

EPISODE TWO  
Anything But The Truth  
by  
Samantha Seely

Samantha Seely  
The Trial of Memory Fairchild  
[https://samanthaseely.com/trial-of-memory-fairchild/  
memoryfairchildpod@gmail.com](https://samanthaseely.com/trial-of-memory-fairchild/memoryfairchildpod@gmail.com)

SCENE 1.

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON, CONTINUATION  
OF FIRST SCENE IN EPISODE ONE

MEMORY FAIRCHILD CONTINUES HER  
TESTIMONY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN SHE  
DISCOVERED SHE COULD DO NECROMANCY.  
SLATE MORRISON, THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY,  
CONTINUES TO QUESTION HER. CALDWELL  
COLD, THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, CAN BE  
HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND AT SOME POINTS.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I swear I didn't mean to do it- either of those things. They just. They just happened-

CALDWELL COLD: (scoffs in disbelief in background as Memory continues to speak)

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: -and then everything was back to normal, it felt like it was over.

SLATE MORRISON: Did you tell anyone at the hospital about the incident? A nurse, or the resident doctor?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I tried, at first. Sort of. I told the nurse I thought something weird had happened, but she said his vitals were all fine and gave him the right meds, so I let it go, said it was nothing. I mean... what could I say? "Oh, hey, I killed the patient and stumbled into doing necromancy." Sure, that's believable. I hardly believed what had happened myself. I told myself that I must have imagined it and- and if I didn't, well, his vitals were back to normal, so whatever happened was probably fine.

SLATE MORRISON : What stopped you from disregarding the incident completely?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I'm a third year medical student, I know what magical overexertion looks like, feels like. I felt sick, dizzy, nauseous. Drained. The whole world just... (PAUSE) Everything went gray and spotty around the corners. I don't know how I made it back to my apartment without collapsing. Even if I didn't fully accept what had happened, I couldn't deny that something happened.

SLATE MORRISON: Was this your first time experiencing this kind of magic?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yes... I mean, I knew I could do healing magic. But I'd never-  
nothing of that scale had ever happened before.

SLATE MORRISON: Not even as a child?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: No! I mean, not that I remember. Even my magic presentation  
was pretty standard, just healing a broken bone.

SLATE MORRISON: So there was no precedent for this, and at the time, you  
weren't sure what had happened was real. You could've let  
that be the end of it, and accepted it as some strange  
incident at the start of your clinicals. In fact, it sounds like  
that was the plan. What changed?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (SMALL HUFF OF LAUGHTER) If I could've let it be just that,  
I would've. It wasn't for lack of trying. I mean, at first I just...  
tried to avoid thinking about it altogether and pretended it  
didn't happen. But... (BEAT) Losing control of magic like that  
is scary, even if it brought him back. I didn't know what  
caused it, and I got scared that I'd lose hold of my magic  
again and do something I didn't mean to. If I did that without  
intending to, well. Who knew what else could happen. It was  
hard to think about anything else...

FADE OUT.

THE SHOW'S THEME MUSIC PLAYS.

SCENE 2.

FADE UP: INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - SIX  
MONTHS AGO, FLASHBACK

MEMORY AND REED SONG'S SHARED  
APARTMENT. MEMORY WAS SLEEPING ON THE  
COUCH UNTIL THE KEY RATTLED IN THE LOCK  
AND THE DOOR TO THEIR APARTMENT OPENED.  
REED ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY HIS (AND  
MEMORY'S) FRIEND, ASH CALAWAY. REED  
TURNS INTO THE KITCHEN TO SET DOWN  
CONTAINERS OF FOOD AND GET THE TABLE

CLEARED OFF, WHILE ASH CONTINUES INTO  
THE LIVING ROOM TO FIND MEMORY.

REED SONG: (OFF) Memory? I'm back with Ash, hope you're okay with takeout.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (GROGGILY, WAKING UP) Huh? What time is it?

ASH CALAWAY: (LAUGHS, A LITTLE FONDLY) Don't worry, it's only 8 o'clock. I take it the first day was pretty exhausting, then?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (YAWNS, STANDING UP) Yeah, they kept us pretty busy. (PAUSE) Reed got takeout? I thought we were going to try that new restaurant.

