

# PROGRAMMANUS



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## THE CAMBRIA

### Episode one – The trick box

**INTRO:** *This is the story of the escaped slave and asylum-seeker Frederick Douglass and his journey to Ireland in 1845 aboard the trans-Atlantic paddle steamer Cambria. The story is told in the present time by Colette and Vincent sitting in their living room, recording the story for a Nigerian girl, Leanna, an asylum-seeker who was deported from Ireland.*

**paddle steamer**  
*hjulångare*

**COLETTE:** Hi Leanna. This is your mum's friend Colette, trying to contact you from Sligo, Ireland. And beside me is - (ASIDE) Go on – introduce yourself!

**VINCENT:** (ASIDE) Okay. (DIRECT) Hello Leanna, Vincent here, Colette's dad!

**COLETTE:** The musicbox man, Leanna! Remember!?

**VINCENT:** You're twelve now Leanna. Two years since the night you were deported to Nigeria.

**COLETTE:** You were the same age I was when Dad gave me this musicbox.

**VINCENT:** (ASIDE) That's right – your tenth birthday!

**COLETTE:** (ASIDE) It's a bit scuffed. It was under a pile of stuff. Go on!

**scuffed**  
*skavd*

**VINCENT:** (DIRECT) It's two years now, Leanna, since you and I sat in that leaky punt on the lake

**punt**  
*stakbåt*



VINCENT: I fished with the tiny rod I'd bought for you, but you weren't bothered with it. No, you played with that musicbox and told me where to cast.

**rod**  
*fiskespö*

COLETTE: Your mum and I watched from the bank.

VINCENT: You opened the lid...

VINCENT: ...and your eyes lit up when the little ballerina twirled and danced to the music.

COLETTE: And then when you came ashore –

VINCENT: (ASIDE) y'mean – stepped onto the jetty, cos we were only two yards out –

**jetty**  
*brygga/pir*

COLETTE: - you showed us your moves.

VINCENT: The jigtime, breakdancing ballerina Leanna.

COLETTE: You made the unce-unce noises and we clapped while Dad clacked the bones –

VINCENT: Wait til I get them out! And you did the one-two-three, then you spun on your back with your legs in the air, then up again 1-2-3 1-2-3 La-la-la-la lah-lah-la,

COLETTE: Unce unce .. unce unce ..

VINCENT: La-la-la-la-lah-lah-la ..

COLETTE: And your mum beamed at you. We all did. Even people walking by clapped. You were mortified then.

**mortified**  
*här: generad*

VINCENT: Then we three adults sat down to watch the telly here in Colette's cottage.



COLETTE: Because Obama was in Dublin.

V/O ENDA KENNY ON TV: *Today the 44<sup>th</sup> American president comes home.*

VINCENT: Our chief poobah Enda was ready to burst with excitement.

V/O ENDA KENNY ON TV: *When Falmouth Kearney started out on his long Atlantic crossing, he might have dreamed, but hardly imagined that one day his great-great-great-grandson would return as the president of the United States.*

VINCENT: You played with the musicbox on the floor, talking to the little ballerina inside.

COLETTE: You called her – Mirabelle.

V/O OBAMA: *When people like Falmouth boarded those ships, they often did so with no family, no friends, no money, nothing to sustain their journey but faith.*

VINCENT: Faith ..

V/O OBAMA ON TV: *Faith that it was a place where you could be prosperous, you could be free, you could think and talk and worship as you pleased, a place where you could make it if you tried. And as they worked, and struggled and sacrificed and sometimes experienced great discrimination...*

VINCENT: We both looked at you and your mum, Leanna, living since you were a baby in one room in a converted convent in Sligo.

COLETTE: We looked at your mum, one of the smartest people I know, not allowed to work or enroll in college.

VINCENT: Meanwhile, you were trying to see how ballerina Mirabelle managed to crouch under the lid inside her musicbox.

