

## **BADLANDS COLA - 108 - “GET THEE BEHIND ME”**

**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](http://badlandscola.com). We recommend you check them out to ensure your listening experience is fun *and* safe. Thank you.

**Pre-Roll:** Hey everyone! It's Renee here again. Before we dive into tonight's episode, I actually have another horror audio drama I get to tell you about. This one's kind of special though, I'm kind of freaking out about it...you'll see why in a second!

It is my absolute pleasure to present to you: SCP Archives.

Secure, Contain, Protect: the SCP Foundation was built to keep humanity safe from a world of beings it doesn't want to know exists. And these things have files...a lot of files. The creators of Creepy, Smalltown Horror, and Lake Clarity are going to take you into the darkness and unlock some of the internet's most amazing stories in this anthology-style horror podcast.

I have been a fan of the SCP Foundation for well over a decade. It is some of the best horror writing I have ever read. If you're a fan of corporate horror, like Control the video game? This is absolutely going to be right up your alley, you've got to check it out.

It's completely surreal for me to be sharing their trailer with you tonight as a huge fan of them, so please please please, do go check them out, and tell them I say hi.

**SCENE 108.1**

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

**SUNNY:** Badlands Cola. Episode Eight: Get Thee Behind Me.

**FADE IN.**

**EXT. BADLANDS - AFTERNOON - D5**

*Enter the Mustang's screaming ENGINE, racing and occasionally SPUTTERING: SUNNY's foot is heavy on the gas pedal, fighting the CHUGGING machinery while their mind races twice as fast.*

**SUNNY:** *(To SELF)* That's full cult, that's gotta be full cult. Shit.

The engine **COUGHS**.

**SUNNY:** *(To engine)* Oh come on, come on! Don't die on me out here.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Groaning)* Stop freaking out.

**SUNNY:** I will freak out if I want to....How are your eyes — ?

**STRATHCONA:** *(Still groggy, still pissed)* Yeah, they're fiery.

**SUNNY:** I wasn't a fan of the trunk idea.

**STRATHCONA:** Wasn't going to put you in the trunk.

**SUNNY:** Well, now you know what to expect if you try.

**STRATHCONA:** Fair.

*The car SLOWS as SUNNY arrives at last at STRATHCONA's bus on the edge of town. They PARK the Mustang and kill the ENGINE.*

**SUNNY:** Okay, we're here.

**STRATHCONA:** I literally can't see.

**SUNNY:** It's your place. Your bus. Your Raptorbus. Let's get your eyes washed out.

**STRATHCONA:** I can do it myself. Just...guide me to the door. Please.

*The Mustang DOORS open and close carefully. Outside, a hot WIND cuts through the midday din of GRASSHOPPERS chirping. Together, the pair make their way to the converted bus STRATHCONA calls home.*

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**SCENE 108.2**

**FROM BLACK.**

**EXT. BADLANDS - EVENING - D5**

*Music: A pensive, ultra-slow guitar reverb cuts gently through.*

*Now that the sun has dipped below the hoodoos, a purplish-blue twilight stretches out over the mesa cliff where SUNNY sits. They've*

*made a small but robust FIRE in the charred pit outside the Raptorbus, and now listen to the sounds of night – CICADAS, COYOTE cries, and the rare OWL – that curl up around them.*

**SUNNY:** *(To the Audience)* The sunsets are supposed to be pretty out here. I'm not really one to sit around and watch, but...here on Strathcona's cliffside camp, there isn't much else to do.

The Badlands open out on either side of the bus, the air turning purple and humming with cicada songs. It's getting cold.

I wrap my arms around my knees, grab another doughnut out of the half-squished box from this morning – and am suddenly struck by the thought of Strathcona out here alone. I imagine him sitting in the rickety lawn chair, cola in hand as some scratchy rock ballad warbles out over the mesas. Not lonely, just –

*The music FADES. Behind SUNNY, the bus door CREAKS open and shut. STRATHCONA TRUDGES slowly up...*

**SUNNY:** Oh. Um. You're alive. Are your eyes...less fiery?

**STRATHCONA:** Somewhat.

**SUNNY:** Right. Yeah, good. And...sorry.

**STRATHCONA:** Yeah, well. Sorry for making you think I might put you in a trunk.

Nice campfire, by the way. Pretty sure there's a provincial ban right now.