ASH CALAWAY: He said he wanted to wait for Timepiece to get back to try it, and since you weren't answering his texts, you "thus forfeited your vote on dinner." His words, not mine. Don't worry, I made sure we got your favorite.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (WALKING INTO THE KITCHEN) That's fair, I guess. (BEAT) And thanks, Ash, I appreciate it. (TO REED) Did Timepiece make it to the airport alright?

REED SONG: Yes! They're going to call when they've landed and made it to their hotel.

THE THREE FRIENDS SIT AROUND THE TABLE,  
BEGINNING TO EAT THEIR FOOD. NOW THAT  
MEMORY'S FULLY AWAKE, HER MIND STARTS  
WANDERING BACK TO THE EARLIER EVENTS OF  
THE DAY, SPECIFICALLY HER MISTAKE IN MR.  
MULLIGAN'S ROOM AND THE STRANGE MAGIC  
THAT FOLLOWED. THROUGHOUT THE MEAL,  
HER MIND IS DISTRACTED BY IT, WHICH HER  
FRIENDS BEGIN TO PICK UP ON.

ASH CALAWAY: So, I've heard about Reed's day at the hospital, what about your's?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Oh, uh... not much to tell, I'm sure he's covered it all.

REED SONG: And leave you with nothing to talk about? Come on, Memory, give a guy some credit. Besides, it's not like we were attached at the hip.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Fine, fine. I met with the patients and suffered through the same series of pop questions that everyone else dealt with. I mean, it was interesting and stressful, but not that different from any other student's day.

REED SONG: Except you're forgetting to mention something.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I have no idea what you're talking about, nothing bad happened, everything went great and there's nothing to mention!

REED SONG: What about the weird thing with Dr. Gardens?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Oh! Yeah, sorry, I thought you meant- well, never mind. (BEAT) Anyway, yeah. So Dr. Gardens did one of those "sorry for your loss" spiels about my mom, but the way she was talking it sounded like she'd been, like, close friends with my mom.

ASH CALAWAY: Is that strange? They worked in similar fields, right?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: The idea of them knowing each other isn't really the weird part, it's more that Mom never talked about her, like, at all. And from the way Dr. Gardens was talking, it seemed like they had some kind of falling out. So that's all.

ASH CALAWAY: Are you okay? It didn't... you know, hurt or anything?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yes, I... (LONG, THOUGHTFUL PAUSE) I think I am. It was surprising, but... (PAUSE) I'm okay. I'm really just curious now. Mom didn't seem like the type to hold a grudge, so it must have been some disagreement.

REED SONG: I wonder what it was about. If you find out, Memory, you're legally required to tell us. (DRAMATIC MOVIE-TRAILER OR GOLDEN-AGE-OF-RADIO VOICE) Two famous doctors — once friends, then mortal enemies!

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (LAUGHS) I'm sure it wasn't so dramatic as that. But sure, if I find out, I'll let you know.

A PAUSE AS PEOPLE EAT. ASH TAKES A DRINK OF HER WATER BEFORE SHE SPEAKS.

ASH CALAWAY: How was the rest of it? Was working with real people everything you'd hoped for?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (FALSE CHEER) Yeah, uh, it was great! Nice to be helping people, and all that. (BEAT) Anyway! That's enough about my day. Ash, how has your research been going?

THERE IS A BRIEF PAUSE AS ASH AND REED SHARE A GLANCE — IT IS CLEAR TO BOTH ASH AND REED THAT SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT AND MEMORY ISN'T TELLING THEM SOMETHING. FINALLY, ASH COMES OUT AND ASKS ABOUT IT, CONCERNED

ASH CALAWAY: Memory, are you alright?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. I just... I just want to talk about something other than the hospital. And I am curious about how your work's been going.

REED SONG: Oh yeah, you started a new set of trials or something, right?

ASH CALAWAY: We did! It's too soon to really tell if this prototype will be better than the standard magic battery, we've only finished the first round of tests and it'll need to go through a few more weeks of stress testing to see if it holds up, but so far it looks promising!

REED SONG: Wait, which part are you testing again?

ASH CALAWAY: We're testing all of it?

REED SONG: (SLIGHTLY OFFENDED) I know that! I meant like, how's this design supposed to be better?

