

Narrator: Observer Pictures presents Boom, a serial drama podcast written and directed by Faith McQuinn.

Narrator: This is Episode One, First Date.

Narrator: It's 4:30 on Friday at Music City Computers. The office is modest, just another space that sits in a strip mall. As per usual at the end of the week, all the technicians are in the office instead of on a call.

Narrator: Porter, a rather ordinary looking man of 28 sits at his desk. One of his coworkers, Connie, sits across from him packing up her backpack.

Connie: Got any big plans this weekend?

Porter: I'm going bowling tonight.

Connie: That sounds downright fascinating. Date?

Porter: I think so.

Connie: Mmm, now I'm intrigued.

Porter: It's with Jen.

Connie: Gen? Gen?

Porter: Yeah.

Connie: Genevieve?

Porter: Yeah.

Connie: And you don't know if it's a date?

Porter: Well ...

Connie: Porter, this is fantastic! I mean not that you don't know it's a date, but that it might be. Harry, Porter's going out with Gen tonight.

Harry: So?

Connie: On a date.

Harry: Wait, what? My man, you finally grew some balls!

Porter: Thanks, I think.

Connie: Oh my God. You have to tell us all about it on Monday. I mean, as long as she knows it's a date, too.

Genevieve: If my limited memory of bowling in college still stands, I think I have a chance of beating you.

Porter: There's a chance.

Genevieve: And I thought I was rusty.

Porter: Ha! Still my game.

Genevieve: Not so fast hot shot. I might pick up this spare. Maybe help a girl out?

Porter: You don't need my help.

Genevieve: Humor me.

Porter: Okay. This is a pretty easy pick-up. You just need to line up your foot with the pins.

Genevieve: Like this?

Porter: No, no. More like ... this. There. Now just keep your eye on the ball.

Genevieve: Woooo! I win!

Porter: Who suggested bowling again?

Genevieve: Pretty sure that was you.

Porter: All right. Next time remind me not to.

Genevieve: Next time?

Porter: Uh, I mean uh, we could invite some more people if you want.

Genevieve: Don't hurt yourself, Porter. I'd love to have a next time.

Porter: You want to bowl another round?

Genevieve: Nope. I'm hungry. Let's grab some food and make this a proper date.

Genevieve: Could I get a water, please?

Waitress: Sure thing.

Porter: How's work?

Genevieve: Good. Steve is still trying to talk me into going back to school for my law degree.

Porter: You should.

Genevieve: Maybe. But I kinda like this level of responsibility, you know? I just, I work my hours and get to go home afterwards.

Porter: I guess that's true, too.

Waitress: Here's your burger.

Porter: Oh, thanks.

Genevieve: What about you? Any juicy client stories?

Porter: No. A little slow lately.

Genevieve: What the hell, Porter?

Porter: What?

Genevieve: We've known each other for like 15 years. This is the first time you haven't been talking my ear off.

Porter: Sorry.

Genevieve: I'm still me.

Porter: I know.

Genevieve: Then stop being weird.

Porter: Okay.

Genevieve: So, what took you so long?

Porter: What?

Genevieve: What took you so long to ask me out? Even though, I'm not even sure you did that exactly. I guess you did. "Hey Gen, would you like to go bowling this Friday," is kinda like asking me out, but not really.

Porter: That's not what I said.

Genevieve: Hopefully you're a little slicker with the ladies than that.

Porter: Funny.

Genevieve: I thought so.

Genevieve: This felt different though.

Porter: It was definitely different for me.

Genevieve: It's a good different.

Porter: Yeah.

Genevieve: Yeah.

Genevieve: I had a great time tonight.

Porter: I thought you might laugh or something.

Genevieve: What do you mean? We totally laughed tonight.

Porter: No. Why it took me so long to ask you out.

Genevieve: Why would I laugh at you?

Porter: I don't know. Do you want me to walk you up?

Genevieve: No, I'm good. I mean ...

Porter: Now she's being weird.

Genevieve: Sorry. Do you want to come up? I'm pretty sure I have some of that beer you hate.

Porter: That's cool. Probably a good idea to just call it a night.

Genevieve: Breakfast tomorrow?

Porter: Yeah. Yeah, let's do that. I guess I could come up.

Genevieve: Porter. Nine work for you?

Porter: Nine what?

Genevieve: Nine in the morning. Breakfast.

Porter: Oh, yeah. Yeah. Nine's good.

Genevieve: I'll see you in the morning.

Porter: See you in the morning.

Porter: So there, Connie. She knew it was a date.

Genevieve: Oh Porter. If you're going to text me, you should have just come up. What was that? Hello? I have a knife! Do you hear me? And I I'm calling the police.

Genevieve: Help!

Porter: Hey Gen, I'm here. Gen? I'm I'm coming in! Hope you're decent. Gen, did you hear me knock? Are you ready? Sorry I'm a little late.

Narrator: With all of the things Porter expected to greet him this morning, this was not on the list. Genevieve, with her brilliant red hair piled in a loose bun on top of her head, sits up very straight, arms in her lap. Tears run down her face and her entire body trembles because strapped around her torso is a vest with a neat bundle of wires attached to small square gray packs. The suicide vest.

Genevieve: Don't touch me.

Porter: Gen, what the hell is this? What ...

Genevieve: I ... I'm so sorry.

Porter: No, you didn't ...

Genevieve: He was here in the apartment when I got home. I, I can't ... I just woke up here. I wish I could've called you, but I couldn't. I couldn't and I'm sorry.

Porter: Sorry? Stop saying that! Who wouldn't let you? Who did this?

Genevieve: I can't ...

Narrator: Genevieve can't remember much. She'd been fighting through layers of consciousness for hours. She woke to find herself on the sofa with the television on, her hands and feet bound, no strength to struggle. He was crouched in front of her holding her phone, a ski mask covering his face, his focus on the task at hand.

Genevieve: I know who you are. [inaudible 00:08:18]. What do you want? How did you get here?

Porter: I I I can't think with the damn TV!

Genevieve: Don't touch the remote! Please, just don't change ... don't change anything, Porter. Please just call ...

Porter: I'm calling the police, okay? Shit! No signal.

Genevieve: He must have blocked it.

Porter: Gen, I'm gonna have to go outside to call the police, okay?

Genevieve: Okay. Okay, that's good. You you should go ...

Porter: Only for a moment.

Genevieve: Porter, no. You need to go. This this is my fault. He ... You shouldn't be here!

Porter: No! I'm not leaving you!

Genevieve: Porter, you need to go.

Porter: You know who did this, don't you? Genevieve, tell me!

Genevieve: I won't let him hurt you. You can't be here. Go! Please!

Porter: Gen, you're my best friend. I love you and ... I love you. I would never leave you like this!

Genevieve: I love you, too.

Porter: So, I'm going to walk outside and call the police or the fire department or whoever the hell can get you out of this.

Porter: Less than a minute, and I'll be right back.

Genevieve: Okay.

Porter: Give me your hand. Do you feel that?

Genevieve: Yeah.

Porter: That's me. I'm here. I'm not going far. I'll be right back.

Genevieve: Be right back?

Porter: I swear. I'll be right back.

Narrator: Join us again next week for another episode of Boom.

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

Narrator: This episode featured the voices of Garrett DeLozier as Porter, Charity Spencer as Genevieve, Paige DeLozier as Connie, David Hiller as Harry, 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, Dalila Ferrer. Casting, Courtney Edwards.

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