

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.