

Scoob, Dog in the City

written by

Evan Yeong and Luke Doty

Address
Phone
E-mail

SCOOBY-DOO: DOG IN THE CITY - PILOT

ACT ONE

EXT. COLD OPEN, APARTMENT ROOFTOP - GOLDEN HOUR

SARAH, an adorkable young woman, emerges from the rooftop doorway. She wears a red summer dress with a shawl loosely draped around her shoulders. Music from a party somewhere below streams up through the open door. SARAH crosses the rooftop to watch the sun as it begins to set. Silhouetted against the sunset, she is the beautiful object of the camera's male gaze.

From the rooftop doorway, TOM, a conventionally attractive yet approachable white man, stumbles affably onto the roof, picking confetti from his white button-up with rolled cuffs. He approaches SARAH, reaches out, and rests a friendly (but maybe more than friendly?) hand on her shoulder. SARAH clasps her hand over his without turning around. Together they gaze at the setting sun. Behind TOM, a spectral hand reaches out and rests on his shoulder. TOM clasps the hand without turning around. We pan back to see a GHOST, leathery pale skin pulled back at the lips, similarly hued suit, and eyes that glow a ghastly green, also taking part in the tender moment. On the GHOST's shoulder, another reassuring hand appears. It's SARAH's hand. The camera pulls back to show that SARAH, TOM, and the GHOST are forming a triangle of shoulder-touches. SARAH and TOM recoil in shock. The GHOST recoils in spook.

TOM

I'm in love with my best friend! I tell women I'm looking for commitment but the best they can hope for is that we date for half a season

The GHOST looks at TOM quizzically.

SARAH

(as an aside to the GHOST)
Like fall or spring.

TOM

before I leave them to find someone else's time to waste!

SARAH

*I eat cat food. I tried my kitty's Meow Mix just one time and I can't stop! **It's delicious!***

(CONTINUED)

GHOST

Ooo0000oo000000oo00000oo0000!

CUT TO

OPENING CREDITS - THE CLASSIC *SCOOBY-DOO, WHERE ARE YOU!* THEME PLAYS, BUT WITH, LIKE, TRAP ELEMENTS OR SOMETHING

Wide shot, the Mystery Machine on a hill, full moon in the sky, down the road far below awaits a spooky, isolated manor. As the van approaches, lights blink to life in the darkness surrounding the building. All around the van are the swell of street lights, lit windows, zooming headlights, and above them all the sun rising over the sleepy city of Coolstropolis. As the Mystery Machine pulls up to the curb, the creepy manor is revealed to be a creepy apartment building. The gang excitedly disembark, with a street sweeper shuffling the Mystery Machine off-screen behind them.

As the following scenes progress the passage of time throughout a single day is shown with the sun growing darker. SCOOBERT DOO, a large brown Great Dane with dark brown spots, and NORVILLE "SHAGGY" ROGERS, 27, a lanky man with a goatee, long unkempt hair, and loose-fitting clothing, run into a restaurant for a split second before racing into another, arms laden with food; VELMA, 25, bookish, bespectacled, and dressed like a librarian who gets cold easily, enters a university building and immediately begins lecturing at a blackboard to a room full of grizzled, tenured professors; DAPHNE BLAKE, 26, a vivacious redhead who doesn't know the meaning of the word, is implored by a street-involved man begging for alms, and she dumps a shopping bag full of designer clothing into his hands (a visual gag to change from episode to episode); FRED JONES, 27, your classically handsome all-American man, sees a ghoul behind every corner, only for them to be revealed to be nothing (a WEREWOLF is a VERY HAIRY MAN, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER is a BODY-BUILDER), though the last is a REAL GHOST, looking very much like a person under a white sheet with holes cut into it, that chases him and his friends. Now evening, the gang and their pursuer end up tumbling onto a couch abandoned on the curb, with the REAL GHOST reaching out to click off a discarded standing lamp.

1 INT. THE MYSTERY MACHINE, A ROOMY VW VAN, CLEARLY DRIVING 1
DOWN THE SAME ROAD SHOWN IN THE OPENING CREDITS

We see FRED sitting behind the wheel, VELMA in the passenger seat, and DAPHNE between them. SCOOBY and SHAGGY are lounging about in the back, and we join them in the middle of a very serious conversation about sandwich bread.

(CONTINUED)

SHAGGY

...like, I'm telling you, buddy,
ciabatta is the obvious answer!

SCOOB

Riabatta? Ro way!
(pausing and thinking)
Rourdough?

SHAGGY

(pulls a bag out from
under a beanbag chair)
Sourdough for sandwich numero uno! Now
about sandwiches two through seventeen-

CUT TO:

The front of the Mystery Machine, with SHAG and SCOOB
beginning to construct a giant Dagwood sandwich in the
background.

DAPHNE

I can't believe it, finally settling
down after all this time.

VELMA

Oh Daphne, it hasn't been *that* long.

DAPHNE

You're right, it's just that sometimes
it feels like we've been doing this for
the past fifty years.

VELMA

Why did you opt for a big city anyway,
Fred? I'm checking Google Maps and
there's not a rundown asylum, abandoned
mine shaft, or decrepit farmhouse for
miles around. It's even been years since
the last time a traveling circus came
through this area.

FRED

Honestly, I thought that we all deserved
a break, and a big city has something
for absolutely everyone. And what better
city than-

SHAGGY and SCOOBY peek over DAPHNE's shoulders, their Dagwood
momentarily uneaten.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

A digital billboard seen through the Mystery Machine's windshield that reads:

WELCOME TO COOLSTROPOLIS!
The Most Haunted-est Place on Earth

CUT BACK TO:

The front of the Mystery Machine. SCOOBY and SHAGGY can be seen quaking in the back. FRED is trying to hide his excitement, DAPHNE is none too pleased, and VELMA is furrowing her brow.

VELMA
"Haunted-est" isn't even a word!

SHAGGY AND SCOOBY
(terrified shrieking)

CUT BACK TO:

The billboard, where a tilt downward reveals:

POPULATION:
2,000,001 [LIVING]
1,999,999 [GHOSTS]

SCOOBY (TO SHAGGY) (CONT'D)
Well, at least we outnumber the rhosts!

CUT BACK TO:

The billboard changing to read:

POPULATION:
2,000,000 [LIVING]
2,000,000 [GHOSTS]

CUT TO:

A shot of the Mystery Machine continuing toward the city of COOLSTROPOLIS, shaking wildly back and forth. Muffled screaming can be heard.

