

The Lie that Killed Millions

25-DE07-W37

History's most dangerous philosophers tempt a woman to embrace their dark, Godless purposes.

OVER BLACK

ZOEY (V.O)

What is truth? What is the very source
of life?

Sound of crickets, birds, rustling leaves and running water.

ZOEY (V.O)

An ancient book of wisdom says...

FADE IN:

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

A colorful, dreamlike garden becomes visible.

...that one should guard ones heart
with all diligence, for out of it
springs...

A fountain appears in the middle of the garden.

ZOEY (V.O)

..the issues of life.

The water becomes reflective and turns into...

INT. DARK SPACE. DAY

...a mirror standing in the corner of a dim, foggy
undefinable space, as if in another dimension.

The angle changes. A woman appears in the reflection, at a
distance. She sits hunched over a messy desk, absorbed in her
work, surrounded by books, many of them open. It is ZOEY.

ZOEY (V.O)

That's why I became a researcher.

Zoey suddenly looks up in the mirror for a beat. There's
something she doesn't want to see.

She opens a different book, furrows her brows, scribbles
frantically.

ZOEY (V.O)

I search history to sift which ideas
have been life-giving and which have
brought death.

Zoey glances at her reflection again and sighs.

She covers it with a white sheet.

Like a detective, she inspects the pictures hanging on the wall behind the desk: Nietzsche, Darwin, Freud, Marx, Stalin, Hitler. Red threads interconnect them and lead to the pictures of the victims in the middle: emaciated corpses from Holocaust and communist prison camps.

ZOEY (V.O)

The 20th century was so enlightened
and technically advanced, and yet it
ended up the bloodiest century ever?
Why?

Back at her desk, she opens Nietzsche's "The will to power".

ZOEY (V.O)

Little did I know that this question
would take me to the darkest corners
of my heart.

Zoey reads aloud:

ZOEY

"There will be wars like the world has
never known before"

She leans back in the chair.

ZOEY

How did you know that, herr Nietzsche?

Zoey stares out in the air. Her thoughts take form, and Zoey sees herself as NIETZSCHE, sitting by another desk with an ink pen in hand over a leather bound notebook. Light from a window high up reveals the dust in the air.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY (N-Z) looks at Zoey with intense eyes, and smirks. Note: German accent.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

Ah, you have come to cross swords with
me, ja?

ZOEY

(braces herself)

You famously said that God is dead and
that man has killed him. And that in
the vacuum that followed, there would

be fanatical idealism that would lead to the greatest wars the world has ever known. You not only foresaw these things. You have been in the forefront of promoting them. First by rejecting objective truth and moral, then by spouting your 'will to power'. You foresaw the atrocities, and still you promoted ideas that inspired them. That makes you even more guilty.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

You, Zoey, are shackled. Afraid of your own will. That's were Darwin got it wrong. We are not just changed by the will to survive, but by the will to power. And if you embrace that will, without restriction, you can become --

ZOEY

The Übermensch? The Übermensch was the Nazi ideal. The so called lesser races had to die to make way for --

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

Nein! The Übermensch is nothing like that. Yes, the Nazis despised the weak, like me, but they made a god of the state and became slaves of it. We must not replace God with something else. It's not enough to kill God in society, no...

N-Z pulls the sheet off the mirror.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

...you must kill Him in the very depth of your own soul. Kill the need for Him, to make room for the 'god-man'.

Gives her a rock, and indicates for her to throw it at the mirror. Confused, she stares at the rock, and for a brief moment, it appears to her as the ancient fruit that was forbidden to eat. N-Z steps closer, fire in his eyes.

In two violent moves, N-Z pushes everything off Zoey's desk.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

The strong create! The weak perish!

N-Z shakes and stretches out the white sheet as a table cloth over the now empty desk. N-Z pours Zoey some red wine.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

Embrace pain...

(gives her to drink)

...embrace joy

(Zoey drinks)

and rise from the ashes a new being.

Zoey's breath quickens. N-Z's words pull at something inside her – a thrill, a danger.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

And if others are too weak to rise
with you? Then let them fall! Mercy is
a trick of the weak to cripple the
strong. Why not wield your will like a
sword?

Zoey looks at the rock in her hand. It sparkles, and in a brief moment, it looks like a sword she lifts up for a fight. As N-Z continues, she sees the rock as moving, dancing atoms.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

Truth is not a cage – it is a song! A
wild, untamed symphony!

The atoms in Zoey's hand turns into the mushroom shape of an exploding atom bomb. She flinches and knocks over the wine glass, spilling the red over the white tablecloth.

The sight hits her hard.

ZOEY

That truth... is chaos.

(concerned)

What about love?

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

You still seek comfort. Get rid of
that slave mentality, that shadow of
God,

(points to the mirror)

destroy it!

