

# Mystery Inc.



**PILOT:**

*"Strangers In The Night"*

Story by

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Teleplay by

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Based on the characters from the animated  
series "Scooby-Doo, Where Are You!"

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## TEASER

### **EXT. CRYSTAL COVE, CA - DAY**

The MYSTERY MACHINE -- a sea-foam green 1964 VW CAMPER (TYPE 2) -- cruises past a SIGN reading: *Welcome to Crystal Cove.*

WE SEE the diversity of this central Californian landscape -- the Pacific Ocean, the Santa Lucia Mountains, redwood forests, rolling hills, wine country... Smack in the center of it all is the charming town of Crystal Cove.

    DAPHNE (V.O.)

We have time for one more question, looks like more of a personal inquiry. Mia @datingdateline asked, "Love the podcast. Where are you from? We should collab sometime." I am from Crystal Cove, California. It's a quiet college town, although, I will say when you've lived your whole life in the same city, you become very aware of all its little quirks. Even its secrets. It is a very... superstitious town. We are known for our urban legends and encounters with the supernatural.

### **INT. POD LOFT - DAY**

The furtive **DAPHNE BLAKE** (22) is talking into her home-DIY podcast setup.

    DAPHNE (V.O.)

And sorry Mia, I would love to collab - but I am a one-woman show. Thanks for all of the great questions. Let me know what you thought about this special Q&A episode. I'll be back next week with another mystery. As always, thanks for listening. I'm Daphne Jeepers and watch out for those creepers.

### **EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - AFTERNOON**

Two juvenile-millennials, **CANDACE** and **ZOEY**, are dressed far too cute for a practical hike.

CANDACE

Right here. This is the spot I had in mind. 'Caption: Not all who wander are lost.'

ZOEY

I wouldn't say a five minute walk from the parking lot counts as wandering.

Candace throws Zoey an unsavory look.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

(walking on eggshells)

You do you.

The mountains stand as the perfect backdrop for an Instagram photo-op. Zoey adjusts the settings on the NIKON D5500 slung around her neck.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

I need to check the exposure. Do something... whimsical.

Candace strikes a rehearsed pose. *CLICK*.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

It's like you've done this before. Gimme a sec. Almost got it.

CANDACE

Oh! There's this rad graffiti mural I want to go to next, down by the pier. I'm thinking graphic tee with my Doc Martens.

ZOEY

(disingenuous)

Yeah, that would be super cute.

A *RUSTLING* sounds from the brush.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Candace, shhh! Did you hear that?

CANDACE

Hear what?

ZOEY

I thought... There was a noise.

CANDACE

(duh)

There's lots of noises, we're in the woods. Are you ready yet?

ZOEY

Sorry, I just need to change the shutter speed. I still have it set to--

(Candace is too absorbed with her phone to care about Zoey's camera jargon.)

SUDDENLY -- a noticeably louder *RUSTLING* interrupts the moment. Both, Candace and Zoey freeze-up.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Tell me you heard that?

CANDACE

Can we please hurry? Now you've got me all paranoid.

Zoey steps off the foot trail to investigate.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Zoey, don't. This isn't funny.

ZOEY

I'm just gunna check it out.

Zoey arms herself with her camera. She disappears behind thick redwood trees. Candace waits on pins and needles.

CANDACE

...Anything?

ZOEY (O.S.)

Nothing. Just a squirrel, I think. We're good.

Candace exhales. Relief. Back to her phone.

CANDACE

This is why I say 'no' to "outdoorsy" activities. The sooner we leave, the better.

Zoey staggers out from the forest.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

What if for this shot I'm looking out at the--



Candace spots the crimson stain spreading across Zoey's Oxford top.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Zo...?

Zoey is pale white. Blood seeping from the GASH across her torso. She collapses.

Candace *SCREAMS*. An **UNKNOWN ENTITY** moves in for her ... its next victim.

In the final moments of Zoey's life, she snaps a photo.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. CRYSTAL COVE POLICE STATION - DAY**

**SERGEANT PEREZ** (39, for the last several years now) snatches the FOLDER from her portly, inferior **DEPUTY BUCKY** (30s). **RANGER HIGHTOWER** (40s) is ready to help in any way he can.

PEREZ

Double homicide in the woods. What do we got?

HIGHTOWER

Can't rule out an animal attack.

PEREZ

Bucky?

BUCKY

The lacerations suggest a 3-4" blade. We're likely looking for a camping or pocket knife.

PEREZ

Good work, Bucky.

BUCKY

Thank you, ma'am.

PEREZ

Deputy. Do not ever call me ma'am. It's Sergeant Perez or Sarge. Do you understand?

Hightower and Bucky's eyes meet. Bucky just stepped onto forbidden ground.

BUCKY  
Sorry. I mean, yes, Sergeant.  
(swallows hard)  
Um?

PEREZ  
What is it?

BUCKY  
There's more.

Bucky opens a FORENSICS FOLDER.

BUCKY (CONT'D)  
One of the victims was able to  
capture a photo of the assailant.

HIGHTOWER  
Great. Let's see it.

Bucky reveals a photo to Perez and Hightower -- AWAY FROM  
CAMERA.

HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)  
Is that what I think it is?

BUCKY  
I know you're new around here but  
this town has a history.

PEREZ  
No. We're not doing this again. I  
don't care what urban legends this  
county was built on. Find me a  
tangible suspect.

BUCKY  
Yes, ma'am.

Perez stiffens. Bucky retreats, immediately recognizing his  
error.

HIGHTOWER  
I'll see what I can find on my end.

Hightower exits.

Beyond -- from the entryway -- the gorgeous but foolhardy  
Daphne Blake intrudes to catch up to Bucky at his desk.

BUCKY  
Oh, no.

DAPHNE

Bucky! Heyyyyyy!

BUCKY

Not now, Miss Blake. There's nothing to report.

DAPHNE

Grizzly murder? Two teenage girls killed? You don't believe that's worth reporting? How do you think the victims' parents would react to that comment?

Damn, she's manipulative. Bucky detects the TAPE RECORDER in Daphne's grips.

BUCKY

(backpedaling)

I didn't say that. What I meant is, I don't have anything I can report as of right now.

DAPHNE

Come on, Bucky. Give me something. My listeners are hungry for a good murder-mystery.

BUCKY

You're sick.

DAPHNE

Okay. Can I at least see the photos?

BUCKY

I don't know what you're talking about.

DAPHNE

I know there are pics. One of the victims, Zoey Jaspers, was doing a photoshoot with Candace Wallace when the attack happened. She had to have captured something.

BUCKY

How do you know these things?

DAPHNE

*Dateline. Serial. Making a Murderer.*

Bucky is baffled that someone so beautiful could be interested in something so morbid.

                  DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
I also follow Zoey on Instagram.  
Please, Bucky?

                  BUCKY  
I can't. Not again.

                  DAPHNE  
You're right. It would be a shame  
for Head Detective Perez to find  
out about the last time.

Bucky is cornered.

                  BUCKY  
...If I show you, you cannot share  
what you see on your podcast.

Daphne is clearly conflicted.

                  DAPHNE  
What if, I promise my lips are  
sealed until the case is solved.  
Deal?

Bucky submits to Daphne's charm. He opens the folder, tosses an ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH onto his desk. Daphne leans in.

                  DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
Is that a...?

                  BUCKY  
We don't know that.

                  DAPHNE  
Interesting.

Fear/excitement overcomes her.

                  DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Bucky.

                  BUCKY  
Yer' welcome. Daphne.

**EXT. CRYSTAL COVE POLICE STATION - DAY**

Daphne climbs into her 2018 AUDI TT ROADSTER. She puts the key in the ignition, but does not start the engine.

WE NOTICE a sleek, inconspicuous purple cylinder of PEPPER SPRAY on her KEYCHAIN.

Her disposition changes -- dropping the lighthearted facade, revealing a much more serious, even darker side of her.

