

## OLD GODS OF APPALACHIA

### Season 4 Official Trailer

*[Sounds of echoing footsteps, a heavy door opening and closing.]*

ELDER HOSEA: My, my, my. Ne'er in all my days dare dreamt I, that you in such a state I'd see. *[chuckles]* Never thought I'd see you again, if honest with myself I am. A long time has it been, Goodman Fields.

JACK: Uh... What... what... where am I? Who?

ELDER HOSEA: Shhh, shh shh shh. Don't tax yourself so. Right where you were always meant to be you are, Jack. The Untouched Stone, the Seat of Judgement, the place where naught matters but order and the word of her law. Not a stonehaus, or some middling jail, oh no my Goodman. In the Rock you are. *Her* chamber's just a little ways above your wretched head be.

JACK: Ow. Ow. What... what now? Ow. What do you dirt worshippers want? I mean, I can get you... *[coughs]* I can get... *[more coughing]* Wait — no, no, listen, I—

ELDER HOSEA: Oh Goodman Fields, it wonders me, it does, what temptations think ye might barter with? A golden egg? A harp that on its own beautiful music makes? Mayhaps you have some magic beans for the selling? Aye? See me now, Jackie boy? Upon this visage do you look and know me not? Psh. Long the years have been since a bag of beans for land and stock you traded us. Cost us everything, you did. Scraped and starved did we, but naught did the ground give. To god, my Dda cried, but silent that old bugger was. Lost we were. In the Rock took us. A home they helped us build. A new life. Yes. A blessing it is to be a man of the Rock and share in her glory and power, and better are we for it. But forget? Forgive? One such as you are? Nein. Never.

JACK: I'm sorry, son. I don't know you. Can't remember every face. *[chuckles]*

ELDER HOSEA: It matters not, you old fool. In the shadow of the Rock will you stand, and those who you have wronged will come. In droves will they come, bet I. Harm have you done not

only to those who today speak, but to those who before them came. And of those generations still to come, what can be said of what your sins have done to them? Your lies to the root seep like black bile, and poisoned be the fruit of the trees Jack tended by. We'll see what tales they tell of you now, Jack. And time the Rock has! Oh, all the time has she to hear them. All will know that no god, no immortal trickster you be. Until then...

JACK: Ow. Wait! Ow. There was a girl... with me on the road. Is she... is she, uh—?

ELDER HOSEA: If the witch lives I know not. But if dead she is, then one more wasted life to your tally added be. Fare thee well, goodman. Doubtful I find it that we again shall meet on this side of the veil.

NARRATOR: Old Gods of Appalachia Season 4: Root & Branch begins on August 24th, 2023.

[ “Atonement” by Jon Charles Dwyer ]

*I feel the dirt in me,*

*putrid and foul,*

*I see the blood moon shed its skin.*

*The grave is hungry*

*atonement splits its mouth*

*with just one name upon its lips,*

*with just one name upon its lips.*

*And the branch won't bloom without its root*

*the branch won't bloom without its root*

*the branch won't bloom without its root.*

*Surely it will show the rotten truth...*

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