

## “Fake Jesus” Script

Is the Son of God really the eternal tormenter of the majority of the human race?



In 2013, the gang in Pennsylvania and I—along with Cyndi McCoy of New York City—made a short film illustrating the absurdity and the horror of the teaching of eternal torment. We shot the film in Windber, Pennsylvania. As we near the anniversary of the shooting, I would like to publish the original script. We added and subtracted some things once on location, but we generally stuck to what you see written here.

I pray that none of us ever forget the true travesty of this teaching, and how it has caused millions to turn away from God and His Christ. One of the most amazing passages of Scripture, to me, is 2 Corinthians 11:4, where Paul speaks of the evil of those heralding “another Jesus.” This phrase still shocks me. Of course, there is only one Jesus, but this “other Jesus” is the image of Jesus fabricated by the Christian religion He is handsome, has long hair—and will eternally torment you if you don’t

“toe the line” for Him and His Father.

The concept of the film was, “Let’s actually show this fake Jesus. Let’s see what this faker would say to a true seeker. Then we’ll show the real Jesus, but of course no one would recognize the real Jesus because He wouldn’t look like the Christian caricature. He always operated outside of the mainstream, and His words were the words of His Father and not those of the traditions of men.

At the end of the script, I include a link to the film on YouTube, and also the “making of” video. On page 8 is a short piece about the word Cyndi uttered when informed by Fake Jesus of her father’s fate. It’s a teachable moment and I’m taking advantage of it.

Please take this opportunity to forward this film to those who you would like to see embrace the truth of the salvation of all. This just may be the thing God uses to wake them up. This is my prayer. God bless you all. —MZ

SCRIPT REVISION

August 16, 2013

CYNDI MCCOY is walking slowly through town, down the sidewalk. Camera captures her from front and moves with her. During voice-over, camera takes side view, moving with her.)

(CYNDI voice-over played over Cyndi walking down sidewalk)

I never expected him to die. No one can really imagine their parents going away forever. In the mind of the child, your parents will always be with you. Life is never the same afterward. My mother died of cancer five years ago. She was the strong one, the believer in Jesus Christ. I thought



my father was too stubborn to die. My father drank to soothe every pain in his life. He could not drink enough to soothe the pain of losing the only woman who ever loved him (shot of Cyndi sitting on a store step, crying) (V.O., crying) Ten days ago, he left me. Can a 34 year-old woman be an orphan?

(Real street sound)

Cyndi reaches for a church door.  
Pauses. Stares at door handle.

CYNDI

Please help me.

Cyndi sits in a pew in the back of the church. (Side-view.) Head down. Praying.

P.O.V., from Jesus' viewpoint. Fake Jesus walks to join Cyndi from other side of the pew. He walks very silently; she does not hear him, does not look up from her praying. Finally, when

he is right next to her, she senses his presence. She looks up, startled.

CYNDI

You scared me. How long have you been standing here?

FAKE JESUS

(still P.O.V.)

I have always been standing here.

CYNDI

You look like Jesus Christ.

FAKE JESUS

Is that what you believe?

CYNDI

(hesitant, then with conviction)

Yes.

JESUS

May I sit down?

(End P.O.V. Camera is now next to pew, closest to Cyndi, oblique angle.)

CYNDI (looking down)

Yeah. Why not?

Jesus sits down. Moments of silence.

FAKE JESUS

Tell me what's troubling you.

CYNDI

You already know.

FAKE JESUS (looks down, embarrassed)

I need to hear.

CYNDI

My father just died. I miss him so much.

FAKE JESUS

I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me shall never die, but will have eternal life.



CYNDI (troubled, looking down)  
 He didn't believe in you.  
 (Now looking at him).  
 He believed in whiskey.

FAKE JESUS (looks down, does not  
 say a word; the disclosure has  
 clearly bothered him.)

CYNDI  
 Why aren't you saying anything?

FAKE JESUS  
 My hands are tied.

