

BADLANDS COLA - 110 - "EXIT"

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.

Pre-Roll: So, believe it or not, we are almost at the end of season one of Badlands Cola, which means that this is the very last time I get to recommend a show for you! I really don't think this one is going to disappoint. Our recommended show today is none other than Wireland Ranch.

Welcome to the color soaked psychedelic cosmic nightmare you've been waiting for, where every tragedy is a ritual and every sacrifice is a joke.

That's their description! It's totally unhinged! I love it! As the wise Ester Ellis has said: we are in a little bit of a golden age of cool, weird audio drama, and Wireland Ranch is doing something really unique.

I don't have to tell you where the trailer's gonna be, you know where the trailer is. It's at the end of the episode! So, go ahead, give 'em a listen, and maybe take a little trip on down to the ranch.

Recommendations and trailer swaps are truly the lifeblood of this community, so we really appreciate you having the patience for them at the beginning of so many of our episodes. We just hope you enjoy the last few episodes of season one of Badlands Cola, enjoy the ride!

SCENE 110.1

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

JASPER MOON: Badlands Cola. Episode Ten: EXIT.

FADE IN.

INT. SPARVILLE HOTEL - UNKNOWN TIME OF DAY - D6

SUNNY is trapped. Inside the musty Sparville Hotel, the claustrophobic air feels unnaturally still, devoid of life...yet oddly warm. STATIC floods from the walkie-talkie in SUNNY's hands.

STRATHCONA: *(Over walkie-talkie for duration of conversation)*
Don't. Panic.

SUNNY: Oh, I am fully panicking.

STRATHCONA: Well, stop.

SUNNY: That doesn't help!

STRATHCONA: You're sure the doors are gone? Like *gone gone*?

SUNNY: Yes, I'm sure! There's just...smooth plaster. Like doors never even existed, which means the rabbit hole thing is happening again which means that I'm trapped and—

STRATHCONA: Okay, just...just listen to me. If you're trapped like I was in the Moon house, there is...nothing you can do.

SUNNY: *(Stressed)* That also doesn't help!

STRATHCONA No, I mean, don't make it worse by tearing off through the hallways. Do not go deeper, because the deeper you go, the easier it is for —

His transmission is SWALLOWED by STATIC, until the glitchy line CUTS completely.

SUNNY: For what? For *what?* Strathcona? Strathcona!

SILENCE.

SUNNY: *(To self)* Shit. Okay. Okay, don't panic. You've been in the Moon house twice and you didn't die. This is just like the Moon house. Just...just stay on the perimeter.

The walkie-talkie BLIPS, though the sound is less hopeful than a dire reminder of how alone SUNNY really is. Their FOOTSTEPS echo quietly as they TRAVEL warily through the hotel.

SUNNY: Strathcona, this is Sunny. I can't hear you, but I'm going to keep talking just in case you can hear me. Um. I'm going to try to...I'm going to try to find a way out.

I'm currently in a hallway. It looks just like the other ones, but this one is, um...it seems longer. I don't know what that means.

There are...there are rooms on either side. They look like...normal hotel rooms. Just no doors?

These flickering fluorescents are awful.

(Long Pause) Um. Okay. There's one door that's closed. No room number.

A door OPENS slowly, cautiously, then shuts with a gentle CLICK.

SUNNY: What? I just came through this door. This was the hallway, and I — And now it's a fucking laundry room.

(Pause, then to self) Okay, just keep going. Keep going. Keep going. That's what I do. I keep going. That's my new PI rule: *keep going*.

SUNNY: *(to the Audience)* I walk. And I see things. Things that don't make sense.

Empty dining rooms overwhelmed by stacks of chairs, hundreds of them packed right to the ceiling. Rotting saunas blooming with white mould. Another lobby, identical to the first one, except the carpet is shredded to bits, and all the pictures are smeared with something like tar.

SUNNY continues to speak to the audience, though their voice becomes distant, tinny...STATICKY.

SUNNY: *(to the Audience)* No windows, no exits, and no way to go back once you've left a room. It is so hot. I'm still walking, walking, walking, walking, walking...

