

The Porch Room presents

Zebulon Calling

A Short Play

By

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THE
PORCH
ROOM

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1. ONE ACT PLAYS: \$35 per performance
2. TWO OR MORE ONE ACT PLAYS PERFORMED TOGETHER: \$50 per performance.
3. FULL LENGTH PLAYS: \$75 per performance

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CHARACTERS

Businessman

Homeless Man



THE
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EXT. PARK - MORNING

A BUSINESSMAN sits on a park bench with his newspaper, content with the universe.

A HOMELESS MAN, dressed as loudly as his budget allows, wheels over his shopping cart and sits next to him.

A moment passes.

HOMELESS MAN

Zebulon's calling.

The Businessman looks up, realizes nothing in his life experience has prepared him to respond to this statement, and returns to his paper.

HOMELESS MAN

I said Zebulon's calling.

BUSINESSMAN

Tell him I'm not in.

HOMELESS MAN

You think this is funny? You think this is funny? You think this is funny? You think this is funny?

BUSINESSMAN

The first three times I did.

HOMELESS MAN

Zebulon ain't gonna have no time for you, laughing funny ha-ha runny nose man. No sirree zoots, Zebulon is not going to have no time for sasquatch billy goat gila monster no sir man! Reconnoitering is nigh! Sticks and stones and puppy dog tails and pour some sugar on Harry Belafonte, know what I mean!

BUSINESSMAN

That you even think I might is the scariest thing about you.

HOMELESS MAN

Ho ho ho, Santa laugh laugh man. Zebulon no time for you.

BUSINESSMAN

And me no time for Zebulon. See how well this works out?

The Homeless Man rummages through his shopping cart, produces a small rubber spaceship.

HOMELESS MAN

Zebulon's running now! He's coming a running on his steed!

The Homeless Man makes a galloping motion with the toy.

BUSINESSMAN

I can't say I blame him.

HOMELESS MAN

You want steed? You want steed?

BUSINESSMAN

No, really, that's OK, I had bath toys for lunch.

HOMELESS MAN

Five dollar? You want steed?

BUSINESSMAN

Honest, I'm broke. I just came from a rigged floating craps game at the Carnegie Deli.

The Homeless man digs into his cart, produces an ornate mobile of string, coffee cans, and glitter-coated styrofoam balls suspended from a coat hanger.

The Homeless man dances with the mobile, spinning it around his head as if he were the center of it all. It is twistedly beautiful.

BUSINESSMAN

I didn't realize the Bolshoi had moved into environmental expressionism.

The Homeless man finishes, holds the mobile in front of him, offering it to the businessman.

BUSINESSMAN

I don't even know what it is. Why did I say that?

HOMELESS MAN

Bananarama fahrvergnugen.

As one might imagine, a lengthy pause.

BUSINESSMAN

Sorry, I don't think I caught...

HOMELESS MAN
Bananarama fahrvergnugen!

BUSINESSMAN
Of course. How silly of me.

HOMELESS MAN
(Dancing again.)
Bananarama fahrvergnugen! Bananarama fahrvergnugen!

BUSINESSMAN
Got it! Bananarama fahrvergnugen!

Homeless Man points to the sky.

HOMELESS MAN
Hail zebulon!

BUSINESSMAN
Yes! Gimme a Z!

HOMELESS MAN
When zebulon cometh, we shall know by the bananarama
fahrvergnugen!

BUSINESSMAN
You need to switch to decaf antipsychotics, you know?

The Homeless Man tosses bananarama
fahrvergnugen back into the cart and
takes out a small, glowing orb. He
sits.

BUSINESSMAN
My, oh my. What have we here?

HOMELESS MAN
Sh!

BUSINESSMAN
Sh. OK. Quiet. What is it?

HOMELESS MAN
(Whispering.)
Zebulon's heart.

BUSINESSMAN
He'll be wanting it back.

HOMELESS MAN
He can't have it.

The Businessman draws a ray gun from his suit coat and fires.

A pile of smoking dust remains where the homeless man sat. The Businessman takes the glowing orb from the ashes.

BUSINESSMAN

Yes he can.

The Businessman takes a space-age communicator from his pocket, clicks it open. A COMPUTERIZED VOICE comes from it.

COMPUTER

Speak message.

BUSINESSMAN

Runaway terminated. Core system disk recovered.

COMPUTER

Speak password.

BUSINESSMAN

Bananarama fahrvergnugen.

COMPUTER

Confirmed. Hail Zebulon.

BUSINESSMAN

Hail Zebulon.

A flash of light. The businessman disappears, leaving only the smoking pile of ashes on the bench.