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# Scooby-Doo on Zombie Island

By Glenn Leopold

Scooby-Doo, where are you?  
It's Mr. Beeman, the real estate agent.  
Mr. Beeman?  
Yeah, he was printing millions  
of counterfeit dollars in the basement...  
...with his printing press.  
What we originally thought was mold  
was really green ink.  
See?  
I would've gotten away with it, too...  
...if it wasn't for that big dog  
and you meddling kids!  
And that's how we solved  
"The Case of the Moat Monster"...  
...one of our most frightening mysteries.  
Stories like that always give me  
the heebie-jeebies.  
No wonder you became a reporter.  
That Moat Monster almost sliced you up  
like a pepperoni pizza.  
And then we wouldn't have  
Coast to Coast with Daphne Blake...  
...your very successful syndicated series  
on Americana.  
Going on its second season, I might add.  
I never miss it.  
Thanks, Chris. You know, the real reason  
I changed jobs was because...  
...the monsters and ghosts always  
turned out to be bad guys in a mask.  
Got a little boring?  
No kidding. In fact, that's why the gang  
went their separate ways...  
...except for Fred and me.  
She means Fred Jones, who's now  
the producer and one-man crew...  
...of Daphne's show.  
How about getting a shot of Freddy, guys?  
Is he cute or what?  
So what's coming up for the new season?  
A new series of segments called  
Haunted America.  
Sort of a  
Ghost to Ghost with Daphne Blake?

Right, but this time I intend  
to find some real haunted houses...  
...for my viewers.  
It's too bad the rest of the old gang  
won't be along for the ride.  
Yeah, I really miss them.  
Yeah, we really miss you, too, Daphne.  
Yeah!  
Don't go away,  
we'll be right back with Daphne Blake.  
Hey, you two! Get back to work!  
We're right on it, Boss-man, sir!  
Got something, Scoob?  
No offense, old buddy, but I think  
your nose might be losing its touch.  
Pretty sneaky,  
but they can't fool your nose.  
That's right!  
No one brings contraband food  
into our country with us on the job!  
Let's go check it in, Scoob!  
Is this the jackpot of jobs or what?  
Yes, we do carry the Hair Raisers series.  
Number 23, The Vampire Village? Got it.  
Number 24,  
The Creepy Clown Town? Got it.  
Number 25,  
Menace At Mummy Manor? Got it.  
Yes, I'll hold them till Tuesday.  
Two weeks from Tuesday?  
Yeah, that's fine.  
'Bye.  
Solving mysteries was a lot more fun  
than selling them.  
Mystery Ink Bookshop.  
Freddy?  
Jinkies! Sounds great. Count me in.  
Hi, Boss.  
You ate all the contraband!  
Excuse me!  
Untrue, Boss. We didn't eat it all.  
There's still a couple of Gorgonzolas left!  
Help yourself!  
You're a couple of Gorgonzolas.

You're fired!  
What a grouch!  
Looks like we're unemployed again, old pal.  
Yeah! Unemployed!  
Take it easy, buddy.  
Something will turn up.  
So what if this was the greatest gig ever!  
So what if we starve.  
Turn to skin and bones.  
Hello. Freddy?  
We just caught you on the tube!  
Busy? Nah. Scoob and I were  
just thinking of taking some time off!  
Yeah! Yeah!  
Sorry I'm late, Daph.  
The traffic was murder.  
Is this everything?  
- Got the maps?  
- Yeah.  
Are you sure  
you haven't forgotten anything!  
Fred, what is with you?  
Yes, I'm sure I'm sure.  
Well, then...  
Surprise! Happy Birthday, Daphne!  
Gosh, it's great to see you all!  
I've been working so hard...  
...I guess I forgot my own birthday!  
I hope you don't mind...  
I asked the gang to come along.  
This is the best birthday present ever.  
It'll be just like old times.  
Yeah! Old times!  
Easy, boy. It's great to see you, too.  
Speaking of old times,  
look what I have for you, Scooby.  
Scooby Snax!  
Oh, boy!  
Oh, boy!  
Go long, guys!  
I've been saving these Scooby Snax  
for a long time.  
Too long, Velma! They're stale.  
Don't worry, guys. We're going