ASH CALAWAY: Oh, we're trying to figure out a way to combat the diminishing returns problem, see if there's a cheaper way to make general-use batteries that actually hold up to regular use over time. My team's prototype is really just changing the construction of the interior anode, but some of the other teams are using different metals, or trying out new preparation spells. Ideally, it'll make it easier on the people who have to use stored magic frequently.

REED SONG: Just a head's up, if that all works, my sister might try to marry you. Seems like every time I see her, Hollow's complaining about having to replace another battery. You'll be her hero.

ASH CALAWAY: (SNORTS IN LAUGHTER, THEN ANSWERS SARCASTICALLY) Wow, I'm so flattered. That's exactly what I was going for when I applied, a chance to win your sister's hand in marriage.

REED SONG: Hey, just saying! You could make it big with this. I'm glad it's going well.

ASH CALAWAY: Thanks. But seriously, don't start getting anyone's hopes up. There's no guarantee that what we're trying is going to work, and if it does, there might be some other flaws we just haven't found yet, and we'll have to go back to the drawing board.

THE SOUND OF SILVERWARE ON PLATES AS THEY CONTINUE TO EAT THEIR MEAL, IN A BRIEF LULL IN CONVERSATION. MEMORY IS ZONED OUT, REED AND ASH ARE SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

Hey, Memory? You good over there?

A PAUSE, NO ANSWER FROM MEMORY.

REED SONG: Hello, earth to Memory Fairchild?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (STARTLES) Oh! Uh. Sorry, guys. What were you saying?

REED SONG: Are you sure you're alright?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (FALSELY CHIPPER) Oh, yeah! I'm great. Still, uh, still a little tired is all. (LONG PAUSE) Actually, I... (BEAT) Have you ever lost control of your magic? Like, done something without meaning to, and without knowing how?

ASH CALAWAY: (CONCERNED) Did something happen?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Oh, uh, no, not at all. Just overheard a, uh, conversation on the bus today, is all. Made me curious.

ASH CALAWAY: Hmm. Not since I was a kid. Think I knocked Reed flat on his back with that one.

REED SONG: Yeah, you did. Thanks for that, by the way. Still can't believe you threw a freaking playset at me, the absolute nerve-

ASH CALAWAY:

(INTERRUPTING, INDIGNANT)

Hey, that is not fair, it was only the ladder, and it wasn't like I meant to do it, you big baby, and it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't tried to cheat in capture the flag, I never would have -

REED SONG:

Oh sure, sure, blame it all on me, I'm the one who went home with bruises- hold up, I never cheated and I resent the accusation-

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (LOUDLY) OK! So after your magic presented itself, it never went out of control again?

ASH CALAWAY: No, not that I remember.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: What about you?

REED SONG: I don't remember my presentation moment, 'cause I was like four, but I turned our dinner into cake when I didn't want to eat it. For years my sisters would try to get me to do it again, but I didn't really manage it until high school.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: But have you heard about someone losing control as an adult? Doing things they shouldn't be able to do?

REED SONG: Not that I can think of. Had the people on the bus seen an adult lose control or something?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Huh? Oh, uh, no, they were just... Probably just rumors they were talking about, I think.

ASH CALAWAY: Wonder if it was just a late bloomer that looked older than they were, or something like that.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: That was probably it! Anyway, uh. It's getting pretty late and I need to go study some more things for tomorrow, so. I'll just be heading to my room to study and go to bed. Thanks for dinner, Reed, I'll buy you lunch tomorrow. See you later, Ash.

ASH CALAWAY: Night, Memory.



REED SONG: See you tomorrow.

MEMORY LEAVES THE KITCHEN, GETTING FURTHER AWAY FROM HER FRIENDS. THEN, SLIGHTLY MUFFLED, WE HEAR ASH AND REED'S LOWERED VOICES, CONCERNED.

ASH CALAWAY: Is it just me or is Memory acting a little... weird? Is she ok?

REED SONG: No, it's not just you. She seemed fine at lunch. A little stressed, but that's normal enough for her.

ASH CALAWAY: Hmm.

REED SONG: It's probably nothing to worry about. If it's something important, she'll talk with us about it eventually.

ASH CALAWAY: Yeah, I hope so...

ONE OF THEM STANDS UP FROM THE TABLE AND GATHERS PLATES AND SILVERWARE TO BE WASHED, A SINK STARTS RUNNING, AND THE CONVERSATION MOVES ON AT A NORMAL VOLUME. MEMORY WALKS THE REST OF THE WAY TO HER ROOM, SHUTTING THE DOOR QUIETLY BEHIND HER.

