

WELCOME TO FOSTERS

EPISODE 5

“Resurrection”

Written by Imogen Cassidy

[Title Music, with lyrics]

FEMME SINGER (VERSE)

It's not the money or the time,
It's not my heart on the line,
It's not the spirits or the wine.

MASC SINGER (VERSE)

It's that I know it's mine.

[Verse repeats once with both voices singing together under episode titles]

ANNOUNCER (NINA NIKOLIC)

Rusty Quill presents: Welcome To
Fosters. Episode five, Resurrection.

[Music continues]

CHORUS

Time, time, time, it's time,
Time, time, time, it's time,

MASC SINGER

It's not my heart on the line, not this time.

[Music ends]

1. INTERIOR, NOON, GLORIA'S WORK

A constant buzz of café chatter combined with some inoffensive pop music. JILL and OLIVER are at lunch. Footsteps approach.

GLORIA

You know you don't have to come here
every time you wanna eat, I still get paid.

JILL

I don't come here because I like the food, I come here because I like you.

GLORIA

You mean you don't like my food?

JILL

Entrapment. That's called entrapment and you know I love your food.

CAFÉ EMPLOYEE

Gloria!

GLORIA

I have to get back. Nice to see you Oliver. Hope you like your sandwich.

OLIVER

It's great! Really.

GLORIA

Of course.

OLIVER

It still doesn't make any sense.

JILL

(with her mouth full) It amuses me to no end that you're insisting speaking to the dead doesn't make any sense. Why is it any different to catching nixies? You learned a ritual to cleanse an area of ghosts, Ollie, that's like... term two of cert 1, you know ghosts exist.

OLIVER

It's not that she speaks to the dead. It's just the way she does it. Over the Internet? It just seems wrong.

JILL

You would prefer it if she was dressed in jangly jewellery and wearing a silk dress and burning incense?

OLIVER

Well. Um. No. Not when you put it like that.

JILL

You going to eat those chips?

OLIVER

Here.

OLIVER slides his plate over.

OLIVER (CONT.)

(sigh of fullness) That was the biggest sandwich I've ever eaten.

JILL

She thinks you're too thin. But don't tell Gloria you didn't finish these, okay?

Beat while JILL digs in.

JILL (CONT.)

So, isn't there anyone dead you'd want to talk to?

OLIVER

(laughs) Oh man. No. No there isn't.

A pregnant pause.

JILL

I asked her once if she could contact my uncle for me.

OLIVER

Yeah? Uh. What happened?

JILL

He wasn't there. (scoff) Don't look at me like that. I might be making fun of you but before I met Mena I had pretty much the same attitude you did. But if we can't look back on our own follies and learn from them in order to criticise them in others, then what's the point in getting old?

OLIVER

So the dead she can contact... they're like the spirits we cleanse, right? Still kind of stuck here.

JILL

Mm, yeah.

OLIVER

Which means your uncle...

JILL

Didn't have anything to keep him here.

Beat.

OLIVER

But that's a good thing, right? It means he's not angry.

JILL

(sighs) Yeah. Yeah, I guess it is.

Beat.

OLIVER

So we're gonna check out the graveyard then?

JILL

Yeah, but, no point in doing it on an empty stomach.

She moves the plate away.

JILL (CONT.)

Look, I know it's been a weird couple of days. It's not usually this busy, I promise, most of the time it's just...

OLIVER

Wards and paperwork, yeah yeah. It's okay though I'm having... well not fun exactly. But it feels like I'm learning stuff and it's better than... garbage collection.

JILL

(laughs) Well I'm glad. How much do you know about necromancy?

OLIVER

Not a whole lot. Something else they don't teach in cert 1.

JILL

The list of things they don't teach in cert 1 is very long, yes.

OLIVER

Seems like it might have been a bit of a waste of time.

JILL

It's not meant to make you a better adept, Oliver, you know that. It's just something so they can slap a badge on your chest that says "Not Going To Accidentally Blow People Up".

OLIVER

I guess.

JILL

That's why we have apprenticeships. So you can learn all the fun stuff.

OLIVER

Fun..!?

JILL

So. Necromancy. Tim knew a few people who dabbled in it, back before it was criminalised.

OLIVER

I'm a bit weirded out that it wasn't always illegal, to be honest.

JILL

Ah, the heady days of the sixties, free love, music festivals and zombies...

OLIVER

There weren't any zombies. Not that I heard about any way.

JILL

No there weren't. Which is why they didn't bother making necromancy illegal. From what I remember Tim saying it wasn't so much that it was evil or anything—although disturbing the dead is culturally awful for a lot of folk so there is that—it was just that it didn't work. You'd animate a corpse, it'd flail about a bit and then collapse. It didn't attack anyone or infect anyone or do anything much other than stink out the place and upset all its loved ones.

OLIVER

Do we know that's not what's happening now?

JILL

Even if it is what's happening now it's worth stopping. You heard the computer—whoever was raised did not sound happy.

OLIVER

No.

JILL

They might be dead but, they're still a person, and they don't deserve to suffer.

Beat.

JILL (CONT.)

And then we have the problem of the lich ritual. If that's what's happening, we really do need to do something about it.

OLIVER

So. We're going to the cemetery where they were buried. Iggy was sure it was Waverley?

JILL

That's what he said. Or at least I think it was? Amena's translation was pretty necessary. (sighs)

OLIVER

What's wrong?

JILL

It's a bugger to park over there.

[Music transition — guitar notes from the theme music]

2. EXTERIOR, DAY, STREET OUTSIDE WAVERLEY CEMETERY

JILL and OLIVER walk as traffic passes them by. They are about to enter Waverley Cemetery, a large plot of land on a cliff directly over the ocean in the eastern suburbs of Sydney.

OLIVER

You know when I was at high school some of the older kids liked to...

JILL

Yup, I know.

OLIVER

Never much saw the appeal.

JILL

**If you have the option a bed is always
better. Here.**

JILL opens a creaking wood door; the gate entrance to the cemetery office. They step inside, the city noise behind them dying away as the door closes. A CEMETERY WORKER sits behind a counter.

CEMETERY WORKER

Can we help you?

JILL

**Hi, ah we'd like a map of the plots? I'm
looking for a particular grave.**

CEMETERY WORKER

Of course! Here you go.

