



Scripts.com

# **Scooby-Doo! And WWE: Curse of the Speed Demon**

By Matt Wayne

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

Start your engine  
Turn the key  
The starting line's  
the place to be  
'Cause the gang's all here  
To solve the mystery  
All the good people  
better keep the pace  
Pedal to the metal  
till you win the race  
There's nothing less  
Only victory  
So, let's go!  
And shift to overdrive  
Let's roll  
The toughest will survive  
Let's go!  
And shift to overdrive  
Let's roll!  
The toughest will survive  
Whoa!  
You wanna be strong  
then you put up a fight  
Either way, the dealer  
keeps you up all night  
Or you spin your wheels  
till you're all right  
So, let's go!  
And shift to overdrive  
Let's roll!  
The toughest will survive  
Let's go!  
And shift to overdrive  
Let's roll!  
The toughest will survive  
Oh

**ANNOUNCER:**

WWE Superstars...  
Cutting-edge technology...  
Who will survive  
WWE's Muscle Moto X  
Off Road Challenge?

(GULPING)

(LAUGHING) This is awesome!

(CHUCKLING) Yeah, so awesome!

Welcome back, folks.

I'm Michael Cole

and today, we bring you,

live, the final broadcast

of qualifying

for the WWE Muscle Moto X.

Today's time-trial

will determine

the starting order tomorrow

for this extreme road race

and its \$1 million prize.

Scoob, can you do something

about the reception?

I think so.

Hmm...

**MICHAEL:**

the starting line,

we've got Too Awesome

rounding out another leg

of the time-trial.

**SHAGGY:**

I forgot we were right here!

**MICHAEL:**

is the Celtic Cruiser

fighting to take the lead.

-(SPANISH MUSIC PLAYS)

-(BULLHORN)

**ALL:**

Ole!

A good run by Los Matadores

in the Pamplona Especial.

They'll be near the front

for the first leg

of this three-day race.

(BELL DINGS)

Wrench.

We're in last place, Rusev.

They think you drive  
like a pierogi vendor.  
But they are in for a surprise  
when superior power  
of Moscow Express  
conquers these  
pathetic Superstars.  
Rusev crush competition!  
Yes, and all it will take  
is Russian ingenuity.

**MICHAEL:**

in the Celtic Cruiser.  
Sheamus, the Celtic Warrior,  
does not seem pleased  
with the brothers  
Goldust and Stardust  
at present.  
Will you get inside?  
You're making us look  
dead ridiculous!  
We must purify our auras  
in the light  
of the setting star.  
(INHALING DEEPLY)  
Its cosmic illumination  
reveals the path  
to our destiny.  
(HISSING)

**MICHAEL:**

is pummeling this time-trial  
course with power and style  
that can only come  
from a pair of WWE champions.  
Just look at 'em,  
-tackling these  
jumps and turns.  
-(CHEERING)  
Just like they take down  
their competition in the ring.  
These two Superstars  
are on fire today!  
(GRUNTING) Careful, sweetie.

Precious cargo.  
Oh, of course, Miz.  
I'd never wanna  
injure my teammate  
and new best friend.  
Good girl.  
Wait, was that sarcasm?  
Despite all the rumored  
friction between Paige  
and her teammate, The Miz,  
their car, the Too Awesome,  
could be a real contender.

**BOY:**

I should be studying  
about ancient Sumerian traps,  
but these high-tech  
racecars, oh!  
They're just so interesting.  
-(ENGINE REVVING)  
-(SHOUTING) And loud, too!

**MAN:**

I would like Skinny Man's  
Dead Meat On a Bun, please.  
Our most popular item.  
Excellent choice.  
(CHUCKLES) Hey, Scoob.  
One more DM on a B, ASAP.  
A-okay.  
(CHUCKLING)  
You guys are a hit! Good job.  
More like, great job!  
Mr. McMahon said  
we can have all  
the food we can eat!  
(LAUGHING)  
And we get the best seats in  
the house to watch the race!  
Yeah!  
(IMITATING REVVING ENGINE)  
(COUGHING)  
(CHUCKLING)  
Mmm...

**MICHAEL:**

A surprise guest  
has just arrived  
at the broadcast booth.  
The Chairman and CEO  
of WWE himself,  
Mr. McMahon.  
What gave you the idea  
for this extraordinary event?  
Actually, Michael,  
my talented  
daughter Stephanie,  
thought up Muscle Moto X.  
She carries forward  
the grand family tradition  
of new and exciting  
sports entertainment.  
It's three days, three races  
and 300 times the action  
of any off-road race  
you have ever seen.  
Who's your favorite to win?  
Perhaps The Authority,  
with your daughter, Stephanie,  
and her husband, Triple H?  
(LAUGHING)  
With all the work she has  
back at WWE,  
Stephanie's got  
no time for racing.  
(THE GAME PLAYING)  
(BEEPING)

**ANNOUNCER:**

a Muscle Moto X  
instant replay.  
For current  
first-place qualifier,  
the Company Car,  
driven by The Authority,  
Triple H and  
Stephanie McMahon.  
It's all about the game

and how you play it  
All about control  
and if you can take it  
All about your debt  
and if you can pay it  
It's all about pain  
and who's gonna make it

**BOTH:**

We're just that good!

Ha!

No one can challenge

The Authority,

and no one can

challenge a McMahon.

(GRUMBLING)

Um, I thought you said

she wasn't competing.

This interview is over.

Like, here you go.

Our Super Duper Scooby Dooby

Sub Sandwiches

on the house!

Or on the truck. (CHUCKLES)

Like, Scoob, we gotta go.

The Undertaker's up next.

Are you fans

of The Phenom, too?

Like, Phenom-enal fans!

(CHUCKLING)

**MICHAEL:**

crosses the finish line,

currently in

the second-place position.

Too Awesome, indeed.

Boy, these D.C. Pretzels

are great!

Wonder what the "D.C."

stands for.

Delicious and Crunchy!

It stands for Deadman's Curve.

See, it's part of the race.

These pretzels copy the road

right down  
to where it crumbled away.  
Deadman's Curve? (WHIMPERING)  
Gulp!  
Like, how can something  
so tasty be so scary?  
Yeah. Scary-licious.  
Did you know,  
the Legendmobile  
has a 7.0-liter engine  
that puts out 600 horsepower  
and can do 0 to 60  
in four seconds?  
Uh-oh.  
I'm becoming a gearhead.  
This could cut  
into my trap studies.  
Oh, Fred.  
(BELL TOLLS)  
(BOTH LAUGHING EXCITEDLY)  
-Like, I know that music!  
-Yeah.

**BOTH:**

the legend!  
It's the legend!

