

In 1930s Germany, at the Daimler-Benz works, a gifted young designer pursues his craft — the firm's leading mind in the development of visionary new models. A Jew, the son of a rabbi, he is captivated by the beauty of a young German woman. The feeling that kindles between them grows into something immense, but the Nazi rise to power transforms it into tragedy. In the encroaching darkness, the engineer receives an extraordinarily costly commission from distant Australia. Before his deportation to a concentration camp, he brings it to life in a flawless concept for an exclusive Mercedes — dedicating it, in the privacy of his heart, to his beloved. At the client's request, the car is taken apart down to its last component and dispatched by aircraft in a carefully sealed and preserved state. Yet the plane and its cargo vanish without a trace over the Pacific — nothing more than a fleeting episode against the backdrop of the ordeals that follow. In time, she perishes tragically, never to be reunited with her beloved. He, however, miraculously survives a death camp, where fate delivers him to the bunk of an enigmatic elder — a Jesuit monk living in secret. Side by side on adjacent planks, the prisoners sustain each other as best they can, sharing their suffering. Surrendering himself to Providence, the monk in his final hours discloses to the designer the existence of an archive unknown to the world — one he has hidden as its last keeper. Having revealed its whereabouts, the old man conveys with his remaining breath that within it lies the true substance of the past, revealing a terrifying truth about the present and the future. He bequeaths to the designer a single charge: to disclose it to humanity.

Then, decades later, an entirely different story unfolds. A magnificent ocean liner sets out on its maiden round-the-world voyage. Thousands of passengers representing the world's elites — including its most clandestine ones — embark on the journey. Somewhere among them, traveling incognito, is a certain ancient manuscript. Legend holds that whoever deciphers it gains dominion over the world — yet in truth it is nothing more than an aged forgery. Unaware of the deception, powerful clandestine forces invisibly competing for world dominion are hunting for it. They converge on the great liner, where a lethal struggle over possession of an illusion transforms it into the arena of a bloody massacre. In a harrowing finale, the catastrophic sinking of the vessel takes everyone with it into the deep. But one man escapes. The sole survivor, in an unexpected turn, proves to be that same Daimler-Benz designer who had emerged from the Holocaust against all odds. After the loss of his beloved, he had spent long years in seclusion, crushed under the weight of the truth about the world discovered in the monk's bequeathed archive — a truth he never found the courage to share with anyone. Now, in old age, he has stumbled by chance onto the ill-fated ship, and found himself lost among countless hostages to a catastrophe whose true causes they take with them to the bottom. In the end, unconscious in a lifeboat, he is carried by the sea to an island with no name — lost somewhere amid the boundless expanses of the Pacific.

On this godforsaken island lives a primitive tribe. For them, this scrap of land is the entire world, and the ocean the boundless universe encircling it. Worshipping idols fashioned by their own hands, the tribe offers human sacrifice — choosing their victim from among the most worthy. For the tribespeople, it is the highest honor, one extended only to the chosen. Noticing a boat on the shore with a lifeless body, the priests — driven by superstitious awe — hasten to bestow this honor upon the "messenger of the ocean."

But at the very last moment, the man suddenly regains consciousness. Waking at the center of a crowd convulsed in ritual frenzy, he sees on one of the tribesmen a gleaming platinum star — the Mercedes emblem. The stunned old man recognizes it instantly: the achingly familiar three-pointed star — cast personally for the concept of the exclusive car he had designed in his youth and dedicated to his beloved. The aircraft that had vanished without a trace all those years before ended its flight right here. The crew perished when it plunged into the jungle, but the fuselage and its cargo had, by some miracle, survived intact — becoming a sacred object of the tribe's veneration. In the final scene, the old designer — in memory of the only love of his life — reassembles the machine he once dismantled with his own hands down to the last component. Quite unwittingly, he conjures an inconceivable miracle before the eyes of the tribe — and attains divine status on the island...

This is a parable. It may open a door. Into what it was told to reveal.

The depth of the theme hidden inside this allegory demands that its content be offered freely, without reserve. It is revolutionary in its essential nature: it carries the power to invisibly unite a divided humanity. That is precisely why, at this deeper level, the weight of what it could become compels us to place at least its Beginning before the world — in the hope that the scope of what lies hidden within it may reveal the true reach of an idea audacious to the point of madness. An idea that has clothed its vast inner essence in the shape of a universal cinematic concept. As if its realization in the most universal of all arts were daring to overturn the very way we understand the world — and, in doing so, earning its place within it.

