

Chapter 1

“Check the map and see where we are at, Scoob.” Shaggy said. “This fog is intense.”

“Roh-kay.” Scooby said, and tried to open the map.

The Mystery Machine was inching down the highway through fog that was so thick you could only see a few feet in front of the vehicle. Shaggy and Scooby were supposed to meet up with the rest of the gang in upstate New York, but at some point they got lost.

Scooby fumbled with the map, his paws not having the opposable thumb that would make the task easy. He managed to get it open, but he struggled to hold onto it.. He tried laying it on the dash, but it slid down to the floor. Then he tried putting it in his lap, but it kept folding up the middle.

“Come on, Scoob.” Shaggy said. “I’m driving blind over here.”

“I’m trying, Rhaggy.” Scooby said.

“Maybe I can see better if I open a window.” Shaggy said. “There’s fog on the inside and the defroster isn’t working.”

Shaggy grabbed the handle and rolled down the window. As soon as the window was all the way down, the outside air sucked the map from Scooby’s lap right out the window.

“Ruh roh.” Scooby said. “The map!”

“Like, zoinks!” Shaggy shouted. “You let the map fly out the window.”

“Sorry.” Scooby grunted.

“There’s an exit up ahead.” Shaggy said. “Let’s get off there and see if we can find a new map.”

“Roh-kay.” Scooby said.

The Mystery Machine pattered on into the foggy night. The exit came up after a few minutes, and Shaggy took it. He pulled the van into the parking lot of what looked like an all night gas station in the middle of nowhere. There were three other cars in the lot because it was after midnight. They were supposed to arrive at the mansion that night, but the fog held them up. Shaggy realized that they were going to have to find a hotel somewhere for the night.

“Stay here, Scoob.” Shaggy said. “Like, I don’t want to get into any trouble, and the store might not let dogs inside.”

Scooby nodded his head up and down. “Rime hungry.”

“Like, hold your horses, Scoob. We need to figure out where we are first. Then we can eat.”

Scooby made a sad face as Shaggy shut the door and walked toward the entrance. Inside, Shaggy saw a man looking for a drink at the back of the store. A woman was getting coffee over by the front window. Behind the counter was an Indian man, and he was sitting on a stool watching a TV that was on the wall behind the counter.

“Like, do you have any maps, sir?” Shaggy asked the man.

The man turned to look at him, revealing a name tag that said “Harley.”

“Over there.” Harley said, pointing to a rack that stood by the drink machines.

Shaggy walked over to the rack and found a couple of maps. He got one of the whole state of New York and one of New York City and its burrows. Then he decided to get a drink and some snacks for the road. He walked to the front of the store and laid everything on the counter.

“Like, what’s up with this fog?” Shaggy asked as he handed the cashier the money.

“Does it get that bad here all the time?”

Harley shook his head as he put Shaggy’s stuff in a bag. “No sir. It vetty strange.”

“You can leave the maps out.” Shaggy said, and took them from the counter.

“Have a great day.” Harley said as he handed Shaggy the change.

As Shaggy was walking out the door, a headline in the New York Times caught his eye.

Six Foot Cat Terrorizes Park Goers. Shaggy stopped walking and moved over to the paper.

“How much for the paper?” He said to the cashier.

“\$3.18.” Harley answered.

Shaggy walked back and dropped a \$5 bill on the counter. He collected his change and walked back to the van. Inside the van, he read the article. It was short and only a couple of paragraphs.

Authorities responded to a call today in Staten Island, where reports of a man wearing a cat costume has been terrorizing people. Locals say they have seen the man walking along the highway and around the Staten Island Mall.

Local police have responded to distress calls from citizens, but when they arrive the cat is nowhere to be found. Local residents have said that the cat will try to chase people and upset trash cans. If you see the cat, dial 9-1-1 and report it right away. If anyone has any information regarding the cat, please call 555-5309.

Shaggy laid the paper on the steering wheel. “Wow, Scoob. I think we were meant to be held up. Let me take a look at the map.”

Shaggy opened the map and looked at his options. They were approaching from D.C., so they were headed north on I-95. They were currently at the Joyce Kilmer Service Area, which was still about an hour south of New York City.

Shaggy pointed to the map. “Like, Staten Island is only an hour away. Let’s find a hotel there and stay for the night.”