**ANNOUNCER:**

Now approaching  
the starting line  
in the Legendmobile,  
WWE legends  
Dusty Rhodes  
and the Undertaker.  
-(AUDIENCE CHEERING)  
-Whoo! Dusty Rhodes!  
(GROWLING)  
I thought you guys  
were Undertaker fans.  
We are. When he's on TV.  
-But in real life...  
-He's scary!  
Boom! Fans at trackside  
are exploding

at the arrival  
of these two WWE legends.  
This is Kofi Kingston,  
reporting from the field.  
Back to you, Michael.  
And, you're out.  
Excellent. This may be  
my best production yet.  
Even better  
than Tornado Divers,  
or Tsunami Surfing.  
I'm just happy to be a part  
of the action, Mr. Qualls.  
Oh, you're gonna be right  
in the thick of it, Kofi.  
Just wait and see.  
You're talking to the guy  
who pitched holding  
the Olympics in a hurricane!  
(ENGINE REVVING)  
The American Dream  
and the unstoppable force.  
Let's bury the competition.  
And they're off!  
What acceleration!  
They've passed  
the first marker  
two-tenths of a second faster  
than the Company Car.  
There's a good reason why  
the Undertaker and Rhodes  
are the favorites.  
Let me tell you what.  
We gonna make it  
to the pay window.  
(GROWLING)  
-(WOMAN SCREAMING)

**-MICHAEL:**

-Did you see that?  
-Ladies and gentlemen,  
there's been an explosion  
on the track.  
And out of nowhere,

a new car has appeared.  
The new car  
is chasing the Legendmobile!  
What the devil?  
The devil it is.  
This just got  
a lot more interesting.  
Our sky drone cameras  
are picking up  
the driver, Michael.  
-(ROARING)  
-(CROWD GASPING)  
-That's no Superstar.  
-Then who is it?  
Like, not anyone I wanna know.  
(WHIMPERING) Me, neither.

**MICHAEL:**

been called.  
This monstrous vehicle  
must be stopped before it...  
No! It just rammed  
into the Legendmobile!  
Stranger, you just dug  
your own grave.  
Yes! The Undertaker  
is fighting back!  
This demonic driver  
picked a fight  
with the wrong...  
Wait a minute!  
Is that a...  
A scorpion tail?  
My goodness!  
The demonic racer  
has wrecked the Legendmobile.  
Team Legend  
may be seriously hurt!  
(STAMMERING) I'm seeing  
some movement inside  
the twisted wreckage.  
Yes! Team Legend is okay!  
The curse of Inferno  
is upon you!

End this race or suffer!  
Doesn't seem  
neighborly at all.

**MICHAEL:**

Dusty is gonna teach  
this monster a lesson.

(GRUNTING)

We gonna get funky  
like a monkey.

**MICHAEL:**

(GROWLING)

-The American Dream  
is off his feet!

-(ALL GASP)

-(GROWLS)

-(GRUNTS)

Oh, no!

(GRUNTING)

(STRAINING)

-Oh!

-Dusty!

Run, creature.

But you can't hide.

In the end, no man or beast  
escapes the Undertaker.

Eh, I just threw out  
my back, man.

Don't worry about it.

I know, Dusty,

but the doc says  
you need to take it  
easy for a while.

I still ain't letting go  
of my dream.

Buy them grandkids that ranch.

So they can learn  
them three R's...

Riding, roping and ranching.

You'll get better, Pop.

I've seen it.

We'll carry your dream  
across the finish line.

I know you will, boys.

I know.

**KOFI:**

Does this mean,  
that you'll withdraw  
from the Muscle Moto X?

The Undertaker  
never backs down.

When I find that  
gutless demon driver,  
I will deliver him  
back to the darkness  
from whence he came.

And he will  
rest

in  
peace.

Paige, Miz.

Can I get your reactions  
to today's chilling events?

Another monster attack?

Really?

-Ow!

-We're all pulling for Dusty  
and we hope he makes  
a complete recovery.

To all my worried fans,  
the money-maker was spared.

The Miz is still in the game  
and the Muscle Moto X  
can now continue.

You can all thank me later.

We'll thank you when you  
dry up and blow away.

Like, let's get out of here  
while the getting is good.

Like, before that  
scary demon comes back.

Yeah. Good idea.

Whoa! Not so fast.

We need to get  
to the bottom of this.

The bottom of this

might be way, way down!  
Like, in the underworld down!  
Shaggy, you can't run away.  
Yeah, what about  
the food truck?  
Oh, thanks for reminding me.  
Grab the food, Scoob.

(CLATTERING)

-Whoa!

-Oh!

**SHAGGY:**

**BOTH:**

We're just, like, um,  
taking your food for a walk.  
I'm glad I found you all.  
I have a feeling  
we haven't seen the last  
of that demon driver,  
and now, they're talking  
about a curse on this race.  
I'd feel a lot better if  
Mystery Incorporated  
were on the case.  
Will ya help me?  
Don't say it.  
Please don't say it.  
You can count on us,  
Mr. McMahon.  
He said it.  
Gang,  
it looks like we've got  
another mystery on our hands.  
This is where  
the Demon Rig disappeared.  
Even the tire tracks.  
They just stop.  
Check this out.  
According to this article,  
the demon has appeared before.  
In the 1930s,  
there used to be races  
on Marauder's Mountain

in homemade hot rods.  
During one event,  
an unknown racer  
appeared out of nowhere  
to challenge them all.  
He was ruthless.

**RACER:**

(LAUGHS MANIACALLY)

**VELMA:**

reached the top,  
he realized too late  
that Deadman's Curve  
had washed away.

**RACER:**

No!

**VELMA:**

you can still see  
the racer to this day,  
cursed to forever  
haunt any attempts  
to race on the mountain.  
Why can't there ever be, like,  
a comforting legend?  
Hmm, what's this?  
Ugh!  
This smells like rotten eggs.  
Ugh, horrible.  
Ugh! Ew!  
-Sniff.  
-Really, Fred?  
Sulfur, also called brimstone.  
(CHUCKLING)  
A demonic substance,  
if there ever was one.  
Also a natural chemical  
used in many smoke effects.  
True, but boring.  
Walter Qualls is my name.  
I'm the producer  
of the Muscle Moto X.

Like, don't you produce  
Angry Shark Racers,  
where contestants  
swim past angry sharks  
wearing steak-covered  
wetsuits?

All seven seasons.

You seem to like the idea  
of the supernatural.

What's not to like?

I got WWE Superstars,  
a million-dollar prize,  
and now a demon's curse.

It's a producer's jackpot!

A 40 share.

So, could you take it easy  
and not snoop so hard?

Let's keep this mystery alive.

Sorry. The only time we stop  
is when the mystery is solved.

Or we run away.

I don't think Mr. McMahon  
would appreciate you trying  
to hinder this case.

Me? Hinder? No.

I'm just saying,  
demons are hot!

Zombies would be even better.

Ooh, maybe the demon  
is part zombie.

Why don't you go down  
to the pit hanger  
and ask the Superstars  
what they saw  
of this zombie demon?

No one said zombie.

No one didn't say zombie.

**ALL:**

**DAPHNE:**

and super cars!

**FRED:**

checking out the engines  
for tomorrow's race.  
Oh, man. I'd like  
to check out a few myself.  
I think we should split up  
and ask if anyone saw  
anything unusual.  
You mean, like,  
besides a demon racer?  
(CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY)  
-Huh?  
-Huh?  
The world is filled  
with surprises.  
Zoinks!  
(IMITATING HELICOPTER)  
-(CHUCKLES) Like, no kidding.

**-SCOOBY:**

(SNIFFING)  
You know, Scoob.  
We already got one  
mystery on our hands.  
We don't need two more.  
Let's skedaddle.  
And fast.  
-(HISSING)  
-Okay, let's go.  
A talking dog?  
Bizarre.  
(BOTH SCREAMING)  
(WHIMPERS) Like,  
those dudes are  
like a bad toaster.  
They pop up  
when you least expect it.

**UNDERTAKER:**

You're the two  
that vanquished  
the Ghost Bear.  
-(BOTH QUIVERING)  
-Undertaker.  
Scared, excited, same time.

