

EPISODE THREE  
This Business of Restoration  
by  
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The Trial of Memory Fairchild  
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SCENE 1.

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

MEMORY FAIRCHILD CONTINUES HER  
TESTIMONY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN SHE  
DISCOVERED SHE COULD DO NECROMANCY.  
SLATE MORRISON, THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY,  
CONTINUES TO QUESTION HER, AND HAS  
PULLED UP ON A PROJECTOR SCREEN A  
SCANNED IMAGE OF MEMORY'S NOTES  
DOCUMENTING A PATIENT'S CONDITION.

SLATE MORRISON: Are you familiar with these?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yes.

SLATE MORRISON: Please state for the record what is displayed on the screen.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: They're my notes from the clinicals.

SLATE MORRISON: What was the purpose of these notes?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: They were for studying, like if there was something I didn't understand or something I wanted to understand better for clinicals, I'd write it down so I could remember to review it once I got home.

SLATE MORRISON: So you were keeping track of the patients' conditions, and could tell when something was amiss?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: To a degree, yes. I- I'm still just a student, and I just... don't have enough experience yet to have a strong sense of when things are okay or not. There's a lot of vital signs and things to track, and there's normal, day-to-day variation in those readings, even for healthy patients. It's not always easy to know when something is a minor issue and when it's potentially life-threatening. Especially when the patient isn't able to communicate with us.

SLATE MORRISON: So how do you know when something is a serious problem?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Well... we'd make our best guess, but our supervisors and attending physicians would be able to tell for sure if something was wrong. Or, they'd at least have a better idea of what could be happening. We mostly followed Dr. Gardens' and the nurses' leads.

SLATE MORRISON: Did any of the doctors or nurses notice anything wrong with the patient?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Kinda? I mean, they knew those weren't the vital signs of a healthy person, but they didn't ever seem really worried about them, at least, no more worried than they were before-before the accident.

SLATE MORRISON: If they had seemed more concerned about it, would that have changed anything?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I don't know. I can't know, not for sure. But... I want to think I would've said something, then. Things seemed fine at first, and later... I thought I knew enough from my research to handle things if they did go wrong, before there were serious problems.

SLATE MORRISON: By 'your research', you mean your research into necromancy, correct?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yes.

SLATE MORRISON: Alright, could you take me through your investigation of necromancy?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yes. I first looked online to see if something like that had happened before, because if I found someone with a similar experience then they might already have a better idea of what to do, but that went nowhere. All I seemed to be able to find were, like, conspiracy theory boards of people claiming some celebrity or another had been killed and brought back to life. There didn't seem to be any real information so I decided to go to the library and see if there were any books there that could be more useful.

FADE.

THE SHOW'S THEME MUSIC PLAYS.

SCENE 2.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - SIX MONTHS  
AGO, FLASHBACK

MEMORY'S BEDROOM. IT'S THE WEEKEND.  
ROUGHLY TWO WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE  
THE EVENTS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND  
EPISODES. SHE'S STARTED TO INVESTIGATE  
NECROMANCY. SHE HASN'T TOLD ANYONE  
ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Oh, great, another supernatural romance. You'd think a book titled "The Secret of Necromancy" would have something worth reading but nope, it's all just. Heaving bosoms and swooning. 'Give me all the books you have on necromancy,' I said. (SARCASTICALLY) No way a request like that could go wrong! (PAUSE) Ughhh. Why is this what my life's become...

REED SONG KNOCKS ON THE DOOR TO  
MEMORY'S BEDROOM.

REED SONG: Hey, it's Reed and Ash, can we come in?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Oh, uh- one moment.

SOUND OF RUSTLING, DRAWERS OPENING AND  
CLOSING. AS MEMORY HIDES HER RESEARCH  
INTO NECROMANCY. SHE THEN GOES TO OPEN  
THE DOOR, LETTING REED AND ASH CALAWAY  
INTO THE ROOM.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: What's up guys?

REED SONG: Nothing much, just wanted to hang out.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I thought we were having a study session later?

REED SONG: That doesn't count as hanging out and you know it. That'd be like calling the rounds at the hospital hanging out.

ASH CALAWAY: Yeah, we've hardly seen you at all.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Oh, sorry... I've just been distracted, I guess. Do you guys want to watch a movie or something?

ASH CALAWAY: Actually, we think we need to talk.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (CONFUSED) Okay? We can talk. What do you want to talk about?

REED SONG: It's time to spill.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: What?

REED SONG: (HALF-JOKING) We're staging an intervention.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: An intervention?      ASH CALAWAY: Don't call it that!