**SUNNY:** You gonna ticket me, Warden?

**STRATHCONA:** No.

**SUNNY:** Then sit.

**STRATHCONA:** (*Sitting with some effort*) Let me guess: you're thinking about reports.

**SUNNY:** Ha. I don't even know what to report anymore.

**STRATHCONA:** Well. You got your answer. About whether Mel's helping Jasper. Hell, she's probably the one that broke him out.

**SUNNY:** And how exactly do you propose I summarise that for my handler? Let me see, uh...

(*Extremely sarcastic*) "Hey Detective, so there is definitely a Moon sister, and her name's Melinda, and she's been building radio towers and, you know, digging holes in the desert. What's that, Detective? None of that makes any sense? What if I told you Jasper Moon was sending secret fossils to Melinda through a magical hole-based teleportation system, because that makes me seem even *more* stable! But *don't worry*, I can back all this up with, let me see, a bunch of scrambled VHS tapes.

He's going to tell me I have heatstroke, take me off the case, and then there goes ten years of reputation down the drain.

**STRATHCONA:** ...So we need to find out more.

**SUNNY:** Way more.

**STRATHCONA:** You...still...trust me enough to help out?

**SUNNY:** I...I don't know. I mean, I thought I was finally getting to the bottom of you, and now...

You're going to need to tell me what the hell happened between you and Melinda back there.

**STRATHCONA:** Yeah, I know. Gonna need a drink first.

**SUNNY:** No can do. All we have are a half dozen squished maple doughnuts, and, uh...Badlands Cola.

**STRATHCONA:** I'll take what I can get.

**Two BOTTLES crack open. STRATHCONA and SUNNY take turns SWIGGING throughout.**

**SUNNY:** So, um. You and Melinda. Mel. *(Drinking, swallowing)* Ugh, this crap's not getting better.

**STRATHCONA:** You'll get there. *(Drinking)* Me and Mel.

*(Deep breath, steeling himself)* Ah fuck, okay...

Remember when I said we'd skip class and tinker with old radios? We'd skip class, tinker with old radios, and make out in the Mustang.

**SUNNY:** You two were dating?

**STRATHCONA:** Yeah. I was...it was a big thing for me.

We were barely two months out of high school when Mel found out she was pregnant.

**SUNNY:** Oh. Shit.

**STRATHCONA:** You think that'd be my reaction too, right?

Sure, we were both terrified when we first realised. But then...I just got this burst of stupid confidence. Like, "yeah, I can do this. So let's do this." Suddenly, it felt like I was finally doing something worthwhile in this ghost town.

**SUNNY:** And Mel?

**STRATHCONA:** She just stayed terrified. There were other things she wanted. Things that had nothing to do with being a parent.

*(Pure self-loathing)* I didn't get it. My teenage brain just honed in on this...this vision of the perfect life we were going to make together. Have a kid, get married. I would leave the park wardens and get a real job in the city, so she could still go to university. I couldn't understand why she didn't see it. I begged her to give it time. Like it was a shitty math class she just had to power through, or something and...she did.

**SUNNY:** Plot twist!

**STRATHCONA:** ...Can you shut the fuck up and take something seriously for five minutes?

**SUNNY:** *(Genuinely stung)* Sorry. Sorry. Keep going.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Sighing)* We moved her into my parents' basement with me. Bought a bunch of kid stuff from the second-hand store, the whole thing. I kept bothering my buddies with lists of names;

they thought I was nuts. But I was just happy. It felt like love. What love was supposed to be.

**Music:** *The same reverb guitar, but drawn down to a darker tone.*

**STRATHCONA:** Mel miscarried two months later. I was sick about it. Worried about her through the whole thing. I was so glad to see that she came out of it okay.

Except she wasn't okay. Not even close.

I was so wrapped up in my perfect fucking dad fantasy that I didn't see what I was doing to her. That I was destroying her. That I *had* destroyed her.

**SUNNY:** *(Gingerly)* Shit.

**STRATHCONA:** *Oh*, just wait. Afterwards, I told her that she shouldn't worry, because I wasn't going anywhere, and we could just try for another one.

**SUNNY absorbs that in silence.**

**STRATHCONA:** Yeah, I know. She left me right there.

Very next day, Jasper drove up to my parents' house. Spent all afternoon helping me pack up the baby stuff, then we drove it all back to the second-hand shop. When he dropped me off at home, he pulled me real close and said: "If you ever come near my sister again, I'll break your fucking legs."

