.
It's very nice to meet you, Patrick.
I hope you'll be working closely with Velma on this ever-expanding exhibit. I know that you're a glamorous, mysterious, jet-set adventurer... preoccupied with international intrigue and all...

- Yes. That's me.
- I know, but...

There's a symposium coming up on syntactic reasoning in the criminal brain...

I have always found a criminal's inclination to incorrectly use the interrogative pronoun in place of the relative... delightfully absurd.

- Me too!
- Really?

So maybe you'd want to go together?

Suppose you mean like...

Like a...

Like a date. With me.

No, I can't, Patrick. Mystery is my mistress.

I must heed her sweet call.

Okay.

What's happening?

Oh, boy.

Daphne!

Go, Ned! Get it! Get it!

- We need to come up with a plan.
- Hiding is our plan.

In case you haven't noticed, there's an unidentified freaky object in here!

- The curtains!
- We're on them!
- Come on, you chickens! Grab those ropes!
- But chickens aren't good with ropes!
- We got him!
- Shaggy, use the ropes to tie him up!

It's just a costume!

It's just a costume!

It's just a costume!

We tied it! Let go!

Sorry!
- We have to save Shaggy and Scooby!
- As usual!

Fire!
Mystery Incorporated.
This is only the first rung
on the ladder of your demise.
Look out!
And this time,
you'll be the ones unmasked...
...as the buffoons you truly are!
Any clues to the cause of the attack?
How did the dinosaur get through security?
Where did Mystery Inc.'s plan go wrong?
You. Any leads on the identity
of the masked man?
A secret hatch!
The real Pterodactyl Ghost
must have come through here!
A reptilian scale.
A most wonderful clue.
He stole two costumes: The Black Knight
Ghost and The 10,000 Volt Ghost. Why?
Fred, Daphne. Could you answer
a few questions for the press?
Fred, I don't think
that's a really good idea.
We always face the press
after we've unmasked the creeps.
We looked ridiculous back there.
Don't worry about it, sweetheart.
The press loves us.
The higher the pedestal,
the harder the fall.
And Mystery Inc. fell far
in the embarrassing debacle...
... that tarnished the reputation
of the once-great gang.
It was an utter disaster
as two of the gang's key members...
... Norville "Shaggy" Rogers
and Scoobert "Scooby-Doo"...
... caused untold damage to Coolsville's
hottest new tourist attraction...
... which took a full two years to complete.
When asked for comment, Fred Jones, leader of Mystery Inc., said this:
Coolsville can solve its problems without us.
I didn't say that! I mean...
I did, but that's out of context!
This is Heather Jasper-Howe, disillusioned from Coolsville.
It's all my fault.
I'm the one who told Shaggy and Scooby to get the ropes.
No, Velma, it's my fault. I should have checked that they were tied before I let go.
It's my fault too.
We all know how Shaggy and Scooby can be.
But it's all right.
We just need to stay strong, in control, and work fast.
Come on, gang. Let's get to the lab.
We'll figure a way out of this Jurassic jumble.
Shaggy?
- We're screwups.
- Yeah.
I guess, looking back, every time they made a plan, we did screw it up somehow.
- I just never noticed before.
- Me neither.
There's gotta be some way we can prove that we actually belong in the gang.
We've gotta do something totally unlike us.
You know, Scoob...
...we could act like real detectives!
Really?
Scooby-Doo, raise your right paw.
No, your right paw. Your other paw.
Repeat after me. From this day forward we will no longer be our goofy selves.
We will be awesome detectives.
And we will act more like Fred and Velma and Daphne.
We will be terrific and fantastic