DAPHNE

(into her tape recorder)

As if the savage slaying of two young women, full of life and promise wasn't horrifying enough. Evidence suggests there could be other elements at play here, elements beyond this realm, making this case even more haunting. This mystery is evolving rapidly and with each new thread of information, a slew of new and perplexing questions that challenge every belief you thought you had.

The convertible coupe *SCREECHES* out of the parking lot.

**INT. CRYSTAL COVE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Deputy Bucky redirects his attention to the photograph on the table. Shivers. It frightens him.

TILT DOWN/PUSH IN to see the contents of the image:

Candace's lifeless body is planted on the foot trail. Blood pools beneath her. But what is most unsettling is the foggy, obscure personage looming over Candace's body.

It appears to be a ghost ...

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE**EXT. OAKS PASS - ROCK WALL - DAY**

A shirtless, athletically lean man -- **NORVILLE "SHAGGY" ROGERS** (24) -- approaches the face of a 30-foot rock wall.

Latched to his hip is what appears to be a red SWISS-ARMY KNIFE, tucked into a HOLSTER.

Bohemian tattoos scatter his body, up to his neck. When was this guy's last haircut? Better yet, last shower?

Intense *RUSTLING* echoes from the forest behind him. Shaggy looks over his shoulder -- something is coming. And fast!

Bursting out of the brush comes Shaggy's ever-faithful dog -- **SCOOPY-DOO** (4). Shaggy gives Scooby a good ear rub.

SHAGGY

Hey, Scoobs. You find anything out there? Stay here while Daddy does his climb, 'kay.

Scooby plops onto his side. Shaggy sizes up his competition -- the looming rock wall.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

(psyching himself up)

Let's do it.

Shaggy chalks his hands and undertakes the boulder.

The climb is advanced -- at least a V12 (in climber's terms). But Shaggy is long and limber. Built for this kind of terrain.

For moments, Shaggy holds himself in place with nothing more than a narrow foot-hold and a friction-grip.

Shaggy scales upwards. He hugs the wall while he hooks his heel into a nook. Readies himself. Then, launches from his feet to a hand-hold several feet above him.

Scooby glances up ... unimpressed.

Shaggy wipes the sweat from his brow. With a few more masterly moves, Shaggy reaches the peak.

He stands, overlooking the view of Big Sur. It's incredible!

ABRUPTLY -- Shaggy remembers the most important part. He digs into his cargo shorts. Pulls out ...

A rolled-up DOOBIE. Shaggy grins, pops the joint in his mouth. And lights one up.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. MUSEUM OF PARANORMAL CORROBORATION - DAY**

**DALE** and **ANGIE DINKLEY** (60s) light **ROSARY CANDLES** around the gift shop. They clearly haven't left the '60s.

ANGIE  
Velma, dear?

Lost in a **BOOK** behind the checkout counter, the cynical, rectangular-rimmed maverick -- **VELMA DINKLEY** (20) rolls her eyes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Velma?

VELMA  
I can hear you.

ANGIE  
Honey, your father and I are going to the beach. It's a full moon tonight. Could you lock up?

VELMA  
I can't. I have a study group.

DALE  
Couldn't you reschedule?

VELMA  
No.

ANGIE  
Please, Velm-bug? We really want to try out this new Wiccan liturgy we read up on.

DALE  
It would mean a lot to your mother and me.

VELMA  
Whatever. Fine. I'll let my study partner know I'm going to be late.

Velma shoots off a text.

DALE  
Thank you, sweetie.

ANGIE  
You know, you were conceived on a  
full moon.

VELMA  
Gross! Why would you say that?

ANGIE  
As the moon waxes, estrogen levels  
rise and peak at the full moon.

DALE  
Sex is a natural part of being.  
It's important to explore--

VELMA  
NAHHH!!! Not something I want to  
discuss. Go! Bye! Have fun!

Dale and Angie exit as Daphne enters.

Velma returns to her book with a shutter. Daphne takes in the  
odd novelties and artifacts surrounding her.

DAPHNE  
Excuse me? Hi.

VELMA  
What can I do for you?

DAPHNE  
I'm looking for literature on  
apparitions. Seems like I came to  
the right place.

VELMA  
(sarcastic)  
What would make you think that?

DAPHNE  
Um.  
(looking at the obvious;  
not wanting to offend)  
Because...

VELMA  
Back corner.



**INT. OLD JOE'S GARAGE - DAY**

A muscular, tow-headed **FRED JONES JR** (23) wheels out from underneath a vehicle. His co-worker **SAL RUSSO** (20s) hands him a SOCKET WRENCH.

SAL  
Dude, Jonesey. You got plans tonight?

FRED  
You mean, besides working the graveyard shift? Nah.

SAL  
Right. Well, there's a kegger tonight at Skippers Lake. You should stop by, a ton of girls from CCU will be there.

FRED  
Not really my scene. Have fun, Sal.

SAL  
But not too much, right, Mr. Boy Scout?

FRED  
Just don't do anything stupid. I'm not picking your ass up because you had too much to drink.

**OLD JOE** (70s) yells from the back office.

OLD JOE  
Less talkin', more workin'.

SAL  
Find my own ride home. Got it.

Sal does "finger guns" to Fred and dashes off.

FRED  
Idiot.

Back to work.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - TRAIL HEAD - AFTERNOON**

Shaggy and Scooby emerge from the trail. Hightower, the park ranger, is leaving a TICKET for an ill-parked VW bus.

SHAGGY

Whoa! Hey! What are you doing?

HIGHTOWER

You, sir, are parked illegally.

SHAGGY

Illegally? Whaddaya mean!

HIGHTOWER

More than half the vehicle is in the handicap spot. You can't be doing that.

SHAGGY

C'mon, man. Really. Like how many handicapped people are going hiking in the mountains?

HIGHTOWER

Look, you really shouldn't be out here. Two bodies were found in the woods this week.

SHAGGY

Bodies? Like dead bodies??

Hightower notices the (now) empty holster on Shaggy's hip.

HIGHTOWER

You lose something?

SHAGGY

What? Oh, yeah. Musta fallen out during my climb.

HIGHTOWER

What's it look like?

SHAGGY

Eh. Red, compact. Nothing fancy.

HIGHTOWER

Were you climbing over by Oaks Pass?

Shaggy nods.

HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)

(re: Scooby)

And who is this?

SHAGGY

Ah! This is my puppy-dog, Scooby-Doo.

Shaggy kisses Scooby, who licks his face in return. Hightower rips off another TICKET. Hands it to Shaggy.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

What's this?

HIGHTOWER

We have a policy: dogs must be on a leash at all times.

SHAGGY

Ah, c'mon, man.

HIGHTOWER

You passed the sign as you drove into the park. I'm assuming you know how to read.

SHAGGY

Yes, I know how to read. I just... didn't read that particular sign.

Hightower climbs back into his JEEP WRANGLER.

HIGHTOWER

(sympathizing)

Look. Take those to the courthouse. Judge Carver will typically let people off with a warning. Just, don't go in there smelling like Sour Diesel, okay? And move your van before it gets towed.

The ranger peels away.

SHAGGY

It's legal now, y'know!

Scooby eyeballs Shaggy.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

Don't give me those puppy-dog eyes. Look what you did. We don't even own a leash.

#### **INT. MUSEUM OF PARANORMAL CORROBORATION - AFTERNOON**

Daphne drops a BOOK on the counter entitled *The Everything Ghost Hunting Book*.

VELMA  
(indifferent)  
Find what you were looking for?

DAPHNE  
I hope so. It says in here that  
ghosts are less prone to come out  
on a full moon. Is that true?

VELMA  
Depends.

DAPHNE  
On what?

VELMA  
If you choose to believe such  
notions.

DAPHNE  
Do you not?

No reply.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
Then why do you work at the Museum  
of Paranormal Corroboration?

VELMA  
(even more indifferent)  
Good question.

DAPHNE  
Hm. Well, you're clearly a very  
busy socialite with lots of wild  
Saturday night plans. But since  
it's your job, could you be a doll  
and answer my question?