By the way, did you hear that construction finally started on that shopping district back home?

REED SONG: Seriously?

ASH CALAWAY: Yeah, mom told me about it when she called the other day. Apparently it's the controversy of the neighborhood...

FADE.

SCENE 3.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING, THE FOLLOWING DAY

MORE SPECIFICALLY, WE OPEN IN THE ROOM OF ONE MS. HELVETICA REDWAY AS MEMORY

WALKS IN TO CONDUCT HER MORNING CHECK-IN WITH THE PATIENTS. HELVETICA IS AWAKE WHEN MEMORY KNOCKS AND ENTERS THE ROOM.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Good morning, Ms. Redway! I've brought you some breakfast.

SHE SETS THE TRAY ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE

HELVETICA REDWAY: Thank you, dear, but please, "Ms. Redway" makes me feel so old. Just call me Helvetica.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Alright. How are you feeling then, M- Helvetica? Any changes since yesterday, any concerns or questions?

HELVETICA REDWAY: I've got some pain, here, where the surgery was?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I'm sorry to hear that, let me see if I can fix that for you.

SHE CONCENTRATES. DOING SPELLWORK TO EASE HELVETICA'S PAIN. THE SFX FOR THE MAGIC ECHOES THAT OF THE NECROMANCY, BUT IS LESS EXTREME. LESS PANICKED THAN WHAT WE SAW IN THE FIRST EPISODE.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: How's it feeling now? Do you need more, or did I cover it all?

HELVETICA REDWAY: (RELIEVED SIGH) No, you got it. That's much better. Thank you, dearie.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Of course! That's what I'm here for. Is there anything else that's bothering you?

HELVETICA REDWAY: No, I just feel a little tired.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I see. I believe some fatigue is normal following an operation like this, but over the next week or so you should feel some more of your energy come back. But I'll certainly let the doctor know about your pain and concerns.

HELVETICA REDWAY: Thank you. I mostly want to go home.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Fingers crossed you'll be able to soon enough! Once we're certain you're healing up well, you'll be off to the transitional care unit, and before you know it, you'll be right back at home.

HELVETICA REDWAY: I'm looking forward to it. My daughter said she'd throw a party for me when I come back, but all that hullabaloo isn't necessary. I'll be plenty happy to sit in the garden and read.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Oh, that sounds like it'll be lovely. (PAUSE) Alright, I've just got to do a few checks on you, and then I'll be out of your hair and you can have breakfast. May I see your arm to take your blood pressure?

MEMORY TAKES HER BLOOD PRESSURE AND WRITES DOWN SOME NOTES

Fantastic, thank you. Alright, what's next... (PAUSE) Your heart rate and respiration rate are looking good! Could you please hold out your hand so I can measure your magic energy level? Thank you.

MEMORY PAUSES, SOUND OF A BEEP

Ok, no worries there. (PAUSE) I think that's all for now! I'll get these to Dr. Gardens, she should be in here later to see you. Is there anything else you need?

HELVETICA REDWAY: No, thank you, dear. Goodbye.

MEMORY LEAVES THE ROOM AND BEGINS TO WALK TO ABSINTHE MULLIGAN'S ROOM, TALKING TO HERSELF.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Ohh-kay, that went alright, no need to worry, you're doing fine, Memory. You've just got to check on Mr. Mulligan and prepare for your case presentation, and then you'll be fine.

AS MEMORY ENTERS THE ROOM, THERE IS THE SOFT, STEADY BEEPS OF THE HEART MONITOR.

(SIGH OF RELIEF) Oh, thank goodness, he's still alive, okay. Okay. Right. Vital signs. Blood pressure... Heart and respiratory... Magic levels...

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING AS  
DR.GARDENS ENTERS MR. MULLIGAN'S ROOM.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (STARTLED) Oh, Dr. Gardens! Is- is something wrong?

DR. GARDENS: No, Ms. Fairchild. I'm here to check on my patient. Have you taken the vitals? How are they looking to you?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Okay, so all of his vital signs are in their stable ranges, so that's great.

