

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. TOOL TIME SET - DAY

The TOOL TIME THEME MUSIC plays and TIM and AL walk onstage and greet the AUDIENCE. The audience claps loudly.

TIM

Alright welcome back everybody. Now when we last left, we had just finished installing the counter top to our new, portable bar. And, of course, I would like to thank my partner Al Borland.

AL

No thanks needed Tim. I'm just glad you took my advice in choosing the Mahogany with the deep, red finish. Oh, and of course, for an added surprise, I also installed a three Corbels that are from my family. They were the only thing my great grandfather could save when he left the old country.

TIM

Ah... The Corbels are a family heirloom?

AL

Yes, they are Tim. You could say they're priceless.

TIM

Okay, hmm.

AL

Oh no - what did you do Tim?

TIM

Well, I may have made some modifications to the bar table.

AL

What about my family Corbels?

TIM

They're still included - they just have a little added feature.

AL

What did you do!?

TIM

Well, when adding to our man cave  
you don't just want just some old,  
dusty bar table. You want a bar  
table with some power!

(Tim Grunt)

Bring it on out boys!

Two STAGEHANDS bring out the table that has been modified  
with a HOT ROD ENGINE. The table ROARS to life.

AL

What on Earth? Oh my God, you  
turned my corbels into exhaust  
ports! Tim, those are family  
heirlooms!

TIM

Now, on one hand you could say I  
ruined them or I improved on them.  
Just imagine - you're at home  
watching the game - what better way  
to not just enjoy the game then  
revving up your engine with a  
triple exhaust. Now, just listen to  
that baby purr!

The engine REVS UP furiously.

AL

Well, I guess that's one way to  
honor my great grandfather. Wait,  
what's that smell? Oh my god, Tim!  
The bar table is on fire! Tim!

TIM

Oh jeeze. Can we get some water  
over here!?

The fire rages.

TIM

Water, water!!!

Two Stagehands come out and drench the table in water -  
putting out the fire.

TIM

Well, guess that's one way to have  
a smoking bar. Eh, Al?

AL

I don't think so, Tim.

TIM

It appears not to have caused too much damage, except the fire appears to have warped the deck of the table just a bit. But, I think we can sand that right out. Of course, we could do this by hand, however let's add a little POWER!

Tim picks up a Belt Sander.

AL

Oh no... Tim, I should tell you that the belt sander has a little kink from the last project we did.

TIM

It shouldn't be a problem. Let me just set it down here on the bar table.

AL

Tim, it's not that bad. I think a little elbow grease will do the job.

TIM

Nah, this will be better!

AL

Tim! Watch out!...

INT. HOME - LATER

Tim wakes up at home, laying on the couch.

TIM

Ah, my head. What am... What am I doing on the couch?

JILL

So, you're finally awake.

TIM

That belt sander... Wow, I did not see that coming.

JILL

Well, that's the understatement of the year.

The boys, RANDY, MARK, and BRAD run down the stairs.

RANDY

Oh, now we're going to get you, you little dork!

MARK

Mom!!!

JILL

Hey, didn't I tell you no torturing your brother?

RANDY

Ah, come on, Mom! It's the only thing we can do.

BRAD

Yeah, mom. Thanks to dad, the whole neighborhood canceled Halloween.

TIM

They did what!?

JILL

Well, the neighborhood did warn you. After you lit up the house with so mch Christmas lights that the whole house was visible from space. And, of course, last Halloween with the pop out zombies.

TIM

There was nothing wrong with the pop out zombies.

BRAD

Yeah! It was so cool! Never saw a zombie fly all the way down the street.

RANDY

And those zombies totally scared Ashley and Sam. It was awesome.

TIM

Yep, flying zombies with MORE POWER!

(Tim Grunt)

JILL

Yeah, well because of all of that, a neighborhood petition was started by the Smith's to ban Halloween in the neighborhood and put up a fun, safe Halloween at the school.

It ends at 7 PM. They're calling it the "No Hallow-Tim Rule".

BRAD  
But all the fun stuff happens after 7.

RANDY  
But all the fun stuff happens after 7.

TIM  
I don't believe this. This is no way to celebrate Halloween. And... Is it really called the "No Hallow-Tim Rule"?

JILL  
Yeah.

