

TRICE FORGOTTEN - EPISODE 4 – TIDES RISE

SFX Credits:

SFX this week by Maddy Searle; Catherine Rinella; Katharine Seaton; Soundsnap; Sonnis; f4ngy (CC BY 4.0 <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>), kyles, Anthousai, musicandsoundyay, NachtmahrTV, 6polnic (CC BY 3.0 <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/>), ScreenplayTheater (CC BY 4.0), pugaeme (CC BY 3.0), qubodup, fbtz, Bidone, klankbeeld, Kyster, Izmraul, 16G_Panska_Veinlich_Jakub, DylanTheFish, TrashCanStudios, shatterstars, JennaW_ksc, csaszi, shall555 (CC BY 3.0), Zenleser, rachelbuchanan, lolamadeus, phistomefel (CC BY 3.0), Ramston (CC BY-NC 4.0), profispiesser, bruno.uzet, borralbi and previously credited artists via freesound.org.

Content Warnings:

- Character death
- Physical Violence & Injury
- Knives (inc. stabbing)
- Interrogation (inc. threatening with weapons)
- Bullying & Taunting
- Arguments
- Imperialism & internalised racism
- Mis-gendering
- Discussions of: Food
- SFX: ocean & seagulls, background chatter, high pitched whistle, vocalised suffering, background chatter; crowds; loud slams (hitting tables), clinking, crunching (rocks), clicking (snails), insects

NEMO MARTIN

Hello friends!

This is Nemo Martin, creator of Trice Forgotten.

I wanted to come in and thank you for checking out our swashbuckling
adventure!

There are a lot of people on deck at Rusty Quill helping to make this podcast
possible, and the best way you can support us and our show is by spreading
the word!

Tell your friends and pirate nemeses, share us on social media with the
hashtag #triceforgotten, rate and review us on your podcatcher of choice,
maybe even play it on repeat for your aquarium buddies!

We are still a small company and we want to keep bringing more work to
writers and performers in future seasons, but we can only do that if people
listen and spread the word!

If you want to contribute to us directly, (and get first word on new projects,
behind the scenes content, exclusive events, and more) consider joining the
Rusty Quill Patreon over at patreon.com/rustyquill

Now please, enjoy the episode.

[SHOW THEME - INTRO]

SIVA

Rusty Quill Presents Trice Forgotten.

Episode Four. Tides Rise.

[THEME FINISHES]

[INT. NETAOANSOM - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS – MORNING]

[A calm but muted sea outside. ALESTES is at her desk, charting a course. The compass goes tok tok against the map, and she uses a quill to scratch some notes in her journal. Distantly, thud, thud, thud - someone running through the ship.]

The cabin door rolls open with a CRASH.]

SIVA

Captain!!

ALESTES

[Sighing] It is polite to knock, Siva.

SIVA

Yes, but...

[SIVA takes in the look given to him. He retreats, closes the door, as softly as possible, then knocks.]

ALESTES

Enter.

[The door rolls open, SIVA enters.]

ALESTES

(faux politely) What can I do for you, Siva?

SIVA

Yes Captain, er, that map...

ALESTES

The one you failed to sell.

SIVA

Yes.

ALESTES

The only reason I granted you passage on my ship.

SIVA

That's the one.

ALESTES

You're here to inform me that you've found a way to quintuple the profits you could make from the blasted thing, yes?

SIVA

Er... no.

ALESTES

What's that? Add three more zeroes to the asking price?

SIVA

Not quite that, either.

ALESTES

Go on then, astound me.

SIVA

It's. Er. Missing.

ALESTES

Missing?

SIVA

Missing.

ALESTES

Missing a vital measurement? Missing a mountain range? Missing...

SIVA

The map. I don't know where it is.

ALESTES

And you've searched everywhere it could possibly be?

SIVA

Er, yes.

ALESTES

Double-checked?

SIVA

Yes, Captain.

[ALESTES slams the table]

SIVA

Oh! I, I, I think that potentially, maybe, *possibly*, the mapmaker may have accidentally given me a blank piece of paper instead of the map...

