

Flames of Freedom

Podcast Episode 1

"Narrow Places"

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This is a production of Lance Toland Entertainment.

FLAMES OF FREEDOM

"Episode One: Narrow Places"

FADE IN UNDER  
OPENING MUSIC:

SFX: OPENING MUSIC

SFX Birds; traffic; trolley bells; footsteps

ANNOUNCER

If you walk with me on this bright spring day in Savannah, Georgia, you'll be struck by the towering Live Oaks draped with Spanish Moss shading the median separating the traffic traveling east and west along Oglethorpe Avenue. The town is bustling with tourists walking from square to square, admiring the large statues celebrating its rich history, its heroes, and the magnificent architecture of the homes dating back to the early 1800s. As we cross Oglethorpe at Bull Street, a granite monument set back in the trees catches my eye. It would be easy to miss it. It looks more like a headstone that you might find in a cemetery. At first glance, it appears to be a tribute to the city's father—James Edward Oglethorpe. His name is emblazoned on an attached bronze plaque. Above it, though, is something curious—a Jewish menorah—a candelabra etched in granite for all to see. If you are not Jewish, you probably wouldn't know its significance and just conclude that it's a decorative element. But the menorah traditionally has been used inside synagogues for thousands of years and is called Ner Tamid—'Eternal Light'—signifying the never-ending presence of God in the world. So why is this Jewish artifact associated with the city's father, a man supposedly devoted to the Church of England?

SFX: Footsteps; traffic passing by

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Let's walk around to see what's on the other side. The puzzle becomes even more confounding. Two bronze plaques are attached to the granite, listing a couple dozen names of Jews who apparently died and were buried here in the colony's early days. Who are these people? What are their stories, and how and why did they make this journey to Savannah, only to be buried here, right under one of the town's busiest intersections? More importantly, why are their deaths so closely associated with the life and accomplishments of James Oglethorpe?

SFX: change in music and tone

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

In "Flames of Freedom," we pull back the curtain on this mystery to reveal why these Jews fled from places like Portugal and Prussia to an uncivilized wilderness in America. To understand that, we must travel back to 1492, when Ferdinand and Isabel drove the Mores out of the Iberian Peninsula. Endorsing the Catholic Church's drive to enforce strict adherence to its doctrines, the Jews, along with the Mores, were given a choice. Leave, convert, or die. Many Jews immigrated to nearby Portugal and other countries around the Mediterranean. Others resisted and were slaughtered or burned at the stake. However, many families who had lived in Spain for hundreds and hundreds of years chose to convert but kept practicing their Jewish faith in secret.

(MORE)

## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The Catholic Church could not tolerate such apostasy and instituted the brutal and oppressive Inquisition that lasted for nearly three hundred years, using torture to extract confessions of any who dared to deviate from the Church's dogma or were reported to be surreptitiously practicing Judaism.

In Eastern Europe, the conditions for Jews weren't much better. Rampaging Christians regularly slaughtered thousands of Jews in what we now call pogroms that were organized by the state and the Church to rid the population of its Jews. Those who weren't killed lived a precarious life since decrees by the Prussian King made it untenable even to earn a living. Conditions in Portugal also deteriorated for those who fled Spain. In 1497, under the threat of death by the sword, tens of thousands of Jews were forcibly converted to Catholicism in a single day. After a brief ceremony, they were transformed from Jews into New Christians but never entirely accepted into Portuguese society since they were suspected, rightfully so, of continuing their Jewish practices in the privacy of their homes. Understandably, those who could escape the oppressive hand of the Church fled, many making their way to England. The question is: Why didn't they simply settle there? Unfortunately, England was far from being a welcoming place for poor Jews, lest we forget that King Edward the First expelled the Jews in 1290, and they were only allowed to return over three hundred years later by Cromwell in 1656 because he needed money that only the wealthy Jews of Amsterdam could provide. In turn, the Crown promised the Jews that it would be their protectorate, a promise that all too often went unfulfilled.

(MORE)

## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

This is the backdrop for our story about brave families who made the fateful decision to voyage to the shores of America in hopes of finding true freedom in a place that was far from hospitable to settlers and much less welcoming of Jews. They came here with nothing but hope, determination, and a will to succeed. "Flames of Freedom" is their story and part of the collective story of all those who have come to America over the last three centuries seeking a better life. It is our honor to share it with you.