to New Orleans for our first segment:  
Haunts of Louisiana.  
New Orleans has  
some of the best food in the world.  
And the best ghosts.  
I hope. Well, let's get going.  
Hold it. There's just one more thing.  
Groovy!  
Perfect! Mystery Inc. is back in business.  
Bad guys in masks, mechanical claws...  
...magnets, hologram projectors.  
Just like the good old days.  
Too much like the good old days.  
I've got a show to do.  
I need a real live ghost.  
That's an oxymoron.  
Doesn't anybody want a beignet?  
What I want is a house  
that's really haunted.  
I mean there must be one  
somewhere in Louisiana.  
There is. I work in it.  
Sorry, I couldn't help but overhear.  
I work as a chef in a house  
on Moonscar Island...  
...a house that really is haunted.  
Jinkies!  
My name is Lena. Lena Dupree.  
Fred Jones. This is Velma Dinkley  
and Daphne Blake.  
Charmed.  
Moonscar Island? Where is that?  
It's in a bayou not far from here.  
A pirate named Morgan Moonscar  
died on the island.  
And his spirit still haunts the place.  
No offense, Lena, but it's probably  
just some guy in an old pirate suit...  
...trying to scare off the local kids.  
The ghost is real.  
Of course, if you're too scared to go...  
Scared? Me? No, I don't think so.  
If you want to check it out,  
you're welcome to come by.

- I'll leave when I finish shopping.  
- We'll think about it.  
What do you think?  
What do we have to lose?  
It's the best lead we've had all day.  
And that Lena is kind of cute.  
I just meant she'd be real photogenic  
for our segment.  
Right.  
Wipe your upper lip, Romeo.  
Jinkies! Listen to this.  
I punched up Moonscar Island  
on our research database.  
There have been strange disappearances  
around that island over the years.  
Sounds promising.  
We'd better find Scooby and Shaggy  
before Lena takes off.  
- Where'd those guys go?  
- That's no mystery.  
Where else? To get a bite to eat!  
I've made a lot of poor boy sandwiches  
in my time.  
But this has got to be the biggest  
of them all!  
We're used to eating big meals!  
Buddy, don't hog all the hot sauce.  
I see you boys like it hot.  
Mo' hotter, mo' better.  
Mo' hotter, mo' better!  
That was a lot less filling  
than I thought it would be.  
Let's go, guys. We've found  
another haunted house to investigate.  
Good timing, guys.  
Lena was just about to leave without us.  
We're getting closer.  
Moonscar Island is right in the middle  
of the next bayou.  
Sounds like a perfect place  
to get some good, spooky footage.  
And some good Cajun cooking!  
For some reason, I'm still starved.  
Even these stale Scooby Snax

are beginning to taste good.  
Ms. Lena, I see you've brought you  
some company.  
Yes, Jacques. These folks came  
a long way to see a real haunted house.  
If they want haunted,  
they've come to the right place.  
Peoples go into that bayou,  
and they don't never come out.  
So we understand.  
Ladies first.  
Do you sell food on this ferry?  
We're starved!  
I didn't know you had a dog.  
Dog? Where?  
Are you allergic to dogs?  
No, it's just that my employer,  
Ms. Lenoir...  
...she keeps cats.  
Don't worry.  
Scooby is great with cats. Right?  
Yeah.  
Gosh, I'd sure hate to get lost in here.  
Way back in the 1700s,  
pirates used this bayou...  
...to hide from the law.  
They knew only a fool  
would come a looking in here.  
And Morgan Moonscar  
was one of those pirates?  
Yes, cher. He was one  
of the most famous of them.  
Shaggy! Catfish!  
Zoinks!  
That's the biggest catfish I've ever seen.  
That's probably Big Mona.  
Ain't nobody never been able to catch her.  
Guess that's one catfish  
who doesn't like dogs, old buddy.  
Rotten catfish!  
I've got you, Scoob!  
Oh, no!  
You've got to turn this thing around!  
I'm trying, son.

