

BADLANDS COLA - 112 - “SOME VELVET MORNING”

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.

SCENE 112.1

Music: Soft, gentle plucking of a guitar. The notes reverberate comfortingly. It fades slowly.

The parking lot of Jay’s Diner is empty, its cracked pavement warmed by the early summer sunrise. Tinny MUSIC trickles out from the low-fi speakers, though the sounds of the KITCHEN often overwhelms it.

DINER CASHIER: Order up for Sunny!

SUNNY: *(Startled from thought)* Huh? Oh. Thanks for filling such a big order.

DINER CASHIER: No worries. Trust me, we’ve seen weirder stuff than a bunch of milkshakes at 6am.

Paper food wrappings CRINKLE quietly.

SUNNY: This place is, um...This place is open twenty-four-seven, right?

DINER CASHIER: Uh, yep.

SUNNY: Did you...hear anything strange last night?

DINER CASHIER: I don't think so? There was the big storm that blew through just before my shift started, but I wouldn't call it strange.

Do you want to speak to my shift manager, or...?

SUNNY: No, sorry; it's fine. Thanks again.

DINER CASHIER: Have a nice day.

SUNNY struggles with their load of food: greasy paper CRINKLES as they readjust and begin their walk. We follow along with them as the diner's DIN fades, traded for the sounds of a waking town: sparse TRAFFIC coasts by, birds sing.

Eventually, their footsteps SLOW to a HALT.

Their breath comes heavy. They sniffle. Keep walking. Sniffle again. Refusing to break. Until the dam breaks: they sob uncontrollably on the sidewalk.

It takes a while, but the moment eventually passes. SUNNY inhales deeply, then continues walking down the sidewalk.

Tey reach the familiar Comfortina parking lot. Distantly, the door to the motel lobby OPENS.

MOTEL OWNER: (*Distant*) Hi! Hello! Excuse me! Hi! Hello! Yes, good morning!

SUNNY: Morning? ...Oh shoot, what day is it? Did I miss checkout?

MOTEL OWNER: It's the last day of your booking. Will you be checking out today?

SUNNY: Oh. Um. Right. Is it possible for me to extend my stay a few nights?

MOTEL OWNER: Well, you can probably see we're nowhere near busy, with the centre closed and all. I can set your booking to renew daily, and then you can just let me know when you're ready to head out?

SUNNY: Yeah, um. *(Thinking)* Yeah. That would be really great, thank you. I...have a feeling the centre might be reopening soon.

MOTEL OWNER: That sure would be a nice bit of news.

Oh, and just one more thing...

SUNNY: Yes?

MOTEL OWNER: *(Hesitant, trying to be polite)* Do you have acquaintances sleeping in your...uh...vehicle?

SUNNY: Sorry, my...?

MOTEL OWNER: The bus? With the raptor on the side? Parked in front of your room?

SUNNY: Oh. That vehicle. Yeah, there are two people in there. My friends.

MOTEL OWNER: Listen, if they're a little hard up for cash at the moment, I'd be happy to book them a room or two at off-season rates.

SUNNY: That's all right, thanks. I promise we'll get out of your hair soon.

MOTEL OWNER: All right. Enjoy the rest of your stay in town!

The MOTEL OWNER returns to the lobby, door BANGING shut. Pulling themselves together once again, SUNNY walks across the parking lot to the Raptorbus, opens the DOOR, enters. SUNNY KNOCKS on the vehicle's metal inside, a deep hollow sound, then moves inside the bus. Their footsteps CRUNCH on broken glass. Someone is SNORING.

SUNNY: Morning.

DR. GILLESPIE: Morning.

HAWTHORNE: *(Snoring)*

SUNNY: Sun's finally up. I got breakfast.

DR. GILLESPIE: Wow, did you ever. Are those *burgers*?

The burgers' paper wrapping CRACKLES satisfyingly as SUNNY doles one out.

SUNNY: Yeah. Milkshakes too. Not sure why I got them...just did. Here, I think this one's vanilla.

DR. GILLESPIE: Thank you. You brought them all the way back here on foot?

BIRDSONG fills the uncertain pause that follows.

SUNNY: I, uh, took my time. Eat.

The two eat in SILENCE.

DR. GILLESPIE: Don't tell me we're not going to talk about what the hell happened last night.