SFX: Musical transition

## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Welcome to Flames of Freedom, a docudrama based on actual historical events brought to you by Lance Toland Entertainment. Episode 1: Narrow Places

SFX: thunder and rain

## NARRATOR

My name is Zipporah Jacobs, and this is my family's story, reaching back centuries in time. When my grandson turned thirteen and was bar mitzvah'd in the year 1790, I felt it was time he knew how we came to be here in America. So I invited him for tea and cake one afternoon. As I waited for his arrival, the weather turned brutal. Sheets of rain buffeted the windows of my house as I peered into the darkening sky, hoping he'd be safe walking the two miles from his home to mine. As I worried there, I pulled out the one thing that had always brought me comfort--my rosary beads. Now you may be wondering why, I, a Jew, would possess a Catholic prayer tool with each bead representing the names of God. Well, that is getting ahead of the story.

(MORE)

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As I watched the rain drip down the glass panes like tears from long ago, I was reminded of the time my entire family had gathered to celebrate the Jewish festival of Passover in secret. Yes, in secret. The year was 1726. The place-- Lisbon, Portugal. My father, Diogo, who was in his late fifties, and my mother, Gracia, eight years younger, had gathered in the basement of our home with myself, the youngest at fourteen, known then as Maria, and my two older sisters, Isabel and Theresa, along with my two brothers Manoel, age 26, and André, who was just two years older than me. Along with Lucio Gama, standing by my side, also age twenty-six, who had grown into a statuesque young man of mixed African descent. In due time, I will share how he came to be an integral member of our family. Accompanying us were my aunt and uncle, TERESA EUGÉNIA DE SEQUERIA HENRIQUES and SEBASTIÃO NUNES HENRIQUES. My mother, Gracia, with a cross dangling visibly from her neck, ignited a splinter of wood tipped with sulfur from the embers of the tinderbox and lit two candles.

SFX: Match being ignited.

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As she recited the Jewish prayer for the Festival to bless the lights, she waved her hands three times and then covered her eyes, her voice barely audible.

## GRACIA

(in a whisper)

Blessed are You, our God, Ruler of the world, who sanctifies us with mitzvot and calls upon us to kindle the lights of this Festival day. Amén.

## FAMILY

(in a whisper, in unison)

Amen.

## GRACIA

Eternal God, we welcome this festival of freedom with joyful hearts. We seek Your presence. As You redeemed our ancestors from the slavery of Egypt and led them to the land of their inheritance, so have You been our Redeemer and Protector throughout the centuries, watching over us and guiding us at all times.

## FAMILY

(in a whisper, in unison)  
Amen.

## NARRATOR

My mother, Gracia, took my father's hand, and the two of them extended their free arms to embrace all of us. My father then placed his hand on each of our heads and recited the priestly blessing.

## DIOGO

(in a whisper)  
Bless each of you that you may know in your lifetimes what our ancestors experienced thousands of years ago when our God redeemed us from Egyptian slavery and led us to the promised land. We ask that the day comes soon when we, too, are liberated from this silent prison. Happy Passover, everyone.

## NARRATOR

At that moment, the peace and calm of our prayers were interrupted by shouts and commotion upstairs.

SFX: furniture being broken in room above; shouts and screams

## NARRATOR (CONT'D)

My father looked at my mother, his eyes bristling with alarm. He quickly snuffed out the lit candles with his bare fingers.

SFX: Door being kicked open; sound of fluttering flames from the torches

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I looked up the stairs. Silhouetted in the doorway was a member of the Guardia. Others stood behind him holding lit torches.

GUARDIA SERGEANT

Diogo Nunes Ribeiro, you and your family are under arrest.

SFX: sound of man running up wooden steps.

NARRATOR

My father fearlessly bounded up the stairs to confront the guard.

DIOGO

Who gives you a right to come into our home like this? Who sent you, and what is the charge?

GUARDIA SERGEANT

Heresy, Doctor. We have accusations that you have been Judaizing. And by the looks of it, we caught you in the act. And our orders? From the Inquisitor General himself. Now, all of you, come upstairs immediately.

SFX: stampede of feet on stairs

NARRATOR

We all shakily made our way up the stairs. Armed guards grabbed me and the others and forcibly escorted us outside. More Guardia carrying torches were waiting in the street beside two horse-drawn carts with caged enclosures of bamboo laced together with rope. As they escorted us out the front door, they tied our hands with a cord, then roughly hoisted us up and pushed us into the carts. With effort, each of us stood. There were no seats--I felt like a caged animal. Two of the Guardia grabbed Lucio to bind his hands. He was sobbing. My father confronted the sergeant.

