

The Parable.

In Germany of the 1930s, a talented designer works within the walls of the Daimler-Benz corporation. A young Jew, a leading developer of advanced models, is captivated by the beauty of a young German woman. A spark kindles between them, growing into a deep love, but the rise of the Nazis turns it into tragedy. In the encroaching darkness, the engineer is entrusted with a special commission from New Zealand. Before being sent to a concentration camp, he manages to embody it in a flawless concept for an exclusive Mercedes, secretly dedicating it to his beloved. At the client's request, the car is dismantled down to its last component and shipped by air. Yet somewhere over the Pacific, the cargo aircraft vanishes without a trace — a minor episode fading into the background of the ordeals to come. Soon after, the young woman's life is tragically cut short, and she will never be reunited with her beloved. He, however, miraculously survives a death camp, where fate brings him together with an enigmatic elder — a clandestine Jesuit priest. On neighboring bunks, prisoners support one another as best they can, sharing their suffering to the very end. Surrendering himself to Providence, the priest in his final hours discloses the existence of an archive unknown to the world, which he has kept hidden as its last guardian. Revealing its hiding place, the old man manages to whisper that the archive reveals the true substance of the past, laying bare a terrifying truth about the present and the future. This truth he bequeaths to the designer, charging him to reveal it to humanity.

Decades later, a magnificent ocean liner sets out on its maiden voyage. The world's power brokers, including the shadow cabals, embark on a round-the-world cruise. One passenger carries a certain ancient manuscript incognito. Legend holds that whoever deciphers it gains dominion over the world. In truth, however, the manuscript is a forgery, albeit an ancient one. Unaware of the deception, subterranean forces vying throughout the centuries for world supremacy secretly hunt for it. A lethal struggle over the possession of an illusion turns the great ship into the bloody arena of a decisive battle. In a grim denouement, the vessel is wrecked, vanishing into the abyss along with everyone aboard. The sole survivor, unexpectedly, rises again from oblivion — that same Daimler-Benz designer who once emerged from the Holocaust against all odds. After the loss of his beloved, he had spent long years in seclusion. Crushed by the weight of the truth about the world, laid bare in the archive bequeathed by the priest, he never found the courage to speak of it to anyone. A stooped old man, he finds himself aboard the liner by chance, losing himself within the doomed multitude who will drown in absolute ignorance of the causes of the catastrophe awaiting them. In the end, half-dead in a lifeboat, he is washed ashore on an uncharted island, lost somewhere amid the boundless expanses of the Pacific.

On this godforsaken island lives a wild tribe. For them, this scrap of land embodies the entire world, and the ocean is the universe. The tribe performs human sacrifices, selecting their ritual offerings from among the most worthy. For the tribespeople, this is a supreme honor, granted only to the chosen few. Gripped by superstitious dread, the priests seek to immolate this “messenger of the ocean”. But at the

very last moment, the man suddenly awakens. In the center of a primal crowd convulsed in ritual ecstasy, he spots a gleaming platinum Mercedes emblem worn by one of the tribesmen. Stunned, the designer recognizes it instantly: the achingly familiar three-pointed star from the car that never reached New Zealand, which he had designed in his youth and dedicated to his beloved. The crew of the missing aircraft had perished in a jungle crash, yet the fuselage and its cargo have miraculously survived intact, transforming into a cult object of the tribe's veneration. The old master reassembles the concept created at the dawn of his life, which he had dismantled with his own hands down to its last component. He manifests an inconceivable miracle before the eyes of the tribe — and unwittingly attains divine status on the island ...

This parable may open a door — into that for which it was truly told.

The depth of the theme that follows, hidden in the allegorical meaning of the story, demands the selfless openness of its content. In an attempt to answer the challenge of our time, the concept aspires to draw a humanity divided against itself toward unity, encouraging at least its Beginning to be brought to the surface. It harbors the hope that the profound, revolutionary nature of the theme will reveal the potential of the design, which has clothed its innermost essence in the form of a global cinematic idea. For its possible realization in the most universal of all arts dares the risk of overturning our understanding of the world — in a striving to unite it from within.

The radicalism of the concept lies in the intent to frame the meaning of history as a foundational mystery, revealing the past as an invisible drama, fanned into flame in the present. Modern cinema — which has turned conspiracy theories into a mainstream phenomenon — allows this image to be infused with universal human content through its free interpretation. At the heart of the idea lies a paradox: human pride, dividing us from within, secretly binds us all together. The invisible puppet master, rooted in the flesh, transforms the essence of the whole spectacle into a vivid masquerade of evil dressed in robes of goodness. Inside this creative matrix, splitting the world beneath the convenient guise of warring 'truths,' falsehood reigns — concealing, within the self-serving essence of this masquerade, the unfolding tragedy of a deceived humanity. Within this tragedy, the hidden undercurrents of the entire course of history acquire a sense of hopelessness that can only be captured through cinematic art. For only a free reconstruction of history's underbelly can lay bare upon the screen the sorrowful essence of the present.