Velma does not appreciate the backhanded retort. She adjusts  
her glasses.

VELMA  
It is said, the full moon produces  
geophysical effects that may indeed  
dampen paranormal activity. The  
earth expands 1/16 of an inch  
during the full moon's  
gravitational pull. The expansion  
is caused by the movement of magma  
chambers below the earth's surface.  
These movements affect the earth's  
magnetic fields.

(MORE)

VELMA (CONT'D)

Many paranormal hot spots, like Crystal Cove, are in areas of negative magnetic anomalies. Thus, an increase in magnetic fields is likely to have an adverse impact on paranormal activity. However, if you're looking to get pregnant. You're in luck.

Daphne stands dumbfounded; she's not used to being bested.

VELMA (CONT'D)

That will be \$9.99. Cash or credit?

DAPHNE

...Credit.

**EXT. MUSEUM OF PARANORMAL CORROBORATION - NIGHT**

Velma locks the front door. The full moon accentuates the building's eerie features.

*BEEP-BEEP.* Velma reads the new text.

MATTHEW (TEXT)

I'm waiting ;)

Velma hurries -- a bit of pep in her step.

**EXT. SKIPPERS LAKE - NIGHT**

Sal's upside-down, doing a keg stand. **FRAT BOY 1 & 2** cheer him on.

After so long, Sal spits up. His chums flip him to his feet.

FRAT BOY 1

You're a legend, Sal!

FRAT BOY 2

Delta Chi for life, bro. Respect.

SAL

I do miss the college days. But you know boys, CCU couldn't handle this much man.

FRAT BOY 2

That conviction was a joke.

Sal eyes a girl-next-door type -- **LARISSA FLAIR** (barely 18) from across the bonfire.

SAL  
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Who's that?

FRAT BOY 1  
Oh, that's Larissa Flair. Incoming freshman.

SAL  
So... this is probably her first college party of the semester.

FRAT BOY 1  
Yeah?

SAL  
Means she doesn't know any better.

Sal walks over to Larissa.

FRAT BOY 1  
Dude's a frickin' legend, man.

FRAT BOY 2  
Respect.

Frat Boy 2 watches Sal approach Larissa. There is something unstable, almost menacing in his stare.

#### **EXT. PARKING LOT - TRAIL HEAD - NIGHT**

Daphne parks her vehicle next to the unmoved VW camper.

With her ghost hunting book, tape recorder, and FLASHLIGHT in hand, she embarks into the woods.

DAPHNE  
(into tape recorder)  
It's 11:25 pm. I am currently on foot, two miles south from the violent and puzzling crime scene. The moon is masked beyond a thick canopy of trees. As the fog rolls in, there is a chilling presence in the air. I can't shake the feeling that there is something otherworldly in these woods.

#### **EXT. CAMPGROUNDS - NIGHT**

An illuminated tent casts amplified shadows. Two FIGURES are inside making intimate *SMACKING* sounds.

REVEAL it to be Scooby licking his bowl clean. Shaggy too is chowing down -- eating his beans and rice dinner with his hands.

Scooby stops; stands to attention.

SHAGGY

What is it, Scooby? Whaddaya hear?

Scooby *GROWLS*. Then -- bolts from the tent into the darkness.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

SCOOBY! Dumb dog.

Shaggy pursues.

#### **EXT. SKIPPERS LAKE - NIGHT**

Larissa backs up to a tree. Sal follows. They are now a ways from the party.

Sal leans in for a kiss. Larissa dodges it.

LARISSA

Nuh-uh. You're gonna have to work for it.

SAL

(half-smiles)

Not too hard, I hope.

Larissa dashes into the woods. Sal's smile fades -- obviously annoyed with her flirtatious teasing.

But a hunter has got to hunt. He chases his prey.

The Unknown Entity pursues in the shadows.

CUT TO:

#### **INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT**

The windows are fogged. No visibility to the outside world.

Velma and **MATTHEW HOWELL** (45) sit up in the throes of passion. (So, this was her "study partner".)

They kiss UNTIL -- a shadow passes past the window. *RUSTLING*. Matthew stops.

MATTHEW

Shh-shh. What was that?

VELMA  
I didn't hear anything.

She kisses his neck.

MATTHEW  
I did. I'm going to go check it out.

VELMA  
Are you serious?

MATTHEW  
Do you want us to get caught?

Matthew flashes his left hand, wearing his WEDDING RING.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Stay here. I'll be right back.

Matthew buttons his shirt. Exits the vehicle.

Velma straightens her glasses, smoothes her hair and reluctantly pulls her sweater back on.

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Daphne creeps along the trail reading from her book.

DAPHNE  
It's important to understand that dark matter and dark energy are different "things," in a sense we've inferred their existence through different kinds of phenomena. You can't see the dark matter and dark energy -- but you know it's with you because it manifests itself through things you *can see*.

A DARK SHADOW rushes in-and-out of sight.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
Hello?

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST (ELSEWHERE) - NIGHT**

Shaggy trudges on.



SHAGGY  
Scooby? Scooby-doo, where are you?  
(to himself now)  
Great. Now I'm lost in this sketchy  
forest looking for my nincompoop  
dog.

Shaggy steps out onto a paved road.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)  
That's better.

Headlights grow closer. Shaggy waves down the car.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)  
Ah, crap.

It's Ranger Hightower in his Jeep.

HIGHTOWER  
What are you doing in the middle of  
the road?

SHAGGY  
My dog ran off. I can't find him.

HIGHTOWER  
What did I say about a leash?

SHAGGY  
I know. I know. Look, I'm sorry. He  
just took off. Can you help me find  
him? He's afraid of the dark.

HIGHTOWER  
All right. There's a trail that  
starts over there. You take that  
and stick to it. I'll go from the  
other side. We'll meet in the  
middle.

SHAGGY  
Thanks, man. I really appreciate  
it.

HIGHTOWER  
What your dog's name again?

SHAGGY  
Scooby-Doo.

HIGHTOWER  
What kind of name is that?

SHAGGY  
"Strangers In The Night", Frank  
Sinatra. You know,  
(singing)  
*Doobey-doobey-doo. Doo-doo-da-dee-  
da...*

Hightower's face says it all.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)  
No? Okay.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - TRAIL HEAD - NIGHT**

The OLD JOE'S TOW TRUCK -- driven by Fred -- rolls up to Shaggy's van. He gets to work.

**INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT**

Velma grows increasingly worried. Matthew should have been back by now ...

She climbs out of the car.

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

Velma looks around.

VELMA  
Matthew?

Velma wanders away from the car, deeper into the woods.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Daphne is horribly disoriented. To make matters worse, her flashlight is now flickering in-and-out.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Shaggy squints to see through the darkness, still searching for Scooby.

He pulls out a ONE-HITTER and takes a puff. While the smoke is still in his lungs, a ghost-like BLUR shoots across his path.

Shaggy coughs out the hit.

BACK TO:

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Velma senses she's not alone. *FOOTSTEPS*.

VELMA  
Matthew? Are you there?

She turns around. No one. Velma steps backwards and trips over something. She looks down, horror wells up in her eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT - TRAIL HEAD - NIGHT**

Fred has attached the camper to his tow truck. As he walks back to the driver's seat he hears Velma's *SCREAM* in the distance.

Fred instinctively rushes into the woods.

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Even without good visibility, Fred easily maneuvers through the darkness. He hurdles a fallen tree. Each step drawing him closer to the source of hysteria.

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Fred, Shaggy, and Daphne all arrive at the same time from different directions.

SHAGGY  
Hello! Who's there?

FRED  
(re: Daphne)  
What happened-- are you hurt?

DAPHNE  
That wasn't me.

*FRANTIC BREATHING.*

FRED

Shine your flashlight over there.

Daphne obeys. REVEAL on Velma hunched over Larissa's freshly butchered corpse.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

Fred, Daphne, Velma, and Shaggy sit in the small cell, side-by-side. Their faces stricken with trauma.