ALESTES

Your only worth in this godforsaken world, and you let some miserable jiaq liau
bi [waste of rice] steal it from you?

SIVA

“Steal”?

ALESTES

How have you survived this long, being this naive?

SIVA

Uh- well- I like to believe that /

ALESTES

Rhetorical question. Grab my weapons.

[ALESTES leaves]

[2 EXT. NETAOANSOM - DECK]

ALESTES whistles to grab BAKER’S attention.

ALESTES

BAKER! We’re going into town, take the watch.

BAKER

Yes, Captain.

ALESTES

Where’s Noor?

BAKER

Said they'd go combing for supplies on the beach.

ALESTES

Fine. When they're back, tell them to get caulking.

BAKER

Ay, oh, if you're going into town, buy some food to tide us over to the next port.

[BAKER throws over a coin purse. ALESTES catches it, then weighs it.]

ALESTES

This all we have left?

BAKER

Oh, well, someone insisted on gorging themselves with a lavish feast last night.

ALESTES

...Hm. Siva, keep up, shut up, and for the love of all things holy, try to at least look like you know how to use those things.

SIVA

Yes, Captain.

[INTERSTITIAL MUSIC]

[3 EXT. MARKET]

[A busy market. People hawk their wares. Across the street, LIN YU-YIN is playing ZHU ANRAN'S LITTLE CARP TUNE on a huqin instrument.]

SIVA

-and then he was all “you’d better take your scrap of paper and run along”, so I took a page out of your book, Captain, and...

ALESTES

(distantly) Siva?

SIVA

Yes?

ALESTES

Shut up. Why don't you go scavenging with Noor?

SIVA

Er... do we not need to go find the map with great haste, Captain?

ALESTES

It can wait.

SIVA

But

ALESTES

I have something... (pulling herself together) Be back here in an hour.

SIVA

Er, yes, Captain.

[SIVA scurries off. ALESTES approaches LIN YU-YIN's market stall. The music stops.]

LIN YU-YIN

You touch, you buy.

ALESTES

That song you were playing. What's it called?

LIN YU-YIN

Called? I don't know.

ALESTES

The lyrics, do they go... "Hey hey, little carp flying through the river there"

LIN YU-YIN

Why would bei guan be sung in English?

ALESTES

(slightly desperate) In Hokkien, then. Or Amoy, or Quanzhou. Anything.

LIN YU-YIN

No.

ALESTES

Listen - uh... hey, hey... se... ha mi hu? Poe.... Kang...? [little... type of fish?

Flying... river?]

LIN YU-YIN

If you're not buying anything, leave. You're blocking the way.

ALESTES

...I have money. I'll pay you to play.

LIN YU-YIN

Do I look like a performing monkey to you? Buy a plate or go away.

ALESTES

I'm not here for plates- Please, I just really need to hear it again

LIN YU-YIN

Lí kan-na liau wa e thiam sia, lu ki si [then you're just wasting my time here,
piss off]

ALESTES

(not understanding) I- I don't

LIN YU-YIN

I said; piss off.

ALESTES

(petulant child) Fine, I'll buy one of your junk plates.

[ALESTES goes through a stack of plates.]

LIN YU-YIN

Hey hey, you touch, you buy.

ALESTES

Buy without checking the maker's mark?

LIN YU-YIN

Then don't be so rough or you'll chip them.

[INTERSTITIAL MUSIC]

[4 EXT. BEACH - DAY]

[SIVA picks his way across the rocks on a low tide. Gentle lapping of the sea against the rocks and the lazy cries of Crab Plovers and gulls.]

SIVA

Find anything interesting?

NOOR

I've not seen one of these before!

SIVA

What a beautiful creature! Hm! ...I don't believe I've ever thought of snails as being beautiful before.

NOOR

Just wait - when its eyes come out - they've got the same black and white stripes on them as the shell. They wait for a moment.

SIVA

(delighted noises) Oh look, he's wearing pinstripes! What a fancy young gentleman!

