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# **Scooby-Doo and the Loch Ness Monster**

By George Doty IV

Let's hear a few words  
from our fair hostess.  
Come on, Shannon. Give us a speech.  
Speech!  
Yes, of course.  
On behalf of the Blake clan,  
myself included...  
I want to welcome  
all of our mighty competitors...  
to the first ever  
Loch Ness Highland Games.  
And I want to thank all of the volunteers  
who helped us transform...  
the ancient grounds of Blake Castle  
into a first-rate tournament field.  
Now the Blakes  
can finally be known for something...  
besides getting themselves  
into trouble, Shannon?  
I just hope  
we can survive the embarrassment...  
should you be  
our winning contestant, Angus Haggart.  
That's me brother  
you be speaking to, lassie.  
And if anyone's got claim  
to be embarrassed by him, it's me.  
Aye, then. What do you say  
we start the games early?  
- Biggest splash wins.  
- You're on.  
Wait! No!  
Please, guys, get back in the boat.  
What? Afraid the Legend of the Loch might  
be coming back for a midnight snack?  
This isn't funny.  
If I didn't know any better,  
Shannon Blake...  
I'd be thinking you believed  
in the Loch Ness Monster.  
What the...  
No, it cannot be.  
Colin! Angus! Get out of the water now!  
Hold on!

We're double-anchored. She won't move  
an inch till we hoist them up.

Brace yourselves!

- I don't believe it.

- What was that?

I don't know what to think.

- Are you all right, Shannon?

- Silence!

For a thousand years

it has swam in the shadows below.

You have disturbed the spirit

that haunts these waters.

Too afraid to sleep at night?

Trembling in your beds with fright?

'Tis not the darkness drawing near...

but the Loch Ness Monster

you should fear.

How beautiful.

This Scottish countryside

is so lush and green.

Yeah. Just like a giant golf course.

Jinkies, Daphne.

It must be exciting to visit Blake Castle...

the ancient home

of your Scottish ancestors.

It sure is.

And I can't wait

to help my cousin Shannon...

host the Loch Ness Highland Games.

I even accessorized for the occasion. Look.

I'm planning to wear this

for the opening ceremonies...

in honor of the Blakes of Loch Ness.

Like, it's not the Blakes of Loch Ness

that I'm worried about.

Are you, by chance, referring

to the legend of the Loch Ness Monster?

Monster?

Yeah. And, like,

why are we going to some place...

that's already got

a monster named after it?

Makes no sense.

Legend of the Loch. Get real.

It's just another big fake, right, Velma?  
I'm not so sure about that.  
Jeepers! You believe  
in the Loch Ness Monster, Velma?  
- Like, that makes three of us.  
- Yeah. One, two, three.  
I believe it's a mystery.  
This monster is different.  
There have been over 2000  
Loch Ness Monster sightings...  
dating all the way back to 540 A.D.  
- That's almost 1,500 years ago.  
- Zoinks! Like, a monster...  
that's been scaring people  
for more than a thousand years.  
Don't worry, Shaggy,  
Loch Ness has miles of shoreline...  
and I bet Shannon knows  
a lot of good places to have a beach party.  
Beach party? Hear that, Scoob?  
We can have a clambake  
with the clan Blake.  
Yeah, clambake.  
That's it, gang. Loch Ness, dead ahead.  
Like, did you have to say dead?  
This fog is as thick as pea soup.  
Boy, pea soup.  
Come back, Scoob.  
It's just a figure of speech.  
What's the matter, old buddy?  
Monster!  
Monster? Like, don't tell me.  
I don't want to know.  
- Man! What is that?  
- What in the world?  
Can we get closer?  
Freddie! The road!  
When I said get closer,  
this isn't exactly what I meant.  
Did we just see what I think we saw?  
Whatever it was, it's gone now.  
Come on, gang. This loch water  
could shrink my genuine vinyl upholstery.  
Jeepers. Guys, look, I think we're here.

