

Flames of Freedom Podcast Episode 4

"Lost in the Wilderness"

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This is a production of Lance Toland Entertainment.

EPISODE 4: LOST IN THE WILDERNESS

FADE IN UNDER

OPENING MUSIC:

SFX: OPENING MUSIC

ANNOUNCER

Welcome to Flames of Freedom,
brought to you by Lance Toland
Entertainment. Episode 4: Lost in
the Wilderness. In the previous
episode, Diogo Nunes Rebeiro had
just engineered his family's escape
from Lisbon, Portugal aboard a
British galleon. He is celebrating
with the captain the ruse they
perpetrated and then joins his wife
on deck, imagining the bright
future awaiting them in England.

DIOGO

Para sua saúde (sounds like
sa·u·di). To your health.

CAPTAIN WINGRAVE

To yours as well. And may you find
the freedom you're seeking at long
last.

SFX: ship sailing through waves; wind blowing. Musical
transition

ZIPPORAH

An hour later, my parents stood on
the ship's bow looking out to sea
as the ship cut through the water,
with the moon's light reflected in
the waves.

GRACIA

Did you feel that?

DIOGO

Feel what? The wind?

GRACIA

No. Freedom, meu (pronounced "moo")
amor. Freedom.

BENJAMIN

(MORE)

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2. ZIPPORAH

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

So your family was at last free?

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ZIPPORAH

Free we were. But we were starting a new life in a country we knew little about, and none of us spoke much English except for my father. We had great hopes, but none of us could have foreseen the challenges we'd face as we approached the White Cliffs of Dover. We were all gathered there on deck when Captain Wingrave approached us.

CAPTAIN WINGRAVE

My good friends, welcome to England.

ZIPPORAH

My brother André was mesmerized by the sight of the English shore.

ANDRÉ

Is that a mirage? Or are those cliffs white?

*

*

CAPTAIN WINGRAVE

Indeed, they are. They're called the White Cliffs of Dover, lad.

ZIPPORAH

My mother, on the other hand, was filled with apprehension. She knew how lethal and dangerous the Portuguese could be. I could hear her whispered conversation with my father.

GRACIA

Diogo, I have been holding my breath for eight days now. Waiting for a Portuguese Man o' War to appear on the horizon...to arrest us.

DIOGO

My love. Breathe. Our years of looking over our shoulders are over. My father put his arm around her and held her tightly as the waves broke over the ship's bow.

(MORE)

3. ZIPPORAH

DIOGO (CONT'D)

He then motioned me over and held me with his other arm as he took the cross hanging from my mother's neck, lifted it over her head, and then did the same with mine.

*

GRACIA

Diogo, what are you doing?

DIOGO

We don't need these any longer. They are the lies we have been living. It's time to shed them...

ZIPPORAH

He then took his cross, lifted the chain over his head, and called out to the rest of our family.

*

DIOGO

Everyone. Come here. Give me your crosses.

ZIPPORAH

At first, my brothers and sisters hesitated. But they did as he requested, handing them to his outstretched hand.

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

My father then lifted them above his head and looked heavenward.

DIOGO

God of Abraham. Thank you for bringing us out of Portugal, where we were forced to pretend to be something we are not, our Jewish identities stolen from us by the Catholic Church. Creator of the Universe, we ask that our hiding ends now, that we never again have to renounce ourselves, and that being a Jew is among the many blessings you bestow upon us. Amén.

EVERYONE

Amen

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ZIPPORAH

He then took the crosses and tossed them high into the air. A giant wave swallowed them instantly.

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4. ZIPPORAH

BENJAMIN

Did that make you Jews again?

ZIPPORAH

There is much more to that story if you're patient to hear it.

BENJAMIN

Of course, Nonna. But tell me, why didn't your family just come to America instead of going to England?

ZIPPORAH

At that point in time, we probably wouldn't have been welcomed anywhere in America.

BENJAMIN

Why?

ZIPPORAH

It's complicated. Perhaps it would be better to start with why we weren't so welcomed in England. The journey from Portugal to England was only eight days, we were more than just a thousand miles away from home. The customs were as foreign to us as if we were halfway around the world in China. Plus we left behind everything familiar. Our homes. Livelihoods. Identities. With all that, we all felt a sense of anticipation that our lives were about to begin for the first time when we arrived at the docks of London.