EXT. THE CURB IN FRONT OF TAKAMOTO PLACE, A FAIRLY MODERN-LOOKING APARTMENT BUILDING.

The Mystery Machine pulls up and parks in front of the apartment.

CUT TO:

A shot of FRED staring up at TAKAMOTO PLACE through the driver's side window.

(CONTINUED)

He slowly rolls down the window, and as he does so the hubbub inside the vehicle grows in volume. DAPHNE, VELMA, SCOOBY, and SHAGGY are all yelling simultaneously.

CUT TO:

The inside of the Mystery Machine, where DAPHNE, VELMA, SCOOBY, and SHAGGY all taking turns yelling at FRED.

DAPHNE

No, Fred, you *promised* that we were all going to take a year to set down roots and really explore ourselves. I can't believe that you would do this to us, let alone me-

VELMA (ANGRILY)

Fredrick Herman Jones are you aware that willful partial disclosure of our destination could be construed as a *false declaration* and is not exonerated by your constitutionally explicit Fifth Amendment rights-

SHAGGY

Like, Fred ol' buddy ol' pal, what's it gonna take for you to turn this here van around and head to less spooky pastures? How about-

(rummages around behind his back and pulls out a brightly coloured box labelled "Scooby Snacks!")

-three Scooby Snacks. Would you do it for three Scooby snacks?

The camera zooms in on FRED, who furrows his brow and opens his mouth as if about to respond, then pauses. He thinks to himself for a moment and raises his eyebrows and purses his lips.

FRED

Well, now that you mention it I have always-

SHAGGY (CHEWING)

You drive a hard bargain! Three! Best I can do is three Scooby Snacks!

FRED

(crossly)

No.

(CONTINUED)

SCOOBY (MOROSELY)

We should've rosen riabatta...

SCOOB lifts up the Dagwood for us to see that the liquid in the dozens of fillings has soaked right through the sourdough.

DAPHNE (DEFEATED)

That's right, Scoob, I guess there's no point fighting the inevitable. Out of the van, everyone.

She motions to FRED as VELMA, SCOOBY, and SHAGGY disembark.

Let me see the lease, Fred, I want to know just what kind of person rents out an apartment in the "haunted-est city" in America.

DAPHNE takes the held out paper and looks down at it while exiting the Mystery Machine, only to pause midway.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Does this say our landlord is *OLD MAN JENKINS*???

EXT. THE CURB IN FRONT OF TAKAMOTO PLACE, A FAIRLY MODERN-LOOKING APARTMENT BUILDING.

The gang's LANDLORD is a curmudgeonly old man who glares down at them from the front doorway through thick lenses.

JENKINS OLDMAN

That's *Jenkins Oldman* you illiterates!
(quickly)
And before you say it, no relation.

DAPHNE

I don't think anyone thought you were related to-

JENKINS OLDMAN (INTERRUPTING)

Yes, yes, wine expert and American entrepreneur Mark Oldman. Again, we are not related! Never could stand wine, anyway,
(mumbling)
really exacerbates my sciatica.

OLDMAN notices that DAPHNE is holding the lease.

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Ah, good, I see you've had ample time to scrutinize the lease, so you know that under no circumstances does Takamoto Place accommodate pets-

SCOOB stealthily creeps backward into the Mystery Machine's open sliding door.

JENKINS OLDMAN (CONT'D)

(suddenly, loudly
addressing VELMA)

-and that means I don't want to see you trying to sneak your six cats in here, ma'am!

SCOOB takes advantage of the opportunity to drop back into the Mystery Machine and pull the door shut quickly with a click.

VELMA

(incredulous)

Just how old do you think I am?

FRED

Velma, you don't look a day over...

(scratches his head)

Thirty?

DAPHNE glares at and viciously elbows FRED in the gut, who yelps.

VELMA

(icily)

Thanks, Fred.

DAPHNE

How about we take a look at our units, Mr. Oldman?

The Mystery Machine door slides open to reveal SCOOBY-DOO dressed in clothing that gives him the appearance of a high-class British human man.

SCOOBY-DOO

(to everyone)

Rirect us to our rooms, rood man!

SHAGGY

(whispering behind his hand)

Aw, Scoob, we both know your Minnesotan accent is your best!

(CONTINUED)

FRED silently implores the heavens for help, but when he turns his gaze down he sees that in the hubbub an overzealous law enforcement officer has clamped a wheel lock to the Mystery Machine.

4 INT. A STANDARD TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT, LIKE YOU WOULD SEE IN 4 REAL LIFE

FRED easily puts down 220 lbs of his and SHAGGY's belongings with both hands while cradling his phone between his cheek and shoulder.

FRED

(on the phone)

You can pick it up immediately, really?
I mean, that's great, but like I said I was looking to get at least- Oh, you've already transferred the full payment?
Well, consider it sold, just please take good care of my-

FRED takes his phone from his shoulder and stares down at it, seeing that the person on the other end has hung up.

SHAGGY and SCOOBY enter the apartment carrying a large rectangular box between them, SCOOBY holding up his end with a rope that he clutches in his teeth, OLDMAN in tow.

JENKINS OLDMAN

(squinting up at SCOOBY-
DOO)

You know, I've never seen anyone move-in quite like that before.

SCOOBY

(putting down the box with
SHAGGY and flopping his
paws back and forth like
limp human hands)

Rit's my rosteoarthritis!

SHAGGY, standing behind OLD MAN JENKINS, frantically mimics wearing a top hat and daintily sipping tea.

SCOOBY (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Ry good ran!

CUT TO:

FRED standing at the window, looking down at a man who opens the Mystery Machine and steps behind the wheel. He flips down the sun visor, finds the keys, and starts the engine.

(CONTINUED)

FRED smiles wistfully to himself, perhaps thinking of the good times spent with the van. His expression morphs to horror as the vehicle pulls away with wheel lock still in place, loudly and violently clunking away.

CUT BACK TO:

OLD MAN JENKINS

(squinting at the steadily
growing wall of cardboard)

So *all* these boxes are full of fridges?
How much food could you possibly eat?

SHAGGY and SCOOBY make eye contact and begin giggling, which morphs into chuckling, then laughter, before eventually they are both fully guffawing, clutching their sides and pointing mockingly at JENKINS OLDMAN.

SHAGGY

(wiping tears from his
eyes)

Oh, man. Like, these fridges aren't for
food. These are pristine collector's
items!

SCOOBY

Rimited edition rigidaire. Rop o' the
rine!

SHAGGY

(motioning to the kitchen)

That one over there should be just fine
for us. I mean, can you imagine placing
even a *single* olive in the
(opening the box)

Whirlpool Narnia™?