Brain confused.  
Skinny Man  
and Dead Meat, right?  
Like, yeah.  
But you can call us  
Shaggy and Scooby.  
In fact, you can call us  
anything you like.  
But please don't call us  
to our final rest,  
Mr. Undertaker-Phenom-Deadman,  
sir.  
-Yeah.  
-(BOTH SOBBING)  
The bell tolls only  
for the demon.  
And you can  
just call me Taker.  
You learn anything  
about that creature,  
you let me know.  
Scooby, Scooby, Scooby!  
-Hmm? Ah!  
-(CHUCKLES) Ole!  
Looks like you've  
got another fan  
besides me.  
(BOTH CHUCKLING)  
We have no idea  
why a demon driver  
or anyone would  
want to stop the race.  
Maybe it's someone  
who's desperate  
to get the prize money.  
That would not be us,  
mi querida senorita.  
We are in it for the honor  
of the Matadors.  
(SNIFFS) What is that  
interesting scent you  
assault my nostrils with?  
(CHUCKLES) Sulfur.  
Looks like I've got a mystery

on my hands. (CHUCKLES)  
Hey, Triple H.  
Fred, Daphne.  
Do you know my wife,  
Stephanie?  
Just by reputation.  
Daughter of Mr. McMahon  
and a champion in the ring  
and the business world.  
Also known as  
the Billion Dollar Princess.  
Really? That's great.  
I like your friends, Hunter.  
And I love those  
classic Takemotos.  
Thanks. Fashion  
for the girl of action.  
Daddy bought them.  
A generous father.  
Looks like we have  
that in common, too.  
We're actually  
helping your dad  
on this demon case.  
What do you know  
about the demon?  
Only that he'd better not get  
on Hunter's bad side.  
If he knows  
what's good for him.  
Stephanie, I thought  
we decided you weren't  
going to compete  
because you had  
too much work to do.  
And I told you  
I can think up Muscle Moto X,  
plan it and win it.  
No, Stephanie.  
You're doing too much,  
and that's not safe.  
-You're out.  
-But I'm Hunter's  
racing partner.

Scooby, Scooby, Scooby,  
Scooby, Scooby!

-Like...

-(EL TORITO GROWLS)

Ole! (LAUGHING)

I'm sure I can find  
someone else.

You can't be serious.

Ladies and gentlemen,  
dinner is now being served.

(CHEERING)

I think I'm suddenly  
allergic to dogs.

Don't worry, honey.

He can't take me out  
of the race that easily.

**SHAGGY:**

do you know what you could buy  
with a million dollars?

A pepperoni pizza

every day for every meal  
for the rest of your life!

Extra-large?

Extra, extra-large.

(BOTH CHUCKLING)

So,

the show goes on  
without a hitch, huh?

Why, of course it does.

It figures.

Y'all better watch yourself.

It's more than that demon  
that got old Dusty.

It's the curse.

You can wrestle one,

but the other's  
the devil's work.

Don't expect this guy to care,  
no matter how

dangerous it gets.

Dusty!

Hmm, Mr. Rhodes

sure seems to have

an ax to grind.  
He wanted the prize money  
for his family.  
I understand the feeling.  
'Cause I guess I'm out, too.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa!  
Let's not be hasty!  
I'm sure there's  
something we can do.

(WHISPERING)

He's good for five points  
in the ratings.

We need him.

You know who'd make  
great teammates  
for Undertaker?

Skinny Man and Dead Meat.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

-Stephanie...

-That's brilliant!

Teaming Undertaker  
with a teenager and a dog  
makes him an underdog.  
And people love underdogs.  
And dogs! It's a win-win.  
Yeah. A win-win.

You can thank me later.

(GROANS)

Skinny Man and Dead Meat.  
How would you like to race  
in Muscle Moto X with...

The Undertaker  
as your partner?

(STAMMERING) Partners?

With the Undertaker?

I'm so scared and happy.

-Uh-huh. "Scappy."

-(CHUCKLES)

(EXCLAIMS)

-But what if the demon  
comes back?

-(GASPS)

Like a nightmare.

(SHIVERING)

There can only be  
one nightmare in this race,  
and that's me.  
Rest assured,  
if the demon appears again,  
I'll make sure  
it's his last ride.  
Let's join forces  
and win this race.  
What do you say?  
One nightmare  
canceling the other  
is, like, a dream come true.  
Here's to Team Taker.  
Team Taker. (CHUCKLES)  
(BOTH LAUGHING EXCITEDLY)  
Ah, come on.  
\$300 for one darn textbook?  
What's up, Earl?  
(SIGHS) My kids are going  
to college, but I'm the one  
who's getting an education.  
Everyone, this is Big Earl.  
He customized all the cars,  
including the Legendmobile.  
Cool.  
So where's my little beast?  
I warn you, Undertaker.  
She ain't pretty.  
It caught fire  
before we dug her out.  
Gas line must've tore.  
About all that's left  
is your steering wheel here.  
And, lo, the Legendmobile  
sheds its mortal coil.  
Rust  
in  
peace.  
(SIGHS) Like, I guess,  
we can't race after all.  
You know, I could  
give you a hand, Big Earl.  
I've discovered

I like wrenching,  
as, uh, we car guys say.  
Mmm, okay.  
You wanna help, that's great.  
But I'm a mechanic,  
not a miracle worker.  
How are we gonna  
make something  
that runs outta this?  
I have an idea.  
Go get some rest  
and I promise we'll have  
something by morning.  
You guys work your magic.  
If you build it,  
I will drive it.  
Hey, what's all this powder?  
Uh, who knows?  
Washing day for my coveralls  
don't come round  
but twice a year.  
(SNIFFS) Hmm,  
it's not brimstone.  
I think it's talcum powder.  
Oh, yeah.  
It's from replacing an  
airbag in one of the cars.  
Do that a lot.  
They have powder  
in 'em to keep 'em  
from getting bunched up.  
Like, man, if any race  
needs airbags, it's this one.  
Come on, Hunter, it's late.  
And we still need to get  
our pre-race manicures.  
Manicures?  
You're welcome to join us.  
After all, beautiful nails  
lead to a happier life.  
I know, right?  
-Really?  
-Yes, really.  
Come on, kid.

Let's see what you got.

Oh, boy!

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

**MICHAEL:**

WWE fans all across the world  
to the first leg  
of the Muscle Moto X  
Off Road Challenge.

(CHEERING)

Moments from now,  
your favorite WWE Superstars  
will charge forward  
into the fearsome  
Deadwood Forest.

Our sky drone cameras are  
ready to cover all the action.

Each Superstar team  
starts in the order  
of their time-trial finish,  
and the team that wins today  
-gets a 30-second  
head start in leg two...

-Ugh.

...bringing them  
that much closer  
to the \$1 million prize.

(INHALING DEEPLY)

(EXCLAIMING)

(SCOFFS)

And this just in.

A last-minute change  
in the line-up.

The Undertaker teams with  
Skinny Man and Dead Meat.

It's team Taker  
in the Scoobanator.

(CHEERING)

(SLEEPILY) You'll love  
the new modifications.

We bored it, rocked it,  
and then we... (SNORING)

Dropped it hot!

Huh, I'm on no sleep.