SUNNY: Any chance we could pretend it didn't happen? You know, "no point rewinding" and all?

DR. GILLESPIE: Oh no. *(Tutting.)* You don't get to use my saying against me.

SUNNY: Sorry.

...Honestly, of all of us? You might be the only one with a reasonable idea of what actually went down last night.

DR. GILLESPIE: *(Sarcastic)* "Reasonable?" Okay, listen: that rainstorm that blew through town in the middle of the night was already as unreasonable as I could handle. But it didn't stop there. The siren noise that started pouring out of my radio seemed pretty unreasonable. Oh, and now the mandible's gone? That is *very* unreasonable.

I say "Well then, time to leave." I drive out into the Badlands. I pass a bus with an anatomically incorrect velociraptor painted on it. *That's* unreasonable, but I don't have time for that, because, hm! My car's

broken down, and there's an old lady here taking a nap in a pool of her own blood. I try to call you, you don't pick up, but not to worry, because the voice of my least favourite person in town is mysteriously warbling through a walkie-talkie to tell me to get out of dodge.

"Surely," I think as I attempt to drive an ancient bus through a monsoon with Captain Headwound in tow, "*Surely* things will get reasonable sometime soon"...just in time for *you* three to come barreling out of the storm and nearly wedge yourselves under the wheels.

Awed, SUNNY takes all that in.

SUNNY: Ah. Thank you for stopping? And for saving Hawthorne. For saving all of us, really.

DR. GILLESPIE: From *what?* The mud?

SUNNY: From the Moon family's last stand.

DR. GILLESPIE: (*Surprised*) Jasper? All that? Was Jasper?

SUNNY: And his sister. I'm not sure who won.

DR. GILLESPIE: Did they steal the mandible? Did you get it back?

SUNNY: No. They...

I think Jasper and the jaw are both gone, Doctor.

DR. GILLESPIE: No. That...that's good.

Levesque would kill me for saying this, but maybe some things should never be added to the fossil record.

SUNNY: Doctor Levesque. He was—

Can you tell me about him?

DR. GILLESPIE: *(Dismissive)* Don't your "files" tell you everything you need to know?

SUNNY: No. No, this isn't for anything. I just mean...what was he like?

DR. GILLESPIE: *(After a long moment of trying to find the right words, then fondly)* A pain in the ass.

Music: Bittersweet synths.

DR. GILLESPIE: He'd rant day and night about how people on the internet were drawing theropods from the wrong eras together and *oh no*, if people start thinking Spinosaurus would ever actually fight a T-Rex, the science community would never recover, blah blah blah. He'd get so fired up, the only thing that would calm him down was a weekend camping trip in the RV.

He was obsessed with food, and feeding people. The fridge at the centre was always stuffed with homemade meals that he'd force me to share with him.

(Genuine chuckle, remembering.)

You know, he would turn off my radio and put on just the most god awful French opera while we cleaned specimens. Said it "focused the mind for careful work," or whatever.

I hated it for years. And now the centre is so, so quiet.

(Breaking down, gently) I sit in that big, empty place, and I eat alone.

SUNNY: I'm sorry, Doctor. I'm so sorry.

DR. GILLESPIE: *(Deep breath)* Me too.

The music evaporates into the morning air.

HAWTHORNE: I'm sorry you been eating all by yourself up in that big dusty centre.

SUNNY: Hawthorne, you're up!

HAWTHORNE: *(Coughing)*

DR. GILLESPIE: *(Pulling himself back together quickly)* She lives!

SUNNY: How are you feeling?

HAWTHORNE: Oh, quit your fussing, I'm fine. I'm fine!

(Deep breath, then to GILLESPIE)

Doctor. Listening to all that, I...I just wanted to say: I make a mean roast beef!

SUNNY: It's true.

DR. GILLESPIE: *(Uncertain)* I...

HAWTHORNE: That's all right. I get it. Just...if you're ever sitting in that old centre on the hill and you get a little peckish...
All I'm saying is, it's easy to throw another potato in the pot.

DR. GILLESPIE: I'll keep that in mind.
(*Smiling*) Thank you.

HAWTHORNE: Well, thank *you* for picking me up off my face and bandaging my thick skull up.

