

**STATION 151**

SEASON 3, EPISODE 1  
“TRUE BELIEVER”

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BASED ON THE SERIES BY

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BLAKE PALMER

(normal, presenter voice which is Art Bell-style... warm, inviting, dramatic)

And we're back, folks... If you're just joining us or if you're new to the program, I'm your host, Blake Palmer, and this is the *True Believer* radio broadcast... coming to you from an undisclosed location deep in the High Sierras.

[slight pause]

Tonight, we're talking extra-dimensional beings... what our *so-called* government *really* knows about them... and the troubling rumors of a global catastrophe they may be powerless to stop.

BLAKE PALMER

It's ten-thirty-one Pacific Time, and we're just getting started, folks.

Now, if you've been following the breadcrumbs... government black sites, off-the-record testimonies, and all those redacted files that *somehow* slipped through the cracks, you already know this topic runs far deeper than the public has been led to believe. What we're talking about tonight is something deeper... something older than—

SFX: sudden pounding on window between the control room and the live room and muffled shouting

BLAKE PALMER

(slightly startled, confused)

Uh... what we're talking about...

SFX: louder, more urgent pounding on window

BLAKE PALMER

(still confused)

Pardon me folks...

Can you hear that?

Our producer, Bill Limehouse, is pounding on the glass between the control room and the live room and waving frantically at me like his hair is on fire.

SFX: pounding slow but deliberate and muffled shouting

BLAKE PALMER

(annoyed but curious)

I haven't seen Bill this agitated since that botanist brought us a *warm* sample of yeti dung from his expedition to the Himalayas... which we later discovered was a sample of his own dung... in a Carl's Donuts box.

SFX: one last pound on the window and muffled shouting from control room

BLAKE PALMER

Okay, folks. Pardon me for a moment while we figure out what's got Bill so riled up.

SFX: talkback button click

BLAKE PALMER

(really curious, to Bill through talkback)

What's the trouble, Bill? We got a good show going on here—

BLAKE PALMER  
(growing interest to big excitement)  
Uh. Huh.  
Yeah?  
Oh, really!

Okay! Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Keep him on the line and patch him through. Line six. I'm on it!

SFX: talkback button click  
SFX: other, maybe phone buttons click

BLAKE PALMER  
(very excited)  
Folks, we'll have to return to tonight's topic of extra-dimensional beings and government bullshit some other time, because *right now* we have an *incredibly rare* opportunity waiting on line six. And I make no apologies for this interruption.

As longtime listeners know, I've spent years digging into the shady operations of The Telders Corporation... from their disastrous deep-sea colony on the ocean floor to rumors of an army of mandrills in the Philippines outfitted with biomechanical implants to what might have been a *deadly* gravitational singularity deployed in North Korea...

BUT!

The caller we have waiting tonight may be the one we've been hoping for, true believers, because he claims to have first-hand knowledge of the long rumored Telders Corp Antarctica Project.

And we're going live with him right now.

SFX: other, maybe phone buttons click

BLAKE PALMER  
(calm, curious voice)  
Are you there, caller?

THE CALLER  
(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)  
I am, uh...  
But I don't think I have a whole lot of time.

BLAKE PALMER  
(calm voice)  
That's okay, caller. Whatever you have to say, we're here to listen.  
First things first... what should we call you? I assume you're not going to give us your real name.

THE CALLER  
(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)  
Uh... oh, god... like it matters now.  
You can... you can call me *Jonathan*, okay.

BLAKE PALMER  
(calm voice)  
Pleased to make your acquaintance, Jonathan. Welcome to the program.

[slight pause]

Now, you don't have to tell us where you are, Jonathan, but are you someplace safe?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Safe? No! No, I'm not.

I've been running across the country for about a week now, sleeping in my car at truck stops and in the woods. I have to keep moving... uh... Jesus...  
They'll triangulate on this signal really, really soon.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

And at this moment, Jonathan, do you believe your life is in danger?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Oh, one hundred percent!

And once I say what I'm about to say... these people... they'll come after me.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

And when you say, 'these people,' you mean...

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Telders Corp.

The Telders Corporation.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Alright Jonathan, let's cut to the chase.

My producer tells me that you have some information about the so-called Antarctica Project.

What can you tell us?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Yes. It's called Station 151.

It's a facility designed and constructed by the Telders Corporation Dark Projects Team on Alexander Island, Antarctica.

