

PROGRAMMANUS



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THE CAMBRIA

Episode five – The Fog

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 the Cambria. This story is based on actual events. Mr. Frederick Douglass was not only an escaped slave, but also a writer, orator and statesman. On the ship, he travels under the name of Johnson, but his identity is revealed by two of the passengers, Miss Hutchinson and Solomon, one of the black workers on board.*

SOLOMON: Hello Frederick Douglass! I say Hello!!

FREDERICK: The captain needs to hear me.

INTRO: *Mr. Johnson is put into a prison cell on board. Also on board is a slave owner, Mr. Dodd and his daughter Matilda. Matilda has a music box with a doll in it. She calls the doll Mirabelle.*

MATILDA: Mirabelle says she doesn't feel like dancing because there's a funny feeling on this ship. Do you get it? The funny feeling?

INTRO: *Meanwhile, in our times, an Irish couple, Colette and Vincent, are recording the story of Mr. Frederick Douglass for a Nigerian girl, Leanna, who is also an asylum-seeker. She was deported from Ireland and Vincent and Colette have lost track of her.*



COLETTE: I called to Globe House in Sligo, Leanna. I called to see your mum because her phone seemed to be off. I discovered both of you had been taken away by Gardai during the night. Your little friend Thomas came to me and held my hand. He was afraid the Gardai would come for him next. His Spiderman pyjamas are torn, he said. He said they wouldn't let you go back upstairs for your musicbox. He tried to tell them, but one of them pushed him away. He ran up and got it, but you were already driven away. He called them bad men. They were just doing their job, I said, and I started to cry. Thomas tried to cheer me up. He sang "You shall have a fishy, on a little dishy", a song he learned at school.

VINCENT: I met your dance partner Tara. Her mum rang me when you didn't come to school. We called to the Gardai. The Garda asked us did we want to fill in a Missing Persons form. Tara started to dance her half of your dance routine. She held the door handle as if it was your hand, Leanna. The Garda said in a low voice you and your mum had been taken for deportation. Where were you, we asked.

deportation
utvisning

COLETTE: One of the Polish lads in the kitchen told me you had been brought to the Garda Immigration Bureau in Dublin. That is the end, he said.

VINCENT: So we decided to drive straight to Dublin.

COLETTE: Little Thomas gave me the musicbox to give to you Leanna. I have it here.

VINCENT: And now to continue our story for you, Leanna, of Frederick Douglass's journey to Ireland aboard the paddle steamer Cambria back in the dark old days of 1845.

MATILDA: Mister Dignam, do you know where Mister Johnson the minstrel is?

DIGNAM: No! Go inside to your dodda, Matilda! It's foggy out here!

MATILDA: Everyone's under some SPELL! But I have a feeling .. Mister Johnson is at the back of it all! It's a big trick he's playin'! I bet it is!

CECILY: Mister Dignam! Get the captain!



DIGNAM: Captain's not to be disturbed, Miss Hutchinson!

CECILY: We'll see about that! Where is Mister Douglass!?

DIGNAM: No record of such a passenger!

CECILY: Stop dodging!

DIGNAM: Who are you calling a dodger!?

CECILY: If the cap fits – wear it! Tell your dodging captain he'll have to face the music like a man! And Dignam – ask him has the albatross risen!

DIGNAM: *(INTERNAL)* Albatross! Holy Mother of God!

DIGNAM: Captain! Douglass is locked up! Take the key, will you!?

JUDDY: *(INTERNAL)* Cracking ice makes a noise more penetrative than any other sound. Icebergs whisper their coming like playhouse villains before they are seen. I hear it, the iceberg's bells. I see it in the distance, a cathedral of pearl. Hello Papa. I step on the iceberg. Of fog. I advance. I bring you the albatross. I drag the swinging wings, the flopped head snags my feet. I have muted it. For you. Take it from around my neck Papa. Take the albatross.

SOLOMON: My working friends, we heard from Frederick's lips here in the hold how the slave system works. Now Frederick himself is held in the punishment cell. Because a slaveholder in the first class deck has demanded it. I say - while he is confined, The Cambria stays silent. We are all for Frederick. Friends - lay down your work tools!

SOLOMON: Our silence will roar. Our stillness will become an unstoppable advance!

snag
här: fastna

confined
instängd



FREDERICK:

The lock. The door. The dark. The totally alone.
The hot summer of Covey. For six months, Covey kept me broken, in mind, body and spirit. I was broken.

Then one day, work, hot, the treading-yard, feeding the fan for the wheat-crusher, wheat-crusher, wheat-crusher - crush. I fall, side of the fan. Suddenly the sky. Covey above me. Hot blood floods my face. Struggle up, Covey – rope, slip-knot my legs, to flog me. I find I fight, my fingers to the throat of Covey. “Are you going to resist, you scoundrel?” Yes, I say. Yes.

tread
trampa

flog
prygla

DODD:

Gentlemen, we here are the representatives of authority in this floating microcosm of society. Order is paramount; it must be preserved. The lowest class of labourer on board – the furnace-stokers - have capitulated to Douglass’ chaotic influence. This troublemaker must be silenced! Two thousand dollars is offered for Frederick Douglass – dead or alive! Who will step forward!?

furnace-stoker
eldare

CECILY:

Steerage passengers of The Cambria: - An innocent man is being held in the punishment cell!
We protest! A message for the captain:-

(SINGS)

Were you there when they crucified our Lord,
Were you there when they crucified our Lord,
Oh-oh sometimes it causes me to tremble,
Were you there when they crucified our Lord.

tremble
darra

DIGNAM:

Captain! The engines have stopped.

