

PROGRAMMANUS



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THE CAMBRIA

Episode four – The Albatross

INTRO:	<i>This story is based on actual events. The year is 1845. Mr. Frederick Douglass, is an escaped slave and also a writer and orator. He travels under the name of Johnson, but a singer, Miss Hutchinson, reveals his identity and asks the captain of the ship, Mr. Judkins, to let Frederick Douglass speak on board, but Captain Judkins won't listen.</i>	
JUDDY:	Miss Hutchinson, as Captain of The Cambria –	
CECILY:	From the hurricane-deck, perhaps!? It would be such a feather in the cap of the Cunard line!	
JUDDY:	The Blue Riband for the fastest trans-Atlantic crossing is the only – feather in which this particular cap is interested!	
CECILY:	You would slay the albatross.	slay <i>dräpa</i>
JUDDY:	What!?	
CECILY:	You, the Ancient Mariner, would slay the albatross that lands upon your deck.	
JUDDY:	Oh, spare me your poetics, Miss Hutchinson!	
CECILY:	Don't you see? You draw the mariner's curse upon yourself. Look! The sinister fog descends.	sinister <i>elak/ ondskefull</i>
JUDDY:	We're in the North Atlantic. There's always fog.	
CECILY:	The fog pervades your cabin, Captain!	pervade <i>genomsyra/ fylla</i>
JUDDY:	Nothing to get excited about!	



CECILY: "And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued them so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow".

JUDDY: Mister Coleridge's popular poem - The Ancient
Mariner - is a gothic fantasy, Miss Hutchinson.
Whereas - we are on the mechanical wonder of
the age.

CECILY: You are afraid.

JUDDY: I fear nothing except the limits of my temper at
this moment.

CECILY: Is it heavy?

JUDDY: What!?

CECILY: The albatross you carry around your neck?

JUDDY: Dear God above, what have I done to warrant this
torment!?

CECILY: You haven't slain it yet, Captain. You can set it free.
The albatross may spread its magnificent wings
and fly above your decks. Let - him - speak. I
know he is Frederick Douglass! I recognise his
spirit.

JUDDY: The passenger gave his name to me as Mister
Johnson. That's the name on his ticket.

CECILY: Insignificant tittle-tattle -

JUDDY: Impersonation is a grave offence aboard ship. If
what you say were true, I would have no option
but to have the man placed in irons immediately.

CECILY: You are clearly in the pocket of that slaveholder
Dodd! I can smell his purse off you! Phuh!

JUDDY: You are the most impossible woman!

CECILY: Not the first time I've been called such! And I pray
it won't be the last!

JUDDY: Little chance of that!

fathom
famn (måtttenhet)

warrant
här: förtjäna

tittle-tattle
pladder

impersonation
*imitation/
gestaltning*



CECILY: Frederick Douglass has written a book! He has a message to impart! Are you, the captain of the Cambria, going to stifle his cry!?

JUDDY: If you persist in this business, I will be compelled to do what I have no wish to do! Can't you see Mister Johnson is content to travel quietly to Ireland without fanfare! Why do you insist on putting the - spotlight on him!?

CECILY: The spotlight, Captain, is on YOU. And - your albatross! Kwa .. kwa.

CECILY: Little girl! You should come inside! It's getting wild out here!

MATILDA: Mirabelle says she doesn't feel like dancing because there's a funny feeling on this ship. And I have to say I think I know what she means. Do you get it - the funny feeling?

CECILY: Yes. I believe I do. What's your name?

MATILDA: She says she can't see because the fog is getting into her musicbox and choking her.

CECILY: Does she live in there? How sweet!

MATILDA: It's not one bit sweet!

CECILY: You're Mister Dodd's little girl, aren't you!?

MATILDA: I told dodda all about Mirabelle's troubles, but he had to go to a meeting. I think he's gone to make Mister Johnson a higher offer. Because I cried a Mississippi when he told me Mister Johnson had reneged. I can't believe Mister Johnson would renege. Can you?

CECILY: I wonder where he is.

