

**KHRONICLES**

by

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## **KHRONICLES**

### Characters

SCANLON, 30s-50s, male, an archeologist.

WANAMAKER, 30s-50s, male, an ethnographer.

### Time

Early 22nd century.

### Setting

Site of a roughly 100-year-old former city, now reduced to half-buried rubble in what was once North America. The scene takes place underground, suggested by a bunch of big rocks and an old wooden box.

## KHRONICLES

*An underground archeological site. SCANLON sits on a beat-up wooden box, sweating. WANAMAKER enters, removing his hard hat and wiping his brow with a rag.*

SCANLON

You coming from the parade ground?

WANAMAKER

Yeah.

*(Beat.)*

Jesus, it's miserable on the surface. Forty-seven C.

SCANLON

That's why humans evolved the smarts to dig underground.

WANAMAKER

*(Flatly.)*

Fuck you, Scanlon.

*(Beat while he drinks deeply from a water bottle.)*

You know, I'll never get over how a perpetually overcast sky can offer so little protection from the heat.

SCANLON

The cloud-piercing magic of ultraviolet light, scourge of mankind.

WANAMAKER

Self-inflicted scourge. God, every day I curse our short-sighted forebears. Selfish pricks.

SCANLON

Who incidentally, in their denial and neglect, provided us our careers.

WANAMAKER

Yeah, and if Mama Wanamaker'd told me I had to stay in school so I could make a living pawing through post-apocalyptic garbage, I'd've euthanized myself.

SCANLON

Not too late.

WANAMAKER

Like I said, go auto-fornicate with my blessing, you subterranean bastard.

SCANLON

So what'd you find up there?

WANAMAKER

More celebratory debris. Our ancestors worshipped pageantry. Which left behind ample quantities of litter. You know, those tiny little flags on sticks. Those deflated Mylar heads. And a plethora of what we ethnographers like to call "Nose-pickers."

SCANLON

The big foam hands with the first finger sticking up?

WANAMAKER

Yeah. You gotta admire the Ancients Ones for their highly developed sense of humor.

SCANLON

Sort of like their over-riding sense of responsibility to future generations.

WANAMAKER

Yeah, that too.

*(Beat, sitting on a rock.)*

So where are we with this dig?

SCANLON

Weh-ell...you asked me yesterday, I'd've said we were yankin' our wanks, pretending that these old cities were going to yield anything to enlighten us. After all, we been at this-- how long exactly?

WANAMAKER

Long enough to get calluses on my ever-loving obelisk.

SCANLON

Me too.

*SCANLON pulls on archival rubber gloves.*

WANAMAKER

And today?

SCANLON

Today it all changed, my friend.

*(He slaps the box between his legs.)*

Today I believe we hit the jackpot, the motherlode, the treasure trove to end all treasure troves.

*Eyes locked on WANAMAKER, SCANLON slides off the box. He tosses another pair of latex gloves to his partner, who dons them eagerly.*

SCANLON (CONT'D)

Oh, I think you're gonna love this, Wanamaker. I peeked and what I saw gives me a good feeling, a very good feeling.

WANAMAKER

What? Goddammit, hurry up.

SCANLON

Steady, now. If I'm right, what's inside this box is gonna crown our careers. It's gonna set us up for a life of unending fame. And I wanted you and me to be the first to handle it. Are you ready, buddy?

*His mouth open, WANAMAKER nods dumbly. SCANLON caresses the box lovingly before he lifts the lid, his face shining in the anticipation of mutual glee.*

*Gazing on the box's contents, WANAMAKER's eyes seem to swell in breath-holding wonder.*

*Together, the two scientists reach into the box and carefully extract stacks of brittle, old, unidentifiable magazines. With growing excitement, they sift through them delicately and reverently.*

WANAMAKER

Oh. My. Deity...

SCANLON

Secrets of the cult...

WANAMAKER

Origins of the dynasty...

SCANLON

Annals of civilization's end...

*WANAMAKER holds up copies of early 21st-century People, US, and Entertainment Weekly, his voice breaking with awe...*

WANAMAKER

The Khronicles of Kourtney, Kim, and Khloé.

*A shaft of beatific light strikes the holy publications as angels sing.*

*Cut to black.*

THE END