NOOR

This one - the creature inside is less beautiful, but Mashallah - see the shell in the light.

SIVA

It glows like the moon! I wonder how it knows to grow in such exquisite colours. Although... I fear we won't make much money selling them. I think the Captain was hoping you were out here digging for lost treasures.

NOOR

[Laughs] Yes. I bet she hopes I've found an engagement ring dropped by some poor lady - washed across the ocean from London.

SIVA

We should probably find some source of income. She is in a foul temperament this morning.

NOOR

You managed to annoy her already?

SIVA

It wasn't - technically - my fault! I can't help that the world's apparently full of... cheats and liars!

NOOR

Something happened, akhi?

SIVA

Is it... wrong that I trust people, Noor?

NOOR

I'm grateful that you trusted me.

SIVA

Yes! Exactly! I am too!

NOOR

Ah, but then you were kidnapped, minutes later.

SIVA

I don't know if I would say I was kidnapped. "Ambushed", maybe. Or
"waylaid"... "abducted"...

NOOR

I am... "Surprised" isn't the right word. I admire that you've come this far in
your life without having to need distrust.

SIVA

You think that I'm naive.

NOOR

I think you were lucky to have people who protected you. I'm sorry that we
don't live in a world where I can say that you should trust: without hesitation
or question. I wish that we did. Inshallah we might, one day.

SIVA

I don't want to become bitter. I may not understand the world like you, and
Baker, and the Captain, but... I would hate to be as Alestes is, sometimes.
That... angry with the whole world.

NOOR

Hm.

SIVA

...I would appreciate it if you didn't hold back.

NOOR

"If you're not angry, then you are not paying attention"... is what I stopped myself from saying, but Siva... Fighting for hope takes courage too. Anger is not always a twisted, vengeful thing - it can also mean that you see a future that you are willing to fight for.

SIVA

Is that why the Captain is so angry?

NOOR

I fear the Captain's case is... more complicated than that.

[5 EXT. MARKET - DAY]

[Back in the market. ALESTES searching through LIN YU-YIN's plates]

ALESTES

Junk, junk, junk... oh!

[ALESTES comes across a special plate - stops dead.]

ALESTES

(a painful longing) The golden carp swims up river... Around the rim, climbing, until he sees the rich red ochre...

LIN YU-YIN

Huh, that one. That is a one of a kind from Master Zhu Anran. One of the last in the world.

ALESTES

How much?

LIN YU-YIN

Saved it from a wreckage myself! Aaa how hard I had it, bringing it up without breaking it!

ALESTES

How much.

LIN YU-YIN

To some pirate who calls my wares junk! No, I'm not selling that to you.

[ALESTES makes a frustrated sound]

ALESTES

You see these dots, here? This pattern on the red carp's face? Zhu Anran painted them in the same pattern as his wife's tribe.

LIN YU-YIN

Master Zhu wasn't married...?

ALESTES

The twin carps, the red and the gold, one Fujian, one Xhosa, woven together around their child. That's Zhu Anran's signature style. That's who he was. He loved his family more than anything.

LIN YU-YIN

Hmm. I won't go lower than eight escudos.

ALESTES

Eight?! I don't - you can't be serious.

LIN YU-YIN

You want it, no? Complete some collection you have? Eight escudos.

[INTERSTITIAL MUSIC]

[6 EXT. BEACH – DAY]

[Back on the beach, NOOR and SIVA are giggling together as they touch the sea anemones and lift rocks to find little crabs when WILLIAM approaches.]

NOOR

Do you see how it's moving like that in the water?

WILLIAM

Er, hello! Er... As-salamu alaykum!

NOOR

Wa alaykum as-salaam.

SIVA

Salaam.

WILLIAM

(halting) Hal tatahadath... English?

SIVA

Yes, we both speak it.

WILLIAM

Wonderful! You'll have to excuse me, I'm really rather rubbish at Arabic. Try my best, but you know how these things go...

NOOR

Can we help you?

WILLIAM

Just wanted to take a gander at what you folks have been collecting! I've been watching you from our rooms up on the beach there, and it seemed like you've been finding some magnificent specimens!