She pulls out a map for JILL and OLIVER.

CEMETERY WORKER (CONT.)

**They're marked by number not name, but
if you give me the name I can—**

JILL

**Oh yes, it's Amelia Henderson. Died in
uh... nineteen sixty-two?**

A beat with typing, as the CEMETERY WORKER checks the cemetery database. As she speaks, she circles in pen the relevant map points.

CEMETERY WORKER

She's in section 16, halfway between the
Irish memorial and the Cuddon plot.
Grave 322. Here.

OLIVER

The Cuddon plot?

JILL slides the map off the counter.

JILL

Thanks so much.

JILL and OLIVER walk towards the door.

CEMETERY WORKER

We—we have flowers if you'd like to leave
some on the...

OLIVER

Uh...

JILL and OLIVER halt.

JILL

Sure. Sure um... these look nice.

JILL picks some up, hastily paying in coins and notes.

CEMETERY WORKER

Those are twelve dollars. And there's a
donation box at the door if you're
interested in maintaining the grounds.

In the face of additional unexpected financial outlay, JILL retreats.

CEMETERY WORKER (CONT.)

Every little bit helps.

JILL

Thanks for your help!

JILL opens the door to the cemetery grounds. She and OLIVER walk through.

CEMETERY WORKER

Not a problem!

The door closes. The traffic noise returns, but as they walk further into the cemetery it is replaced by the low crash of waves on cliffs. A magpie calls, as well as some wrens and other birds thriving in the space.

OLIVER

It's pretty here.

JILL

Prime real estate.

They stop walking.

JILL (CONT.)

Can you imagine giving over this view to the dead these days?

Paper crackles as JILL examines the map.

JILL (CONT.)

Section 16 is over there.

OLIVER

Near that big angel?

They start walking, bouquet crinkling and map rustling with the movement.

JILL

Yeah. I think that's the Irish Memorial she was talking about.

OLIVER

And the Cuddon plot? Does she mean...

JILL

Saoirse Cuddon. Yeah. She's buried here. So's Henry Lawson and a bunch of other famous people. Saoirse's grave gets a lot of traffic from young magic types. You know, there's a legend that—

OLIVER

(sing song) If you offer her a blood sacrifice on the dark of the moon, she'll grant you extra powers.

JILL

Huh. That's not the one I'd heard.

OLIVER

Really?

JILL

The one I heard involved some of that high school activity you mentioned.

OLIVER

Oh. Ew.

JILL

Yeah, as I said, beds are better. But if this apparently raised dead person is right near the Cuddon plot...

OLIVER

If you're gonna raise a lich...

JILL

**May as well go with the biggest, baddest,
most famous dead magic user you can,
right?**

A beat, as they continue to walk.

OLIVER

There's no one else here.

JILL

Hmm, peaceful.

OLIVER

Mmm.

A beat, while they walk.

JILL

**Funnily enough the last time I was over
here was for the job that Price mentioned.
The Paine job?**

OLIVER

Oh yeah? What was it?

JILL

**Demonic possession. The house was
amazing, looked right out over the beach,
would have cost a fortune. Took me ages
to find a park.**

OLIVER

How'd it end up?

They move from walking on pavement to grass.

JILL

Demon and woman are happily partnered now. Doing pretty well it seems. Well enough to recommend us for jobs to her boss.

OLIVER

Wait. Wait she... what?

JILL

Here we are. Well.

OLIVER

Huh.

They stop walking. JILL drops the flowers unceremoniously.

JILL

There were security cameras at the entrance. None near here though.

OLIVER

I mean, they could have just been maintaining the plot. Don't they have to do that sometimes? They get overgrown with weeds and stuff and...

JILL

See any others around here that are just fresh earth?

OLIVER

Actually, yeah. Over there.

The move through the graves.

OLIVER (CONT.)

Not as fresh, but this one doesn't have much grass. And here this one... looks like it's new growth, different to the one next to it.

JILL

Yeah. They're getting less fresh each time.

OLIVER

There's a pattern.

JILL

Yeah. There's definitely a pattern.

OLIVER

So.

They stop walking.

JILL

They're trying to turn Saoirse Cuddon into a lich. What else did Iggy say about the ritual?

OLIVER takes a note out from his pocket.

OLIVER

Uh... twelve raised corpses, each of them brought back on a full moon, corpse energy used in a ritual to infuse the dead wizard.

JILL

And it had to be performed at a certain time of the year. He wasn't sure of which time though, which... well.

OLIVER

Not great.

JILL

No. No real way to find that out either, if they're raising one a month. Too much time for the graves to grow back over.

OLIVER

But the book was only stolen, like when... Six months ago? Isn't that the time they wanted Tulele to check?

JILL

(non-committal sound) Twelve, he said. But they didn't specify that. Not precisely anyway. We don't know exactly when it was stolen.

OLIVER

Price said it was... she called you in to investigate it.

JILL

(an even more non-committal sound)

OLIVER

What are you thinking?

JILL

I dunno. Exactly. But your cousin Tulele is right, Brian doesn't strike me as very

trustworthy. And well. Price... is a certain kind of person that I've never been inclined to trust much.

OLIVER

And there was that security guard Tulele said he didn't remember...

JILL

Exactly.

OLIVER

So... what?

JILL

Maybe the book wasn't stolen at all. Which means the ritual could be almost done.

JILL pulls out a notepad from her bag.

JILL (CONT.)

Here... take down the names of all the graves surrounding the Cuddon plot, we can at least do some checking, see if any of them have been raised aside from these three that are obvious.

OLIVER walks away from **JILL**, checking graves.

OLIVER

Some of the names are too worn to read.

JILL

Of course they are. Let's check the ones we can.

JILL pulls out her mobile phone and calls AMENA.

JILL (CONT.)

Oh hey Amena, um, got a few more questions to ask, check if some other folk have been resurrected—can we give you some... sure just, hang on.

OLIVER

Can't read this one, it's too old. The one over there is Mary Jansen, died on the fifth of October, nineteen fifty-eight.

OLIVER writes down the details while JILL talks.

JILL

Did you get that Amena?

Faint screeching sound through the phone.

JILL (CONT.)