I appreciate  
the effort and all,  
but isn't this a food truck?  
Yeah. It's like having  
a drive-thru window  
drive with you.  
Remember, Undertaker...  
-Come on, Fred. Let's go.  
-What?  
Oh, yeah.  
If you want more speed,  
be sure to press the...  
(SIGHS)  
(SNORES)  
Hey, wait! Press the what?  
Okay, folks.  
They're all lined up.  
Powerful, high-tech engines  
are humming.  
Pulses are pounding,  
excitement is building,  
tensions are rising.  
With \$1 million up for grabs,  
these WWE Superstars  
will pull no punches  
to win it all.  
Who will taste victory?  
Who will suffer defeat?  
It's anyone's game, folks.  
And they're off!  
Aw!  
-(ENGINE SPLUTTERING)  
-Huh?  
Move, beast! Ugh!  
This racing roach-coach  
is more like a dead weight.  
Yeah. Look on the bright side.  
Oh, man!  
These are great seats  
to watch you race.  
Go, Undertaker!  
(GROANS)

**MICHAEL:**

Team Taker's sandwich  
can't cut the mustard,  
but the rest  
of our competitors  
are rocking it off-road  
and into the Deadwood Forest.  
Let's get a closer look.  
It's your eye in the sky,  
the man who can fly,  
Kofi Kingston,  
reporting to you  
from above the action.  
Looks like The Authority is  
wasting no time in showing  
the others who's boss...  
(ALARM BLARING)  
...and the Moscow Express is  
the first competitor to take  
battle damage in today's race.  
But don't count  
Team Russia out yet.  
Rusev fix.  
Da! I will drive.

**KOFI:**

equipped with magnetic boots  
and tools to make repairs  
on the go.  
Magnetic boots?  
This race just keeps  
getting more exciting.

**KOFI:**

bringing the Pamplona Especial  
alongside the Celtic Cruiser.  
They may be planning something  
especial themselves.  
(GRUNTS)  
Ah!  
-Whoa, whoa!  
-(TIRES SCREECHING)

**KOFI:**

but he's showing both

heart and horns today.

-Ole!

-Ole!

**KOFI:**

not be steering,  
but I bet his distraction  
drove Sheamus crazy.

(TIRES SCREECHING)

Argh. Now you've  
got me Irish up.

(HISSING)

Argh. Why don't you  
two fellas just get lost?  
Keep it together, Sheamus.  
Just keep it together.

**MICHAEL:**

holds the lead,  
but it's still early.

-Anything can happen.

-(SNORING)

The Company Car's leading!  
Whoo! Go, Stephanie!  
You know Shaggy and Scooby  
are also in this race.

I can have more  
than one favorite.  
By definition, no.

**MICHAEL:**

are demolishing  
this off-road course.

**KOFI:**

The Scoobanator.

**MICHAEL:**

vehicles has been designed  
to withstand any obstacle.

**KOFI:**

The Scoobanator, Michael.  
(GRUMBLING)

This rig is 10 pounds  
of bolts in  
a five-pound bucket.  
This race is cursed.

**MICHAEL:**

won't be counted out,  
but they're struggling  
to build momentum.

**KOFI:**

is losing momentum.  
I'd take the lead  
if I were driving,  
-but I'm awesome.  
-(THUD)

The crazy Russians  
hit us again.  
I'd dodge them  
if I were driving,  
but I'm awesome.  
You know what you need?  
Mentoring.  
-(TIRES SCREECHING)  
-(GRUNTS)  
Oh.

**MICHAEL:**

and Moscow Express docking  
for second,  
while the Company Car  
dominates the game!  
Oh, no. The Demon Rig  
has returned.  
-(PEOPLE SCREAMING)  
-(SNORING)

**KOFI:**

in close, Michael.

**MICHAEL:**

You're at the most dangerous  
part of the course.  
The old Deadwood Bridge.

This race is doomed.  
All those who oppose  
Inferno will perish!  
Whoa!  
(GRUNTING)

**KOFI:**

some serious heat.  
He's tryin' to burn down  
the whole race.  
Go! Go! Go!  
Look at 'em go, folks!  
Facing the fire of  
a supernatural specter.  
That's why they call  
them Superstars.  
What bravery!  
(SOBBING) I'm too  
young to fry!  
Great driving, Hunter.

**KOFI:**

the charge past Inferno.  
(GRUNTS)

**MICHAEL:**

is after the Company Car.  
How's he driving, Kofi?  
I don't know, but it doesn't  
look good for Team Authority.  
I'm trying to get in  
closer to them.  
(GRUNTS)  
Whoa!  
Whoa! Whoa!  
My drones don't seem  
to want to be anywhere  
near that demon.  
Nor do your jammers.  
The curse of the demon  
must be interfering with  
the signal, too.  
The horror. The horror!  
Oh, no!

Not the scorpion tail again!  
(GASPS) Poor Stephanie!  
She just had her hair  
done this morning.  
You'd think her father  
would be watching this.  
He hasn't even been on any  
of the production cams.  
(SNORING)  
-Fred, pay attention.  
-(GASPS)  
Push the red button  
on the dash!  
(ENGINE SPUTTERING)  
Zoinks! Fire.  
Fire!  
Don't worry.  
The Undertaker  
does not fear the flame.  
But we do!  
(BUZZER)  
By thunder and lightning!  
That's what Fred  
was trying to say.  
We got boosters!

**MICHAEL:**

Deadwood Bridge  
is shattering apart!  
Team Taker  
is in real trouble here.  
(BOTH SCREAMING)  
-Woo-hoo!  
-Scoobanator!  
-Man, way to go, guys!  
-Yay! Scooby-Doo!  
I cannot believe  
what I'm seeing.  
Only the Undertaker  
could fly a sandwich  
out of the jaws of oblivion.  
There's that  
yellow-bellied demon.  
(GROWLING)

-Inferno!

-Inferno!

(YELLING)

-Smoke!

-Smoke!

Where did he go?

-Mountain!

-Mountain!

**SHAGGY:**

**MICHAEL:**

But where did Inferno go?

(WHISTLE BLOWS)

Company Car's through!

Here comes

the Pamplona Especial.

No sign of the Demon Rig.

Wait. It's... It's...

The Scoobanator!

(SCOOBY AND SHAGGY SCREAMING)

(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING)

**MICHAEL:**

of Muscle Moto X finishes

with The Authority

in first place,

Team Taker in second

and Los Matadores in third.

(CHEERING)

**MICHAEL:**

tomorrow for the next round

of the Muscle Moto X.

Hopefully, no more

spooky stuff happens.

Argh.

(GASPS)

Where did you fellas go?

It's not where we went

that matters...

It's where we come from.

-Ah!

-(GASPING)

(HISSING)

Huh, burrito, burrito!

(CHUCKLES) Burrito, burrito!

**MICHAEL:**

pleased with your performance,  
especially with the appearance  
of this Demon Rig.

Are you concerned  
the race may be cursed?

Mark my words, Michael.

No demon or devil  
or any other ghoul will  
interfere with my race.

We'll take him out and then  
we will take the championship.

Just like we took  
the 30-second head start  
for today's win.

**LANA:**

Pathetic.

You should wear  
pink, frilly dresses  
so the people know you're  
not the Russian champion,  
but a little bunny-man  
masquerading as  
the Russian champion.

Nyet! Nyet! Lies!

Rusev not take you to  
the outlet mall this weekend.

Okay.

Undertaker, your team  
took second place today,  
using a modified food truck.

That's truly amazing.

Dark forces  
lashed out against us.  
The flames of Inferno  
tried to swallow us whole,  
but the bell tolls  
not for Team Taker,  
it tolls for the demon.

(SCOOBY CHUCKLING)

Oh, are those

McMahon's Mania Meatballs?

-Meatballs?

-Meatballs?

I see you're lacking  
an A-List talent to train  
your camera on, Kofi.