Sergeant Perez stands out of sight, scanning them all. Wondering ... whodunnit?

Bucky steps up.

PEREZ

Ranger Hightower brought them in.

BUCKY

Witnesses or suspects?

PEREZ

Not sure yet. Let's find out.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Velma's hands are still painted in merlot-splotches of dried blood.

PEREZ

What were you doing out there all by yourself?

Velma chooses not to answer.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Miss Dinkley, if you can't tell me why you were there, I'm going to have to consider you a suspect.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Perez has no patience for Daphne's rogue style.

PEREZ

Why does someone like you, who comes from one of the wealthiest families in Crystal Cove, invest your time in vigilante crime-solving?

DAPHNE

Maybe it's because I know *not* to expect results from the very "capable" hands of the CCPD. I'm just doing my civil duty.

Sergeant Perez sneers.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Any more questions?

PEREZ

Take her back to holding.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Shaggy seems all too relaxed with Perez. It's rubbing her the wrong way. Bad cop it is.

PEREZ

You were looking for your dog? In the middle of the night?

SHAGGY

Yeah. It's not like him to run off like that. In fact, who do I speak to about filing a missing puppies report?

PEREZ

You do understand that a young woman was murdered tonight, right?

SHAGGY

Oh, yeah. Nah, that's-- it's horrible. Super messed up.

PEREZ

You don't seem too fazed by it.

SHAGGY

Ah. You're referring to my relaxed demeanor? It's a coping mechanism. CBT. It helps me deal with my anxiety.

PEREZ

Where are you from, Mr. Rogers?

SHAGGY

Please, call me Shaggy. Originally,  
I'm from Ohio.

PEREZ

Where's your pocket knife, *Shaggy*?

SHAGGY

My what?

PEREZ

You're missing your pocket knife.

She motions to the empty holster. Beat. Shaggy has no response.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

I'm going to tell you a story, let me know at any point if it sounds familiar. Okay? A drifter from Ohio suddenly appears in our peaceful, quiet town just three days ago. Since then, three young women have been brutally murdered less than three miles from *his* campsite in the woods. Now this man is being questioned for his involvement in said crimes and he is sitting across from me as cool as a cucumber, without a care in the world, and all he can think about is his dog?! Sounds a little sociopathic to me, but what do you think?

(to Bucky at the door)

Bucky?

SHAGGY

What? Whoa! Wait, wait, wait-- do you think I killed those girls?

Perez has finally got him right where she wants him.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

Listen man, I just want to get my dog and get the hell outta here.

PEREZ

You're not going anywhere.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

Daphne and Velma share the only bench. Fred stands in the corner. Shaggy lies on the ground, using a TOILET PAPER ROLL like a pillow.

SHAGGY

(singing)

*Strangers in the night  
Exchanging glances  
Wondering in the night  
What were the chances--*

FRED

Shut up!

SHAGGY

Whoa.

VELMA

Don't talk to him like that.

Daphne moves away from Velma, towards Fred -- trying to get her own space to think, but space is scarce in a holding cell.

DAPHNE

I should not even be here. I'm not the murderer.

VELMA

Oh! And we are?

DAPHNE

(to herself)

Right now, you are my prime suspect.

VELMA

Excuse me?!

SHAGGY

Hey, man. What about this guy?

FRED

What did I tell you about keeping your mouth shut?!

VELMA

Yeah, how come you didn't get interrogated?



FRED  
Because I didn't kill anyone. I  
have a legitimate alibi.

VELMA  
Which is?

FRED  
I was there towing an old beater  
van when I heard you scream.

DAPHNE  
(under her breath)  
Oh yeah, that's why you weren't  
questioned...

SHAGGY  
Wait! Was this van a soft sea-foam  
green?

FRED  
I would describe it as a rusty,  
piece of shit.

SHAGGY  
Okay, good. I don't think we're  
talking about the same van.

FRED  
Ohio plates.

SHAGGY  
Dude, that's my home!

VELMA  
Hold on! Why weren't you  
questioned?

DAPHNE  
That's Fred Jones Jr. His daddy is  
the mayor and his family  
practically owns this town. Even if  
he murdered those girls, he would  
walk.

She just touched on a sensitive subject. Fred walks up to  
Daphne, whispers in her ear.

FRED  
Would you like to find out?

Daphne looks into his eyes. She senses a dark yet complex man  
behind the "Jones" legacy.

Fred steps back, now with control on his temper.

FRED (CONT'D)  
I didn't murder those girls, okay?

DAPHNE  
Neither did I.

VELMA  
It wasn't me!

They all look at Shaggy -- the only one not to defend himself.

SHAGGY  
...What?

Velma slides further away from Shaggy.

DAPHNE  
Oh, relax. He didn't do it.

VELMA  
How can you be certain?

DAPHNE  
Because I saw a picture of who did.

FRED  
*What?!*

VELMA  
If they have a photo then why are we still here?

DAPHNE  
Burden of proof.

FRED  
Proof of what?

VELMA  
(putting the pieces together)  
Oh no.

DAPHNE  
That there is something supernatural going on here.

SHAGGY  
What do you mean? Like a super ghost?

DAPHNE  
Or something inexplicable.

FRED  
(annoyed)  
My God.

SHAGGY  
I saw something in the woods that  
night.

VELMA  
There is no such thing as ghosts.

DAPHNE  
Says the girl who works at the  
ghost museum.

SHAGGY  
This town has a ghost museum?!

VELMA  
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS!

DAPHNE  
Evidence would suggest otherwise.

VELMA  
I guarantee there's a scientific  
explanation behind whatever you  
*think* you saw.

SHAGGY  
Scooby is still out there. He must  
be freaking out.

Shaggy knocks on the concrete walls.

FRED  
What are you doing?

SHAGGY  
Finding a weak point in the  
infrastructure. Jailbreak.

BUCKY (O.S.)  
JONES.

Deputy Bucky goes to open the cell.

BUCKY (CONT'D)  
Back away, Norville.

DAPHNE  
Your name is Norville?

                  SHAGGY  
Duuuude? I told you that in  
confidentiality.

                  BUCKY  
          (to Fred)  
You're free to go.

                  DAPHNE  
See? Diplomatic privileges.

                  BUCKY  
You too, Miss Blake. You made bail.

                  VELMA  
What about us?

                  BUCKY  
'Doubt anyone is coming for you  
two.

Bucky escorts Fred and Daphne away. Velma and Shaggy are left  
alone in their cage.

                  SHAGGY  
So are we busting outta here or  
wuh?

**EXT. CRYSTAL COVE POLICE STATION - DAY**

Daphne and Fred work their way out of the building. The sun  
is blinding.

                  FRED  
What now?

                  DAPHNE  
You go back to your castle, and I  
crack this case.

                  FRED  
Do you honestly think you are going  
to outshine the police and solve  
these murders?

                  DAPHNE  
Absolutely.

FRED  
Whelp. I hope I never see you  
again.

DAPHNE  
Ditto.

They go separate directions. Fred stops.

FRED  
Daphne. Wait.

DAPHNE  
What is it, Fred?

FRED  
Do you have any leads? Other than a  
picture of a ghost?

DAPHNE  
(hesitates)  
No.

FRED  
Well... I know there was a frat  
party last night at Skippers Lake.  
Delta Chi hosted, from what I hear.  
You should probably start there.

DAPHNE  
Maybe I will.

FRED  
Good-bye.

Daphne watches Fred walk away.

**INT. JONES ESTATES - DAY**

Fred bursts through the doors. Clearly agitated.

FRED  
DAD!

His call echoes through the grand foyer. Their lifelong  
butler -- **BERTRAM** (65+) enters.

BERTRAM  
Good day, Master Jones.

FRED  
Afternoon, Bertram. Where's my  
father?

BERTRAM

Away on Mayoral business, I'm afraid.

FRED

He wasn't at his office. Where is he?

BERTRAM

I can't say that I know, Master Jones.

FRED

Bertram. Please stop calling me that.

LILIANE

Maybe I can be of assistance?

