

SCOOBY DOO

In

SCOOBY-DOO and the MASKED MAGICIAN

By pwatson1974

Legal stuff: Scooby-Doo and cast are obviously not my own work. They belong to Time Warner. Similarly, the Masked Magician is the work of Valentino, and I hope he and everyone else involved in this don't take any offence as that isn't my intention. No money changed hands to result in this story and when you read it you'll figure out why. So read, enjoy, and please, don't sue me.

“So, like, why are we going to the Masked Magician’s secret warehouse again? Isn’t it supposed to be, like, a secret?”

“Reah, recret.”

“Simple, Shaggy, there’s something suspicious about his shows.”

“You mean, like, apart from revealing all those secrets?”

“Exactly.”

“But won’t he get mad at us for snooping around his set? I mean, aren’t magicians, like, real serious about their privacy?”

“Reah, raren’t rhey?”

“Well, as the studio gave us permission, and this is their set, I don’t think we have anything to worry about, Shaggy.”

The Mystery Machine continues along the winding road, passing through thick stands of trees, the branches crooked and bent. They emerge into the parking lot, headlights shining on the flat concrete warehouse that the Masked Magician uses for his shows. “Well, gang, here we are, the Masked Magician’s warehouse.”

“Is he there?”

“No, Shaggy, there’s nobody in there.”

“If there’s no one in there, then, like, who’s that?” he points at the rooftop where a figure stands, silhouetted against the night sky, its black cloak flapping around him. Fred pulls out a torch, pointing it up at the figure. For a moment, he stands in the beam, outlined in black, his mask shining in the torchlight, highlighting the dark stripes running down through it. And then, he is gone.

“Did you see that, Shaggy? Shaggy?” Daphne looks around, but both Shaggy and Scooby are gone. “Scooby? Scooby-Doo, where are you?”

Velma pulls aside a trembling blanket to reveal the pair, hands (or paws) over their eyes, legs shaking violently.

“Honestly, what are you two hiding under there for?”

“Rarey.”

“Like, yeah, he just vanished. Like, into thin air.”

“Reah. Rinto rin rair.”

Velma rolls her eyes, “He’s a magician. There’ll be a trap-door on the roof that drops him into the warehouse. Nothing to worry about, it’s just a trick.”

“Like, the warehouse we’re going to going into?”

“Roikes.” Scooby pulls the blanket back over his head.

“Scooby-Doo, come out of there.”

“Ruh-uh.”

“Ok, well, we’ll just go into the warehouse and look around, and you stay here and watch the Mystery Machine, ok?”

“Roh-kay.”

“See you later, Scoob, old buddy.”

They walk towards the warehouse. Scooby-Doo looks around the dark, empty parking lot. The wind whistles through the trees, setting the branches waving. An owl hoots. Scooby’s shoulders hunch as he trembles, looking left and right in the darkness.

“Roikes! Rait ror re! Rait ror re!” he races after them, legs pinwheeling around.

The five of them walk through the warehouse, past the props, both traditional and clear box, Fred’s torch swinging back and forth. “Like, this is wild, Scoob. Look at all these boxes. You could hold a magic convention here. Ooh, look, a mask.” He holds the black and white striped mask over his face, “Like, I’m the Masked Magician.”

“Reah.” Scooby-Doo stops, pointing at Shaggy with is poor, his body trembling.

“Come on, Scoob. Like, it’s just me.” He pulls the mask away.

“Ruh-uh. Rook rout! Rehind rou!”

“Huh?” Shaggy turns, to find the Masked Magician standing behind him. “Yoiks!!” he jumps back, his hair standing on end. “Let’s get out of here, Scoob!”

“Reah, reah.” They race off through the stacks, crashing into Velma, bundling her into the others.

“What’s got into you two?” Fred demands as he stands up, brushing himself down.

“Rhe Rasked Ragician! Rhe Rasked Ragician!”

“He’s, like, back there. And he, like, tried to grab us.”

“Well that cinches it. He must be up to no good.”

“Let’s keep looking. Maybe we’ll find out what he’s up to.”

“And maybe,” he swallows hard, “he’ll find us.”

“Oh, come on, Shaggy. There’s nothing to be scared of.”

“No, like, tell h-him that.” He points to where the Masked Magician stands in a tall, upright cabinet. The Masked Magician reaches out, wrapping his arms around Daphne, pulling her into the cabinet. The door slams shut.

“Come on!” Fred grabs for the door, yanking it open, only to find the cabinet empty.

“Like, he didn’t do that on his TV specials.”

“Rhere’d rey ro? Rhere’d rey ro?”

“Oh, you two, there’s obviously a trap door, or a secret entrance in the back. We just have to find it.” Velma steps into the cabinet, rapping her hand on the walls. The door swings shut.