SOLOMON: This here is Frederick Douglass. I met him in New Bedford, I was in a whaleship crew, and brother Freddie came aboard and took our souls off that stinking ship and led us to a new pasture! Tell them Freddie tell them how you were a slave and how you saw your chance! How you saw the open sea ... Go on, Frederick!

FREDERICK: Solomon has given me an introduction I don't

impart
meddela
stifle
kväva

persist
framhärda
compel
tvingas

pasture
betesmark



deserve. But I think of the three millions of my brothers and sisters still lashed to the yoke in the Southern states.

SOLOMON: Hello Frederick Douglass! I say Hello!!

FREDERICK: I was moved to enquire into the origin and nature of slavery at a very early age. Why am I a slave? Why are some people slaves and other people masters? These were perplexing questions to me, very troublesome to my childhood. I was told by somebody that "God up in the sky" had made all things, and had made black men to be slaves and white men to be masters. I was told too, that God was good and that He knew what was best for everybody. This was less satisfactory than the first statement. It ran point blank against all my notions of goodness. The case of Aunt Esther was in my mind.

perplex
förbrylla

point blank
här: blankt

COLETTE: Es - ther ...

FREDERICK: I was awakened one night by the piteous cries of poor Esther. Through the cracks of my rough closet I could see all that was going on. Esther's wrists were firmly tied, and the twisted rope was fastened to a heavy beam beside the fireplace. Here she stood on a bench, her arms drawn tightly above her head. Her shoulders and back were bare. Behind her stood the master, with cowhide in hand, pursuing his barbarous work with all manner of harsh curses. Again and again he drew the scourge through his hand, adjusting it to deal the most pain-giving blow he could inflict. Poor Esther had never before been severely whipped. Her piercing cries seemed only to increase his fury. When she was taken down she could scarcely stand.

piteous
patetisk

beam
balk

cowhide
piska

scourge
gissel
inflict
tillfoga



FREDERICK: Esther was a young woman who possessed that which is a curse to a slave girl - namely, personal beauty. She was tall, well-formed and made a fine appearance. Esther was courted by Ned Roberts, a fine-looking slave. For some reason, the master disapproved of their courtship. He ordered Esther to quit the company of young Roberts, or he would punish her severely. But it was impossible to keep this couple apart. The scene I have just described was many times repeated, for Ned and Esther continued to meet, in spite of all efforts to keep them apart.

SOLOMON: Douglass! Frederick Douglass!

VOICES: Frederick Douglass is on this ship!

INFORMANT: Frederick Douglass, Mister Dodd!

DODD: I thank you for your information!

DODD: As my friend Samuel Cunard would say, the matter is simple, Captain Judkins! He's an absconded slave. He must be held in detention.

JUDDY: Mister Dodd, American Law is divided on the subject of slavery, north and south! You can't expect me to impose unity when the state itself is split!

DODD: As Justice of the Peace I declare that United States law still holds aboard this ship.

JUDDY: I am captain of The Cambria, and I make all decisions with regard to security on board ship.

DODD: Of course. And I am informing you officially that the passenger calling himself Mister Johnson, and posing as a minstrel, also calling himself Frederick Douglass, is in fact the escaped slave of Mister Hugh Auld of Baltimore. I charge you with responsibility for putting this vagabond in chains, and ensuring his return to his rightful owner, in accordance with lawful practice.

JUDDY: There are the ship's manacles, Mister Dodd! I am Captain. My father was a captain before me. It's in my blood. My duty I never shirk. As your grandfather said, order is paramount.