and spectacular...
...and cease to be "loser-iffic,"
"lame-tastic" and "suck-tacular."
Suck-tacular.
Right, like, it's time to solve the mystery.
Let's kick this investigation up to an 11!
What the heck are you guys doing?
We figured the first step
in solving a mystery...
...would be to wear the right attire.
I'm sorry, Daph,
but your go-go boots didn't fit...
...me!
Scooby! Those so don't go
with that sweater!
Really?
Clues!
Alas, what are these strange markings?
Words.
Words!
Scooby-Doo, take notes.
- Gotcha.
- Come on, you kooks.
Okay.
It's come back positive.
This is a real pterodactyl scale.
Precisely!
That masked figure
was out to humiliate us.
Maybe it's someone we unmasked.
But who would be able to make
a real Pterodactyl Ghost?
The original Pterodactyl Ghost.
Dr. Jonathan Jacobo.
That's right!
Jacobo wreaked havoc
in a statewide crime spree.
Jacobo stole millions...
... which he used to finance his failed
experiments trying to create monsters.
Come alive! Come alive!
You think Jacobo's behind this?
Impossible. Three years ago
he attempted a prison escape.
So long, suckers!
Help me, suckers!
His body was lost at sea.
How about this? Jacobo's cellmate
was released from prison two months ago.
Jeremiah Wickles.
The Black Knight Ghost. That was
one of the costumes that was stolen.
Right! And...
Scooby-Doo! What's your conclusion?
Bunny.
It seems Old Man Wickles deserves a visit...
... before any of our other creepy conquests
make a comeback.
Freddy, up on the right.
Old Man Wickles' ancestral manor.
Oh, man. Another creepy crib!
How come we can't ever investigate,
like, a KFC or something?
Shaggy!
All right. Then again,
creepy is my middle name.
Scoob!
Come on, Scoob!
Looks like a bit of a fixer-upper.
Nice job last night. Losers!
Quick, we need to think of a comeback.
What dorks.
Hey! Shut up!
That's a good one.
You are trespassing on Wickles Manor.
- Leave now or pay the price.
- What jerk makes that his doorbell?
Dude.
He just said we'd pay the price.
Shaggy, Shaggy, Shaggy.
What could possibly happen
by ringing a doorbell?
Help me!
Shaggy!
I think I pulled something.
That's what could happen
by ringing a doorbell, Fred. That!
At 7 p.m., the owner
will be home to set you free.
You want to buy a box of cookies?
Excuse me.
Have you heard the Good News?
Yeah. There's cookies!
Watch the junk!
Sorry.
Oh, brother.
The lock's on a laser thumbprint scanner.
- Let me just get to my makeup.
- Daph, now?
You know what, Velma? It's never too late
to learn to properly apply makeup.
Okay. The last good thumbprint
should still be there, so...
...a little blush...
...a pore strip...
...and voil.
All right, Daph!
I enjoy being a girl.
- Thank you!
- See if I can get my mechanic's job back.
- Twenty, 30, 40...
- Thanks for the cookies.
...50... Welcome!
Sixty, 70, 80...
Okay, gang. Let's, like,
split up and search for clues.
Scoob and I will go this way.
Come on, Scoob.
He stole my thing that I say!
Search for clues. Search for clues.
A clue!
Shiny footprints.
The glow is similar
to the pterodactyl scale.
A clue!
It looks like Wickles shares Jacobo's
fascination with the supernatural.
He collects everything
from Piri Reis to Aleister Crowley.
He collects dust too.
No. The dust is good.
We can tell what he's been reading lately.
Like here!
What is it?
It's an obsolete Celtic text used
by secret societies in the mid-19th century.
Look. The book belonged to J. Jacobo.
The original Pterodactyl Ghost.
Maybe he gave it to Wickles
before he died.
Can you read it?
It's an amalgamation
of magic and science.
Here's a list of ingredients...
...on how to create your own carbon-based,
