

SCOOBY-DOO!

and the

HEX FILES



Based on
Scooby-Doo and the
Witch's Ghost
Now a new movie
from
Warner
Home Video

Adapted by Gail Herman
Scooby-Doo and the Witch's Ghost screenplay by Davis Doi & Glenn Leopold
Story by Rick Copp & David Goodman



Scooby-Doo and the Mystery, Inc. gang were visiting the small New England town of Oakhaven. Their new friend, famed mystery writer Ben Ravencroft, had invited them to his home for a quiet, peaceful stay. But when Scooby, Shaggy, Velma, Fred, and Daphne arrived, they didn't see a sleepy little village. The townspeople were hosting an Autumn Fest — featuring the Hex Girls rock group — and Oakhaven was a busy, bustling town filled with tourists.



The tourists flocked to visit Oakhaven's model Puritan Village, which was a recreation of a centuries-old town, built by the mayor and townspeople. There were houses and shops, a pumpkin patch, turkey pen, and even a ghost! Sarah Ravencroft, Ben Ravencroft's ancestor — had been accused of being a witch hundreds of years ago, and was said to be haunting the village, out for revenge.

Scooby made his way through the crowds and spied some dolls made from corn husks. He put a tiny doll hat on his head.

"Perfect fit," Shaggy joked as the hat blew off. A gopher snatched it up quickly, then disappeared down a hole.



In a flash, Scooby stuck his head in the hole, too. He sunk his teeth into something hard — and pulled out a rusty old buckle.

“Looks like a Puritan shoe buckle,” the mayor of Oakhaven said, strolling over. “We found all sorts of things when we cleared this area for construction.”

Shaggy placed the buckle on his shoe. “Like, look for another one,” he told Scooby, “so I can have a matching pair!”



Velma was curious about the ghost of Sarah Ravencroft. So Ben took her, Fred, and Daphne back to his mansion and showed them a portrait of his ancestor. Then he told them about the work that she did.

“Sarah wasn’t a witch,” Ben told them. “She was a Wiccan; a medicine woman who used the forces of nature to heal. She kept a journal that could prove her innocence. If only the mayor had found that book when they built the village, I could clear our family name!”



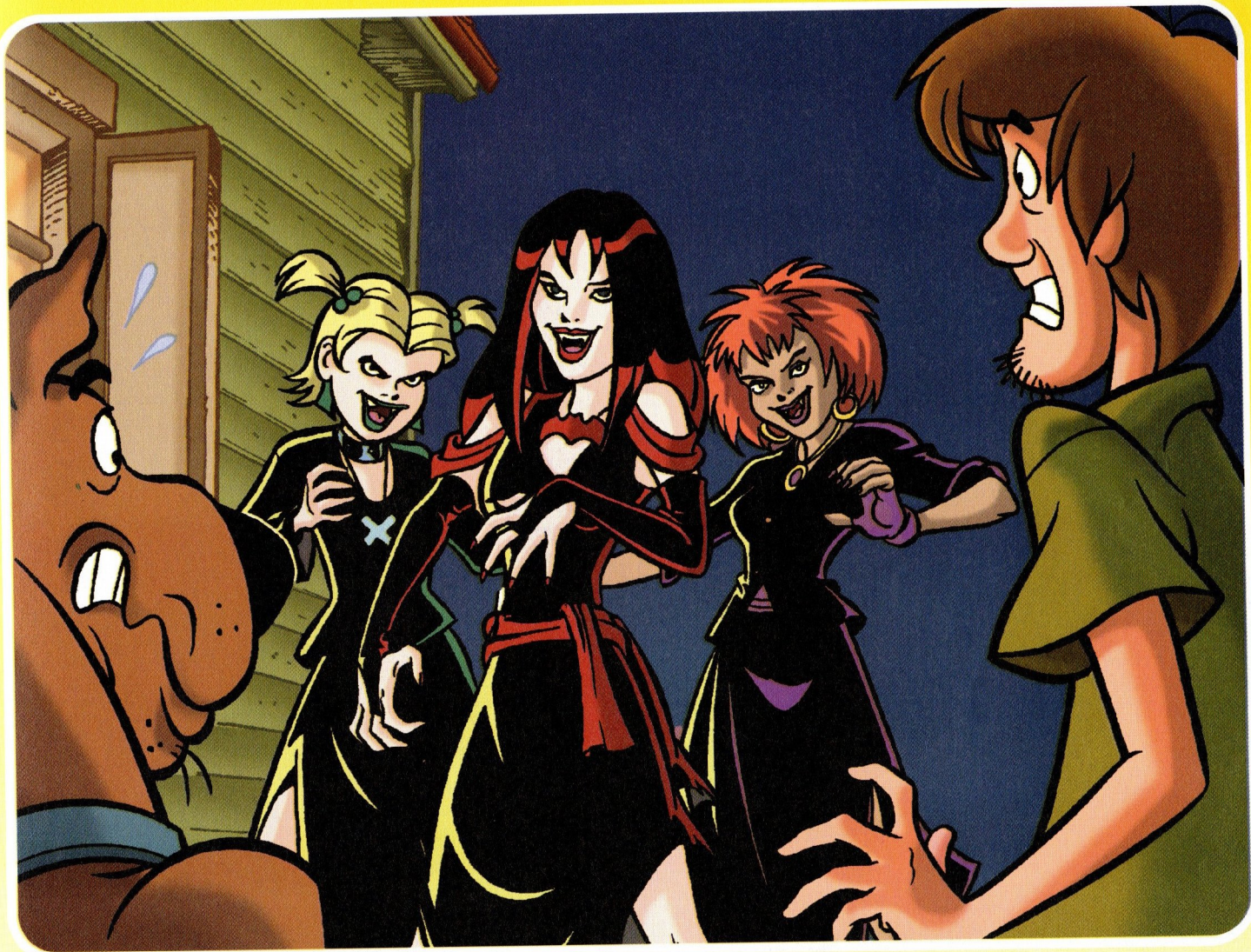
Meanwhile, the mayor brought Shaggy and Scooby to the best restaurant in town for dinner. The owner, Jack, brought them every dish in the kitchen. "I've never seen anything like this!" Jack exclaimed as the guys gobbled down ham and beans and steak and french fries — everything on the menu!