MATILDA: Mister Dignam! I want to know what a gobshite is!

absconded
förrymd

impose
påtvunga/ ålägga

manacles
handbojor



DIGNAM:	Not now, Matilda! Not now!	
MATILDA:	I'm going to tell Dodda you neglected me! You know what will happen to you then!	neglected <i>här: strunta i</i>
DIGNAM:	Ask him what a gobshite is! I bet he'll know!	
MATILDA:	The fog is on him too, Mirabelle! You're so right!	
DIGNAM:	Eh - job to do, Fred, sad but fact, hope no grudge felt. You'll step ashore as free as the rest, but, for the moment, orders is orders. You'll be confined – it's for your own protection, because a schemozzle could erupt. At the end of the day, a ship at sea is a complicated place, security is an absolute must, so no need to feel – belittled ..	schemozzle <i>slang – an ugly mess</i>
FREDERICK:	I have been many times hauled and spat upon and thrown into the Jim Crow carriages on trains, forced to travel in the luggage-hold. I never neglect to tell the enforcers of such confinement that THEY are belittled by the act. Not I.	hauled <i>släpad</i>
DIGNAM:	Fair dues.	
FREDERICK:	Do you struggle to suppress the feeling of guilt?	suppress <i>undertrycka</i>
DIGNAM:	I'm guilty of nothing. Come on!	
FREDERICK:	You're guilty of compliance in what you know to be wrong.	compliance <i>här: medhjälp</i>
FREDERICK:	You escort me back to the plantation I grew up on. Keys jangle – “welcome home, Frederick” they say, from your hand, Mister Dignam.	jangle <i>rassla</i>
DIGNAM:	Ah here, it's just one key	
FREDERICK:	The captain needs to hear me.	
DIGNAM:	Captain's not to be disturbed, strict instructions.	
FREDERICK:	The captain needs to hear me!	
DIGNAM:	Something you said - sorry I have to share it with you through the door - have you ever heard of Daniel O'Connell?	



FREDERICK: Daniel O'Connell .. !? I first heard his name spat from my master's mouth. The one who whipped my sweet Aunt Esther. He cursed Daniel O'Connell. And his slave-holder friends cursed him! And I thought this is a man I'd like to meet!

DIGNAM: WELL, On That Subject, Do You Know that he has been offered the support of more than forty MPs for the Repeal of the Act of Union - to free Ireland from British rule, big thing, you know? - If Only he'll stay quiet about slavery. But NO, not while one slave limb is bound, will he stop his opposition to slavery.

FREDERICK: And what about you, Dignam?

PAUSE

DIGNAM: Me? I was Africa. (PAUSE)
Daniel O'Connell bowed to me.

FREDERICK: I think there's more than the door between us and comprehension, Mister Dignam.

DIGNAM: Back in March I was in the Saint Patrick's Day parade in Cork. Daniel O'Connell reviewed our float. I was Africa. My brother was Ireland. I held up my broken chains and thanked O'Connell for freeing me. Then my brother held up HIS chains, UNbroken, and appealed to O'Connell to free the Irish as well. He said he would. Big cheer!

FREDERICK: I see. But tell me Dignam, what's that jangling sound I hear?

DIGNAM: Whah?

FREDERICK: Oh. It's the slaver's key dangling from your belt.

VINCENT: I'm just looking at the video I took of you Leanna, when you were in the Paddy's Day parade in Sligo. You're dancing your combo dance – sean-nós Irish with Harlem hip-hop and the crowd are cheering and begging for more. You and your friend Tara are the stars of the show. The Garda in front of me is clapping and cheering you on. He almost has tears in his eyes.

repeal
upphäva

limb
lem

sean-nós
old-style Irish



VINCENT:

I'm looking at the video, and I can't help wondering if that Garda is one of the twelve who came in to Globe House and pulled you from your bed at one o'clock in the morning a few nights after I'd brought you back there.

Twelve of them came for you and your mum. One woman Garda among them! I've heard you tried to call out to your friends. Some of them woke and came running as you were carried down the stairs. Screaming! Screaming your little head off! And those twelve Gardaí were doing their duty and they kept going down those stairs, and the steps outside, and they pushed you into the vehicle and they shoved your little friends away, and they'll claim that's not a violent act. Just due process! And you were driven through the night, howling, when you should have been dancing in your dreams, all the way to Dublin for deportation to Nigeria.

That's the system we have in Ireland, you see, Leanna. You're twelve now, and I want to talk to you about it, and about me and what I did, and about us Irish and what we do, and about Obama's hero Frederick Douglass and his voyage to Ireland on *The Cambria* back in the dark old days of 1845.

EXTRO:

*This was the fourth 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.*