ASH CALAWAY: Listen, Memory... we're worried about you. You've been acting... weird, lately. Something's bothering you, don't think we didn't notice.

REED SONG: (SERIOUS) You've been shutting us out ever since clinicals started and I know you're stressed, so am I, but. We're your friends, you know you can trust us, right?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Guys, I... I don't know what to say.

REED SONG: Is it because of your mom?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (SLIGHT LAUGH) No, it's not related to her. I, uh... Guys, you have to promise me that you won't tell anyone. Like. Seriously, I'm not joking, you guys cannot share this.

ASH CALAWAY: Sure, we can do that.

REED SONG: Yeah, of course.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Not even Timepiece, Reed.

REED SONG: Just because we're dating doesn't mean I'm going to tell them your secrets, Memory.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Sorry. Uh. Okay, right. So uh. Remember a couple weeks ago, when we were talking about losing control of magic? The day clinicals started.

REED SONG: I think so? Did you see something—

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (IN A RUSH) Necromancy! I did necromancy. That's. Uh. That's what happened.

A STUNNED SILENCE FOLLOWS HER WORDS.  
NEITHER ASH NOR REED HAVE THE FIRST CLUE  
WHAT TO SAY.

Listen, it wasn't like I meant to, I'm as shocked as you are and— Don't give me that look!

REED SONG: Sorry, just— haha, very funny Memory, if you really didn't want to tell us what was going on, you could've just said so, no need to start making crazy jokes. (LONG PAUSE) Memory... you are joking, right?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Why— why would I joke about something like this?

REED SONG: I don't know! What else are we supposed to think? What seems more likely, some kind of practical joke or you doing necromancy? Which, hello, is a crime already so close to impossible, the fact anyone took the time to make it illegal at all is frankly baffling-

ASH CALAWAY: Reed-  
Reed-

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Alright-fine! Just. Forget I said anything then if you're not going to believe me.

ASH CALAWAY: Okay, okay, everyone, let's just— calm down, take a breath. (BEAT) Memory, I think you need to tell us what happened, from the beginning.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah. Yeah, okay.

FADE.

SCENE 3.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON - AN HOUR LATER

MEMORY HAS EXPLAINED THE EVENTS OF EPISODE ONE TO HER FRIENDS. THEY'RE AT THE POINT WHERE THEY'RE TAKING HER SERIOUSLY, BUT STILL — NECROMANCY? IT DOESN'T REALLY SEEM POSSIBLE.

WE FADE UP TO THE SOUND OF ASH STARTING ANOTHER ROUND OF QUESTIONS.

- ASH CALAWAY: Are you sure he was really dead? Maybe he'd lost consciousness or-
- MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I already told you, he's in a coma, he didn't just 'lose consciousness' and besides that, the monitors were pretty clear on the fact that he was dead.
- REED SONG: Yeah, no, Ash. That kind of mix-up isn't the type of thing he'd be able to survive, not in that state.
- ASH CALAWAY: Sorry, just trying to cover all the bases here.
- REED SONG: The thing I'm still struggling with here is how you brought him back and still managed to walk out the door afterwards. The magical energy cost for that should've put you in a coma. That... that shouldn't be possible for one person to do, healing magic or no.
- MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I don't know! I mean, I felt awful afterwards and doubt I could've healed even a paper cut at that point, but. Here I am.
- ASH CALAWAY: Have you tried asking that doctor about it?
- REED SONG: You mean Dr. Gardens?
- MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Nooo, bad idea, Ash. I doubt I'd survive that conversation.
- REED SONG: I don't know, it might be a good idea to bring her in on this.
- MEMORY FAIRCHILD: You promised you wouldn't tell anyone.
- REED SONG: I know. We don't need to tell her now, not if you don't want to, but she'd probably have some insights that'd be helpful.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, maybe. I'd prefer to understand what's going on better before taking it to her. I mean, that's why I got these books at the library. I'd hoped they'd help.

ASH CALAWAY: I guess that's fair. What have you learned so far?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Well... not as much as I'd have liked, honestly. There weren't that many books related to necromancy there. Some were just fiction. There was one legal book that told me exactly how much trouble I'll be in if anyone finds out about my uh, accident. Really, the most useful thing I've found so far is this book, which is more or less summarizing all the notable times people thought necromancy happened in history. But there's nothing about the magical theory behind it, not even in the medical journals.

ASH CALAWAY: I can't say I'm surprised, though. I doubt there's a lot of research being done on necromancy. But that history book sounds like it could be a good starting point.

REED SONG: Are there even any cases in there like what happened to you? I mean, the only time I've heard about real-life necromancy is that one famous guy, you know the one, skeletal army?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Monteneres.