But she don't turn on no dime!  
Hang on, guys!  
Thanks, mister!  
Should have let the 'gators eat you.  
I can't stand tourists.  
Now all your splashing  
chased Big Mona away!  
Quit your grumbling, Snakebite.  
You ain't never caught that fish,  
and you ain't never gonna did!  
Says you!  
Not too friendly, is he?  
What is that?  
This here's my hunting pig, Mojo!  
Hunting pig?  
He's a lot better than any hound dog.  
He can smell a catfish a mile away.  
Lot smarter than any dog, too.  
Now get these trespassing tourists  
off my boat!  
I got fishing to do!  
That's old Snakebite Scruggs.  
He think the bayou  
is his own private preserve.  
He don't like anybody being in it, no.  
So we noticed.  
Suspicious character, eh, Velma?  
True, but he did save you  
from being eaten by alligators.  
Oh, yeah.  
Moonscar Island, dead ahead.  
And Ms. Lena...  
...you give my best to Ms. Lenoir,  
you hear, cher?  
I'll do that, Jacques. Thanks.  
Ready? Follow me and hang on.  
The road's a little bumpy.  
There's our haunted house.  
- Are you getting all of this, Fred?  
- Yep. Got it, Daph.  
Lena wasn't kidding.  
This place is crawling with cats.  
Cats?  
Cats!



Come back, Scoob!  
You mutt! I just planted those!  
Rats!  
Scooby, leave them alone!  
"Great with cats"?  
Scooby-Doo, stop!  
I spent a whole week on that planter!  
Excuse me.  
Ms. Lenoir!  
Who brought this...  
...dog?  
Dog? Where?  
I'm terribly sorry.  
We should have held onto him better.  
I'm Daphne Blake of Coast To Coast.  
You know, the TV show?  
We do not have television on my island.  
Lena, what are they doing here?  
It's all my fault, Ms. Lenoir.  
I heard these folks say  
they wanted to see a real haunted house.  
- So I thought...  
- You might show them mine.  
I see.  
Really, Lena.  
But your house is simply beautiful,  
Ms. Lenoir. Isn't it, Fred?  
Picture perfect. Just how old is it?  
It has been in my family for generations.  
It was a pepper plantation.  
Some of the hottest peppers in Louisiana  
grow on this island.  
We've hit the proverbial  
chili pepper jackpot.  
So, Ms. Lenoir, is your house really...  
Haunted? Yes.  
It is an old house with a restless spirit.  
You're welcome to look around,  
if you'd like.  
Would we ever! Do you mind us taping?  
No. Of course not.  
In fact, I'd be most flattered.  
But, you'll have to do something  
about your...

...dog.  
Food always keeps Scooby occupied.  
If it will keep him from chasing my cats,  
you're welcome to my kitchen.  
Groovy! Come on, Scoob.  
Sorry about all the damage.  
Don't worry, Beau will take care of it.  
- Beau?  
- Our new gardener.  
Sure, I'll take care of it. Gardener!  
Cat food! Yuck!  
Forget the cat food, Scoob!  
There's a lot better chow in this kitchen!  
Smells great. It's gumbo, isn't it?  
You do know your food.  
We've traveled the world on our stomachs.  
Mind if we have a taste?  
Of course not.  
Let me know how you like it.  
Not bad, but it needs a little more spice.  
Don't you think so?  
These puppies ought to do the trick.  
Delicious lemonade, Lena.  
Why, thank you.  
So, how long have you worked for...  
The guys!  
That was some hot pepper!  
Those are Moonscar Island peppers!  
I wasn't exaggerating when I said  
they were the hottest peppers in Louisiana.  
With all the screaming,  
we thought you might've seen a ghost.  
If we do, you'll be the first to know.  
Sorry for the interruption, Ms. Lenoir.  
Please, call me Simone.  
Shall we continue our tour of the house?  
Great, Ms. Simone.  
Maybe you guys should stay away  
from those peppers.  
Right. We'll just stick with the gumbo.  
- If you don't mind, Lena.  
- Of course not.  
I'm glad you like it. Help yourselves.  
Come on. I dare you.