Okay, that one's definitely raised.

OLIVER

Nathaniel Morton? Died September eighteenth, nineteen eighty-two.

JILL

Mena? Yep again.

A distorted scream.

OLIVER

Christine Wilkins, January seventh, nineteen seventy-seven.

JILL

You get that?

Another distorted scream.

JILL (CONT.)

Okay. (stressed sigh) Who's the one over there, Ollie?

OLIVER

Ah, Genevieve Winton, eighth August, nineteen eighty-eight.

OLIVER walks back towards JILL. Still more distorted screaming down the phone as AMENA responds.

JILL

And... and oh okay yeah. Sure. Sorry Mena, I don't want to blow up your computer.

JILL ends the call.

JILL (CONT.)

(concerned)

That's more than six.

OLIVER

I don't like this.

JILL

I think we can safely say the ritual could go off at any time.

OLIVER

I guess we should go to the police?

JILL

We can give it a go but, you heard Rashida. They're swamped... Makes me wonder...

OLIVER

What?

JILL

The weirdness, it started a few months ago for Rashida and the other wips. If I was going to do a big magical ritual, I'd be pretty keen for the wips not to show up and arrest me in the middle of it.

OLIVER

You think they're doing it deliberately?

JILL

Raising the dead might have been enough to pump up the magical energy—cause the things Rash has been talking about. But it seems too convenient. Sylvia Price didn't want to involve the police.

OLIVER

I think it's a bit late to be worrying about that—they're gonna raise a lich. They're going to resurrect Saoirse Cuddon and... and... what... what happens after that?

JILL

I honestly don't know Ollie.

3. INTERIOR, AFTERNOON, JILL'S OFFICE

An office near a busy urban area. Despite this there is the odd chirp of birds from outdoors. JILL and OLIVER are sitting; JILL hangs up the office phone, having just finished a call.

JILL

Right. So Rashida says wip help is out. We've got no corpses, we don't have the power to arrange exhumations to even check that they're missing, we don't have the book, and we don't know who has it.

OLIVER

That's a lot of things we don't know and can't do.

JILL

Diane said there hasn't been anything on the security cameras.

OLIVER

That graveyard's huge, and it'd be pretty easy to climb over the wall if you wanted to. I mean... graverobbing isn't exactly a common crime.

JILL

Not anymore, anyway. Still, I reckon most of the eastern suburb's mums in that area would object if they saw zombies shambling around. Where did they go when they were raised?

OLIVER

They'd have to be shipped somewhere. Stored. Somehow.

JILL

Stored...

OLIVER

Yeah. The ritual needs them all to be present for the resurrection. When the time comes, they'll probably have to truck them in or something.

JILL

The security cameras will probably pick that up.

OLIVER

But there isn't a security guard on site overnight, so even if they did pick it up it wouldn't do any good, except to tell everyone the next day that someone had done a big ritual in the graveyard.

JILL

And if whatever liches do is half as bad as I think it is, pretty much everyone will know that already. At least that's my bet.

OLIVER

What do liches do?

JILL

Magic. But. Like. Dead. Dead magic.

OLIVER

You don't know?

JILL

How am I supposed to? How is anyone supposed to? The only person with

**access to information about necromancy
is either dead or...**

OLIVER

... Sylvia Price.

JILL

Hmm.

JILL leans forward in her chair, scrabbling for a business card amongst the desk debris. She dials a number on the office phone, and places it on speaker for OLIVER to also hear.

BRIAN

(via phone)

**Price & Boone, you've reached Brian
Hewlitt-Smith.**

JILL

**Oh hey Brian. It's Jill. Jill Foster. Can I
speak with Ms Price? It's regarding her
case.**

BRIAN

**Ms Foster. I'm terribly sorry but Ms Price
had to fly to Melbourne on some urgent
business just after your meeting. She'll be
unreachable until late this evening. Is
there something you wanted me to pass
on to her?**

JILL taps the business card as she speaks.

JILL

When will she be back?

BRIAN

Not until Monday, I'm afraid. But I can definitely give her a message if you have some information regarding...

JILL

No. No that's fine, Brian, I can put it in an email. Does she often fly off on such short notice?

BRIAN

Ms Price is an exceptionally busy woman, Ms Foster.

JILL

Of course. Of course she is. All right then I'll just... put this in an email and shoot it over to you then I guess...

BRIAN

Have you located the book, Ms Foster?

JILL

No, unfortunately. No. But we have been having an interesting time. I am... quite hopeful of a positive conclusion.

BRIAN

I have some time now if you'd like to relay what you've...

JILL

Ah... I'm afraid I'm just on my way out the door. I'll email you, as I said.

BRIAN

I shall look forward to it.

JILL

Yeah. Thanks Brian.

JILL hangs up.

OLIVER

So. She's flown to Melbourne. And won't be back till Monday.

JILL

Convenient.

OLIVER

You really think they're behind this?

JILL

Look, I have to cover every possibility here.

OLIVER

Why would they have you look into finding a stolen book that they still have?

JILL

**Misdirection. An alibi. (small laugh)
Explains why they hired me rather than, say, the police. Or one of the other bigger agencies. Probably thought we were incompetent.**

OLIVER

That's...

JILL

(scoffs) Yeah, I know. More fool them.

OLIVER

We have to do something to stop this from happening, right? Maybe... I don't know... should we stake out the graveyard or something?

JILL

Every night for the next six months?

OLIVER

It can't be that hard to...

JILL

Well. There are certain times that are better than others. Full moons. Equinoxes, that kind of thing.

OLIVER

That kind of thing matters?

JILL

It can. We're probably safe for tonight at least but, I'll go and check it out anyway.

OLIVER

I can—

JILL

No. No you've done more than enough work today. Take the night off; if something goes wrong, I'll call you. And probably everyone else I know as well.

OLIVER

If you're sure...

JILL

I'm sure. Weren't you going out with your cousin anyway?

OLIVER

Oh yeah. Yeah I was.

JILL

Well, if you're really keen to do work you can grill him about Brian and Ms Price while you're there.

OLIVER

I could try.

JILL

Go on. Get out of here. Have some fun.