Zoey looks into the mirror, and doesn't like what she sees. She breaths hard, then hurls the rock. She shuts her eyes – and we hear the sound of mirror shattering.

Zoey opens her eyes and gape in horror at the broken glass

and the spilled wine on the cloth.

ZOEY

And what if I do not want to become an
Ubermench?

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

Then you will remain what you are
—small. Afraid. Forever kneeling
before an absent God.

Nietzsche draws the table cloth away.

Zoeys eyes are drawn to the broken mirror. In the sea of
broken glass, childlike WEAK ZOEY kneels, trembling.

Zoey hears unintelligible muttering from the other side of
the room: N-Z, squatted down by his desk, the sheet wrapped
around him like a straitjacket. He rocks back and forth.

The light in the room dims. Shadows lengthen. The asylum
setting is now unmistakable. Zoey is no longer in a study.
Nor in the halls of power. She is in a cold, naked room with
a broken man, who stares past her, into memory.

NIETZSCHE-ZOEY

(bitter)

Truth shattered me. All my talk of
strength, of power — it crumbled at
the sight of suffering.

Zoey is shaken. She turns away -- and spots a book by Freud
on the floor.

ZOEY

Freud...

She looks up, and the scene shifts. Before her appears a
divan, and beside it, a cigar smoking FREUD-ZOEY (F-Z).

Zoey exhales, deeply unsettled. F-Z watches her, with calm,
piercing eyes. Zoey charges.

ZOEY

Psychology unshackled the conscience.
Reduced guilt to repressed impulses.
Stripped morality down to illusions.
You made people believe there was no
sin, only sickness.

FREUD-ZOEY

(chuckles)

And what frightens you more? That I was right, or that people listened?

ZOEY

(exasperated)

You undermined guilt, turned it into a neurosis. No God to be accountable to.

FREUD-ZOEY

(leaning in)

Fascinating. And tell me, frauline Zoey...

He claps the pillows of the divan, indicating for her to lie down. She does, with some hesitance.

FREUD-ZOEY

...do you feel guilty?

ZOEY

(sits up again, defensive)

Why would I?

FREUD-ZOEY

You have seen the abyss. And you recoil. That is natural. The mind constructs defenses against such horror. But tell me, why turn to childish fantasies of God. These are mere projections of the psyche, nothing more.

ZOEY

And if they are? You of all people should know that repression leads to —

FREUD-ZOEY

The weak child you saw is not some divine spark; it is your vulnerability dressed in fantasy. The adult must kill the child within.

ZOEY

(stiffens)

Kill her?

FREUD-ZOEY

Metaphorically, of course. You must accept that there is no higher order,

no divine justice, no great embrace
waiting for you. Only the self,
struggling against its own illusions.
It is time to grow up.

She stands up. Alert.

FREUD-ZOEY

Truth is not something external to be
grasped, but inner conflict to be
managed.

ZOEY

(shakes her head)

You diagnose, but you do not heal. You
name the demons, but you do not cast
them out.

FREUD-ZOEY

(scoffs)

And who does?

F-Z exhales a ring of smoke, watching her. She picks up
another book. "The communist manifesto"

MARX-ZOEY (M-Z) sits behind a wooden desk, eyes burning with
conviction. Pamphlets scattered around him.

ZOEY

You wrote that religion is the opiate
of the masses. That man is merely the
sum of his material conditions.

MARX-ZOEY

Look around you – what drives history?
Faith? Or hunger, war, class struggle?

ZOEY

Without the belief in a soul, without
moral accountability to God, what
stops one class from slaughtering the
other?

M-Z leans forward, eyes gleaming.

MARX-ZOEY

Revolution is necessary. The old must
be destroyed for the new to be born.

ZOEY

Millions died under communism –

gulags, purges, forced famines. Your
ideas became bloodstained reality.

M-Z's expression darkens.

MARX-ZOEY

(Leaning forward)

And what of the poor before the
revolution? The exploited? The
laborers, broken under the weight of
the bourgeois machine? Have you never
burned with anger at the injustice of
this world?

ZOEY

Of course I have.

M-Z spreads a red cloth over Zoey's desk. He flings an arm
towards the chair behind it.

MARX-ZOEY

Get up there, and look at the world
(she climbs the desk, apprehensive)
Look at the wealthy! The parasites who
own the land, the factories, the
banks! They have everything.

She gazes out over the world from the top of the desk and
sees flashes of excess and luxury before her eyes.

MARX-ZOEY

...while the workers — the true
lifeblood of society — starve.

She sees flashes of famished workers and breathes harder.

MARX-ZOEY

Tell me, Zoey, does that not fill you
with rage? You feel it. That deep,
righteous indignation! You, too, see
that they do not *deserve* their wealth!

ZOEY

(nodding, voice rising)

They hoard while others suffer. They
inherit power without earning it.