DR. GARDENS: And how do they compare to yesterday's readings?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: O-oh, uh... His heart rate and respiration are the same. He'll probably need more of the blood pressure medication, since it's close to what it was before he got the medicine yesterday. And his magic energy is lower by- oh, that's a lot. (PAUSE) It's uh... about 15 percent lower? Still in the typical range for adult users.

DR. GARDENS: One of the things to be aware of when you are working in critical care is not just what the readings are in the present moment, but what they are in relation to everything else. Although some fluctuations in readings are expected, vital signs spiking are often the first sign that something may be wrong. If you watch how the patient's condition changes from yesterday to today, you can be prepared for how it might change tomorrow. (PAUSE) For now, he is still in the safe range, and once he has gone through the surgery to repair his brain damage, we should see a return to equilibrium. However, this is something we will have to pay particular attention to over the next week; if his magic levels continue to decrease at this rate, it could be dangerous.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Okay.

DR. GARDENS: That is all for now, I expect your full report on your patients' conditions by the end of the day.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yes, ma'am. (PAUSE) Dr. Gardens, could you tell me more about my mom? I mean... you said you were friends and I was just wondering if- well, sorry, nevermind. I'll just-

DR. GARDENS: (CUTTING MEMORY OFF) I can, but I still have patients to attend to. If you would like, you may come to my office after the night shift takes over, and we can talk then.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Alright, thank you. I will.

FADE.

SCENE 4.

INT. DR. GARDENS' OFFICE - EVENING, LATER THAT DAY

MEMORY KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

DR. GARDENS: Come in.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Hi, Dr. Gardens, I'm here to talk? About my mom, I mean.

SHE ENTERS THE ROOM, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

DR. GARDENS: Ah, yes. Ms. Fairchild, sit down. What is it you wanted to know?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I don't know... Anything, really, I guess. It's just... nice to hear stories about her, y'know? And... I had no idea you knew each other, so I guess I'm just curious, now. About what she was like and how you knew her and stuff.

DR. GARDENS: I see. Hmm... (PAUSE) Sateen and I met in medical school. We were part of the same class. At first, everything was a bit of a competition between us — see who could score better on exams, who could master spells and operations first, who could answer more questions right in class. More often than not, she won out, but it never went to her head. (PAUSE) That's how your mother was, back then. Competitive and stubborn, but with the brains and magical talent to back it up. Still, she was genuine and kind — always helping the students who struggled, making friends with everyone she met. (PAUSE) By the end of med school, we were pretty close.

(DR. GARDENS/CONT'D OVER)

DR. GARDENS (CONT'D): We challenged each other, pushed each other to do... more, I suppose. I think Sateen helped make me a better doctor. I can only hope she felt similarly. Even after... everything else, I am glad to have known her.

DR. GARDENS GOES QUIET, LOST IN THOUGHT. FOR A MOMENT, MEMORY SAYS NOTHING, ABSORBING WHAT DR. GARDENS HAS SAID.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (QUIET, HESITANT) What happened?

DR. GARDENS: (LONG PAUSE, DEEP BREATH) Well, our residencies took us to different cities. Neither of us had much spare time, but we still emailed and called each other. For a while, we continued to talk about our research, our residencies, other things going on in our lives. (PAUSE) For a while, we'd hoped to work together once our residencies were finished. Combine our research, see where it took us. But... (a soft, sad laugh) Well, we had an... an argument, of sorts. The details aren't important anymore, but we'd already been growing apart and, well. That fight ended things. Despite our best efforts, we weren't really able to recover our friendship after that. (PAUSE) Although I regret how it all turned out between us, it was probably for the best we never committed to working together and combining our research. Sateen was a brilliant and talented doctor, but... we had different goals, different ideas of what our work should be, should do.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (PAUSE) Thank you. For telling me about her. I- I hope this wasn't too... painful, to talk about. I didn't mean to stir up any bad memories.

DR. GARDENS: Not at all. Like I said, she was once a good friend, and though we never reconnected, I am glad to have known her.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Alright. Thanks again. Uh, have a nice evening. I'll see you tomorrow.

SHE STANDS, AND MAKES HER WAY TO THE DOOR.

DR. GARDENS: You as well, Ms. Fairchild.

THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND MEMORY. THERE'S A BRIEF MOMENT OF SILENCE.

DR. GARDENS: (QUIET SIGH) Sateen... I wish things had turned out differently.

FADE OUT TO MUSIC, ROLL CREDITS.

END.