There's Blake Castle.  
I just got this baby hot waxed.  
Look at all those tents.  
I wonder if there's a circus in town.  
That's the sports field  
for the Highland Games...  
a competition featuring  
traditional Scottish sporting events.  
Like, who's ever heard  
of the telephone pole pitch?  
That's the caber toss, Shaggy.  
It's a test of strength and skill.  
When they invent a game that tests  
eating and sleeping, let us know.  
The tent colors work for me,  
but that crashed sailboat totally clashes.  
Jinkies! I wonder what happened.  
Come on, gang, let's go check it out.  
- Shannon!  
- Daphne!  
I can't believe I'm really here.  
Guys, this is my cousin Shannon.  
We should have known  
by her great sense of color coordination.  
Of course. After all she is a Blake.  
What happened to your boat, Shannon?  
That? You see...  
Cool ride.  
No, what are you doing?  
This whole area  
has to be roped off for evidence.  
- Not now, Del.  
- A friend of yours?  
Hardly.  
We've got 20 eyewitnesses.  
A large wake. Something big,  
something really, really big.  
Why can't it ever be something small?  
Something really, really small?  
This is major.  
Don't you see? It's because of the games.  
All the activity has disturbed the creature.  
Zoinks!  
The only disturbed creature

around here is you, Del Chillman.  
Why, me own sons were out there,  
and they're not spooked a bit.  
- Angus was scared.  
- I was not, Colin.  
I'll put your neck like that. I-  
That's enough.  
Save it for the games, laddies.  
Now come on, go on down to the track.  
Off you go.  
But, Mr. Haggart, wait.  
You are in great danger, sir.  
You can't just ignore this.  
We could try.  
You'll see, man.  
I told you  
those games were a mistake, Shannon.  
Now the monster's after you!  
By the way, big party at Stubby's tonight.  
Supposed to have a band.  
Wow, Blake Castle!  
I've waited my whole life to see this.  
There's over 800 years  
of Blake family history...  
within these walls.  
Ours is a rich  
history of falling through trap doors...  
finding dangerous secret passageways,  
and getting caught...  
in overly complicated  
booby traps of our own design.  
The one thing we Blakes  
have been known for is being...  
How should I put this?  
Danger-prone.  
What?  
Stunning architecture. Love the gargoyle.  
Despite all these years of misfortune...  
no one at Blake Castle has ever  
had any trouble with the monster.  
Like, that's what I like to hear.  
That is, until now.  
Like, zoinks.  
It actually began just a few nights ago.

I was by myself, down at the boat dock.  
All of a sudden, something very big  
and very fast came cruising into the cove.  
It disappeared below the surface,  
and I lost sight of it.  
When I fell asleep that night...  
I awoke to the strangest sound  
I'd ever heard in all me life.  
And then it was gone. Just like that.  
Come on, you two, out of the armor.  
Like, ever heard of Scotland the Brave?  
Meet Shaggy the chicken.  
Jeepers! So, the monster  
isn't locked in the Loch?  
Many people claim to have seen  
the Loch Ness Monster on land.  
When I woke up the next morning...  
I tried to tell myself  
that it was only a dream, but-  
It was not a dream. And last night's  
shipwreck was no accident.  
It was the great beast of the Loch.  
Zoinks! Who's the creepy lady  
in the beret?  
I don't know.  
- Everyone, I'd like you to meet-  
- Prof. Fiona Pembroke.  
Scotland's most accomplished  
Loch Ness expert...  
and author of the book Legend of the Loch.  
How marvelous.  
What a pleasure to meet  
someone who's done her proper research.  
I read that you're  
still trying to prove the monster exists...  
even though it has destroyed your career,  
demolished your scientific credibility...  
and devastated you financially.  
Apparently, too much research.  
Professor, these new pictures  
of the Loch Ness Monster are amazing.  
I was out on the Loch by myself that day  
when all of a sudden there she was.  
Right next to my boat.

After the world sees these,  
everyone will believe in the monster.  
I wish it were that easy, dear.  
Dinner is served.  
I've prepared a traditional  
Scottish dinner for you...  
so you'd all get  
a good taste of the Highlands.  
And, like, we're ready to start tasting.  
Right, Scoob?  
- Right.  
- We'll be starting with haggis.  
A true Scottish delicacy.  
Like, what's in it?  
It's just a boiled sheep's stomach...  
stuffed with diced liver and kidneys.  
Zoinks! It's the monster!  
That's no monster, it's a man.  
Dear me. Terribly sorry about that.  
Still, quite a smashing entrance,  
don't you think?  
Sir Ian, you've arrived.  
Welcome to Blake Castle.  
Yes. Please excuse the window,  
Shannon, my dear.  
I found this caber outside,  
and I couldn't resist...  
giving it a good toss, for old time's sake.  
No, that'll be fine.  
Everyone, it's my honor to introduce...  
the Head Field Judge  
for this year's Highland Games.  
Sir Ian Locksley.  
Director of the Scottish  
Natural History Museum...  
and author of the book *Monster my foot*.  
Velma, do you have a book  
for every occasion?  
- Actually, yes.  
- So, let me get this straight.  
You're a museum director  
and a judge for the games?  
Now that's what I call multitasking.  
Sir Ian, according to your book...