DR. GILLESPIE: I'll take credit for dragging your unconscious dead weight around the desert all night, but the stitch job...you'll have to thank the *other* doctor for that. (*Teasing*) You're not *quite* fossilized enough for me.

HAWTHORNE: (*Guffaws, slaps knee, coughs.*)
Yeah, that's fair enough.

...Speaking of the other doctor—

SUNNY: (*Trying to ignore Hawthorne*) These milkshakes are melting.
I should go in.

HAWTHORNE: Yes, they'll be a sight for sore eyes. And so will you, too, darling.

SUNNY: (*Nervous*) How is...?

DR. GILLESPIE: In and out. More out than in. According to her.

SUNNY: Is he...alone?

HAWTHORNE: What do you think?

SUNNY: Right. I'll, um...I'll just be a minute.

HAWTHORNE: You take all the time you need. We'll see if we can sort ourselves out in the meantime. Come on, Doc.

SUNNY's footsteps feel strangely lonely as they WALK up to the motel room: number 8. After a moment's hesitation, the door CLICKS open.

Inside, the room is cool, air-con HUMMING in the otherwise silent space.

SUNNY: *(To the audience)* Room number 8. The *only* room number 8.

I enter the room as quietly as I can. Inside the small air-conditioned space, still out cold on my bed, is Strathcona. Half-dressed, fully zonked on painkillers, his exposed leg propped up on a carefully stacked mountain of pillows.

The blood's gone — or most of it. Someone's applied a textbook tourniquet and dressed the bullet wound. Clean exit, apparently, less than an inch from the artery.

I realise I've never seen him sleeping. Laying there, all the tension smoothed from his face, a little grey from blood loss...he almost looks like a different person...

Over him, a long shadow falls.

Mel, standing at the window. Somehow in the same position as when I left an hour ago: arms crossed, those Moon eyes almost

orange in the glow of sunrise. She looks like a coyote at the very ragged edge of her territory.

She turns to me when I enter, sharp and guarded. There isn't a hint of the night's exhaustion in her features.

SUNNY: ...Hi.

MELINDA MOON: Your back's bleeding again.

SUNNY: It's fine. Uh. Milkshake?

MELINDA MOON: What flavour?

SUNNY: (*Fumbling*) Strawberry. And cherry.

MELINDA MOON: Strawberry, please. Strath likes cherry.

SUNNY: Yeah, I know.

MELINDA MOON: I know you know.

SUNNY: (*To the audience*) She says those four little words, bizarre and monolithic as the hoodoos she grew up in, and she smiles when she says them. Not a viper smile like her brother's, not the sleepy grin of her fellow townsfolk, but a genuine expression that tugs at me in ways I can't explain. It almost seems...*curious?*

And for the first time since I set foot in this liminal hellspace town, I feel like I have something in common with someone that isn't rooted in pain.

I want, so badly, to ask her what she means. But that question is smothered by a thousand others, all of them crawling up my throat with soft little tarantula paws...

MELINDA MOON: Go ahead.

SUNNY: *(Confused)* What?

MELINDA MOON: You're a private investigator. The whole reason you came to the Badlands was to find me. Like you've said a hundred times: this is just your job. You must have so much you want to say to me. So...?

SUNNY: Um. Yeah, I do, actually. I'm so sorry.

Music: *A reprise of the sparse, reaching, remorseful song that played during Strathcona's confession in Episode 108.*

MELINDA MOON: Are you. For what?

SUNNY: *This.* Your brother. And your family. Your life.

MELINDA MOON: Expectations I was trapped inside for years. And now, they're nothing. What Jasper built is nothing.

(Snorts) It started so innocently, you know. Just a silly club Jasper ran for kicks on the side, at the urging of our parents. Before we knew. We did so much at the urging of our parents: I learned how to operate a radio, any radio...and Jasper dug until his nails came off.

And then he got serious, started to really pay attention to the things my parents said, to the writings of our grandparents. His devotion

was like a homing signal: people were drawn to him, and it turned into something much more dangerous.

That's when the real digs started.

At first they were small; members volunteering to do what amounted to treasure hunts in their spare time. Then he wanted to go deeper; the digs turned into full excavations. And sure enough, we started to find what he was looking for. What our family had been looking for since the dawn of the last century.