SFX - docks; men yelling to each other directions as they ferry goods on and off ships; gangplank being lowered.

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

It was all so exciting. Our crew lowered the gangplank to the docks, where people buzzed around carrying sacks of grain and other goods, almost like a colony of ants in a choreographed dance. had never seen anything like this in Portugal. That's when Captain Wingrave approached my father.

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5. ZIPPORAH

CAPTAIN WINGRAVE

Where is it you said you wanted to be taken?

DIOGO

The Synagogue on Bevis Marks Road. In Aldgate.

CAPTAIN WINGRAVE

Good. Have your family wait there on the docks. I'll arrange for hackney carriages to get all of you there.

ZIPPORAH

He descended the gangplank and disappeared in the throng below, and we followed, heading for a clearing near large sacks of grain stacked six feet high. A few minutes later, he returned with two carriage drivers in tow.

CAPTAIN WINGRAVE

Doctor Nunes, these men will bring you to the synagogue. I have taken care of the fare. They're reliable and will get you there safely.

ZIPPORAH

The captain extended his hand to my father.

CAPTAIN WINGRAVE

Sir, it has been an honor. May God be with you, and I hope you find all you are looking for in my fair England. Godspeed. Now, off you go.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

(in Cockney)

Dis way governaw. Follah me.

SFX: Activity on the docks

ZIPPORAH

The carriage drivers led us through the throngs of stevedores to the road where two carriages were waiting.

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*

6. ZIPPORAH

CARRIAGE DRIVER

I understand we're goin 'o Bevis
Marks synagogue in aldga'e. Tha'
righ' governaw?

DIOGO

That's correct.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Then please 'ave everyone load up
an' we'll be on our way.

DIOGO

How long will it take?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Be'er par' ov an 'our governaw.

ZIPPORAH

We all climbed aboard the two
carriages and began winding our way
through the London streets. On
nearly every corner, beggars thrust
their hands at us, asking for alms.
At one busy intersection, we came
to a halt, and they surrounded us.
There must have been thirty or
forty of them.

BEGGAR 1

I have five children starving at
home and no food...

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*

BEGGAR 2

Please, help me...

*
*

BEGGAR 3

Por favor, me ajudem. Não temos
nada.

*
*

DIOGO

Are you Portuguese?

BEGGAR 3

Sim.

*
*

7. ZIPPORAH

DIOGO

Here, take this. My father reached into his jacket pocket and handed him a gold real.

BEGGAR 3

Obrigado!

DIOGO

You're welcome...

GRACIA

Diogo, we have next to nothing...

DIOGO

But that's much more than they have.

ZIPPORAH

The beggars, seeing that my father had money, began swarming the carriage, grabbing at us. My mother screamed out as someone tugged at her small handbag.

SFX: swarms of people screaming for money.

GRACIA

(screaming)

Diogo, help me!

ZIPPORAH

She resisted, but the chain broke, and she did everything she could to hang on to it for dear life.

GRACIA

No, no. Diogo, my handbag!

ZIPPORAH

My father grabbed the beggar's wrist and then hit him with the back of his hand. The beggar let go of the handbag and fell onto the street as my mother clutched the handbag to her breast.

DIOGO

Driver. We must get out of here, now. Rápido!

SFX: whip cracking; crowd dispersing

7A. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH
The driver took his whip and began
(MORE)

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8. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

lashing out at the beggars, who
moved back to avoid its sting as he
cracked it repeatedly above his
head, first targeting people to the
left and then to the right.
SFX: screams from beggars

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BEGGAR 4

You bloody bastard!

ZIPPORAH

He then snapped the whip above the
horses' heads, who reared up before
they stampeded forward, knocking
beggars who were fleeing their
sharp hooves to the ground.

SFX: horses winnowing and then stampeding down cobblestones;
sounds of beggars screaming receding in the distance

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

The carriage jerked forward at
first and then began to pick up
speed as we left the crush of
beggars behind us. I didn't quite
understand what they were screaming
at us, but I can tell you from
their tone it wasn't kind.

BENJAMIN

That sounds terrible. Why were
there so many hungry people? I
always thought England was a very
wealthy country.