It was late by the time they finished eating. Shaggy and Scooby staggered down dark, empty streets, their full bellies dragging on the ground. “Burp! Rexcuse me!” said Scooby.

A thick fog rolled in, blanketing the trees. “Like, with no one here!” Shaggy said, “this place is almost spooky.”

All at once, footsteps thudded close by. Three shadowy figures stepped out of an alley. Shaggy squinted. “Girls!” He pulled in his stomach, and Scooby preened like a show dog.



“Hi!” said the girls. Shaggy gasped. Their faces were hideously pale, and their sharp, pointy teeth gleamed in the moonlight — like fangs!

“Ahhhhh!” screamed Shaggy. “Rahhhh!” screamed Scooby. They took off — fast.

“I think we lost ‘em, buddy,” Shaggy said a few minutes later. They skidded to a stop, and looked at each other, suddenly confused. They’d just seen three frightening, witchy-looking girls. But wasn’t there supposed to be *one* witch’s ghost?



Suddenly, a fierce wind blew down the street. A glowing witch's ghost swooped down from above. Her pointy hat bobbed. Her clawed hands stretched toward them. "This town will pay for what it did to me," she moaned.

The witch's ghost flung out her arm. A volley of fireballs shot out from her fingertips. "Like, it's every coward for himself, good buddy," Shaggy said, already running.



Shaggy and Scooby dashed around the corner and crashed into the rest of the gang.

"Rhost!" cried Scooby.

"Roast?" Ben Ravencroft repeated, not understanding.

Scooby held his arms in a witch's pose and sneered an evil grin. "Riches rhost!"

"You saw the witch's ghost!" Velma exclaimed.

Shaggy led them back to the deserted street, explaining about witches and fireballs. Velma flicked on her flashlight and knelt to examine some powder scattered on the ground. "Hmm," she said. "Fireballs . . ."



All at once, an eerie wailing echoed through the street. Strange green lights flickered over treetops. The gang crept closer . . . closer . . . to the noise and lights until they stepped into an open field.

"Zoinks!" said Shaggy. He gazed at the three girls he and Scooby had just met. Now they were standing on a stage. "It's the witches!"



“Hit it, sisters!” one girl cried. Shaggy and Scooby jumped in fear. “Relax, guys. They’re just a band,” Fred explained, pointing out the instruments. “They’re the Hex Girls!”

The group began to sing, “Hex Girl! Hex Girl! Gonna put a spell on you!”

Scooby thumped his tail. Shaggy swayed. The song ended, and flashes exploded over the stage.

“Gee, that reminds me of fireballs,” Fred whispered to Velma.



Finally the girls noticed their audience. They jumped off the stage to introduce themselves as lead singer Thorn, and her backups Dusk and Luna.

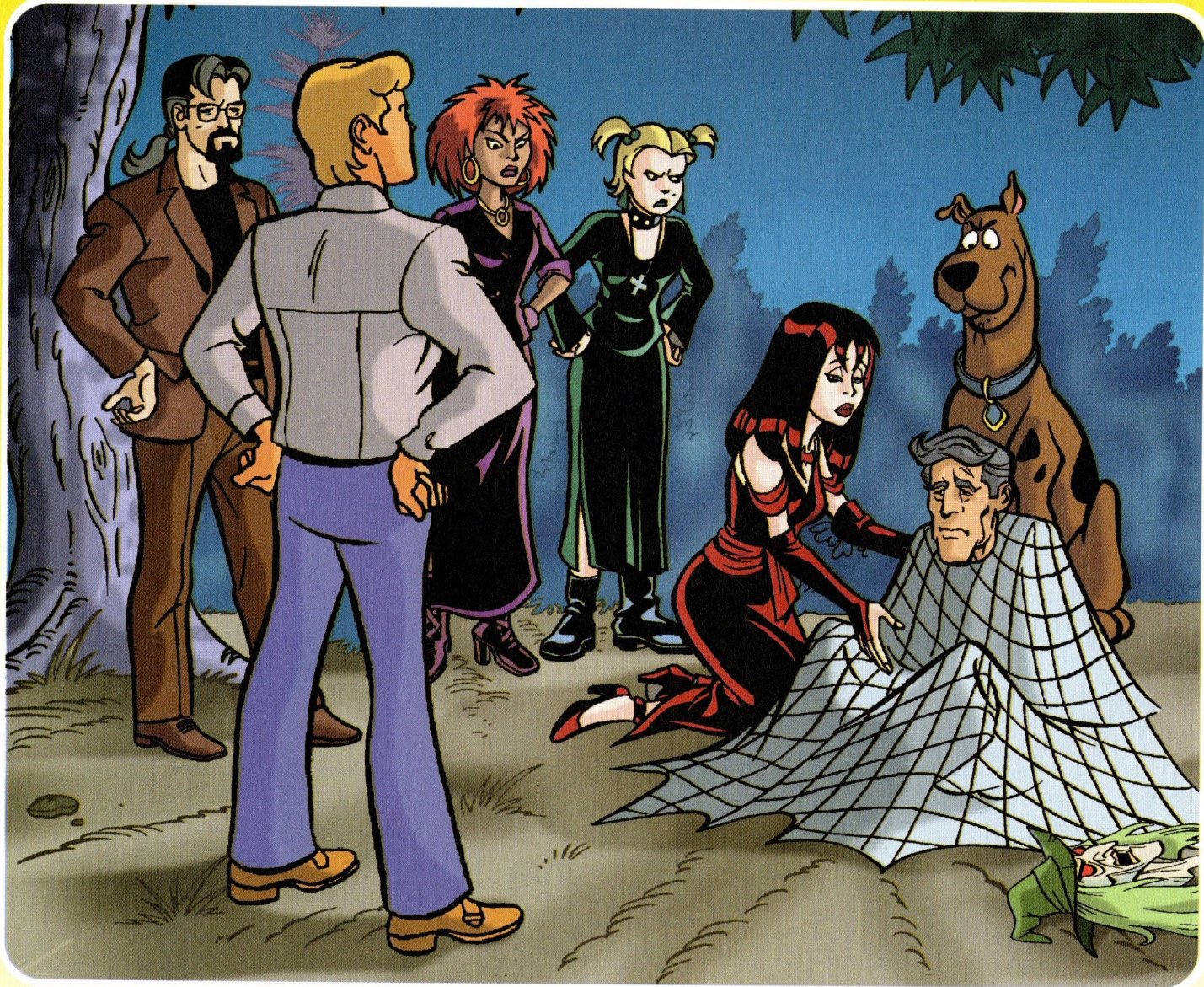
The musicians seemed so suspicious that Fred and Daphne decided to follow them.

