

# PROGRAMMANUS

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PRODUCENTER: TOVE JONSTOIJ / DONAL O'KELLY  
PROJEKTLEDARE: TOVE JONSTOIJ  
BESTÄLLNINGNUMMER: 104396 RA2

## THE CAMBRIA

### Episode two – Travelling first class

**INTRO:** *Colette and Vincent are sitting in their living room, recording a story for Nigerian girl, Leanna, an asylum-seeker who's been deported from Ireland. Their story is based on the true story of Mr. Frederick Douglass, an escaped slave, travelling in the name of Johnson, on the trans-Atlantic paddle-steamer the Cambria. The year is 1845 and on the ship there is a slave-owner, Mr. Dodd, who doesn't approve of a black man travelling first class. Mr. Dodd's daughter, Matilda, has met Mr. Johnson and she believes he's a minstrel, an entertainer. In his cabin there's a book. Matilda is curious and picks it up.*

**MATILDA:** Look Dodda! I've been showing Mister Johnson how well I can read!

**DODD:** Good girl! From this book!? Is it a funny book? What is it .. !?

**MATILDA:** The Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave!

**FREDERICK:** It was just lying here, and Matilda –

**DODD:** This is the new book of lies being read by naive folk in the Northern States who take it for the truth. You have been indoctrinating my daughter with this!!?

**FREDERICK:** She just picked it up! In fact, I tried to dissuade her!

**indoctrinate**  
*indoktrinera*  
*/påverka*

**dissuade**  
*avråda*



MATILDA: Yes but I know how to get my way, don't I Dodda? Slaves don't know their birthdays! Imagine not knowing your birthday!

DODD: It was given to me.

MATILDA: He was taught to read by a little girl the same age as me, Dodda.

DODD: Frederick Douglass my foot! The vagabond's name is Bailey. Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey!

MATILDA: Fawb!

DODD: What did you say, Matilda?

MATILDA: His initials - F - A - W - B. Fawbulous!

DODD: Good girl, go outside, Matilda!

MATILDA: *(GOING OUTSIDE)* "Water, water, everywhere, And all the boards did shrink, Water, water, everywhere..

DODD: He absconded from the property of Mister Hugh Auld, of Baltimore Maryland! Well now he's written a book! He's raised his head. He'll be easy to find. A hefty price on his head I hear! Two thousand dollars! Dead or alive!

FREDERICK: Well, thank you for that information, Mister Dodd.

DODD: *(SHOUTS)* Matilda!

CREW: And away ha-ul away .. Oh you rio! I'll break free 'Cos we're bound for the Rio Lee.

CREW: Maintopsail! Maintopsail!

FREDERICK: *(INTERNAL)* It's a marvellous sight to behold. Those sails away up there, flapping and unfurling and filling up with wind. I remember a time, on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, when I was a boy, watching the sailships .. .. the Baltimore clippers .. white sails billowing .. our house stood within a few rods of Chesapeake Bay, whose broad bosom was ever white with sails from every corner of the globe.

**to abscond**  
*att rymma/avvika*

**hefty**  
*bastant/mastig*

**unfurl**  
*veckla ut*  
**clipper**  
*klippare (fartyg)*  
**billow**  
*bölja*  
**rod**  
*här: måttstock*  
**bosom**  
*här: famn*



Those beautiful vessels, robed in white, so  
delightful to the eyes of freemen, to me - so many  
shrouded ghosts, to terrify and torment me with  
thoughts of my wretched condition.  
Often, in the deep still of a summer Sabbath, I  
stood all alone on the banks of that noble bay, and  
traced, with saddened heart and tearful eye, the  
countless number of sails moving off to the mighty  
ocean.  
There I would pour forth my soul's complaint in  
my rude way to the moving multitude of ships ...  
"You are loosed from your moorings, and free.  
I am fast in my chains, and am a slave!

You move merrily before the gentle gale,  
and I sadly before the bloody whip.  
You are freedom's angels,  
that fly around the world;  
I am confined in bonds of iron.  
O, that I were free!  
O, that I were on one of your gallant decks,  
and under your protecting wing!

Alas! Betwixt me and you the turbid waters roll.  
Go on, go on;  
I am left in the unending Hell of slavery.  
God, deliver me! Let me be free!  
It cannot be that I shall live and die a slave.  
I will take to the water.  
And when I get to the head of the bay,  
I will turn my canoe adrift, and walk straight  
through Delaware and into Pennsylvania.  
There, I shall not be required to carry a pass.  
There, I shall travel freely without being  
disturbed.  
At the first opportunity, I am off!  
Meanwhile, I will bear the yoke.  
I am not the only slave in the world.  
It may be that my misery in slavery will only  
increase my happiness when I get free.  
There is a better day coming."