**poobah**  
slang – senior  
bureaucrat/leader

**sustain**  
här: uthärda, stå ut  
med

**convent**  
kloster

**to enroll**  
registrera sig



V/O OBAMA ON TV: *It's the dream that Falmouth Kearney was attracted to when he went to America. It's the dream that drew my own father to America from a small village in Africa.*

VINCENT: He seemed to be relating his own story to – immigrants everywhere.

COLETTE: For example, to you and your mum, an African like his own father.

VINCENT: And then he talked about Frederick Douglass.

V/O OBAMA ON TV: *When we strove to blot out the stain of slavery, and advance the rights of man, we found common cause with your struggles against oppression. Frederick Douglass, an escaped slave, and our great abolitionist, forged an unlikely friendship right here in Dublin with your great liberator, Daniel O'Connell.*

**strove**  
*strävade*  
**blot out**  
*här: sudda ut*  
**abolitionist**  
*förkämpe för*  
*slaveriets*  
*avskaffande*  
**liberator**  
*befriare*

COLETTE: Frederick Douglass... For some reason, his name got stuck in your head. You started to recite it: - Frederick Douglass..

**recite**  
*recitera /rabbla*

VINCENT: La-la-la-la-la lah lah la

COLETTE: Fred-e-rick Doug-e-lass

VINCENT: Unce .. unce ..

COLETTE: Fred-e-rick Doug-e-lass

VINCENT: La-la-la-la-la lah lah la

COLETTE: and you did a little dance.



VINCENT:	(SINGS) Dance for your daddy, sing to your daddy, dance for your daddy, til the boat comes in.	
COLETTE:	Frederick Douglass was an asylum-seeker like you and your mum.	
VINCENT:	Power concedes nothing without demand. It never did. And it never will.	<b>Power concedes nothing without demand</b> <i>Makten avstår ingenting utan krav</i>
COLETTE:	That's what Frederick Douglass said, Leanna, when he came to Ireland long, long ago. On a ship. Called The Cambria.	
VINCENT:	There's a musicbox ballerina in the story we're going to tell you. She's called –	
BOTH:	Mirabelle.	
COLETTE (AS JUDDY):	It's the 16 <sup>th</sup> of August, 1845.	
VINCENT (AS JUDDY):	Grey skies above.	
BOTH (AS JUDDY):	Impending rain!	<b>impend</b> <i>hota</i>
VINCENT:	And there's - Captain Judkins, crusty old sea dog, casting his eye over the passengers embarking.	<b>embark</b> <i>gå ombord</i>
COLETTE (AS JUDDY):	In command of the paddlesteamer Cambria, one thousand horse power engines with four masts for sail-power.	
VINCENT (AS JUDDY):	Magnificent! The jewel of Mister Cunard's world- famous fleet!	
COLETTE (AS JUDDY):	White horses visible out beyond the shelter of the Boston Docks breakwater.	<b>white horses</b> <i>vita gåss (vågor)</i>



FREDERICK: Captain! Can you show me where my cabin is?

JUDDY: *(INTERNAL)* Black. The fellow's black.  
*(ALOUD)* Ticket please...  
*(INTERNAL)* First class, by Jove! Mister Johnson it says.  
*(ALOUD)* This way sir. Up to the saloon deck.

**by Jove**  
*vid Jupiter*

FREDERICK: A wonderful day for setting sail, Captain!

JUDDY: Wait until we hit the open sea, Mister Johnson!

FREDERICK: I've never been on the open sea. I'm looking forward to it.  
How long do you think the crossing will take?

JUDDY: The Blue Riband for fastest trans-Atlantic crossing is within our grasp. It belongs with the Cunard Line. And with this ship The Cambria in particular. If we take the prize I promise you champagne breakfast in Queenstown Cork!

**within our grasp**  
*inom räckhåll*

FREDERICK: I don't partake myself, but perhaps I might hold you to that promise, Captain!

**partake**  
*delta*

JUDDY: Your cabin, Mister Johnson! Will you be joining me later at captain's table with the other first-class passengers?