REED SONG: Yes, him! Anyway, he wasn't actually bringing people back to life, right? He could make the skeletons move convincingly, but they weren't actually alive, they couldn't do anything on their own.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, like half the book focuses on him, but I didn't bother reading through most of it, because you're right — he was a material mage, so whatever he was doing with his magic probably doesn't apply to me. There's a lot less detail in the other cases in the book, but there's this one that stands out.

SHE GRABS THE BOOK AND FLIPS THROUGH THE PAGES QUICKLY.

See, this passage here — this person seemed to have healing magic and was doing something pretty close to complete necromancy.



ASH READS ALOUD FROM OVER MEMORY'S SHOULDER.

ASH CALAWAY: Cases of necromancy from those with healing-class magic are rarer, or perhaps simply more well-concealed in history. The most documented case is that of Sonata Tenbrook. Tenbrook was an apothecary in a small village in the late fifteen hundreds. She was said to have the ability to fully resurrect the dead, who to all appearances, regained full normal function. Tenbrook did not have the benefit of a noble title or wealth to protect her from the church's ire, so when reports of her committing necromancy to curse her enemies spread, she was swiftly apprehended. Two days later, Tenbrook was burned at the stake for her crimes at age 32.

REED SONG: Wow.

ASH CALAWAY: 'Wow' doesn't begin to cover it.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, but that's not really the most interesting part, though. The book says that there's not a lot of known details about Sonata Tenbrook, just because of like, a lack of sources, I guess. But they do have some letters Sonata wrote, like the one here.

MEMORY FLIPS THE PAGE AND STARTS TO READ.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: 'The Persoffs came to me this past week, in need of my services for their daughter. I could hardly refuse Mrs. Persoffs' pleas, which persisted despite my protestations that my earlier healing work had left me in a much weakened state. Oh, my dearest Stirling, I cannot express the exhaustion I felt. I found myself nearly unable to restore the poor girl. Though her family was grateful to have her returned, and indeed allowed me to recover from the exertion in their guest rooms, the child is changed, perhaps forever, and I worry the Persoffs have not the ability to handle it. I wonder whether this business of restoration is too much. This was all so much simpler when it was caring for mother's garden, or restoring the ill livestock. Write to me soon. With fond regards, Sonata Tenbrook.'

ASH CALAWAY: For someone executed for necromancy, that letter sure doesn't sound like someone trying to curse people.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, that's what I thought, too.

ASH CALAWAY: I assume you haven't tried to do it again?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: No, of course not!

ASH CALAWAY: Well, do you want to? I think Tenbrook's just given us a starting point.

REED SONG: Woah, ok wait. Starting point? Did I miss something or are you seriously suggesting trying to do more necromancy?

ASH CALAWAY: I'm not saying we go dig up a cemetery or anything, but if Memory starts with something small, like a plant or an insect or something, we might actually be able to figure things out, find out how she did it.

REED SONG: How can you be treating this like- like it's some kind of fun science experiment? Even if we set aside the ethics and legality of it, this kind of magic is dangerous! Just because you've survived it once, Memory, doesn't mean you'll survive it again.

ASH CALAWAY: (CALM, SLIGHT ANNOYANCE) Listen, we don't know for sure how she did that and, like it or not, she needs to be able to control it — not knowing what caused it will do more harm than good. What if it happens again and she doesn't have a way to stop it? It's going to be more dangerous if we don't have at least a basic understanding of what's going on.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: She's got a point, Reed. I can't just ignore what happened to me, as much as I want to. I have to know what happened. That's the only option for me. You don't have to help, you can forget this whole conversation happened, but... I have to do this.

REED SONG: Okay. Fine. But I'm staying here, in case... well, just in case. And you have to promise that if things start to feel wrong, you'll stop.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, sure, fine. I promise. (PAUSE) Do you still have that plant that died in your room? That might be worth a try.

REED SONG: Yeah, I do. (SIGHS) I'll go get it.

REED LEAVES THE ROOM TO GO GRAB THE PLANT THAT HAD DIED A FEW MONTHS PRIOR, THAT REED KEPT FORGETTING TO THROW AWAY

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (QUIETLY) Thanks, Ash.

ASH CALAWAY: Yeah, of course. You'd have done the same.

REED RETURNS, SETTING THE HEAVY POT DOWN ON THE DESK.

REED SONG: Here we are, one dead plant. Are you sure you want to do this?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I am. (She blows out a breath of air) Here goes nothing.