You first.  
Not chicken are you, old buddy old pal?  
That's funny.  
A second ago I was on fire.  
And now it's freezing!  
Yeah, freezing.  
Tell you what. We'll split the big one.  
That'll warm us up.  
Now this is a great library, Simone...  
Now what?  
Peppers? Again?  
- Writing!  
- Writing? What writing?  
Ghost writing!  
See? This place is haunted.  
Wow! Fred, get a shot of that!  
Jinkies!  
Simone, could you come stand  
next to me, please?  
Here we are  
in Ms. Simone Lenoir's kitchen...  
... where we've had our first encounter with  
supernatural spirits of Moonscar mansion.  
You can feel the chill in the air.  
Cut! Who opened a window?  
Nobody! Look!  
Beware!  
Wow! Is this great stuff or what?  
Right! Great!  
The haunting might just be starting.  
After sundown,  
the ghosts get more restless.  
This seems pretty solid.  
Keep rolling, Fred. Maybe we'll have  
another ghostly manifestation.  
- Freddy! I'm over here!  
- It's Velma!  
We've been levitated before,  
and there's always a magnet...  
...or wires somewhere.  
No wires here, Fred.  
A real case of levitation!  
This just gets better and better.  
Maybe from where you're standing.

Anybody want to try getting me down?  
Sure thing. Come on, Scoob.  
Nice catch, Scooby. Thanks.  
You're welcome!  
You can feel the chill in the air.  
Cut! Who opened a window?  
Play it again, Fred.  
I think I saw something.  
Sure.  
Who opened a window?  
There! Could you enhance this shot?  
Yeah.  
Let me darken the image a little.  
Bring up the sharpness a bit and...  
It looks like a ghost!  
It's the ghost of Morgan Moonscar.  
Here, let me show you.  
This is a portrait of Morgan McReight.  
The moon-shaped scar is why he became  
better known as Morgan Moonscar.  
That's him all right, and he wants us out.  
We'd be happy to get out!  
A real pirate ghost. Fabulous!  
I can't thank you enough for opening  
your haunted house to us, Simone.  
So, you're not going to heed  
Moonscar's threat?  
Are you kidding?  
We don't scare that easily.  
We do!  
Besides, it's probably just a hologram  
of a guy in a pirate suit.  
Then why did it only show up on the tape?  
That's the mystery.  
But there's always a logical explanation  
for these things.  
What's that?  
There's a logical explanation  
for the growling in our stomachs!  
We're hungry!  
And we're going to get some food to go!  
What are you doing back here?  
I want to take another look at the wall.  
What's to look at?

It's pretty clear that ghost wants us out!  
Come on, Scoob. Let's go.  
It isn't hollow, but maybe...  
There's something under here.  
M-A...  
What are you doing to my kitchen?  
Jinkies! Guess I got carried away!  
Bingo!  
Would you mind telling me  
why you destroyed half my kitchen?  
Yeah, Velma. Let us in on it?  
Well, according to this book...  
...the Maelstrom was the name  
of Morgan Moonscar's pirate ship.  
I am not surprised.  
Parts of this house are quite old.  
Pieces of the pirate ship  
could have been used in the construction.  
Morgan Moonscar was rumored  
to have buried treasure on the island.  
Though it was never found.  
Treasure?  
I knew it!  
It's some guy disguised as a pirate ghost  
trying to scare everyone off the island!  
Your turn, pal.  
Don't use my sandwich to wash it down.  
Eat some of that Creole potato salad.  
Cats!  
Come back! That grouchy gardener  
isn't going to be happy about this.  
Come back, Scoob!  
Man! I can't pass up a hot opportunity  
like this.  
- You scared away Big Mona!  
- Sorry.  
Darn tourist! Get them, Mojo!  
What's the matter, Scoob?  
Not afraid of a few cats, are you?  
- Rojo!  
- Rojo?  
You mean Mojo!  
How humiliating!  
Chased into a hole by one-third of a BLT.

Hang on. I'll have us out in a sec.

I hope so.

- What's going on?

- I don't know!

Are we glad to see you!

What are you doing out here?

Ruining more of my flower beds?

If you want to plant something,  
there's a dead guy following us!

Yeah! Dead guy!

Where? I don't see anything.

What's going on, guys?

We could hear you screaming  
all the way to the house.

It's you guys. It was horrible.

That pirate Moonscar was nothing  
but bones...

...and then, he got worse.

Like a zombie!

Oh, dear!

Where did all this happen?

There's nothing here now.

Are you sure you saw a zombie?

We know a zombie when we see one.

Yeah! Zombie!

And then we ran into him.

What were you doing out here?

My job.