The angle shifts so that we can only see SCOOBY, SHAGGY, and JENKINS OLDMAN's faces as they gaze upon the kitchen appliance, which glows like the briefcase in a movie everyone pretends to have seen before.

SCOOBY

Or the **Rirlpool Rardis™** as it's rarketed
across the rond.

SHAGGY

(excitedly)

Also known as the **Whirlpool Mark Z.
Danielewski's Fridge of Leaves™** in
certain circles! *This isn't just a
fridge, man. This isn't just a fridge.*

(CONTINUED)

Clearly uncomfortable with the frenzied look in SHAGGY's eyes, OLDMAN backs away slowly.

5 INT. A STANDARD TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT, LIKE YOU WOULD SEE ON TV

VELMA enters the apartment gawking, in awe at the size of the place, an absolute unit. DAPHNE strides in seemingly content with its staggering dimensions. Both are holding a purse and a few small boxes each. Following in after them is a YOUNG MAN, late teens, shabbily dressed, bent over backward under the sheer weight of their belongings.

YOUNG MAN
(gasping for breath)
Where do you want all of this?

DAPHNE
Oh, that's all mine, you can set it over on that side of the living room.

The other side of the living room is already very full, stacked almost to the ceiling with handcrafted Portuguese furniture, fine French paintings, and South Korean beauty products. The YOUNG MAN does as directed.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Thank you so much for all of your help, by the way. It would've been nice of our friends to lend us a hand, but they had their fridges to move.

YOUNG MAN
Is there a lot more left?

VELMA
(still gawking, starting quietly and trailing off)
I suppose that would depend on your definition of "a lot", as the term is subjective and varies-

The YOUNG MAN heads down for another load, leaving the two alone.

DAPHNE
Wasn't it so nice of him to help us with our things?

VELMA
(audibly gulping)
Uh, Daphne, how much did you say the rent was for this unit again?

(CONTINUED)

DAPHNE

Velma, you know I don't like talking
about money.

Putting down her boxes, DAPHNE saunters into the kitchen and pulls a pen and a piece of paper out of her purse. She writes down a figure, turns it over, and slides it across the counter to VELMA. VELMA tentatively reaches out to pick it up, slowly flipping it up toward herself.

VELMA

(strangled, unintelligible
noises)

The YOUNG MAN returns, interrupting any impending conversation, and DAPHNE once again directs him to her side of the room. Before he can depart again she stops him.

DAPHNE

Before you head back down, is there any
way that we can repay you, uh...

DAPHNE looks over at VELMA, who tries to choke out a response to no avail.

MICHEL

(gasps)
It's Michel
(shaky release of breath)
And no, you don't have to
(coughs violently)
repay me just
(gasps)
heed my warning, which
(growing fainter and
fainter as his energy
drains and he turns away)
I'll tell you when I'm back I just have
one last load in the elevator be back in
a sec...

VELMA

(finally finding her
voice)
Daphne I am really looking forward to
living with you but can we *maybe* discuss
this number, because I've calculated out
my living expenses in anticipation of
this move and there may have been a
discrepancy between the number of digits
I originally believed this to be-

MICHEL returns faster than expected, with a much smaller load in his arms. He begins unburdening himself on the same side of the living room. Only for VELMA to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

VELMA (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry, those are mine.

MICHEL puts the final remaining items down in a pile that looks pitiful next to the other across the room. Finally done he turns to the two women.

MICHEL

(catching his breath and pointing shakily at them)

You're all in danger-

(he stares up at the ceiling and lets out a long sigh)

This place is h-

(coughs)

h-

(gasps)

h-

(lets out another deep breath)

haunted.

MICHEL drops his hands to his knees and stands bent over at the waist, the picture of exhaustion.

DAPHNE

(turning to VELMA, brightly)

We are going to have the most amazing time living together. Just look how much room you have for all your things!

6

INT. THE HALLWAY THAT BRIDGES THE SPACE BETWEEN FRED, SHAGGY,6 AND SCOOPY'S AND DAPHNE AND VELMA'S RESPECTIVE APARTMENTS

FRED

(stumbling out of his door and pinching the bridge of his nose)

I think I can understand *why* someone would make a fridge door that looks like a front door, but why put them so *close* to each other?

DAPHNE and VELMA exit their own apartment with MICHEL right behind them.

MICHEL

(imploringly)

I'm being serious! You're all in grave danger!

(CONTINUED)

VELMA

(skeptically)

Don't you think utilizing puns, the lowest form of humour, might hinder the severity of your message a little?

MICHEL

(louder)

Please listen, there really is a GHOST!

SCOOBY and SHAGGY peek out from behind FRED, who has instantly perked up at the word.

SHAGGY

Ghosts, Fred, in the sanctity of our home? Is, like, absolutely nothing, sacred?

SCOOBY-DOO

(about to chime in, pauses for a moment when noticing MICHEL's presence)

I am raken aback by the rauracity!

A *ding* can be heard, and stalking over from the elevator off-screen is PAIGE, a woman in her late 20s who shares a number of facial features with MICHEL.

PAIGE

Michel, stop scaring the new tenants! You know what Oldman said he was going to do if he caught you at this again!

(to the gang)

I am so sorry about this, my younger brother can be a little...excitable at times. My name's Paige Mae, but you can call me Paige.

FRED

Was he making up a story about there being a ghost?

PAIGE

(frowning her brow at his eagerness)

Well, he didn't make up the ghost stories, exactly.

SCOOBY and SHAGGY moan with terror.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

I mean that there have been tales of spirits in this building since long before we lived here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAIGE (CONT'D)

They started sometime in the 1950's, tales of a sinister, ghostly presence that threatened tenants who didn't belong here. Some say it was just some cranky old racist. Others say it was a family that didn't like sharing the laundry room. Either way, the legend has persisted, though I've never personally seen anything.

VELMA

"Ghosts" seem like a probable and unnecessary embellishment, given that the 1950's aligns with the growing prominence of the Ku Klux Klan, whose local presence rose alongside the emergence of the civil-rights movement.

SCOOBY

Also the redlining came under national scrutiny, or the systematic denial of various services, such as housing, to residents of various areas, particularly based on race.

SHAGGY

Yeah, that was also the time when redlining came under national scrutiny, or the systematic denial of various services, such as, like, housing, to residents of various areas, particularly based on race.

VELMA

Wow, Scooby, where did you learn all that? I didn't know you knew how to read (remembering MICHEL and PAIGE) the heavily academic jargon used in many historical texts.