[Music transition — strums of rhythm guitar from theme music]

4. INTERIOR, NIGHT, CROWDED POOL BAR

A busy bar playing metal and rock music, but at a level where you can comfortably talk. OLIVER and TULELE are playing pool. TULELE makes a shot.

TULELE

Ah, still got it.

OLIVER

Sheer luck.

TULELE

The problem with you, Ollie, is that you can't recognise true skills when you see them.

TULELE takes another shot.

TULELE (CONT.)

Ah crap. (sighs) So when were you going to tell everyone you were back then?

OLIVER

I've only been back a little while.

TULELE

More than a couple of weeks though right? I mean... that's a while.

OLIVER

Been busy. You know. Trying to find a job. Settling in with dad...

TULELE

How is he anyway?

OLIVER

Doing okay. Luni going made him lonely I think.

TULELE

Man I still can't believe Luni's in Samoa. I was there last year could have looked her up and ah... (slight chuckle)

OLIVER

She's ten years older than you, 'Lele.

TULELE

There's nothing wrong with a mature woman, Ollie.

OLIVER

She still thinks you're an annoying little kid. Anyway, she's got a girlfriend, and she's only been there a couple of months.

TULELE

Damn. She's gay?

OLIVER

Bi.

TULELE

How did that go over with the old man then?

OLIVER

All in. Started going to Mardi Gras and asked her if she wanted him to march as a proud parent.

TULELE

Oh God.

OLIVER

(laugh) Yeah, I think she might have preferred it if he'd been a prick about it actually.

TULELE

Oh—good that he's not though. And, hey, bi means ah, I still have a... (slight chuckle)

OLIVER

Lele! Please stop trying to date my sister.

TULELE

Eh, it's only your half-sister.

OLIVER

It's weird. And gross.

A beat as OLIVER takes his next shot. He makes a small sound of annoyance as it misses.

TULELE

So. Magic huh?

OLIVER

Are you gonna be weird about that?

TULELE

I mean, we all knew you used to ice the soccer balls before practice, it drove Rory Burman nuts.

OLIVER

Kind of why I did it.

TULELE

Worth the suspension for standing up for you when they found out. But for work?

OLIVER

It's stuff that needs doing.

TULELE

Yeah. I guess. It's weird that you're doing a job for my boss though.

OLIVER

Yeah. Tell me about it. First job with Jill and we're working for Sylvia Bloody Price. Jill thinks it'll pay well, anyway.

TULELE

There's something weird about that place, I gotta say, Ollie.

TULELE hits a ball in, but it's the wrong one.

TULELE (CONT.)

Shit. Well. I guess that's the game.

OLIVER

What happens when you leave the white in front of a pocket, mate.

TULELE

(small annoyed laugh)

OLIVER

What do you mean there's something weird about the place?

TULELE

Ah... I dunno. Job's fine and all, like, ah not much goes on and it gets boring but it pays well. Just. The people are... creepy sometimes. And Brian... well Brian's the creepiest.

OLIVER

He did feel a bit off.

TULELE

**And they have weird deliveries and shit;
and I know Price has that big collection
upstairs but, she doesn't have magic so
how come she wants so much to do with
it? Like, no offense, buddy, but if you're
not like, getting haunted on the regular,
why would you wanna touch any of that
shit? And people die. People still die
when magic stuff goes wrong.**

OLIVER

**People die when non-magic stuff goes
wrong too.**

TULELE

Yeah I guess. It feels different though.

OLIVER

I don't really get how it's different.

TULELE

**Well, when stuff goes wrong, like, I
dunno, a car accident. Say you crash your
car, right, that's something everyone can
do. We get in a car, we do something
dumb and people get hurt. So we're all...
equal. Everyone can be dumb in that way,
so it doesn't feel weird. It's... yeah it's sad,
right? But like it's, it's not...**

OLIVER

Not what?

TULELE

Well it's not some asshole summoning a demon and getting people who can't summon demons killed.

OLIVER

(takes a deep breath) Yeah. I get that. But if you look at it like that you can say... well take Sylvia Price, right? She can do stuff we can't do. She can do stuff people with magic can't do.

TULELE

Yeah because she's got money.

OLIVER

Exactly. She's got money. And she controls people and she can buy whatever she wants, like all that stuff in her collection. She can publish stuff in her papers that ruin people. She's got loads more power than someone like me or Jill has, in the end, right? I can summon a demon, sure, I mean, if I wanted to; but if I did that I'd get in a lot of trouble and probably end up in jail because I don't have money.

TULELE

So what you're saying is that the worst thing that could possibly happen is if someone like you got rich?

OLIVER

(laugh) Yeah probably.

TULELE

Gotta be a few rich magic users out there, though.

OLIVER

None that I know. I mean, we're rare, right? That's part of why it's okay. Or, I don't know. Not okay. Tolerated. And the council takes care of the ones who aren't okay.

TULELE

"Takes care of...?"

OLIVER

There's a special prison place, rehab centre thing. You learn all about it when you do your certification. Sounds boring as all hell.

Beat.

TULELE

It's because none of us know any of this stuff, unless someone we know has magic. That's why it's scary.

OLIVER

You scared of me?

TULELE

Nah, mate. You're too poor to be scary.

OLIVER

Guess that means it's your round then.

They laugh together.

TULELE

Ah. ...It's been more weird than normal last couple of days at work though.

OLIVER

Oh?

TULELE

Yeah I was meant to be on shift tomorrow but, they're shutting the whole building down. Normally when they do that they have security on anyway, you know? Even for like, pest inspections. But tomorrow no one is on. I checked.

OLIVER

No one at all?

TULELE

Nope.

OLIVER

Do you know why?

TULELE

Ah, beats me, mate. I asked Kate and she said they've never done it before, there's always one of us there—not tomorrow though.

OLIVER

That's... that's actually pretty interesting, 'Lele.

TULELE

Really?

OLIVER pulls out some cash and passes it to TULELE.

OLIVER

**Um. Here. You get the next round, huh?
On me. I'm just... just gonna call my boss.**

5. INTERIOR, NIGHT, JILL'S CAR

JILL's phone is playing an episode of the Rusty Quill Gaming podcast as she putters in her parked car. The odd car passes by. The podcast stops as the phone begins vibrating with an incoming call. She clears her throat before answering.

JILL

Hello?