SFX: man sobbing



DIOGO

Leave him. He's nothing but a servant. He'll be of no value to you. Leave him, I say, or I will speak directly to the Inquisitor General about your impertinence.

NARRATOR

The sergeant hesitated as my father held his gaze.

GUARDIA SERGEANT

Let him go. There's no point in putting him on the rack.

NARRATOR

One of the Guardia released Lucio, who fell to his knees, welling up with tears. The Guardia kicked him in the side, the force of which knocked him over onto the cobblestones.

SFX: Man being kicked and falling onto the ground

DIOGO

I said leave him be!

SFX: men laughing; Lucio screaming in agony

NARRATOR

The Guardia kicked him again, then grabbed him by the shirt. Pulling his bloody face close to the torch he was holding in the other hand.

SFX: Torch fire

GUARDIA PRIVATE

I guess we'll spare you from the stake, heh? Too bad. You would burn nicely, like a sizzling, suckling pig!

NARRATOR

He then pushed Lucio back down to his knees. Lucio looked at my father, pleading in his eyes. They then threw my father into the other cart and began leading us away down the street, leaving Lucio behind, wounded and sobbing.

SFX: Horse-drawn carts on cobblestones.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A half-hour later, we arrived at the Inquisitor General's compound and were ushered down a winding stairwell to the dungeon.

SFX: Jail cell door creaked opening, and chains rattling as they shackle victims.

SFX: HEAVY DOWNPOUR OF RAIN AND THUNDER FOLLOWED BY A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

BENJAMIN

Is this still a good time, Nonna?

ZIPPORAH

Oh, yes, Benjamin, please, come in.

BENJAMIN

Terrible storm this afternoon. Are you alright, Nonna? It looks like you have been crying.

ZIPPORAH

Oh, it's nothing. Just recalling something that happened a long time ago. Sit. Don't mind me. Tea? And a piece of cake?

BENJAMIN

No on the tea, but most certainly yes on the cake. Please.

SFX: The soft sound of cutting a cake and putting it on a china plate with a fork. Pouring of tea. Zipporah sitting down on sofa. Sound of Benjamin setting down the cake plate.

ZIPPORAH

Ah, that's better. It's nice since the war ended, we can finally get tea again.

BENJAMIN

(with a bite of cake in his mouth)

I don't care much for tea. What I really like is your special coffee with milk.

ZIPPORAH

Oh, we used to drink that every morning when I was growing up in Portugal.

BENJAMIN

And did you learn how to make your sponge cake in Portugal, too?

ZIPPORAH

No, I learned how to bake that in America.

BENJAMIN

Well, it's really good. Why does my momma's sponge cake never taste like yours?

ZIPPORAH

(laughing)

That's because there's a secret ingredient I never told her about.

BENJAMIN

(chickling)

You're too funny, Nonna.

ZIPPORAH

Just don't tell your mother I said that. I'll make you some meia de leite (may-uh de lay-t) next time. Promise.

BENJAMIN

I'm holding you to it.

ZIPPORAH

We have a deal. So, tell me, now that you have been bar mitzvah'd, how does it feel? I understand you read flawlessly from the Torah and are praying every morning in the minyan with the men. I'm impressed.

BENJAMIN

Yes, it was the Torah portion about Jacob. It starts out, "My father was a wandering Aramean..."

ZIPPORAH

From Deuteronomy, right? 'And he went down into Egypt and lived there as an alien, few in number, and there he became a great nation...'

BENJAMIN

Yes, you know that?

ZIPPORAH

Surprised, eh? You know, our family, we were wandering Jews like Jacob.

BENJAMIN

They were?

ZIPPORAH

Yes, they wandered all over the world, from Israel to Europe. My father escaped from Portugal to England and then came to America.

BENJAMIN

I didn't know that.

ZIPPORAH

Oh, there's a lot you don't know. Did you know he never had a chance to read from the Torah when he was your age?

BENJAMIN

Why is that?

ZIPPORAH

Well, he wasn't officially Jewish at the time. He was Catholic. Besides, he wouldn't have been allowed in a synagogue in those years. Actually, there were no synagogues in Lisbon at the time.

BENJAMIN

He was Catholic, and there were no synagogues? I don't understand.

ZIPPORAH

That's why I invited you here today. I have a gift for you.

SFX: Cover of book being opened and pages turned

BENJAMIN

What is this?