Chapter 2

“Today we are at the market playing a game we like to call ‘Puts Pocket.’” Joe Gatto said.

Q, standing to his left, chimed in. “The goal of the game is to get as many pencils onto an unsuspecting shopper as possible.”

Sal pushed Q into Joe and then said. “If you can’t get the most pencils onto a shopper, then you lose.”

“Ello mate. I have no lines in this intro.” Murr shrugged. The guys all started laughing because he was wearing his pants way up to his chest like Steve Urkel.

Joe looked at Murr. “That’s just offensive.”

“Can we be done with the intro?” Sal asked sarcastically, and he rolled his eyes at Murr. The rest of the guys laughed.

“Cut.” Simmy said from behind the scenes.

The guys had a table with cameras set up in the stockroom. Q, Sal, and Murr went to the back while Joe hovered around the meat aisle.

Joe shoved an entire cannoli into his mouth.

Sal laughed from the back room and spoke into the mic. “Where did you get a cannoli?”

“I’m a fat fuck.” Joe said. “You should assume I always have a cannoli somewhere.”

The guys all laughed.

Q grabbed the mic. “Yeah, but do we really want to know where?”

Joe shrugged. “Let’s get this show on the road, boys. I have things to do today.”

“We’re almost ready.” Simmy said from the side. He was giving directions to the camera crew.

A few minutes later, Simmy gave the go ahead to start the scene. Joe carried a stack of pencils with him. The goal was to get as many of them onto a stranger as possible. He had played the game many times before, so he wasn’t really nervous. After a few minutes of shooting the shit with the guys, a shopper came down the meat aisle. It was an old woman who looked like she was in her sixties. She had short, gray hair that was done in a perm. She might have been five feet tall. She was hunched over the cart, pushing it towards the meats.

“How about this old lady?” Murr said into the mic. “Time to see how many pencils you can get in her.”

Sal looked at Murr with a smirk. “In?”

The guys all laughed.

“You know what I mean, asshole.” Murr said, half serious.

Joe tiptoed behind the old lady. The thing he liked about this game was that, no matter how many times he played, it was always a challenge. It never really got any easier, which meant that it stayed relatively fresh as a bit for the show. It was always good for a few laughs and loads of fun for the guys to bust each others’ balls.

“Oh, it looks like Joe is going for the loose purse.” Sal said into the mic.

Joe had positioned himself beside the old lady, and he was hovering around her purse, which was hanging from her left shoulder. He wasn’t sure why she didn’t just put the purse into the cart, but at this point he didn’t care. Within seconds, he had put two pencils in the purse

without her even knowing he was beside her. After the second one, she made a motion like she might have felt the pencil, but wasn't entirely sure what it was. So, she kept shopping.

Joe turned to look at the camera, and he held up a stack of pencils and smirked. Then he took the whole stack and basically shoved them into her purse. He quickly retracted his hand and then pointed at the meat on the shelf beyond her, trying to act casual.

“Did she catch him?” Q asked.

The lady looked over at Joe, but then looked back at the meat. Joe did a quiet dance in the aisle, and then moved toward her to put more pencils in the purse.

“He's going back for more?” Sal said. “We get it, Joe. You win. Now you're just rubbing it in our faces.”

Joe scrunched his face into the camera, and held up another small stack of pencils. He snuck back around the lady and stood, waiting for the perfect chance to act.

“Hey, do you know if this meat is any good?” He asked the lady, trying to distract her.

The lady looked at him and shook her head, and then started pushing the cart away from the aisle.

Q laughed. “You spooked her, Joe.”

“Screw it, boys.” Joe said. “I'm getting it.”

The guys laughed. Joe quickly moved to follow her out of the aisle. He came up behind her and, just as he was about to put the pencils into her purse, she stopped and turned toward him. He took the pencils in his fist and then crossed his arms across his chest like he was thinking. He stood and stared at the meat while the lady stared at him.

Sal laughed. “It's a showdown! Who's going to move first?”

Joe stared at the meat. The lady stared at Joe. Gridlock. Then Joe pointed to the meat again, trying to distract the lady. But this time she was wise to it. She stood and watched him.

“Can I help you with something, ma’am?” He asked sheepishly.

“What are you trying to do?” The woman asked. “Leave me alone or I’m calling the police.”

“No.” Joe said. “Wait. You’re on a TV show called Impractical Jokers. I swear I’m not trying to rob you.”