RANDY  
Well, I guess no Halloween leaves us no choice. Right, Brad?

BRAD  
Right. Mark, we're gonna get you!

MARK  
Ah, mom!

The boys run back upstairs.

JILL  
Boys!

TIM  
I think I'm gonna go get some air.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

TIM  
I can't believe this no Halloween thing!

WILSON, walks up to the fence.

WILSON  
Oh, the "No Hallow-Tim Rule".

TIM  
Hey there, Wilson.

WILSON  
He dee ho, neighbor. Yeah, the no Halloween in the neighborhood is a real humdinger.

Did you know Halloween traditions originated from ancient Celtic harvest festivals, particularly the Gaelic festival Samhain?

TIM

Gaelic, huh? Well, at least they weren't afraid to celebrate.

WILSON

Yes, that good old time of trick or treaters, carving pumpkins, bobbing for apples, and of course, playing pranks on the neighbors.

TIM

The playing pranks was my favorite. I remember this one time.. We pulled off this prank where we teeped the house of old man McGuinty. And, of course, when he went outside to clean off the toilet paper, we came out dressed as clowns and scared him silly.

(Laughs)

Of course, having old man McGuinty collapse on the ground was not part of the plan, but he recovered after 4 weeks in the hospital. Good times.

WILSON

Huh. I can see why they called it the "No Hallow-Tim Rule". But, still, one can't put a hold on an entire holiday. I think I might have a solution to your problem.

TIM

Oh yeah?

WILSON

Well, the no Halloween ban refers to the neighborhood. But, I just happen to be the new property owner of the McGillicuddy Mansion, which lies just outside of the neighborhood.

TIM

Ah, the McGillicuddy Mansion... Nothing says Halloween better than a haunted Mansion.

(Prolonged Tim Grunt)  
Thanks, Wilson.

Tim runs back to the sliding door and opens it.

TIM  
(Yelling)  
HEY KIDS! HALLOWEEN IS SAVED!

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Tim and the family walk into the Mansion.

TIM  
Wow, what do you think everybody?

RANDY  
This is cool, dad!

BRAD  
Yeah, we could totally scare the  
pants off some people here.

MARK  
This place is great. I wonder if  
there is buried treasure in the  
walls?

BRAD  
Well, don't go too far, Mark, or  
you'll end up like McGillicuddy's  
kid.

MARK  
What happened to him?

RANDY  
He got taken by the Phantom  
Redmurr. And some say you can still  
here him in the walls.

The wind blows fiercely through cracks in the windows. A door  
CREAKS.

MARK  
What was that?

BRAD  
That was the McGillicuddy kid.

RANDY  
(High, Squeaky Voice)  
Redmurr. Redmurr...

MARK

Mom!

JILL

Alright you boys, knock it off!  
Mark, sweetie, there's no such thing  
as the McGillicuddy's kid. Right,  
boys?

BRAD

Right, mom.

RANDY

Right, mom.

Al enters the mansion.

AL

Boy, is the weather getting bad out  
there.

JILL

Hi, Al.

AL

Oh, hey Jill.

TIM

Al, I'm glad you could make it.

AL

Well, I figured, "why not"? I mean,  
it's not every day that one man can  
cancel Halloween for an entire  
neighborhood.

TIM

For the last time - those zombies  
just needed a little power. And  
speaking of power, I need your help  
in transforming this mansion into a  
haunted mansion.

AL

Well, I thought it was already  
haunted because of the McGillicuddy  
kid?

MARK

Mom!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Tim puts the finishing touches on his Halloween decorations.

TIM

Boy, that took some work. But, I think we got a descent haunted house together. What do you say, Al?

AL

I'm actually impressed. I can't believe we pulled it off and with a couple of hourse to spare. So, when is Jill bringing the boys?

TIM

She should be back right about...

Tim and Al can hear the boys arguing outside.

TIM (CONT'D)

Now.

Jill and the boys enter the mansion. Randy is dressed as Simba from the Lion King.

TIM

Hey, hey what's going on?

RANDY

It's not fair! I wanted to be Jason Vorhees!

BRAD

Well you should've been quicker!

MARK

Well, I got to be the red power ranger!

JILL

The boys have been arguing over the costumes ever since we left the store.