ZIPPORAH

It is. But as we soon discovered,
England was a place where there
were rich, poor, and destitute, and
not much in between. And God forbid
that you owed someone money. For
that sin, you could be thrown in
prison, and for all intent and
purpose, they threw away the key.
But that's getting ahead of the
story. Shall I continue?

9. ZIPPORAH

BENJAMIN

But I have one more question. Yes, what is it?

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

What was in your mother's handbag that was so important?

ZIPPORAH

Two keys.

BENJAMIN

Keys?

ZIPPORAH

Yes. Now that you ask, would you like to see them?

BENJAMIN

You have them?

ZIPPORAH

Oh, yes.

SFX: Zipporah gets up from their seat, walks across the wooden floor, opens a drawer, and then returns to her seat.

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

Here. Take a look. Where do you think they're from?

BENJAMIN

They're really old.

ZIPPORAH

That they are. They're from our family house.

BENJAMIN

In Portugal?

ZIPPORAH

No, in Spain.

BENJAMIN

I don't quite understand.

ZIPPORAH

These keys are to the house that my ancestors left behind in 1492 when they fled to Portugal fearing for their lives. Six eighteen Cuesta del Realejo in Granada.

(MORE)

10. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

Against all odds, they had a burning hope and desire to return someday.

And how did you get them?

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

My mother gave them to me when I turned nineteen years old, not long after we arrived in London. They were given to her by her grandmother, who, in turn, was given them by her grandmother. And so on, going back eight generations.

BENJAMIN

That's remarkable.

ZIPPORAH

Yes, it is, and now, I'm giving them to you if you promise to give them to one of your grandchildren when you're my age. If nothing else, they represent the sacrifices we have made and the resilience of our family and our faith.

BENJAMIN

Nonna, I don't know what to say.

ZIPPORAH

There is nothing to say. Just promise me that someday, if you can, you'll return to Granada, find our home on Cuesta del Realejo, and use the key to open the front door.

BENJAMIN

I promise, Nonna.

ZIPPORAH

Good. Now, where was I?

BENJAMIN

You were in the carriage on your way to the synagogue.

ZIPPORAH

Oh, yes. On the way, we saw many more beggars on the street, but nothing like what we experienced at that intersection. I was rattled by what occurred there.

(MORE)

11. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

Glancing over at my mother, I could see in her eyes that she, too, was upset. like that in Lisbon. When we arrived at Bevis Marks Synagogue, we had something new to contend with on top of the realization that we were nearly as poor as the people begging us for alms. Strange as it may sound, none of us had ever seen a synagogue before, much less been in one. We had no idea what to expect when the carriage driver announced that we had arrived.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

'his be 'he place governaw.

ZIPPORAH

My father climbed down and shouted to the rest of us to join him.

DIOGO

All right, everyone. We have arrived.

ZIPPORAH

As we all gathered around, the carriage drivers gave a quick flick of their wrists to crack the whip above the horses' heads and pulled away. Leaving us stranded and alone, like we had just landed on a deserted island.

SFX: Whip crack and carriages pulling away on cobblestone road.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

'ave a good day governaw. An' bes' ov luck 'o all ov you.

ZIPPORAH

We all just stood there, staring at the synagogue's wrought iron gates that led to a beautiful courtyard.

DIOGO

Well...we're here.

ZIPPORAH

My mother pulled my father to the side.

12. ZIPPORAH

GRACIA

Diogo, I must have a word with you
in private.

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*

ZIPPORAH

I must say there was nothing
private in their conversation. As
her voice raised we could hear
every word.

GRACIA

Diogo, I fear we have made a
terrible mistake.

DIOGO

What do you mean?

GRACIA

We're total strangers here. What if
no one can help us? We'll be out on
the streets like those beggars.

DIOGO

Calm down. We won't be begging for
our meals. I promise you. And keep
your voice down. You're going to
scare the others. Right now, we
can't afford to be afraid. When we
stepped on that boat in the Lisbon
harbor, there was no turning back.
Have faith. It's in God's hands.

ZIPPORAH

My father turned away from her and
began walking toward the gates, but
none of us followed. He turned and
stared at us.

DIOGO

Why the hesitation?

ABRÃO

We have never stepped inside a
synagogue before. What are we
supposed to do when we go in?