FRED

(frustrated, interjecting)
I'm sure he just heard it on a podcast-

SCOOBY nods seriously yet vigorously.

FRED (CONT'D)

Now can we get back to the topic of ghosts?

PAIGE

Well, like I said, ghost stories have been floating around

(CONTINUED)

Upon hearing the inadvertent play on words MICHEL subtly shakes his head vigorously, which PAIGE notices. She also sees VELMA's stern frown.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Sorry

(laughs)

but Michel and I grew up here and I've never come across any ghosts or ghouls. Sure, some of the other tenants claim to have spotted things, but I think most of it is due to *someone* riling them up.

FRED (VISIBLY EXCITED)

Multiple eyewitness sightings has gotta mean something, and you know what that means! Well, gang, it looks like we've got a-

DAPHNE has been silent for some time, eyes darting from one person to the next, and finally explodes. She addresses each person by violently pointing at them.

DAPHNE

This is *not* a ghost, Fred!

FRED's face falls.

Not a ghost, Scooby and Shaggy!

SCOOBY and SHAGGY breathe a sigh of relief.

Not a ghost

(angrily)

Michel!

MICHEL cringes away shamefully.

PAIGE

(shrugs)

Hey look, I'm really sorry we had to meet this way, but I need to drag my brother back to our place. If there's one thing Oldman hates more than pets it's unnecessary drama. You should try to meet some of the other residents, though, I promise they're not all like Michel.

PAIGE and MICHEL head toward the elevators, leaving the gang outside their respective apartment doors.

(CONTINUED)

DAPHNE
(calmly, smiling)
Now, let's see who else lives in
Takamoto Place.

7 INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN AND AROUND TAKAMOTO PLACE 7

The gang meets at least a dozen different neighbours, with each interaction lasting no more than fifteen seconds, including:

REID, a moody loner in his fifties who slams the door in their faces soon after meeting them. MITCHELL, an eccentric with wild eyes who asks FRED if the Mystery Machine was his vehicle before snapping that "it would look better in red!" BILLY and AMELIA, a younger couple who sneer at the "Mystery Solvers" before walking off, muttering about the "new kids on the block". KARL, who answers the door covered in feathers, anxiously shushing the faint *quacks* from within his apartment. CONALL, who answers the door saying that he just stepped on a nonspecific branded plastic construction brick, spending most of his time clutching the door frame out of agony. EDEN, a nice young woman, actually, who offers SCOOPY a dog treat from a sizable stash which he almost takes, before a well-placed elbow from SHAGGY has his eager maw close and emit an affronted "Rell I never!"

The final door is opened to reveal the GHOST from the cold open! We zoom in on his grisly visage!

GHOST
Ooo0000oo000000oo00000oo000!

FRED, DAPHNE, VELMA, SHAGGY, SCOOPY-
DOO
(simultaneously)
AaaAAAaaAAAAAAaaAAAAaaAAA!

ACT 2

8

INT. HALLWAY IN TAKAMOTO PLACE

8

We open up on that same shot of the GHOST's horrifying features, the gang still screaming. He menaces them as they slowly back away. He takes one step forward and they take one step back. Then again. The third time the GHOST looks down, and realizing what's happening begins chasing them down the hallway.

SHAGGY

(mournfully)

I really feel like we could've kept that going!

VELMA

According to Zeno's paradox if the ghost kept halving the distance to us it would create an infinite number of tasks, thereby preventing it from ever reaching us-

The GHOST swipes a clawed hand through the air, which the gang barely ducks under.

DAPHNE

I think we're gonna need more than a pair o' docs if this ghost catches us!

The end of the hallway has a window, which they find themselves backed up against.

FRED

(holding up a finger in realization)

Wait! I have just the gadget for this!
It should be back in the-

A painful clunking sound can be heard, and the gang look out the window to see the Mystery Machine making its way downtown, driving fast, wheel lock still firmly in place.

While tears form in FRED's eyes as he continues staring out the window, and SCOOBY and SHAGGY are on their knees begging for their lives, DAPHNE shakes all three of them while yelling at them to snap out of it. We zoom in on VELMA closing her eyes, muttering to herself.

(CONTINUED)

VELMA

(under her breath)

Fear is a psychological construct like any other emotion like sorrow or happiness and all I want is to just be happy in this city is that too much to ask for?

SCOOBY

Relma?

VELMA opens her eyes.

DAPHNE

(shocked)

It's gone!

We see the entire gang staring down the long empty stretch of hallway, no sign of the GHOST anywhere.

INT. DAPHNE AND VELMA'S APARTMENT

The gang has gathered in the larger space, and we can see that DAPHNE and VELMA have made some headway in unpacking their belongings. It's clear that even with all of her stuff, DAPHNE is unable to fully furnish and decorate the entire unit.

FRED

I was right, there is a mystery on our hands!

SCOOBY-DOO licks FRED's palm.

SCOOBY

Rastes rike radness!

VELMA

(whispering)

I believe that's dried residue from the tears he was shedding moments earlier.

FRED manages to overhear, and we zoom in on his face.

CUT TO:

A flashback where we see a six-year-old FRED being given the Mystery Machine by his father, who like a Charlie Brown adult can't be seen from the waist up. He reacts in delight and tries to feed the van through the grill with mud as if it's baby food. We then see FRED, thirteen years old, running back and forth, laughing and bouncing a ball off the side of the Mystery Machine.

(CONTINUED)

Following that is FRED in a letterman jacket, walking through the high school parking lot to see the Mystery Machine flanked on both sides by grungy looking cars with tattoo-like decals. He crosses his arms and stares sternly at his van. Finally we see FRED, now in college as evidenced by a heavy book bag and hooded sweatshirt emblazoned with the school's logo, pulling open the Mystery Machine's sliding door and settling in to a bean bag chair to study.

CUT BACK TO:

That same closeup on FRED's stricken face.

FRED
(faintly)
My... Mystery Machine.

Panning back out we see the rest of the gang surrounding him with concern.

SHAGGY
So Fred, buddy, what do you say you get to solving this mystery

FRED
(interjecting)
Machine

SHAGGY
(clearing his throat)
Solving this mystery

FRED
(brokenly)
Machine

SHAGGY
(frantically)
We can't live in a haunted apartment building, man! That's gotta be, like, some kind of health code violation!

SCOOBY
I already rotta wear this rupid ruman ruit!

DAPHNE
(comfortingly)
Fred, how about you go grocery shopping with me?

At these words, SCOOBY and SHAGGY immediately perk up, their mouths starting to drool a little bit.