AL

Oh, we got some scary costumes to add to the

(Spooky voice)

*Haunted Mansion.*

TIM

Listen, I don't want to hear any more about who got the best costume. I just want to...

JILL  
(Concerned)  
Tim, what is it?

TIM  
Has that buckle in the board been  
there the whole time?

AL  
What buckle?

TIM  
Right there. Well, no matter, give  
me the belt sander and I'll get it  
straightened out, no problem.

JILL  
It's fine. Nobody can see it.

AL  
Yeah, it's barely noticeable.

TIM  
Nah, I can get it and no one will  
be the wiser.

Tim picks up the BELT SANDER and turns it on. He quickly does  
the sanding and turns the sander off.

TIM  
See? It wasn't that bad.

The belt sander comes back on and goes straight for Tim's  
head.

AL  
Tim, look out!

Tim looks at the sander just in time for it to hit him in the  
head with the sound of a THUD.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

Tim wakes up on a couch.

TIM  
Oh my head. What happened?

JILL  
Well, you and that belt sander just  
don't get along.

AL

I got bad news for you, Tim.  
Halloween has been canceled.

TIM

What!?! What do you mean? The  
neighborhood association doesn't  
have that kind of power!

JILL

No, it's the storm. Everything has  
gotten very bad. The radio says  
there's a tornado warning.

AL

Looks like mother nature herself  
doesn't want you to celebrate  
Halloween.

TIM

Ahh, I'm going to check out the  
basement.

JILL

Are you sure you're feeling  
alright?

Tim opens the door to the basement and descends down the  
stairs.

AL

I'm sure he'll be fine.

INT. BASEMENT - SECONDS LATER

Tim enters and notices a bar.

TIM

What the - I don't remember putting  
that in here. Hey, Al? When did we  
put a bar in here? Well, I gotta  
say, it looks pretty nice.

FOOTSTEPS are heard coming toward the bar.

TIM

Say, this is a nice finish. This  
place would have been great for a  
Halloween after party. But I guess  
not.

Tim knocks on the wooden countertop of the bar.

TIM

A drink sure does sound good right about now. What do you say, Wilson?

Wilson appears out of nowhere. He is tending the bar.

WILSON

Hi di ho, Tim. What will it be?

TIM

Hair of the dog that bit me.

WILSON

A nice cold one coming right up.

Wilson pours Tim a beer.

TIM

Ah, now we're talking.

Tim picks up the beer and takes a sip.

TIM

Ahh. You know Wilson, this has been quite a night. Not only does the neighborhood ban Halloween, but it appears mother nature is in on it as well. Is it so bad to try and do something nice for people, that I gotta get punished for it!?

WILSON

Tough times, neighbor. Tough times.

Tim hears someone coming down the stairs.

Wilson disappears.

JILL (O.S.)

Tim, are you down here? Tim?

Jill enters the basement.

JILL

What the... Is this Al's bar? When did this arrive?

Al follows her down.

AL

Hey Jill, the storms getting bad and I-... What is this doing down here? My Corbels? The bar?

When did this get down hee, Tim?  
What were you planning?

JILL

Yeah, Tim. I mean, flying zombies were one thing, but using the bar is crossing the line, especially with Al's family corbels still attached.

There is an eerie silence. After a moment, the OPENING MUSIC to THE SHINING begins.

JILL

Well, Tim? Aren't you going to say something?

TIM

(Sighs)

You know, when I am working on a project and you keep on coming in and talking to me... It gets really distracting because then I have to start all over again.

(Creepy Tim Grunt)

So, I'm going to have a new rule. Whenever I am working, don't come in and disturb me. You both think you can handle that?

JILL

(Nervously)

Yeah.

AL

I think so, Tim.

TIM

Good. Now, get out of here.  
(Slow, creepy grunt)

Jill and Al quickly walk back up the stairs.

Wilson reappears.

TIM

(Sighs)

Sorry you had to hear that Wilson.

WILSON

Not a problem, Neighbor. But, you know... There is a persistent problem.

TIM

Eh, what's that?

WILSON

Well, Tim. We have such a fine establishment here and we only select the very best. Unfortunately, your wife Jill and your friend Al and even your boys are... Not Bar material. I'm afraid this is causing a problem with your membership and this matter will have to be rectified. And soon.

