

Faith McQuinn: Hi, I'm Faith McQuinn, the creator of Boom. I'd like to take a moment to ask for your support through Patreon. For as little as \$1.00 an episode, my kick-ass crew, exceptionally talented cast and I can continue to produce quality content for you to hear. You can also get cool rewards, exclusive content, early access to season two, character art prints. So please, visit patreon.com/boompodcast and become one of our patrons. And now, here's the show.

Speaker 2: Observer Pictures presents Boom: A Serial Drama Podcast, written and directed by Faith McQuinn. This is Episode Three: Rest in Peace.

Mrs. Owens: Are you sure you want to go?

Porter: Mom, of course I wanna go.

Mrs. Owens: No one would think less of you.

Porter: Mom, just get my jacket.

Mr. Owens: Are we still going?

Porter: Yes.

Mrs. Owens: Yes.

Mr. Owens: Well alright then, let's go.

Narrator: It's been two days since Porter's interrogation. And now he and his parents are on their way to Our Sacred Heart for Genevieve's memorial service.

Porter: Where the hell's the wheelchair ramp?

Mrs. Owens: Around this way, I think.

Porter: Jesus. I'll be happy when I'm outta this damn thing.

Mr. Owens: Really? I don't think you've complained about it once.

Mrs. Owens: Henry.

Mr. Owens: What? He's acting like a brat. No matter if he's a grown man or not, I'm calling out my son when he acts like a brat.

Porter: You two didn't have to come. I'm a big boy.

Mr. Owens: Hush, and roll up the ramp.

Narrator: Porter rolls slowly into the church. The church is old and the narrow pews are filled with friends and family of all ages. Everyone in muted colors. On the altar sits an unassuming urn in deep purple.

Speaker 7: Is that him?

Speaker 8: Yeah I think so.

Porter: Looks like we're sittin' up front.

Dax: Porter? Porter Owens?

Porter: Yeah. Dax is that you?

Dax: Yeah man, long time no see.

Porter: Wow, what are you doing here?

Dax: I just moved back into town last month. I heard what happened, and I'm so sorry man. I hate that this is the reunion we have.

Porter: Yeah. Well, uh, you remember my parents?

Dax: Of course. Mr. And Mrs. Owens, nice to see you.

Mr. Owens: You too, Dax.

Mrs. Owens: Under the circumstances, nice to see you, too.

Dax: Of course. Of course.

Porter: Well, we ... We better get settled. I can't fit in the pew so we'll be up front.

Dax: I'll, um ... I'll catch you after?

Porter: Yeah.

Pastor: But keep this woman, oh King of Kings, beneath thy almighty wings. Oh God, the spirit of all our joys, the cause of our delights, the glory of our darkest nights, and the comfort in times like these.

Gen's mom: Gen was never one for being the center of attention. She loved her friends and always wanted to celebrate them. So instead of me standing here and telling you all the wonderful things I'll miss about my daughter, I'm opening up the floor for those who would like to ... to come up and share.

Mr. Owens: Are you gonna share something?

Porter: No.

Mr. Owens: You sure?

Porter: Yes.

Mr. Owens: Well, this would be a good time, Porter. Maybe it could be a way to ...

Porter: Dad. Please don't.

Speaker 12: Hi everyone, I've known Genevieve for ...

Dax: Hey, Porter. Look who I found.

Porter: Holy shit. Luke Sullivan. Didn't recognize you in pants.

Luke: Hilarious, Porter.

Porter: (Laughs).

Luke: Hilarious.

Porter: Sorry, I just didn't expect to see you here. You and Gen were ... You know. Not so close anymore.

Luke: Yeah, but I still liked her. I'd feel odd not coming.

Mrs. Owens: Porter. Your dad's gonna pull the car around.

Porter: I'm good to walk. Er, wheel. Or whatever. I'm good. Go ahead, I'll just be a minute.

Mrs. Owens: Okay.

Luke: Uh, I don't know if you guys think this is appropriate or anything, but you wanna grab a drink or something?

Porter: Yes, please.

Dax: Yes, please.

Porter: So we're all sitting at the edge of the dock. The water's murky as hell, but Luke here is like, "Let's all jump in."

Luke: It was hot!

Porter: So we're all like, "No way. Who knows what's down there." Right? And then he just stands up, shoes and everything, and jumps right in. Nasty water splashing right back on all of us. (Laughs).

Luke: It's just lake water.

Porter: Nasty lake water.

Dax: (Laughs). God, I don't think anything's changed since high school.

Porter: I'm not nearly as crazy as I was in high school.

Dax: Hey. Do you remember that, that biking trip we took to Yellowstone?

Porter: Shit, I haven't thought about that in years.

Luke: That trip was epic. We should do that again.

Dax: (Laughs).

Luke: What?

Dax: You're serious.

Luke: I'm completely serious. Maybe we don't have to go to Yellowstone, but we should go biking, or climbing, or something again. Don't you feel the need for a thrill? Especially on a day like today?

Porter: What do you mean, on a day like today?