(CONTINUED)

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Scooby and Shaggy, you lie low. I'm not 100% sure that our landlord was convinced by your disguise, even if he thought that Velma was 100 years old.

VELMA

He assumed I was 65 at the very oldest!
 (pauses)
 And I'll stick around here as well to make sure these two goofballs don't get into any trouble
 (quietly to herself)
 and reassess my living budget calculations.

10

EXT. A STREET NOT TOO FAR FROM TAKAMOTO PLACE

10

FRED and DAPHNE are walking down the sidewalk, FRED unsuccessfully trying to crudely draw an orange flower on a light green skateboard as they do so.

DAPHNE

(watching him struggle)
 I just think it's time to let go. You and the Mystery Machine had some really amazing times together, but where were you even going to put it? Our units don't come with a parking space.

FRED

(finishing up)
 You're right, and that's why I'm officially commissioning the Mystery Machine 2™. A simpler, sleeker form of transportation for an urban environment.

DAPHNE

Fred, the last time you stepped foot on a skateboard we had to take six-weeks off from mystery-solving-

FRED places the Mystery Machine 2™ on the ground and gingerly steps on it, placing both hands on DAPHNE's shoulders to steady himself. DAPHNE doesn't stop walking or talking.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

-and do you remember what happened? We all found the time to *find* ourselves. Velma was able to finish her doctorate, I made a short trip to 27 different countries, and Scooby and Shaggy destroyed every eating competition on the eastern seaboard-

(CONTINUED)

As DAPHNE is talking FRED begins to lose more and more control atop the skateboard, swerving wildly back and forth. In spite of his erratic and violent motions DAPHNE walks on, somehow steady and unmoved.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

-though I suppose it is worth mentioning that this one land developer was able to successfully make millions by dressing up as a Martian and drastically lowering property values, and by the time we heard about the alien he had run off to Bolivia.

As DAPHNE finishes her thought the Mystery Machine 2™ finally shoots out from under FRED's feet, throwing him flat onto his back.

FRED

(groaning)

That's a really good point.

MICHEL jogs up behind the two of them, looking down at FRED and then making eye contact with DAPHNE, who shrugs.

MICHEL

My sister said I'm going stir crazy and kicked me out. Your friends told me you were going shopping and I can take you to the grocery store most of us go to.

FRED

(from down on the sidewalk)

Sure, be my guest.

CUT TO:

FRED, DAPHNE, and MICHEL continue on down the street. We focus on the latter two having a conversation.

MICHEL

I really didn't mean to send you guys packing so soon after you moved in, especially since I helped you, I'm just really worried about this ghost. It's been a few decades since it was last sighted, and I don't know what could be making it so angry.

DAPHNE

Whatever it is, I promise we'll get to the bottom if it right away.

(CONTINUED)

At this point both DAPHNE and MICHEL notice that FRED is standing next to a bus stop, a paint roller in each outstretched hand leaving a strip of light blue and light green paint on an incoming bus. It stops, and the bus driver emerges and begins chasing them.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Well, maybe it'll take a little longer than that.

11 INT. THE FOYER OF TAKAMOTO PLACE

11

SCOOBY and SHAGGY are wandering around, clearly looking for food. A few other tenants pass through to check their mail.

SHAGGY

I know Daphne told us to keep a low profile, Scoob, but like how are we supposed to do that if we don't know where all the hiding spots are?

SCOOBY

(eagerly sniffing the air)
Reah, gotta stay rigrant!

The two follow their noses to a door that's clearly marked LANDLORD'S OFFICE.

SHAGGY

Now if you think about it, stay with me here, maybe the best place to avoid Mr. Oldman is the last place he'll think to find us!

SCOOBY

Renius! Sheer renius!

SCOOBY and SHAGGY crack open the door to see what looks more like a banquet hall than an office, in the centre sits a long, broad table bedecked in dishes of every kind. A small desk can be seen in the far corner of the room. The two of them gasp with delight.

JENKINS OLDMAN enters from a door by the desk, and SCOOBY and SHAGGY let out quiet panicked noises, quickly closing their door as much as possible while still allowing themselves to peek through.

JENKINS OLDMAN

(staring down at his watch)

Midafternoon, the perfect time to sit down to a traditional Oldman feast.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS OLDMAN (CONT'D)
I can't wait to take only one single
bite from each dish, just as my
ancestors did.

SCOOBY
(whimpers)

JENKINS OLDMAN
(hearing)
Eh, what's that? A *dog*?
(standing up)
These tenants know what'll happen if I
ever find out that one of them is hiding
a pet!

JENKINS OLDMAN hurries toward the front door of his office.
SCOOBY and SHAGGY frantically race away and arrange
themselves to look as if they're just entering the building.
OLDMAN exits his office to see them in casual conversation.

SHAGGY
Oh, so like, when you said we should get
some chips you meant *fries*.

SCOOBY-DOO
Raturally. Rinly riced fried rotatoes
rould be called *risps*!

JENKINS OLDMAN
You two, have you seen a dog anywhere in
this building? I will not abide animals
in this establishment!

At his outburst the other building tenants allow SCOOBY and
SHAGGY to be the sacrificial lambs as they avoid eye contact
with their landlord and escape to the elevator.

SCOOBY-DOO
(affronted)
A *dog*? rI do rerieve in a ristinct
reparation between ran and reast. Ri do
rope that rontinues? Reugh, rust
riragine!
(snooty British sound of
disgust)

JENKINS OLDMAN
Ah, erm, yes! Yes, that is my policy and
I do enforce it!

SCOOBY-DOO
Ranimals rin a roper rat!
(snooty British sound of
disgust)

(CONTINUED)

SHAGGY

Yeah, like, you can't have animals in a proper flat!

SCOOBY-DOO

(louder snooty British sound of disgust)

SHAGGY

Dogs and people together in the same space!

SCOOBY-DOO

(even louder snooty British sound of disgust)

With each vocalization of his revulsion SCOOBY and SHAGGY step closer to OLDMAN, who begins shrinking back.

JENKINS OLDMAN

Don't you worry, I'll find that dog if it's the last thing I do!

He runs off to toward the elevators.

SCOOBY

Rackpot.

The foyer empty, the two enter the LANDLORD'S OFFICE and fall upon the spread like an entire pack of ravenous hyenas, SHAGGY taking the vegetarian dishes while SCOOBY eats everything else. Unbeknownst to them the GHOST appears, standing over and looking down on them. SCOOBY notices as he ravages a pot roast with his canine jaws.