“I’m going to perform the ritual,” they heard Thorn tell the others on a street corner. “Bad dreams, sisters.”

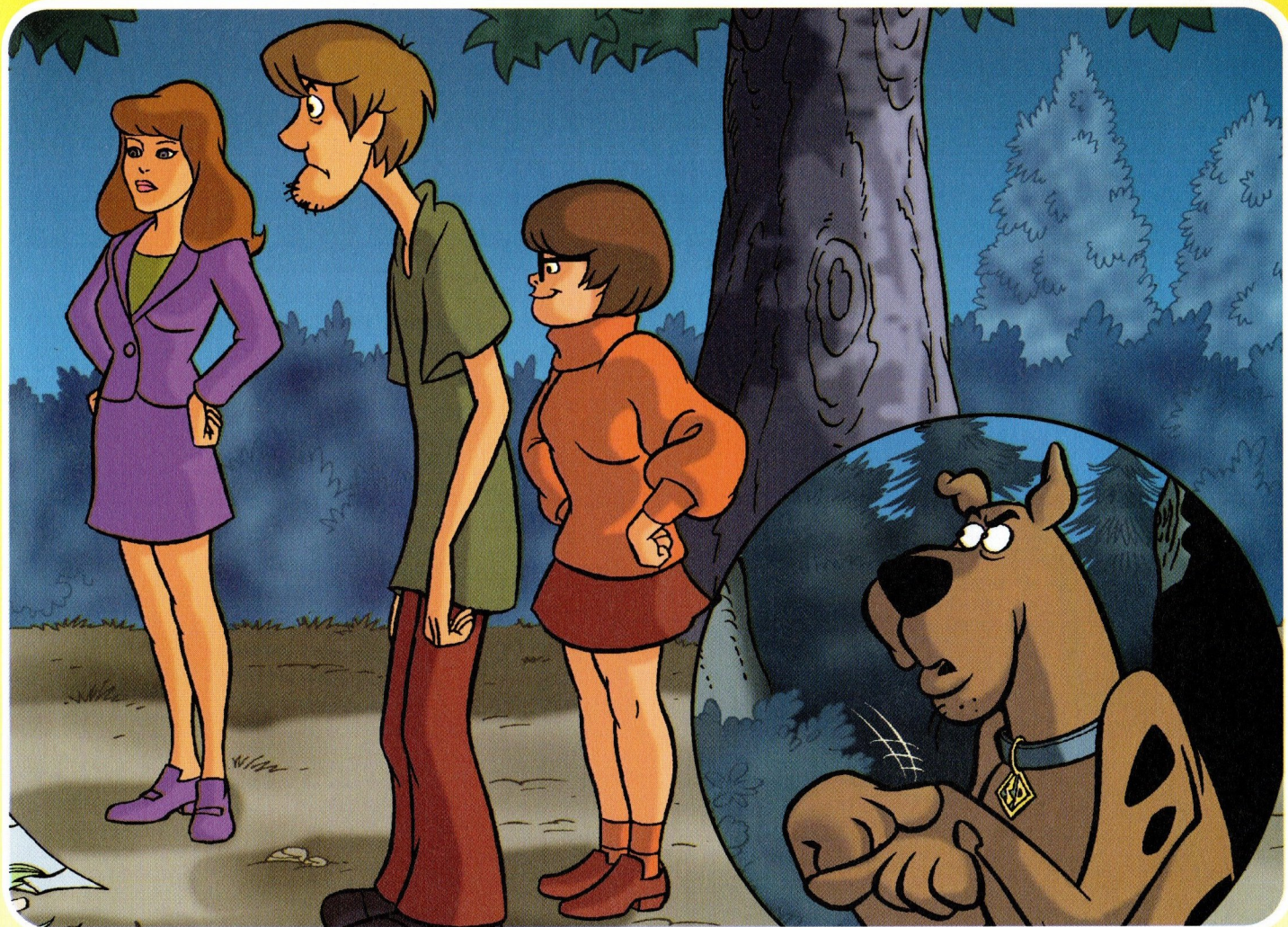


A few minutes later, Fred and Daphne peered into a shed. Thorn stood over a table filled with plants and herbs. She crushed some flowers into a bowl, poured in a strange liquid, then mixed it with a twig. She lifted the bowl, breathing the potion deeply.