NOOR

You've been watching us?

WILLIAM

Now look what we have here! *Architectonica perspectiva*. Shell: Diameter just shy of an inch, with a low spiral, colour a beautiful white, operculum horny and dark brown, almost black. The radula is ptenoglossan, with fourteen pairs of lateral teeth. Typical habitat: fine sand. Poor fellow must have become trapped here with the tide.

SIVA

Architectonica perspectiva?

WILLIAM

Don't go telling any of the other lads, but they're trying to get these fellows moved to the *Solarium* genus. A pretty name, of course, and very much

evocative of the sundial pattern, but my gut says the fellow's to remain as an architectonica.

SIVA

Who are the 'lads'?

WILLIAM

Oh, forgive the informality! My name is William Henry Baker Blair, of the Queen's Museum in London.

SIVA

The Queen's Museum?!

WILLIAM

You've heard of it!

NOOR

He dreams of it.

SIVA

I'm Siva, this is Noor!

WILLIAM

A pleasure to make your acquaintance.

SIVA

Do you know what this one is, too?

WILLIAM

Now that, my friend, is a *Polinices pyriformis*. And these larger chaps over here are *Cassidae*... *Phalium glaucum*, I believe. See how thick their shells are in comparison? Commonly referred to as “helmet shells”, they protect themselves from predators while gorging themselves on sea urchins!

SIVA

Most fascinating!

WILLIAM

And I say ‘chaps’ but members of this order are largely gonochoric, so we might, of course, be observing some ladies taking a turn in the sea air.

SIVA

Gonochoric - that means - there is a difference between the males and females?

WILLIAM

Hmm, yes. What a lucky day, meeting a fellow mollusc aficionado out in the field!

SIVA

Oh, no, sir! I know nothing of the ways of the natural histories -

WILLIAM

Even better! A young man with a raw appreciation to mold! Here...

[WILLIAM takes a book from his pack and hands it over]

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

This is the most recent taxonomical volume of the area.

NOOR

You carry that heavy thing with you everywhere you go?

WILLIAM

I do, miss!

NOOR

Not a miss.

WILLIAM

Are you able to read English?

SIVA

Yes, sir. Latin and Greek too.

WILLIAM

Then this tome should be a breeze for you. There are some complicated phrases, terminology, etcetera, but with some critical thinking, I'm sure you'll decode it. Take, for instance, "radula".

SIVA

"Little scraper", sir.

WILLIAM

And what, in anatomical structure, might we compare to a little scraper?

SIVA

Fingernails? Or teeth, perhaps?

WILLIAM

Very good. The radula is the minutely toothed appendage we typically think of as the creature's 'tongue' - the arrangement of the denticles, see, is akin to a radula, combing food from a surface.

SIVA

What an incredible thing! Thank you, Sir, for showing me.

[SIVA closes the book, hands it over]

WILLIAM

No, Siva, that's for you!

SIVA

For me, Sir? Really? To keep?

WILLIAM

It's not every day I meet a young man so excited to learn about snails, Siva!

SIVA

But - don't you need it? For your work?

WILLIAM

I'm sure I can convince the cranks in London to send me another. At considerable cost, mind you, but I've sent the old churls enough shells to fill a palace. The least they can do is send me the latest edition.

[There's a whistle back from the shore]

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Oh, that's me. Trust me, Siva, never sail with soldiers. They grant me minutes for field work and expect me to run back when they whistle, like a damned dog.

SIVA

Yes sir, I will keep that in mind.

WILLIAM

And look out for me! We're on the HMS Exchange. William Henry Baker Blair. You ask for me if you see the ship, and I'll show you my collection.

SIVA

Yes Sir, I would appreciate that greatly!

[WILLIAM starts to leave]

SIVA (CONT'D)

Oh! We're on the Netaoansom!!

NOOR

Shh, Siva.

SIVA (ignoring Noor)

N-E-T-A-O-A-N-S-O-M.