you believe the Loch Ness Monster  
is all a bunch of hooey.  
Yes. Hooey, nonsense,  
poppycock and fiddle-faddle.  
Now, there you are.  
You've got your autograph.  
And I've got an entire weekend free...  
from any further  
mention of the Loch Ness...  
Good gravy!  
What in the blazes are you doing here?  
Hello, Ian.  
You two know each other?  
Ian and I were once colleagues.  
Colleagues? Hardly.  
She was my research assistant.  
Aye, before you had me fired.  
I was trying to run a museum.  
I can't have one of my staff  
spending all their time...  
chasing after imaginary monsters.  
She's not imaginary, Ian.  
We've been through this before.  
This should be an interesting dinner.  
I don't think the two of them  
will make it past the appetizers.  
Now, see here.  
Please, both of you,  
we're all sharing the castle tonight.  
Let's put our differences aside for now.  
Have you seen the field, Sir Ian?  
- It's fantastic.  
- Yes, my dear.  
Brilliant. Reminds me of the games of '74.  
That man has absolutely no regard  
for true scientific discovery.  
Like, the only discovery I'd be  
interested in is an all-night pizza joint.  
Yeah! Pizza joint!  
Scoob, with your stomach  
growling like that...  
we'll never get to sleep.  
Like, how far is it  
to the nearest vending machine?

Okay, unless we're completely lost...  
the kitchen should be  
right around the corner.  
Did I say kitchen?  
I mean, creepy hallway.  
Okay, like, maybe it's this way.  
Zoinks! Like, wrong turn.  
It's okay Scoob, like,  
just keep telling yourself...  
there's no such things as monsters.  
There are no monsters.  
- What is it, Scoob?  
- Monster!  
Like, boy, do I hope you're wrong.  
Look, Scooby-Doo.  
It's just a tree branch  
knocking against that window.  
That's nothing to be afraid of.  
Now, the kitchen's  
got to be around here somewhere.  
Let's try down this way.  
Now, stay close, buddy.  
We don't want  
anything scary sneaking up on...  
Ghost!  
Ghost? Where?  
Like, run for it, Scoob!  
We did it, Scoob. Safe and sound.  
Like, zoinks!  
I think we just  
locked ourselves outside of the castle.  
Look at the bright side, Scoob.  
At least it's not raining.  
Good thinking, old pal.  
It'll take more than a rainstorm  
to dampen our spirits.  
Like, zoinks! It's right outside!  
It's Shaggy and Scooby.  
Guys, what happened?  
Scooby. Stomach. Bats. Kitchen.  
Rainstorm. Chase. Monster.  
Yeah, monster.  
And I thought we Scottish spoke funny.  
They went searching

for a late-night snack...  
and were chased down here  
by the monster.  
Well, something made these footprints.  
This is extraordinary.  
Just what I needed. Fantastic.  
Curse me kilts, can't a man get  
a decent night's rest without...  
Oh, dear me. No.  
No, not the games field. It's ruined.  
This is an outrage. Look what you've done.  
Like, it wasn't our fault.  
It tried to eat us. We barely survived.  
Tell me. What tried to eat you?  
Like, the Loch Ness Monster.  
For the last time, there is no such thing...  
as the Loch Ness Monster!  
But, Ian, look. The proof is all around us.  
Miss Blake, I do not wish to spend  
one more moment at Blake Castle.  
Like, us neither. We'll call a cab.  
- Hit it, Scoob.  
- Taxi.  
There you go, governor.  
Step lively. In you go now.  
Boy, vacations never seem to last,  
do they?  
Don't forget to write.  
Are we there yet?  
Quick trip.  
Wait, Sir Ian, wait. Please!  
Young lady, you see that you have  
the game field in order by opening day...  
or I'll see to it that Blake Castle  
never hosts anything larger...  
than a miniature golf tournament!  
Driver.  
- Well, that didn't go well.  
- I believe you could say that.  
- Jinkies!  
- What is it, Velma?  
The footprints.  
They don't lead to the Loch.  
They lead into town.