Luke: We celebrated the life of a friend today. A beautiful friend who's gone from this beautiful world. Why would we want to just sit in this dark bar drinking? She would want us out in it.

Dax: He has a point.

Luke: Yes. Yes. We're all just so close to death all the time, man. Porter, you of all people should realize that. You cheated death, man.

Porter: I cheated? I'm sitting here in a damn wheel chair. My body's scratched, and bruised and broken, but the worst part is that I have to wake up every day, realizing that Gen isn't here. I understand that she was your friend, too, but you weren't there. And you know what? I think she might've known the asshole who did it. And this fucking detective thinks I did it. I cheated nothing!

Luke: You just gotta learn to deal with it, man. Then move on.

Porter: And you think going to Yellowstone will fucking cure me?

Luke: I just said it doesn't have to be Yellowstone. We could go to the Red River Gorge. We never got around to going. I hear they got some great climbing. Gen loved being out there like that.

Porter: And exactly how in the hell am I supposed to do any climbing? I was in a fucking explosion, Luke! Some asshole blew up my best friend, and you're sitting here telling me I need to deal with it by taking my crippled ass on a damn adventure? What is wrong with you?

Dax: Porter.

Speaker 14: You guys good?

Dax: Y-y-yeah. Yeah. Can you just get us a towel or something? Thanks.

Porter: Fuck this. I'm out.

Dax: No. No, wait. I haven't seen you guys in years. Come on, Porter. Just take some deep breaths and ...

Porter: Oh, you're taking his side, too, Dax? You think I just need to get over it and move on?

Luke: I didn't say, "Get over it."

Dax: No. No, I'm not saying that, at all. I'm just ... I think everyone deals differently. Luke, just because your way isn't the same as Porter's, doesn't mean that you need to be disrespectful. I think we should just finish our beers, and a few more good laughs, and not talk about Gen for a little while.

Luke: You sound like a damn shrink.

Dax: It's because I am. Though I prefer "therapist."

Speaker 14: Here's that towel. Can I get you guys another round?

Luke: Porter?

Porter: I'm already half-drunk as it is.

Luke: Another round it is.

Luke: Oh. Watch it, watch it, watch it, watch it.

Porter: Oh my god, drunk in a wheelchair is not cool.

Dax: Lightweight.

Porter: Shut up. Ah.

Luke: You good?

Porter: Yeah, yeah. I can take the wheel from here. Thanks for the lift.

Luke: No problem. And, uh, sorry if I pissed you off before.

Porter: It's cool. It's just ... It's just been a little shitty lately, you know?

Luke: I know what can make it less shitty.

Porter: Don't ... I can barely sit next to a campfire right now.

Dax: Woof.

Luke: Yeah, but you'll heal. Who's that on your porch?

Porter: What? Jesus. That's Hailey. The detective who questioned me.

Luke: Detective making house calls? Do you need me to go with you?

Porter: No. It's fine. I'm good. I'm good.

Luke: Alright then. Don't be a stranger, bud.

Detective: Mr. Owens. I'm not going to have to arrest you for public drunkenness, am I?

Porter: Did you find another suspect, Detective?

Detective: Nothing yet. I was just cruising the neighborhood, and thought I'd stop by and say hello to see how you were doing.

Porter: Hello. Still in the wheelchair. Is that all?

Detective: I also wanted to let you know that the forensics team found Miss Reynold's phone and computer.

Porter: Okay.

Detective: It's going to take some time to recover the data, if it's recoverable at all.

Porter: Is there a question in here?

Detective: Is there anything else you remembered about that night or that morning, before we start digging into the information?

Porter: Oh, you mean if my accomplice left anything? I told you everything I could. If some other idea miraculously floats into my head, I'll be sure to let you know.

Detective: There aren't going to be any surprises?

Porter: Hell if I know. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm not feeling so hot, and unless you want me to throw up on those nice shiny shoes of yours, how 'bout you let me go into my house?

Mrs. Owens: Everything alright?

Porter: Yeah, mom. Detective Hailey was just leaving.

Detective: Mrs. Owens. Nice to see you again. I just stopped by to check in. I hope you feel better soon, Mr. Owens.

Porter: Find who killed my friend, Detective. And then I'll feel much better.

Narrator: Join us again next week for another episode of Boom. This episode featured the voices of Garrett Delozier as Porter. Brian Irwin as Luke. Avalon Herron as Dax. Wendy Keeling as Detective Hailey. Stephanie Hall Wedan as Mrs. Owens. Peter Aylward as Mr. Owens. And me, Michael Ahr, as The Narrator. Production sound: Matthew L. Hankins. Assistant Director: Amanda Lorraine. Sound Design: Joshua Suhy. Original Music: Brian Irwin. Editing: Faith McQuinn. Sound Mixer: Michael Bowers. Production Assistant: Dalilah Ferrer. Casting: Courtney Edwards.

Narrator: If you enjoyed this episode, please subscribe and consider giving us a rating and review on Apple Podcasts. For more information on the show, including a full list of cast and crew, and where to find us on social media, please visit Boom.observerpictures.com. Thank you for listening.