

## Independent By Nature - 30 Second Ad Treatment

The goal of this amended treatment is to present the core tenants of the Wicklow Wolf brand - ruggedness, association with nature, and independent-mindedness, in an atmospheric and subtextual way. We will follow individuals pursuing their passions - rock climbing, surfing, axe-throwing, and brewing, all through the specific optics of the elements that make up Wicklow Wolf beer - the water, the hops, the barley, and the land itself. In doing so, we hope to cement a brand association with an ecologically-friendly, self-reliant, authentic identity.

*NB - Emboldened lines represent voiceover, to be read in a deep, gruff, authentically rural tone.*

### **Our home has magic in the brewing,**

FADE IN on a drone shot above the hills of the Wicklow mountains - soaring over fields of green trees, and the orange brush surrounding the coal-black waters of Lough Tay.

### **In those with a passion on them, who twist together ambition, patience, and a skill well-honed.**

The back muscles of a ROCK CLIMBER tense and contort, stretching in front of sheer cliff-face. His hands CLAP together, a small cloud of chalk bursting into the air, caught in the morning light.

### **And in the quiet of the hills around, in the cracks and crannies clung to, beholden to nothing but the seasons.**

The rock climber is pressed against the granite face of Lugnaquilla, silhouetted against the rising sun. From a drone shot, he seems frighteningly small, hugging the rock, insignificant against the monstrous wilderness around him, and the lakes below.

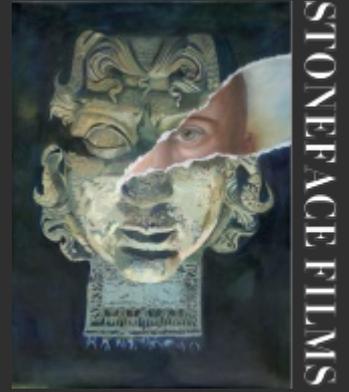
### **There's magic in the soil, where the bines take root, emerald and bittersweet.**

We cut to the Roundwood hops farm from above, passing over the geometric rows of poles on which the hops grow. We cut to Quincy





*Joe Lyons climbing 'Blue Heaven', above Lough Dan.*



and Simon walking the farm with their dogs. They pick hops straight from the vine, rubbing them between their hand and inhaling deeply.

### **And in the braids of barley that crash upon the hills.**

We cut to an individual knot of barley blowing in the breeze. We cut again to a wide shot of an entire field of barley in motion, framed with an amber sunset. In the midst of the field of barley is the AXE THROWER, a young man, facing off against a wooden target. He throws an axe against the target with great force, embedding itself deeply amongst the knotted wood.

### **There's magic in the water, the rough beast that throws itself upon the land.**

We cut to a drone shot flying over a stoney beach, as the waves crash against the rocks. We cut again to a medium shot of the SURFER, a young woman looking out onto the sea, her hair tussled, surfboard under one arm.

### **And in the clang of glasses raised, and the warmth of moments shared.**

We cut to the Wicklow Wolf taproom, around which sit the rockclimber, the surfer, and the axe-thrower, all lit with a warm amber glow. They smile and tell jokes, pints of Wicklow Wolf in their hands.

### **There's magic in the brewing.**

We cut to Quincy and Simon in the Wicklow Wolf Brewery, holding up glasses of beer to the light, fresh out of a steel drum. We cut again to a shot of the Sugarloaf, large and imposing. The Wicklow Wolf logo and slogan appear on screen in time with the final piece of narration;

### **Wicklow Wolf - Independent by Nature.**

FADE TO BLACK.