CYNDI (shocked)  
 What? What do you mean, you're hands  
 are tied? Give me some hope. Can't  
 you tell that's what I want? You're  
 the savior of the world.

FAKE JESUS  
 It has been said.

CYNDI  
 What has been said? That you're the  
 savior of the world? It's true, isn't  
 it?

FAKE JESUS  
 I save those who choose me.

CYNDI  
 But so many people don't choose you.  
 Are they saved? Aren't they part of  
 the world?

FAKE JESUS  
 I told you. My hands are tied.

CYNDI (incredulous)  
 NO!

FAKE JESUS  
 I'm sorry.

CYNDI  
 You're ... sorry? (Long pause,  
 then, almost impassively.) Where is  
 my father now?

FAKE JESUS  
 Be at peace.

CYNDI  
 Peace? How can you talk about peace?  
 (more aggressive) (CU) Where ... is  
 ... my ... father?

FAKE JESUS

I am the way, the truth, and the life.

CYNDI

(becoming even more aggressive)  
I asked you a simple question.

FAKE JESUS

No one can come to the Father, except by me.

CYNDI

I know all that! Where is he? Where's my father?

FAKE JESUS

I am the door. I am the sheep gate. I am the life.

CYNDI

My father was a lost sheep. Will you not go after him?

FAKE JESUS

(after much meditation, He decides to fully level with her)  
I don't go after lost sheep. Some sheep don't know my voice. They're mindless of me. They don't deserve to be saved.

CYNDI

No one deserves to be saved! Everyone is like a sheep! Why do I have to tell these things to you?

FAKE JESUS

(exasperated; he really wants to hurt her now; she has insulted him)  
Your father is burning in hell now. All right? His flesh, which is alive on him, is bubbling in an endless heat so intense that not one person on this sorrowful planet has felt the likes of it. After a thousand years of his veins and his hands and his feet and his brain burning, he will be no nearer the end of his pain than when he began. (Looks away impassively, somewhat smugly). Which was Thursday afternoon. At 2:36 p.m.



CYNDI

(slaps him hard)  
Shut the f\*\*\* up, you impotent nothing!

SMASH CUT; OUT ON STREET.







No sound, but V.O. of heavy, panicked breathing. Camera shows Cyndi walking quickly down the sidewalk, hands balled into fists. She is heading to a bar. She will begin drinking, as her father did, to dull the pain of the church "revelation." The camera records her going in.

INTERIOR/ Cyndi pulls up stool at bar, next to REAL JESUS. He looks nothing like the Christian version of Jesus. Bartender takes her order.

BARTENDER What can I get you?

CYNDI Jameson. Straight.

REAL JESUS Nothing to water that down, huh?

CYNDI I hate God.

(The bartender serves her.  
REAL JESUS is already drinking.)

REAL JESUS

Now, why would a nice girl like you say something like that?

CYNDI

His son is apparently a powerless lame ass.

REAL JESUS

Wow.

CYNDI

He's impotent. He can't save everyone. He can't save anyone.

REAL JESUS

Who told you that?

CYNDI (elusive)

A trusted source.

REAL JESUS

Did this "trusted source" look anything like Jesus?

(Cyndi looks at him. She is finally into the conversation.)

REAL JESUS

Long hair? Brown beard? White tunic? Maroon sashy thing going across his chest? Maybe?

CYNDI

Yes. Exactly. It actually was Jesus.

REAL JESUS

No. It wasn't Jesus. It was a fake. Did he act like Jesus?

CYNDI (long pause)

He looked exactly like Jesus.

REAL JESUS

I know. But I asked you if he acted like Jesus.

CYNDI

I ... I don't know.

REAL JESUS

He didn't act like the real Jesus because it wasn't the real Jesus. It was a fake Jesus. Do you remember when you were a kid and there was a Santa Clause at every single department store?

CYNDI

Yeah.

REAL JESUS

Well, same exact bullshit here. Where did you see him?