**LILIANE JONES** (50s) -- typically halfway through "Happy Hour" before the morning ends -- stands atop of the imperial staircase.

Bertram leaves them to it. Liliane descends the staircase to kiss her son.

LILIANE (CONT'D)

How are you, Freddie?

Liliane strokes Fred's hair, touching his chin, straightening his collar. Constantly fidgeting and touching ... Never really listening.

FRED

(growing more irritated)  
Where's Dad?

LILIANE

Who knows, signing a contract somewhere. Cutting a deal. Growing his empire.

FRED

Do you know?

LILIANE

That you were incarcerated for the murder of some poor carousing girl. Sheriff Bronson called us immediately after you were booked in. Oh, Freddie, just look at you. Jail has never suited a Jones.

FRED

I didn't need your help and I  
definitely don't need his.

LILIANE

Clearly you did. Otherwise, you'd  
still be sharing a cell with a  
biker-boy named Sticky Pete.

Fred can't take it anymore. He takes her hands off of him in  
a swift but nonviolent motion.

FRED

Listen to me! How many times do I  
have to tell you, I do not want him  
pulling political strings for me.  
If I need his help, I will call  
him. Will you please pass that  
along?

Liliane is startled by the outburst. She swallows and  
stiffens. Smooths her hair.

LILIANE

Fine.

FRED

Thank you.

Fred calms himself. They hug.

LILIANE

How are you?

FRED

I'm good.

LILIANE

We hardly see you these days.

FRED

If you want to see me, you know  
where to find me.

LILIANE

Working in a garage like a dog is  
not how a mother imagines seeing  
her only child.

FRED

Oh great. This talk again.

LILIANE (CONT'D)

Why do you punish yourself?

FRED (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm not punishing myself,  
Mom. Maybe I actually think it's  
noble to earn an honest living from  
my own sweat and hard work.

LILIANE

There is always a place for you  
here. And trust me, it's just as  
noble to work with your mind and  
wallet as it is with your hands.

FRED

I didn't mean it like that. I just  
hate it when he does stuff like  
this. Like today! He still treats  
me like a child.

LILIANE

I know, dear.

FRED

I've gotta go.

LILIANE

Oh, won't you stay? Bertram can  
make you something to eat.

FRED

I can't. I've got work in the  
morning. Love you, Mom.

Fred leaves his mother in the luxury of his childhood home.

**EXT. DELTA CHI FRAT HOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Daphne stands on the littered lawn. She pulls down her hair  
and inches her blouse lower, exposing her perfect cleavage.  
PURSE over her shoulder.

She *KNOCKS* on the front door. It's answered by Frat Boy 1 &  
2. Jaws drop.

FRAT BOY 1

Whoa. So, uh, what can we do for  
you?

DAPHNE

I heard Delta Chi is where a new  
girl in town comes for a good time.

The boys grin.



**INT. DELTA CHI BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Frat Boy 1 and 2 are down to their boxers. Daphne handcuffs them together through the bed frame.

FRAT BOY 1  
Damn, girl, that's tight. Good  
thing I like it rough.

DAPHNE  
Oh yeah? You like that?

FRAT BOY 1  
(moaning)  
Stop teasing me.

FRAT BOY 2  
Get over here, already.

DAPHNE  
Boys, boys, not so fast.

Daphne takes in the space, her back towards the boys.

FRAT BOY 1  
At least show us some skin.

FRAT BOY 2  
What's the hold up?

Daphne -- the true Daphne -- turns around. We sense a complete energy shift and realize she has dropped the act. Enough flirting, this is all business.

DAPHNE  
First, I'm going to need to know  
which one of you killed Larissa  
Flair?

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE**INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Velma and Shaggy sit on either sides of the cell.

SHAGGY

So, Thelma--

VELMA

It's Velma.

SHAGGY

Vvvvvvelma. My bad. So, why were you in the woods, anyway?

VELMA

Why were you?

SHAGGY

I was looking for someone.

VELMA

Same.

SHAGGY

Were you and that girl...?

VELMA

No. I didn't know her. I came across her when I was looking for someone else.

SHAGGY

A man?

VELMA

Yes.

SHAGGY

So, where is he?

VELMA

I don't know.

She's clearly drenched in worry.

SHAGGY

I'm sure the ghost didn't get him. He's probably coming to rescue you right now.

Velma shakes her head, as if to say "no."

VELMA  
It's complicated.

**INT. DELTA CHI BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

FRAT BOY 1  
Whatever you think we did, we  
didn't. Okay?

DAPHNE  
Tell me about the party at Skippers  
Lake?

FRAT BOY 1  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

DAPHNE  
The Delta Chi party. You were  
there. She was there. Someone  
killed her that night.

FRAT BOY 1  
Whoa, whoa. So she was there, okay,  
but that's it, you're talking to  
the wrong guys--

FRAT BOY 2  
Shut up, dude.

Daphne sets her targets on Frat Boy 2.

DAPHNE  
What do you know?

FRAT BOY 2  
I'm not saying anything.

DAPHNE  
Let me guess... Trust fund kid.  
Daddy's a lawyer. You've been  
taught not to talk without legal  
counsel.

Frat Boy 1 looks to his buddy in amazement.

FRAT BOY 1  
Duuuuude.

DAPHNE  
Smart. Very smart.  
          (Beat)  
Well, let me tell you what happens  
next.

Daphne pulls a small, plastic, square TUBE from her purse.

                  DAPHNE (CONT'D)  
On this flash drive, I have some  
photos. Compromising. Lewd.  
Scandalous. Surely you remember  
having a little too much fun with  
those girls at that rager last  
month? What you won't remember is  
that they were under age. Fifteen  
year olds. Now how does Daddy feel  
about statutory rape and child  
pornography cases?

The boys' faces drop.

                  FRAT BOY 2  
          (swallows hard)  
If I tell you what I know, you  
swear you'll give us the drive?

                  DAPHNE  
That's right.

                  FRAT BOY 2  
Okay, look, I don't even really  
know anything. I just saw her take  
off into the woods with the legend.

                  DAPHNE  
With who?

                  FRAT BOY 1  
Sal Russo. A former brother.

                  FRAT BOY 2  
Got expelled a few years ago for a  
gambling conspiracy.

                  DAPHNE  
Where can I find him?

                  FRAT BOY 2  
He works over at Old Joe's Garage.  
Alright that's everything, now just  
un-cuff us and give me the drive.

Daphne pops the lid to the tube. Unscrews the stick of lipstick, applies it, and tosses it to the frat brothers.

She leaves the frat boys handcuffed ... looking like idiots.

**INT. CRYSTAL COVE POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Perez and Bucky look over their SUSPECTS BOARD -- photos of the ghost, mugshots of the gang (Shaggy, Velma, Fred, and Daphne), and details on the three victims.

PEREZ

Two attacks, three days. I'm afraid we have a very small window before the perpetrator will kill again.

Bucky hands a MANILA FORENSICS FOLDER to Perez. After looking it over, she pins the CONTENTS onto the board. It's a rough sketch of a pocket knife. Very similar to a Swiss Army knife.

BUCKY

Forensics confirmed. Same weapon used for all three murders. D'you really think this Rogers guy did it?

PEREZ

Unlikely. My impression is that he's just our friendly neighborhood pothead. But right now, he's all we've got.

BUCKY

Y'know, without any evidence we're not going to be able to hold him or the Dinkley girl much longer.

**SHERIFF BRONSON** (50s) charges the work station.

PEREZ

Sheriff Bronson.

BRONSON

This is a nightmare. I've got the mayor, the press, and the victims' parents up my ass. Tell me you have something.

PEREZ

We might, sir. These homicides share distinct similarities with multiple open investigations from Oregon and Washington.

(MORE)

PEREZ (CONT'D)  
If we can link them, we're  
definitely hunting a serial killer.

BRONSON  
Deputy, your thoughts?

BUCKY  
(stumbling)  
Well, sir... I don't know if you h-  
had a chance to see the photo taken  
by the victim. It's possible--

PEREZ  
We're still considering all  
options, but as of right now, we  
have no concrete leads.