organic, composite predators.
This is an instruction manual
on how to create monsters.
Scoob.
Clues!
Those aren't clues, Scoob.
Those are just things you want.
Like, why is a toilet brush a clue?
Just because you can sing in it doesn't
make it a clue. It makes it awesome.
Like, what's this?
"The Faux Ghost."
We're in luck.
It's tonight, Scoob!
- We are detectives.
- Really?
You found an actual clue!
I found a clue!
Do the clue dance! Do the clue dance!
We're going back, we're going back!
Black Knight Ghost!
Run, Shaggy!
Let's go.
Like, lock the door!
Heavy stuff, Scoob!
Give me a hand, Scoob!
See him get through this!
Heavy!
We outsmarted that moron!
Yeah! What a moron.
Look at me.
- Thanks.
- You're welcome.
- Yo, metalhead!
- Yes?
Bring it.
He brought it.
Daphne! Hold him off!
I'll look in the book.
Maybe there's a formula
for finding his weakness.
Here. "To find a creature's
weakest point...
...take the angle between
the current position of the sun...
...and your geographical point."
- Velma!
"Add this point, 28 and a half feet up
from sea level."
That tickles.
This is bad.
"Multiply this number..."
"Add the square inches of..."
Velma!
"Take the square root of 30,869..."
Now it's good night, ladies!
"...your X-axis."
"And subtract 9034. That's your Y-axis."
Look. No hands!
Any time would be great, Velma!
I'm trying.
"Subtract one, divide by B,
follow upward eight degrees north."
Which makes his weakest point right here!
Right in the roundtables.
Run!
In your face! Scooby-Dooby-Doo!
Come on, Scoob! Inside!
I'll compare the glow of those footprints
to the pterodactyl scale.
We'll check out Wickles' book.
Dude, The Faux Ghost is an awesome clue.
But what do we do with it?
Let's solve the mystery.
If we solve the mystery by ourselves...
...it would certainly prove to the gang that we belong.
Let's head to The Faux Ghost...
...find Wickles, and see what he knows.
But first, let's give the gang the old "slipperooney."
Hey, guys.
Scooby's feeling kind of...
...like he's got rabies.
We're just gonna go outside to get some fresh air.
Jinkies!
What's up, Velms?
The analysis of the pterodactyl scale. It contains randamonium, which this books says...
...is the critical ingredient needed to make monsters.
Doesn't randamonium glow, like those footprints in Wickles' mansion?
If we prove Wickles is behind this, this mystery goes down like a dot-com...
...and Coolsville digs us again.
- Where would he get randamonium? Randamonium is the byproduct of silver mines.
Like the abandoned mining town in old Coolsville.
Then we better get to that mining town and see what's...
I'm invisible. I'm invisible.
Get rid of him!
Keep him busy.
What are you doing?
He wants to ask me on a date.
It's okay to be scared.
I am not scared.
I've fought werewolves and ghosts.
But in the end, we usually unmask them and it's a little scared man inside.
It's the same with dating.
Velma, have you ever considered that maybe werewolves and ghosts...
...are just distractions to keep you away
from what really frightens you?
Intimacy with another person.
And by intimacy, I mean someone
who thinks you're really hot.
But I'm more comfortable
in the world of logic and facts.
And...
...I'm not hot.
Me neither.
Everybody has flaws, Velma.
The object of a healthy relationship...
...is to never let the other person
know they're there.
- To museums.
- To museums.
Daph, I really like this guy.
What would you do if someone thought...
...that you were some glamorous
and mysterious jet-setter?
I'd make myself one.
Who's your mommy?
My mommy?
Come on, let's solve a mystery.
- Do you have to go to the bathroom?