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*

DIOGO

Abrão, I don't know. We'll find out
together.

RODRIGO

*
*

(MORE)

13. ZIPPORAH

RODRIGO (CONT'D)

How will they know we're Jews? And not beggars? We're here with just the clothes on our backs. street, and then what?

*

DIOGO

True. I suppose we all look a little foolish dressed like this. But come, we haven't traveled this far to have our fears get in our way. We won't be thrown out on the street. I won't have it. I give you my word.

ZIPPORAH

With trepidation, we followed my father through the iron gates and slowly opened the door leading to the back of the empty sanctuary. I was struck by everything that was absent that I had become so accustomed to. No crosses or statues of Mary or Jesus being crucified. Just beautiful stained glass windows and a candle burning above a cabinet at the front of the sanctuary. The silence was nearly deafening. I could hear the heavy breathing of all those standing near me. Slowly, we dispersed and wandered the aisles, looking up and around in amazement. SEBASTIÃO

(whispering)

They don't have a holy water font...

TERESA

(whispering)

And no statues of saints anywhere...

RODRIGO

(whispering)

And there's no real pulpit. It looks like the priest stands in the center there...

ZIPPORAH

My attention was drawn to the cabinet in the front with the ornate wooden handles on the doors.

(MORE)

14. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

I wondered what was behind those doors. open it and was startled by a voice that rang out from the back of the synagogue like a cannon. It was the Rabbi, a young man in his twenties who was briskly heading up one of the aisles.

RABBI NIETO

Young lady, please...please do not open the ark. Women are not allowed to handle the Torahs.

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ZIPPORAH

I was startled and didn't understand what he was saying. I only knew a few words in English. My father called out to me.

DIOGO

Maria, amor, por favor, venha aqui.

ZIPPORAH

Frightened, I stepped back from the doors.

RABBI NIETO

Thank you! Qual é o seu nome (qual-su-no-mē), young lady? What is your name?

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ZIPPORAH

Mariá.

BENJAMIN

Your name was Mariá, then?

ZIPPORAH

Yes.

BENJAMIN

But why did you change it to Zipporah?

ZIPPORAH

Patience, Benjamin. I'll explain in due time.

(MORE)

15. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

As I stood there perplexed by the
rabbi's admonishment, my father
extended his hand to the rabbi...

DIOGO

Allow me to introduce myself. I am
Doctor Diogo Nunes Ribeiro. Lisbon
this morning. So sorry for my
daughter's innocent gesture.

ZIPPORAH

The rabbi took his hand and shook
it warmly.

RABBI NIETO

Everything is fine. With time,
she'll learn our customs. I'm Rabbi
Isaac Nieto...A ship from Lisbon?
You are Jews, no?

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*

DIOGO

Our ancestors were Jews. We've been
secretly practicing Judaism for
generations. Outwardly, we
were...are Christians.

RABBI NIETO

So you're Conversos?

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DIOGO

Yes, I suppose. In Portugal, they
call us New Christians. Behind our
backs, they refer to us as
Marranos. Pigs.

RABBI NIETO

How in the world did your whole
family manage to slip out of
Lisbon?

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DIOGO

Well, that's a long story, perhaps
for another day. By the grace of
God, we escaped, but as you can
see, we left with just the clothes
on our backs.

16. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH

For a moment, the rabbi turned and stared at all of us. I don't know what he was thinking as he looked at our fine clothing. We were clearly not poor beggars, but I guess you could say we weren't much different from the beggars we saw on the streets just an hour ago. belongings, and just a few gold reals sewn into the hems of our clothing to keep us alive for a while.

RABBI NIETO

Forgive me...You must be exhausted. And hungry! Please introduce me to your family.

*
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DIOGO

Everyone, gather around.

DIOGO (CONT'D)

My wife, Gracia.

ZIPPORAH

My mother extended her hand, but the rabbi simply bowed and did not take her hand.

RABBI NIETO

I hope you don't take offense, Madame, we have a different custom here. Men traditionally don't shake hands with women.

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GRACIA

Oh...

ZIPPORAH

I don't think I had ever seen my mother so unsure of herself. Nervously, she dropped her hand to her side.

17. ZIPPORAH

DIOGO

My five children, starting with the oldest. Manoel, André, Isabel, Theresa, and Maria.