BRONSON  
(looking over the board)  
What do we know? He has a type.  
Young women, ages 18-21. He uses a  
knife. That's messy. Personal.  
Perhaps someone with priors.

BUCKY  
After last year's budget cuts, the  
State did release many sexual  
offenders who might fit that M.O.?

BRONSON  
They only released nonviolent  
offenders. Something tells me this  
is something else entirely. Keep  
digging.

PEREZ  
Yes, sir.

Perez looks to Bucky.

BUCKY  
On it.

Bronson's cellphone rings.

BRONSON  
It's Mayor Jones. I've got to take  
this.

Bronson walks away, talking into his cellphone.

**EXT. CRYSTAL COVE POLICE STATION - MORNING**

Velma and Shaggy go free.

SHAGGY

Where are you off to?

VELMA

Well, seeing as my parents are probably hungover from some boho-voodoo-juice and my boyfriend has probably forgotten that he just abandoned me... in the woods... alone... to find a corpse... Anywhere! Nowhere.

SHAGGY

You wanna hang with me? I've gotta go get my van and find Scooby.

VELMA

You know what? Sure. Why not?

**INT. OLD JOE'S GARAGE - MORNING**

Fred enters. He notices a cute, strawberry-blonde with her back turned at the front desk. Old Joe sits on the other side.

FRED

Joe. What are you doing here? It's your day off. Where's Sal?

OLD JOE

He's a popular guy today.

The girl turns around. It's Daphne.

DAPHNE

Beat you by five minutes.

FRED

What are you doing here?

DAPHNE

Same as you. Looking for Sal Russo.

OLD JOE

He never showed up for his shift. Not answering his phone either.

Fred thinks for a moment. Then heads for the door.

DAPHNE  
Where are you going?

                  FRED  
I think I know where he might be.

                  DAPHNE  
Well! Since we both seem to be  
looking for the same guy. Maybe, we  
should go together.

Fred thinks for a moment.

                  FRED  
I'm driving.

**EXT. OLD JOE'S GARAGE - MORNING**

Daphne and Fred bump into Shaggy and Velma.

                  FRED  
What the!

                  SHAGGY  
We've got to stop meeting like  
this.

                  DAPHNE  
Now, what are you two doing here?

                  SHAGGY  
I came to get my house back. Why  
are you here?

                  FRED  
I work here.

                  SHAGGY  
Oh, right.

                  DAPHNE  
We're tracking down a suspect.

                  VELMA  
Our own little Nancy Drew.

                  DAPHNE  
Laugh all you want. But I have a  
source who claims there was someone  
else in the woods with us that  
night.



SHAGGY  
Oh, yeah, we know. Velma told me.

DAPHNE & FRED  
She did?

VELMA  
(snaps at Shaggy)  
What? No. I did not.

SHAGGY  
But weren't you out there looking  
for--

VELMA  
Not now, Shaggy.  
(to Daphne)  
We'll be looking into that on our  
own.

SHAGGY  
(wink-wink to Velma)  
Riii-iiight.

FRED  
Wait, how do you guys know Sal?

VELMA  
Who?

DAPHNE  
No one! We have our own leads.

VELMA  
Good luck on your investigation.

DAPHNE  
Good luck to you too, apparently.

Daphne grabs Fred by the arm and turns to exit -- frustrated that information is being withheld, but determined to prove herself without Velma's scoop.

**EXT. ABANDONDED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Daphne climbs out of Fred's black GT MUSTANG.

DAPHNE  
(re: the building)  
Creepy.

FRED

We used to come here in high school  
when we wanted to get away. If Sal  
is hiding anywhere, it'll be here.

DAPHNE

Do you think he's actually capable  
of killing someone?

FRED

I really hope not.

Daphne accidentally kicks an old GLASS BOTTLE. It rolls into  
a metal trash bin. *CLUNK!* The two stop.

SOMEONE moves from inside. At first, a careful walk ...

DAPHNE

Sal Russo?

Now, it's a run.

FRED

Stay here.

Fred takes off around the building. The chase is on.

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR**EXT. ABANDONDED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Sal leaps from a window onto the outside pavement. Jumps a fence into a deserted construction site.

Sal runs; not looking back.

Fred pursues, matching each step but with more grace.

As the boys play chase, Daphne casually walks back to the Mustang. Revs it up.

**EXT. DESERTED CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY**

Sal's got some moves. He ducks under some low-beams. Leaps over a sinkhole.

But Fred is just as athletic, if not more. He kicks off a wall to hurdle an obstacle. He's gaining ground.

Sal works his way to an exit. He's almost home free WHEN -- out-of-nowhere, the Mustang fishtails into Sal -- knocking Sal to his back.

Fred pins him down.

FRED  
Sal, Sal, it's me. Fred.

SAL  
Fred?!

FRED  
Yeah.

SAL  
Dude. You would not believe what happened.

FRED  
Try me.

SAL  
Who's that?

He's referring to Daphne who steps out of the vehicle.

**INT. CCU CAMPUS - HALLWAYS - DAY**

Shaggy follows Velma's determined footsteps.

SHAGGY  
You sure he'll be here?

VELMA  
Oh, I'm sure.

SHAGGY  
What's his name?

VELMA  
Matthew. Matthew Howell.

SHAGGY  
So he's like a student here or  
something--

Velma opens the door to a large lecture hall.

**INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY**

Velma interrupts the class.

VELMA  
Professor Howell! We need to talk.

The room -- filled with students -- goes dead silent.  
Everyone can sense the tension.

SHAGGY  
(realizing)  
Oh, snap!

MATTHEW  
Um. That's all for today. I will  
see you all on Wednesday.

The students are eager to get out of there. Velma waits.

Once empty ...

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
Velma. You weren't in class this  
morning.

VELMA

Ha! You want to know why? Because I spent the last 36 hours in jail because I was a suspect in a murder, of a body I found, by the way, in the woods where YOU left me.

MATTHEW

I'm sorry. I got back to the car and you were gone. Once I realized where you were, the police had arrived. I wanted to--

Velma gestures for him to stop talking.

VELMA

I don't want to hear it.

MATTHEW

Velma. Baby, please.

VELMA

No. No, no, no. If you really cared for me, you would have come for me.

Shaggy is loving this.

MATTHEW

Our little secret, remember? We've discussed this. We can't get caught.

Matthew tucks Velma's hair behind her ear.

Shaggy licks his freshly rolled joint and lights it up.  
Matthew really notices Shaggy for the first time.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Uh. And who is this guy?

SHAGGY

Name's Shaggy. I am Velma's best friend and confidant.

MATTHEW

You can't smoke in here.

VELMA

He's just some guy I met in jail. You left me in that car. You were gone for a very long time. I was really worried.

MATTHEW

I know, baby. I'm sorry. I was just making sure we were alone.

Matthew embraces Velma.

SHAGGY

This is getting weird.

MATTHEW

I'll make it up to you. How about tonight?

VELMA

Unlikely.

(imitating his tone)

We've discussed this. And we *really* can't get caught.

CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONDED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

FRED

Why did you run?

SAL

I thought you were the cops.

FRED

So you did murder her.

SAL

What? No!

DAPHNE

Then why run from the police?

SAL

Seriously?

Sal gestures to himself, his handsome, clearly Italian self.

SAL (CONT'D)

Another minority pinned for a crime they didn't commit? I'm not gonna be a part of that club, thank you very much, sweetheart.

Daphne is all business. She lets the sexism slide.

DAPHNE

Some guys from Delta Chi said they  
saw you with Larissa Flair just  
before she was murdered.

Sal hesitates.

SAL

Okay, yes. But I didn't kill her.

FRED

Did you see who did?

SAL

I don't know, dude. It was really  
dark.

DAPHNE

(pushing the tape recorder  
forward)

Just tell us what happened, in your  
own words. And I will help you get  
out of this mess.

