

BADLANDS COLA - Trailer 001

Content Warning: Badlands Cola is intended for a mature audience. Content warnings for each episode are available in the show notes and on our website, badlandscola.com. We recommend you check them out to ensure your listening experience is fun *and* safe. Thank you.

EXT. BADLANDS - NIGHT

Two friends, STRATHCONA and HAWTHORNE sit in rickety old camping chairs, faces turned up to the stars as they sip cola and listen to the sounds of the night: INSECTS gently whirring, a slow BREEZE stirring the sandy soil, and then the yip of a COYOTE.

STRATHCONA: Coyote.

HAWTHORNE: Mm-hm.

The COYOTE makes no more sound, the desert night emptying out until a faint HOOT of a owl cuts softly through the arid dark.

STRATHCONA: That's an owl.

HAWTHORNE: Mm. What kind, do you think? Oh, you know how my hearing is these days.

STRATHCONA waits, straining to hear the second HOOT.

STRATHCONA: Barn? Maybe?

HAWTHORNE: "Maybe?" When did you get so rusty?

STRATHCONA: Hawthorne, I love you like my own mother, but I don't drag myself out into the middle of the badlands at 2am just to ID owl calls, okay? We're here to sit in shitty folding chairs, get a buzz off bottles of expired pop, and think about how we're all made of stardust or dinosaur bones or whatever.

HAWTHORNE: If you say so. But *I* say: once a park warden, always a park warden.

STRATHCONA: I'm not a park warden anymore, really can't stress that enough. And neither are you, even if you do insist on turning every outing into a biodiversity survey.

HAWTHORNE: I know. Don't you ever miss it though?

STRATHCONA: *(Effort: Heaves a heavy sigh)*

HAWTHORNE: Strathcona, sweetheart. You know you're still allowed to have good memories, right?

STRATHCONA: *(Ignoring HAWTHORNE)* Your cola's almost empty, I'll grab you a refill.

HAWTHORNE: No, I'll go. You stay put. And keep an ear out for more owls. Preferably ones you can identify.

HAWTHORNE's FOOTSTEPS crunch away. In the intervening SILENCE, STRATHCONA listens and watches idly, until another swooping HOOT is heard, this one different from before.

STRATHCONA: *(Voice slightly raised so HAWTHORNE can hear)* There's one. Still have no idea what kind. *(Pause)* Hawthorne?

STRATHCONA's chair squeaks as he turns to look around. The SILENCE thickens, tense music throbbing up beneath the eerily CALM nightscape as STRATHCONA's worry rises...

STRATHCONA: *(Calling out)* Hawthorne? Hey, Hawthorne!

STRATHCONA's chair SQUEAKS as he abruptly stands, cola bottle SLOSHING and SPILLING in the sand as he rapidly circles the area, already in a worried haze...

STRATHCONA: Shit, no. No, no, no, come on...

...Until the tension hits its unbearable peak, and HAWTHORNE suddenly appears, not ten steps away.

HAWTHORNE: *(Rattled)* I'm here. I'm here.

STRATHCONA: It happened again, didn't it?

HAWTHORNE: *(Grim)* Yes. And it's getting worse.

FADE TO BLACK.

MUSIC THEME: "FEW COLOURS" BY OTNO. An ominous, building track featuring a wary electric guitar and the keens of a theremin.

A dead sound from an era of forgotten tech; the CLICK and WHIR of a VHS tape.

JASPER MOON: Badlands Cola is a cinematic thriller mystery audio fiction podcast about eldritch fossils, hate-flirting, and liminal nightmares that yawn wide in the desert night. Premiering June 21st,

2022 wherever podcasts are found, with new episodes every other week. I'll see you there. You won't see me.

*The tape runs out, **CLICKS** into silence.*

END MUSIC.

END OF TRAILER

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