(INTERNAL) Bloody thick fog seeping into the passenger-decks. Coming at me like a – disappointed spirit. Pointing Dignam Dignam it says.

(ALLOUD) You can hide in there, Captain, but you can’t hide from the truth! The fog is onto us. Daniel O’Connell was thrown in jail in Dublin. For telling the truth. I stood outside in the rain. Bearing witness, we called it. Caught my death I did. And now – here I am! Holding the jailer’s key! Answer me Captain!

seeping
som sipprar



CECILY:

(SINGS)

Were you there when they nailed him to
the tree,

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree.

JUDDY:

Take the albatross from me, Papa, let me
straighten up. The damn bird has me doubled
over. Looking at the ice. My face, ghost-pale,
looking up at me.

Look at me Papa! Let me see your eyes. Papa. Cold.
Eyes. Of ice ... It is you ..

The sun beat down. The busty maidenhead grins
bows grins bows. As if she knows me. You again,
she asks. I climb down the rope ladder. Stand on
deck. I look into the hold. The air is – hot, broiling
hot, absolutely still.

A pair of eyes stare at me. More eyes. As my eyes
become accustomed. Hundreds of pairs of eyes.
Close together. On racks. A deep sigh beside me.
A young girl makes the sound of a dying man.
A death-rattle cry.

I vomit. Step the rungs. Blinding light. White sail
covering.

Papa. Captained – this. Decided placings. Rations.
Punishments. The dances I was told about. That
day. Slaves taken up on deck. Look at the sun. The
sea. Now dance. To keep the muscles exercised.
Dance with no music. Clap! Dance! Whipped to
dance. (SINGS) Dance for your daddy, (LASH) sing
for your daddy, (LASH), dance for your daddy,
(LASH), til the boat comes in. Dance for your
daddy, dance (LASH)

pale
blek

busty
storbystad
maiden
jungfru
broiling
gassande

rattle
rosslande
rung
stegpinne

MATILDA:

Mirabelle, I wish I knew what you were thinking.
Do you know your birthday? Or do you only know
the time - winter-time, or harvest-time, or
cherry-time or planting-time? How can you ever
learn to read in there? That lid must drive you
crazy! Always pressing on your head.

I'm going to lift the lid completely Mirabelle! I'll do
it in a show! With Mister Johnson the minstrel! He
likes you! I could tell! He said "hello-o-oh
Mirabelle"! We'll have everybody watching. And
you'll be the star performer!



CECILY: Fog on the deck, confusion inside,
passengers questioning, answers collide,
I seek Mister Douglass, but nowhere to be found,
I call for the captain, not a sound,
I look around, now almost fog bound...

DIGNAM: Miss Hutchinson! Douglass... Frederick Douglass..

CECILY: Something cold placed in my hand,
I feel a key, a long cold iron wand...

MATILDA: Dodda!

DODD: For the next generation, gentlemen! For Matilda!

MATILDA: What, Dodda!?

DODD: Dodda's got a little job to do! Bedtime for you!

FREDERICK: A key scrapes in the lock. Silence. I hear a – breath.
I push the door.

FREDERICK: It heaves open. To reveal –

CECILY: Mister Douglass! You're free.

FREDERICK: *(INTERNAL)* I step into the light. White sails
above!

DIGNAM: Dodd on patrol! Freddy – this way – to steerage!

DODD: There he is, men!

DIGNAM: Through steerage Freddie! To the cargo hold!
(SHOUTS) Solomon!

SOLOMON: This way Frederick! Come on down! Your Aunt
Esther watches over you!

DODD: You are a liar and you will be punished for it!

DIGNAM: Solomon eases Freddie one step sideways.

SOLOMON: Rise up, Frederick Douglass! Rise up and speak!

wand
trollspö



FREDERICK: This man Mister Dodd calls me a liar! The Laws of the United States of America cannot be lies! Hear them then!
If more than seven slaves are found together on any road, without a white Person - twenty lashes a piece.
For being on horseback without the written permission of his master - twenty-five lashes.
For letting loose a boat from where it is made fast - thirty-nine lashes;
and for the second offence, shall have his ear cut off!

DODD: You have five seconds to give yourself up!

FREDERICK: The lawful punishment for the second attempt to teach a slave to read is – death!

DODD: Five, four, three,
May God have mercy on your heathen soul –

heathen
hednisk

CECILY: Look who I found, Mister Dodd! Your daughter up here in the steerage deck!

MATILDA: Dodda! You're in Mister Johnson's show!

EXTRO: This was the fifth 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.