Why would a sea monster  
walk along the road?  
Well, gang, looks like we've got  
another mystery on our hands.  
Only nobody's been able to solve  
this one for 1,500 years.  
Monster or no monster...  
I don't know how we'll ever get  
the game field repaired.  
Don't give up yet, Shannon.  
We just need a little help, that's all.  
I've got it.  
First thing in the morning,  
we'll head into town.  
I know just the bloke to help us.  
Here we are, gang.  
Welcome to Drumna...  
Drummy... Dramunono...  
- Drumnadrochit?  
- Gesundheit.  
This little village is so darn cute.  
Like, total grooviness.  
There's a bunch of little shops,  
a town square...  
the Loch Ness Monster,  
a nice flower garden.  
Loch Ness Monster!  
Take it easy, guys. That's no monster.  
It's just a big balloon filled with helium.  
- Like, we knew it all along, right, Scoob?  
- Yeah! All along.  
Come on, lads. Tie her down.  
Slipped right out of me hands.  
That's real funny, Colin.  
So long, Angus. Don't forget to write.  
It's just a joke, Dad.  
Hang on, nitwit, I'm coming.  
I asked for jocks,  
and you sent me jokesters instead.  
From the size of that balloon...  
I'd say you must be  
the biggest Nessie believer in the world.  
Me? No, laddie. Truth is I do not believe  
in her at all.

But the more people that do believe...  
the more money she brings to me hotel.  
Very...

Mr. Haggart, can we have  
a word with you?

Now, Miss Blake,  
what brings you to town, then?  
Shouldn't you be out at the games field...  
keeping an eye out for more of  
your scary monster sightings?

Laugh if you want,  
but there may not be any games at all.

These photos were taken last night,  
and the games are tomorrow.

The game fields. That cannot be!

Whether you believe

in the monster or not, Mr. Haggart...

we're running out of time.

Aye, right you are, lass. Boys, come quick.

These are for you, mate.

- There you go.

- Like, thanks.

We've got trouble brewing at Blake Castle.

Brace yourselves, lads.

I'm sorry you've got to see such a thing.

Come on, Colin. Let me see.

Hold on!

Now round up some help

and get down to Blake Castle...

as quick as you can.

Yes, Dad.

Stupendous! Tremendous!

Nessie's trying to tell us something.

I've got to get to the castle.

My monster needs me.

- No, Del. Wait.

- Waiting time is oversville.

She's trying to talk to me.

And I am ready to listen.

Please, Del, we've still got the games  
to think about.

The games? No, that's the problem.

If it weren't for those games,

Nessie would be happy and healthy...

and minding her own business, man.  
I've got to get over to Blake Castle...  
before those Haggart hooligans get there  
and ruin the vibe, man.  
You guys keep on keeping on.  
Well, good monster hunting!  
Don't be a fool.  
There's no such thing  
as good monster hunting.  
Like, words to live by.  
This is our dockmaster,  
Duncan MacGubbin.  
Duncan MacGubbin?  
I've heard that name before.  
You hold the record for the most  
Loch Ness Monster sightings.  
Aye, that I do.  
Forty-one.  
Though I take no pride in the fact.  
Since you're the dockmaster,  
Mr. MacGubbin...  
maybe you could point out  
Prof. Pembroke's boat.  
- She said we could take it out on the lake.  
- That's loch.  
Now, there be the Professor's craft.  
That's dock.  
This Scottish stuff can be complicated.  
It's an old fishing boat.  
She's nearly as old as meself  
and twice as leaky.  
She'll do ye fine.  
But I warn ye,  
do not go looking for trouble's view.  
At Loch Ness,  
trouble can come looking for you.  
Like, he should be writing  
scary greeting cards.  
- I sure wish I'd brought along my floaties.  
- So do I.  
There's only four life jackets on board.  
Maybe there's more down here.  
- It's locked from the inside.  
- That's strange.

I guess two of us will have to stay behind.  
You mean split up and search for clues?  
I like it.  
Shaggy and Scooby  
volunteering for shore duty.  
Aye, aye, Captain.  
Maybe Shaggy and Scooby should take  
The Mystery Machine.  
Good idea!  
What?  
Don't worry, Fred.  
We won't get a scratch on her.  
Make that two scratches.  
Suddenly this boat seems like  
a much safer place.  
I'm taking her up to full throttle.  
Let's see what this baby can do.  
Aye, aye, Captain.  
I'm king of the lake... Loch.  
Things look pretty clear from up here.  
You take the high road  
And I'll take the rocky road  
Like, rocky road ice cream, that is  
Scoob, we going the right way?  
Great, as long as we follow the road signs,  
what can go wrong?  
Like, are things getting  
creepier and spookier, or is it just me?  
Me, too.  
Anything coming up on the sonar, Velma?  
Are you kidding?  
This sonar system is so old,  
it couldn't pick up a radio station.  
That's strange.  
I know her research funding is limited...  
but she's obviously not spending any of it  
on new equipment.  
We might have something.  
There's a large target off the portside bow.  
Look, something's moving  
along the surface.  
It's her. She's back!  
Freddie, now would be a good time  
for one of your famous plans.