STATIC claims SUNNY's voice, and we lose them completely.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 110.2**FROM BLACK.****INT. SPARVILLE HOTEL - UNKNOWN TIME OF DAY - D6**

Sounds reforming from the grey audio mist that is the STATIC: FOOTSTEPS emerge from the gloom, SUNNY is walking through an ECHOING pool room. The walkie-talkie suddenly SPARKS to life in SUNNY's hands: barely audible over the terrible connection is STRATHCONA.

STRATHCONA: *(Over walkie-talkie; Tired, distracted, cutting in and out)* Can you hear me? Pick up. Please pick up. I'm still here.

SUNNY: Strathcona?! Strathcona, I can hear you!

STRATHCONA: Oh Jesus Christ, you're alive! Are you okay? Are you hurt?

SUNNY: *(Small)* I'm...I'm okay. Thirsty and hot and trying not to freak the hell out, but...

STRATHCONA: Good. Not the thirsty part, but the alive part. Where are you?

SUNNY: Some kind of indoor pool room? Um. There are doors and hallways, but they just lead to more pool rooms.

I...I tried to stay on the perimeter but...I'm just trying to get away from this heat. The ceilings are too low, and there are no windows, and the *smell*...

STRATHCONA: Wait, pool room. As in swimming pool?

SUNNY: Um, yeah, but...*wrong*. Like, the pools are empty. Or filled with something that...isn't water. I've been talking into the walkie for ages, haven't you heard?

STRATHCONA: No, it's been static for twenty minutes straight.

SUNNY: Minutes?! I've been walking for hours!

A dire PAUSE.

STRATHCONA: Sunny. Listen to me. Time, space...it's all fucked in there, remember? Now that you have a connection to the outside, things might stabilise, but you can't rely on anything, okay?

Now, you've already left the place where you entered, so the best thing for you is to keep moving, okay?

SUNNY: I'm trying. ...I'm going to keep talking, okay?

STRATHCONA: Like I'd expect you to do anything else.

SUNNY: Oh, *ha-ha*. You're an asshole.

STRATHCONA: I'm also not going anywhere. Keep talking, we'll keep the line up. Okay? Just...tell me what you see.

SUNNY: It's just more of the same. Tiled walls, drains in the floor, and everything is covered in this...this black dust, like —

Just beneath SUNNY's speech, there's a thin RINGING that seems to permeate the air, followed by a nearly-inaudible GROWL, almost like metal on metal.

STRATHCONA: Sunny? You cut out.

SUNNY: Uh...yeah, sorry, I just...

They LISTEN, but hear nothing more.

SUNNY: Is this what the Moon house was like for you?

STRATHCONA: Yeah. Eventually, everything inside runs together. Like you're scanning through channels and they all just start to blur, become one garbled signal. It fucks with your head.

SUNNY: You were looking for Mel in there, weren't you?

STRATHCONA says nothing.

SUNNY: How did you get out?

STRATHCONA: You were there, you tell me.

It's like I was able to...I don't know, break the loop somehow. The cycle. I started to feel like something was following me and —

Without warning, the walkie-talkie signal suddenly frays into unintelligible STATIC.

SUNNY: Strathcona? You there? Strathcona.

Somewhere nearby: muffled FOOTSTEPS, as if heard through a wall. They stop. SUNNY stops dead in their tracks, straining to hear, then hears the FOOTSTEPS much closer.

SUNNY: Strathcona, there's a door here. I think someone is on the other side. Please tell me it's you.

The FOOTSTEPS beyond the door slow, then STOP cold. Tension rises, palpable on the air, until the door handle suddenly RATTLES.

SUNNY: Go away!

SUNNY lands a KICK on the door, considers, then another hail of pounding KICKS.

SUNNY: *(Heavy breathing, waiting, listening)* Oh my god. Oh my god. Number eight. It says room number eight. This is my motel room door! The one next door, the fucking duplicate!

Wait. That means that was...this could be the exit, this could be — !

SUNNY throws the DOOR open...but this is no motel parking lot. The RINGING from before returns, echoing maliciously at the trap that's been sprung...

SUNNY: *(To the Audience)* This is not an exit. This is a room that does not exist. Raw earth cakes the tile, sloughs in from the vents, lays in drifts around inexplicable barred walls, like a cage.

There is something inside the cage.

It's thin. And tall. And covered in mud.