ZIPPORAH

Some would call it a diary. It's really the history of my life and stories about my parents and the tales they told me about their ancestors. It goes back centuries.

BENJAMIN

We can trace our family back that far?

ZIPPORAH

My father always said our family lineage goes all the way back to the House of David. Of that, I'm not sure. But I do believe the Nunes family fled Israel when the Assyrians attacked over two thousand years ago and eventually settled in Spain. In the beautiful city of Granada...

ZIPPORAH (V/O) (CONT'D)

It was the year nine hundred and twenty-nine. Islamic Arabs and Moors from North Africa captured Grenada and created something wondrous. Jews, Christians, and Muslims lived side by side in harmony, like here in America. They called it the Golden Age...During those years, we Jews prospered and even held high posts in the government. In fact, the caliph Abd al-Rahman's doctor was a Jew. His name was Hasdai ibn Shaprut.

ZIPPORAH (CONT'D)

My father also was a doctor to the King of Portugal in his day, over seven hundred years after the Golden Age. He believed he was a descendant of this man. At least, that's what he told me. And did you know that he saved the colony of Georgia from a raging epidemic? By the way, Hasdai, like you, was a writer--a great poet.

BENJAMIN

Your father was really a doctor to the King? And how did he save Georgia?

ZIPPORAH

Yes, he was the doctor to the King of Portugal. Regarding what he did to save Georgia, that's getting ahead of the story...

ZIPPORAH (V/O) (CONT'D)

Like so many good things for us Jews, Granada's Golden Age faded quickly. In 1031, civil war broke out in the Iberian Peninsula, fracturing the Caliphate into small warring emirates, and things turned deadly...

SFX: Mob

A Muslim mob crucified the Jewish vizier Joseph Ibn Nahgrella, then massacred most of Granada's Jewish population. Over the following years, the violence against the Jews spread to Toledo and Seville. The Pope even forbade us to build synagogues or study the Talmud. By the 1400s, being a Jew in Spain was practically a death sentence.

BENJAMIN

Why didn't the Jews just leave?

ZIPPORAH

That's because there was no safe place to go, at least not in Europe. We were hated and shunned by everyone.

BENJAMIN

(enthusiastically)

What about America?

ZIPPORAH

There was no America in the eleventh century. Remember, Columbus didn't sail westward to discover a passage to India for another five hundred years.

BENJAMIN

Right...So what did they do?

ZIPPORAH

We did what Jews have always done. We adapted...

## ZIPPORAH (V/O) (CONT'D)

When King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella declared that Jews could no longer live in Spain in 1492, some fled to Morocco and Turkey to start their lives over. But many, with great reservations, converted to Catholicism rather than lose their homes and their wealth. Others refused and were put to death. Many more, including our ancestors, fled to Portugal, believing it would be a safe harbor.

## ZIPPORAH (V/O) (CONT'D)

But they discovered all too late that when the young King Manuel married the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella to seal an alliance between the two countries, there were strings attached. They would only allow their daughter to marry if there were no Jews in Portugal. This presented a bit of a dilemma for the King. So he promised all the Jews safe passage out of Portugal if they came to Lisbon. And there they were, thirty thousand of them, gathered in a large square, separated from their own children who were being held as hostages in another part of the city...Imagine what that was like as an emissary from the king stood on one of the ramparts eviscerating all their hopes and dreams...

## EMISSARY OF THE KING

Silêncio! Silêncio!

SFX: Crowd; Guards on ground yelling Silêncio! The crowd slowly quiets.

## EMISSARY OF THE KING (CONT'D)

Friends, I have some unfortunate news. The boats requisitioned to take you to England as our monarch promised were unexpectedly diverted and, I am sorry to say, unavailable. A great disappointment to us all, including the King.

CROWD MEMBER  
He gave us his word!

EMISSARY OF THE KING  
Yes, yes, he did, and he regrets that. But he has no choice but to rid the country of you Jews so his son can marry. That leaves you with limited options. Convert and commit to raising your children as true believers of the Catholic faith, or...perish. If you choose the sword, rest assured we will see that your children are placed in good, Christian families.

SFX: Crowd Bedlam and shouts.

CROWD MEMBER TWO  
You lying bastards!

CROWD MEMBER THREE  
(screaming and crying)  
My daughter! I must have my daughter.

CROWD MEMBER FOUR  
To the gate! Rush the gate!

SFX: Soldiers slashing and stabbing. Screams of pain.