They built it directly over the ruins of an older base called Ablation Point which the UK constructed and then *for whatever reason* abandoned years later.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Alright, Jonathan. I wanna hear everything you have to say, but I'm gonna play skeptic for a moment because it's part of the job.

The thing you're describing... *Station 151*... only exists in rumor.

Like many of our listeners, I've seen a few of the *so-called* photos. And yes, the station in Antarctica looks real enough... but plenty of people question their authenticity.

Some say it's nothing but photo fakery. They could be anything. And we've seen this before. The Face on Mars, the Apollo Moon Landing 'Set Photos,' the Montauk Base Photo Leaks, Mel's Hole—

THE CALLER

(angry but still slightly breathless, scared)

No.

No!

No, goddammit! They're not doctored photos! It's not a hoax!  
This isn't some conspiracy theory bullshit like you usually have on your show—

BLAKE PALMER

(calm but slightly offended)

That hurts, Jonathan.

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Station 151 is real! It's a facility partially buried under the Antarctic ice, funded by Telders Corporation,  
operated in total secrecy, doing god knows what...

And whatever's down there is... is...

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

It's, *what*, Jonathan?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Not human!

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

*Not human.* That's... quite a claim. Okay, Jonathan, you've got our attention.

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

I was there!

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

You were there. At *the* Station 151... in Antarctica?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Yes. Fifteen years ago.

BLAKE PALMER

(surprised)

Fifteen years ago? That's a long time, Jonathan. Why come forward now?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Because I'm tired, Blake. I'm so fucking tired. Do you have any idea what it takes to disappear? To stay  
disappeared? To stay off the grid from the Telders Corporation?

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

I do not, but I can imagine—

THE CALLER

(interrupting, slightly breathless, scared)

I've been looking over my shoulder for over a decade. No friends. No phone. No patterns. Just running. And then... and then... I made one slip up... just one. And I got word. They're on my trail. So, I ran. Again. And I figured... if this is it... if I'm finally out of time, then people deserve to know.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Understood. What you're doing is incredibly brave, Jonathan. My hat's off to you. Now... you said that you were personally there at Station 151.

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Antarctica. Yes.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

In what capacity, if I may ask?

THE CALLER

(less panicked, but still slightly breathless, scared)

I was an embedded systems engineer at Telders for—

BLAKE PALMER

(interrupting)

Sorry, what kind of engineer?

THE CALLER

(less panicked, but still slightly breathless, scared)

Embedded systems.

Embeds design and build the hardware and software that control electronic devices.

At Telders... or any similar company... they might bring us in to develop flight controllers for drones, write custom bootloaders, or build test harnesses for classified prototypes.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Right. And when most people think of Telders, they think high-tech gizmos... drones, satellites, A.I., advanced weapons platforms... And of course, online shopping, streaming services, reality TV, internet infrastructure... the list goes on, doesn't it?

THE CALLER

(less panicked, but still slightly breathless, scared)

Yes. Telders has its fingers in just about everything.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

And then there are *the rumors*.

Psychological experiments. Virus engineering. Bio-hacking. Cloning programs. Mind control. Time distortion experiments...

THE CALLER

(uneasy then panicked again)

I mean... *yeah*. It's all true.

And honestly? That's probably not even the worst of it.

In fact... no! It's not the worst of it. Not at all!

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Jonathan, earlier, you mentioned something... non-human.

An entity, or...?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

That's right.

I saw it. With my own eyes.

I heard it.

Jesus... I watched it do things I... I wish I could forget. Oh, my god...

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Okay, Jonathan, it's clear that you've had a highly disturbing experience, and we want to hear every word, but first we're going to take a quick commercial break.

THE CALLER

(confused disbelief)

*Wait... Seriously?*

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

And we're back, true believers. We're speaking with a caller identifying himself only as *Jonathan*, who claims to have encountered a *nonhuman entity* while working at a secret Telders Corporation facility in Antarctica fifteen years ago.

He says he was there *personally* at the now-infamous Station 151, a location long rumored to be part of a Telders Corp dark projects operation.

[slight pause]

Jonathan has been on the run ever since.

And now... *for the first time*... he's agreed to describe what he saw.

[slight pause]

Jonathan, we're all on the edge of our seats. Take us there.

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Okay. Um... oh god...

Telders security forces are on site... basically a bunch of trigger-happy goons sent in to breach the station and clean up some mess left by this creepy ops guy named Alfieri. It was a kill mission—

BLAKE PALMER

(shocked)  
Oh, my god...

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

And you know what? I wasn't even supposed to be there!