WE ONCE AGAIN HEAR THE SOUND OF WHAT IS PERHAPS BEST DESCRIBED AS THE EXPANSION — MEMORY'S MAGIC. BUILDING UP INSIDE HER AND IN THE AIR. AND THEN THAT MAGIC, THAT TENSION, SNAPS AND THERE IS SILENCE.

REED SONG: You... that was... you made it bloom.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (DAZED) I really did it...

ASH CALAWAY: (in awe) Memory... you're incredible.

MEMORY STUMBLES, NEARLY FALLING OVER.

ASH CALAWAY: Woah, careful, let's sit down before you fall over.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I'm fine, just... feeling a little shaky.

FADE.

SCENE 4.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING - A FEW HOURS LATER

MEMORY HAS TAKEN A NAP, EATEN SOME FOOD, BUT OTHERWISE HAS JUST BEEN LOST IN HER THOUGHTS, EXAMINING THE PLANT.

REED SONG: Hey, Memory. Still up for that study session? Or would you like to keep staring at the plant for another few hours?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (STARTLES) Yeah, of course. Sorry, I just-

REED SONG: It's okay. I get it. I'd... probably be doing the same in your position. Honestly, I'm surprised Ash didn't cart it off to her lab to run tests on it.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I asked her not to. At least, not yet.

REED SONG: (PAUSE) How are you holding up?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: (SLIGHT LAUGH) Honestly, just kind of glad I have proof that I'm not just imagining things.

REED SONG: Fair enough. (PAUSE) Hey, about earlier... I'm sorry for not believing you.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: It's alright. I can't say I blame you.

REED SONG: Either way, I shouldn't have been so mean about it.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I forgive you, really. (BEAT) I'm ready to study if you are. I could use a distraction right now.

REED SONG: Okay, sure.

THE PAIR BEGIN TO TAKE OUT NOTEBOOKS, PENS, PAPERS TO REVIEW. WE HEAR THE SCRATCHING OF PEN ON PAPER, THE TAPPING ON A KEYBOARD.

REED SONG: I think I need to review the different corticosteroids again, I completely missed a pinging question from Dr. Gardens about them yesterday. What about you?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, I could probably use a refresher in that too, it might come up in one of my cases next week.

REED SONG: Alright, cool. (PAUSE) I wish I could remember things without having to write them down, y'know? I'm tired of buying notebooks for this.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Yeah, that's fair... Oh! That reminds me, I forgot to tell you. So when I was growing up, I remember mom getting home and going to her office and just writing in these journals, and when I asked about it she said it was case notes, that she liked having copies at home to reference. I only remembered it when I was in Dr. Gardens' office last week and she mentioned doing research with mom.

REED SONG: I thought your mom didn't really do research?

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: She didn't, not really. I mean, I knew she studied things in her field and kept up with all the research being done, but she never published anything herself. I guess she just changed her mind about doing research at some point. Anyway, after I had talked with Dr. Gardens, I had the idea to get my dad to send me some of my mom's old medical notebooks. Since we're in the ICU clinical right now, I thought her old journals might have some useful notes! They arrived in the mail earlier this week, and I kept thinking about it during clinicals and forgetting by the time we got back.

SHE LIFTS THE BOX ON HER BED, TAKING OUT A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CUTTING OPEN THE TAPE ALONG THE TOP.

REED SONG: Dude, that's awesome!

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: Ok, so there's like... ten? Yeah, ten journals in here, so we can't really get through all of them today, but we can each grab one and sort of flip through, I guess? And then if either of us find something useful we can share it?

REED SONG: Sounds good to me!

HE PICKS UP A JOURNAL FROM OUT OF THE BOX, OPENING IT

REED SONG: I can't believe I'm getting to look at the medical notebooks of Dr. Fairchild...

REED AND MEMORY EACH OPEN UP A JOURNAL AND START READING ENTRIES. THERE'S A SHORT SILENCE, SOME PAGES FLIPPING. THEN, AT THE SAME TIME, THEY BOTH BEGIN TO

SPEAK, SOUNDING CONFUSED, SURPRISED,  
AND PERHAPS A LITTLE WORRIED.

REED SONG  
Wait a minute-

MEMORY FAIRCHILD  
Hey, uh, Reed-

A PAUSE AS THEY BOTH STOP SPEAKING AND  
LOOK AT EACH OTHER, IDENTICAL  
EXPRESSIONS OF CONFUSION ON THEIR  
FACES.

MEMORY FAIRCHILD: I'm, uh, guessing the journal you've got has uh. The same  
stuff mine does?

REED SONG: Yeah... uh, Memory, I think your mom was a necromancer.

FADE OUT TO MUSIC, ROLL CREDITS.

END.