Got it!  
Throw all the nets overboard.  
Velma, run that line  
through the yardarm tackle.  
Aye, aye.  
You mean, this little boat  
is going to catch that gigantic monster?  
That's plan "A."  
Looks like you got a bite.  
Okay.  
- Freddie, what's plan "B"?  
- We'll head for the shore.  
- Forward, Fred.  
- Don't tell me, tell him...  
her, it.  
We just lost the engine.  
Look out!  
At least we're cut loose from the monster.  
Great, we'll call that plan "C."  
Look, the buoys.  
Oh, boy!  
Here she comes!  
- She's gone.  
- But gone where?  
She went under the boat and disappeared.  
Like, Scoob, old buddy...  
I've got a feeling  
we're not in coolsville anymore.  
Zoinks! Like, I think we're stuck.  
Look at the size of that pothole.  
Yikes!  
Shaggy! Look!  
Okay, I'm looking, but I'm not liking it.  
It's only a little salamander.  
Like, wait, Scoob.  
We got to stay with the van.  
Like, I think we lost her, Scoob...  
but what happened to the road?  
And for that matter, the land?  
Like, Houston, we have a problem.  
Mayday!  
That sounds like Shaggy.  
Shaggy? Where are you guys?  
Like, incoming!



What the heck?  
Somebody get that guy's license.  
Doggie license?  
Are you sure this is where  
you saw the monster, Shaggy?  
Let me see.  
Like, zoinks! It's the monster!  
Yeah. This is the place.  
Look. These monster tracks  
turn into tire tracks.  
They sure aren't  
from The Mystery Machine.  
Who's ever heard of a monster  
with a driver's license?  
Sorry about your engine, Prof. Pembroke.  
- And the net rigging.  
- And your refrigerator.  
What happened to the refrigerator?  
- Nothing.  
- Yeah. Nothing.  
Don't worry yourselves none.  
It was all in the name of research.  
And it sounds like  
you had quite the sighting.  
Sighting?  
My eyes were closed the whole time.  
Me, too.  
At least the games field  
is looking good as new.  
Guess we owe the Haggart brothers  
a hearty thanks.  
Yeah, but where are they?  
Those jokers?  
If goofing off  
were a Highland Games event...  
Colin and Angus would be champions,  
for sure.  
Speaking of goofing off, where's Scooby?  
Like, way to go, Scoob.  
Here, let me have a peek.  
Okay.  
Look at that.  
There's a groovy ship  
way out there on the Loch.

Shaggy, look.  
Zoinks!  
Ahoy, there.  
Captain Ian Locksley at your service.  
Man, like, that barge is on a charge.  
Oh, dear!  
I'm terribly sorry about that, Miss Blake.  
That's quite all right, Sir Ian.  
I'm kind of getting used to this.  
Yes, of course. That'll do, then.  
Secure the bowline. Anchors aweigh!  
Like, with Sir Ian around,  
who needs a monster.  
Yeah.  
Well, I should have known.  
Sir Ian Locksley,  
a Nessie true believer after all.  
Believer? Nonsense, Fiona!  
I'm here to protect the games field.  
I'm going to patrol these waters...  
to make sure nothing else  
peculiar happens.  
Loch Ness is now under my command.  
I can. And I will.  
I hereby declare  
that no boat other than mine...  
is to be allowed  
in the vicinity of Blake Castle.  
And how could you stop me?  
By having  
that floating scrap pile condemned.  
Now, I suggest you finish your repairs  
and be on your way.  
Blow it out your bagpipe.  
Why, I never.  
This boat's got more surprises in her  
than you will ever know.  
Prof. Pembroke.  
Perhaps we should go with Sir Ian  
to search for more clues.  
Brilliant! Perhaps we'll make a believer  
out of him yet.  
That's it, men. Weigh the anchor.  
Zoinks! Like, I think the anchor's