Yeah, I'm an embedded systems engineer, but I'm not high up the chain or anything. My boss... well, something *awful* happened to him. And... I just happened to be the only guy in the office that day. So, they grabbed me.

They threw me in with this squad led by some roid-freak named Brock, and suddenly I'm on a plane to Antarctica with no idea what I'm even doing.

BLAKE PALMER

(curious)

Jonathan, you're saying that you were *grabbed* for this mission simply because you were the *only guy in the office*... because something *awful happened to your boss*?

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Oh, yeah.

Oh, he fucked up. Oh, my God.

He's in the sausage now.

BLAKE PALMER

(confused)

*In the sausage?*

I've not heard that one, Jonathan. Is that a figure of speech?

THE CALLER

(still can't believe it, truly horrified)

No!

No, it's not a figure of speech. Not at all!

BLAKE PALMER

(confused at first, but then calm voice)

Okay... well... back to your story. Back to Antarctica.

What were you supposed to do there, Jonathan?

THE CALLER

(Laughs like mad)

I don't know! We never got that far.

I guess... maybe I was there to patch some critical firmware bug, something deep in a control system that couldn't be fixed remotely. But it all went to hell, so I don't know!

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

It all went to hell, you say.

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Oh, you have no fucking idea!

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Deep breath, Jonathan, okay?

Walk through it with us. One step at a time. We're here for you. We are listening.

THE CALLER

(a bit panicked, slightly breathless, scared)

Okay. Okay... We landed in a whiteout. They had us in cold-weather gear, helmets, full comms, but nobody knew what the hell was going on. Brock kept yelling at us to stay tight, follow his lead. I didn't know what I was doing. I was just following the guy in front of me into the snow.

Then... BOOM! Gunfire. Out of nowhere. And I'm like... *holy shit!* And the guy in front of me just grabs me and throws me to the ground and kneels beside me, firing wildly. And I hear Russians shouting and shooting and shit...

BLAKE PALMER

Wait. *Russians?*

THE CALLER

A whole unit. Mercenaries, I guess. But what do I know? Anyway, everything's exploding around us. I can hear the whistle of rifle rounds screaming past us. And then the guy protecting me, he catches one.

Drops fucking dead right on top of me.

[slight pause to catch his breath]

I'm in a panic. I don't know what to do. I don't know how to shoot or fight. I'm just lying there, face down in the snow, with this guy's body on top of me.

BLAKE PALMER

Oh, my god...

THE CALLER

Right????

And blood is pouring out of one of his eye sockets onto my forehead. Running down my face. I reach up to wipe it away... and that's when I see it.

BLAKE PALMER

*See it?*

See what, Jonathan?

THE CALLER

It! *The non-human thing.*

This shape... this thing moving through it all. Fast like you wouldn't believe.

It tore through the Telders guys like they were nothing. It took the Russians apart, limb from limb.

And the sounds, oh God... the sounds it made.

BLAKE PALMER

What was it, Jonathan?

What did it look like?

THE CALLER

I don't know. A man... a reptile or a fish, maybe...

BLAKE PALMER

A fish?

THE CALLER

I don't know!

It looked like a man, but... huge. Over seven feet tall. Broad and long-limbed, like... like an Olympic swimmer. And its face... its face... it wasn't right. Big black eyes. No nose. The mouth... Jesus, the mouth!  
It's not human! It's not human!

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Can you describe it more, Jonathan?

THE CALLER

(freaking out)

How the hell am I supposed to describe something to you that isn't even meant to be seen?

BLAKE PALMER

(calm voice)

Okay... okay. You're doing great, Jonathan. We know this isn't easy, and you've done a fantastic job so far... If you can hold on a little longer, there's something our listeners are going to want to know.

THE CALLER

(nervous but calmer)

Uh... okay. Yeah.

BLAKE PALMER

(serious tone)

Jonathan, how the heck did you get out of there alive?

THE CALLER

(nervous but calm retelling)

Oh, Jesus... it's just... I mean... I had a *dead man* lying on top of me. That was all the cover I needed, I guess. So, I just laid there in the freezing snow until it was over. I uh... I heard things, strange things, but I didn't move. God, it seemed like hours. I dunno. And then... I used the radio in one of the helicopters to contact USAP at Palmer and give them—

SFX: maybe a sudden burst of static

SFX: audio warble like high-pitched distortion, like the signal being jammed

SFX: faint metallic screeching or something

THE CALLER

(quiet now, paranoid whisper)

Wait. Wait, wait, wait... hold on.