The lady looked at him skeptically.

“Check your purse.” Joe said. “I just put a bunch of pencils in there.”

Joe could hear the guys laughing in his ear.

The lady reached into her purse and pulled out a pile of pencils. Then she smiled.

Joe laughed. “It’s a hidden camera show. I was supposed to see how many pencils I could get onto someone. Looks like I got 13.”

“Lucky number 13!” Sal said.

“Cut!” Simmy said. “Great work guys. Let’s get set up for Murr’s turn.”

Sal turned to talk to Murr. “Hey, dummy, it’s your...”

Murr wasn’t next to him anymore. He wasn’t in the room. After several minutes of trying to find him, they gave up. Murr was missing.

Chapter 3

Shaggy and Scooby were in the Mystery Machine. They had spent the night at a hotel in Staten Island and woke up fairly early to get a jump on the day. Shaggy was still tired because Scooby was snoring all night long.

“Like, I’m wiped out.” Shaggy said as he put the van into gear. “I think I need a cup of coffee to wake me up.”

As the words came out of his mouth, he noticed a coffee shop in a little strip mall off to his right. He pulled the van into the parking lot. The coffee shop was actually a part of the supermarket at this particular complex. Shaggy parked the van, and he and Scooby got out and walked toward the door. There were a couple of police cars at the door, and it caught Shaggy’s attention.

He made his way to the entrance, where he saw a whole bunch of people standing around talking.

“Like, look, Scoob.” Shaggy said. “What do you suppose this is about?”

“Rye don’t know.” Scooby said, shaking his head side to side.

Shaggy and Scooby stepped further into the store.

“OH MY GOD!” A voice to the left of Shaggy scared the crap out of him. He looked to the left and it was a middle-aged, chubby man. And he was pushing people out of the way, as he scrambled to the back of the crowd. “GET THAT FUCKING DOG AWAY FROM ME!”

Then one of the cops came toward Scooby, who was spooked and decided to run. The cop chased him up and down the aisles. Soon, two more cops joined the chase. Scooby was in

the dog food aisle and noticed all the food. For a brief instant, he was distracted looking for Scooby snacks. Then, a cop tackled him out of nowhere.

“Like, take it easy!” Shaggy shouted. “You’re going to hurt him. Calm down, Scoob!”

Soon, Shaggy and Scooby were sitting in the employee break room with a cop standing over them. The nametag on his shirt read “John Rickles.” He had a buzz cut and looked like he worked out.

“So, why did you run?” Officer Rickles asked Shaggy.

“I don’t know, maybe because you scared him?” Shaggy said sarcastically. “Like, how long is this going to take?”

“As long as is necessary.” Officer Rickles replied.

“So, all of this because a dog got loose in your store?” Shaggy asked.

“None of this because a dog got loose in the store.” Officer Rickles said. “I think you know what really happened here. That’s why you ran.”

“I just wanted a cup of coffee, sir.” Shaggy said. “We are on our way to upstate New York and have a long drive ahead of us.”

Officer Rickles slammed his fist on the table. “I know you took him, and I’m going to find out how you did it!”

Shaggy and Scooby looked at each other. Scooby started giggling. Shaggy looked confused.

“Like, took who?” Shaggy asked.

“Come on, you know.” Officer Rickles replied. “Don’t tell me you don’t realize that you wandered onto a TV show in the middle of filming?”

“TV show?” Shaggy looked at Scooby. “Are we going to be on TV?”

“More likely that you are going to jail.” Officer Rickles said.

Shaggy and Scooby looked scared, but, before they could reply, another person entered the room. He whispered into the officer’s ear, and then he left.

“Okay, if you won’t talk to me, maybe there’s some people here that you will talk to.” Officer Rickles said.

The door opened, and Shaggy saw three men enter. The first guy was clearly Italian, with grey hair and thick eyebrows. The second guy was chubby, with short, well-maintained hair. And the third guy looked like he was homeless.

“Like, where did they find you guys?” Shaggy asked. “In the dumpster out back?”

The guys looked at each other and then started cracking up laughing.

“We are the Impractical Jokers.” Joe said. “I am Joe, that’s Sal, and that’s Q.”

“The name is Shaggy. That’s my pal, Scooby.”

“Rerro everybody.” Scooby said skittishly.

Joe and Q looked at each other and then at the dog.