going to weigh more than usual.  
This sure is impressive equipment.  
So multifunctional.  
Totally. I've got high score.  
What happened to my game?  
Fred, I think you were playing  
the digital compass.  
I still got high score.  
I've networked my laptop  
into the ship's computer.  
This way, I can monitor the sonar  
and download the information.  
Very well.  
Say hello to the Ocean Motion 3000.  
With it, we can track  
our position by satellite...  
while simultaneously  
scanning the contour of the Loch floor.  
- Look!  
- McIntyre, report.  
Sir, target spotted  
bearing 60 fathoms at 30 knots.  
It's nearly 20 meters long.  
It's gone!  
A target that size  
surely cannot just vanish.  
There must be some explanation.  
Whatever it was, it's probably hiding  
in an underwater cave.  
Aye, Loch Ness is famous for them.  
I wish there was some way  
we could check it out.  
Speaking of checking out...  
Yeah!  
Great idea, Scoob.  
What a groovy hiding spot.  
Nobody will find us in here.  
I must say, it looks like your friends  
fancy my minisub.  
That would be perfect  
for exploring the Loch.  
Would you mind if we borrowed it?  
- Do you think you could pilot such a craft?  
- Sure.

I drove my van into the Loch  
just yesterday.  
Scoob, next time  
I'm picking the hiding spot.  
Sorry.  
Hang on, folks.  
Once the magnetic arm releases us...  
it's splashdown!  
Cool!  
This is great!  
All it needs is a styling green paint job...  
and it'll be da bomb-diggity.  
It even has a sonar activated camera.  
Activating exterior lights.  
Now, all we need to do is find the entrance  
to the underwater caves.  
It's darker down here  
than I thought it would be.  
Monsters!  
Monsters! Help!  
Look out, Scooby.  
It's just a school of eels.  
Fred, watch where you're going!  
I would, if I could.  
Look, I think we found the entrance.  
- Really?  
- Really?  
It is the cave.  
And I thought it would be impossible.  
Nothing's impossible when you've got  
Scooby-Doo around.  
Shucks!  
Is it my imagination  
or are we in shallow water?  
Prepare to surface.  
- Hello!  
- Please don't do that, Fred.  
- Why not?  
- I'm afraid something might answer.  
Yummy, bones!  
Scoob, you okay? Man!  
You guys might want to check this out.  
It looks like Scooby found  
where Nessie tosses her leftovers.

I think we've stumbled across  
a burial ground...  
used by ancient Scottish warriors.  
If they buried their dead down here...  
that means there must be  
a secret entrance back up to the surface.  
Guys, check us out.  
We're a couple of brave warriors.  
Gang, take a look at this.  
It's a screwdriver.  
But what's it doing down here?  
Maybe they were handy ancient people.  
- Freddie.  
- What?  
What would ancient warriors  
be doing with a modern screwdriver?  
Guys, if you think that's fishy,  
just look behind you.  
- Jinkies!  
- Get to the submarine.  
Come on, you two!  
- We're trapped, Scoob!  
- No.  
I guess the only thing we can do now  
is fight our way out.  
- Remember, we're brave warriors.  
- Yeah, brave.  
Like, get ready to taste the steel  
of McShaggy and Scooby McDoo!  
She tasted it, and I think she liked it.  
Let's get out of here.  
This place is a real dive.  
The creature is following us.  
Like, take the picture, Velma,  
and let's go home.  
We can't. The sonar camera is mounted  
on the front of the sub.  
We'll have to turn around  
if we're gonna do a photo shoot.  
Head straight up that canyon wall.  
We just lost our portside sensor.  
- Careful, Freddie.  
- Sorry.  
25 more meters.

It's a straight shot to the surface.

- Fred, look out!

- I see it.

- She's gonna ram us.

- Hang on.

Like, who knew

you could get airsick in a submarine?

Great catch, McIntyre.

Like, now can we go home?

Gang, with the games starting tomorrow...

we'd better get some shuteye.

Yeah, like, I'd hate to be tired and cranky

during the monster's final rampage.

We can't go to bed yet.

There are too many

unanswered questions.

Like, I've got one. What is that noise?

It's coming from inside

The Mystery Machine.

Del?

- I think he's sleeping on your poncho.

- That's okay, he can keep it.

Hey, guys.

Sorry, I was down here at the castle...

you know, trying to connect

with Nessie's energy...

and somebody ripped off my van, man.

- Your van's been stolen?

- From Blake Castle?

Like, wow, and it seemed like

such a good neighborhood.

We've got to solve this mystery tonight.

And I know just the person

to help us do it.

Prof. Pembroke, come in, Professor.

Do you read me?