OLIVER

Hey Jill, it's Ollie.

JILL

Heya.

OLIVER

How's the graveyard looking?

JILL

Oh, empty.

OLIVER

I think there might be a reason for that.

[Music transition — 4 strong percussion hits]

6. INTERIOR, DAY, JILL AND GLORIA'S HOME

A quiet, compact suburban home. A few birds call out. JILL is packing a bag in a disorganised fashion.

GLORIA

So this ritual is going to happen tonight?

JILL

Seems like it.

GLORIA

And Rashida says she can't help?

JILL

Nope.

GLORIA

**So, you and your twelve-year-old
apprentice—**

JILL

He's twenty-two.

GLORIA

**And your ex-apprentice who doesn't like
my hollandaise...**

JILL pauses packing.

JILL

**Mark said he was just trying to be funny
about that. Anyway he—**

GLORIA

**You, your fifteen-year-old current
apprentice and your deadbeat former
apprentice are going to a graveyard and
you're going to stop a multi-billionaire
and her creepy personal assistant from
raising the spectre of Saoirse Cuddon.**

JILL drops what she was packing.

JILL

(sigh) Well, when you say it like that it seems stupid.

GLORIA

I'm coming too.

JILL

Gloria....

GLORIA

Shut up. I'm coming too. No arguments. You know I can handle myself. I'll bring my best knife.

JILL

You use that for vegetables.

GLORIA

It'll stick fine in a zombie. Or a billionaire for that matter.

JILL

Babe...

GLORIA

Maybe no actual murder. But I'm not letting you go there alone.

JILL

I won't be...

GLORIA

Jill.

JILL

Okay. Okay. (big sigh) I love you.

GLORIA

I know. You need this bag of stuff?

GLORIA picks up a cellophane bag.

JILL

Um... Oh that's wolfsbane. Chuck it in the back, it can't hurt.

GLORIA

Okay.

GLORIA places it into the bag.

[Music transition — downbeat grungy guitar, with percussion]

7. INTERIOR, EVENING, LOADING BAY, PRICE & BOONE'S

Zombies call out in confusion, annoyance and anger. There is the odd alive human groan as several mooks manipulate the zombies into a truck.

BRIAN

She didn't attempt to contact me again.

SYLVIA

Mmm. Well, that's somewhat concerning. Still, with the police force otherwise occupied it's not as though she could manage to disrupt us at this point.

BRIAN

I think it would be prudent for me to go on to the graveyard ahead in any case. Make certain we won't be interrupted.

SYLVIA

Don't be ridiculous, Brian. I need you with me. How else is the transfer to be accomplished?

BRIAN

I am the most qualified to deal with Ms Foster should she (crosstalk) attempt any magical—

SYLVIA

**(crosstalk) You employ all of these...
(below her) people... for a reason, do you not?**

A heaving groan from one of the “people”.

BRIAN

Indeed.

SYLVIA

Do you believe she is a threat?

A particularly aggressive zombie cries out, the mook handling them yelping a little.

BRIAN

Hardly.

SYLVIA

Well then.

BRIAN

(to mooks) That's the last of them. You, and you, drive ahead, clear out the graveyard. We don't want anyone else there when we arrive.

MOOK 1

Right.

SYLVIA

**Everything is slotting into place, Brian.
One washed up magical adept isn't going
to spoil this for us.**

BRIAN

As you say, Ms Price.

[Music transition — guitar notes from the theme music]

**8. EXTERIOR, NIGHT, STREET OUTSIDE WAVERLEY
CEMETERY**

**JILL, GLORIA and OLIVER walk towards the cemetery entrance.
The odd vehicle passes by.**

JILL

**It's after eleven! I can't believe we had to
park three blocks away.**

OLIVER

Mmm.

GLORIA

You're lucky I love you.

JILL

**Oh, come on, as if you don't find the idea
of staking out a graveyard and potentially
fighting a zombie hoard ridiculously
romantic.**

GLORIA

(coy laugh) Yeah, you do got me there.
When's Mark getting here?

JILL

He said he'd meet us at the...

They stop walking.

JILL (CONT.)

oh. Hi.

MARK

Jill. Hi Gloria.

GLORIA

Mark.

OLIVER

Hi!

MARK

This your new bloke?

OLIVER

I'm ... Oh, have, have we met?

MARK

Don't think so.

OLIVER

No! You were at the interview, at Price &
Boone.

MARK

Oh yeah. That. Didn't get it. Obviously,
you didn't either huh, or you wouldn't be...

JILL

Wait, you had an interview with Price & Boone?

MARK

Didn't they call you for a reference?

JILL

Mmmm. No.

MARK

Well, said they were going to. Anyway, I'm at Dempsey's now.

OLIVER

That's... good?

MARK

Better hours at least. See she's overworking you already.

OLIVER

I had the day off, actually.

MARK

Ahh, sure. So. What's going on here then?

JILL

Like I told you, we think someone's doing a necromantic ritual. Rash and the wips are too busy to help so... it's down to us.

MARK

Okay.

JILL

Um. Thanks. Thanks for doing this.

MARK

(embarrassed)

It's all right. You... your references were really helpful actually, when the job I left for fell through.

Awkward beat.

JILL

Consider the hubcap paid for, too, I guess.

MARK

Thanks. So. Um. What do you need me to do? You said there wouldn't be any possessed cats. Just... zombies?

JILL

Yeah. If you could wait by the entrance, give us some warning of when trouble arrives. We're going to set up near the ritual site.

OLIVER

They'll be transporting a lot of zombies. If you can't sense them magically you'll probably be able to smell them.

MARK

(more comfortable laugh) Seems like you got the interesting work after I left, Jill.

JILL

Maybe so.

MARK

So if I see these zombies, I call you?

JILL

Yep. And if you can safely delay them, do that.

MARK

(can't help a dig)

**Fire should work pretty well against
Zombies.**

JILL

(breath) Yep. That's the back-up plan.

Beat.

JILL (CONT.)

**Just tell us if you see anything. Give us
some warning?**

MARK

Gotcha.

9. EXTERIOR, NIGHT, WAVERLEY CEMETERY

**The low crash of waves on cliffs. The calls of a Boobook owl.
Crunching sound of JILL walking through the graves.**

JILL

(talking to self)

**Guess they picked as good a night as any
to raise a lich...**

MOOK 1

(distant)

Oh hello.