RABBI NIETO

It's my pleasure to welcome you to London.

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DIOGO

And my assistant Lucio Gama.

ZIPPORAH

The rabbi extended his hand and shook all of my brothers' hands, as well as Lucio's. And you are a...a servant?

DIOGO

No, he is not my servant. He is one of us.

LUCIO GAMA

Actually Rabbi, it is a complicated story. You see, I was born and raised as a Jew, but my parents perished in the Inquisition. And Diogo and Gracia, they gave me a home.

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RABBI NIETO

I see...

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DIOGO

Yes, there is a tale to be told there, too, in due time. Let me introduce my brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Sebastião and Teresa. And close friends of my oldest daughters, Abrão and Rodrigo.

RABBI NIETO

My pleasure. Do you have any other
(MORE)

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RABBI NIETO (CONT'D)

family here?

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DIOGO

No one in London. The only ones who know we are here are you, the ship's captain, and the crew. I dare say many people in Lisbon know by now. The Inquisitorial Court has undoubtedly made a spectacle of our escape, probably burning us in effigy and confiscating all our possessions and our homes.

RABBI NIETO

That's a shame. But you're alive, and that's what is important. This may seem...indelicate, but may I inquire...do you have any resources?

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GRACIA

We sewed some jewels and coins into the linings of our clothes before departing. us through, at least for a while.

RABBI NIETO

In the meantime, we need to find you lodging. At least temporarily, I can offer you a house to stay in. By divine providence, an elderly widow recently died and willed it to the synagogue. It's a modest dwelling, but it will be a safe roof over your heads for now. We also have a Gemach here. Do you know what that is?

*

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19. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH

My father shook his head.

RABBI NIETO

People contribute things to the
synagogue, like clothing, and pots
and pans for cooking, for
situations like this. We can't have
you walking around London looking
like you are on your way to a
banquet, can we?

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DIOGO

That is most generous.

RABBI NIETO

Some women in our community will be
happy to provide you with meals
until you get settled. In the
meantime, please wait here while I
arrange things. And Maria, when we
have a moment, I'd like to show you
and your family and friends our
Torah scrolls and give you a tour
of the rest of the synagogue. Would
you like that?

*
*

ZIPPORAH

I smiled and nodded as the rabbi
headed for the doors at the back of
the synagogue. Suddenly, everyone
began talking at once.

RODRIGO

O que ele disse? (What did he say?)
(MORE)

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20. ZIPPORAH

RODRIGO (CONT'D)

Ele vai nos ajudar? (Is he going to help us?)

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SABASTIÃO

E a comida? Estamos famintos! (What about food? We're starved.)

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DIOGO

He says he is going to help us. And give us a house to stay in. And some fresh clothing and food for everyone.

ZIPPORAH

Needless to say, I was a bit naive about women handling the Torah.

BENJAMIN

How could you have known? You had never been in a synagogue before. Or even seen a Torah scroll.

ZIPPORAH

True. There were so many things we didn't know as we were embarking on a new life in a strange place. As we got settled in our house, I learned some startling news from my mother that first day. My father was looking out the window at all the people passing in the streets when my mother came down after taking a bath, wearing a simple dress that the women of the synagogue had given her.

DIOGO

Ah, that's better. Refreshed?

GRACIA

Yes...but I look like a peasant.

DIOGO

A beautiful peasant!

DIOGO (CONT'D)

Meu amor, come here. Let me hold you in my arms. Will you be my peasant?

(MORE)

21. ZIPPORAH

DIOGO (CONT'D)

Diogo, I would follow you to the end of the world with just the clothes on my back, which I have just done! But I must tell you, I never imagined we'd be living like...paupers.

DIOGO (CONT'D)

My sweet Gracia. This is not the end of our journey. It's just the beginning. Give it time. We have dealt with much worse in our lives, and we managed.

GRACIA

I know that in my head. But my heart wonders whether...we're too old now for this kind of adventure, Diogo. Have we made a mistake?

DIOGO

No...we are not too old to start over. We've done it before. We can do it again.

GRACIA

I hope you're right. But Diogo, what if we don't fit in here? We dreamed for years of openly being Jews. But in the synagogue, I felt like...an unwelcome stranger. I never expected to feel like that.