“The dog talks?” Joe asked.

“Like, of course he talks.” Shaggy said.

“What could he possibly talk about?” Q asked sarcastically. “The last shit he took or how he licks his balls?”

Q and Joe laughed. Sal stood behind them looking a little skittish.

“Like, what’s wrong with your friend?” Shaggy asked, pointing to Sal.

“Sal can’t handle anything even remotely dirty, and he’s not a huge fan of animals.” Q rolled his eyes. “We’ve been putting up with this shit for twenty years.”

“No offense,” Sal said quickly, holding up a hand towards Scooby. “But dogs carry all sorts of diseases.”

“Riseases?” Scooby looked confused.

“Can you quit screwing around and tell us why you have arrested us?” Shaggy asked impatiently.

Joe chuckled. “We aren’t cops. We’re part of the TV show that we are filming here today.”

“You film a TV show at the supermarket?” Shaggy asked.

“Can you think of a better place to film?” Joe asked.

“Rye can’t.” Scooby said.

Joe pointed at Scooby. “I like this dog.”

“So, why are you here?” Sal asked from behind Joe and Q.

“Like, I was up all night, and I needed some coffee.” Shaggy said.

“No, I mean, here on Staten Island.” Sal said. “The cops said you guys have California plates and licenses.”

“That’s kind of a long story.” Shaggy said. “We were on our way to meet the rest of our group, when we got slowed down by the fog and had to spend the night in a hotel. We’re on our way to upstate New York to solve a mystery.”

“A mystery?” Joe asked. “So, you guys solve mysteries? How convenient for us. Maybe you can help us find our friend.”

“Like, who is your friend?”

Q spoke up. “His name is James Murray. He’s a skinny, ferretty looking dude.”

Shaggy shook his head. “We were already in the middle of another investigation. Like, look at this newspaper story.”

Joe looked at the paper. “You realize this is from a tabloid, right?”

“Like, those are the best papers to read when you’re hunting g-g-ghosts.” Shaggy shuddered.

Joe laughed, then turned and whispered to Q and Sal. “This guy is nuts.”

“Hey, I heard that!” Shaggy said.

Sal was quiet. He was reading the clipping.

“Um, guys.” Sal said. “You should definitely look at this.”

There was an artist’s rendition of the cat that the article talked about.

“Holy shit.” Q said. “That’s Benjamin Cat.”

Chapter 4

“Did someone steal the suit?” Joe asked.

“Like, it’s more likely that the person terrorizing the city is someone who works on the show.” Shaggy said. “Might even be the same person who took your friend.”

Sal started screaming.

“Calm down, Sal, it’s just a dog.” Joe said.

“The biggest dog I’ve ever seen.” Sal replied. “But that’s not what I’m talking about. Look!”

He pointed and there was a bright apparition floating in the air above them. It was just a face, and the face was Benjamin cat.

“Like, it’s a g-g-g-ghost!” Shaggy shouted. “Run!”

“Heed my demands!” The face said. “You will bring one million dollars in small, unmarked bills to the penthouse suite of the Waldorf Astoria. You have twenty-four hours.”

“24 hours until what?” Q asked.

“Until I kill your friend.” The face said, and then it started laughing uncontrollably. “And don’t try to stop me, either!”

“Y-y-y-yes s-s-sir, M-m-mr. Ghost.” Shaggy said.

The apparition disappeared and everyone was silent for several seconds.

“So, what do we do?” Q asked.

“Maybe we can break in and get him back.” Joe said.

“The Waldorf Astoria has pretty tight security.” Q said. “How do you propose we even get by the front desk? Let alone up to the penthouse suite and past a crazy asshole in a catsuit.”

“We come up with a distraction.” Sal interjected. “Someone will have to run interference for us.”

“I know just what to do.” Joe replied. “I can take care of the distraction.”

Q looked at Joe. “What are you going to do?”

“Just get me a spoon and a big bowl of potatoes.” Joe said, smiling. “I’ll take care of the rest.”

“Okay, so we have a distraction.” Q said, smiling. “Any other bright ideas?”

“Like, I have one.” Shaggy said. “What is a cat most afraid of?”

“What is this, some kind of riddle?” Q asked.

“A dog.” Shaggy said. “Maybe Scooby can distract the guy with the cat costume while we get your friend.”