Lucky for you, I'm here.

And yes, I am disappointed  
in my team.

Paige was beyond terrible.

I'd give her a grade  
of poor-minus.

You're blaming me?

You did nothing.

Wrong-o!

First, I was performing  
like a champion,  
B, I was gracing this event  
with my style and credibility,  
and thirdly,  
I tried mentoring you,  
but you didn't listen to any  
of my excellent advice.

Hmm. You make several  
fascinating points.

Then let me show you  
my appreciation.

-(EXCLAIMING)

-(GRUNTS)

Aw.

-I wanted thirdsies.

-Rusev crush!

-(GRUNTING)

-(MIZ SCREAMING)

(BOTH GRUNTING)

**STEPHANIE:**

Bad move!

(BOTH GRUNTING)

(EXCLAIMING)

Whoa!

-Ole!

-Ole!

(BOTH GRUNTING)

Like, maybe we should  
order take-out.

What in the name  
of Gorgeous George  
is going on here?

**SHEAMUS:**

for everybody.

I'm gonna lose my deposit.

I will not be partner  
with girly man Rusev.

Me. Me next! I need attention.

Paige has no respect  
for my greatness.

I won't race with her.

I want new partner, too.

That goes triple for me,  
'cause I can't be paired with  
a man who uses more  
hair product than I do.

Uh, before you do

anything rash,

here are the spot ratings  
for the first race.

And controversy like this  
will mean they'll  
only get bigger!

Fine.

Lana and Paige are now  
in Too Awesome.

Miz joins the Moscow Express  
with Rusev.

Really? He smells  
like borscht.

Well, if you don't like  
the sound of getting  
a new partner,

perhaps you'll like the sound  
of me saying, "You're fired!"

Sorry, boss.

Won't happen again.

(TEETH CHATTERING)

Let's go, you two.  
Can we go someplace,  
like, less fighty?  
And more foody?  
(SCOFFS) Who's "Too Awesome"  
now? Not you.  
-(GRUMBLING)  
-(CHUCKLES)  
Kidding about the borscht!  
Grammy Gram makes  
it every leap year.  
(WHISPERS) Does anyone else  
want to trade partners?  
Anyone at all?  
And so, one turns  
against the other.  
Brothers against sisters.  
Divisions in the ranks.  
Trust me, boys,  
the curse of the demon  
is only starting.  
I thought tonight we could  
go over some clues,  
that is, if Fred ever  
emerges from his coma.  
I didn't take your doll.  
Huh? Oh. What?  
Actually, Stephanie wanted  
to talk to me this evening  
about employment opportunities  
with the WWE.  
-To do what?  
-Wrestle-wear designer.  
She thinks I have  
a natural gift for spandex.  
Far be it from me to interfere  
with the baroness'  
big business plans.  
Mmm, I don't know why  
you're so judgmental  
about Stephanie.  
She's really sweet.  
She even said  
nice things about you.

Like what?

Well, she thought

you'd make a great Superstar.

She said you're just the type

fans love to see get slammed.

It was a compliment.

Are you ready, Daphne?

(SIGHS) You don't know

how ready.

(UNDERTAKER SNORING)

-Shaggy. Donut me.

-One donut coming up.

(CHUCKLES) Zoinks.

Is it Inferno?

Worse. We are out of snacks.

Like, I can't sleep on

a partially empty stomach.

-Can you?

-Uh-uh.

**BOTH:**

(GIGGLING)

Dude. Check it out.

Enchiladas with tuna fish,

yogurt and chocolate sauce.

And fried onions.

Good thing I made two.

(CHUCKLES)

(METAL CLANKS)

Scooby-Doo.

-Did you just clank?

-Uh-uh.

-Not me.

-(TEETH CHATTERING)

-(GASPS)

-Inferno!

Inferno! (WHIMPERS)

You will pay

for your meddling.

Like, how about we leave now

and pay later?

(YELLING NERVOUSLY)

(SNARLING)

(SNARLING)

-Yikes!

-(YELLS NERVOUSLY)

Who's awesome? I'm awesome.

Who's awesome? I'm awesome.

Who's awesome? I'm awesome.

(SCREAMING)

(GRUNTS)

Strangely enough,

I've been monster-mauled

on a midnight jog before.

But this time,

I'm doing the mauling.

(I CAME TO PLAY PLAYING)

(BOTH GRUNTING)

-Yay!

-Yay!

(GRUNTS)

(SNARLING)

-Huh?

-Huh?

(SNARLING)

**BOTH:**

(BOTH GRUNTING)

The demon.

-The Miz has him!

-Go, Miz!

(GROANING)

(HISSING)

(SCREAMING)

None can defeat Inferno.

Your fate will soon be sealed.

(ALL GASP)

(COUGHING)

Gone again.

He overpowered my awesome

Figure Four Leglock?

Oh, no. Could it be that

the curse of Inferno

is making you lose

your awesome?

(GASPS) I...

I can lose my awesome?

Like we lost our appetites.

What I'd like to know is  
what Inferno was doing  
here in the first place.

-(METAL CLANGS)

-(CLICKING)

The only damage I could find  
was that the Company Car's  
oil line was cut.

Without oil, the engine  
would have seized up  
for sure during the race.

Hmm.

What about the other cars?

They all checked out okay.

Great work, guys.

You stopped the demon  
before it could sabotage  
the other cars.

-We did?

-We did?

**BOTH:**

Look! Here's more  
of that talcum powder.

I can tell you  
where that came from.

Our airbags.

I checked them out  
this afternoon,  
right after the race.

Gotta protect  
my precious cargo.

He left a track.

Ew! Someone needs a pedicure.

Stephanie, I wish  
you'd reconsider this.

There's a good chance  
Inferno might attack tomorrow.

Well, I hope he does,  
because tomorrow, I'm driving.

(ENGINES REVVING)

Welcome to Race Two  
of the Muscle Moto X  
Off Road Challenge.

We're calling it  
the Spire Lake Sprint.  
The Authority won  
the first race, so they get  
a 30-second head start.  
(HORN BLARES)

**STEPHANIE:**

(GRUMBLING)  
While we're waiting,  
let's go to Kofi Kingston.  
Lana's with Paige  
in Too Awesome.  
While the Miz joins Rusev  
in the Moscow Express.  
(SNARLING)  
Really?  
I love our girl power team-up.  
Yeah. I can feel  
your enthusiasm.  
I can't wait to see  
how these new teams turn out.  
And there they go!  
-Hmm, that's strange.  
-What?  
Mr. McMahon is leaving.  
You'd think he'd stay  
to watch what happens.

**MICHAEL:**

yesterday's last-place finish,  
Sheamus, Goldust and Stardust  
will have to work together.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.  
How we wonder where you are.  
-(BLOWS)  
-Ugh!  
How about you two mad weirdos  
get out of my head  
and into our competitors'...  
(GASPS)  
Dead creepy the way  
those two fellas do that.

**MICHAEL:**

is a bumpy ride,  
but it looks like  
our Superstars are  
running out of road.  
Where are they going?  
They're headed  
toward that cliff.  
Oh, my. You can lead  
these horses to water,  
but you can't make them sink.  
Because these Superstars  
can drive on water.  
When we named it  
the Muscle Moto X  
Off Road Challenge,  
we weren't kidding, folks.  
Like, good thing  
these come with floaties.  
(BOTH SCREAMING)

**MICHAEL:**

hit the drink,  
like steel leviathans  
thirsty for victory.