FREDERICK: I think I'll stay in my cabin. But thank you.

FREDERICK: *(INTERNAL)* I sit in the dim light of my cabin. I open my case. I take out the one and only copy of my book I've taken with me. Even that, quite a risk! But we can't be ruled by fear!



DIGNAM: Oh! Excuse me for intruding! Your trunk sir.

FREDERICK: I'll take that.

DIGNAM: No no allow me!

FREDERICK: I have many times lifted far heavier weights.

DIGNAM: (ASIDE) I've only ever seen blacks in the crew. And certainly never on the saloon deck with all the posh gobshites! How the Hell did he square this!?

**gobshite**  
*slang – someone who blabbers (talks) a lot*

DIGNAM: (TO FREDERICK) Dignam's the name sir; steward's the game, sir! Will you be requiring anything else sir?

FREDERICK: A little privacy would be agreeable for the present.

DIGNAM: As you please sir, no sooner said than –

FREDERICK: (INTERNAL) It's dark in the cabin. I light the gaslamp.

FREDERICK: Mirror. Hello Mister Johnson! Frederick – Johnson! Johnson! Johnson!  
My name is Frederick Johnson!

MATILDA: Hello.

FREDERICK: Oh. Hello little girl!

MATILDA: Do you sing and dance?

FREDERICK: No.

MATILDA: But you're a minstrel, aren't you?

**minstrel**  
*underhållare*



FREDERICK: Oh no.

MATILDA: Oh yes you are.

FREDERICK: Oh no I'm not!

MATILDA: There! I told you so!

FREDERICK: I'm not a minstrel.

MATILDA: You are! Are you going to entertain us on the ship?

FREDERICK: No.

MATILDA: Oh yes you will!

FREDERICK: Oh no I won't!

MATILDA: Oh yes you will! What's in that box?

FREDERICK: Nothing. What's your name?

MATILDA: Matilda. I'm in the cabin next door. What's that?

FREDERICK: That's just a book.

MATILDA: Can I see it?

FREDERICK: Em ... no. It's not a children's book.

MATILDA: Can I look at it?

FREDERICK: It's not the kind of book that you'd enjoy.





MATILDA: But can I look at it?

FREDERICK: Well, maybe, just for a little while. Do you read a lot?

MATILDA: Yes. I love reading.

FREDERICK: I had a friend just like you when I was small. She taught me how to read.

MATILDA: Was she a teacher at my age?

FREDERICK: She didn't know she was a teacher. But she was. I copied her homework every night. When everyone was asleep.

MATILDA: My teacher doesn't let me copy. My daddy says the fairies scattered letters on me when I was a baby in the cradle. That's why I read so well.

**scattered**  
*spred*

FREDERICK: That's a - nice thing your daddy said.

MATILDA: He gave me this beautiful music box - for passing the time on the ship, he said. It has a little ballerina in it. And she twirls and dances to the music.

**twirl**  
*snurra*

MATILDA: Look! There she is. My ballerina Mirabelle. Say hello.

FREDERICK: Hello Mirabelle.

MATILDA: See! She bowed to you.

FREDERICK: Yes she did!

MATILDA: She has very good manners.



FREDERICK: It's a beautiful music box.

MATILDA: She'll keep dancing until she gets tired. I feel sorry for her stuck in her box. But still. Daddy says that's her world, it's all she knows, so she's happy in there. Because she's never known anything different. Bye Mirabelle.

MATILDA (CNTD): Oh look! The words in your book are easy! "The Life of Frederick Douglass". Can I show you how well I can read?

FREDERICK: I don't think that's a good idea!

MATILDA: Oh, please!

FREDERICK: Well, alright. Just a little bit.

MATILDA: "I was born in Tuckahoe, near Easton, in Talbot County, Maryland. I have no accurate - knowledge - "

FREDERICK: Very good, Matilda!

MATILDA: "- of my age. I never met with a slave who could tell me with any certainty how old he was." Oh! Why do the slaves not know what age they are?