WILLIAM

(calling back) The Netaoansom? I'll be on the lookout! You take care now! You too, ma'am.

NOOR

Not a ma'am.

NOOR (CONT'D)

Siva...

SIVA

Yes?

NOOR

Maybe it would be worth being a touch more aware of...

SIVA

Of?

NOOR

Nevermind. ... It's very like the British to need a book of incomprehensible words to categorise every thing they touch, is it not.

SIVA

I can teach you the Latin, if you want! It's quite simple once you sink your teeth into it.

NOOR

... The tide's rising. We should get you back to the Captain.

[INTERSTITIAL MUSIC]

[EXT. CARTOGRAPHER SHOP – DAY]

[ALESTES stood in the busy market]

SIVA

I'm here, I'm here! Apologies for the delay, we got caught...Are you quite alright, Captain?

ALESTES

(clearly not fine) Fine. Let's get this over with.

[INT. CARTOGRAPHER SHOP – DAY]

[A polite bell chimes as the door bangs open]

MAPSELLER

Welcome- (seeing who it is) You again.

SIVA

Good day.

ALESTES

My cartographer tells me he came by yesterday with a map.

MAPSELLER

And as I told him, your business isn't welcome here.

ALESTES

Colour him shocked, then, to discover this morning that his map is no longer in his possession.

MAPSELLER

His carelessness is hardly my concern.

ALESTES

I'm wont to agree with you. Siva isn't what I would call my most vigilant crew-mate.

[ALESTES takes out a knife and stabs it into the counter]

MAPSELLER

Are you kidding me? That counter is mahogany.

ALESTES

But fortunately for Siva, I am a methodical Captain who despises being short-changed.

MAPSELLER

"Captain"... You're her? Alestes.

ALESTES

Return my cartographer his map, and your mahogany countertop will be the only casualty of this exchange.

MAPSELLER

I don't know where you come from, *Captain*, but unfounded accusations hold no water in civilised shops like mine.

SIVA

Oh dear.

[ALESTES grabs him]

MAPSELLER

Let go of me, you

[ALESTES smashes the MAPSELLER's head into the couter. MAPSELLER cries out in pain]

SIVA

It's not that big of a deal! I'm sure we can find a peaceable solution

ALESTES

I'll make this easy for you. You return Siva his map, or next time I slam your head down, mahogany will be the last thing you ever see.

MAPSELLER

I don't -

ALESTES

Three.

SIVA

Captain?

ALESTES

Two.

MAPSELLER

I can't -

SIVA

Captain!

[They tussle]

MAPSELLER

He took it! He took it!

ALESTES

Who took it?

MAPSELLER

I can't- If I tell you...

ALESTES

Gammon?

[The MAPSELLER whimpers]

ALESTES

Siva, wait outside.

SIVA

But

ALESTES

I said go.

[SIVA leaves. ALESTES lets the MAPSELLER go]

ALESTES (CONT'D)

Gammon was here? Personally?

MAPSELLER

...No. He sent a message 'round, couple months back. Said to look out for maps of Kalitivu, or other islands off Ceylon. I sent it on as soon as your boy left.

ALESTES

Why steal it? You must have known that would only draw attention.

MAPSELLER

...It wasn't the only message. There's a blacklist. No sell orders.

ALESTES

Show me.

[The MAPSELLER opens a drawer and removes a notebook, flips through a few pages, hands it to ALESTES]

MAPSELLER

Your boy

ALESTES

His name is Siva.

MAPSELLER

...Siva was gloating about you. I recognised the name - I wouldn't for the others, some rebels, local names, but that one... it's right at the top: number one priority.

ALESTES

(to herself) So he owns this area too. (to him) Did you tell anyone else?

MAPSELLER

No.

ALESTES

If I find out you lied to me...

MAPSELLER

I didn't! I didn't even tell them my name when I handed over the map. I don't want any trouble.

ALESTES

[Pause] Thank you for your candour. Now... do yourself a favour and give me all your money.