And you know what? I deserved it. Still do. And now he's on the loose, so maybe that's still in the cards for me.

***STRATHCONA and SUNNY let the moment fall between them, the quiet stretching until it shatters.***

**SUNNY:** Strathcona. I don't know what to say.

**STRATHCONA:** Don't say anything.

***SUNNY says nothing. After a long pause...***

**STRATHCONA:** Actually, this is way worse, say something.

**SUNNY:** I— Okay. Um. What happened after that?

**STRATHCONA:** Everyone just drifted apart. I moved further and further out so I couldn't see town anymore. Worked the warden job until I lost that too.

There was one guy I met, but it wasn't...he didn't...

Like I told you at the diner, I don't know why I stay here. I just do.

**SUNNY:** And Mel?

**STRATHCONA:** She just seemed numb. Until she skipped town. I always hoped she finally went to university, but... like I said, I don't know where she went.

**SUNNY:** She did. The tapes I found...she's a doctor now.

**STRATHCONA:** So she managed to escape this place for a little while. Even if it dragged her back.

**SUNNY:** That's why you want to find her. You want to make it right. Because you loved her.

**STRATHCONA:** (*Frustrated*) No. That wasn't love. You don't do that to someone you care about. And there's definitely no "making it right," I'm not *that* stupid.

I just want her to know that...that I get it now. That it was the one time she needed someone to see her as a person, not just a highway to some boy's fucked-up fantasy, and I...

I'm scared for her, Sunny. I'm pretty easy to get away from. But her brother?

**SUNNY:** But, on the call, Mel seemed...I don't know, in control. Like this is a choice, like she knows what she's doing.

**STRATHCONA:** She does. Always did. I don't know why she's back, or why she's suddenly believing in Jasper's mission and *helping* him, but it's bad news for everybody involved.

**SUNNY:** At least she seemed open to seeing you again.

**STRATHCONA:** (*Bitter chuckle*) She wants the Raptor, Sunny. A radio tech to boost her signal and trigger whatever apocalypse she and Jasper think is coming. That's...that's all that was.

**SUNNY:** Look, whatever she wants, whatever her motives: the search is still on, right? We're going to find her.

Strath? Right?

**STRATHCONA:** (*Swallowing*) Yeah. Right.

Thanks. For listening to...that. I promise one of these days we'll have a happy, fun, normal conversation about, like, hockey or something.

**SUNNY:** (*Lightening the mood*) Nah, you're an Oilers fan, it would end in fisticuffs for sure.

**STRATHCONA:** (*Genuine chuckle*)

**SUNNY:** But seriously, don't worry about it. Thanks for trusting me. Again.

**STRATHCONA:** Ah, yeah. First Sparville, now this. I must seem like a monster.

**SUNNY:** (*Thinking*) Here. There's another doughnut left. Take it.

I know you won't let me tell you you're not a monster, so I won't try. But if it's any consolation, I'm kind of a monster too.

**The doughnut box CRACKLES open as STRATHCONA fishes a maple cream out.**

**STRATHCONA:** Give me the doughnut.

(*Pause, eating*) Sunny, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but being an irresponsible workaholic with a disturbingly transactional approach to human relationships doesn't make you a monster. Unlikeable, yes, but not totally irredeemable.

**SUNNY:** You know what, though? That's not the half of it. I...I didn't get into private investigating because of any of that, or even because I'm good at it. I got into it because I like getting up close and

personal with other people's disasters. Cheaters, fraudsters, family disputes, secret heirs to huge estates. People's lives are either actively falling apart, or they're about to. And it's hard to watch, yeah. But it's not like I look away, either.

*(Bitter)* It makes me feel better about my life, sometimes.

**STRATHCONA:** Now that you put it that way? You're right, that is pretty fucked up! Well done, you win.

**SUNNY:** Oh, no. No, no. Don't look at me like that.

**STRATHCONA:** Like what?

**SUNNY:** Like you *grudgingly admire* my fucked-up-edness. Let's just say we're both awful, consider each other a bullet dodged, and leave it at that.

**STRATHCONA:** Sunny. If I'm going to dodge you, doesn't that mean you have to come at me first?

***The pause that follows has a decidedly different timbre to it...***

***Music: A mischievous guitar plucks along to an airy drum/synth combo.***

**SUNNY:** *(Incredulous)* You *literally* just said I'm unlikeable. Like, to my face. I've emptied half a can of pepper spray *directly into your eyeballs*.