SCOOBY haughtily clears his throat with an *ahem* and daintily brushes the food from his face with a napkin. He picks up a fork and knife and cuts himself a small morsel, placing it into his mouth with pinky extended.

SCOOBY takes the most minute of sips from a glass before haughtily clearing his throat yet again.

SCOOBY (CONT'D)

G-g-g-ghost!

SHAGGY

(finally noticing)
Yikes!

GHOST

OooOooOooOooOooOooOooOooOoo!

12

INT. DAPHNE AND VELMA'S APARTMENT

12

VELMA is sitting at a desk in the living room, the luxury of DAPHNE's half of the room clearly visible. In one hand she holds her cellphone to her ear, in the other she alternates between a scientific calculator, her computer keyboard which sits in front of two monitors showing spreadsheets, and an abacus.

VELMA

All I'm saying is that lentils have been shown to be a highly nutritious food high in minerals, protein, and fibre!

CUT TO:

DAPHNE standing in a grocery store with FRED and MICHEL in the background; she's holding her cell phone up to one ear, the other on a shopping cart handle. FRED is motioning to another cart clearly intending for it to be the new Mystery Machine 2™. MICHEL appears unconvinced.

DAPHNE

(drawing her finger down an aisle of canned goods)
 You know me, Velma, I'm always open to new experiences.
 (stopping at a particular can)
 And ooh, what's this? Lentils from the Le-Puy-en-Valey in France farmed in the rich volcanic soil of the Auvergne region! These sound amazing!

CUT BACK TO:

VELMA frantically Googling. The screen shows that Puy lentils are the most expensive available variety. She reacts in shock.

VELMA

(forcing cheeriness)
 But have you considered maybe springing for the humble black lentil? I've heard that in the world of fashion black is always considered "in".

CUT TO:

DAPHNE holding a hand to her forehead in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

DAPHNE

That reminds me! I don't think either of us has very many kitchen items, and I can't believe it but this supermarket actually sells the Black Label Utensil™ set! I'll send you a link and pick one up - we are going to have the *best* apartment together!

DAPHNE's thumbs fly across the screen of her phone and a notification sound can be heard.

CUT BACK TO:

VELMA staring down at her phone, completely frozen with terror.

VELMA

(calmly)

Sorry, Daphne, I have another call to make, I'll talk to you when you guys get back.

VELMA casually hangs up before stoically doing a quick search on her computer. She dials a number and raises the phone to her ear once more.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Hi there, I was just inquiring about your rates for the donation of blood, plasma, eggs, and

(tugging at her hair)

If you know what the minimum length is before you can accept hair.

(pause)

Yes, I'll hold.

CUT TO:

DAPHNE is staring down at her own phone screen, perplexed at just how abruptly their call ended. She shrugs and grabs a Black Label Utensil™ set, placing it in her cart. Looking around, she can't see either MICHEL or FRED.

DAPHNE

Michel? Fred? Where did you guys go?

(to herself)

That's so weird, they were just here.

Turning DAPHNE sees FRED racing down the aisle toward her, one foot on the back of the shopping cart from earlier, the other propelling himself forward.

(CONTINUED)

FRED

Run, Daphne!

DAPHNE

(confused)

What is it, Fred? Is there a sale somewhere? You know I take a lot of pride in finding the best deals.

The GHOST peeks its gruesome mug around the corner before racing maniacally at them. We do a close up on DAPHNE's face as she shrieks.

INT. DAPHNE AND VELMA'S APARTMENT

VELMA shakily puts down her phone, a bundle of nerves. Over her shoulder the GHOST can be seen stealthily opening the door to the apartment! She stands up and turns around, but right before she might see the GHOST it darts into the kitchen.

VELMA takes a few steps toward the kitchen and removes her glasses with shaking fingers. She tries to clean them with her sweater but ends up dropping them. At the same time the GHOST, peering over the counter, spots its opportunity and silently creeps over, only to trip on one of DAPHNE's many belongings, dropping something of its own onto the floor. The two find themselves on their hands and knees simultaneously, with VELMA's glasses and the GHOST's hideous face side by side on the carpet, each farther away from its owner than the other. As the GHOST is taller, the camera cuts it off from the shoulders up.

VELMA

(mumbling)

My glasses, I can't see without my glasses!

(hearing the GHOST crawling closer)

Scooby, is that you?

VELMA touches the GHOST's face on the floor and recoils in disgust before gingerly picking it up. We can see the GHOST reacting in panic due to its hands suddenly tensing.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Scooby, what have we told you about bringing in whatever detritus you've collected outside.

The GHOST picks up her glasses and moves back and forth on its hand and knees like a dog.

(CONTINUED)

VELMA (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, Scooby. You give me back my glasses and I'll give you whatever this is.

VELMA and the GHOST exchange items, placing them over their own faces as they stand up. VELMA finds herself directly in front of the GHOST, which looms over her and raises its arms menacingly.

GHOST

OooOooOooOooOooOooOooOooOoo!

VELMA

Jinkies!

Looking down at the foyer, we can see FRED and DAPHNE storm through the front doors, with DAPHNE surprisingly carrying a bag of groceries. They nearly collide with VELMA, who staggers out of the elevator, winded.

VELMA

There was a g-g-ghost in-

DAPHNE

The supermarket!

VELMA

(gasps)
our apartment.
(through laboured
breathing)
So big, could still be, hiding,
anywhere.

FRED

But wait, how could the ghost be here when we just saw it outside?

At that same moment the doors marked LANDLORD'S OFFICE burst open, SCOOPY and SHAGGY trying in vain to pull the banquet table with them.

SHAGGY

C'mon, Scoob! I think we've almost got it out!

SCOOPY slumps across the surface of the table they've been able to extract from JENKINS OLDMAN's office, looking all the world like a door floating on an icy arctic ocean. Matt Mulholland's cover of "My Heart Will Go On" plays.

(CONTINUED)

SCOOBY

Ri'm so hungry, Raggy.

In his exhaustion SHAGGY has fallen to the floor, but he clasps one of SCOOBY's paws in both of his human hands.

SHAGGY

Listen to me Scoob, you have to promise me you'll eat it all... that you'll never give up... no matter what happens.

SCOOBY

(somberly)

Ri promise.

SHAGGY

Never let go.

SCOOBY

Ri promise. I'll never ret go, Raggy.
I'll never ret go.

We pull back to see that FRED, DAPHNE, and VELMA are all standing just off to the side, watching this all play out.

VELMA

(politely clears her throat)

Uh, guys?

SHAGGY

Velma!