- No, I can't in this outfit.
Okay, Scooby-Doo, the coast is clear.
Here we go.
That's it, Scoob. The Faux Ghost.
Man, I recognize a lot of these cats.
Like, that's C.L. Magnus.
He used to dress up as Redbeard's ghost.
And that's Aggie Wilkins,
a.k.a. the Ozark Witch.
These are all folks we unmasked.
If they spot us,
they'll invite us to a weenie roast.
One where we're the weenies!
Hot dogs!
There's gotta be some way that we can
use our awesome, fearless new skills...
...to get us in there
without being recognized.
Everyone part like the Red Sea.
It's me, Shizzy McCreepy,
and my brother, S.D. McCrawley.
We are in the house and ready to party.
Hey, handsome.
Hello, baby.
- Zoinks!
- Jinkies!
- Zoinks!
- Jinkies!
- Hey, gang.
- Jinkies!
- Hey!
- Yipe!
A Ghost Clown is a heck of a lot scarier than a Cotton Candy Glob!
Watch out, idiot.
- Old Man Wickles!
- Leave me alone.
No!
I just wanted to say thank you.
Your portrayal of the Black Knight Ghost was inspirational to my brother and me.
Have you done anything cool and creepy lately?
Listen, I'm not normally one for giving advice...
...but I feel sorry for you because of your brother's hideous nose deformity.
Get out of this game while you got a chance.
All of us here ain't nothing to admire.
We needed people to believe we were different than we were.
Maybe because we believed...
...that there was something wrong with who we were in the first place.
I guess you're sort of grateful to Mystery Inc...
...for unmasking you.
- Are you kidding?
If I see those twerps, I'd tear their eyes out of their skulls.
Make them eat the one eye while watching themselves eat it with the other eye!
Bye.
Here's a clue for you.
That dude's wearing his freak hat 24/7.
I gotta take a whiz.
Don't do anything to attract attention.
Gotcha.
Hey, doll.
You wanna dance?
Groovy.
Here we go.
Shake it, baby.
Give me five!
Oh, yeah!
Everybody!
Oh, yeah.
Hey, Shaggy!
It's Scooby-Doo! The meddling mutt
what helped throw us in jail?
Who, me?
No, wait, that's not Scooby-Doo!
That's S.D. McCrawley.
He's just wearing a mask.
And that's Doo's beatnik best pal,
Shaggy Rogers.
- Where?
- There.
Zoinks! Gangway!
Run, Shaggy. Wait for me!
And stay out!
That wasn't so bad, Scoob.
That was my outfit, I swear.
You know, Velma,
you are as beautiful as ever.
You're just so different than I expected.
You know, I'm just...
Find me the head of museum security.
- Oh, my goodness!
- What the heck's going on?
This cannot be good.
My museum.
Wait!
Any comments on the museum robbery?
Mystery Inc. is investigating
the two stolen costumes.
No, the one that just happened.
Where The Black Knight and Pterodactyl Ghost stole the rest of the costumes?
The rest of the costumes?
So, what you're saying is it's all downhill for Mystery Inc.
No! You're doing that thing again where you take everything I say out of context. You're trying to make it look like I think Coolsville sucks.
No! Don't record that!
Patrick, I'm so sorry.
It must be so hard for you. I'm sorry, I have to go. Okay?
- I'll go with you...
- No! Just...
No, I have to figure out what's going on.
All Fred Jones had to say was:
I think Coolsville sucks!
In light of the city's recent chaos... Jones' response was disheartening to the fans who have supported them. Perhaps it's time for the crime-solving gang to shape up or ship out.
I'll be right back.
This is Heather Jasper-Howe for Investigative Probe Reporting.
What's with the personal attacks?
Look, I'm a huge fan. It's just my editor...
Who are you kidding?
Who are you kidding?
Don't think I don't know your game.
What do you do for the gang?
Really?