**STRATHCONA:** So we're a couple of rude, mildly violent, morally compromised people. Doesn't mean I don't notice the way you look at me.

**SUNNY:** *(Taken aback, sputtering)* Look? What look? There has never been any *looking* of any kind—

**STRATHCONA:** Relax. It's fine.

**SUNNY:** —Ever. And you know what else—!

**STRATHCONA:** *(Gently)* I don't mind.

**SUNNY:** I. Oh.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Throat clearing)* So, I'm going to get some tunes looping on the Raptor, and then go the hell to bed. Any requests?

**SUNNY:** *(Flustered)* Um.

**STRATHCONA:** *Song* requests, Sunny.

**SUNNY:** Oh! Yeah. Ha! I don't know. Something calm. Slow jazz or something.

**STRATHCONA:** Fitzgerald it is. *(Rising from sitting)* Don't forget to put that fire out, gumshoe.

**FOOTSTEPS** lead away from **SUNNY** as **STRATHCONA** returns to the **Raptorbus**. Then, he **TURNS** and **PAUSES...**

**STRATHCONA:** *(Expectant)* Sunny.

**SUNNY:** Yes?

**STRATHCONA:** You coming or not?

**SUNNY:** *(To the Audience)* Rule number six of private investigation: don't get attached.

**Music RISES to a warm, charismatic melody full of strings and horns. It plays out, echoing sweetly into the simple, organic sounds of the Badlands...**

**SUNNY:** *(To the Audience)* Have you ever heard the Badlands at night? Like, really listened? It's quiet. It's...nice.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

### **SCENE 108.3**

**FROM BLACK.**

**INT. RAPTORBUS - MORNING - D6**

**Morning arrives with an unusual gentleness: BIRDS sing just outside the window of Raptorbus. Inside, two rude, mildly violent, morally compromised people awake...**

**SUNNY:** Urgh. Oh. Um. Good morning.

**STRATHCONA:** Hey.

**SUNNY:** How...how are you? *(Realising that's a weird thing to say, pivoting awkwardly)* Your uh, your fire eyes, I mean.

**STRATHCONA:** You're really worried about my eyes, eh?

**SUNNY:** Well, I *did* almost blind you.

**STRATHCONA:** Yeah, not exactly a meetcute.

**SUNNY:** *(Slight chuckle)* You been up for a while?

**STRATHCONA:** Since sunrise. How do you sleep through the light like that?

**SUNNY:** Pl. You learn to sleep anywhere pretty quick. I like the light in here. It's pretty.

**STRATHCONA:** Yep. *(Yawning.)* Raptorbus has its moments.

...So, I know I said I don't mind the way you look at me, but you're literally just *staring* at me right now.

**SUNNY:** Sorry. I just didn't realise you wear glasses.

**STRATHCONA:** Oh. Yeah. Usually wear contacts. You know, unless I've recently been pepper sprayed or something like that.

**SUNNY:** So, last night was just a big blurry smear for you, eh?

**STRATHCONA:** I think I caught the important bits.

***Awkward SILENCE pulls between them like the world's worst taffy. Oh god.***

**STRATHCONA:** *(Clears throat)* Coffee?

**SUNNY:** Yes, please.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Getting out of bed, mock cheerfulness)* So, overwhelmed by crushing regret yet?

***STRATHCONA begins the ritual of coffee preparation within the small space: cheap plywood cabinets are OPENED, COFFEE bag set on the makeshift counter, a KETTLE is filled and set to BOIL...***

**SUNNY:** Wow, what a nice thing to ask someone.

**STRATHCONA:** I'm sure it'll hit us later. Is creamer okay? Still haven't done a grocery run since the ransacking.

**SUNNY:** Creamer's fine, thanks.

Hey, mind throwing me my shirt? It's, uh, on the floor. Under that soundboard. Yeah, there.

**STRATHCONA:** Under the...

**SUNNY:** Yeah, there.

**STRATHCONA:** How'd it get...?

**SUNNY:** Don't ask me. Keep an eye out for my shoes, too, I honestly have no idea where they ended up.

***SUNNY's shirt rustles in STRATHCONA's hands...***

**SUNNY:** Hey, I can just take my coffee black, by the way, you don't need to fuss over it or whatever. No sugar is fine, too, really. Yet another thing you get used to as a PI. As long as it's hot and...