SCOOBY

Red! Raphne!

SCOOBY and SHAGGY brush themselves off and stand alongside their companions.

SHAGGY

We were just minding our own business when we saw this lonely little feast and-

FRED

And you saw a ghost.

SHAGGY

-like, tried to protect it from its clutches! And
(he notices the lone grocery bag)
is that all the food you bought, Daphne?

(CONTINUED)

SCOOBY

How could you? Re rusted you!

DAPHNE

Guys, focus! As much as I hate to admit,
and tried to ignore it, we've got a-

VELMA, FRED, SCOOBY, AND SHAGGY

(seeing the GHOST creep up
behind DAPHNE)

-run away!

The GHOST lunges at the gang with arms outstretched. It ends up chasing them into a narrow hallway lined with doors. They all enter one, the GHOST right on their heels, and it slams shut behind them. What ensues is a classic Scooby-Doo corridor gag, with different members of the gang impossibly emerging from different doors. At first the GHOST is chasing the gang, and then vice versa. A racket can be heard at each entrance, including: a TV, a vacuum cleaner, and angry cat noises. Notably, at one point two GHOSTS emerge from different doors, stare at each other in shock momentarily, and then reenter to their respective portals. JENKINS OLDMAN pokes his head out at a time when no one else is present.

JENKINS OLDMAN

You know the rules! No pets, and
absolutely no running through the
corridors!

He then retreats, at which point the chase scene commences anew, but with each party tiptoeing back and forth between doors. The segment ends with the camera coming up behind the GHOST's shoulder as it appears to have trapped the gang behind a door labeled LAUNDRY ROOM.

The GHOST barges in only to find the gang with arms crossed, toes tapping, angrily expecting it. It pauses.

DAPHNE

There he is!

The GHOST's expression is one of shock and uncertainty.

VELMA opens up a washing machine and holds up a spooky pale jacket.

VELMA

I assume this belongs to you?

(CONTINUED)

DAPHNE
 (dismissively)
 Ugh, whose else could it be?

FRED
 Now look, I know you think you can just go around scaring all the residents of this apartment, but what you *can't* do is take up so many machines at the same time.

SHAGGY
 Or take out someone else's laundry and put your own stuff in-

The GHOST appears chagrined at the accusations.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)
 (motioning to himself)
 Do you have any idea how difficult is maintain the fabric integrity of a deep-V?

VELMA
 Or the delicate cycle needed to treat a merino wool turtleneck?

SCOOBY
 Re all wear rothes that need rashing!

DAPHNE
 (viciously pointing)
 Now listen, mister, you are going to take out aaaall of your things, and you are going to do a load for each of us, and we are *not* going to go to Mr. Oldman about this breach in laundry room etiquette. Do I make myself clear?

The GHOST embarrassingly begins taking various spectral vestments out of the washing machines and begins doing a load. The gang takes advantage of the situation and quietly sneaks out, shutting the door behind them.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 (opening the door and peeking her head back in)
 Oh, and I actually prefer to handwash my delicates, so if you could not put them in with-

(CONTINUED)

The GHOST lifts its head and growls, the realization dawning that the gang has essentially Tom Sawyer'd it into doing their bidding. It growls and turns around, at which point DAPHNE screams and slams the door.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
(muffled through the door)
Guys, wait for me!

ACT 3

16

INT. DAPHNE AND VELMA'S APARTMENT

16

FRED creates a rather impressive barricade against the front door, depositing 220 lbs of DAPHNE's belongings against it at a time. VELMA neurotically scans the internet for any kind of background on the GHOST, while DAPHNE berates SCOOBY and SHAGGY and tells them to stop trying to eat her beauty products.

SHAGGY

(to no one in particular)
I can't believe I'm saying this, but does else think we should, like, split up and look for clues?

DAPHNE

(brightening)
Velma, you always have a hunch that something's not quite right, how close are you to figuring out this mystery?

VELMA

(clearly distraught)
The only thing I'm close to is a complete and total mental breakdown! I've been wracked with anxiety since the moment we arrived and having done my calculations I just don't think I can sustain-

FRED

(talking over VELMA, who continues)
Do you know what would have been a more effective way of barricading this door, gang? Simply stepping behind the wheel of a beautiful Ford Econoline and parking it right in fr-

DAPHNE

(talking over FRED, who continues)
All I ever wanted is to be a good roommate! I finally had the chance to share the best life has to offer with someone else and that's why I always choo-

SHAGGY

(talking over DAPHNE, who continues)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

Like, I know I mentioned that my vintage fridges should stay empty but our actual refrigerator in our actual kitchen is completely bare! It's indecent, it's vulgar, it's-

SCOOBY

(loudly talking over
SHAGGY, DAPHNE, FRED, and
VELMA)

Rand I have to rasquerade as a risgusting ruman *man*! Rit's rexhausting and romplirated and Ri *just ranna be a dog!*

SCOOBY slumps dejectedly onto the carpet, whining, his paws under his chin. After his outburst the entire apartment goes silent.

VELMA

(quietly)

Thank you for telling me how you feel, Daph, I never would have assumed that your drive for excess and extravagance was directly meant to benefit me

VELMA falters.

DAPHNE

(smiling)

My best friend.

SHAGGY

And Fred, I miss the Mystery Machine too, buddy. I always felt safe sitting in the back, even when you were driving us toward a deserted chemical factory.

VELMA

(side-eyeing SCOOBY and
SHAGGY)

It had an appropriate number of seat belts, even if *some* people never wore them.

SCOOBY

Rit was a rine randwich raboratory!

FRED

(smiling sadly)

It was a fine sandwich laboratory, wasn't it?

(pausing for a second)

I'm sorry, everyone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRED (CONT'D)

To Scoob and Shag for not being more on top of stocking the kitchen, but to everyone for bringing us here and then moping about my ba- the Mystery Machine. You've been really patient with me and that means a lot.

FRED stares at his friends with gratitude and admiration.

FRED (CONT'D)

(with renewed confidence)

Now look, I think I have a plan.

17

INT. THE HALLWAY THAT BRIDGES THE SPACE BETWEEN FRED, SHAGGY, AND SCOOPY'S AND DAPHNE AND VELMA'S RESPECTIVE APARTMENTS

SCOOPY and SHAGGY are innocently loitering, not doing much of anything at all.

SHAGGY

So, like, how about that weather, huh?

SCOOPY

(mumbling)

Reas and rarrots reas and rarrots reas and rarrots...

SHAGGY

(sharply)

Scoob, could you maybe write our grocery list some other time?

