

**THE CARPENTER**

by

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Characters: JACOB, RACHEL, CUSTOMER #1, CUSTOMER #2,  
CUSTOMER #3

Setting: A carpenter's workshop in the old world

Props: Stretching table...

Sound Effects: various creaking noises, the sound of a  
market street

INT. WORKSHOP - DAYTIME

A carpenter crouches sanding and polishing a small table. A woman sits to the side of the room reading a newspaper.

JACOB  
(With relief and joy)  
I can't believe it... It's done.

RACHEL  
(Perking up)  
Jacob, do you mean-

JACOB  
Yes Rachel, my magnum opus is finally complete. The council said it couldn't be done. A table made of premium planed porous patented Parisian pine planks is preposterous, they said! But I did it, ME, MEEE. This table will put us on the map Rachel.

RACHEL  
We could finally get out of this dump; move into the nice part of the big city!

JACOB  
You bet we can. Grab the Martinelli's, This calls for celebration!

They run to opposite sides of the stage grabbing glasses and a bottle, they meet in the middle. Jacob takes the Martinelli's. He tries to open it and is unsuccessful.

RACHEL  
Can I help you-

JACOB  
No, it's fine I've got it.

RACHEL  
Are you sure I could go grab-

JACOB  
It's almost open.

RACHEL  
I could-

JACOB  
Could you just let me open this!

Because of his temper, Jacob drops the bottle onto the table, it pops open and pours Martinelli's all over it.

JACOB  
Oh my gosh... oh no oh no oh no-

Jacob sprints to the side of the stage and begins rummaging around looking for something.

JACOB (Cont.)  
Where are the towels!!!

RACHEL  
Jacob, you're over reacting. It's a table.

JACOB  
Didn't you listen, this table's made of premium planed porous patented Parisian pine planks. We've gotta act fast before-

A loud crack and creak echoes through the workshop.

JACOB  
We're too late... Rachel grab the other side!

Jacob runs to one side of the table and begins to brace against it, star wars trash compactor style.

RACHEL  
What are you talking about?

JACOB  
Hold on to the table before it-

A louder and constant creaking noise begins, and we watch as Jacob's petite masterpiece of a table begins to stretch.

RACHEL  
Oh my gosh why would you build a table that moves.

Rachel runs in to push the other side, the table still stretches, pushing the two characters apart slowly.

JACOB

I didn't! I told you, these are premium planed porous patented Parisian pine planks! Their perfect particulars provide the prettiest professional product, but their propensity to permeate liquid proves preposterous and problematic.

RACHEL

What!?!?!

JACOB

The wood's a beautiful sponge!

RACHEL

Oh great, leave it to you to emphasize its looks.

JACOB

What does that mean!

RACHEL

I don't know, you should ask last year's birthday card. What did you write in it again? Oh yeah, "Happy birthday babe, looking hot."

JACOB

It's a compliment!

RACHEL

Oh you're as dumb as a board. My mom was right, I should have never married a woodworker.

JACOB

I knew it! I knew you never respected my craft!

RACHEL

Well Carpenter isn't exactly a respectable profession Jacob!

JACOB

That was the point of purchasing premium planed porous patented Parisian pine planks Rachel. It's punishment to pretend-

RACHEL

Stop saying that!

JACOB

What? Premium planed porous  
patented Parisian pine planks?

RACHEL

Shut Up!

JACOB

(Talking over)

Oh my gosh, See this is  
what I was saying you  
didn't even listen to  
what I said, you're just  
like your mother, who  
also never respected me.  
Neither of you ever did  
you just, just... just...

RACHEL

(Talking over)

You always do this thing  
where you use big  
confusing words, it  
doesn't even make you  
sound smart you just  
sound confusing. It's  
why no one ever wants to  
talk to you at parties.

Jacob falls to the floor and weeps. The table reaches its final resting point with a thud, and is now 20 feet long.

JACOB

We're ruined Rachel, I spent all  
our money on this table. It was  
supposed to be our big break, but  
now it's a monster.

Jacob's head plummets into his hands, still crying. There's a knock on the door that he ignores, so Rachel answers. Three customers enter dressed in old world robes, and they look surprised at the scene they are seeing.

CUSTOMER #1

Hey, sorry, this might be a bad  
time, but would you happen to have  
a table long enough to seat 13  
people on one side? We're having a  
going away party for our boss.

Jacob and Rachel look at each other in awe at the opportunity Peter, James, and John have brought to them, cut to black.

**Goosh.**