Strathcona?

**SUNNY's clothing is *THROWN HEAVILY* into their lap. There, nestled amid the discarded fabric, is their broken promise: the black tangle of their wire.**

**Music: Grim synths sawing quietly back and forth, growing...**

**STRATHCONA:** Tell me that's not what I think it is.

**SUNNY:** *(Under breath)* Oh, fuck.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Betrayed)* Sunny...

**SUNNY:** Wait, Strath, listen —

**STRATHCONA:** *(Simmering)* You told me you wouldn't wear a wire.

**SUNNY:** I swear to God, I forgot I was even wearing it last night, I —

**STRATHCONA:** Bullshit. You still chose to put it back on, day one. Didn't you?

**SUNNY:** *(Overlapping)* Strath...

**STRATHCONA:** *(Overlapping)* Didn't you? Jesus, Sunny; everything I told you last night...?

**SUNNY:** Look, you don't understand —

**STRATHCONA:** *(Overlapping)* Oh, I don't *understand* —

**SUNNY:** *(Overlapping)* — if I don't have hard evidence, then all of this is for nothing. This is my insurance policy!

**STRATHCONA:** *(Voice raising)* Oh my god, your *insurance policy*. Do you even hear yourself? This is still just *work* to you! All this time spent, all the people, Hawthorne, Mel, me. Is that all we are? Just files for your fucking case?

**SUNNY:** No, of course not! I just — !

***The kettle's SQUEALS rise into an ear-splitting CRESCENDO, bringing the tension to a point of agony.***

**STRATHCONA:** Jesus FUCKING Christ.

***STRATHCONA YANKS the kettle from the stove. Too slowly, the WHISTLE ebbs. For a long time, it's all the pair can do to simply listen to it as the bus falls back into ruinous QUIET.***

**STRATHCONA:** Then kill it. Right now. Delete everything you've recorded.

**SUNNY:** You know I can't do that.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Cold)* Yeah. I do.

***A NOISE outside causes both to stop dead, even through STRATHCONA'S seething. It's the sound of a HORSE; scratch that, two horses, both TROTting in from the desert to STOP outside the bus.***

**SUNNY:** *(Hushed)* Is that...horses?

**STRATHCONA:** I don't —

*Someone dismounts, HITTING the ground hard. Rapid footsteps PUMMEL towards the bus.*

**HAWTHORNE:** *(Flustered, out of breath)* Strathcona! Strathcona!

**STRATHCONA:** Hawthorne?

*STRATHCONA pushes open the bus door with a CREAK...*

**STRATHCONA:** Hawthorne, now is not a good time —

*...Only for HAWTHORNE to barrel her way onto the bus.*

**HAWTHORNE:** Strathcona! Thank god. Oh, sweetheart, I'm sorry for barging in here so early. I tried calling but nothing seems to connect and it's just static and...

**STRATHCONA:** Calm down, calm down! Are you okay?

**HAWTHORNE:** I'm fine. Really! I'm just—just a little flustered is all.

Oh! Sunny! Didn't expect you here; hi dear!

**SUNNY:** Hey, Hawthorne. Just trying to get dressed here. Sorry.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Impatient)* Hawthorne, what's going on?

**HAWTHORNE:** I heard something. On my radio. Just this morning, while I was mixing up breakfast.

**SUNNY:** What did you hear?

**STRATHCONA:** Stay out of this.

**HAWTHORNE:** Alrighty, so I don't know what went down over the last two days, but you two are radiating some very confusing energy right now.

**STRATHCONA:** Nevermind that. You said you heard something on the radio?

**HAWTHORNE:** Yes. *A voice.*

**STRATHCONA:** Mel. Was it Mel?

**HAWTHORNE:** Mel? I...no, it wasn't Mel. It was someone else.

Someone who's been gone a long time.

**SUNNY:** Jasper.

**HAWTHORNE:** I didn't believe it at first, I couldn't — I mean, Jasper's voice coming out of my kitchen radio. I don't even remember turning the damn thing on. But he was *there*.

**SUNNY:** Shit. Is that what Mel's getting at? Trying to contact her brother now that he's — ?

**STRATHCONA:** *(To SUNNY)* Let her talk.  
Hawthorne, what did he say?

**HAWTHORNE:** I don't know. He was so garbled, so far away... but then so near! I couldn't make out a single word. That's why I came here. I mean if there's a signal he's sending out, maybe you could find it. Triangulate it. Do whatever it is you do.