[slight pause with silence]

You hear that?

[slight pause]

No... no, no, no... They found me. I think they—

SFX: Sudden spike of distortion

SFX: Low hum building under the static  
SFX: click-pop signaling a sharp, final disconnection

BLAKE PALMER

(a bit shaken)

Jonathan?!

[slight pause]

Jonathan, are you still with us?

[slight pause]

Jonathan, if you can hear me, we're still live. You can—

SFX: sudden spike of distortion followed by click or pop

SFX: some light static then total silence

BLAKE PALMER

(softly)

Folks, my producer is signaling to me that we've... lost the caller.

BLAKE PALMER

(lets out a long breath and then calm voice—take your time reading this)

True believers, over the last fifteen years I've heard a lot of tall tales and strange accounts from callers to the show. Some have been eye-opening. Some have been downright disturbing. But this one... This was something else.

[slight pause]

I believe we've just heard an extraordinary, *real account* from an incredibly brave individual who, I hope, is still out there somewhere. If you are, Jonathan, and if you can get back in touch with us, we'd like to hear the rest of your story. Until then, folks, we are left with only what we've heard... and how that profoundly changes what we think we know.

[slight pause]

Let's take a commercial break.

BLAKE PALMER

And we're back, folks.

If you're just joining us, or if you're still trying to process what we've just heard, let me bring you up to speed...

We've been speaking tonight with a caller identifying himself only as *Jonathan* a former contractor for the Telders Corporation who claims to have been present at a secret Antarctic facility known as Station 151.

According to Jonathan, it was a mission gone wrong. He spoke of Russian mercenaries, gun battles, and encounter with a being he described as *not human*. Jonathan's call ended abruptly, and we haven't been able to reconnect.

But! His story remains... and now, we want to hear from you. Let's go to the phones.

East of the Rockies, you're on the air. Hello!

CALLER 1 - THE METH HEAD

(overly excited)

Hey, Blake. Longtime listener to the program.

BLAKE PALMER

Thank you very much, friend. Where are you calling from—

CALLER 1 - THE METH HEAD

(cuts him off with crazy meth energy)

Man, that was intense. But I knew that shit was happening. I knew that shit was happening, man. Seriously, like, I was just sitting here with my boys, Gerbil and Queef and Them and I was just sayin that I knew that shit was happening. But, you know, that was... that was before the show started. So... so, you know...

BLAKE PALMER

(calm and curious)

Okay then. And if I dare ask, what do *Gerbil and Queef and Them* have to say now?

CALLER 1 - THE METH HEAD

(a bit scattered)

Oh... I dunno, man. They didn't hear the show, man. They like took some cash and left for Taco Bang Bang like three hours ago... you know, to pick up some feed and bring it back.

BLAKE PALMER

(surprised)

Three hours ago?

CALLER 1 - THE METH HEAD

(doesn't get it yet)

Yeah, yeah... yeah.

BLAKE PALMER

(calm, matter-of-factly)

Well, I hate to say this, Caller, but Gerbil and Queef and Them aren't coming back.

CALLER 1 - THE METH HEAD

(confused and then angry)

Huh?

Well, but...

Oh! Those mutherfu—

SFX: line click disconnect

BLAKE PALMER

(like he's shaking his head in disbelief)

Oh, my god...

[slight pause]

Encourage your kids to stay in school, folks.

Let's take another call.

All right... line two. Caller, you're on the air.

CALLER 2 - ADRIENNE

(kinda quiet and cautious)

I'm not giving you my name, Blake, so don't ask, but I worked down there on the ice... Palmer station.  
Weather desk and flight operations. Two seasons.

BLAKE PALMER

(curious)

Okay, caller... You were there for a couple of seasons. What do you know?

CALLER 2 - ADRIENNE

(kinda quiet and cautious)

There was this pilot I knew... flew a twin-engine Bell Jet Ranger. One of those bush pilots who would haul gear, scientists, and whatever else needed transportation. He was one of the few who would take you out even when the weather was bad.

BLAKE PALMER

(curious)

Okay... go on.

CALLER 2 - ADRIENNE

(kinda quiet and cautious)

One night when he was grounded at Palmer, we had drinks... probably a few too many, and he let something slip that's been bothering me for years. He said he'd been flying people out to a place called *Station 151*. Named it outright.

BLAKE PALMER

(curious)

That name again... *Station 151*. Go ahead, caller.