If you only could have seen the light in his eyes when we found the first rib. It was the size of an elephant's tusk. Even I felt the air twisting. It was intoxicating, every new specimen brought back felt like a message. And of course, it all fit exactly what my parents had promised. We were going to raise something meaningful from the mud. An echo from the past, in the flesh again.

He almost succeeded, once. But I had run scared long before then.

SUNNY: You mean, the Sparville incident?

MELINDA MOON: Our parents were dead, and I had finally graduated med school. I had never felt more free of this place than I did then. But sometimes...I wonder if I should have been here instead.

SUNNY: That's why he started sending you the tapes, trying to lure you back.

MELINDA MOON: (*Sad chuckle*) Isn't it funny how family can do that? Bring you reeling back after so many years. I was in a bad place, which is not where you want to be when you're dealing with

Jasper. I missed our parents, cruel as they could be. I missed our *home*.

Some weak part of me thought: *maybe he was trying to reconnect*. That he'd amputated that part of himself like I had and we could be a family again. But he was trapped, panicking, and I was just his glorified courier, digging up the bones he sent through the Mud.

It ended up being the keys to Pandora's box.

The music fades, leaving cold silence in its wake.

MELINDA MOON: After the last dig, I started to hear things...see things. Our house had always been on the edge of something not quite real, but suddenly it felt out of control, like anyone could accidentally slip through the cracks and disappear forever.

SUNNY: Or bring back something they didn't mean to.

MELINDA MOON: You know.

SUNNY: Why did you go through with it?

MELINDA MOON: Why are you okay with making a living off reporting the way people's lives fall apart? I'd already stared into the abyss. I kept telling myself, the only way out is through. Even if it destroys the only things still worth protecting.

SUNNY: ... You did a good job of patching him up. Strath's lucky you went to med school after all.

MELINDA MOON: (*Unreadable*) When I was pregnant, he'd swear that I could still have the career I always wanted. Would talk day and

night about how he could watch the baby while I studied, get a job with opposite shifts to mine so we wouldn't have to spring for daycare.

That was almost twenty years ago.

SUNNY: *(Quietly)* He's in a lot of pain.

MELINDA MOON: *(Not understanding)* He's swimming in morphine.

SUNNY: No, I mean...not that kind of pain.

He still thinks about what he did to you, Mel. I think he has more to say to you, if you'll listen.

MELINDA MOON: I don't owe him that. I don't owe any of you anything.

SUNNY: No, I... I know.

MELINDA MOON: *(Pause)* But someone needs to get him to a hospital. Hawthorne too. If you trust me with them.

SUNNY: What? I...

MELINDA MOON: That's the real reason your detective sent you after me, isn't it? To determine how much of a threat I pose. Do I seem like a threat to you?

SUNNY: ...You seem like the most beautiful, terrifying, dangerous thing in this town, Mel. I think you're a threat, just...not to these people.

MELINDA MOON: "These people" will be fine; I can promise you that. (*Gentle, understanding*) And you can go.

I see it in your eyes. Same look that's in mine, I'm sure. Go. Drive. Come back tonight, or next year. Or never.

SUNNY: But...everyone here?

MELINDA MOON: You might be missed, but I doubt you'd be judged.

If you do go: what should I tell him?

SUNNY: What? (*Deflecting*) I...listen, Strath and I hooked up once.

MELINDA MOON: (*Amused*) Can't say I blame either of you.

SUNNY: (*Embarrassed*) Sorry, that was...that was a stupid thing to say. I just don't know what that *makes* us. What he expects. If he expects anything at all? I wasn't the best to him. Maybe I should just disappear.

MELINDA MOON: Maybe. I can't answer that for you. All I know is that I saw the look on your face when that gun went off.

SUNNY moves across the room gingerly. Without ceremony, they DUMP their backpack on the rickety nightstand.

SUNNY: Just give him this backpack?

MELINDA MOON: ...I'll do that.

SUNNY: Thank you. Here's the key to the room, too; stay as long as you need. It's all billed to the police department.

MELINDA MOON: Understood.

Sunny, wait.

SUNNY: Yes?

MELINDA MOON: I...I've lived my entire life in... (*struggling to find the words*) stuck between spaces that aren't where I want to be. Is this...

SUNNY: It's real. You're out.

MELINDA MOON: Good...Good.

Thank you, then. For showing me the way back. That there was a way back.

SUNNY: Thank Strath. He taught me how.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 112.2

FROM BLACK.