JASPER MOON: Oh. Sunny.

SUNNY: *(Heavy breathing)*

JASPER MOON: You poor thing. Apologies; didn't mean to startle you. Especially after you startled yourself, so to speak...

Welcome to my ancestral grounds. It's seen better days, but I've always found something comforting about the Mud.

SUNNY: Jasper...what *is* this place?

JASPER MOON: *(Interrupting)* Three months. That's how long you spent following my every move, and you never once just walked up and said "hello!"

So rude.

I wish we could have met properly, you and I. I think we could have helped each other.

SUNNY: Oh, screw you.

JASPER MOON: *(Sigh)* You always were a little blunt, investigator. Why not come a little closer, so we can speak softly to one another? I may look a mess, but I'm still sweet. And I hardly pose a threat to you behind these bars...

SUNNY: I don't understand...this room, it's...your cell? How is it *here*?

JASPER MOON: My family's way with time and space is something to behold, but I'm not a *miracle worker*. My emancipation remains a

work in progress. For now, I've slipped away from your *insipid* detective and his *insipid* questions.

Do you think he misses me?

SUNNY: How are you doing this?

JASPER MOON: Surely you can take a guess, no? Growing up in our house, with our parents? Their history! Let's just say you learn ways to reach out through impossible distances...move through impassable walls? Family tradition. We've always played in the Mud.

SUNNY: "The Mud"...Is that how you sent all those fossils to Mel? Before we busted you?

JASPER MOON: (*Delighted, clapping*) Oh, you figured it out!

I am proud of that one. The Mud runs through all things, but it's especially strong once you crack the earth open and dig deep.

Did Nicholson's silly boys in blue ever think to search the lot behind that ugly little laundromat? Probably not, that might have run into breaktime!

SUNNY: Yeah yeah, you're the shovel, Mel's the beacon. Where is she?

JASPER MOON: I was hoping you would tell me.
Well, that's not quite accurate. I was hoping Strathcona would.

SUNNY: ...You wanted to lure *him* here.

JASPER MOON: I don't suppose there's any chance he'll come chasing mindlessly after you, hmm?

SUNNY: What do you want with him?

JASPER MOON: Now *that's* a question that could loop on and on and on for all eternity. The answer changes depending on who gives it. Would you ask the Beacon, or the Shovel? It's complex.

SUNNY: Mel wants him to help her boost her beacon. You just want to break his legs, so I —

JASPER MOON: (*Overlapping SUNNY*) "Break his legs?" You know, I'm shocked he dared to tell you that story.

SUNNY: He regrets what he did to her. Even you must understand that.

JASPER MOON: Mm. Perhaps. I'd much rather watch him crush and drown in the Mud. (*Chuckles*)

SUNNY: Just like all those people you murdered in the Badlands?

JASPER MOON: Oh, Sunny. *I* didn't kill those people.

SUNNY: Then who did?

JASPER MOON: (*Ragged whispering, hideously close*) Not who: what. The Shovel unearths it, the Beacon calls it to life: *the Thing in the Mud*.

SUNNY: (*Heavy breathing, frightened*) The fossils. Mel called it a skeleton...you're *assembling* something?

JASPER MOON: (*Otherworldly whispering*) Dead long before the first dinosaurs walked the earth, the splinters of its body scattered across this land. And now, after four generations of Moons digging, and delving deeper than any other would dare, I will soon make it whole.

Melinda will tune every radio within a hundred kilometres to the ringing of its bones, and call it through the eons, finally, *finally*, to life.

But until then, it must simply be content to wander these lost spaces.

(*Joyous*) Have you heard it? Its footsteps coming closer, or fading into the endless distance, waiting aimless in the dark? A bit like me. A bit like you.

SUNNY: (*Laughing*) God. We're both idiots. Do you even see that? You're still missing the last piece of the skeleton, but even worse than that? You're stuck here, just like me. If there's no way for me to get out, then you're screwed too.

JASPER MOON: Yes, it's true, on both counts. Well done figuring that out, investigator.

But have you considered that I'm already quite comfortable here? It's been more days than I can count since I slipped out of one space and into the next. In fact, days don't seem to mean much at all in the Mud.

SUNNY: (*Breaking up, reaching their limit*) Stop saying that word!