[8 EXT. STREET – DAY]

[The bell over the door chimes as ALESTES exits. She has a bag of coins]

ALESTES

Two shuangzhu and four real. Not nearly enough.

SIVA

Uhm, Captain?

ALESTES

What?

[SIVA is too scared to talk]

ALESTES

What, Siva? Spit it out.

ALESTES

(more gentle) What was it you wanted to tell me?

SIVA

... Thank you. For standing up for me.

ALESTES

You're welcome. And I am sorry I couldn't get your map back for you.

SIVA

You tried your best! Even the Great Captain Alestes can't win them all!

ALESTES

Can you make another?

SIVA

Yes! Or, rather, I have my notes, but I would need supplies - ink, paper, etcetera. Which I would have bought with the money I earned from selling the map...

ALESTES

...Here.

[ALESTES hands over the coin purse to SIVA]

ALESTES

Buy what you need. Don't forget food.

SIVA

Me, Captain? I'm not sure I should be entrusted with... Where are you going, shouldn't you -

[ALESTES stalks off]

SIVA (CONT'D)

Captain?

[INTERSTITIAL MUSIC]

[9 EXT. MARKET - EARLY AFTERNOON]

[Later, at the market - BAKER bumps into SIVA]

BAKER

There you are. Where's - What's all that? I said food, not... ink.

SIVA

The Captain told me to buy mapmaking supplies!

BAKER

And she bought them for you?

SIVA

Yes!

BAKER

That's very nice of her. Did you leave enough for food?

SIVA

Err... of course I did.

[SIVA drops a couple of flimsy-sounding coins into

BAKER's hand]

BAKER

What am I supposed to buy with this, day-old crusts and mouldy offcuts?

SIVA

Oh. Uhm. Well. I... could... maybe return... some of the... less necessary items...

BAKER

(sighs) It's fine. I'll make do, like usual.

SIVA

[laughing] Thanks Baker!!

BAKER

And where are you going in a rush?

[SIVA rushes away]

SIVA

Gotta set up my new equipment in the ship!!

BAKER

(to himself) Strange child.

[BAKER moves over to a fish-market]

BAKER (CONT'D)

Afternoon, friend. What can a man buy with this much coin?

FISHSELLER

Local special. Great texture. Very cheap. Give you all this for those coins.

BAKER

A delicacy are they?

INEZ

I wouldn't, uncle.

BAKER

Excuse me?

INEZ

This guy's been trying to run this scam on the all the tourists this morning.

BAKER

And who are you?

INEZ

Just a concerned traveller.

BAKER

You know, "concerned traveller", it's impolite to judge another cultures' cuisine by its looks.

INEZ

Hey, it's your stomach not mine.

BAKER

You'll learn to appreciate that when you've had a few more years on you.

INEZ

Uh-huh. **(as they walk away)** May your toilet be as strong as your beliefs!

[BAKER tuts]

BAKER

I'll take the lot.

[INTERSTITIAL MUSIC]

[EXT. MARKET - LIN'S STALL – EVENING]

[LIN is playing her song again]

LIN YU-YIN

Come to get on your knees and beg for forgiveness?

[ALESTES unsheathes her knife slowly]

ALESTES

I'm sorry, I really am.

[ALESTES stabs LINYU-YIN, takes the plate and leaves]

[Show Theme – Outro]

SIVA

Trice Forgotten is a podcast distributed by Rusty Quill, and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial Sharealike 4.0 International License.

The series is created by Nemo Martin and directed by Rafaella Marcus. Today's episode was written and directed by Rafaella Marcus. And edited by Nico Vettese, Maddy Searle, Katharine Seaton and Catherine Rinella.

Trice Forgotten features:

Rebecca Brough

Vic Zander

Shahan Hamza

Gigi Zahir

Ashley Goh

& Fay Roberts

With additional voices by Mingyu Lin, Karim Kronfli, & Nemo Martin

Trice Forgotten is produced by Ian Geers, Lowri Ann Davies and production manager Natasha Johnston

with executive producers Alexander J Newall and April Sumner

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 email us at mail@rustyquill.com. Thanks for listening.