I was doing some planting,  
got thirsty, went to get a drink...

...and came back to find these two.

What are you planting, elephants?

That hole is huge!

There's something suspicious  
about that gardener.

Yeah, he is suspicious...

...but he is kind of cute.

If we're all through here,  
maybe we should get going.

That's a great idea.

Get going? No way.

This place gets more interesting  
by the minute.

But it is getting close to sunset.

And the ferry doesn't run at night.

We do.

We have plenty of rooms.

You could stay for the night.

Really?

I couldn't let you leave without offering  
some of our famous southern hospitality.

That is,

if Lena doesn't mind some extra guests.

Sure thing, Ms. Lenoir. I'll start dinner.

Dinner?

Why didn't you say so?

And this is your room.

I hope you'll both be comfortable.

Thanks, Lena. What time's dinner?

I have never met a pair who ate so much.

Being in a state of constant terror  
makes us constantly hungry.

Yeah, constantly!

Your room is this way, Fred.

You'll have a beautiful view  
of the harvest moon tonight.

I hope you'll be comfortable here.

Thanks, Lena. I'm sure I will.

And this is your room, Ms. Blake.

Thanks, Ms...

Maybe I should dress  
for dinner, eh, Scoob?

Me! That's who!

Quit bothering the wildlife, buddy.

How do I look?

Am I gonna turn a few heads or what?

Or what!

Boy, do I need a trim.

Much better.

Get away.

- Who's that?

- I don't know.

Get away!

Get this beast off of me!

We're terribly sorry.

Sorry.

That's quite enough.

What on earth are you doing?

- Scooby and Shaggy...

- Saw another ghost.

In here!

I don't see anything.

In the mirror! It's some Civil War guy.

There's nothing in the mirror now, guys.

There's nothing behind the mirror, either.

Wait a minute.

There's something under this dust.

Excuse me!

That's okay, Scooby!

Must have lost my eyeglass cleaning cloth.

Thanks, Scooby.

Hey, look!

"Property of Colonel Jackson T. Pettigrew,  
8th Louisiana."

That sounds like a Civil War regiment.

There were Confederate barracks  
on this island.

Maybe you guys saw something after all.

Ghost pirates, ghost soldiers, what's next?

Dinner.

From all the screaming up here,

I'd say you two must be starving.

Your dining room is beautiful, Simone.

Thank you, Daphne.

But I'm afraid your dog

will have to eat in the kitchen.

Dog? Where?

Come on, old buddy.

We'll chow down in the kitchen.

This gumbo is delicious.

And these biscuits, light as a feather.

Where's Beau?

He usually has dinner in his rooms  
above the carriage house.

I brought him some food,

but he wasn't there.

Figures.

Cats!

Exactly how long has Beau been working  
for you, Ms. Lenoir?

Several months, and it's Simone, Velma.

I think this guy is pretty suspicious.



He had excellent references.

I don't think the kitchen  
was such a good idea.

You know, cats!

Cats!

This is quite enough!

The dog will have to eat outside!

Outside?

There's a dead guy out there!

May I make a suggestion?

This is a lot quieter, buddy.

And Lena even made us  
a special dish to go.

Nothing like

a good old-fashioned crawfish boil!

Crawfish!

These crawfish sure are tasty.

Not much meat on this crawdad!

- Here, buddy, have a biscuit.

- Thanks!

Something tells me

you're getting the best of this meal.

Cats!

It's hard to enjoy a meal

with a bunch of eyes staring at you!

Sit tight, old buddy.

I'll find us a peaceful place to eat.

What I'd like to find out

is why these ghosts want us off the island?

It's not ghosts, Velma,

it's just guys in masks.

They're probably after the pirates' treasure.

Or covering up a smuggling operation.

Or maybe there's oil under the island.

Oh, my!

Really, guys!

For once, can't you accept that maybe...

...there are some mysteries

that have no rational explanation.

This is much better.

And now for the heat de rsistance!

On your mark, get set, ignition!

No fair! What's the matter? Chicken?

Zombies!