JASPER MOON: "Stop?" Oh, no. You don't want *that*. I'm all you have in here, Sunny. I want you to *stay*. Maybe we can become friends, and see if we can tempt dear Strathcona down with us...

SUNNY: No no no, Fuck you. I'm leaving. Don't try to stop me.

JASPER MOON: Oh, baby: be careful. If you pass through that door, the spaces will shift again. I might be the last person you ever see.

SUNNY: You' are not a person.

SUNNY SLAMS the door shut once again, the explosive sound ricocheting through the empty halls. They wait, chest heaving, for JASPER to follow, until their courage gives out..

SUNNY: *(Holding back tears and failing, breathing heavy)* Oh god. Oh god.

After a long, dreadful, dreadfully alone moment, SUNNY sniffles and presses the BUTTON that brings their walkie-talkie to life.

SUNNY: Strathcona. Strathcona, listen to me.

STRATHCONA: Sunny! God, it's been hours, what's happening?

SUNNY: Fuck. Jasper's down here.

STRATHCONA: Please tell me you pepper sprayed that son of a bitch.

SUNNY: No. He couldn't get near me. He and Mel...they're trying to unleash something. Some *thing*. That's their plan, that's always been their family's plan. Ever since the mines, they've been digging, but

only Jasper found them all. He smuggled them out to Melinda before he got arrested, but they're missing the jawbone, and —

STRATHCONA: Hey! Slow down. They're unleashing *what*?

SUNNY: (*True terror*) I don't know. All I know is that I've heard something in here. The same thing that chased you out of the Moon house.

...You've seen it. You know.

STRATHCONA: (*Grim acknowledgment*) We can't let it out.

SUNNY: Strathcona, listen to me. You have to get back to the centre and help Dr. Gillespie get the jawbone as far away from this place as possible.

STRATHCONA: Sunny...

SUNNY: And then you have to find a way to Mel. You can't let her turn that fucking Beacon on again, or get anywhere near the Raptor. You're the only person that can get through to her.

STRATHCONA: I'm not leaving you in there.

SUNNY: It doesn't matter...It doesn't matter what happens to me. You know what that thing is capable of, people might get hurt.

This is the end of the rabbit hole, Strathcona, but you're the only one who can do something about it. Please!

STRATHCONA: Sunny, shut up! It's not happening.

SUNNY: *(Stunned pause)* Then you're an asshole *and* an idiot.

STRATHCONA: Both well established facts. Keep talking to me.

SUNNY: I don't want to talk anymore. I'm so sick of talking. Of recording things, of taking notes, I'm just so tired, and it is boiling in here and... Just let me sit for a second.

The unnatural QUIET of the endless hotel space rushes cruelly in: industrial fans WHIR, the air itself seeming to HUM with far-off ECHOES.

SUNNY: Where are you? Tell me about what you're doing.

STRATHCONA: Me? Pacing like a nervous wreck, mostly.

SUNNY: Alright. Where?

STRATHCONA: The breakfast buffet. Just off the lobby —

SUNNY: Can you..um. Can you read the menu to me? Please?

STRATHCONA: *(Clearing throat)* Well. You've got your bacon and hash. Eggs and hash. Bacon and eggs. Huevos rancheros. That sounds pretty good, actually.

SUNNY: With a side of Badlands Cola?

STRATHCONA: Why not.

SUNNY: Gross. Are there pancakes?

STRATHCONA: Oh, you bet. Uh. Strawberries and cream, cinnamon blueberry, banana split...

SUNNY: (*Tiny, miserable chuckle*) I'll have one of each.

The SILENCE stretches on. The distance between them is suddenly unbearable.

STRATHCONA: Yeah. I guess we missed out on breakfast this morning, eh.

SUNNY: Strathcona...um. I fucked up.

STRATHCONA: What do you —

SUNNY: The wire. You're right. I don't see people as people. It's easier to see them as dossiers. That way you can just file them up, ship them out, and forget about them. Treat all the trauma like it's just tabloid gossip. (*Tearing up*) That's what I did to everyone. To Hawthorne. To Mel. To you.

STRATHCONA: (*Dismissive*) You're just saying that because you think you're gonna die.

SUNNY holds back tears.