Velma's the smart one. Fred's the leader. All you are is a pretty little face.
Why are you doing this? Because it's my job to unmask those who pretend to be who they're not. "Unmask those"? You sound like... Sound like who?
The evil masked guy. But you know that, because just as you know I'm standing here... ...you know I know who you know you are,
which is him, who's a her, which is you.
Now I see what you do for the gang.
You're in charge of incoherent babbling.
Mystery Incorporated.
Once again, you are proven useless
before my power.
Because of you, soon Coolsville...
...will be mine.
Darn it.
Thanks a lot!
The scoop of the night, gone.
Can't you do anything right?
Ned, get your camera and follow me.
Guess not.
Stop wasting my time!
You hear me? Now I want you to question
all your scum-bucket friends.
Find out what they know
about those stolen costumes.
Or else you'll be known
as the Soiled Underwear Ghost!
I want answers. Now, go! Now!
Yes, sir!
- Sorry.
- It's okay.
Patrick.
Shaggy. Scooby.
What are you guys doing here?
We just came down here
to be undercover and stuff.
Me too.
My museum got broken into again, so I had
to come here and try and get some answers.
Gotta put on the tough-guy act,
or these guys will eat me alive.
What's the matter, you don't believe me?
I'm kidding!
- It's the tough-guy act.
- That's good.
I got you.
That was a joke? That was good!
You're a lot of fun. Try it, Scoob.
It needs work.
Look, Patrick...
...we could stay here, do this all night, and something tells me you would...
...but we gotta make
like your personality and split.
Okay.
Scooby-Doo. Scoob!
Hello?
Scooby-Doo, can you hear me?
Hello, Shaggy.
Wickles has led us
into a terrifying ghost town!
- Ghost town?
- Yes, a ghost town!
Darn bushes yowling at me again.
- Keep quiet, Scoob.
- Okay, Shaggy.
Like, where did Old Man Nutjob go?
Through here, Scoob?
I don't know.
Oh, boy.
Run, Scoob! It's a "skelly" thingy!
Elevator.
Good work, pal!
Like, let's skedaddle.
So, what's your assessment, Velmster?
This place seems harmless enough.
I mean, whether the Evil Masked Figure
could've gotten his randamonium...
...from here at the mine?
- Oh, sorry.
I was just thinking about Patrick.
He seemed so upset when he left.
- Right. So...
- And...
...he doesn't like me.
Okay. So your assessment is?
- Love stinks.
- Fred?
Do you think I'm just a pretty face?
No.
I mean, yes.
I mean, not fat!
Definitely not fat.
Is this sort of what you're looking for?
Fat? Why would you even use that word?
Never again will they underestimate us.
That's right.
I've gathered you here today
for something big.
At last.
All these years of careful planning...
...have culminated
in this one glorious moment.
Old Man Wickles, caught red-handed
in your foul monster-making scheme.
With your ugly, evil henchmen.
Henchmen?
Young man, we're investors,
and we're listening to his pitch.
So as I was saying...
...the Old Tyme Mining Town,
a summer camp for kids...
...where they can have
an authentic mining experience.
They can dig for 18 hours straight,
just like in the golden days of yore.
They have the time of their lives,
and we get free miners!
Mr. Wickles, we need to ask you about...
...your ties to recent monster attacks.
- I don't know nothing about no monsters.
Then how come there was randamonium
on the floor of your mansion?
There's randamonium all over the place.
I come home with it in my shorts.
Are you continuing the work
of your old pal Jonathan Jacobo?
Old pal? Jacobo?
We hated each other.
In the prison cafeteria,
he used to steal my Tater Tots!
And he got the lead in My Fair Lady.
Then why did we find the monster book
in your library?