She shouldn't be out on the Loch alone,  
especially tonight.

- I hope nothing has happened to her.

- She's probably just out of range.

She could be all the way down

at the other end of the Loch by now.

- Maybe she's following the monster.

- Or maybe it's following us.

Yeah, you want some of this?  
Come and get it, you overgrown lizard.  
Technically, Freddie,  
the monster wouldn't be a lizard.  
Lizards are ectothermic...  
whereas this monster  
is clearly amphibious.  
Not the time, Velma.  
Hello, governor.  
Care for a sweep of the old chimney, then?  
Hold on!  
Daphne, I can't see.  
Your sweater's in the way.  
That's not my sweater.  
- It's a peat bog. You've got to stop.  
- No problem.  
Guys, she's coming!  
This is the moment I've waited for  
my whole life!  
I think we need to take a closer look  
at this monster.  
Jeepers! This is one sea serpent  
that could use some moisturizer.  
That's not skin, it's canvas. Grab on.  
Del's van!  
She's not real?  
But... My van!  
- There's no one inside.  
- They must have escaped.  
Check it out, gang.  
Del's treads match  
the tire tracks we found earlier.  
So, someone's been using my wheels...  
to fake us out this whole time?  
But this doesn't add up.  
Del's van couldn't have chased us  
through the underwater tunnels.  
Or attacked us on the boat.  
And Shaggy and Scooby were chased  
by the creature last night.  
Before Del's van was stolen.  
- This can only mean one thing.  
- More than one monster.  
So Nessie's still out there. Right on.

Nessie or no Nessie,  
this van hoax proves...  
there's somebody behind  
at least part of this mystery.  
There's only one thing left to do.  
Take a two-week vacation  
to a tropical paradise?  
Yeah, like, the Bahamas.  
No, you chickens,  
we've got to head back to Blake Castle.  
I've got a plan.  
Really, Scoob, is there anything  
we won't do for Scooby Snacks?  
Shaggy and Scooby are in position.  
Is everyone else ready?  
Sonar's up and running.  
Everything is clear outside the cove.  
We're standing by. Over.  
- Fred, how's the trap coming?  
- Roger that, Mama Bird.  
This is Baby Bird and we do have copy.  
We are go. Alpha, Bravo, Charlie.  
Baby Bird, over and-  
Yeah. Hi, it's Del. We're ready, Velma.  
Hang on, I think we got a problem.  
Fog's rolling in fast.  
I've lost visual on Scooby and Shaggy.  
Velma to Shaggy, come in, Shaggy.  
Are you two okay?  
Negatory on that, Velma.  
We got a major problem down here.  
Like, we're all out of Scooby Snacks.  
Sir Ian, you better come  
take a look at this.  
There it is again.  
It's heading right into the cove.  
- Good gravy.  
- I'll call Velma.  
Let's not be hasty.  
McIntyre, what's going on?  
What? No, you can't do this.  
This is mutiny.  
Forgive me, Sir Ian...  
but I've come up



with a little plan of my own.  
I intend to capture that creature  
and sell it...  
for quite a handsome amount of cash.  
Catch it? How are you going to catch it?  
The old-fashioned way.  
Like, I can't see a thing.  
This fog is so thick  
you could cut it with a knife.  
Scoob, what do you say  
we sit back-to-back...  
- so nothing can catch us off guard?  
- Okay.  
I'd like to see  
old Fang-Fins try to sneak up on us.  
- Right, old buddy?  
- Yeah.  
Jinkies! The monster is in the cove.  
Repeat.  
The monster is in the cove.  
Tie off your end, Del. I'm going across.  
Hit it, man!  
Shaggy and Scooby.  
Can you guys hear me?  
Shaggy here. Who's calling?  
It's Velma. Now listen.  
You're right on top of it.  
Like, thanks for the compliment.  
Scoob, Velma says  
we're right on top of things.  
No, Shaggy, listen. It's really beneath you.  
You know, I've always thought  
being live bait was beneath us, too.  
- Me.  
- Hang on, Velma. Scooby wants to say hi.  
- Wait!  
- Hi, Velma.  
Scooby, listen.  
Your boat is on top of the monster's head.  
Velma, like, I think we found the monster.  
Hang on, guys, help is on the way!  
You heard him, Scoob. Hang on.  
Nice job, Fred.  
The monster's trapped in the cove.