DIOGO

They have different customs here. Give it time. Things have a way of working out. Patience, my love. We'll learn...together.

GRACIA

You are right, as always. What would I do without you? Hold me tighter, please. Yes, like that... Diogo, there is something you need to know.

DIOGO

What, my darling?

GRACIA

I believe I'm with child. Are you sure?

GRACIA (CONT'D)

As sure as I can be. I think I should know the signs after having five children. I just never thought it was even possible at my age.

DIOGO

It's a sign. A good thing. Imagine another little one...

GRACIA

To feed and care for Diogo. How are we going to provide for another mouth?

DIOGO

Do not burden yourself with worries. God will provide. What do you think? Will it be a boy or a girl? A boy would be a blessing, and then we'd have three of each.

GRACIA

I don't want to conjecture. I'm a little superstitious. Let's just hope it's a healthy child.

DIOGO

Either way, this child will grow up knowing only the Jewish faith. That, my love, is a beautiful thing. When shall we tell the children?

GRACIA

Wait for a week or two. Just to be certain.

DIOGO

Very well. My only wish is to have you lie in and rest.

GRACIA

Rest? Who has time for rest? I will be fine. I am as strong as ever.

DIOGO

That I know. My mother was true to her word, keeping her pregnancy a secret for several weeks. Meantime, each of us, in our own way, was attempting to adjust to this new life.

(MORE)

23. ZIPPORAH

DIOGO (CONT'D)

I'm unsure who had it tougher, my sister Theresa or Isabel. One morning we were washing clothes. There was Theresa, someone who had never done a day of real work in her life, pulling her beet-red hands out of a scalding tub.

THERESA

Mama, I don't know if my hands can take much more of this. Can't we get someone like Benedita to do this for us?

GRACIA

How often do I have to tell you we aren't wealthy anymore? That life we left behind in Lisbon. It's up to us now.

THERESA

Then explain to me again why we had to leave Lisbon. To live like peasants? In a place where no one knows us or cares about us...

GRACIA

That's enough, Theresa. You know very well why we had to leave.

THERESA

I just thought it would be different.

GRACIA

(breathless)

We all did. I need to sit.

SFX: Gracia sitting, attempting to catch her breath.

THERESA

Mama, are you all right?

GRACIA

(still breathless)

Yes, it's just...just give me a moment. I have not been feeling so well these last few mornings.

Have you told Papa?

GRACIA (CONT'D)

Yes, of course.

24. ZIPPORAH

THERESA

What does he say?

GRACIA

(hesitating)

He says I may be pregnant.

THERESA

Pregnant, Mamãe (ma-ma-e)? That's not possible. You're much too old for that.

GRACIA

What, you think your papa and I are too old to still enjoy each other's company?

THERESA

No, but can't it be a problem at your age?

GRACIA

Hopefully not. We'll face that if it happens. In the meantime, I need you to be strong and do what you can to help the whole family get along and make ends meet.

THERESA

Yes, Mamãe. I'm sorry I was complaining.

GRACIA

No time for sorrow.

THERESA

Mamãe, do the boys and Isabel and Maria know?

GRACIA

Not yet. Let's keep it our secret for right now. Please.

THERESA

Of course. Come, let's finish the washing so we can help Isabel prepare tonight's meal.

ZIPPORAH

As miserable as Theresa was washing clothes, Isabel had discovered that cooking was not her, how do the French say it, forte?

25. ZIPPORAH

BENJAMIN

Yes, Nonna, I think that's the right word.

ZIPPORAH

(chuckling)

It didn't matter what she did. Everything that came out of the oven was burnt.

SFX: Isabel pulling a burnt casserole out of the oven

ISABEL

Merda!

GRACIA

I beg your pardon.

ISABEL

I'm never going to learn how to cook.

GRACIA

Then you and Rodrigo will starve for the rest of your life.

ISABEL

I am not cut out for this. Servants are supposed to do the cooking. Not us.

GRACIA

Isabel. There's an old Portuguese saying, "A fome é o melhor tempero." [a fo-mē oo-meyad tim-per-o] Hunger is the best seasoning. Burn enough casseroles, and you'll soon learn how to cook! So, let's get to work and prepare something so the rest of the family doesn't starve. And stop complaining. It doesn't befit you.