STRATHCONA: I'm sorry. That wasn't...

I get why you wore the wire. But it still hurts. I told you things I've never told anyone. I *trusted* you, Sunny.

SUNNY: I know. I know. And now I'll never have the chance to earn that trust back. *(Breaks, crying)* I'm so sorry, Strathcona. I'm so sorry.

Almost imperceptibly, a distant GROWL or BOOM nudges up through the quiet.

STRATHCONA: No. I'm sorry. I'm sorry you're in that fucking place. I knew this would happen in here, I tried to kick you out before it did but...I'm sorry you're alone.

I'm not going anywhere, okay? I promise. Sunny?

(Pause, then worried) Sunny? Are you there?

And another ringing BOOM, closer...?

SUNNY: *(Frozen in terror, quiet)* I heard something. Again.

STRATHCONA: What? Nothing on my end...wait.

A third BOOM, definitely closer.

SUNNY: There's something in here.

STRATHCONA: Sunny, get up. Get moving. Now.

The booming resolves, suddenly becoming FOOTSTEPS. Of what, SUNNY doesn't spare time to imagine.

SUNNY: Where — ?

STRATHCONA: Anywhere. Away. Just move!

SUNNY drags themselves up off the floor and **SPRINTS** down a seemingly safe hallway. They **WRENCH** open doors, their walkie-talkie fuzzing all the while. The terrible booming **SOUNDS** follow them.

STRATHCONA: *(Between glitches, static)* Sunny?! Can you hear me? Can you find another room with a pool?

SUNNY: A pool?

STRATHCONA: *(Between glitches)* Like before. Just trust me! Try to find a room with a pool!

STRATHCONA is drowned out in a sea of violent **STATIC**, and the ever-encroaching **BOOMS**. Now, the footsteps are followed by the awful, familiar **RINGING**.

SUNNY: Shit. Shit!

Another **DOOR** thrown wide, another room **CHARGED** into, this time with the same unmistakable **ECHO** of a pool room.

SUNNY: Okay, okay, I found one!

A **BOOM**. Something **SHATTERS** nearby.

SUNNY: *AGH!*

...Strathcona? Oh my god. **STRATHCONA**.

STRATHCONA: **SUNNY**.

SUNNY's voice REVERBERATES madly as they SPRINT across the room, not believing what they see.

SUNNY: Strathcona!? Oh my god.

STRATHCONA: Here! By the bars! Get the hell over here!

STRATHCONA's SHOUTS become nearer as SUNNY sprints to him.

SUNNY: You're here? How are you *here*?

STRATHCONA: Are you okay?

SUNNY: No, god, we have to get out of here! What the FUCK are these *prison bars* doing here!?

STRATHCONA: Can you squeeze through?

SUNNY: No! Shit! We're running out of time, we —

The incoming BOOMS suddenly CRASH through into the room with a horrific WRENCHING of metal, tumbling TILES, and a ROAR that splits the air.

STRATHCONA: (*Whispering, stressed*) Sunny, look at me. Don't look at it, look at me. Just stay quiet. Okay? I got you. I got you...

The BOOMS are slow now, as if the THING is circling, hunting. The RINGING is unbearable. SUNNY and STRATHCONA fight to keep their frightened breaths as silent as possible. After a moment, THE THING IN THE MUD begins to move away with slow, heavy FOOTSTEPS...

STRATHCONA: (*Whispering*) Sunny. You have to get out of there.

SUNNY: *(Whispering)* No, no, no. There's no way out. I'd have to go past it.

STRATHCONA: *(Whispering)* You're okay. Just wait for it to —

SUNNY: *(Whispering)* No.

...Break the loop. We have to break the loop. The pools. One on my side, one on yours, right? We jump.

STRATHCONA: *(Whispering)* Sunny, no way.

JASPER MOON: *(Over the walkie-talkie)* Do you see now, Sunny? Do you see the Thing in the Mud?

SUNNY: No!

THE THING suddenly REELS with a room-shaking ROAR, footsteps CRASHING back —

SUNNY: Strathcona, you have to jump!

STRATHCONA: What if I lose you again!?