JILL

Hello!

MOOK 1 walks closer.

MOOK 1

You're not supposed to be here.

JILL

Really?

MOOK 1

No one's supposed to be here.

MOOK 1 threateningly thwacks a solid baseball-sized stick on a hand as they approach.

JILL

**Well. Some of us obviously are. Oh. My.
That is a big stick you have there.**

MOOK 1

Get lost!

JILL

**I'd like to really. Um. But. I'm kind of here
for a reason.**

MOOK 1

I mean it. You need to leave. Now.

The bat swishes as MOOK 1 swings it alarmingly close to JILL.

JILL

Sorry. Can't do that. Got a job to do, see?

A quick gust of air and gentle, warm shimmer noise from a powerful magic spell. MOOK 1 gives a few reactive grunts, before dropping to the earth.

JILL (CONT.)

Thanks, Ollie. I was starting to feel like a worm on a hook.

OLIVER walks to JILL.

OLIVER

This grass is wet.

JILL

Yep. That one is going to wake up damp and miserable.

OLIVER

Should we tie him up or something?

JILL

You got any rope?

OLIVER

Not really something I keep handy. Maybe in the car there's occy straps or...

JILL

Best to just leave him. A sleep spell will keep him comfortable for a couple of hours at least.

OLIVER

Guess we know the ritual is gonna be tonight, then.

JILL

(nervous laugh) Yeah. Guess we do.

OLIVER

What time is it?

JILL

Close to midnight.

OLIVER

Is Gloria going to be okay?

JILL

She can handle herself.

Beat while they walk. The Boobook owl begins calling again.

JILL (CONT.)

**Cuddon plot's just up ahead. Any sign of
any more of those guys?**

OLIVER

**No. He was probably just... sent ahead to
make sure no one else was here. I guess.**

Beat as they walk.

OLIVER (CONT.)

I still don't really get it.

JILL

Mmm?

OLIVER

Why are they doing this?

JILL

Oh, why does anyone do anything these days?

OLIVER

I mean, sure, Saoirse Cuddon, the most famous mage in the southern hemisphere, but she's still just... like us? No one's going to bother to raise me from the dead in a hundred years.

JILL

They might. If they wanted power.

OLIVER

Even the council of magi aren't powerful enough to do much more than light fires and make glamours and stuff. If they really wanted power they could just... I dunno. Buy a gun?

JILL

Can't summon demons with guns.

OLIVER

No but you can shoot people.

Beat.

JILL

There's something more about magic though, isn't there? Because not everyone can do it. And sure it's easier to heat your house with gas than with a fire elemental and, it's safer to order stuff from the Internet than make deals with the

fae, but there are people out there that think it's better, somehow.

OLIVER

You think Price is jealous?

JILL

You wanted to know why she's doing this.
(sigh) If it is her.

Beat.

OLIVER

Hey Jill?

JILL

Yeah?

OLIVER

I reckon I can fix your filing system.

JILL laughs.

10. EXTERIOR, NIGHT, CEMETERY ENTRANCE

A motorbike passes by as MARK waits by the dead center of Sydney.

MARK

One favour. (scoff) Must have been in a good mood this morning. (mockingly) Oh she'll stop hassling me about the hubcap. Well hanging out in a graveyard sounds fun. I'm not this bored...

A large truck approaches.

MARK (CONT.)

Oh! Hello.

The truck pulls to a stop, a mook gets out. MARK calls JILL on his mobile phone.

MARK (CONT.)

Mmm.

**JILL
(via voicemail)**

You've reached Jill Foster, at Foster and Foster. Leave you name and—

**MARK
(crosstalk) Huh. typical.**

MARK hangs up the call and starts another. A nearby mook clears their throat.

GLORIA

Yes.

MARK

Gloria? It's Mark.

GLORIA

Mmhmm?

MARK

Yeah look, a big truck has pulled up and it looks like it's the people you...

Another, flasher car pulls up; MARK realises he's increasingly likely to be spotted.

MARK (CONT.)

Look, just let Jill know, okay?

The truck ramp opens to the sound of zombies.

MARK (CONT.)

Oh Jesus, they really do smell.

He's seen enough, so MARK turns to head away but doesn't notice a discarded drink can; it clatters as it's kicked away.

MOOK 2

Who are you?

MOOK 2 walks straight towards MARK.

MARK

Oh. Hi. Um.

MOOK 2

What are you doing here?

MARK

Well easy mate, I'm not doing any harm or—

BRIAN walks over.

BRIAN

(crosstalk)Who is this? What's going on here?

MARK

Hang on, h-hang on you can't just come up to someone and s—

MOOK 2

Ah he was here when we got here, boss.

MARK

I'm just on my way home!

MOOK 2 tries to grab MARK but MARK pulls away.

MARK (CONT.)

Don't touch me! What is your malfunction?

BRIAN

(exasperated sound)

A crunchy earthy magic spell hits MARK. With a slight cry he falls to the ground.

BRIAN

That's going to be inconvenient.

A car door shuts and SYLVIA walks towards them.

MOOK 2

What shall I do with him, boss?

BRIAN

(sinister) We could...

SYLVIA

(crosstalk) What's this?

BRIAN

He was loitering outside when we got here.

SYLVIA

How long will he be out?

BRIAN

Not long.

SYLVIA

Leave him. We don't have time.

BRIAN

(crosstalk) But it's...

SYLVIA

(crosstalk) We don't have time.

A dog starts barking in the distance.

BRIAN

As you say.

SYLVIA walks off.

BRIAN (CONT.)

(to MOOK 2) Watch him.

BRIAN follows SYLVIA.

11. EXTERIOR, NIGHT, CUDDON PLOT, WAVERLEY CEMETERY

The low crash of waves on cliffs. A Boobook owl calls out. GLORIA comes jogging up towards JILL and OLIVER's position.

GLORIA

Jesus, Jill, you forgot your phone.

JILL

No I didn't... it's here see.... oh.

OLIVER

Out of batteries?

JILL

I'm sorry.

GLORIA

Never mind. Ah, Mark says a massive truck just pulled up near the entrance.