"If I didn't know better," Daphne whispered, "I'd say she was a witch!"

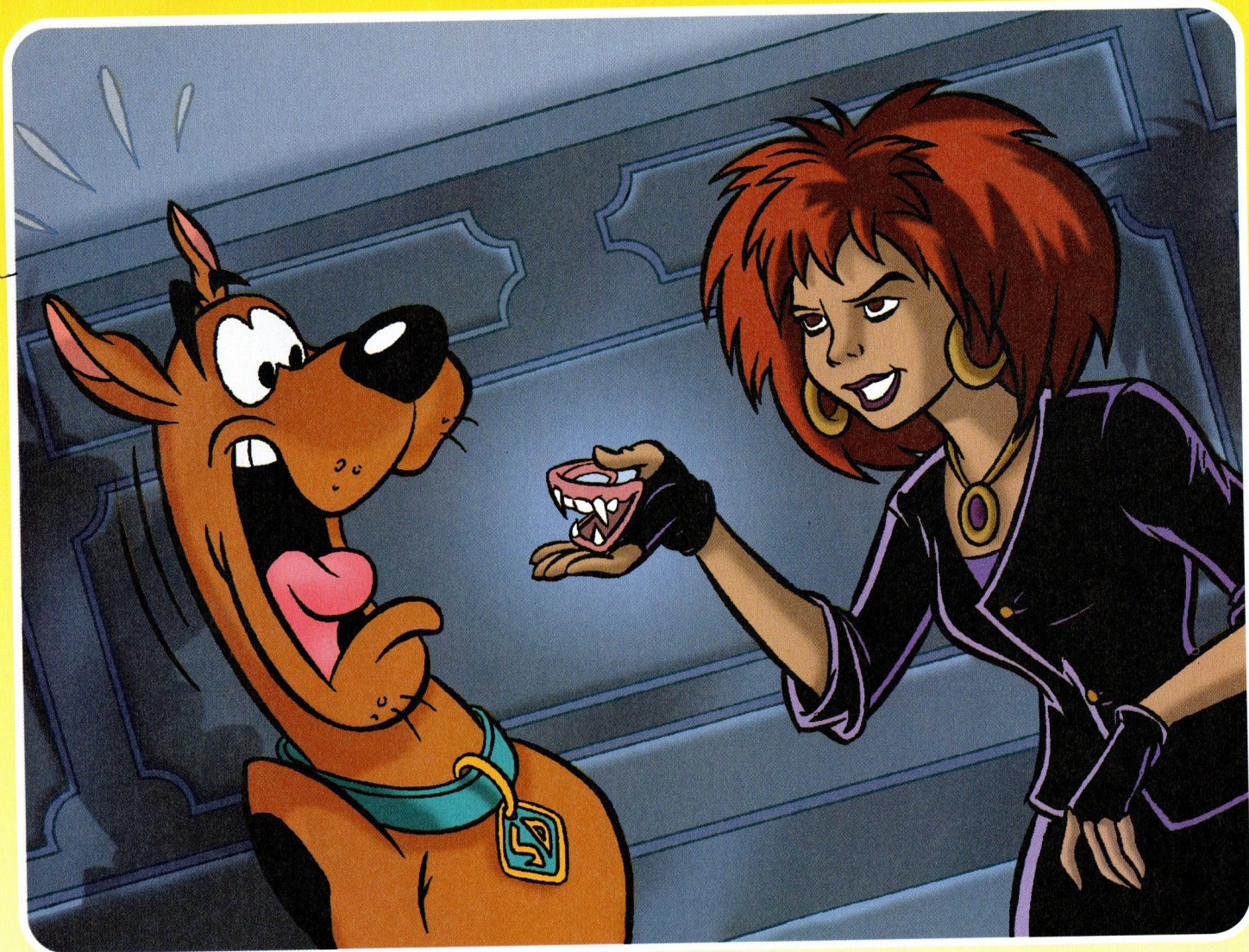


Meanwhile, Velma and the others were doing some investigating, too. They found a truck in a warehouse that had just been turned off. They saw the mayor make mysterious deliveries to all the town's shopkeepers. Quickly, Velma put the clues together. Then Velma and the rest of the gang trapped the witch's ghost!



“Daddy?” said Thorn. The witch’s ghost wasn’t the spirit of Sarah Ravenscroft. It wasn’t even a ghost. It was Thorn’s father, the owner of the Oakhaven drugstore. Then the mayor stepped forward, along with more shopkeepers, and Jack the restaurant owner.

Ben Ravenscroft gazed at the townspeople, speechless. His ancestor wasn’t to blame! “Everyone’s in on it,” Velma explained. “The truck has wires that make the ghost fly, and Thorn’s dad used her stage props to make fireballs. The ghost brought in tourists, which was good for business.”



"I don't believe this, Daddy," Thorn exclaimed.

