

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 one dollar 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, heres the show.

Speaker 2: Observer Pictures presents, Boom. A serial drama podcast. Written and directed by Faith McQuinn. This is episode four, Trigger.

Erica: Ten more, Porter. Ya got it.

Porter: I know this is your job, but shut ... up ... Erica!

Erica: Ten more reps and I will. One. Two. Three.

Narrator: Porter spent six weeks in the wheelchair, then another month on crutches. Now, four months after waking up in the hospital, he's getting physically stronger. An entirely different story is happening in his mind.

Anna: Lincoln decided he was done with therapy.

Porter: I don't know why you're trying with that asshole.

Anna: Hey, that asshole is my husband.

Porter: Sorry. I can't believe you got him to go at all.

Anna: It's not like it was helping all that much.

Porter: Of course not. It's therapy.

Anna: Therapy is good, Porter. It helped me. Just not my relationship.

Anna: Anyway, how's work going?

Porter: Eh, not too bad. Dan still doesn't send me out as much. Maybe he thinks I'll break.

Anna: Mom and dad are coming to see me next week.

Porter: That's good. Maybe they'll leave me alone for a minute.

Anna: That's not fair.

Porter: Really? Have they called you every day for the past two months?

Anna: No, but I wasn't nearly dead four months ago.

Porter: Jesus, Anna!

Anna: Oh, am I not supposed to bring that up anymore?

Porter: You don't have to be a bitch about it.

Anna: This is the first time you've called me in a month. A month!

Porter: Your phone works to, ya know.

Anna: Again, I'm not the one-

Porter: You know what, I have work. I need to go.

Anna: I-I'm sorry. I'm worried about you. That's all. You make fun of me and therapy. Have you been?

Porter: I gotta go.

Anna: Of course you do. Bye.

Weather man: Seven degrees. We do have some clear skies. That's going to help us warm up tomorrow. Sixty one degrees-

Porter: Bacon!

Weather man: ... going to be-

Porter: Bacon for breakfast! [crosstalk 00:02:48]

Porter: Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

Commercial Lady: With the push of a button-

Porter: Where the hell is it?!

Commercial Lady: ... sweeps and vacuums and evens mops-

Porter: Shit.

Commercial Lady: your entire home.

Porter: Shit! Shit! Come on. Come on. Come on. Shit! Where is it? Where is it? God dammit! Shit!

Commercial Lady: Vacuum cleaners are cumbersome and take up a lot-

Genevieve: Please let me go!

Porter: Shut up, shut up. [crosstalk 00:03:14] Shit, fuck, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up!

Porter: Shut up, shut up, shut up.

Porter: Hello.

Dan: You coming in today?

Porter: Yeah, yeah, sorry. I uh, I had a problem with my TV. I'll be there in ten.

Radio Man: Yes sir, we should have your drive ready by the end of the week.

Porter: Holy shit Connie.

Connie: Sorry, I thought it was on the desk.

Porter: Maybe you should just check before you put shit down!

Dan: Porter.

Porter: Some of us are trying to work here.

Dan: Porter.

Porter: What?

Dan: Hey, hey. Calm down.

Porter: I think I might need to go home.

Connie: You think.

Porter: You're the one you dropped the damn box.

Dan: Whoa, whoa. Porter, walk with me. Connie, you alright?

Connie: Yeah.

Dan: Porter, let's take that walk.

Porter: If you gonna fire me, lets just get it done.

Dan: Fire you? I'm not gonna fire ya.

Porter: You should. I've been off for a while now. I'm sorry.

Dan: You're my computer whisperer. Half of our clients freaked out while you were gone. I think you need to talk to somebody.

Porter: Not you too Dan.

Dan: What?

Porter: My friend Dax said the same thing. And then my sister this morning. I'm okay. I just need some time.

Dan: Well, maybe you should listen to your friend. This isn't the first time you've blown up. Shit I'm sorry. When, when my brother came back from Iraq, it took him some time to adjust. He said it helped when he talked to someone. You know, a psychiatrist, or, or a psychologist, which ever.

Porter: I'm not a soldier.

Dan: I know that, but you went through something pretty harrowing. PTSD you know.

Porter: I'm just ... I'm just gonna go home.

Dan: Maybe you take tomorrow too. Henry can cover the Garrison office for you.

Porter: Sure, whatever.

Dan: I'm trying to look out for you.

Porter: I know.

Porter: Jesus. Hey Mom.

Mom: How did physical therapy go this morning?

Porter: Same as always.

Mom: Work?

Porter: Same as always.

Mom: Are you home?

Porter: Yes.

Mom: Dad and I are gonna visit Anna. I convinced him to fly. Can you believe it?