**KOFI:**

And while The Authority held  
the advantage on land,  
Team Taker is closing the gap  
on the water.  
The Spire Lake Sprint  
could be a real game-changer  
for these Superstars.  
-Mas rapido.  
-Go for it, Torito!  
I had my doubts about  
this partnership, Rusev,  
but look at us.  
We're doing great!  
You driving and me  
being awesome.  
Little man talk too much.  
Step on it! Cut your turns

closer and pass.  
Hey! Are you holding back  
so Rusev can win?  
Ha! Yes!  
For the glory  
of Mother Russia,  
I will make sure  
Rusev is champion.  
You two-faced... (GASPS)  
Huh?  
Oh, my!  
He's back, folks.  
The demon from the deep.  
And now our Superstars  
are in hot water!

**KOFI:**

Inferno set the last race  
on fire.  
No doubt he'll bring  
this water race to a boil.  
Wow!

**-BOTH:**

-(INFERNO GROWLING)

**MICHAEL:**

is unstoppable!

**KOFI:**

the Celtic Cruiser.  
(LAUGHS) The Demon Rig.  
Bit of nice machinery there.  
Got nothing on  
the Celtic Cruiser, though.  
(SNARLING)

**-MICHAEL:**

-(SCREAMING)  
The Celtic Cruiser flung  
like a flaccid flapjack.  
Argh! I swear,  
by me sainted mother,  
one way or another,

I'm gonna beat that Inferno.

**KOFI:**

than that to knock down  
the Celtic Warrior.  
But what about  
the Too Awesome?  
And the Pamplona Especial?  
Ah!  
Such power.  
With demon vehicle,  
victory would be assured.  
Could you please stop  
admiring the thing that's  
smashing us to pieces?  
Lana!  
I save you!  
No, no, no.  
What are you doing?  
You're going the wrong way.

**MICHAEL:**

his third-place position.

**KOFI:**

and Paige from certain doom.  
Now that's a Superstar.  
(GROWLING)

**MICHAEL:**

is gaining on the leaders now.  
The demon is after  
the Company Car.  
(GASPS)  
Keep driving, Steph.  
It's time for me to do  
what's best for business.  
You wanna play games?  
(YELLING)  
I am The Game.  
(BOTH GRUNTING)  
Triple H has a score  
to settle, Michael.  
He leaves Stephanie

to face his demon, literally.

**MICHAEL:**

versus the demon of the derby.  
It's a fight in the fast lane.  
The stakes have never  
been higher.  
And it looks like Triple H  
is done for.  
Great Gobbledy Gooker!  
(GRUNTING)

**MICHAEL:**

Triple H was in trouble,  
but Stephanie  
came back for him.  
-(CHEERING)  
-Go, Authority!  
Nice driving, Steph!  
So, she can turn a wheel.  
Big deal.

**MICHAEL:**

over yet, folks.  
The clash of  
the titans continues.  
But this Demon Rig  
is undefeated.  
There's no way The Authority  
can withstand  
these brutal attacks.  
We may be witnessing  
the end of the Muscle Moto X!  
Team Taker out of nowhere!  
(SNARLING)  
Forget about me?  
Big mistake.  
Like, is this  
part of the race?  
It is now.

**MICHAEL:**

I'd be so happy to see  
a sandwich truck

and a vintage Undertaker  
surprise return on the side.  
What an emotional  
roller-coaster.  
Huh?

**KOFI:**

a turn for the worst, Michael.  
The demon just rammed  
Team Taker out of the race.  
But that was just  
the appetizer.  
He's about to unleash  
the main course.  
(SCREAMING)  
The Scoobanator's been hit.  
(SOBBING)

**MICHAEL:**

may be shining,  
but the day could  
not be darker for  
these Superstars.  
(ENGINE CHUGGING)  
Uh-oh. Not good.  
Oh, no!  
Just when I thought  
things couldn't get  
worse for Team Taker.  
(ALARM BLARING)  
Everyone, in the back!  
Hang on, Michael.  
I'm gonna see  
if I can help.  
(SNARLING)  
Whoa! I can't steer!  
(GRUNTING)  
Oh, good.  
The camera still works.

**MICHAEL:**

Meanwhile, our  
sky drone cameras  
are still following the race.

The water course  
has reached its end.  
It's time for the surf  
to return to the turf.  
Our waterlogged  
racecars once again  
put rubber to the road.  
Coming into the home stretch,  
we've got the Company Car  
and Pamplona Especial  
wrestling for  
the lead position.  
The foal and the boss  
are neck-and-neck.  
And as they approach  
the finish line,  
the Company Car's  
in first place by a headlight.  
It wins the big head start  
for the all-important  
final race tomorrow.

**KOFI:**

the big story, Michael.  
Team Taker's going down.  
And I mean, way down.  
(CROWD GASPING)  
Jinkies!  
There's gotta be something  
in here that can help us.  
At least we're surrounded  
by all the things we love,  
Scooby-Doo!  
Gosh. Yeah.  
It's not over yet.

**KOFI:**

No, no, no, no, no.  
Team Taker  
goes over the falls!  
Oh, the humanity!  
Kofi, do you see anything?  
Anything at all?  
I don't know, Michael.

I don't think anyone could...

Wait. Wait!

(GRUNTING)

They made it!

The Undertaker saves

Skinny Man and Dead Meat.

Salvation by sausage wings,

Michael.

Whoo! (CHUCKLES)

(CHEERING)

(ALL SIGHING)

This Inferno

is getting more dangerous,

and we're still not any closer

to figuring out

who he really is.

-There's still Mr. McMahon.

-And Big Earl.

Big Earl? But he's so nice.

He needs money.

Maybe he's getting

paid to do two jobs.

Despite this criminal demon,

we've come

too far to quit now.

So the race is on!

Tomorrow, we award

a million dollars, and any

of you can still win!

(CHEERING)

Yippee! Woo-hoo!

Bring it on!

Yeah. Anyone with a car.

Sorry, Undertaker.

It's just...

I was racing for all my little

creatures of the night.

The little Undertaker fans

all across the world.

I was gonna use my share

of the prize money

to create the Undertaker's

Comedy Theater

and Puppet Jubilee.

I like puppets.  
As the winners  
in the last race,  
The Authority gets another  
30-second head start in  
the final race.  
Let's have a big hand for us!  
(SNORING)  
No reason to be  
sore losers. Losers.  
Nobody's lost yet,  
but this whole thing  
smells like a stinkin' angle  
that seems to favor  
just one team.  
Hey! We're victims,  
just like you.  
We won today  
because we're that darn good.  
And we're that darn disgusted.  
Twice the demon shows up  
and twice you win  
a head start.  
Coincidence? Don't think so.  
-Ole.  
-Ole.  
The cosmic tea leaves  
have soured.  
Never more.  
Never more.  
Fine. Hunter and I  
will beat you without  
the head start.  
See you at the races, suckers.  
(SCOFFS) Haters.  
I hope you guys are close  
to solving this thing.  
Uh, we do have  
one question, Mr. McMahon.  
Just where do you go  
during the races?  
What... Now I'm a suspect?  
I do have a few things to do,  
like running the entire WWE.