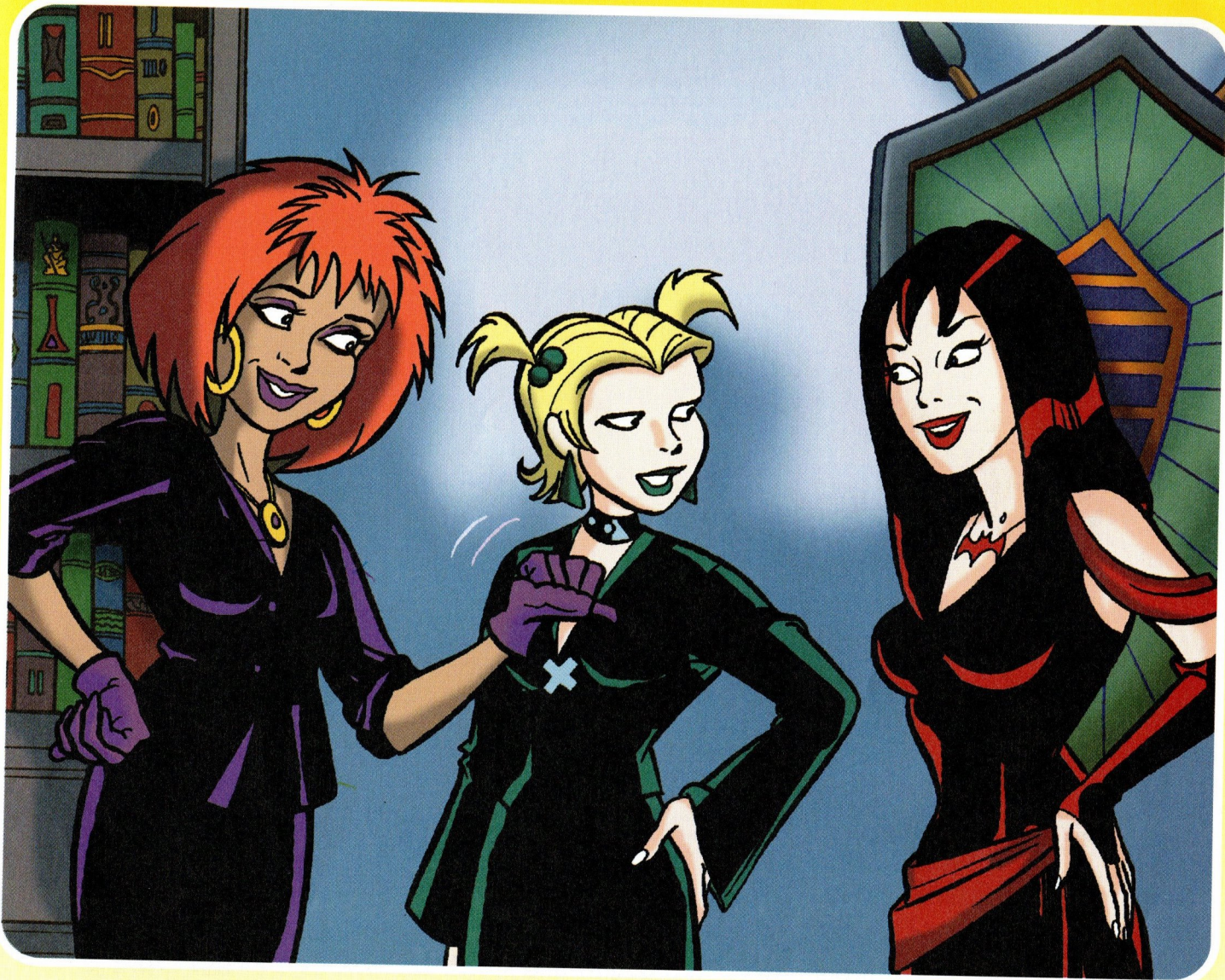
Daphne stared at Thorn, surprised. "You mean you didn't know?"

"The girls have nothing to do with this," Thorn's father answered for her quickly.

"But we thought you were witches," said Daphne.

"We just pretend that stuff," Dusk put in. "It's a gimmick for our band."

Luna grinned and popped out her fake fangs — right at Scooby.



The Hex Girls were a regular rock 'n' roll band? Daphne couldn't believe it! "But we saw Thorn perform a witch's ritual," she insisted.

Thorn shook her head. "I was just using peppermint to soothe my vocal cords."

"We're kind of like Wiccans," Luna put in. "But Thorn really is one!"

Thorn laughed. "Only one-sixteenth blood on my mother's side."



“Hmmm, Wiccans,” Velma said to herself, “like Sarah Ravenscroft.” If only they could find Sarah’s journal, they’d be able to prove Ben’s ancestor wasn’t a witch.

Velma looked at the ground deep in thought, and spied the buckle on Shaggy’s shoe. Wait a minute! In Sarah’s portrait, she was holding a book — the journal — with a buckle on it, too!

“Scooby,” Velma said, “can you show me exactly where you found this buckle?”

Scooby put his nose to the ground and sniffed the trail back to the gopher hole. “Rhere!” he told everyone.



"We want to find Sarah's journal," Velma said to Scooby. "So you've got to dig deeper."

"Ruh-uh."