Come on! Come on!  
I think we ditched them, buddy!  
Zoinks!  
Zoinks!  
We should do a segment  
on Lena's pecan pie.  
- It's supernatural!  
- You are so corny!  
Now what?  
I told you,  
the hauntings were just beginning.  
If you ladies will excuse me.  
Lena, get them some lanterns.  
Right away.  
But please, Fred, you must be careful.  
Where are you?  
Guys?  
So, it's you!  
Where are Scooby and Shaggy?  
Your crazy friends are near the bayou  
screaming about zombies.  
I didn't see any.  
You never do!  
And you're never around  
when these ghosts and zombies appear.  
Yeah. Now isn't that a coincidence?  
Save your suspicions for later, guys.  
Right now we have to find  
Scooby and Shaggy.  
- I think we should split up.  
- Good idea.  
- I'll go with Beau.  
- Bad idea!  
I'll go with Beau.  
I won't let him out of my sight.  
Why do you keep treating me  
like I'm a suspect?  
Because you are!  
Let me go!  
Quicksand.  
Jinkies!  
Thanks, but you're still a suspect!  
Fred, over here.  
- What is it?

- Crawdad shells.  
I guess the guys liked  
your girlfriend's cooking, too.  
She's not my girlfriend, Daph.  
I just said I enjoy her cooking.  
And what about Beau?  
What about him?  
- Daphne, are you...  
- I can handle myself, thank you.  
It's probably the gardener.  
We'll just see about that.  
Take it easy, Shag. It's just a mask!  
If this is a mask, Fred,  
it's a pretty darn good one.  
Good one? It's the fakest,  
cheesiest mask I've ever seen.  
Really?  
But it feels real!  
You're not pulling hard enough!  
Okay, Mr. Macho. Why don't you try it?  
Sure. Hold this, Shag.  
Either hold it still or give it to Daphne.  
- It's the gardener.  
- No!  
- It's the fisherman!  
- No!  
- It's the ferryman.  
- No.  
Maybe it's...  
... real!  
I told you it wasn't a mask!  
It must be animatronic.  
Are you getting all this?  
It's dj vu all over again.  
And we know what to do, eh, Scoob?  
Yeah! Run!  
It's a regular zombie jamboree!  
And I suppose they're all animatronic, too.  
Well, it is a possibility, Daph.  
You're not a skeptic, Fred.  
You're in denial.  
It's Lena!  
We left her and Simone unprotected.  
Come on!

The camera! It's quicksand!  
This way!  
Zoinks!  
Someone's been playing with dolls, Scoob!  
Yeah. Dolls.  
Did you find the guys?  
Yeah, but we lost them  
when we found zombies!  
Real zombies!  
Real? Really real, Fred?  
I hate to admit it, but they were.  
Yeah, I finally got my story...  
...and all the proof sank in quicksand!  
Not again!  
This one looks like Daphne.  
Sorry, Fred!  
It's not my fault!  
Something's controlling me.  
Beau, get us down.  
I can't.  
Jinkies! Sorry!  
I wonder who made these dolls.  
Look! Eyes!  
Come on! We've got to get to the house!  
- It was just a bunch of bats!  
- Yeah.  
We're not looking for ghoulfriends, right?  
Let's get out of here!  
The generator must have gone out.  
I'll go check it.  
No way.  
I'm not letting you out of my sight.  
- Are you...  
- All right?  
Yeah.  
Thanks.  
What's going on?  
It was a nightmare.  
Ms. Lenoir and I went outside  
to wait for you...  
...when we were attacked by these...  
Zombies?  
Yes!  
We ran back to the house, and

Ms. Lenoir opened this secret passageway.  
She said it was built during the Civil War  
to hide from Union soldiers.  
But the zombies came after us.  
They grabbed Ms. Lenoir  
and dragged her away.  
Thank goodness you've come.  
You say the zombies  
dragged Simone away.  
Yes, it was horrible.  
Don't worry. We'll find her.  
It's going to be okay!  
Come on, we've got to save Simone.  
Come on! This way.  
Where are we?  
Looks to me like a place for voodoo rituals.  
- But why don't we just ask Lena?  
- What are you talking about?  
Her story about Simone  
getting dragged by zombies wasn't true.  
I saw the footprints of Simone's heels.  
She wasn't dragged.  
She walked down that tunnel.  
Very clever, Velma, but it's too late.  
Sorry, Freddy. I really do like you.  
What would you do if you didn't like me?  
Voodoo dolls!  
These wax dolls do come in handy.  
So that's where the cleaning cloth  
for my glasses went.  
Sorry I suspected you.  
Apology accepted.  
The harvest moon will soon reach  
the midnight point on this moondial...  
...and then the ceremony will begin.  
What ceremony?  
You won't get away with this.  
I've been getting away with it  
for 200 years.  
At least Scoob and Shaggy are still free.  
Maybe...  
I heard that, Fred!  
Those two simpletons.  
We didn't even bother