ZIPPORAH

My brothers were experiencing their own challenges finding work and confronting the prejudices against Jews and foreigners, something we never imagined possible in England. One afternoon, André went into a small grocery shop down the road and took a few items from the shelves to the counter to pay.

26. ZIPPORAH

SFX: Items being placed on a counter

ANDRÉ

How much do I owe you?

SHOPKEEPER

(in Cockney)

You're no' from 'ere, are you?

ANDRÉ

No. I'm from Portugal.

SHOPKEEPER

You a Jew?

ANDRÉ

(hesitating)

Maybe yes. Why?

SHOPKEEPER

We don' serve filthy Jews 'ere.

ANDRÉ

What do you mean?

SHOPKEEPER

I mean ge' ou' ov my shop nah.

ZIPPORAH

In disbelief, my brother gathered
his money off the counter

ANDRÉ

Vá se foder.

SHOPKEEPER

Wha' did you say?

ANDRÉ

You can go to hell!

ZIPPORAH

To make matters worse, he took his
hand and swept all the items he was
preparing to buy onto the floor and
then turned and stormed out of the
shop.

*

SHOPKEEPER

Oi, come back 'ere, ya bleedin'
mucka Jew!

27. ZIPPORAH

ZIPPORAH

When André returned home, he was so angry he could have killed someone with his bare hands. My father, who was quietly reading a book, attempted to calm him down.

SFX: door slamming open.

DIOGO

André?

ANDRÉ

Do you know what just happened?

DIOGO

What?

ANDRÉ

We're not allowed in the shop down the street. Did you know that? The shopkeeper called me a filthy Jew.

DIOGO

He did what?

ANDRÉ

He called me a filthy Jew and told me we weren't welcome.

DIOGO

(taking a deep breath)

André, you can't let people like this get to you. He's nothing but a foolish shopkeeper who doesn't know any better.

ANDRÉ

He doesn't know anything but to hate me, and he doesn't even know me. What have Jews ever done to him to deserve that?

*
*

DIOGO

André, we're guests in this country. We must be patient. Changing people's attitudes sometimes takes generations. Let us not forget that being a Jew in Portugal was reason enough for being burned at the stake.

(MORE)

28. ZIPPORAH

DIOGO (CONT'D)

At least here in England, we can openly be Jews without the constant fear of death.

ANDRÉ

But if people hate us just because we're Jews, that's not freedom, Papa.

DIOGO

True. But it's early days, André. Not everyone feels this way toward us. Patience.

ANDRÉ

Patience? You told us that leaving Portugal would be a good thing. It looks to me like we traded one devil for another.

ZIPPORAH

My brother turned and slammed the door as he left.

DIOGO

André! André!

ZIPPORAH

My mother came in from the kitchen, drying her hands to see what all of the shouting was about.

GRACIA

What is going on?

DIOGO

What's going on? I have an idealistic son who wants the world to be perfect. it isn't. That's what's going on.

GRACIA

What happened?

DIOGO

The shopkeeper down the street refused to sell to him, calling him a filthy Jew.

GRACIA

What are you going to do about it?

DIOGO

Do about it? What do you mean?

29. ZIPPORAH

GRACIA

If you don't stand up for your son,
who will?

DIOGO

Gracia, whose side are you on? I'm
just trying to make things right
here. Can't you see how difficult
that is with a son who has a hot
head?

GRACIA

I'm not sure you want to know what
I see, Diogo...

END

ANNOUNCER

This is the conclusion of Episode
Four of Flames of Freedom. Written
by Richard Stone. Produced and
directed by Mark Simon at Cue Tone
Productions. Audio Engineering,
Original Music, and Sound Design by
David Wilson. Executive Producer
Lance Toland. Special thanks to our
ensemble cast...Zipporah played by
Angelina Santana. Benjamin played
by Jamie Treselyan. Diogo Nunes
played by Juan Pablo Gamboa. Gracia
Nunes played by Gabriela [guh -BREE-
EH-luh] Lopetegui [pronounced loh-
peh-TEH-gii (hard "g" as in "goat"
and the "ii" sound as in "eve".]
And additional roles played by Brad
Davidorf and Barry Stoltze.

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(MORE)

28. ZIPPORAH

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

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