CECILY: Oh, excuse me! Bloody cough! Since I came  
aboard! Driving me insane!

FREDERICK: Would you care to use my handkerchief?

CECILY: Thank you! My goodness! You're black.

FREDERICK: May I say, Ma'am, your powers of observation are  
spectacular.

**vessel**  
*fartyg*  
**robed in**  
*iklädda*  
**shrouded**  
*beslöjad*  
**wretched**  
*förbannade/  
förtvirlade*  
**pour forth**  
*hälla ut*  
**moorings**  
*förtöjningar*

**gale**  
*storm*

**confined**  
*instängd*  
**bond**  
*band*  
**gallant**  
*ridderlig*

**betwixt**  
*mellan*  
**turbid**  
*grumlig*

**adrift**  
*på drift*

**yoke**  
*ok*



CECILY: Well, more power to you, I say! Who are you and what are you doing here!?

FREDERICK: My name is Mister Johnson. I'm travelling to Ireland.

CECILY: To do what!?

FREDERICK: To - make some money!

CECILY: How noble.

FREDERICK: Indeed. It - makes the world go around, or so I've been told.

CECILY: Mammon rules in so many souls, I find.

**noble**  
*ädel*

**Mammon**  
*Mammon - bibl. girigheten, rikedomen och pengakärleken personifierad*

FREDERICK: And may I be so bold as to inquire what brings you aboard Ma'am?

CECILY: We're on our way to Ireland to conduct a tour of singing engagements there. Don't smirk! The crew sound better! It's the dust in steerage. I'll have to see the captain!

**smirk**  
*hånle*  
**steerage**  
*tredje klass/ mellandäck*

CREW: (SING) And away ha-ul away .. Oh you rio!

VINCENT: Ah what the Hell are we doing Colette!?  
How is this blather linked to the Irish asylum-seeker direct provision system?

**blather**  
*prata dumheter*

COLETTE: Do we just give up!? Come on give it a lash! It was your idea.

**lash**  
*slag*

VINCENT: But - sailors singing in the rigging - what are we at!? It's more urgent than that!  
8,000 people living on 19 euro a week!  
Scattered to - wherever they're told to lie down.  
It's cruel. It's been going on for fifteen years!

COLETTE: I know.



VINCENT: And I was part of it. Sitting at my desk in the Department. My sandwiches plonked in my drawer. Dad's free sandwiches from the night shift in Guinnesses. Corned beef and tomato. He'd hand them to me at the front door, him coming in, me going out. What could be more ordinary, more Irish? Heart of the rowl! And I made lists of accomodation centres. Just doing my job. And took in tenders so businessmen could profit from it.

**Heart of the rowl**  
*Irish expr. meaning  
the best*  
**tenders**  
*anbud*

COLETTE: No point in giving yourself a hard time now!

VINCENT: Then, when I'm retired, I come down to visit you here in Sligo and I get to know Leanna and her mum living in the asylum-seeker Direct Provision centre I helped set up.

COLETTE: We were all complicit. We let it happen.

**complicit**  
*medskyldig*

VINCENT: Yeah, we just didn't notice we were lifting children from their beds at night and forcing them onto planes.

COLETTE: Come on – Frederick Douglass! "Power concedes nothing without demand".

VINCENT: Okay! Futility be damned! Let's do it! Able seamen haul away ..

**futility**  
*fruktlöshet*

CREW: Oh, you Rio!  
At Queenstown we'll anchor and there I'll break free 'Cos we're bound for the Rio Lee.

JUDDY: Come in, Mister Dodd!

DODD: Captain Judkins, she's a wonderful ship, and bears out everything my good friend Cunard has told me about her.

JUDDY: You're a friend of Mister Cunard?

DODD: Very close!



JUDDY: Well, I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Mister Dodd, and I hope you have a pleasant voyage on board The Cambria.

DODD: Captain Judkins, I realise you could not possibly have known Mister Johnson's race when you booked him into a cabin next to mine. However, now that it is an indisputable fact, there is clearly no other course of action than to send him to steerage forthwith!

JUDDY: He has a first-class ticket, Mister Dodd.

DODD: I have a proposal: I'm willing to offer a very generous fee – two hundred dollars – if Mister Johnson will perform his minstrel act for us on board ship.

JUDDY: It's not my place to intervene –

DODD: I know. But it would spare all of our blushes. Besides, the fellow will be happier among the lower orders. Believe me, I own five hundred slaves, I know what I am talking about.

JUDDY: I'll see what can be done.