MARX-ZOEY

(delighted)

Tell me — what of the aristocrats of the mind? The so-called
intellectuals? The Nietzsches of the world.

Zoey clenches her fists.

ZOEY

He was insufferable.

Marx leans forward, lowering his voice, drawing her in.

MARX-ZOEY

And what of God? The One who stands
above even them?

A charged silence.

MARX-ZOEY

(mocking)

The one who allows all of this
injustice. Who blesses kings and
tyrants while the poor beg for bread.
Tell me, Zoey – have you never raged
against *Him*?

Zoey's breath quickens even more. The flashes haunt her.
Fills her with anger.

M-Z hands her one of the broken shards. Zoey closes her eyes.
She can feel the heat rising within her. The righteousness.
The fury.

MARX-ZOEY

You *must* destroy the old world to
build a new.

She lifts the shard, like a weapon.

MARX-ZOEY

(smiling, triumphant)

You see, you are already halfway to
revolution!

His words hit her, and when she opens her eyes, she notices
Weak Zoey below her, trembling, wide-eyed, small and fragile.
Terrified. Afraid of revolutionary Zoey.

Zoey's hand falls, and she catches a glimpse of her own face
in the reflection.

Her grip loosens. The shard clatters onto the table. She
steps down, shoulders shaking. Marx watches, unreadable.

MARX-ZOEY

The road to paradise is paved with

struggle.

Zoey studies him, her voice quieter, but sharper.

ZOEY

Is that why you rejected God – because
He stood in your way?

(beat)

Why did your beautiful revolution end
in blood?

Marx's expression darkens.

MARX-ZOEY

Because there are always those who
refuse to let go of the old world.
Those who must be... dealt with.

A coldness creeps into his eyes. Zoey shudders. She knows now
where her own heart can lead her. She picks up another book
from the floor. A book about Sabina Wurmbrand.

ZOEY

Sabina...

She sees a cold prison cell before her. The walls are damp,
and a single light flickers overhead. A wooden bench against
the wall. SABINA-ZOEY (S-Z), with soft, but sorrowful eyes,
sits on it, handcuffed.

Zoey shivers – not just from the cold, but from something
deeper.

ZOEY

You went through it all, Sabina. Nazis
killing your family because they were
Jewish, communists torturing you for
your Christian faith...

Sabina-Zoey smiles softly.

ZOEY

I've followed the road back to its
roots – to the ideas that led to blood
and fire. And I saw them in me too. I
could have put you in this prison. I
could have persecuted you.

SABINA-ZOEY

(nods gently)

Yes. We all must see that, before we

can truly be free.

ZOEY

(voice breaking)

Then what is left? If every idea
—every revolution — every attempt to
build something better ends in
cruelty, what hope is there?

SABINA-ZOEY

(smiling sadly)

Hope does not begin with a new system,
Zoey. It begins with a new heart.

ZOEY

(scoffing)

How? I mean, how could you hide Nazis
who had persecuted you; forgive the
man who had murdered your family...?
How did you even have the right to do
that?

SABINA-ZOEY

I had been forgiven myself. The same
pride, envy, contempt, anger... that
drove that man to kill my family — was
also in me. And yet, I was forgiven.

S-Z takes her handcuffs off.

ZOEY

(whispers)

Then what must I do?

SABINA-ZOEY

Truth is not a stale, lifeless
doctrine, or an illusionary crutch, or
a merciless tyrant. He is the One who
came down from a high and lofty abode,
to walk among us as a servant.

S-Z stoops down and starts to put together some of the shards
in front of Zoey.

SABINA-ZOEY

Truth gave his very life, so that I
could be forgiven. So that my family's
murderer could be forgiven. That is
the truth you seek, Zoey. He is the
truth than can change your heart.

Zoey steps forward and looks down into her reflection.

SABINA-ZOEY

Embrace that weak child in you that
longs for Him. Because He said that
one must become like children again to
enter His kingdom.

ZOEY

(eyes fill with tears)
I rejected that child.

SABINA-ZOEY

Then bring her back.

Zoey closes her eyes to become that child. She gets on her
knees, surrounded by the rest of the shards, and weeps
quietly, like Weak Zoey. Tears -- of joy.

With closed eyes, she lifts her head. The cold cell fades.
The dampness is replaced with warmth as we pull out from her
face.

As we hear the voiceover, the colors grow warmer. The sound
of running water in a garden increase.

ZOEY (V.O)

That day truth illuminated my heart,
and I knew, just like Sabina, that I
was loved. That truth was not a moral
code, not scientific knowledge, not
even a song, but a person who loved
me. He has given me a peace that
guards my heart...

We see her from above, bathed in warm light. Streams of water
appear in the reflection of the shards around her.

ZOEY (V.O)

...so that from it, could spring forth
the issues of life.

The image fades slowly over in to the glittering, streaming
water of the fountain.

FADE OUT.