Porter: She told me.

Mom: So you finally talked to her?

Porter: Yes.

Mom: A month is too long, she was worried.

Porter: Do you ever tell her to call me?

Mom: Have the nightmares stopped?

Porter: Yup.

Mom: Porter.

Porter: Mom, I'm fine.

Mom: Your father, and I can come back up if you need us.

Porter: I don't. Anna needs you though. Maybe convince her to leave that asshole.

Mom: That's not my place.

Porter: Sure it isn't.

Porter: Mom, I gotta go.

Mom: Well, goodnight.

Porter: Goodnight.

Mom: I love you.

Porter: Love you too.

Luke: Hey man, you in there?

Porter: It's open.

Luke: I brought food.

Porter: Thanks.

Luke: Didn't you hear me?

Porter: I was on the phone.

Luke: Dax?

Porter: No.

Luke: A chick?

Porter: No, my mother.

Luke: Aww, so cute.

Luke: Huh, new TV, nice. So, what she say?

Porter: My mother?

Luke: No, Erica. That's her name right, Erica?

Porter: My therapist?

Luke: Yeah. So what she say? You did ask right?

Porter: Um.

Luke: Oh, damn it Porter.

Porter: Look, I'm just not-

Luke: Shut up. You need to get out of this damn apartment.

Porter: I'm still going to therapy.

Luke: Again. Shut up. You're just scared.

Porter: I'm not scared. It's been a couple of years since I've been on the rocks, sure, but, I'm not scared.

Luke: Man you're scared right now. I get it. She won't be there. She loved it out th-

Porter: Now it's your turn to shut up.

Luke: Hoo, scared.

Porter: Jesus Luke, do you ever let up? We can't just have some food and play some video games without you all up in my ass, every ... single ... time you're here? I don't fucking wanna go climbing or biking or whatever the hell. I still get stiff if I sleep wrong. You think I can climb a damn rock?

Luke: Nobody's asking you to be Captain America. Just go on a hike.

Dax: Looks like I didn't miss anything. We're just getting to the superhero part. Oh, don't stop on my account. It's not like I haven't heard this a dozen times already.

Porter: Can you please tell him that I need time to heal.

Dax: Luke, Porter said he needs time to heal.

Porter: Fuck you.

Dax: (laughs)

Dax: New TV. What was wrong with the other one?

Porter: It, it went out this morning.

Dax: Chinese, again? Luke, you know that restaurants exist right?

Dax: I gather you didn't ask Erica?

Porter: Jesus, you too!

Dax: I've been giving you space these last few weeks, but Luke's right.

Luke: Ha!

Dax: Hear me out. I know it sounds cliché, but I think the fresh air would do you some good. But did you call Melissa?

Porter: I told you, I'm fine.

Luke: Coulda fooled me.

Porter: Shut up.

Dax: Porter, I know I sound like a broken record, but you really need to talk to somebody. You're angry all the time. You're obsessed with trying to figure out who the [inaudible 00:09:09]

Porter: Alright. I'm done. Either we eat and play this game, or the two of you can get the hell out.

Dax: Alright, it's cool. We're good.

Luke: Yeah, let's shoot some monsters.

Narrator: It's 1:00 a.m. Dax and Luke have dragged themselves from Porter's apartment. And now Porter falls into bed himself. Sleep usually comes hard for him, but tonight it's blissfully easy. Then, the nightmare begins. They all start in the same way, with Genevieve standing at the foot of his bed.

Genevieve: Why did you leave me? Why did you leave me?

Porter: I, I wanted to help you.

Genevieve: You said you loved me.

Porter: I do.

Genevieve: You said you loved me.

Porter: I do. I do love you.

Genevieve: You walked away.

Porter: I, I didn't want-

Genevieve: You let him hurt me.

Porter: I wanted to help.

Genevieve: You killed me. You let him.

Porter: Gen oh Gen. Gen I'm sorry. I messed up. I'm so messed up.

Receptionist: Abadec D and Associates, how may I direct your call?

Porter: Um, I need to make an appointment.

Receptionist: With which doctor sir?

Porter: Um, Melissa. Melissa Abbot.

Speaker 2: Join us again next week, for another episode of Boom. This episode featured the voices of - Garrett DeLozier as Porter. Charity Spencer as Genevieve. Brian Irwin

This transcript was exported on May 07, 2019 - view latest version [here](#).

as Luke. Avalon Herron as Dax. Stephanie Hall Wedan as Mrs Owens. Paige DeLozier as Connie and Anna. Peter Aylward as Dan. 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 Mixing, Joshua Suhy. Production Assistant, Delilah Ferreira. Casting, Courtney Edwards.

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Speaker 2: Thank you for listening.