SUNNY: *JUST JUMP.*

SUNNY ducks away and SPRINTS towards the pool, its sides SLOSHING from the footsteps of the incoming THING. Altogether the BOOMING, RINGING, ROARING almost overwhelms; then SUNNY leaps into the pool with an explosive SPLASH.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 110.3**FROM BLACK.****???**

Silence. The CLICK and WHIR of a VHS tape beginning to play its final message...

MELINDA MOON: *(Over a recorded tape)* I understand now.

Running. Struggling. Fighting back. It used to be the way out, the only exit.

But how do you run from the void? At the threshold of past wounds...and the pain that's yet to come. It doesn't work for me, not anymore. Now, all I want is to be still.

What have you done? What have I done? How deep does the hole go? Is there stillness at the bottom?

I'm not a person; I am an excavation. And I am bottoming out. I am swallowing the mud with gritted teeth, and it will swallow me in return. That's the pact. I am not older than the pyramids. I don't have to be. I have been twisted, and I am seething, and *that is enough*.

I will find the end, and I will be still.

FADE TO BLACK.**SCENE 110.4**

FROM BLACK.

EXT. SPARVILLE POOL - NIGHT - D7

For a long moment, all is muted with frantic UNDERWATER ambience: panic, THRASHING and BUBBLES. SUNNY BURSTS up through the surface to the shocking CALM of a normal desert night: CICADAS chirp happily as the POOL water swirls all around them.

SUNNY: *(Sputtering)*

Nearby, someone else SPLASHES up to the surface, though they're clearly struggling. SUNNY frantically SWIMS over.

SUNNY: Strath. Strath!

STRATHCONA: *(Thrashing, struggling for breath)*

SUNNY: *(Struggling to help)* It's okay, you're good! You're good, come on! Come to the shallow end, keep...keep paddling, that's it...

STRATHCONA: *(Out of breath, coughing)* Can't swim.

SUNNY: Oh god, fucking...of course. Grab the rail, grab the rail! Just, just catch your breath.

SUNNY and STRATHCONA: *(Both breathing heavily)*

SUNNY: *(Out of breath)* You can't swim?

STRATHCONA: I live in the desert.

SUNNY: *(Exhausted chuckle)*

I...I think we're out. Look up.

Music: A strumming electric guitar, gentle and sweet.

STRATHCONA: Stars. What is this, an outdoor pool?

SUNNY: (*Giddy with relief*) Ha. Um. I...guess so? One last echo from the hotel, maybe.

For a long time, silence. Nothing but cicada song and gently lapping pool water.

SUNNY: You went back in for me.

STRATHCONA: Yeah.

SUNNY: Thank you.

The music fades into the night.

STRATHCONA: So. You finally got to meet Jasper face to face.

SUNNY: Yep. I'm glad it was me. What he really wanted was you.

STRATHCONA: I don't want to know. How did he even get...?

SUNNY: I don't know. He said something about him and Mel and growing up in that house...I mean, you saw the bars that were separating us, right? They looked like the cell he was detained in. And my motel door...

You were right about the duplicates, or the echoes, whatever it is...

STRATHCONA: And it's out of control. That Thing —

SUNNY: *(Interrupting)* Don't talk about it. I don't want to think about it. The ringing...

Strath, we can't let this happen.

STRATHCONA: We're not going to.

Shit, I'd call Hawthorne, or Gillespie, but my phone isn't waterproof.

SUNNY: *(Realisation dawning)* Oh! Mine is. Waterproof case! Not all my gadgets are evil, I promise.

STRATHCONA: You get coverage out here?

SUNNY: Uh...Barely, I...oh no.

PHONE VOICEMAIL: Twenty-seven missed calls. You have eight new messages. Message one.

The message BLARES to life: a wailing RINGING peels in the background, just like MEL'S BEACON. The speaker, DOCTOR GILLESPIE, panics into the phone.

DR. GILLESPIE: *(Stumbling over words)* Sunny, it's Doctor Gillespie. Something's wrong. It's the fossil. Sunny, the mandible is *gone*.

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, Ron Guan, Aryn Rozelle, and Elvis Barkdale II. Special thanks to our Artists' Representative, Giancarlo Herrera. Visit badlandscola.com and follow BadlandsCola on Twitter for show notes, announcements, behind the scenes content, and more.

Good night.

END OF EPISODE

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