Sal looks to Fred for reassurance. Fred nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Larissa runs past the moon's reflection on Skippers Lake. Sal  
struggles to keep up.

LARISSA

Come and get me!

SAL

I'm comin'...

(mumbles)

Damn, you're fast.

Sal wanders through the forest. He's lost Larissa's scent.

SAL (CONT'D)

Alyssa? Err, uh-- Larissa?

Sal marches on. The Unknown Entity darts past him.

SAL (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The shadowy figure crosses behind him.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Larissa, you're freaking me out.

Then again in front. It's moving impossibly fast. Sal's all turned around.

The *RUSTLING* increases, drowning out rest of the world.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Seriously, whoever this is-- come out. I'll kick your ass!

The sounds stop! Dead silence. Sal is drunk with fear.

*THUD!*

Sal freezes from the heavy noise behind him. He turns. Larissa's body has been left at his feet -- torn apart. Blood everywhere.

SAL (CONT'D)  
Oh my God! Oh my God!!

The Unknown Entity extends to its feet -- upwards on a mound just off the trail, right beside Sal and Larissa's remains.

Sal's eyes widen. The humanlike silhouette seems massive.

SAL (CONT'D)  
OH MY GOD!

Sal leaps over Larissa, and runs back down to the party.

BACK TO:

**INT. ABANDONDED WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON**

SAL  
I knew no one would believe my story. So I came here. And hid.

DAPHNE  
Tell me, this personage you saw. What did it look like?

SAL  
It?

DAPHNE  
Was it human? An animal? Could it have been... a ghost?



SAL  
(hyperventilating)  
I dunno. It was big. Ruthless. I mean, whatever it was, it just - there was blood everywhere.

FRED  
(coaching him)  
Okay, okay. Sal, you're fine. Let's start somewhere simpler. Could you tell if it was a man or a woman?

SAL  
Man. No, it was definitely a man.

FRED  
Good, that's really good. Okay, was he short, tall, skinny, fat? Any physical description you can remember.

Daphne is impressed with how well Fred is handling this.

SAL  
Uh, maybe 8-feet high. Big muscles, built like a linebacker.

FRED  
That's really good, Sal. Now... Did you get a look at his face?

Sal nods nervously.

QUICK FLASHBACK

Sal's back in the woods. The Unknown Entity standing over him.

CLOSE UP on the Unknown Entity's mouth -- offering Sal a disturbing, blood-thirsty smile.

BACK TO SCENE

Sal is obviously shaken up.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Did you recognize him?

SAL  
I've never seen evil like that before.

FRED  
That's okay. You did good, bud.

Daphne has stopped recording. Daphne and Fred lock eyes.  
Their work here is done.

                  DAPHNE  
Thank you, Sal.

                  FRED  
Now you need to go to the police  
and tell them what you just told  
us.

                  SAL  
But what if they think I did it?

                  FRED  
They won't. Just be honest with  
them. You've got this.

Fred and Daphne pack up to go. Fred hugs Sal in a  
manly/bro/love/frat hug.

                  SAL  
Wait. There's something else. He  
was older. Like, maybe 50. A little  
grey in his beard.

                  DAPHNE  
That's very helpful.

                  SAL  
And it was like he was, I dunno,  
happy. Enjoying himself. You know,  
doing that to her.

Fred nods uneasily.

#### **INT. LECTURE HALL - DUSK**

Through the window -- an uneasy Matthew watches Shaggy and  
Velma walk back to the camper.

There's something sinister beneath the man's eyes. He smiles.  
The sunset reflecting off the grey in his beard.

His smile is practically a match of Sal's memory.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

ACT FIVE**INT. VW CAMPER - NIGHT**

Shaggy drives. Velma is obviously deep in thought.

SHAGGY

I don't get what you see in him.

Velma answers his question as she sifts through his CD collection.

VELMA

Why? Because he's older than me?

(beat)

Look, no one born in the 90s is getting excited over circadian rhythm biology or wants to discuss linguistics with me in Latin or French or knows as much as I do about the universe. But he does. And he doesn't own every Phish album known to man.

SHAGGY

Well, you sure got over that whole thing fast.

VELMA

That? Back there? Oh, yeah. That was a test.

SHAGGY

Whaddaya mean?

VELMA

Freshman year, I took a class on the psychology of lying and deception. I made the connection right away that he was MIA for way too long and at the exact same time Larissa was killed. So, I needed to be sure of something.

SHAGGY

Of what?

VELMA

Whether or not he was the killer.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - TRAIL HEAD - NIGHT**

Fred and Daphne gear up for the woods. Her flashlight in hand. Daphne detaches her purple pepper spray from her keychain and slips it into her pocket.

FRED

Why come back?

DAPHNE

I've been over it a million times. If our killer is a man and not some dark matter on a killing spree, there has got to be some kind of evidence out here. Footprints, DNA, personal belonging, something! It's one of the main arguments in this book I'm reading. The only true evidential claim to ghosts is in dark energy such as a door creaking open. We can't explain why it opened, it just did. Dark energy just happens. But people, people make mistakes. They always leave a mark.

FRED

Where would we even begin to look?

Daphne opens a PARK MAP.

DAPHNE

Well, the first attack on Zoey and Candace was here, on Pike's trail, and Larissa was murdered a couple miles south by Skippers Lake.

FRED

Where are you going with this?

Daphne points at the map repeatedly with excitement.

DAPHNE

Don't you see? Pike's trail! Again. There's clearly a pattern here! If we start here and walk all the way to Oaks Pass, we've got to find some kind of clue. Let's go!

She scampers down the trail head ... Pike's Trail.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Perez has just heard Sal's story.

PEREZ

Thank you for coming in. But I gotta ask, why now? You should've come in first thing.

SAL

I was afraid you wouldn't believe me.

PEREZ

Let me tell you-- a big, unidentified *human* man in the woods, is definitely preferable to the ghost theory we were working with before.

SAL

Funny. That's the second time today someone mentioned a ghost did it.

PEREZ

Who was the first?

SAL

Some chick named Daphne. She was hanging with my friend, Fred Jones.

PEREZ

Where are they now?!

SAL

I don't know. I told them my story and they took off. Told me to come here.

PEREZ

Dammit!

BUCKY

What is it, Sarge?

PEREZ

Those meddling kids are gonna try and catch this guy! They are going to get themselves killed.

BUCKY

Do you know where to find 'em?

PEREZ  
They're going back to where this  
all started.

They make a hasty exit.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - TRAIL HEAD - NIGHT**

Shaggy parks the camper next to the black GT Mustang.

VELMA  
Looks like we're not alone.

SHAGGY  
Is this the kinda car Matthew  
drives?

VELMA  
No.

SHAGGY  
Let's find Scooby and get the hell  
outta here. This place freaks me  
out.

VELMA  
Okay, if you were Scooby. Where  
would you go?

SHAGGY  
Lemme think... Uh, if he's not at  
the campsite, he's gotta be at Oaks  
Pass. That's the only other place  
he knows.

VELMA  
Then let's start there.

Velma starts to take Pike's Trail.

SHAGGY  
No, no. There's a faster way.  
C'mon. I know a shortcut.

Shaggy takes Velma off the beaten trail. Through the dark.

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Daphne and Fred stop. They're standing in the spot of  
Larissa's death. Where they all first met.

There's still blood stains across the trail.

FRED  
See any clues?

Daphne is fixed on the blood stains.

QUICK FLASHBACK

Spotty images. A younger, 19-year old, Daphne is being attacked. The assailant muffles her screams.

The memory is a horrifying look into what has made Daphne who she is today.

BACK TO SCENE

FRED (CONT'D)  
Daphne!

DAPHNE  
(snaps out of it)  
What?

FRED  
Y'see anything?

No answer. The wind blows through the trees.

FRED (CONT'D)  
This is useless.

DAPHNE  
No. I'm not going back until I find out what happened to those girls.

**EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT**

Velma looks over her shoulder. No one behind her.

SHAGGY  
SCOOBY!