Wait a second.
You're the runts what vandalized my home.
Which one of you stole my toilet brush?
Gentlemen.
- I'm sorry, Jeremiah.
- What happened? I haven't finished!
Wait, fellas!
Wowee, Scooby-Doo!
I think we're onto something.
It's like a huge laboratory.
- Go ahead.
- Okay.
This place is like Clue-topia, Scoob.
Refrigerator!
Lemonade!
Check it out.
Look at those weird letters, Scoob.
Shaggy?
Scooby-Doo,
you turned into a freaky monster.
You don't eat stuff that glows.
There's got to be an antidote
in here somewhere.
Try this, Scoob. It looks medicinal.
Tastes like...
Strawberries.
I'm okay, Scoob.
I've got a chick's body!
I'm the Tasmanian Devil!
Check it out, dude!
I'm buff.
My God.
It seems as if I've become
ludicrously intelligent.
It's awful! I long for the blissful ignorance
of my former self.
Chasing cats, licking my own rear end,
eating my own vomit.
Those were wonderful times.
Check out my pecs, little man!
Hush now, buffoon.
This is a highly combustible synthesis.
A what?
I'm going to transform us back!
No way, geek!
I'm gonna stay this way forever!
No!
Let's go!
Careful, gang.
This "Schwarzeneggian" oaf almost destroyed us.
Go boom.
You are embarrassing.
That was almost exactly like my freshman year in college.
What are you guys doing here?
You're supposed to be sick, Scooby.
I invented a potion.
You lied to us. We're a team.
You don't just go off half-cocked doing whatever you want.
Hey, gang.
"Beware who enters the Monster Hive.
Inside your fears will come alive."
Oh, my.
Look! It's the costumes from the museum!
- Zombie.
- Miner 49er.
- Captain Cutler.
- I bet they're all here.
He must have used the costumes to make real monsters, which implies...
He needs the costumes to make the monsters, which implies...
He already had a Pterodactyl Ghost costume somehow, which implies...
Patrick's the one.
Velma's in love.
No, I mean the one.
The bad guy.
That's why he wanted to go out with me.
To see what we knew.
We just saw Patrick at the bad guys' hangout.
He was working both sides of Psycho Street.
I don't know who's behind this, but we don't need him transforming more costumes.
Let's find a way to shut down this monster-maker for good.
Guys? What's over here?
This light is strange.
Scooby-Doo.
We're the ones that found this place.
Score one for the big guys!
Now we need to keep acting
like mondo-groovy detectives. Come on.
Like, wowee.
Cool! Like, "tuneage."
Like, what's that weird sound?
Captain Cutler!
Miner 49er!
The Tar Monster!
We have...
...to remain...
...calm.
Calm, Scooby-Doo!
You're not being calm!
I needed that.
I needed that too.
You're pushing your luck, Scoob!
You girls find anything?
- He did it.
- Scoob!
Fred, disconnect that control panel!
Maybe it'll stop the machine!
Come on, this way! Quick, the elevator!
- Like, The 10,000 Volt Ghost!
- Come on, Scoob!
We're gonna die!
- Think positive!
- We're gonna die quickly!
Wait for me!
Come on, girls!
- An exit!
- Run, Shaggy!
Stop them!
Destroy the city if you have to,
but get me that control panel!
With it, they can destroy everything
I've set out to do.
Hurry up, gang.
We need to find Shaggy and Scooby.
End of the line, Mystery Inc.!
Die!
Oh, boy.
Let's rip it, Scoob!
Zoinks!
I don't know.
Banzai!
We're getting rad!
Like, this pipe's ripping, Scoob!
Zoinks!
Hello.
Scooby!
Are you guys okay?
Sure. As long as you define "okay"
as "in massive agony."
We should get back to headquarters.
No! That'll be the first place
they'll look for us.
I think I know where to go.
Move that worthless piece of tin!
Unlike some of you,
I have a very important meeting!
Citizens! Turn in Mystery Inc.