The radicalism of the idea lies in the inner metaphysics of its interpretation: history's deepest meaning, recast as a foundational mystery. A mystery comprehensive enough to illuminate the unifying force of reconstructing the past as a hidden drama of all humanity — one still smoldering in the present. Cinema has long since turned conspiracy into a phenomenon of mass culture; here, that same power is turned toward something far larger: a universal disclosure. However vast that disclosure may be, however global its spiritual interpretation aims to become, it remains as free within as human pride is absolute at its foundation. Pride, like a puppet master rooted in carnal instinct, transforms the essence of the drama into a colorful masquerade — evil dressed in the robes of righteousness. Beneath that mask, hidden under the convenient disguise of clashing "truths," falsehood reigns — concealing a terrifying truth about the world behind its own self-serving performance. That truth is dangerous precisely because it brings order to the chaos of countless scattered facts, and in doing so, it lays bare a tragedy already playing out invisibly all around us: the tragedy of a deceived humanity. A tragedy so hopeless at the very core of history that it can only be told through film. A story revolutionary enough to change how we see the past — through a free reconstruction of the hidden forces that shaped the present.

The key stage of this creative reconstruction reaches back to the twilight of the Middle Ages — to the origin point of an invisible turning point in history. A "metaphysical" fault line so sharp that it splits history into before and after, while still binding together its opening, its unfolding, and its still-continuing final act. The

radicalism of the concept grants the freedom to shape its immense scope within a single unifying plot — the tragedy's apotheosis. Picture it: at the very height of the Church's absolute dominion, an invisible force emerges from within — one that, in its sincere belief in its own divine election, becomes seduced by command over boundless resources. As the old order gives way to the new, this force becomes the hidden architect of revolutionary upheaval, laying the foundation for a future ruled by money behind a blinding facade of freedom. It views humanity with cold contempt — as a foolish flock incapable of guiding itself — and from that contempt builds a soulless system of control. A system so spiritually hollow that it turns life into empty, paid striving, a vanity in which the blind lead the blind — with no hope of ever grasping a reality where the more monstrous the truth, the harder it is to believe, while the lie remains easy.

This concept's creative meaning gives rise to a dream: an artistic realization worthy of uniting the professional elite of world cinema, in service of bringing the idea to life across a sweeping conspiratorial saga. Given how sacred its underlying subtext is, the most fitting way to introduce it is allegorically — through a modern parable, presented here at the outset as a deeply allegorical synopsis. Its three-act structure aims for the universal aesthetic of Hollywood blockbusters, built on a fictional story capable of a continuation just as global, and just as allegorical. Because up to this point, the central character — burdened by an unbearable truth revealed to him in a secret Jesuit archive — will lack the courage to reveal it to the world, despite the vow he made to the dying monk. It's entirely plausible that when, at the end of his life, he finds himself stranded on an unknown island, he might attempt — out of hopelessness or despair — to tell that truth, before he dies, to the primitive tribe that has made him their god. There would be a deep symbolism in this: fulfilling his vow through detailed but futile tellings, utterly beyond the tribespeople's understanding. And yet, as impossible as these stories sound, they could form the foundation for a major series of epic films — each one a creative vision of the hidden underside of the world as we know it.

The idea that the entire visible world is a deception could unite humanity invisibly — once it takes on a visible form compelling enough to interest both the film industry and a brand whose iconic image, as a symbol of loss and recovery, already binds together all three parts of this story. Indeed, Mercedes has a history of appearing in major Hollywood productions as a form of covert advertising — which suggests that a story bringing that association fully into the open could hold real appeal for the brand. All the more so within a broader strategy built around brand investment and access to Hollywood itself — where the resources of the world's most popular art form are concentrated, and where a universal visual language exists that seems almost built for turning the hidden into the revealed. This fits a goal whose apparent madness may hold real wisdom — the kind of wisdom that carries much sorrow within it. And within that lies the deeper hope: to bring this idea's full creative potential to life through collaboration with the elite of world cinema, from the first screenplay to the final film's release.

The parable is only the Beginning — in truth, just the tip of the iceberg. What lies hidden beneath it is far greater and far deeper, in both form and content: an artistic dimension in which the "lie of this world" — the very thing dividing humanity — takes

on the visible shape of a monstrous truth. A truth so unthinkable that its creative interpretation could reveal, in staggering detail, the tragedy of humanity's youth — a tragedy quietly playing out from within, driven by self-serving pride in conspiracy with the flesh. A theater of blind marionettes, condemned by a blind puppet master to trade the priceless for a pittance in their paid vanity, and to suffer losses beyond comprehension — losses measured not in money, but in life itself.

In sharing this theme so openly, there is hope that it will resonate with minds capable of seeing the deeper possibilities of what it could become. Financing a film like this need not stand in the way of a more sacred outcome: a rightful claim to its authorship. In the future, holding that claim could be seen, in a sense, as recovering the priceless for a pittance — an inner gain measured not in money, but in eternity. The meaning of this project gives reason to believe that Providence will let the Beginning find its footing — vindicating the time that shaped its content. A content free enough at its core that its realization — answering to what this era truly demands — might dare to shatter the divisions in how we see the world, and unite it from within.