EXT. COMFORTINA MOTEL - MORNING - D8

The door CLICKS behind SUNNY; it almost feels like a loss. GILLESPIE and HAWTHORNE are speaking in the distance, coming closer as SUNNY approaches.

DR. GILLESPIE: The good news is that most of the record collection seems salvageable—

HAWTHORNE: That's a miracle.

DR. GILLESPIE: The bad news is that the back half of that bus is still a swamp of cola and broken glass, so watch your step.

HAWTHORNE: Yep, that's gonna hit him hard.

Wait, hold up!

(To SUNNY) How did it go, Sunny? Are they...uh. Is he...?

SUNNY: *(Forcing a smile)* Oh, yeah, they're fine. They're...gonna be okay.

SUNNY takes out their keys; FIDDLES with them for a long moment, awash in thoughts they'll never be able to explain to anyone outside this motel. Then, they STRIDE to their truck, OPENING the door and sliding into the driver's seat.

DR. GILLESPIE: Sunny, wait...

HAWTHORNE: You're not leaving, are you? Sunny?

SUNNY: I...The cult is finally in the ground, for good this time. I have my answers. My work's done.

HAWTHORNE: *(Knowing, not too harsh)* Well, you proved me wrong. Turns out you're cruel after all.

SUNNY: I won't argue with you on that.

What will you two do now?

HAWTHORNE: Well, after a trip to the hospital? I'm sure there's plenty of storm damage to be fixed up over at Blue Dunes—
(Dramatic gasp of horror)

I gotta find the ponies!

DR. GILLESPIE: And I suddenly have a lot of paperwork back at the centre.

SUNNY: Paperwork and storm damage. Sounds like we're all dealing with the same thing.

Goodbye, you two. Take care of the Raptorbus. And yourselves. And...you know.

HAWTHORNE: Yeah. I do.

DR. GILLESPIE: *(Unsure what to make of all this)* Goodbye, Sunny.

HAWTHORNE: Can't say I understand you. But maybe I understand this.

I'll see you around, darling.

HAWTHORNE CLOSES the truck door for SUNNY, giving the side a couple healthy PATS for the road. SUNNY busies herself with the KEYS, bringing the engine ROARING to life. They pull out onto the road, past the pterodactyl statue with the blue hat, making for the highway. Escape.

Until something suddenly BLIPS: the walkie-talkie.

SUNNY: Agh — !

SUNNY *hastily RUMMAGES around, brings the walkie-talkie to bear and presses the SPEAK button.*

SUNNY: Hello?

STRATHCONA: *(On the walkie-talkie, groggy)* What the fuck, Gumshoe!? Where did you go?

SUNNY: Strath? You're awake.

STRATHCONA: Heard the door shut after you. Woke me up. Your truck fired up. Drove off. Why.

SUNNY: You should be resting. Or better yet, in the ER. How are you even conscious right now?

STRATHCONA: *(In pain, hissing through teeth)* It's fine, Mel wrapped my leg and pumped me full of *happy drugs*. Like it's my birthday. I'll be — *hmph* — fine.

SUNNY: Yeah, I bet the buzz you've got going now beats the hell out of that cola garbage —

STRATHCONA: Sunny, will you shut up? *Where are you going?*

SUNNY: Um.

You know, I don't know. Back home, I guess. Whatever that is.

STRATHCONA: *(Pause)* Home? You're *leaving* leaving?

SUNNY: Hey, hey. A week ago, leaving was all you wanted me to do.

STRATHCONA: Right. I know. But now...

Can we just talk? About what happened last night?

SUNNY: You've got someone to talk to about last night; she's right there in that motel room. You're *actively* fucking this up right now.

The walkie-talkie line begins to struggle with the distance...

STRATHCONA: She's outside talking to Hawthorne right now.

SUNNY: That's no excuse and you know it. This is everything you've been fighting for. It's time to talk to her.

STRATHCONA: I'm just. I'm...

SUNNY: I know. I know. It's okay. You can do this.

The STATIC builds, the connection weakening...

STRATHCONA: What if...I told you...it'd be easier if you were here?

SUNNY: I'm...I'm already out of town. I'll be out of range soon.

STRATHCONA: Come back. You don't even have to come inside, we can just sit out there in the parking lot. That's like...that's our thing, isn't it?