TIM

Not a problem, Wilson.

(Sips beer)

Not a problem at all.

Tim downs the rest of his beer and places it on the counter.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Jill and Al are talking in a SMOKING ROOM.

JILL

Well, I don't know what is wrong with Tim.

AL

He is really not taking well to celebrating Halloween. I think something has to be done about Tim.

JILL

I'm so glad you're here, Al.

Al and Jill both sigh together.

TIM (O.S.)

So, I'm glad I got to see this!

Tim walks in from the doorway.

AL

Tim, I -

TIM

No! Please, continue. Tell me what has to be done about me!

JILL

Tim, it's not what you think.

Jill fearfully grabs a BASEBALL BAT.

JILL

Tim...

TIM

What are you doing with the bat, Jill? And more importantly where did you get that bat? It's dangerous to leave stuff lying around... Like this circular saw.

Tim pulls a CIRCULAR SAW off of a TABLE and turns it on.

AL

Tim!

Tim!

JILL

Mark runs into the room.

MARK

What's going on?

JILL

Run!

Mark sees the saw, and runs for his life.

A RADIO turns on by itself and searches through static until finding a station.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention. A tornado warning is in effect for Taylor county. Please seek shelter immediately. This is not a drill.

Tim revs the circular saw again as he grunts his disturbing grunt.

INT. UPSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Al, Jill, and the boys are hiding from Tim.

AL

Everyone be quiet.

RANDY

Wow, Dad does not like Halloween being canceled.

BRAD

If things get too dangerous, I think Mom should give them Mark.

MARK  
Fuck you! You asshole!

AL  
Now, boys.

BRAD, RANDY, AND MARK  
Shut up, Al!

JILL  
Everyone shut up. No one is -

A BANGING sound is heard at the door.

TIM  
Open up!

JILL  
No, Tim!

TIM  
Open up, little piggies!

AL  
No, that doesn't sound like a good  
idea, Tim.

TIM  
If you don't open, then I'll huff  
and I'll puff, and blow your house  
in.

Tim presses the circular saw into the door separating him and  
his family.

EVERYONE  
Ahhhh!

AL  
Quick, everyone out the window!

RANDY  
But, the tornado!

JILL  
Go!

Al opens the window and the wind whips violently.

Al, Jill, and the boys all climb through the window.

Tim finally sees the door open enough to stick his head  
through the door.

TIM  
iiiiit's Tool Time!

Tim realizes that nobody is in the room anymore.

TIM  
Where did everybody go?... What is  
that!?

Tim sees a massive twister approaching the mansion.

TIM  
Oh, no...

Pieces of the house begin flying off as the tornado viciously  
rips it apart. The entire wall of the room explodes outward,  
leaving Tim unprotected from the twister.

TIM  
Tool Time!!!

Tim GRUNTS furiously as the tornado picks him up and brings  
him into the swirling mass of death.

The mansion collapses behind him.

INT. TOOL TIME SET - DAY

Tim is on the floor, holding his head.

AL  
(Whispering)  
Tim? Tim? Tim, wake up.

TIM  
(Dazed)  
What, where... What's going on?

AL  
Oh, thank goodness. He's alright,  
folks! Here, let me help you up.

TIM  
Is Halloween canceled? Stay away  
from the McGillicuddy mansion!

AL  
What? No, Halloween is not  
canceled. The McGilli... What?

TIM  
Oh, it was just a dream...

AL

Yeah. You were out pretty good.  
Listen, we called Jill; she and the  
boys are on the way.

(To audience)

Okay, folks! That's our show. Be  
sure to be safe and have a great  
Halloween.

The FLOOR MANAGER peeks out from behind a camera.

FLOOR MANAGER

And we are out!

TIM

All a dream, huh? Just a dream...  
Say, what's that on the bar table?

AL

Oh, that's just an old photo of my  
great grandfather and the guests at  
a hotel party in 1924. Hmm, never  
noticed this, but that person at  
the center of the photo looks a lot  
like you.

The PICTURE shows dozens of people in 1920's clothes as they  
pose for a picture. A MAN standing in the center looks  
exactly like Tim. He holds up a martini glass and smiles.

TIM

Not a bad looking fellow.

PARTY MUSIC from the 1920's plays as Al and Tim stare at the  
picture.