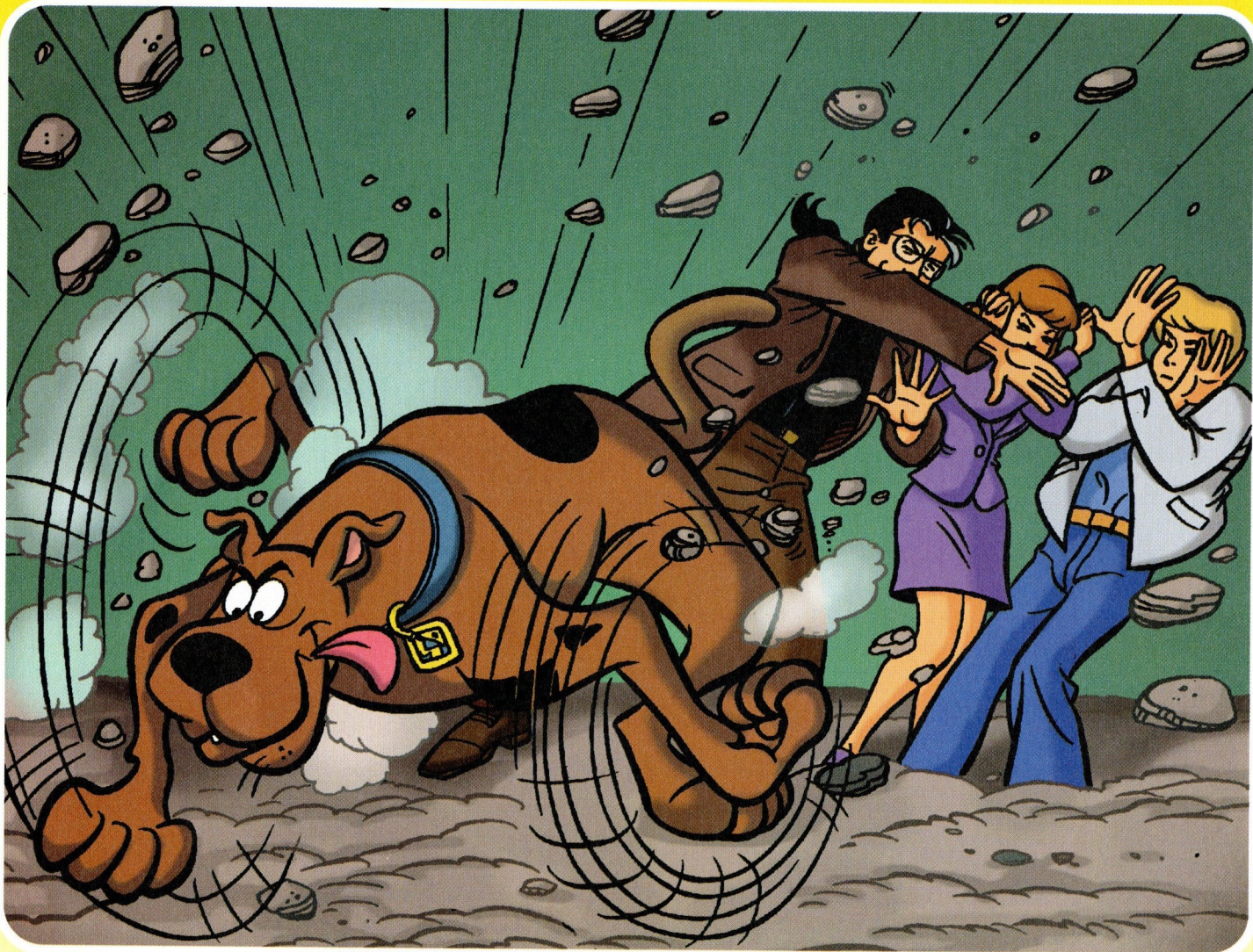
"How about a Scooby Snack?"

"Ruh-uh."

"Seven Scooby Snacks?"

"Rokay!"

Velma tossed the Snacks into the air, Scooby caught them, gulped, and began to dig.



Faster and faster, Scooby dug. Finally, he backed out of the hole, dragging an old box. Ben fell to his knees in front of the strange-looking box. Shaking with excitement, he pried it open. A book lay inside, covered with mysterious symbols. Ben gripped it tightly. Suddenly his face darkened and looked evil! Then he stared at the gang and sneered. "Sarah wasn't a Wiccan," he growled in a low, nasty voice. "And this isn't a journal. It's a spell book. The real Wiccans imprisoned Sarah in its pages — because she really was a witch!



"I tricked you into helping me find the book," Ben told the gang. "And that stupid fake ghost the townspeople dreamed up only helped, too."

Velma gasped. Ben was just pretending to be their friend. And he didn't care about clearing his family name at all.

"Now I shall unlock Sarah's power," Ben said in a thundering voice. "Together we shall reign supreme!" Quickly he read from the book, *"Let the evil from the past breathe again with fiery blast."*

The book glowed. Ben grew taller and more powerful. Lightning bolts flew from his fingertips — knocking down the gang, pushing the townspeople into old-fashioned Puritan stocks, and trapping the Hex Girls by a post.



Shaggy and Scooby scrambled away. "Grab the book!" Velma shouted to Fred and Daphne. They all dove for Ben. But he jumped out of their grasp. He pointed a shaking finger — and a stream of fire shot to the ground, circling Velma, Daphne, and Fred.

"You won't get away with this!" Velma warned — just as Shaggy drove the Mystery, Inc. van through the flames. Scooby opened the back doors, and Velma and the others tumbled inside.