“Oh no, not again.” and when it opens, the cabinet is again empty.

“Roiks!”

“Come on! We’ve got to find them!”

Elsewhere in the warehouse, “What do you think you’re doing? Let me go.” The Masked Magician remains silent, dragging Daphne to a table, where a long, low pair of red boxes await. “That’s a, you’re going to, no!” The Masked Magician makes a mystical gesture in front of her face, staring into her eyes and Daphne goes limp, collapsing to drape over his arm. He lifts her up, placing her carefully on the table. He has just finished covering her with the boxes, sliding down the stocks over her ankles and neck, when there is a small puff of smoke from the end of the table.

“Jinkies!”

The Masked Magician turns towards Velma, making the same mystical gesture, whereupon she crumples to the floor, unconscious. The Masked Magician rolls a second table out of the shadows to the side of the wide flat area, lifting Velma onto it, covering her with another pair of boxes and stocks. He smiles to himself and reaches for the saw. He pulls a pair of silk handkerchiefs from his sleeve, gagging the two girls. He snaps his fingers and both open their eyes dreamily. The Masked Magician smiles and flexes the saw, lining it up with the gap between the boxes surrounding Daphne. She screams around the gag, struggling, the boxes shaking as the Magician begins to saw. The blade slides through the box, and Daphne, back and forth in a long, slow rhythm. She continues to shriek as the saw slices through her, until the Magician pulls the saw away. He picks up a pair of square blades, clashing them together above the boxes, before sliding them in. Daphne shrieks again as the cold metal slides through her and again as the Masked Magician pulls her top and bottom halves apart, walking through the gap between them towards Velma, picking up the saw as he does.

He saws through Velma with equally little trouble, but as he pushes the blades home, only one slides down through the slits in the table. The Magician scowls, walking to Velma’s head. He pulls on her head, getting a muffled yelp, and the blade drops down. He pulls Velma’s head again, pulling her torso away from her legs.

He bows to his imaginary audience and moves Velma's legs over to Daphne's torso. Both girls' eyes go wide as they realise what he's doing. They try and plead but the Masked Magician ignores them both, switching their legs over. He yanks out the blades, and removes the boxes, so both girls can see the mismatched limbs, their legs, on the other.

"There he is." Fred whispers, a finger on his lips, as he points to the practice area, with the two mismatched girls still strapped to the tables.

"So, like, what are we going to do?"

Fred picks up a burlap sack from its place on a nearby box, revealing chains and ropes underneath. "We get him to come down this way, then we grab in the sack and tie him up."

"But isn't he, like, used to escaping from things like that?"

"Reah."

"It's just tricks, Shaggy. He won't be able to do anything without his gimmicked ropes and chains."

Shaggy looks over at the practice area, and the strange sight of Velma with Daphne's long legs and Daphne's dark navy top ending in Velma's burgundy skirt. "Like, I hope so."

"Scooby, you go and get the Masked Magician to chase you. Shaggy and I'll wait for him here."

"Re? Ro ray? Ruh-uh."

"Will you do it for a Scooby-snack?"

"Ruh-uh. Re's rary."

"How about for two Scooby snacks?"

"Ruh-uh."

"Three?"

"Roh-kay."

Fred reaches into his pocket for the snacks, which Scooby's long tongue scoops off his palm.

"Ret's ro." He runs to the edge of the practice area, "Rey! Rover rere!" he giggles.

The Masked Magician turns. Scooby runs, the Magician following.

"Now!" Fred jumps off the box, the sack covering the Masked Magician to his knees. Shaggy rushes out, rattling with chains as he and Scooby Doo race around the stunned Magician, wrapping him tightly.

"Rot rim." Scooby giggles.

"I'll get the Sheriff. You get the girls." Fred sets off for the warehouse office.

"Ruh-oh." Scooby says as he approaches.

"Jinkies. How are we going to get back to normal now? She's got my legs."

Shaggy produces a top hat and tails, “Have no fear, ladies, the Great Shagini is here to restore you.”

“Oh, brother.”

Scooby snickers.

Later, the police stand guard over the Masked Magician, his chains replaced by handcuffs, and Daphne and Velma still checking their legs, making sure they’re working after being restored, “But I still don’t see what he hoped to gain by it.”

“He wanted to ruin large scale magic.”

“Like, because people wouldn’t want to see tricks he’d revealed.”

“So, he was taking money from magicians not to expose their tricks, and selling the ones he hadn’t done to other magicians.”

“But, who was he?”

“Let’s see.” Fred pulls the mask off to an audible gasp.

“David Blaine!”

“Yes, if my plan had succeeded, the public would only be interested in my street magic and endurance tests. I would have been more famous than Copperfield, and richer than my wildest dreams! And I would have got away with it if it wasn’t for you meddling kids!”