Your reward:
My monsters can make life very unpleasant.
Find me Mystery Inc., now.
Heather Jasper-Howe with an emergency
update for Investigative Probe.
A monster army has invaded Coolsville.
Angry citizens have gathered
outside Mystery Inc. 's offices in protest.
They're insisting the gang cooperate
with the Evil Masked Figure's demands.
Mystery Stink! Mystery Stink!
Excuse me, sir.
Do you have anything to say for yourself?
I beg you, Mystery Inc.
If you can hear me, turn yourselves in.
If we do, he'll get the control panel back,
and the city will be in worse shape.
We'd be playing right into his hands.
Please. For our city's sake.
Sorry. You're cancelled.
The old high-school clubhouse.
We should be safe here.
We haven't been here in years.
Freddy, are you okay?
- Do you wanna talk?
- Talking's for wimps.
It's time for action.
You know, Scoob...
...this Evil Masked Figure
is turning Coolsville into Ghoulsville.
And the gang is totally taking a hit for it.
Like, this is the most "our-faultiest"
screwup ever, Scoob.
Still works.
Look, all my old tools.
After all our so-called success...
...we're back in this old firetrap.
Keep away! Go out.
- Hit me, Fred. I'm open!
- Get it, Shaggy!
Good one.
Velma, here!
Good throw, Velm!
- Fred! It's mine.
- Gotcha!
Throw it to me!
Go long!
Go, Scooby!
Dude!
It all seemed so easy back then.
We solved mysteries for the love of them,
not to prove anything to anyone.
And the mysteries all seemed
to unravel themselves.
Sometimes, the answers
would just appear like magic.
My first multiple-resonance
imaging device.
Made out of a crystal radio
and old video games.
Wait a minute.
Randamonium has an algorithmic
cross-currency of negative 4.121.
With it, maybe...
Well, just maybe...
We could reverse the current
and reverse the monster-making process!
All we need to do
is rewire the control panel...
Bring it back to the Monster Hive
and plug it into the base.
- Push the button...
- And instead of creating monsters...
...all the monsters will be destroyed.
Like, they're totally having
a montage in there without us.
I'll tell you one thing for sure.
They don't need our help to figure it out.
We're screwups.
The only time we do anything right is when
we accidentally plow into the Snow Ghost...
...because we've accidentally glued our feet
to rocket-powered roller-skates.
Eight stupid times.
Face it, Scoob.
We'll never be anything
but our old goofy selves.
I wish once...
...just once...
...I could do the right thing on purpose.
You know, Scoob?
Like, be a hero...
...and save the day.
But who are we kidding, right?
Captain Cutler's Ghost.
Captain Cutler's Ghost!
They found us. Finish that in the van
when we get to the Monster Hive.
Go, Fred! Hit it!
- What do we do?
- What do we do?
Fine. Let's go back!
That's the wrong way!
Shaggy! Give me a hand.
This is tied for
the most terrifying day of my life.
- Tied with what?
- Every other freaking day of my life!
It's done!
Jinkies! Tweety's back.
- Shaggy!
- Yeah?
I'm putting her in cruise.
Take the wheel.
Go!
Take this!
- This is bad.
- No doubt.
- Shaggy?
- Yeah.
Who's driving?
Hello.
- Scoob.
- What?
- Turn the wheel!
- Wheel?
- Turn the wheel!
- The round thing, Scoob!
- Scooby!
- Okay.
I'm driving!
Watch out, Scoob!
You did it, Scoob!
All right, gang.
The Monster Hive is right over there.
Let's get this control panel
and plug her in.
You go nowhere, knave.
You guys take the long way around.
And I'll hold him off.
- Come on.
- Go get him, Fred.
- Come on, Daph!
- I'm coming!
Not so fast!
You guys go. I'll take care of Sparky.
Just get that control panel to the Hive.
- Go!
- We've got it, Daph!
Scary.
Taste the pain, Mr. Glowy Ugly Thing.
Daph?
- Daph, are you okay?
- I think so.
Guess this is it, huh?
Oh, baby.
I'm afraid.
What a wimp, huh?
That doesn't make you a wimp.
Makes you human.
The Skeleton Men.
- He does that when he gets nervous.
- Sorry.
- Here, Shaggy, take this.
- Why are you giving this to me?
I'll distract those skeletal screwballs.
- Get this to the Monster Hive.
- Us?
You're faster than me.
Once there, just plug it into the base.
Push this button.
I fixed it so it will destroy all the monsters.
But...
...we can't.
- We're screwups.
We tried to be heroes like you guys,
but we're not.
- We're just not.
- No.
Like me?
That's funny.
I always wanted to be like you guys.
You guys are so free. You're never afraid
to be who you really are.
Whether you're fearful or joyful or hungry.
I think you've been heroes all along.
You just haven't known it.
Here I go.
Heroes.
Heroes.
On your knees, knave.
Can't you see we're talking?
Talking is for wimps.
You can't fool me
with that macho faade.
You're just afraid to show
your sensitive side.
You've touched my inner child.
And he's really mad!
Come on, Scoob.
Miner 49er!
I'll get you, you varmints!
Dead end.
Remember when we were young
and you used to wear that jumper?
- What? Me? In a jumper?
- And we used to watch cable?
Do it!
Lights out.
Blackout! Blackout!
Oh, crap.
Take this, daddy-o. It's a real gas.
Come on. Let's go, Scoob!
My glasses.
Oh, brother. Not again.
I've got to consider contact lenses.
What?
Some kind of scary bat.
Wait a minute.
That's the pterodactyl.
The Pterodactyl Ghost.
What's this?
A shrine!
To Jonathan Jacobo?
But who would be so obsessed with him?
Velma.
Lose something?
Patrick.
What are you doing here?
I'm trying to solve this mystery.
Same as you.
That is what you're doing, right?
Trying to solve this mystery?
Yes.
Why are you so obsessed
with Jonathan Jacobo?
- What are you talking about?
- No way, Jose.
Velma.
Stay away from me.
I know who you are.
- Velma, let go of the grate.
- So I can fall to my death?