CALLER 2 - ADRIENNE

(kinda quiet and cautious)

At the time, I'd never heard of this place, so I asked him what it was.

[slight pause]

And that's when he got quiet... you know, leaning across the table and whispering. He said he'd seen things... and done things. *Terrible things*.

CALLER 2 - ADRIENNE

(kinda quiet and cautious)

But! He quickly shut his mouth after that. Got real nervous about who might be in the bar with us. Wouldn't talk about it after that. And weeks later, he wouldn't even acknowledge that we had the conversation.

BLAKE PALMER

(curious, questioning)

Well, that's something for sure, caller. But if you don't mind me asking, how do you know this guy was—

CALLER 2 - ADRIENNE

(interrupts, speaks a bit quicker now)

Look, I don't know what that place was, but I knew this guy pretty well. Yeah, he was into some extra work... off-book jobs... but that's how it works down there. If you're not with the NSF or the science teams, you make your money where you can.

[slight pause]

A lot of us were like that.

Some folks knew more than they should.  
And some of them aren't around anymore... like my pilot friend.  
Just thought you'd want to know.

SFX: line click disconnect

BLAKE PALMER

(curious)

Hmm... That one felt real, folks.

[slight pause]

If you're just joining us, you're listening to True Believer, and we are talking about Station 151...  
allegedly a secret Telders Corp facility in Antarctica. Let's keep it going. Next caller.

West of the Rockies, you're on the air!

CALLER 3 - BIGFOOT GAL

(excited, kinda demanding)

Hi, Blake! Love the show. Longtime fan and I want to talk about Bigfoot. Believe it or not, my brother  
actually saw Bigfoot once while he was camping near Sultan, Washington...

BLAKE PALMER

Okay, caller, we are not doing Bigfoot tonight. I don't care if your brother saw Bigfoot, Dog Man, or the  
Jersey Devil. This is not *that show*. We are talking about The Telders Corporation and Antarctica. We are  
staying on topic. Please be respectful of our guests and listeners.

CALLER 3 - BIGFOOT GAL

(excited, kinda demanding)

But this Bigfoot spoke French and—

SFX: line click disconnect

BLAKE PALMER

(annoyed)

Let's go to the first-time caller line. You're on the air!

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER

(it's Dr. Alfieri... cold, emotionless)

Good evening, Blake. First time caller.

BLAKE PALMER

Welcome to True Believer, friend. What's on your mind tonight?

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER

(cold, emotionless)

Your last caller... *Jonathan*?

None of what he said was true.

There is no Station 151.

There never was.

[slight pause]

And you're not gonna hear from him again.

BLAKE PALMER  
(find it a bit unsettling, but stays calm)  
Well now... That's a bold statement. Can you provide any evidence to support your claims?

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER  
(cold, emotionless)  
No.  
And you won't find any evidence.  
Because it didn't happen.  
[slight pause]  
And that's all I called to say.

BLAKE PALMER  
(feels the need to protest that)  
Now, wait a minute, friend, I can't just leave this alone. I have sources... *reputable sources*... that say—

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER  
(cuts him off)  
Blake... If you continue to go down this rabbit hole, it'll swallow you whole.  
[slight dramatic pause]  
You'll disappear.  
Just like Jonathan.

BLAKE PALMER  
(feels the need to protest that too, hits it hard)  
Now, wait a minute, caller! This is my damn show—

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER  
(cuts him off again)  
Then you should be more careful, Blake.  
People like you...  
[slight dramatic pause]  
You think you're safe?  
Sitting behind a microphone in a beat-up mobile studio parked at the Tamarack Flat Campground.  
Just off Tioga Road.  
Mile 37.

BLAKE PALMER  
(seriously shocked)  
Uh... what?  
How do you know...

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER  
(cuts him off again)  
Want me to have someone knock on the door later tonight?

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER  
(cold)  
Cat got your tongue, Blake?

BLAKE PALMER

(seriously shocked, stammering a bit)  
Are... who are you... are you threatening me?

CALLER 4 - THE CLEANER

(lets out a breath)

Call it what you want, Blake. Call it whatever helps you sleep tonight. Just... sleep with one eye open.

SFX: line click disconnect

BLAKE PALMER

(completely unsettled, trying to stay calm but not really succeeding)

Okay, folks...

[pause]

That was... *disturbing*.

[pause]

Yeah... that's gonna do it for tonight.

[pause]

Take care of yourselves. We're off the air.

SFX: maybe a click followed by a bit of static and then the hum of dead air or something like that?

[end]