EMISSARY OF THE KING  
Tell your men to clear the entrance of the dead bodies and march the Jews in small groups to the church. If anyone resists, kill them.

SFX: Steps of aide scurrying off.

SOLDIER ONE  
You ten Jews, form a line now.

SFX: People shuffling

SOLDIER ONE (CONT'D)  
Follow private Alvarez. Anyone who steps out of line or says a word will die.



NARRATOR

Group after group of ten Jews were lined up and marched to the nearby church where ten priests were stationed at the front of the church, and the Jews were led in and forced to kneel before each of them with a guard standing at their side with their swords drawn. The priests each follow a prescribed script.

PRIEST #1

Do you desire to become a Catholic in the name of Jesus Christ?

NARRATOR

The first Jew kneeling there hesitated. The guard placed his sword at his throat.

JEW

Yes.  
(stammering)

PRIEST #1

Your name?

JEW

Domingos Botelho de Lucena.

PRIEST #2

Do you desire to become a Catholic in the name of Jesus Christ?

JEWISH WOMAN

Yes.  
(fearfully)

PRIEST #2

Your name?

JEWISH WOMAN

(stammering)  
Renata Reis de Veiga.

PRIEST #3

Do you desire to become a Catholic in the name of Jesus Christ?

JEWISH MAN

Yes.  
(fearfully)

PRIEST #2

Your name?

JEWISH MAN

(stammering)

Lino Vasconcelos.

NARRATOR

A scribe was seated at a small table, penning the Jews' names in a book. Each priest sprinkled water on the Jews' heads and then dangled a wafer in front of their mouths. The first Jews clenched their teeth.

PRIEST #1

(whispering between his teeth)

Open your mouth and eat it if you wish to stay alive.

NARRATOR

As you might imagine, he obeyed.

PRIEST #1

(rapidly)

Most gracious Lord Jesus, please enlighten Your lost lamb to see the truth. Bring him to conversion so he might share in Your glorious inheritance and be made complete in Your body, the Holy Catholic Church. In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

NARRATOR

When the priests concluded their prayer, the guards gave each Jew a shove with their foot and led them out of the church to the steps outside.

GUARD

You are free to go.

JEW

Go where?

GUARD

Back to your wretched home.

BENJAMIN

So our ancestors were no longer Jews?

ZIPPORAH

Not exactly. The Catholic Church called them Conversos, or New Christians. But secretly, many continued practicing Judaism when no one was watching, including my family. If caught, we could have been burned at the stake.

BENJAMIN

Just for practicing Judaism in secret?

ZIPPORAH

Just for being a Jew.

BENJAMIN

And your father, he was also a Converso?

ZIPPORAH

Hm, hm. As was I.

BENJAMIN

You too? But you're Jewish.

ZIPPORAH

Yes.

BENJAMIN

How can you be both?

ZIPPORAH

Well, that's a most intriguing story...

ZIPPORAH (V/O) (CONT'D)

As best I can guess, my father, Samuel, and mother, Rebecca, were born in the late 1660s in Lisbon. Your mother is named after her. But their names weren't Samuel and Rebecca then. Diogo and Gracia were their given Christian names. They were married just before 1700. In the Catholic Church, of course. Even though they weren't wed under the Chuppah, they were still doing their best to keep their Judaism alive when no one was watching...

ZIPPORAH (V/O) (CONT'D)

...they secretly built a chuppah in their basement and did their best to repeat Jewish vows, but remember, they were eight generations removed from being able to practice as Jews. They barely knew any Hebrew. To fool people, they kept a mezuzah inside a statue of Mother Mary at their house entrance. On Yom Kippur, they couldn't let anyone suspect they were fasting. So they walked around in public with a toothpick in their mouths. When young men like you reached the age to be bar mitzvah'd, there was no Torah to read or minion to join. That's when they were told that they weren't Catholics but actually Jews and that they had to swear to keep the family secret. And unlike today, women, not men, kept the tradition alive by leading the prayers.

BENJAMIN

So, if I was born just a hundred years ago in Portugal, I would still have to be hiding that I'm a Jew.

ZIPPORAH

If you were born today in Portugal, you would still be in hiding.

BENJAMIN

How, then, did you and your parents survive and come to America?

ZIPPORAH

Survival came at a great cost. Just a few years after my parents were married, several friends and even relatives reported them to the Inquisition, saying they were Judaizing.

BENJAMIN

Judaizing?