JILL

Shit.

GLORIA

He had to hang up but, it's gotta be them, right?

As JILL speaks, there are the cries and shambles of a dozen zombies approaching their position.

JILL

Yes... yeah that makes sense that...

Positions! Hide! Remember, wait till they're focused on me, and then, don't come out until you're sure you're needed!

The team split, each one crouching down amongst graves and shrubbery. The can hear SYLVIA, BRIAN, and the zombies approach.

SYLVIA

Anything else we need to deal with before we start?

BRIAN

He was alone. But I think we should—

SYLVIA

Cutting it very fine, Brian.

BRIAN

If we'd arrived a little earlier than—

SYLVIA

My time is precious, as you well know.

BRIAN

The ritual has to begin, now.

SYLVIA

So?

Last shuffles as zombies and BRIAN get into position. The zombies grow quiet. BRIAN draws in a deep breath.

BRIAN

**(chanting) Age, epulare morte, vive
iterum. Age, epulare morte, vive iterum.
Age, epulare morte, vive iterum.**

12. EXTERIOR, NIGHT, CEMETERY ENTRANCE

The dog is still barking. The ritual can be heard very faintly. MARK is groaning.

MOOK 2

Oi. Stay down.

MARK

(to self)

Why did I agree to this.

MOOK 2

Shut up.

MARK

How about I don't.

MARK sends a pulse of magic and MOOK 2 hits the ground.

MARK (CONT.)

Ha-ha! Still got it. Ha ha!

A crackle of thunder brings MARK's attention to the sound of the ritual occurring in the distance.

MARK (CONT.)

Oh. Shit.

13. EXTERIOR, NIGHT, CUDDON PLOT, WAVERLEY CEMETERY

The ritual is ramping up, with unholy droning noises, and the odd zombie cry. A gusty wind grows.

BRIAN

**(chanting) Age, epulare morte, vive
iterum. (he repeats these words until
ritual end)**

JILL strides towards SYLVIA and BRIAN.

JILL

This ends now.

SYLVIA

**Ah. Ms Foster. It seems Brian might have
been right about you.**

JILL

Oh?

SYLVIA

**Do you honestly believe you can stop this
now? Just you?**

JILL

Maybe not just me.

SYLVIA

Is your apprentice around as well? You know he came for an interview at my office a few weeks ago. Astonishing the calibre of applicants I get whenever a magical position turns up. He was most certainly not what we were looking for.

A thunderclap and the zombies cry out.

JILL

Guess we look for different things. For example, what exactly are you looking for here? What is it that Saoirse Cuddon can do for you that you can't do for yourself?

SYLVIA

All power is valuable, Ms Foster.

JILL

You've already got so much of it.

SYLVIA

Not like this. Not what she can do. This is too big for you. Too much for you. You might as well just sit back and stay out of our way.

JILL

Legare P—

MOOK 3 grabs JILL just as she starts to cast.

MOOK 3

Uh uh uh!

JILL

Ow! That's my casting hand. Goddamnit.
Ah I get it, I get it, you're bigger than me.
And stronger.
Fine.

BRIAN's chanting reaches a crescendo. Thunder ripples; there is a high bloodcurdling scream; the sound of matter collapsing backwards through time.

Then, a moment of silence.

JILL (CONT.)

Oh. That can't be good.

Stone begins to move; the zombies cry out fiercely. The ground rips open, wood splinters, with a wet splattering sound of flesh reforming, **SAOIRSE CUDDON** ascends from the earth.

Her voice is otherworldly, as if speaking from another domain.

SAOIRSE CUDDON

Why have I been called?

BRIAN

You're too late, Ms Foster. The ritual is complete.

JILL

Doesn't look complete.

BRIAN

All that remains is for Saoirse Cuddon to absorb the corpse energy. You can see— anyone with magical talent can see—the tethers that bind her to them, and to me.

SYLVIA

The transfer!

SAOIRSE CUDDON

Why am I bound?

BRIAN

(to SYLVIA) Come here.

SAOIRSE CUDDON

What is this? Who are you?

A new spell, with a similar punchy sound to when BRIAN hit MARK. It leaves behind a metallic, ongoing ringing. The zombies begin groaning and don't stop.

SAOIRSE CUDDON

(pained) Rrghhh!

GLORIA runs, tackling BRIAN to the ground. They grapple.

BRAIN

Ah!

GLORIA

Grrr!

SYLVIA

More of your little friends, Ms Foster?

GLORIA

(crosstalk) Gotcha! (crosstalk) ...what the?

SYLVIA

But you see it doesn't matter. Not anymore. The transfer process has

begun, and Brian is no longer needed for the ritual.

BRIAN has the upper hand and casts a spell on GLORIA; the sound of growing ropes or vines.

SAOIRSE CUDDON

No! No this cannot be!

BRIAN

hahaha!

GLORIA

Jill!

JILL

I don't know what to do!

OLIVER walks forward.

OLIVER

Jill! Gloria!

SYLVIA cocks a gun.

OLIVER (CONT.)

Oh... oh shit.

SYLVIA

Don't move, Mr Long.

OLIVER

You... you brought a gun.

SYLVIA

I won't need it for very long, young man.

JILL

Oliver, get back.

OLIVER

We have to do something!

The corpses... the corpses...!

Bright shimmery magic starts.

OLIVER

(CONT'D)

**If we destroy them before she can absorb
it all, we can—**

BRIAN

No you don't...

A blast of magic comes from BRIAN and OLIVER cries out. They begin trading magical blows that fill the space with a sound like electrical discharges. BRIAN grunts in reaction whenever a blow hits his barrier.

OLIVER

**Jill, I'm not... I'm not strong enough for
this. Ah! I can't get through his barriers.
You'll have to...**

JILL

What?

OLIVER

Burn them.

JILL

I can't.

GLORIA

Yes you can. You know you can!

SYLVIA

No you will not!

SYLVIA fires. BRIAN gives a pained cry and slumps over. GLORIA, freed from the spell, races towards SYLVIA.

GLORIA

I'll take that thanks. And you missed!

SYLVIA

Brian! The transfer!

BRIAN

**(obviously wounded) You shot me. I'm...
I'm trying...**

JILL starts to wrestle out of MOOK 3's grip.