making wax dolls of them.  
A waste of time and magic wax.  
Just what are you planning to do to us?  
It's simple.  
Every harvest moon  
I must drain the life force...  
...from victims lured to my island...  
...to preserve my immortality!  
This is more haunted stuff  
than I really wanted.  
Jacques!  
- Are we ever glad to see you!  
- Yeah!  
There's no time to waste.  
I am happy to see y'all.  
If you're as old as you say you are,  
then I'll bet you're the one...  
...who found Morgan Moonscar's treasure.  
Morgan Moonscar!  
He was the cause of all this!  
I was one of a group of settlers  
who made this island our home.  
We looked to our cat god  
for a bountiful harvest.  
Until that night when he came ashore.  
He drove the islanders into the bayou.  
All except for Lena and myself.  
We uttered a curse on the pirates...  
... to destroy them  
as they had destroyed our island.  
Our wish was granted.  
We became cat creatures  
and destroyed the pirates.  
Only afterwards did we discover  
that invoking the cat god's power...  
...had cursed us as well.  
Over the years,  
boats continued to come to our island.  
One was full of spice traders  
who started a pepper plantation.  
The plantation flourished.  
At least until the harvest moon.  
Sometimes it became necessary  
for Lena to lure outsiders...

...back to the island.  
Just like you lured us.  
I've had years of practice.  
And those zombies are  
just the poor souls you drained.  
They were trying to warn us...  
...so we wouldn't suffer  
the same fate they did!  
Pretty smart for a television reporter.  
Sounds like Jacques has found  
your frightened friends.  
Jacques?  
We needed a ferry driver.  
The old man wanted immortality...  
...so we gave it to him.  
Going somewhere?  
What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?  
Come on, Scoob. Now's our chance!  
Jacques is in trouble!  
Forget about him!  
They must be drained now...  
...while the moonlight is  
in the midnight alignment!  
What are you guys doing, charades?  
Jinkies! Look out!  
I've had enough of that meddling dog!  
Dog? Where?  
If I can just...  
Oh, no!  
Shaggy! The zombies are the good guys!  
Are you out of your mind?  
I'm free.  
This is a piece of Lena's blouse.  
Come on, Scoob!  
You're not the only ones  
who like playing with dolls.  
Are you guys okay?  
I was beginning to feel like a raisin!  
Looks like your nine lives are up!  
Zoinks! What's happening to them?  
Their spirits have been avenged...  
...so they can finally rest in peace.  
Thank you.  
I can't believe all this!

Without our videotape,  
no one else will, either.  
I've got nothing for my show.  
The police will never believe  
this story either.  
Don't be so sure.  
I'm Detective Beau Neville.  
Been working undercover  
investigating the island disappearances.  
Jinkies! So that's why  
you were digging around.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Just trying to dig up evidence.  
Not positive my superiors  
will buy this story though.  
Beau... Detective Neville,  
have you ever been on TV?  
You know, Fred, with all the zombies  
and cat creatures gone...  
...this is a pretty romantic spot.  
Yeah.  
The bayou casts a spell all its own.  
No matter how hard you try  
to solve its mysteries...  
...it always keeps something hidden.  
That was beautiful, Detective Neville.  
There's a bit of a poet in you.  
I don't know about that, ma'am.  
But I would like  
to write detective stories someday.  
Jinkies! I've always been crazy  
about a good detective, story, that is.  
I even own my own mystery bookstore.  
No kidding.  
Where's Scooby?  
He's picking a peck of peppers for the road.  
Hurry up, Scoob!  
We're pulling out!  
Okay!  
Darn tourists!  
Look what I've got for you, old buddy.  
We're finally going  
to have a nice peaceful meal.  
Shaggy! Cats! Yikes!