Now, if you'll excuse me,  
I have to leave.  
And I'm fully aware this may  
seem suspicious, but it's not.  
Right. Not suspicious at all.  
Don't take it too hard,  
Stephanie.  
I know what other people think  
when you have a successful  
father.  
Sometimes it's not great.  
My father would never  
hand us a win.  
He works us hard  
because we're family,  
and I have to work even harder  
than anyone to impress him.  
My dad is a wealthy  
businessman, too,  
but I don't think  
I could ever work for him.  
(SCOFFS) There's a difference  
between millions and billions,  
honey.  
Uh, what?  
Daphne, I'm sorry.  
It's just this race,  
it's so frustrating.  
So basically she said,  
"My dad is richer than  
your dad"?  
Well, she said  
she was sorry after.  
These Superstar Divas  
have been known  
to turn on each other.  
You better be prepared,  
Daphne.  
Before this is over,  
Miss Bossy McRustlepants  
might unfriend you.  
That's fine, she's not  
my best friend, you are.  
Good. Because if we're gonna

solve this mystery,  
there's no one I'd rather  
solve it with than you.

(SPEAKING GIBBERISH)

Whee!

Ooh!

-Ole!

-(GIGGLING)

Like, with the  
Scoobanator gone,  
we can finally  
kick back and relax.

Yup.

No more racing for us.

(ENGINE REVVING)

-Inferno!

-Lock the doors!

(SHAGGY AND SCOOBY WHIMPERING)

Oh, que padre!

-Huh?

-Huh?

Look what we did.

Isn't it great?

We're back in the game.

**MICHAEL:**

yesterday's water race  
was over-the-top,  
you haven't seen anything yet.  
Today, we finish  
where we started,  
heading up the dangerous  
Marauder's Mountain  
to the infamous  
Deadman's Curve  
before parachuting back  
to our original starting line.  
This is the final leg  
of the Muscle Moto X  
Off Road Challenge!  
With The Authority forfeiting  
their 30-second lead,  
the million dollar prize  
is truly up for grabs.

Oh, my!  
Like, we're all going?  
That's right.  
We're gonna win this race  
and deliver that demon  
back to the dark side.  
We discovered  
a big clue, Shaggy.  
Remember how Kofi's drones  
weirded out when he got close  
to the Demon Rig?  
I can't steer!  
It happened  
in the first race, too.  
Those drones are set  
to specific frequencies.  
They get disrupted  
if a different signal  
crosses with it.  
So it makes sense that  
someone, at least some  
of the time,  
is driving the Demon Rig  
by remote control.  
This time, when Inferno shows,  
we're gonna override his  
signal and stop him cold.  
Buckle your belts, kids.  
The Speed Demon's smackdown  
is about to begin.  
-(ENGINES REVVING)  
-(TIRES SCREECHING)

**MICHAEL:**

The question  
on everyone's mind,  
will Team Taker's  
new Mystery Machine  
help them win  
Marauder's Mountain?  
The answer will be hammered  
out of our Superstars  
by the most brutal  
and dangerous course

of them all.  
I hope you did  
the laundry, folks,  
because you're gonna  
need a clean pair of pants  
at the end this one.

(BAGPIPES PLAYING)

You know,  
I'm beginning  
to like you lads.

**KOFI:**

their head start,  
The Authority  
is still in front.  
It's a new day,  
but it might be the same old  
outcome in today's race.  
Michael, he's back!  
Inferno was waiting  
for the Superstars to pass,  
cutting them off  
from any retreat.  
This is Inferno's mountain!  
I will cast you off  
like all the other fools  
before you.

-(WOMAN SCREAMING)

**-MICHAEL:**

chilling warning  
resonates like  
a thunder strike  
to the Superstars invading  
his home ground.

(INFERNO GROWLING)

**KOFI:**

the Celtic Cruiser  
is the first to fall  
to the demon  
and the Mystery Machine  
is next.

(WHIMPERING) He's behind us!

Use your doohickey, Fred!

-(ENGINE REVVING)

-Oh!

**KOFI:**

smashed into the wall!

Our parachute's gone!

It wouldn't be a good idea  
to go up Deadman's Curve  
without it.

**MICHAEL:**

is carving up this race  
like a Thanksgiving turkey.

The Pamplona

mashed like a potato.

The Moscow Express,  
ladled with pain gravy.

Slow down.

Do you understand

what a race is?

Perfectly. Rusev.

Take the demon vehicle now!

Hmm.

Where are you going?

**KOFI:**

what's Rusev up to?

(GRUNTING)

**KOFI:**

He's attacking the Demon Rig  
with his bare hands?

-Traitor!

-No.

I am loyal.

To Mother Russia. Ha!

(COUGHING)

**KOFI:**

the Too Awesome?

**MICHAEL:**

Team Russia up to?

-(GROWLING)

-(GRUNTING)

I claim demon car  
for glory of Russia.

(SNARLING)

-(BELL TOLLING)

-(YELLING)

**MICHAEL:**

agonizing backfire.

(LAUGHING)

Ha, that was awesome!

-(GROWLING)

-Uh-oh.

(YELLING) Oof!

The money-maker's at risk!

Repeat, the  
money-maker's at risk!

Get in, you big baby!

(GROWLING)

I can deal with the Russians,  
but I've had enough  
of that creep.

Finally, something  
we agree on.

How about we forget  
the race and...

Squash us a demon!

Text the others.

Maybe they'd like  
to join the fun.

(CELLPHONE CHIMING)

(BEEPING)

-Ooh!

-The Miz.

(CELLPHONE CHIMING)

Ole!

(CELLPHONE CHIMING)

Da!

-(TABLET CHIMING)

-Jinkies!

They're all going  
after the demon.

(WHIMPERING)

**MICHAEL:**

climbs toward the peak,  
our Superstars are uniting  
against Inferno.

(YELLING)

(GRUNTING)

This is my house!

(GRUNTING)

-Mess with the bull...

-And you get the horns!

(GRUNTING)

(TIRES SCREECHING)

(SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(GRUNTING)

**MICHAEL:**

seen anything like it, folks!

It's like tag-teaming  
on wheels.

It's a numbers game.

It's adding up

against Inferno,

and Inferno is feeling

that frustration right now.

(GRUNTING)

El Torito out of nowhere!

-El Torito out of nowhere!

-(CHEERING)

**KOFI:**

Somebody get a towel

because El Torito

just turned this race

into a slobberknocker,

Lucha Libre style.

(EL TORITO YELLING)

**ALL:**

Time to cut down

that sneaky snake.

-Ooh!

-The Celtic sword, boys.

Grab the wheel!

(GROWLING)

(YELLING)

**KOFI:**

severed the scorpion tail!

**MICHAEL:**

a Celtic warrior!

Victory! (GRUNTING)

What a counter!

The strength of Inferno

is too much for Sheamus

and the demon just

slithered his way

out of the reach

of our Superstars.

**KOFI:**

Once again, he's focused

on the lead position.

-Roadblock!

-Roadblock!

(TIRES SCREECHING)

**MICHAEL:**

in this race,

Team Taker is really

building momentum,

no doubt fueled

by the Undertaker's drive

to take down Inferno.

-(GROWLING)

-(WHIMPERING)

Aren't we close enough?

Let's find out.

(BEEPING)

-(TIRES SCREECHING)

-(GROWLING)

It's working!

(GROWLING)

Uh-oh.

(BEEPING)

Ah!

Aw.

Time for a new plan.  
Is it, like, go somewhere  
and hide?  
Uh, that could work!  
As my official teammates,  
it's time for you two  
to get up here  
and drive this course like  
you've never driven before.  
Good. Because we haven't!

**KOFI:**

left the Mystery Machine.  
Oh, boy, Inferno's  
in trouble now.  
-(THUD)  
-Hmm?  
Inferno,  
your day of reckoning  
is upon you  
and the Undertaker will have  
no mercy on your soul.  
I'll show you, fool.