FREDERICK: Perhaps the writer explains - read on ...

MATILDA: "Few at that time knew anything of the days of the month or of the months of the year. They measured the ages of their children by springtime, wintertime, harvest-time, planting-time, and the like. Masters allowed no questions to be put to them by slaves concerning their ages. From certain events, however, the dates of which I have since learned, I suppose myself to have been born in February 1817."

**harvest**  
*skörd*



But that's terrible!

FREDERICK: I'm pleased to hear you say that Matilda!

MATILDA: I mean - what date in February!? When does he get his birthday presents!?

FREDERICK: Oh. I think that fellow's presents come whenever he least expects them.

MATILDA: That is So Cruel! But slaves are different. My daddy says they don't feel things as much as we do.

MATILDA: What's in that box behind you?

FREDERICK: Oh! That's - nothing much.

MATILDA: Oh yes it is!

FREDERICK: Oh no - it's not!

MATILDA: It's your tricks box, isn't it!?

FREDERICK: No.

MATILDA: Oh yes it is! You've got all your funny things in there.

FREDERICK: No, there are no funny things in there!

MATILDA: My daddy brought me to see a black minstrel show. So funny! I know all about your box of tricks. Let me see inside!

FREDERICK: NO!



MATILDA: Oh please! I want to see the tricks things!

FREDERICK: I don't have any tricks! You've got to understand I'm not a minstrel!

MATILDA: Oh yes you are!

DODD (Off): Matilda!

FREDERICK: Oh, I give in! What a clever little girl you are!

MATILDA: I knew it! Now show me your tricks box!

**trick box**  
*ung. trollerilåda*

DODD (Off): Matilda!

FREDERICK: But don't you know, Matilda, that a real live proper minstrel NEVER shows what's in his tricks box!?

MATILDA: Ooooo-oh!

DODD (Off): Matilda!

MATILDA: In here Dodda!

DODD: What is the meaning of this?

MATILDA: Daddy!

FREDERICK: This little girl Matilda is just making my acquaintance sir.

**to make acquaintance**  
*lära känna*

DODD: What is the meaning of - you being in a cabin on the first class deck!?



FREDERICK: Well that's the result of my possessing a first-class ticket, sir.

MATILDA: Ha-ha! I knew you were funny!

DODD: What's your name?

FREDERICK: My name is Mister Johnson. And you?

DODD: There's something mighty strange about this.

MATILDA: He's my dada and our name is Dodd. I call him Dodda. And he calls me Dodda too - his dodda, his daughter you see? Daughta Dodda, Dodda daughta, daughta Dodda ...

DODD: Ssh! Mister Johnson and I would like to discuss something in private Matilda. Leave Mirabelle back in our cabin!

MATILDA: Is that alright Mirabelle? Do you want to go back to our cabin? You're very lucky Dodda! She says yes.

DODD: Where would you get the money to afford a first-class trans-Atlantic ticket!?

FREDERICK: Damned if I know. But a friend gave me the ticket.

DODD: You have been consorting with my daughter without my permission.

**to consort**  
*umgås*

FREDERICK: Matilda is a delightful child. She came into my cabin and brightened my day. As I did hers, I think. She speaks very lovingly of you, sir.

DODD: Who do you think you are to talk to me like that?



FREDERICK: Your next door neighbour, it seems.

MATILDA: Dodda, he's a funny man. He has a tricks box, just like the minstrels you brought me to see! He says Oh yes you will! And oh no you don't! He's going to do a show, aren't you Mister Johnson!? You'll do a show on the ship, won't you!? Please say yes!

DODD: Oh! So you're a showman!!

FREDERICK: Well, I'm – (quietly) yes. I do... shows.

DODD: You're a minstrel!

*EXTRO: This was the first episode of six of the series the Cambria. All parts were played by Sorcha Fox and Donal O'Kelly. Music by Trevor Knight. The Cambria was written and directed by Donal O'Kelly of Benbo Productions.*