DODD: It's the principle, Captain! I pride myself on being a man of principle. My grandfather built his dynasty on the motto "Order is paramount".

JUDDY: No-one understands the value of order better than the captain of a trans-Atlantic vessel, Mister Dodd.

DODD: Touché, as they say in New Orleans. We understand each other, Captain.

CREW: (SING) Way, Haul away,  
We'll haul for better weather,  
Way, haul away, haul away Joe.

FREDERICK: Captain! You sent for me.

**indisputable**  
*obestridlig*  
**forthwith**  
*omedelbart*

**intervene**  
*ingripa*

**paramount**  
*främst*



JUDDY: Sit down, Mister Johnson. I'm faced with a problem I think you can help me solve. I have a passenger in steerage, a Miss Hutchinson, who is suffering a coughing sickness since we set sail. It seems something in the atmosphere below disagrees with her. She has delicate tubes, she says.

FREDERICK: I've met the lady. She's the choir-leader.

JUDDY: Indeed. And her voice is her fortune. She must protect it. What I propose is this:- would you be willing to exchange places with Miss Hutchinson, so that she may reap the benefits of your first class cabin?

FREDERICK: In return for agreeing to this exchange, I'm in a position to offer you two hundred dollars to perform your minstrel show before we drop anchor in Cork.

FREDERICK: You want me to perform .. as a minstrel?

JUDDY: Amuse the passengers! Give us all a good laugh! Sometimes I think it's the greatest gift of all – to make people laugh.

FREDERICK: Who's idea is this!?

JUDDY: It's em- .. well, the kind offer has come from Mister Dodd.

FREDERICK: My next door neighbour ..

JUDDY: He's anxious to provide a show for his little daughter. He's hoping you'll – fit the bill. Will you swap places with Miss Hutchinson in return for a fat performance fee?

FREDERICK: I will swap places with Miss Hutchinson for the good of her health. I will not perform a - minstrel – show!

JUDDY: Are you sure, Mister Johnson? It's a very generous purse .. I'd be tempted to try a song and dance myself for two hundred dollars.

CREW: (SING) Way, Haul away,  
We'll haul for better weather,  
Way, haul away, haul away Joe.

reap  
skörda



DIGNAM: All the way down to steerage!  
SHOUTS) Make way, here's Freddie Johnson –

FREDERICK: There's no need to announce my business to every passenger on the ship!

DIGNAM: Oh! Shy, are we! They say the stage is the shy man's revenge. You keep it all bottled up, and then let rip once the curtain rises. (LOW VOICE) I hear you're holdin out! Good man!

FREDERICK: What!?

DIGNAM: (LOW) Holdin out for a higher fee! Your man Dodd is desperate to keep the daughter happy.

FREDERICK: I have no intention –

DIGNAM: That's the spirit!

FREDERICK: I have no intention of –

DIGNAM: Spirit of Enterprise! Granny suckin eggs! Say no more!

DIGNAM: There you are now Freddie! What the blazes have you got going clankedy-clank in that damn box!?

FREDERICK: That's just my tricks box.

DIGNAM: Right! Goodnight Freddie! Mind the icebergs! If you see one, check it's not your pillow! Any jokes, funny fella? Beware the Quaker choir ladies ..

FREDERICK: (INTERNAL) My steerage berth is little more than a bunkbed with a curtain. I'm glad I was moved. I feel at home among the mish-mash of nationalities. I lie down. I draw the curtain.

VINCENT: And that night, Leanna, when we arrived at the converted convent in Sligo, I carried you up the stairs because you'd fallen asleep it had been such a busy day out.

COLETTE: I waited in the car while your mum and my dad brought you up to your room.



VINCENT: We'd persuaded your mum it would be best to go back to the asylum-seeker reception centre.

COLETTE: It's too stressful living incognito, looking over your shoulder all the time, I'd said.

COLETTE: Now in the car outside I wondered was I right. The securityman came out to have a smoke.

VINCENT: You had the little musicbox I made for Colette all those years ago.

COLETTE: Your mum carried it up for you.

VINCENT: And when I put you down on your bed, you asked for Mirabelle, and your mum put the musicbox in your hands. You opened your eyes just a little, you lifted the lid, and you smiled as the ballerina twirled.

VINCENT: You said "Mirabelle" but quietly, because you were so sleepy you barely opened your lips. And your legs gave a little kick underneath the duvet, but slowly, like the crest of a wave in the ocean, Leanna, as you drifted off to sleep in your little bed, with the musicbox I made a long time ago, tucked under your dark brown slender sleepy arm.

*EXTRO: This was the second 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.*

**duvet**  
täcke  
**crest of a wave**  
vågkam