**MICHAEL:**

squaring off with the demon  
of Marauder's Mountain.  
Whoo! (CHUCKLING)  
This is getting good.  
(CHEERING)

**MICHAEL:**

first, the demon counters,  
Taker reverses,  
and as they lock up,  
it's clear that these two  
supernatural forces  
are evenly matched.  
We're in  
for a wild ride, folks.  
(SCOOBY SCREAMING)  
-(THUD)  
-Phew!  
Stay on Inferno,

I've got another plan.  
Like, how many  
plans are there?  
Just get us to  
Deadman's Curve.  
It's our only chance.  
That sounds like  
a horrible plan!  
Uh-huh, uh-huh.  
Shaggy, Scooby,  
you can do this, remember?  
You ate dozens of these  
Deadman's Curve pretzels.  
They're an exact  
copy of the route.  
She's right. Like,  
we know every turn.  
We do?  
Like the back of our bellies.  
Scooby-Doo, we can do this!  
Oh, yeah. Right, right,  
-left, left.  
-(ENGINE REVVING)

**MICHAEL:**

above tremble  
as these two Goliaths  
battle it out.  
With neither one showing  
any sign of backing down  
as they approach  
the pinnacle of this race,  
-Deadman's Curve.  
-(THUNDER RUMBLING)

**KOFI:**

The company car  
takes the leap first  
followed closely  
by the Demon Rig.  
(INFERNO YELLING)

**KOFI:**

Whoo! Parachutes have popped.

-No!

-No!

Are you sure about this?

Trust me. Don't stop!

(ALL SCREAMING)

**KOFI:**

The Mystery Machine

has tethered itself

to the Demon Rig.

This is some plan, Fred.

**FRED:**

(GROWLING)

-(GROWLING)

-Your end is near, demon.

Prepare to be punished.

Woo-hoo!

This race is in the bag.

**KOFI:**

weight of two vehicles

is causing the Demon Rig

to fall faster.

What?

**KOFI:**

falls to second place.

**MICHAEL:**

this death-defying

parachute plunge,

Inferno and Undertaker

continue their epic match.

Nowhere to run, demon.

Nowhere to hide.

You are mine.

(GRUNTING)

(GROWLING)

(ALL SCREAMING)

**KOFI:**

to the Mystery Machine

to escape the Undertaker.

Go, guys, go!  
(TIRES SCREECHING)  
You won't escape the  
Undertaker that easy, demon.

**MICHAEL:**

other Superstars  
return to Terra firma,  
we're back to a road race  
for the home stretch  
of the Muscle Moto X.  
You will both pay!  
Ah! Oh! Ow!

**MICHAEL:**

competition in sight,  
the Mystery Machine  
finishes first.  
I will not stop!  
But, like, we will.  
(TIRES SCREECHING)  
(YELLING)  
(GRUNTING)

**MICHAEL:**

pummeled by pretzels!  
And the Undertaker  
takes second place,  
piloting the Demon Rig!  
(BELL TOLLS)  
-(FIREWORKS FIRING)

**-CROWD:**

Undertaker! Undertaker!  
(GROWLING)  
(CROWD CHEERING)

**MICHAEL:**

yourselves, folks.  
The Undertaker's about  
to deliver judgment.  
(GRUNTING)  
(GRUNTING)  
Huh?

(CHUCKLING)

That was the Last Ride.

It's over.

**CROWD:**

This is awesome!

That one was for Dusty.

(GROWLING)

It's not over!

(GROWLING)

And now you will

rest

in

peace.

-(THUD)

**-BOTH:**

Tombstone Piledriver!

Now, it's over.

(BELL RINGING)

**MICHAEL:**

-Yay!

-Yay!

What a way to finish

the Muscle Moto X!

(GROWLING)

Now let's see

who this really is.

**ALL:**

We suspected

it had to be a Superstar

when the demon broke out

of The Miz's wrestling hold.

But Triple H wasn't the

mastermind behind all this,

was he, Stephanie?

Oh, no.

You know what, Dad?

I told you to fire them,

but you never listen.

This is so heavy.

But we saw them both

in the car during the races.  
You thought you did,  
but you saw this.

**VELMA:**

airbag dummy.  
-(GROWLING)  
-(POP)  
-Then who was driving?  
-Stephanie was.  
With remote  
motion-control gear.  
That way, she could drive  
while sitting  
in the passenger seat.  
Meanwhile, Triple H  
could be Inferno  
and use the same  
motion-control system  
to drive the Demon Rig.

**VELMA:**

Stephanie in the company car.  
At the lake, it was Triple H.  
That way Stephanie  
could be the demon  
in case anyone  
suspected her husband.  
Sorry about this, honey.  
Make it real, Steph.  
-(GROWLING)  
-(GRUNTING)  
(SIGHS)  
What about the night  
their oil line got cut?  
Why would they sabotage  
their own car?  
Triple H wasn't intending to.  
What he was doing  
was changing the airbags  
from the Triple H dummy  
to the Stephanie dummy.  
That's why there was talcum  
powder on the ground.

But Shaggy and  
Scooby saw him...  
-Zoinks!  
-(WHIMPERING)  
...so he cut the oil line  
to cover his activities.  
My plan would've worked, too,  
if it weren't for you  
meddling kids and your...  
Your speedster dog!  
Don't forget Taker.  
Thank you, Scooby-Doo.  
The only mystery left is,  
where did you go every time  
Inferno showed up?  
Well, uh, to tell  
you the truth,  
I was practicing.  
I planned to sing  
the national anthem  
at the closing  
ceremony tonight.  
But what I want to know is,  
why, Stephanie? Why?  
To win.  
And to make Muscle  
Moto X a huge success.  
Dad, I wanted to show you  
that I could do it all.  
But I've always known that.  
The only reason I didn't want  
you in the race is that  
I didn't want you to get hurt.  
Well, I'm afraid this time,  
you're gonna have to pay  
for your mistakes, kiddo.  
(LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY)  
This must be kind of tough  
on you, Mr. McMahan.  
I'm not worried.  
They'll learn their lesson.  
And my lawyers will have  
this whole thing sorted out  
in 24 hours.

They're that darn good.

(TONELESSLY)

O'er the land  
Of the free  
And the home  
Of the brave  
Nailed it.

I heard you got plans for  
your winnings, Undertaker.  
Indeed.

Thanks to my teammates,  
Skinny Man and Dead Meat  
and their pals,  
my little creatures  
of the night will  
now experience  
the magical art of puppetry.  
And what are you guys  
doing with your share  
of the winnings?

Fair's fair.

It's going to Dusty Rhodes.  
And his American dream.

Don't know how  
to thank you boys.

I've been so down,  
I couldn't even sleep.  
Just spent the nights  
a-walking.

The good news is,  
it rehabbed my back  
and now I feel great.

(CROWD CHEERING)

-(GROWLING)

-(GASPING)

Rusev and I have gift.

Like, don't you  
want to crush us?

In race, yes.

But is important to be good  
sport after competition.

-Rusev hug!

-(BONES CRACKING)

Next year, we add sharks.

Today, the bell tolls  
to honor the triumph  
of Team Taker  
and all the WWE Superstars.

-Victory is ours.

-(BELL TOLLS)

(FRED CHUCKLING)

(BOTH CHUCKLING)

Scooby-Dooby-Do!

(ALL CHEERING)

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)