At the foundation of the mad design, if we part the veil a little to reveal the creative core of the reconstruction, the origins of the modern world trace back to the twilight of the Middle Ages — the beginning of an invisible climax. Its internal sharpness, dividing history into a 'before' and an 'after,' binds together the genesis, the unfolding, and the still-continuing denouement. The metaphysics of climax grants the freedom to order the chaos of boundless information within the shrouded plot of the tragedy's apotheosis.

At its peak — in the depths of an era of the Church's absolute dominion — faith in one's own “divine chosenness” gradually forms an elite that is seduced by the

boundlessness of the resources under its command. Embodied at the turn of epochs as the shadow architects of a “new world,” it lays the hidden foundation upon which, behind a blinding facade of freedom, a total dictatorship of printed money is forged. Cold contempt for humanity — like a foolish flock that cannot do without a shepherd — engenders a cost-free instrument of enslavement, presented as liberation. It turns life into empty, paid-for vanity, substituting its true meaning and purpose with an existence where the blind lead the blind... left with no hope of ever grasping the nature of reality, where the more monstrous the truth, the harder it is to believe — unlike a lie.

The unity of the plot, synthesizing the meaning of the invisible drama, inevitably gives rise to the dream of an artistic embodiment in living communion with the visionary nature of cinema's spellbinding world. The shared innermost essence and its realization within a major conspiracy-driven film cycle justify its beginning in an allegorical form. The modern adaptation of the parable attempts to crack open a hidden door in the form of a synopsis, through whose three-act structure the universal aesthetic of Hollywood blockbusters undergoes a creative evolution. The fictional story is destined to find an all-encompassing and no less allegorical continuation. The central character — burdened by the weight of the truth revealed to him in the secret Jesuit archive — will never bring himself to reveal it to the world, despite the vow he made to the priest. Cast onto an uncharted island, out of hopelessness or despair, he will attempt, at the end of his life, to tell that truth to the primitive tribe that has made him their god. This belated fulfillment of his covenant takes on tragic symbolism through these futile tellings, utterly beyond the tribespeople's understanding. Yet, as fully realized, detailed, and deeply developed epic narratives, they can form the artistic foundation of the core films, providing the storylines through which the perceived underside of reality may be revealed.

A subconscious sense of deception can invisibly unite a global viewing audience. The visible “confirmation,” in turn, can command the film industry's attention, elevating an iconic brand into a symbol of loss and redemption that binds together all three parts of this story — the genesis, the unfolding, and the denouement. The fact of Mercedes-Benz's involvement in major Hollywood projects for covert product placement broadens the horizons of a story capable of bringing this advertising into the open. This story opens doors not only to brand investment but to Hollywood itself — where the primary resources of world cinema are concentrated. As the most unifying of all arts, translating profound meanings into visible images, the moving image seems uniquely predestined to make the hidden manifest. It sounds like madness, yet it may harbor a wisdom bearing “much grief.” The fulfillment of this destiny deserves a creative synergy with the global film elite — from the first script to the final screen.

The parable is only the Beginning — just the tip of the conceptual iceberg, whose underwater foundation is immeasurably vaster and deeper. The incommensurability of the coming continuation has a creative dimension in which, as it were, the ‘lie of this world’ takes on the image of a monstrous truth, one impossible to believe. Creative freedom allows it to be recreated in profound detail (so unthinkable that it is better seen than told) as the tragedy of humanity's rebellious youth — unfolding beneath the surface. The

gathering blaze is fanned from within by self-serving pride, in a theater of obedient marionettes. The blind puppet master, in conspiracy with the flesh, has condemned them, in their empty, paid-for vanity, to blindly trade the priceless for a pittance — bearing unfathomable losses, measured in human life itself.

Kindred always hopes... to find its kindred. The selfless openness of this cinematic idea is driven simply by the hope that, like a message in a bottle cast into the ocean, it might by chance fall into the purview of those whose visionary unconscious will behold something of their own in it. As if the conscious actualization of one's own, while ensuring the sacredness of authorial rights, symbolized the recovery of the priceless for a pittance, and an existential gain measured in eternity.

The metaphysics of the theme's origin humbly calls for trust in a miracle — that the mystery of Providence will help the Beginning find its fulcrum — vindicating the time that shaped the idea. Claiming to answer the imperative of the era, the concept offers its own vision of truth. At the conceptual risk of shattering the divisive perceptions of the world, this truth may set all free and — through the magic of cinema — unite from within ...