“Roh no!” Scooby shook his head and then jumped into Shaggy’s arms.

“Get down you big dope!” Shaggy said. “All you gotta do is get him to chase you.”

Scooby shook his head and buried it into Shaggy’s chest.

“Would you do it for a Scooby snack?” Shaggy asked.

Scooby stopped shaking his head as if to think. Then he shook it again.

“How about...three...scooby snacks?” Shaggy asked.

“How about the whole damn box.” Sal said.

Q and Joe laughed.

“Like, those snacks ain’t cheap.” Shaggy said.

“Are you really going to skimp on dog food?” Sal asked. “Am I going crazy?”

“I’m sure the crew of Impractical Jokers can swing the cost of a box of dog food for you.” Joe said.

“A whole box of Scooby snacks?” Shaggy said, looking at Scooby.

Scooby was silent for a few seconds. Then he shook his head up and down. “Roh-kay.” He said.

“Okay, so we have distractions at the front desk and in the room.” Q said. “Sal, Shaggy, and I will grab Murr after you guys do your thing.”

“You know, we could just let the police handle it.” Sal said.

“Like, you’re as big a scaredy cat as Scooby.” Shaggy said.

Sal crinkled his face. “I’m just the voice of reason in the bunch.”

“Big surprise there.” Joe said. “Sal is scared of cats, so this is like his worst nightmare. You think he freaks out when this guy in the cat costume comes on the show. Wait til you see him when he knows the guy in the cat costume might kill him.”

Q laughed. “Are you going to be okay, Sal? We need you, buddy.”

“I’ll be fine.” Sal answered angrily. “As long as you keep the big cat away from me.”

“So, let’s get this show on the road, boys.” Joe said.

Shaggy pulled the Mystery Machine up to the entrance of the supermarket. Scooby was sitting shotgun. When he got to the curb, the three jokers opened the side door of the van and got in.

“Cool set of wheels, bro.” Q said. “I used to have a jeep until these bozos destroyed it.” He pointed to Joe and Sal.

“I think I’m going to get a contact high from the smell in here.” Sal said.

“Hey, I’m the one with the big nose.” Joe said. “The rest of you have nothing to worry about.”

The three jokers cracked up.

“Like, you guys are never serious, are you?” Shaggy asked.

“Only when we have to be.” Q said.

“Which is pretty much never.” Joe said.

The three laughed again.

“Like, wow, Scoob.” Shaggy said. “What have we gotten ourselves into?”

Chapter 5

The trip across town took them over an hour due to heavy traffic. It gave them all a chance to get to know each other. Shaggy learned about the show and how the four guys were all friends from high school who had dreams of being on TV. They realized their dream, and life was good for the jokers. Shaggy told them about Velma, Daphne, and Fred. He talked about Mystery, Inc., and how they spent most of their time solving mysteries of the supernatural sort.

A little over an hour after everyone got into the van, they arrived at the Waldorf Astoria. Shaggy thought the building seemed rather plain-looking, despite its massive size. The outside of the building was nothing spectacular, but he'd seen movies and pictures of the inside, and it was the epitome of luxury in the city.

Shaggy pulled in front of the hotel. A well-dressed man came out to greet them.

"Welcome to the Waldorf Astoria." He said. "I'm here to park your car and to get your bags."

"No bags." Joe said.

"Yeah, here's a hundred bucks." Q said, peeling a hundred from a roll of cash in his pocket. "There's another hundred for you if it's still running when we get back."

"Yes sir!" The man said, excited about the tip.

The gang walked to the entrance.

"Joe, do you have what you need?" Shaggy asked.

Joe held up a wooden spoon and giant bowl of potatoes. "Locked and loaded."

"It's showtime." Sal said.

The gang walked inside. Huge pillars stood on either side of them, and a long, rather majestic walk to the front desk. Gold and silver spirals lined the edges of the walls. Marble floors, white with black shapes, led to the large, wooden front desk, where two men and a woman were working at various computers.

“Joe, this is all you, buddy.” Q said, slapping him on the back. “I hope you know what you’re doing.”

Joe smiled and started walking toward the desk. “Scoopski potatoes, motherfuckers.”

“Like, that guy is a couple sandwiches short of a picnic.” Shaggy said.

Q laughed. “You have no idea. Just wait. It’s about to get better.”

Joe made his way to the front desk, where he placed the bowl on the counter.