SUNNY: You've been *shot*, Strath. And we can't just...*sit in parking lots* forever. I have to go back to the city and figure my shit out, and you have to stay in that motel room and figure your shit out. And at some point you have to go to the hospital!

STRATHCONA: Yeah, sure....but *then* what? So it all goes great, we all heal up, go to a fortune's worth of therapy, and then...?

Music: *Mysterious synths that echo and sprawl; similar to the Badlands Cola opening theme, but gentler, braver. The static grows.*

SUNNY: I don't know.

Maybe I'll meet you in the Big Dinosaur one day.

STRATHCONA: (*Whispering*) Sunny...that's the stupidest fucking thing anyone's ever said to me.

SUNNY: (*Whispering*) I learned it from you.

Hey. I left you something. On the nightstand next to you. Do you see it?

STRATHCONA: The milkshake?

SUNNY: No, the backpack.

STRATHCONA: *Your* backpack? Hold up. Wait..Is that your evidence?

SUNNY: My wire, too. Everything, actually.

STRATHCONA: ...Did you just leave me the entire case file you've been working on?

SUNNY: Well. Not exactly. There is no case file, not anymore. I deleted everything.

The music rises with the static, reaching for an uncertain peak. To either side of the highway, the Badlands stretch out, feigning infinity. The hoodoos are everywhere, each tower of rock standing proud and clear and ancient in the golden light of morning. It's going to be a beautiful day.

SUNNY: *(Pause, pained)* Strath, I'm...I'm almost out of range.

STRATHCONA: No, no, *no*, Sunny, wait, don't—

The STATIC overwhelms the line, then CUTS entirely.

SUNNY: *(Gasps)*

The last track of Badlands Cola Season One CRESCENDOS.

After a long time, the MUSIC degrades, devoured by GLITCHES and STATIC...

Someone inside a truck takes a deep, steadying breath. Hesitating for a moment — will it be safe? — they reach out and turns on the car RADIO. But the channels are clear; the MUSIC is almost happy.

FADE TO BLACK.

RENEE: Badlands Cola is an independent audio production starring Liz Morey as Sunny, Briggon Snow as Strathcona, Aryn Rozelle as

Melinda Moon, Ron Guan as Jasper Moon, Danielle Bryn as Hawthorne, Elvis Barkdale II as Dr. Gillespie, David J. Dixon as Detective Nicholson, Dustin Vuong Nguyen as Dr. Levesque, Jason Larock as Cassidy the Motel Owner, Faye Holliday as Flo the Diner Cashier, and Ray O'Hare as Bob the Store Owner, with additional voices by Sarah Roland and Newton Schottelkotte.

Our sound design was by Sarah Buchynski, of Polarity Audio Works, and Russ More.

A very special thanks to our Artists' Representative, Giancarlo Herrera, as well as our consultants Tal Minear, Cole Burkhardt, and Jacqueline Cho.

"Badlands Cola" was written, directed, produced, and art-directed by Renee Taylor Klint.

That's me!

Hey folks, thanks for staying tuned this long! I just wanted to quickly jump in at the end here and say: thank you, thank you, thank you for being a part of this show. Whether you were just tuning in every other week, leaving reviews, sharing on social media...the fanart! The fanfiction! Oh my god.

Yeah, it's just been so incredible, and I'm just so grateful that we got the chance to share this spooky little small-town dinosaur cult story with you.

If you would like to stay with us and support the show past its first season, I highly recommend you subscribe to our newsletter. The two things we get asked most about are season two and merch, and while we don't have anything concrete to announce about either of

those things just yet...if and when we do, you're going to hear about it first through the newsletter.

You can sign up for that by heading over to www.BadlandsCola.com

Last but not least! To my crew, to my incredible cast, and honestly everyone who helped make this show a reality. (It takes a village, truly, to raise an independent self-funded audio drama out of the ground.) I'm just so grateful that I got the chance to work with you all. Not only is everyone just absurdly talented, the entire cast and crew are just, like, the kindest, most genuine, open-hearted people I've ever had the pleasure of working with. It's honestly been like winning the lottery; thank you, thank you, thank you.

And...that's it for me here! I'm going to keep it short and sweet and, for the last time for now, I'm going to say:

Good night.

The music ends.

END OF EPISODE

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