**STRATHCONA:** It doesn't work like that...but I can try to raise him again. Just give me a second.

**STRATHCONA** *marches to his prodigious bank of soundboards, FIRING UP all sorts of equipment in an attempt to raise JASPER.*

**HAWTHORNE:** Sunny, are you decent?

**SUNNY:** Decent as I can make myself.

**HAWTHORNE:** That's good.

*(Quieter, avoiding piquing STRATHCONA's attention)* How're you holding up, darling? You two seem like you're in tougher than a couple of rodeo bulls.

**SUNNY:** It's fine, Hawthorne; don't worry about me. ...I'm glad you're okay.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Slightly distant)* Jesus, it's not just your radio, Hawthorne. The bands are so scrambled I can barely get the Raptor up. Something's wrong.

**HAWTHORNE:** It's not just the radios! My car engine's dead as a doornail. I couldn't get it started if my life depended on it. So I saddled up and rode on out here quick as I could. Hoo, I haven't ridden that fast in ages, but I still got it.

**SUNNY:** Now you mention it, Hawthorne, the Mustang did seem a little stuttery yesterday.

**STRATHCONA:** *(Irritated, fiddling with equipment)* No idea, I was still covered in pepper spray, remember?

**HAWTHORNE:** *(Under breath)* What in the lord's name have you two been up to?

Okay, look, how can Jasper even be on the radio? I thought they locked him away?

**SUNNY and STRATHCONA:** *(In unison)* He escaped.

**HAWTHORNE:** Oh, no...

**STRATHCONA:** It's not him I'm worried about. Hawthorne, if you picked his signal up all the way over in Blue Dunes, then Mel sure as hell tracked him with that tower of hers. She's either scrambling us, or trying to ram her way through to her brother. Or both.

***The signals come to life at STRATHCONA's touch: RADIO CHATTER blares, channels SPARK to life before fizzling back to STATIC, all while GLITCHES make everything garbled and tinny. Until, something clearer breaks through...***

**SUNNY:** Wait! What was that? Go back...

***The SIGNAL clears...***

**JASPER MOON:** *(Over the radio, pre-recorded)* I have been the shovel that unearths the waiting remains of our ending; now you must be the beacon that calls them from their sleep.

**SUNNY:** Oh my god. That's his manifesto. How...?

**HAWTHORNE:** *(Frightened, worried)* He needs help. Strathcona, can you tell where he's broadcasting from?

**STRATHCONA:** I can, but...There's no way. *(Pause)* 102 FM.

**HAWTHORNE:** Sparville?

**SUNNY:** Are you kidding? You're kidding.

**STRATHCONA:** There's no one *out there*. That channel's been dead for decades.

I'm going to check it out. Hawthorne, I'm taking Triton. Can't risk an engine dying out in the Badlands.

**HAWTHORNE:** Oh, sweetheart, look, I don't know...

**SUNNY:** Wait, Strath, you don't know what this is. We need to figure out what the deal is with the beacon, and the missing jawbone, and about seventeen other fucky mysteries. You don't even know if she's going to —

**STRATHCONA:** Stop! Just stop.

**SUNNY:** Let me come with you.

**STRATHCONA:** *Get fucking bent, Sunny.* Someone needs to stay here and scramble bands in case Mel hasn't clued in yet.

**HAWTHORNE:** Okay, *I* can do that.

**SUNNY:** See? Let me *help*, Strathcona.

**STRATHCONA:** You've helped enough. Just...get out of my way.

*Without another word, STRATHCONA charges out of the bus and SLAMS the door behind him, leaving HAWTHORNE and SUNNY stunned in his wake.*

*Music: The same synths from before, now a furious crescendo.*

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**RADIO STATIC.**

**CREDITS:** "Badlands Cola" is written, directed, and produced by Renee Taylor Klint. This episode was sound designed and mixed by Russ More, and featured the voice talents of Liz Morey, Briggon Snow, Danielle Bryn, and Ron Guan. Special thanks to our Artists' Representative, Giancarlo Herrera. Visit [badlandscola.com](http://badlandscola.com) and follow BadlandsCola on Twitter for show notes, announcements, behind the scenes content, and more.

Good night.

**END STATIC. END MUSIC.**

**END OF EPISODE**

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