SCOOPY

Sorry, Raggy! *Ree-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee.*

At that point the GHOST appears!

SHAGGY

Zoinks! Make a run for it, Scoob!

SCOOPY and SHAGGY book it into VELMA and DAPHNE's apartment, the GHOST right behind them. As soon as SCOOPY and SHAGGY run past, VELMA, who is crouching right off to the side of the doorway, pours a sizable amount of Puy lentils onto the floor.

VELMA

(whispering to herself)

Don't think about the cost don't think about the cost don't think about the cost.

The GHOST slips on the uneven surface created by the lentils, falling loudly to the ground in a heap of limbs.

(CONTINUED)

Looking up it sees that SCOOBY, SHAGGY, and VELMA are all escaping and running over to FRED, SHAGGY, and SCOOBY'S apartment. We focus on the GHOST as it brushes itself off, shakily getting to its knees and unleashing a monstrous cry.

The GHOST enters the other apartment only to look down and find itself standing atop the skateboard version of the Mystery Machine 2™. Its momentum causes it to slide forward, picking up speed, and causing it to crash violently into a pile of empty boxes.

We see the world through the GHOST'S shaky eyes, and staring up from the ground, a number of faces form above it, all appearing to belong to JENKINS OLDMAN!

JENKINS OLDMAN 1

You know the rules, no horseplay or roughhousing in my apartment building!

JENKINS OLDMAN 2

You've broken your lease and may no longer live in Takamoto Place!

JENKINS OLDMAN 3

I'm old and curmudgeonly but maybe, just maybe it's to hide a great loss I experienced in the past, and one I can share if only someone would really get to know me.

In a state of panic and blindly trying to escape, the GHOST runs the front door and opens it, flinging itself through. We zoom out to see that it has instead entered a fridge rolled across the entrance, which itself looks like an apartment door. The fridge begins to rock band forth, and muffled thumping can be heard from the inside.

JENKINS OLDMAN and an UNNAMED SECURITY GUARD are kindly escorted into the apartment by DAPHNE, where the rest of the gang waits next to the same fridge, now open, within which rests the GHOST, sitting on the appliance's floor with its arms tied firmly to its sides.

JENKINS OLDMAN

Eh, and who is this pale gentleman?

DAPHNE

This is the ghost we've been telling you about, Mr. Oldman, the one who's been terrifying all of your tenants.

FRED

And we're sure you'll recognize him,
too, because this costumed creep is-

FRED pulls off the GHOST's mask to reveal... someone the gang
has never seen before.

JENKINS OLDMAN

(shocked)

Barry Colton Johnson, it couldn't be!

SHAGGY

(to FRED)

I have, like, no idea who this guy is.

VELMA

But how could you, Shaggy, after all, a
lot of people live in this building, and
the easier question would be which one
of our neighbours *wasn't* one of the
ghosts haunting this apartment.

JENKINS OLDMAN

(confused)

But I don't understand-

The gang opens up various other fridges around the apartment
to reveal that they each hold their own tied-up GHOST, and
each is unmasked.

JENKINS OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Reid? Mitchell? Billy? Amelia? Karl?
Conall? Eden? What's going on, why would
you all do this?

VELMA

It's simple, really. One of the first
reminders you gave us when we moved in
was-

A grainy flashback to the gang on the curb in front of
Takamoto Place.

PAST JENKINS OLDMAN

*...under no circumstances does Takamoto
Place accommodate pets-*

VELMA

This was a strict edict, but it soon
became clear to me that in spite of your
ruling several tenants *did* in fact own
animals.

(CONTINUED)

A grainy flashback to the feathers on KARL's clothing and the faint quacks from within his apartment, EDEN's sizable stash of dog treats, a covered bird cage that one person snuck by while SCOOPY and SHAGGY were creeping about outside OLDMAN's office, and the sound of angry cat noises during the corridor chase scene.

VELMA (CONT'D)

It was the ghost appearing in several places simultaneously-

While she's talking we flash back to the GHOST scaring SCOOPY and SHAGGY in OLDMAN's office, sneaking into the apartment as VELMA is doing her calculations, and chasing FRED and DAPHNE in the grocery store.

VELMA (CONT'D)

-that allowed me to put two and two together and posit that some sort of "pet-owner's association" had been formed by several tenants with the express purpose of scaring away those parties that might either raise your suspicions or otherwise reveal their secret.

ALL UNMASKED GHOSTS

(in unison)

And we would have gotten away with it, too, if it weren't for you meddling young people and your snooty British companion!

The UNNAMED SECURITY GUARD rounds up and begins escorting out the conga line of UNMASKED GHOSTS.

JENKINS OLDMAN

(watching somberly)

To lord land with an iron fist is to reap rebellion. Look what my tenant agreement hath wrought.

(to VELMA, who frowns)

Ma'am, I can't express just how grateful I am to you and your friends for uncovering these troublemakers. It's also revealed to me that maybe some of my rules may have been too strict, and it's time to loosen them.

(to SCOOPY)

And sir, I do hope that this doesn't affect your opinion of this great nation of America.

(CONTINUED)

MICHEL sticks his head through the front door.

MICHEL

Whoa, is that a **Whirlpool Mark Z. Danielewski's Fridge of Leaves™**?

SCOOBY and SHAGGY beam. PAIGE appears behind her brother.

PAIGE

I'm so sorry about earlier, I know I sent Michel to help you out but I needed him to rush back and sign for some stupid kitchen appli-
 (seeing the mass of fridges)
 Sweet mother of mercy.

JENKINS OLDMAN

Michel, Paige, could you please inform any other tenants you see that effective immediately I will be lifting the ban on pets in Takamoto Place.

(to VELMA)

And my eyes aren't what they used to be, ma'am, but I always had my suspicions about that one.

(he motions towards SHAGGY)

Absolutely *horrible* breath.

SHAGGY shrugs and SCOOBY giggles. VELMA rolls her eyes. Zooming out we can see DAPHNE laughing with PAIGE at the doorway. We see that FRED is watching all of this play out like a proud father, and when he hears the grim *clunk* of the Mystery Machine begin anew he simply smiles ruefully and sighs.

FADE OUT.

Text scrawl: A VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM SHAGGY and SCOOBY

Lights draw up on SHAGGY and SCOOBY, who look somberly down the barrel of the camera.

SCOOBY

Remember, rids. Rit's rot okay to rock people rin, or to pray around rith, rerigerators. Rerigerators are rangerous and ran read to ruffocation if you reat rem rike roys.

Text scrawl: THE MORE YOU KNOW