How about that, Velma.  
One of our traps worked...  
without some unforeseen  
detail going horribly wrong.  
Freddie, look behind you.  
Watch out, Freddie! He's got a harpoon!  
- Buddy, need a lift?  
- How far are you going?  
- Target in range!  
- Excellent.  
Fire!  
Jinkies!  
Abandon ship!  
Hit the brakes!  
- Help!  
- Sir Ian.  
Throw me a line! I can't swim!  
We've got to do something.  
Hang on, Sir Ian! Help is on the way!  
I don't believe my eyes. She is real.  
Who ever heard of a magnet  
stopping a sea monster?  
Help!  
This place is infested with monsters.  
Guys, look out! That's where we set the...  
trap.  
Scooby! Shaggy! Are you guys okay?  
Terrific, considering we're squashed under  
the Loch Ness Monster.  
Monster? I don't think so.  
Take another look.  
Colin and Angus Haggart?  
So if this one's a fake,  
like, what about that one?  
Time for this monster to hit the beach.  
Prof. Fiona Pembroke?  
It's all very simple.  
Prof. Pembroke has been  
behind this all along.  
She did a good job.  
Scoob and I have been scared all along.  
The locked hatch we found  
on board her vessel...  
was actually a secret passageway.

It led to her homemade  
monster submarine...  
she kept docked beneath her boat.  
She'd simply climb down the hatch  
and pedal off into the Loch.  
That way she could be free  
to do her scaring...  
while we all thought she was on the boat.  
But it wasn't Shannon she was after,  
or any of us.  
It was really Sir Ian's attention  
she wanted.  
Me? What do I have to do with any of this?  
She was using fake monsters  
to get you to believe in a real one.  
Exactly.  
She wanted you to become  
a Nessie true believer yourself.  
But she couldn't count on Nessie  
making an appearance...  
so she created her own.  
And she hired Angus and Colin to help her.  
Your sons were trying  
to scare away the athletes...  
so they could win the Games.  
- It's not true.  
- We don't even care about the Games.  
We just like a good practical joke.  
That monster thing's the greatest joke  
we ever pulled.  
Aye, lots better than the hedgehog  
in the toilet bowl.  
I should have prayed harder for daughters.  
It's true. Ian would never have looked  
at my new photos...  
unless he came to believe in the beast.  
She had to find a way to convince him...  
and the Highland Games at Blake Castle  
offered her the perfect opportunity.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
welcome to Blake Castle...  
and to the Loch Ness Highland Games.  
And here to help us kick off the events  
is a very special member of the Blake clan.

Please welcome Miss Daphne Blake.  
Let the games begin!  
Like, I never thought being a drum major  
could be so major.  
Fred, like, The Mystery Machine  
looks good as new.  
Miss Blake! I demand to know  
what's going on.  
Sir Ian, what is the matter?  
All of you, down to the ship.  
That's an order!  
Aye, aye, Captain.  
- Another Pembroke hoax, that's all it is.  
- But where's it coming from?  
The sonar camera from the minisub.  
It's still transmitting a signal.  
But, like, didn't that camera fall off  
the submarine and sink?  
Something must have passed  
in front of the lens...  
and reactivated the sonar sensor.  
- Don't be ridiculous.  
- Can you get a fix on the signal?  
Now, see here.  
Quadrant four. Depth: 104 fathoms.  
But that's over 600 feet below.  
Much too deep  
for any homemade submarine to survive.  
It can't possibly be. I mean, really.  
Show him your pictures.  
Sir Ian, I don't expect you  
to believe me, but, here.  
Great Scott. These are fantastic.  
Miss Blake, I'm terribly sorry...  
but I must resign from my post  
as games judge, effective immediately.  
Ian, you mean, you actually believe me?  
The evidence will, of course,  
have to be verified by a third party.  
Check it out! These are great.  
What are you using here?  
Wide-angle lens, right?  
Very well, grab your bags, both of you.  
We've got a lot of work ahead of us.

Chop-chop.

We don't want to lose her again.

Aye, aye, man.

It looks like you've got another mystery on your hands.

And none of this would have been possible without you meddling kids.

We try.

Cousin, I believe...

we've just given Blake Castle its wildest story ever.

- Thank you, for everything, Shannon.

- No, thank you.

None of this could have been possible without you and your great friends.

Like, maybe next year

there can be an event...

called "The long-distance

Daphne Blake suitcase carry. "

Gang, that was some mystery.

I'm actually kind of glad we never found the real Loch Ness Monster.

- You are? Why?

- I don't know.

Maybe some mysteries

are just better left unsolved.

Scooby-dooby doo?