MOOK 3

Ah ah ah, not getting away...

JILL

Grrr!

MOOK 3

Argh! Op — orff!

JILL pushes MOOK 3 to the ground, and hands freed, casts a spell.

JILL

(with anger) Ictum igneum iace mitte!

A large blazing flame is called into the world.

BRIAN

Noo! No you cannot!

SYLVIA

(crosstalk) Let me go! Let me go right now!

BRIAN

(crosstalk) She is here! She is here.

SAOIRSE CUDDON

LET ME FREE!

JILL

(calmer) Ictum. Igneum. lace. Mitte!

Fire explodes outwards, the zombies screaming as they burn to a crisp.

There is an electric tingling left in the air, with zapping discharges. Small bits of fire continue to burn.

SYLVIA

You utter fools! You have no idea...

SAOIRSE CUDDON

Let me rest! I will not serve.

OLIVER

(crosstalk) She's... she's still here.

MARK arrives running and panting.

MARK

**I managed to get away, I think they're all...
oh. Oh. Um. Wow.**

SYLVIA

It... it was enough. You were too late. I
can...

A louder discharge near SYLVIA.

SYLVIA (CONT.)

I can feel her power!

SAOIRSE CUDDON

Thank you.

JILL

(panting) Me? Thank... thank me? Oh. Uh.
Well. Um. You're welcome.

With a sucking and slurping of earth, stone and wood, SAOIRSE CUDDON descends back to her grave.

SYLVIA

(despairing) Ohhhh! She's gone. She's
gone. All that power. All that time wasted.
I'll... I'll...

JILL

Probably not be paying my bill, I'm
guessing.

MARK

Jill... bloody hell. Really?

JILL

I'm sorry Mark. You okay?

MARK

Do I look okay?

JILL

Here, let me—

OLIVER

I guess calling the police is okay now then?

SYLVIA

(crosstalk) You'll never work again. I'll shut you down, you and your stupid little agency. I'll have my papers expose you for the miserable little hedge wizards that you are. I'll ruin your life completely I'll ruin the lives of everyone that you care about! You'll never think in this town again without me breathing down your neck! I'll...

The remaining fires are starting to gain ground.

OLIVER

Um. Should we do something... about that...?

JILL

Oh. Yeah.

With a gentle magic shimmer and water splashing down, JILL puts the fires out, steam rising from hot spots.

GLORIA

Hey. Hey babe! Nice.

JILL

Mmm. Pressure brings out the best in me.

BRIAN groans nearby.

OLIVER

I'm trying to make a phone call here.

[Music transition — rhythm guitar and percussion from theme music]

14. EXTERIOR, NIGHT, CUDDON PLOT, WAVERLEY CEMETERY

The Cuddon Plot is now a busy crime scene. Distant sirens; cameras click; a distorted police radio; officers attempt to pick up and carry zombie remains; and a lot of complaining (text at end of transcript).

OLIVER

What's going to happen to her?

JILL

Probably get off with a fine, which she could pay three thousand times over and not feel. Good chance her necromantic texts will be confiscated though.

OLIVER

That...

JILL

I know.

Beat. GLORIA and MARK walk towards JILL and OLIVER.

GLORIA

(energised) That. Was. Fun!

MARK

(knackered) I'm going home.

JILL

Hey, Mark? I'll give you a lift. And thanks again.

OLIVER

Is that...?

JILL

The book? Yep.

OLIVER

Ah shouldn't you give that to the um...

JILL drops the book to the ground and with a magical shimmer the book bursts into flame.

JILL

Oops. Oh dear.

OLIVER

You've...

JILL

Hm! Sometimes my fire spells are a bit unpredictable.

JILL scuffs the remnants of fire and ash with her feet.

JILL (CONT.)

Come on, let's go home.

POLICE OFFICER

(in background)

Oi, nah nah nah, don't pull his finger. No, it'll come off.

[Music — End Credits, instrumental]

ANNOUNCER (NINA NIKOLIC)

Welcome to Fosters is a Neon Inkwell podcast distributed by Rusty Quill Limited and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial Share-Alike 4.0 International License.

This series is written and created by Imogen Cassidy and directed by Chris Magilton. This episode was edited by Elizabeth Moffatt, Lowri Ann Davies, and Meg McKellar, with title track and music from Sam Jones, and additional music from Nico Vettese.

The series features Nina Nikolic as Jill Foster, Tim Sefo as Oliver Long, Harrison Keen as Mark Wilson, Sebrina Thornton-Walker as Gloria Foster, Hannah Aroni as Sylvia Price, Michael Bache as Brian Hewlitt-Smith, Isabelle Houghton as Young Jill, Alice Magilton as Marie, Zara Moffatt as the Nixie, Shakira Searle as Amena Malouf, Faryaal Jabbar as Rashida Baqri, and Chris Alosio as Tulele.

Additional voices by Lowri Ann Davies, Lee Davis-Thalbourne, Maia Harlap, Filloyd Kennedy, Chris Magilton, Matt Malachite, Elizabeth Moffatt, Cooper Mortlock, Hamish Plaggemars, Brooke Scobie and Dallas Tipau.

The production would like to acknowledge the traditional custodians of the land on which this series is set, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. We pay our respects to elders, past and present.

Neon Inkwell is produced by April Sumner with Executive Producer Alexander J Newall and Showrunner Elizabeth Moffatt. To subscribe, view associated materials, or join our Patreon, visit rustyquill.com Rate and review us online, tweet us @TheRustyQuill, visit us on Facebook or mail us at mail@rustyquill.com. Thanks for listening.

Scene 14 — Text spoken by assorted police officers.

Christ, they know how to stink.
They're not going to use this as evidence,
it's not going to last.
You got 'em?
Give us a gander.
Oh mate, I've been at this for twenty
years, hundreds of crime scenes, nothing
smells worse than zombies. Accept as it
turns out, barbecued zombies.
Ah! (lifting noise)
Looks like something the cat brought in.
Between you and me and the gate post.
Grab him now, grab him!
Made a real dogs breakfast out of it.
Ah, do you think the forensic boys or... or
I don't know, crime scene clean up crews
would be able ta, no, got to go to the
grunts.
What has Rashida said?