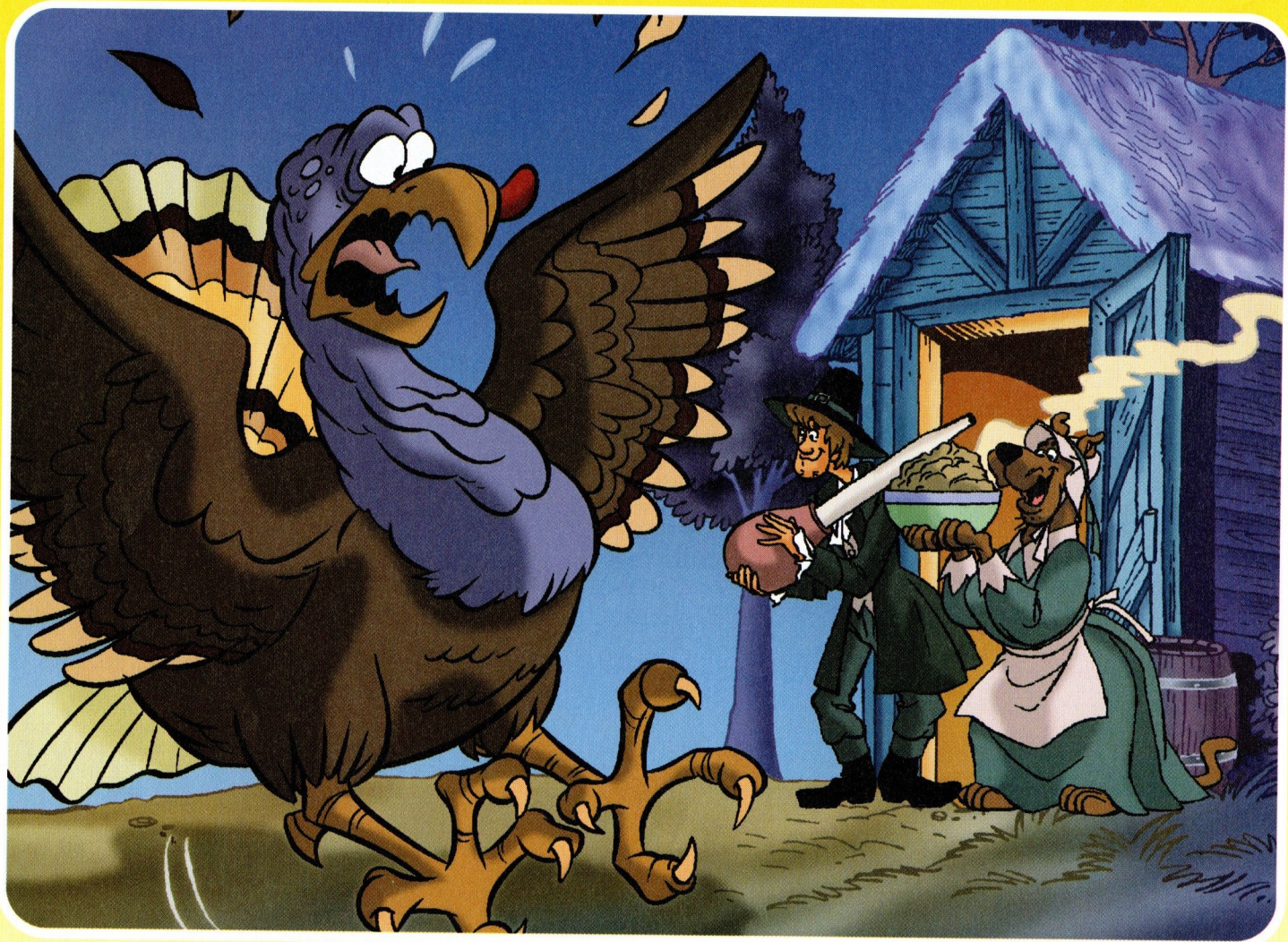


"We've got to get that book before Ben finishes the spell!" Velma shouted.

But Ben was already summoning Sarah. "*Dreadful darkness hear my cry,*" he chanted. "*Bring one back who cannot die.*"

A jagged lightning bolt struck the ground. The ground bucked and heaved like an earthquake. Clouds swirled, coming together to form a hideous shape. It was the evil witch, Sarah Ravencroft!

Sarah glared at Ben. "I will punish this world and *you* for my imprisonment!" she shrieked.



In a flash, she captured Ben inside a giant fireball. The book dropped to the ground, and Scooby and Shaggy made a grab for it.

Cackling with anger, the witch sent a fireball blast to the turkey pen. "Do my bidding, bird!" she ordered as the turkey grew to fearsome size. "Get them!"

But Scooby and Shaggy jumped into Puritan costume to tackle the bird — with a giant turkey baster and a bowl of stuffing from a museum exhibit!

"Ahhh!" the turkey squawked, racing away.



Dodging fireball blasts, Velma rushed over to Scooby. "I've got an idea," she whispered. "But we still need that book."

"Ro way!" said Scooby.

"For a *box* of Scooby Snacks?" Velma added.

Scooby took off. Quickly, he snatched up the book. But the witch snatched Scooby!



Now Sarah had the book! “Let my buddy go!” Shaggy shouted. He tossed a bucketful of water at the witch. Splash! Sarah frowned, annoyed, and still held Scooby fast.

“Hey, it worked in *The Wizard of Oz*,” Shaggy told Scooby.

“Fool!” cried the witch. Finally dropping Scooby and the book, she reached for Shaggy. Frightened, he threw the bucket away. It landed — *plop!* — right on the witch’s head.

“Raggy! Runnn!” Scooby shouted, yanking his friend free. Shaggy had just enough time to reach back and scoop up the book.



While Shaggy raced across the Puritan Village, Velma was untying the Hex Girls.

"Enough!" the witch shrieked in anger. She pulled off the bucket, firing blast after blast. One bolt struck the pumpkin patch. Suddenly, ordinary pumpkins were transformed into giant monsters. They grinned ghastly, horrible grins, and sprouted spindly vine-legs. They scurried like spiders around the gang.