ZIPPORAH

Yes. Secretly practicing Judaism.

BENJAMIN

And what was the Inquisition?

ZIPPORAH

Where do I start? You see, the Catholic Church, in league with the rulers of Spain and Portugal, had a problem. All of these New Christians defied the Church by continuing to be Jewish in private. The Pope couldn't tolerate this and decided that there should only be one faith--his...which takes us back to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, the King and Queen of Spain in 1492 as they listened to a letter from the Pope being read to them by their secretary...

SECRETARY

...therefore, I, Pope Alexander, authorize you and your representatives to exercise whatever means necessary to root out and eradicate any false beliefs that contradict the teachings of the Catholic Church. We must ensure that the corrosive effects of those preaching dogma that undermines the Church's Canons are neutralized and punished.

FERDINAND

(whispering to Isabella)

At long last. The cover we need to eliminate all of our enemies...

BENJAMIN

They'd kill you just because you believed something different?

ZIPPORAH

Most definitely. My parents were accused of being heretics. Arrested. Tortured. All of their belongings were confiscated. Your Uncle Moses, may his memory be for a blessing, was three years old at the time and was taken in and cared for by my mother's sister.

BENJAMIN

Tortured?

ZIPPORAH

Benjamin, the rest of the world is different than our beautiful country. Here you're innocent until proven guilty. In Portugal, when it came to matters of faith, you were guilty until proven innocent. And they would torture you until you admitted you were guilty, whether you were or not.

BENJAMIN

That's not right.

ZIPPORAH

I agree. It was insanity...My Father was placed on the rack, and interrogated by the Inquisitor General, a man in his eighties, slightly stooped, with bloodshot eyes.

SFX: people moaning and being tortured in the background.

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL

Is it not true, Doctor Nunes, that you have been secretly performing Jewish rituals? That you fast on the Jewish Day of Atonement? Recite Jewish psalms, don't work on the Jewish sabbath, and even bleed the meat from the butchery?

DIOGO

(gasping for breath)  
Bloody meat makes me sick.

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL

That may be true, but the rest of these charges, Doctor, are, how do you say it in medicine, a terrible prognosis. Help yourself. Confess. We can both be done with this sordid business. You get a slap on the hand, and I can return to my quarters for my afternoon sesta (Portuguese for siesta).

DIOGO

These people hate me because I'm successful and wealthy. They don't want spiritual justice. They're after the bounty for reporting me falsely.

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL  
Even your own father-in-law?  
Really? I think our defendant would  
benefit from the ropes being  
tightened a bit more.

SFX: Jailers turning the wheel.

DIOGO  
(crying and screaming in  
agony)  
Alright, alright, I'll do whatever  
you want. I'll confess to  
everything. Give you names. Dates,  
Places. Just make the pain stop!  
Please! Please...

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL  
That's much better. It wasn't so  
difficult after all, was it? As our  
Lord Jesus says, the truth can set  
us free. Remove him.

NARRATOR  
The Old Inquisitor turned to the  
notary who had been recording the  
conversation.

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL  
Get his full confession and bring  
it to me once it's complete. Doctor  
Nunes, it has been a pleasure  
speaking with you today. Perhaps  
our Lord Jesus can mercifully  
forgive you for your trespasses  
against the Church.

BENJAMIN  
That's terrible. Did they free your  
father and mother, then?

ZIPPORAH  
Oh, no. My mother was a tough  
woman. Much braver than my father.  
She refused to give in...they had  
taken her from her cell and strung  
her up with eight ropes, not the  
customary four...

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL  
Don't you think it would be easier  
for both of us if you simply  
confessed? It will be painless.

(MORE)

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL (CONT'D)

The weight of your sins will be lifted, and you can return to being a mother to your child. Need I remind you, you haven't seen him for two years. I wonder if he would even recognize you by now.

GRACIA

(between clinched teeth)  
You can go to hell.

ZIPPORAH

My mother spat in his face.

SFX: Spitting

OLD INQUISITOR GENERAL

You filthy Marrano bitch! Tighten the ropes, and if you have to, tear her limbs off!

SFX: music out

END

ANNOUNCER

This is the conclusion of Episode One 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 Angelines Santana. Benjamin played by Jamie Treselyan. Diogo Nunes played by Juan Pablo Gamboa. Gracia Nunes played by Federica Fogarty. The Inquisitor General played by Francois Clemenceau. And additional roles played by Brad Davidorf and Barry Stoltze.

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(MORE)



## ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

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