No, so I can pull you up.
- You gotta trust me.
- No. I only trust the facts.

And all the facts say that you're the Evil Masked Figure.
What does your heart say?
I don't know.
It's beating too loud for me to hear.
Look deeper. You gotta trust me.
You saved my life.
Patrick!
Velma!
That thing just flew off with Patrick!
The best we can do for him is get that control panel back where it belongs.
Where is it?
I gave it to Shaggy and Scooby.
That's weird. It sounded like you just said you gave it to Shaggy and Scooby.
I think we lost them.
Scoob, we made it.
You should never have locked those locks.
Now you're stuck in here with me!
The Cotton Candy Glob.
- Cotton Candy Glob?
- Cotton Candy Glob?
Yes.
- No! I'll give you cavities!
- I don't see Shaggy and Scooby anywhere.
Poor guys are probably running around helpless and terrified.
This is like the greatest day of our lives, Scoob.
Finally, a monster we could sink our teeth into.
I'm kind of thirsty. I wonder if there's a Liter-sized Soda Glob anywhere?
- Come on, guys. We have to hurry.
- Come on.
We have to get this control panel back before...
Before exactly that happens.
At last I have you, Mystery Inc.
You'll never make it past my monsters.
We've taken these jerks before, gang.
Let's do it again.
- Fred!
- It's not them you need to worry about.
Now you are stuck in my trap.
Daphne!
Daph!
Gotcha!
Go! Daphne!
- Velma!
- I'm open!
Shaggy! Here!
Come on!
Soon your friends will be dead...
...and Coolsville destroyed.
My revenge will be final...
...and there's nothing you can do about it.
Help, Velma!
Daphne?
- Shaggy?
- Scoob...
Dude.
- Like, frostbite never felt so good!
- Stop them!
- Go long, Scoob!
- Okay.
Here, doggy-doggy.
Rail glide!
Watch this! Roll barrel!
Hang time!
End of the line, Doo!
Come here, you worthless mutt!
Scoob!
You can do it, buddy!
You can't do this to me!
Who do you think you are?
Scooby...
...Dooby...
...Doo!
No!
My monsters!
You did it! You saved us all!
I know.
Do you know the identity
of the Evil Masked Figure behind it all?
If our hunch is correct,
the Evil Masked Figure is...
No!
Heather Jasper-Howe.
But she was at the museum
when the Masked Figure was on the roof.
You almost had me there, didn't you?
Lucky for her, she had an assistant
helping her with her evil plans.
Ned.
When I realized
she was the Evil Masked Figure...
... he quickly changed into her costume.
But why did she do it?
Because Heather Jasper-Howe
is actually...
...Doctor Jonathan Jacobo.
The original Pterodactyl Ghost.
But how do you know this?
A photo, taken of Jacobo
in front of the Coolsonian.
Jacobo supposedly died
a year before construction even began.
So Jacobo survived that fall
off the prison wall.
He adapted the false Heather Jasper-Howe
persona to turn the press against us.
Then he framed Old Man Wickles...
...by putting that book
and The Black Knight Ghost in his mansion.
As if you getting the lead
in My Fair Lady wasn't enough!
I was an excellent Eliza!
You were too act-y.
And stealing my Tater Tots!
You kept saying you felt puffy!
And the real identity of Ned is...
Ned.
I would have gotten away with it
if it weren't for those meddling punks...
...and their dumb dog!
- You were a dude this whole time?
- Of course, dummkopf.
But we cuddled.
- Hi.
- Hi.
Listen, Velma, I know
that must have seemed very suspicious...
...but you've got to believe me
that I had nothing to do with...
I trust you.
Listen, Patrick.
I'm not glamorous or mysterious.
But one thing that's true is...
...that I like you.
Very much.
And I would like
to go out with you again.
But this time, I will go as myself.
Yeah, I'd like that, more than anything.
Okay.
Mystery Inc.! Mystery Inc.!
They're cheering for us again.
Yep.
I always thought that was
the best thing in the world.
I guess I found something
a little bit better.
- Can we get your photo in this?
- Yes.
Yikes! A monster!
- Like, Scoob, it's me, man!
- Shaggy!
Scoob-y-Doob-y-Doo!
Sing it up, Ruben.
Everybody.
Come on, Shaggy.
Get down.
Game Boy Advance secret code.