VELMA  
Hey, are we getting close?

SHAGGY  
Yeah, almost there. What is it?

VELMA  
I just have this weird feeling.  
Like someone is following us.

Shaggy looks around, they seem to be alone, but he also feels spooked.

SHAGGY  
I've got an idea. Come on.

**EXT. OAKS PASS - ROCK WALL - NIGHT**

Velma looks around helplessly, she has their only flashlight.

VELMA  
Shaggy? Scooby-Doo? Anyone?

UNKNOWN ENTITY (O.C.)  
Y'know. It's dangerous to be out  
here all by yourself.

Velma turns.

VELMA  
You!

REVEAL the voice to belong to RANGER HIGHTOWER.

HIGHTOWER  
Where's your friend, Shaggy? I know  
he's out here with you.

VELMA  
He went ahead to scout out the  
trail, but he never came back.

HIGHTOWER  
That's too bad. He's going to miss  
all the fun.

VELMA  
But I don't understand. Why? Why  
kill all those innocent girls?

HIGHTOWER  
Why? Ha. They always ask why? Every  
state, every park, every girl. It's  
always *why*?

Hightower whips out his 4" camping knife. Velma is  
increasingly nervous but remarkably, she doesn't panic.

VELMA  
No. There has to be a motive. A  
reason. Some childhood trauma?  
Abuse or loss, insecurity or self-  
loathing?

Velma slowly backpedals. Hightower matches her pace.



HIGHTOWER

No. Don't try to analyze me. That's all bullshit. I don't need a reason to do what I love. There's no why. Only who. Who will be next?

Velma backs into the rock wall ... Nowhere left to run.

VELMA

(change in tone)

But there is a why. Wouldn't you like to know?

Hightower looks puzzled.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Have you not stopped to ask, why you found me here? Right here. Why I let you corner me in this exact spot? *I* led you here.

Hightower looks down. He's standing upon a marked "X" in the dirt. Above -- suspended on the rock wall is Shaggy.

Shaggy leaps off the rocks and lands on top of Hightower, knocking the knife from his hand.

Shaggy and Hightower scuffle. But even with the element of surprise, Hightower recovers quickly enough to land several blows to Shaggy. And gain the dominant position.

Velma does her best to keep light on the rotating brawl.

Shaggy wraps his legs around Hightower, squeezing as tightly as he can. Hightower picks up Shaggy and pile-drives him into the ground. Shaggy releases his hold -- the air knocked-out of him.

Hightower spots the glint of his blade in the dirt. He reaches for it but Velma is quicker.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Stay away.

HIGHTOWER

(with a menacing smile)

You really think you've got what it takes?

Velma searches for the courage.

VELMA

Yes, I do.

JUST THEN -- Fred tackles Hightower to the ground. Fred holds him down.

FRED  
Get out of here, quick!

Daphne comes to Velma's side.

DAPHNE  
Let's go.

VELMA  
We can't leave them here.

Hightower's hand searches for something. He finds it -- a large rock. He swings it, knocking Fred out cold.

Now it's just Hightower versus the girls. His smile has twisted into an out-of-breath sneer, teeth exposed.

HIGHTOWER  
Drop the knife.

VELMA  
Not a chance.

Daphne and Velma prepare to defend themselves.

HIGHTOWER  
I love the ones who fight.

Hightower advances on the girls. Velma thrusts the knife forward. The ranger handles her attack easily. Disarming Velma.

Daphne readies her canister, Velma ducks. Daphne sprays Hightower in the eyes. He drops the blade into the brush.

Hightower and Velma lunge for it but it's lost in the darkness.

Hightower elbows Velma, breaking her glasses and nearly knocking her unconscious.

Daphne jumps onto Hightower's back, wrapping her arms around his throat.

Hightower hurls Daphne over his shoulder onto her back. Next to her head, Hightower spots Shaggy's missing red knife.

He pins Daphne down with his legs and picks up the knife.

HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)  
I want you to know. I'm going to  
enjoy this.

Velma watches in horror as Hightower opens the knife and  
plunges it into Daphne's stomach.

DAPHNE  
Ugh!

Silence. Then ...

LAUGHTER. But not from Hightower. It's coming from Shaggy who  
is managing to get to his feet. Picking up a flashlight.

SHAGGY  
That's not a knife.

HIGHTOWER  
Huh?

Hightower looks down. Indeed it is not. It is, in fact, a  
COMPACT SPOON for camping.

And Daphne hasn't been stabbed. The spoon ladle is merely  
pressed against her stomach.

HIGHTOWER (CONT'D)  
What the hell?!

SHAGGY  
Oh, and you remember my dog, right?

Behind Hightower, Scooby-Doo has arrived and he is *GROWLING*  
ferociously.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)  
Sick'em, Scooby!

Scooby attacks. Hightower *SCREAMS*.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - TRAIL HEAD - DAWN**

Perez and Bucky arrive on the scene.

The gang all wait bravely. Each of them with a battle wound  
to be proud of.

Those "meddling kids" have Ranger Hightower tied up with what  
appears to be CLIMBER'S ROPE, most likely from Shaggy's van.  
The tail end of the rope leads to Shaggy's hold.

BUCKY  
Are you all okay?

FRED  
A bit banged up, but I think we'll survive.

DAPHNE  
I believe, Sergeant, this is your ghost.

PEREZ  
How did you--

SHAGGY  
Scooby-Doo. He saved the day.  
That's a good boy. Yes, you are!

Scooby licks Shaggy's face -- his tongue slipping into Shaggy's mouth at times. Shaggy doesn't mind one bit. (Everyone else does.)

VELMA  
Gross. Here is the murder weapon.

Velma hands Perez the knife.

PEREZ  
Incredible. I underestimated you all. Thank you.

DAPHNE  
Just doing our civil duty.

PEREZ  
Right.

SHAGGY  
Oh. Here ya go.

Shaggy hands the tail-end of the climber's rope to Bucky.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)  
'Guess there's a leash policy here.

BUCKY  
B-but what about the photo?  
(pulling the original from  
his pocket)  
There is clearly a ghost here!

Velma grabs the PHOTO from Bucky. She chuckles.

VELMA

Is this what everyone was worked up about? This is simple physics, you guys. The velocity at which your subject is moving combined with the extent of motion, factor in the fraction of your shutter speed, or the duration of the opening of the lens which is recording this kinetic change, the longer it's --

Velma realizes she has completely lost the group.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Shutter speed? Motion blur?

Nothing.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Exposure? These are just basic camera settings, you guys.

SHAGGY

Right! Camera settings. No, totally. I was with you.

FADE TO:

**EXT. PIZZA ON THE PIER - DAY**

*AD LIBS* bring us into the scene.

Fred reads the headline story from a NEWSPAPER. The rest eat their various MEALS and sip on DRINKS.

FRED

Three of our very own, along with the help of a homeless man and his dog, track down and apprehend the evil-doer wanted for killing young women in parks all across the country. While Crystal Cove mourns the loss of Zoey Jaspers, Candace Walters, and Larissa Flair, the town owes a great debt of gratitude for the prevention of any more blood spilt. Coming from this journalist, Nancy Chang, and all of the citizens of Crystal Cove, thank you Fred Jones Jr, Daphne Blake, Velma Dinkley, Norville Rogers, and Scooby-Doo.

SHAGGY

Great! Now everyone's going to know my name is Norville.

VELMA

What now? Are we just supposed to go back to our boring lives? Hanging out at the local Ghost Museum.

FRED

Working on cars at Old Joe's...

DAPHNE

Having a one-way conversation with a microphone.

FRED

What about you, Shaggy?

SHAGGY

What about me?

FRED

When are you planning on heading out?

SHAGGY

I dunno. What do you think Scoobs?

Scooby lays down.

SHAGGY (CONT'D)

Scooby says we're gunna stick around for a bit. See what other trouble we can get into.

WE SEE Shaggy's camper van, the MYSTERY MACHINE -- illegally parked, ready to chauffeur the gang to their next adventure.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF PILOT**