"Here, Velma!" Shaggy cried, tossing the book.



Another blast struck the ground. Vines crept over everyone, trapping Velma as she caught the book. "Read this spell," she told Thorn.

"Are you crazy?" said Thorn. "I'm not a witch!"

"But you *are* part Wiccan," Velma reminded her.

Fireballs blasted. The vines tightened their grip. The witch was swooping closer!

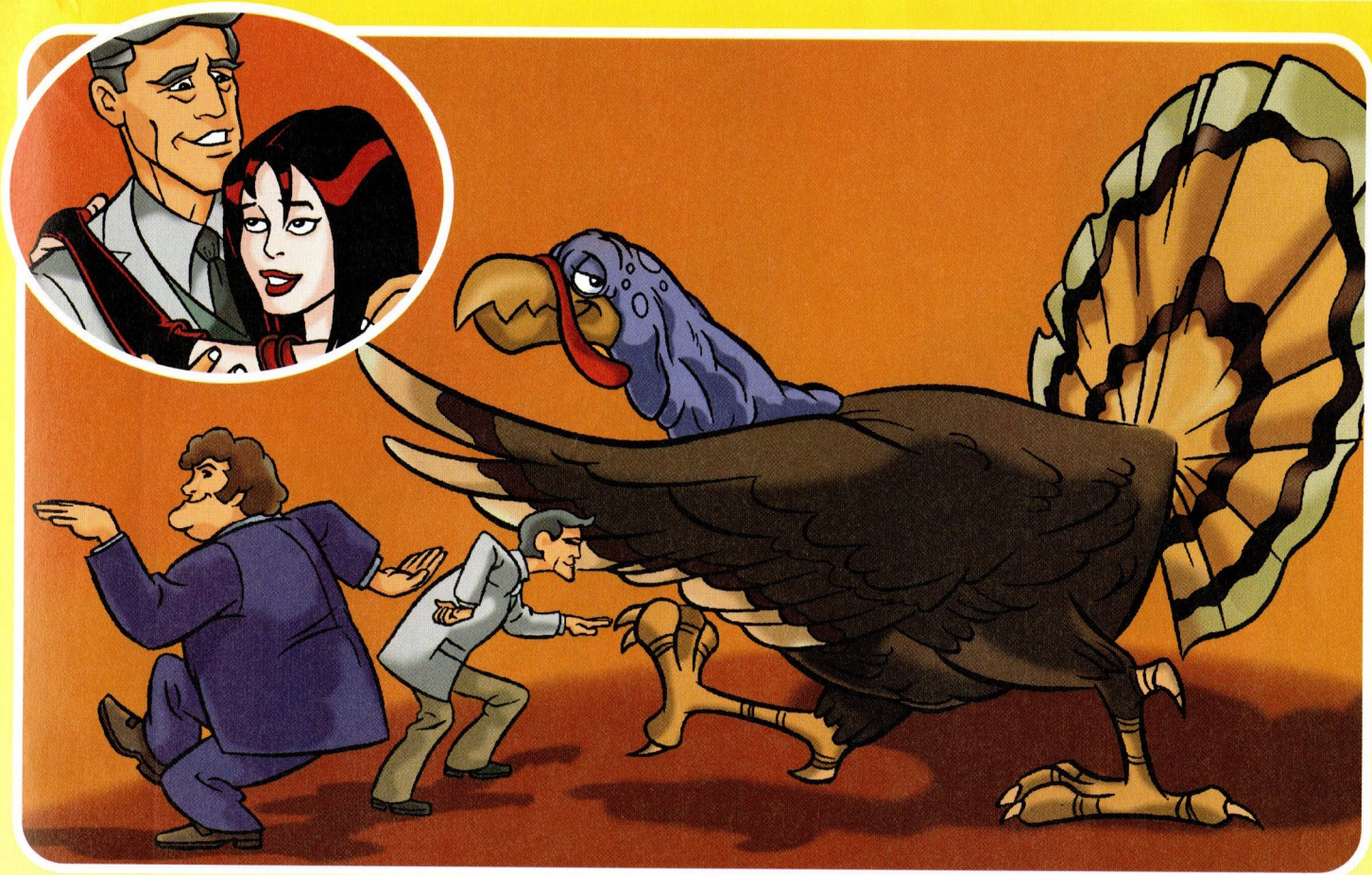
Hurriedly, Thorn read: "*For misdeeds that you have done . . .*"

Velma gazed worriedly at Sarah, now inches away.

"*Witch return from whence you —*"

Clawed fingers covered the book.

"*Come!*" finished Thorn.



The spell worked! The tall, clinging vines withered away. Monster pumpkins shrank to normal. And the witch jumped back, as if struck by lightning. She turned to run, but the spell book slithered after her. All at once, the book flipped open and sucked her inside.

"I'm not going back alone!" she cried, sticking out a hand to pull Ben with her.

Quickly, the gang freed the imprisoned townspeople. "Oh, Daddy!" Thorn said, hugging her father tight.

"This is a disaster," the mayor moaned, gazing at the Puritan Village ruined by fireball blasts. "No witch. No museums. What kind of attraction are we going to have for our Autumn Fest?"

Just then the giant turkey waddled over. Of course! The world's biggest turkey would bring in tourists! Thorn's dad and the mayor danced for joy.



That night everyone danced while the Hex Girls played their music. Scooby joined in on drums. "Scooby-dooby-doo," he rock 'n' rolled!