

Interview with Running Man Part 4 - Transcript

Insider51: Where to start? If you've been listening to the last three episodes with Running Man, then you likely feel the same way I do—somewhere between horrified and enraged. To think that these . . .abominations. . .have been happening right under our noses, that our government has been dealing with extraterrestrials, who are for lack of a better word, evil, is frankly mind-boggling.

I know Running Man has been as forthcoming with what he knows as he is able, and the information he has given us so far, while terrifying, certainly sounds true. It *feels* true. Hell, who could make up something this terrible? So where does that leave us? I for one want, no, I *need* to know more. We all need to know more. The questions I have are likely the same one you have. How long as this been going on, and when did it begin? How could our government treat its own citizens with such horrific disregard?

I'll do my part here in trying to get some of these questions answered, but I need you, my listeners to do your part, too. Get the message out. Tell people what's going on. Post on message boards, talk about it on podcasts, whatever. Don't let my voice be the only light in the darkness.

<LIGHT TRAFFIC NOISE IN BACKGROUND>

INSIDER51: So listen Running Man, thanks for getting back in touch. I was getting worried about you when you stopped answering your phone.

RUNNING MAN: Yeah. Sure.

INSIDER51: Can you hear me okay? Seems to be a lot of noise in the background. Are you outside?

RUNNING MAN: I uh...I had to call from someplace different.

INSIDER51: Oh...okay. Did something happen after last time? You hung up kind of -

RUNNING MAN: I don't have a lot of time.

INSIDER51: . . .okay. . .alright, I gotcha. Let's get to it, then. Um. . .one of the things we haven't really talked about yet is what it was like for you personally working. . .you, know, existing, in Subterra Bravo.

RUNNING MAN: Well. . .the day-to-day stuff, you know, was normal. Routine. Like being on any military base. Except, there's no sun. Unless you pull a duty that takes you outside, you don't see daylight or breathe fresh air the entire time you're in there. It's like being on a submarine. . .only, wetter.

INSIDER51: Wetter?

RUNNING MAN: Yeah, the place is old...like I dunno, forty or fifty years. Maybe more. It's falling apart and nothing ever gets fixed. Everything leaks and the air is just damp, you know, like mildew or mold. It's wet and old.

INSIDER51: Wait, this doesn't make sense. You're telling me that this high tech place full of alien technology where the biggest leaps in science have been made for the past, who knows how long, is some run down dump?

RUNNING MAN: Yeah.

INSIDER51: Man, the regime really has cut back on our defense spending, eh? I mean, if they're not even taking care of the golden goose, then what else are they letting slip?

RUNNING MAN: Yeah, I dunno. Sometimes you'd hear talk about budgets and stuff, but like I said before, the place isn't supposed to exist, so I dunno if anyone even knows.

INSIDER51: So then, this place had to be pretty unpleasant.

RUNNING MAN: Oh yeah. No one liked it there.

INSIDER51: And you've already indicated that there was hostility between the enlisted men and the aliens - or the clones, or whatever they are - in this place.

RUNNING MAN: Uh huh. That just made it worse.

INSIDER51: I can imagine. So, is that why you left? This place just sucked, or was there some sort of final straw that made you say, 'I gotta check out of this insanity?'

RUNNING MAN: No, I mean, the conditions were what they were. It was all the other stuff. Seeing people come in, seeing what they looked like when they were checked out.

INSIDER51: The girl, huh?

RUNNING MAN: Yeah...the girl.

INSIDER51: So, how'd you do it? How'd you get out? You don't just walk off a base like this Subterra Bravo.

<TRAFFIC SOUNDS IN BACKGROUND INTENSIFY. TRACTOR TRAILOR HORN BLOWING BY.>

RUNNING MAN: ...

INSIDER51: Hey buddy, you still with me?

RUNNING MAN: Uh, yeah. Sorry. Thought I...uh...what uh, what was the question again?

INSIDER51: How'd you get out?

RUNNING MAN: Hang on...I gotta put in another quarter.

<SOUNDS OF CHANGE INSERTED INTO PAYPHONE>

RUNNING MAN: Sorry...okay. Yeah. I just took the first chance I had. I wanted to get out for weeks, but like I said, you can't get outside unless they send you out for some reason.

INSIDER51: So, you got some sort of assignment outside? Were you part of one of the recruitment operations or something?

<TRAFFIC SOUNDS>

RUNNING MAN: ...

INSIDER51: Hello?

RUNNING MAN: Uh...sorry...uh, no. No. I got rotated with some other guys. We were getting bussed to Fort Bliss and I uh...hang on...

<CARS PULLING UP IN BACKGROUND>

RUNNING MAN: uh...we were going to Fort Bliss and stopped in El Paso. I uh...I didn't get back on.

INSIDER51: Oh man. El Paso? Talk about out of the frying pan, into the fire.

RUNNING MAN: Yeah...I uh, didn't stay long.

INSIDER51: I hope not. Where were they rotating you anyway?

RUNNING MAN: ...uh...what? What was the question again?

INSIDER51: I said where were you getting rotated?

RUNNING MAN: Oh...um...Subterra Foxtrot, they said.

INSIDER51: What the hell is Subterra Foxtrot? Wait a second. Alpha, Bravo, Charlie...Are you saying what I think you're saying?

<CAR DOORS OPENING IN BACKGROUND>

RUNNING MAN: Hang on. Hang on — oh, no, I gotta —

<SOUND OF PAYPHONE BEING DROPPED>

INSIDER51: Are you saying there's more than one? Subterra Bravo isn't the only place they're doing this crap?

VOICE IN BACKGROUND: Dwight Waters?

INSIDER51: Hey man, don't leave me hanging. I need to know! Are there more? How many are there?

VOICE IN BACKGROUND: Dwight Waters. You need to come with us.

RUNNING MAN (AWAY FROM PHONE): Leave me alone.

INSIDER51: How many are there?!

<SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE>

CLICK — TIME EXPIRES ON PAYPHONE.