CYNDI

In a church.

REAL JESUS

In a church

(He says it at the exact same time she does).

Where else would he be?

CYNDI (amazed)

I can't believe this.

REAL JESUS

Actually, you can believe it. I'm sorry about what happened to your father.

CYNDI

(looks over, surprised)

How did you know about my father?

REAL JESUS

He was meant to be an alcoholic from the beginning. It was meant to be. It was destined. You are going to be a better person because of this. Not today. I don't expect you to understand me today. You are going to have more empathy for people, Cyndi. You're going to help lots of people because of this.

CYNDI

How do you know all this? And how did you know my name?

REAL JESUS

(somewhat mysteriously)

The alcohol damaged the lower left quadrant of Charlie's liver. Everything else was fine, but that's all it takes. 28% is all it takes. The medical industry isn't going to figure that out for twenty more years. It's 28%.

CYNDI (disturbed of spirit)

Stop playing games with me.

REAL JESUS

I'm not playing games. You know your father's dead.

CYNDI (irritated)

No shit.

REAL JESUS

But that's not what he told you, is it? The faker?

CYNDI

No.

REAL JESUS

Charlie's not suffering. It's like he's asleep.

CYNDI

Oh, my God. How do you know his name? Who are you? He's not suffering now?

REAL JESUS

No.

CYNDI

He's not burning in hell?

REAL JESUS

No. No. That is pure theological fiction.

CYNDI

(turning to him, suddenly trusting him)

Tell me this, and don't hold back on me. Is my father going to be raised from the dead?

REAL JESUS

Yes.

CYNDI

What is going to happen to him when he's raised from death?

REAL JESUS

He's going to be judged.

CYNDI (blank stare)

REAL JESUS

And then he's going to be saved.

CYNDI (slowly realizing)

You're telling me I can find this in the Bible?

REAL JESUS

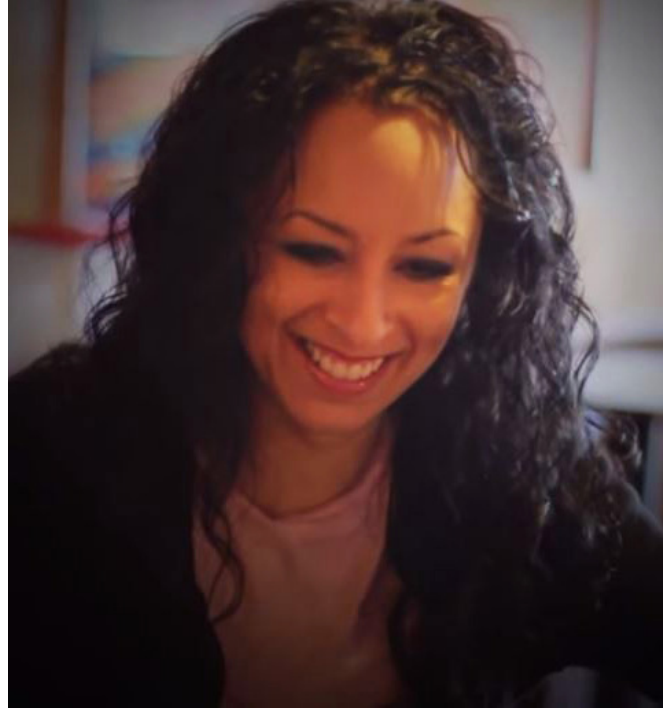
(turns to her)

1 Corinthians chapter 15, verses 21-28; Colossians 1:20, Ephesians 1:10, Romans 11:36; 1 Timothy 4:10, Romans 5, 18 and 19.

CYNDI

(stunned but overjoyed)

You are amazing.



REAL JESUS

It wasn't easy.