One of the men working the desk looked at him and at the bowl of potatoes. “Can I help you, sir?” He asked.

“Scoopski potatoes?” Joe said, sticking the wooden spoon into the bowl.

“Excuse me?” The man said.

“You got the scoopski, I got the scopski.” Joe said, and flung a spoonful of potatoes on the counter.

“Sir, I’m afraid I’m going to have to ask you to leave.” The man said.

“Scoopski potato?” Joe said, throwing potatoes on the counter. “Ah! Scoopski po-TAW-to.”

“Like, this is our chance, gang.” Shaggy said. “Let’s go.”

Joe was causing a huge commotion at the front desk, and pretty much everyone in the room was staring at him. The people behind the counter were absolutely dumbfounded. The woman picked up the phone and dialed 9-1-1.

“You got the scoops? I got the scoops.” Joe kept repeating as he flung potatoes everywhere. “Scoopski potato? Scoopski po-taw-to!”

Sal and Q were trying to stifle their laughter as they got onto the elevator. The last thing they saw as the doors were closing was Joe spinning in circles with the spoon vertical by his head. And he was shouting loudly: “Scoopski potatoes!”

As the elevator door went shut, Joe glanced over and winked and shouted: “Larry! Potatoes on aisle 1! Larry!”

Inside the elevator, Sal laughed so hard that he fell into Q, who, in turn, bumped into Shaggy and Scooby.

“Like, keep it together guys.” Shaggy said.

Q and Sal were still chuckling as the elevator stopped at the top floor. The doors opened and everybody got off. The penthouse suite was at the end of the hallway to their left.

“So, like, Scoob you’re going to knock on the door and see if you can confuse the guy.” Shaggy said. “The rest of us are going to go in and look around.”

“Roh-kay.” Scooby said, and started down the hallway. He paused for a moment at the door, then he knocked loudly.

“Who’s there?” A voice asked.

Scooby knocked louder and then barked.

The door flung open, and in the doorway was Benjamin Cat. Scooby pounced on him and tackled him into the room. Q, Sal, and Shaggy ran to the door. Scooby and the cat were wrestling. Q and Sal went through the room to the bedroom to see if they could find Murr. Shaggy moved to help Scooby, who had the cat on the ground and was holding him down.

“Way to go, Scoob!” Shaggy said.

Q and Sal emerged from the back with Murr, who still looked a bit shaken.

“Now, let’s get a look at who it is.” Shaggy said.

Shaggy reached down and flung the cat mask off of his forehead. Underneath the mask was Joey Fatone.

Epilogue

“I gotta say, I didn’t see that one coming at all.” Q said.

“You guys have had me on and off the show for years.” Joey said. “And all this time you don’t invite me to participate in the challenges.”

“So, you decided to wear the cat costume and go terrorize people in the city.” Sal said.

“Trying to make the show look bad.”

“Not just look bad.” Joey said. “It’s time that it got cancelled.”

“Joey, buddy, you’re like the only recurring guest we have on the show.” Q said. “That should tell you how much you mean...er...meant...to us.”

“Yeah, and in all that time, I went nowhere.” Joey retorted.

“Like, now you are going to jail.” Shaggy said.

The door opened and the cops came in. Joe Gatto was behind them.

“Looks like Murr isn’t the only one with a ‘foolproof plan.’” Joe held up air quotes at “foolproof plan.”

“Yeah, well, I’d have gotten away with it, too, if it wasn’t for that damned dog.” Joey said as they hauled him out of the room in handcuffs.

“Don’t forget the stoner guy.” Q said.

“Like, I don’t know what you mean.” Shaggy said.

All four of the jokers laughed.

“Well, I know one thing is for sure.” Joe said. “I’m so hungry I could eat the south end out of a north bound bear.”

“Ree too.” Scooby said.

“You said it, dude.” Shaggy said. “Like, what I wouldn’t give for a ginormous pizza right now smothered in cheese and mushrooms and pepperoni.”

“And ranchovies.” Scooby said.

“Y’all are sick.” Joe said. “But I like it! Dinner is on us, guys. To show our appreciation.”

Within an hour, the whole gang had eaten. Shaggy and Scooby said goodbye to the jokers and hit the road. As Shaggy and Scooby pulled onto the exit, a hologram of Benjamin Cat’s face stared at them from the sky.