



LOOK AT THEM DOWN THERE.

THE ROMANTICS AND THE DREAMERS...



... TAKING STROLLS DOWN THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES. DRINKING WINE AT CURBSIDE BISTROS. CLIMBING HAND IN HAND, TO THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER. EXCHANGING FURTIVE KISSES. FLEDGING UNDYING LOVE.



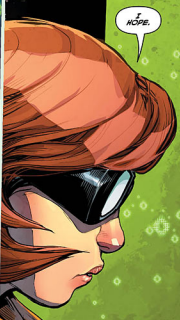
IDIOTS. THE WORLD'S GOING TO HELL IN A HANDBASKET AND THEY'RE COATING IT IN A WORTHLESS, ROMANTIC VENEER.

PROJECTING ILLUSIONS AND DELUSIONS ONTO COLD, CRUEL FACTS.



WELL, YOU ALL KEEP SKIPPING MERRILY ONWARD TO OBLIVION, *MEP*?

I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING TO SAVE EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU--AND THIS PLANET YOU'RE DESTROYING.



I HOPE.

SCOOBY

FOR THE **WAITING** **END** OF THE **WORLD**

KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT & BREAKDOWNS

J.M. DEMATTEIS
DIALOGUE & MORE DIALOGUE

HOWARD PORTER PENCILS & INKS

HI-FI COLOR **NICK J NAP** LETTERS

BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASST. EDITOR

MARIE JAVINS EDITOR

BASED ON A CONCEPT BY **JIM LEE**

... DID I TELL YOU HOW MUCH I HATE CROWDS? ESPECIALLY THE SWEATY, SMELLY KIND?

YOU'RE GETTING A LITTLE RIPE YOURSELF, FRED.

MY POINT EXACTLY.

YOU HAVE A POINT? ALL YOU'VE BEEN DOING SINCE WE GOT HERE IS COMPLAIN.

CORRECT! AND I'M VERY GOOD AT IT!

JIM LEE & ALEX SINCLAIR MAIN COVER
HOWARD PORTER & HI-FI, DAN PANOSIAN, NEAL ADAMS & ALEX SINCLAIR,
JOËLLE JONES & NICK FILARDI, AND BEN CALDWELL VARIANT COVERS



I STILL DON'T GET IT, DAPHNE. WHAT'S THE POINT OF US BEING TRAMPLED BY A BUNCH OF OFF-THE-GRID, GRANOLA-SNORTING WEIRDOS?

SOME OF THESE "VISIONARIES" ARE GENUINE VISIONARIES.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO COME HERE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO DISCUSS WAYS TO STOP OUR PLANET FROM SELF-DESTRUCTING.

OH, LOOK, THERE ARE SOME VISIONARIES NOW--



--WRITING NAKED IN THE MUD AND SCREAMING OBSCENITIES IN ESPERANTO.

YOU LISTEN TO ME, FRED JONES! WE'RE HERE BECAUSE THINGS HAPPEN AT THE BLAZING MAN FESTIVAL--

--BIG, CRAZY, UNEXPECTED THINGS!



AND THAT'S JUST WHAT OUR AUDIENCE IS LOOKING FOR!

YOU MEAN THE AUDIENCE THAT ABANDONED US IN CROCHETS TWO YEARS AGO?

WE'LL GET THEM BACK!

PLEASE! WE GOT BOUNCED FROM PRIME TIME ON A MAJOR NETWORK TO THE FOUR A.M. SLOT ON THE KNITTING CHANNEL!



OUR ENTIRE AUDIENCE IS SIX INSOMNIAC OLD LADIES WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO WORK A REMOTE!

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO FACE THE FACT THAT "DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES" IS HISTORY?

IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FAITH IN OUR SHOW, WHY ARE YOU EVEN HERE?

BECAUSE I HAVE FAITH IN YOU, DAPH. AND I THINK IT'S TIME YOU--THAT WE BOTH--MOVED ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS.



THIS SHOW IS MY LIFE, AND I'M GONNA GET IT OFF LIFE SUPPORT AND BACK TO THE TOP OF THE RATINGS--

--OR DIE TRYING!

A TAD MELODRAMATIC, DON'T YOU THINK?

MELODRAMA IS RATINGS! NOW ARE YOU WITH ME...

... OR DO I FIND A NEW CAMERAMAN?



I'M WITH YOU, I'M ALWAYS WITH YOU.

PLEASE! YOU KNOW THAT BY NOW.

WELL, COME ON THEN, WE'VE GOT TO TRACK DOWN OUR INFORMANT!

WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS INFORMANT...





...I SEE YOUR POINT.

ONE PAIR OF EMOTISOGGLES--



--COMIN' UP!

SIT STILL, THOUGH. I WANNA MAKE SURE THE INTERFACE IS FIRING JUST RIGHT.

THERE WE GO. CYBERWARE'S ACTIVATED! LET ME MAKE SURE THE RECEIVERS IN MY CONTACT LENSES ARE LINKED AND...



...PERFECTO! NOW WHAT SAY THE TWO OF US GO GRAB SOME GRUBSKIT?

MMMMMM!



I THINK I SAW A STALL BACK THERE WITH INDIAN FOOD..

RUN-UN.

CHINESE?

ROPE.

PIZZA, HUH?

REPPERONI.



HEY--IT'S YOUR SPECIAL DAY OUT. YOU NAME IT, I'LL EAT IT.

I MEAN, LET'S FACE IT--



--MY CULINARY STANDARDS AREN'T EXACTLY HIGH.

UH... DOCTOR DINKLEY?

THAT HIPSTER-DOOFUS HAS ONE OF THE SUBJECTS ON THE OUTSIDE, AGAIN.

WHICH HIPSTER-DOOFUS AND WHICH SUBJECT?

THE HAIRY ONE.

ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT THE DOG OR THE MAN?

THE MAN, ALTHOUGH, THE WAY THAT GUY ROGERS EATS, IT'S HARD T'TELL THE DIFFERENCE.

OH... ROGERS.



THAT MEANS HE'S WITH NUMBER 24602--THE ONE WE CALL SCOOBY-DOO.

LET THEM GO FOR NOW. WHEN THEY GET BACK, MAKE IT CLEAR TO MR. ROGERS THAT THIS BEHAVIOR WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.

BUT THAT'S WHAT WE TOLD HIM LAST TIME. I REALLY THINK I SHOULD GET A TEAM OUT THERE AND--



AND RUN THE RISK OF EXPOSURE? RIGHT NOW THEY LOOK LIKE TWO MORE COLORFUL FIGURES IN A CROWD OF THOUSANDS.

BUT--

ROGERS MAY BE A DOOFUS, BUT HE'S A GENTLE, GOOD-HEARTED DOOFUS, AND SO IS THE DOG.



YOUR TEAM WILL ONLY EXACERBATE THE SITUATION.

END OF CONVERSATION.

BUT--

I'LL BE IN MY QUARTERS. DO NOT DISTURB ME FOR THE NEXT HOUR--

--OR YOU'LL BE OUT OF A JOB BEFORE ROGERS IS.



SHALL I ACCOMPANY YOU, DOCTOR?

NO, THANK YOU, MR. COLTON.

I'M QUITE CAPABLE OF FINDING MY WAY...