As REAL JESUS walks down the alley, we hear CYNDI'S voice (V.O.), back-dropped by quiet piano music, reading the following two verses:

V.O. The people sitting in darkness perceived a great light, and to those sitting in the province and shadow of death, light arises for them. And the light is appearing in the darkness, and the darkness grasped it not. (Matthew 4:16; John 15)

END

## WATCH THE MOVIE!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fHueToTgTzI>

## WATCH THE "MAKING-OF"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ytstLkJ94VI>

(More on page 8.)



### WHY DID CYNDI MCCOY SAY *THAT* TO THE FAKE JESUS?

**H**ere is a letter I received from a thoughtful woman whose quest is the truth:

Martin, I was just wondering why you use profanity in your videos? I really am wondering if you think this is not sin or what your thoughts are on the matter. Maybe you feel these words are not really sinning? I just wonder though, when I am listening to your videos and I hear these words it somewhat shocks me. I have never been a person to use foul language but I surely have other sins which makes us all in the same boat as far as sin goes, we are all sinners! But should we be careful to use language that doesn't really edify but shocks people? I believe very much as you do and thank you for your diligence in teaching others the truth. Thank you.

I first of all appreciate the kind spirit behind this letter, and that this woman has decided not to shun me. I love not being shunned; it is such refreshment for me. To the writer of the letter: *Thank you for writing, dear friend, and for querying me directly rather than talking behind my back.*

I want to speak specifically of "Fake Jesus" here. Cyndi did not use the "f" word of her own accord; I had written it into the script. She did take quite naturally to it, however, which assuaged my directorial sensibilities. In other words, it was easy for her to say it. Cyndi is not religious.

The script called for her to say a worse thing than what she did say, but I chickened out. Then we tried several takes of her saying, "shut the *hell* up," rather than "shut the f\*\*\*up," but the "f" takes were better, and far more powerful. (Though now I appreciate the double enten-

dre of "hell.") Friends, there is no word strong enough with which to renounce or be shocked by the doctrine of eternal torment. Anything is mild in comparison. In fact, If I knew of a word stronger than the "f" word, I would have used it.

Consider what Cyndi, in the movie, had just heard. She had just been informed by Jesus Christ that her father was being tortured in hell, and would be suffering in flames forever. We have lost the shock of it. If someone told you your six year-old daughter had been kidnapped and was being raped at knifepoint by six men and you uttered a string of "bad words" in the wake of the revelation, would anyone criticize your mid-trauma vocabulary? And yet the concept of eternal torment is far worse than the rape scenario.

We have become immune to the shock and horror of God torturing people without end.

No Christian who would object to the "f" word in this context would object to the hideousness of Jesus Christ, sitting in the pew next to Cyndi, telling this poor grieving woman that her father was burning in hell. This is the true horror, the true offense. But what Christians care about is: *Cyndi said a bad word. No one should watch this movie.* Alas, more Christians are more offended by words like the one under consideration than the abhorrent concept of God burning people forever. It's fine to believe that the Creator of the universe sends the majority of His creation into an eternity of fiery torture, just "watch your mouth."

Oh, wait a minute. You can say "hell," as long as you are sending a human being there to be tortured forever. Isn't that something? As a Christian, it is fine to say, "Uncle Jim is burning in hell right now; please pass the mashed potatoes." That is fine, pure, holy. It is solidly theological. But you cannot say, "Where the hell are the mashed potatoes?" If you do, then the rest of the "saints" at the table will think you've lost your moral compass.

Doesn't this testify to how screwed up Christians are? What a pack of hypocrites. This does not include the letter-writer, but she inspires this point. As always, Christians are straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Like the Pharisees, they are concerned about all the wrong things. They are ceremoniously washing their hands before meals, then killing God's Son. They are whitewashing the outside of the tombs ("no naughty words here"), happily tolerating the rotting carcasses (they believe in eternal torment) within.

What is the true evil? Is it the concept of hell, or the *word* hell? Obviously, the answer is "the concept." But I guess it is not so obvious. The word "hell" is nothing. Words don't bother God, but hideous concepts grieve His spirit. —MZ