

Kraken: Bizarre and Fierce “the adventure”. A short story with a 30 seconds of commercial in there to use in airing markets, the long format intended for movie theaters and web.

Opening Image:

The Captain, seated in the grand, opulent Adventure Club meeting room. The camera focuses on the back of his head, grizzled and stern, framed by his captain's hat and dark coat. Behind him, a cluster of well-dressed aristocrats and adventurers—posh and polished—sip brandy and listen intently. They're clearly people of privilege seeking thrill in stories they'll never live. A soft murmur ripples through them.

Visual Cue:

They glance eagerly at one another, wondering what kind of tale this gruff man has brought them. The scene is muted but charged, the dark-paneled walls adorned with maps, relics, and other mementos of distant lands.

THE CAPTAIN (voice-over)

You lot seek the thrill of adventure in every glass you raise... but you know nothing of what it is to face the wild. To be alone at sea, with nothing but the salt air and the sound of waves cutting under your keel.

The camera circles around, showing his weather-beaten face for the first time, eyes gleaming with unquenchable fire. He leans forward, casting a long shadow over his captivated audience as the background changes and drips away as if it was made from ink. The background is replaced with the bridge of a ship, cold, dark, the setting of our main story.

THE CAPTAIN (continuing)

I have seen things you wouldn't believe. Creatures as old as the ocean, fierce and bizarre beyond imagination. But no legend lives up to this story...

We find our ship is off to the icy waters of the Arctic. The crew of the "Architeuthis" (Latin for Giant Squid) is hacking their way through sheets of ice. The power of the turn of the twentieth century ship cuts through the thickening ice like a butter knife cutting through a human, it's doable, but takes power. The Captain stands at the bow, hands behind his back, staring out at the endless expanse.

Suddenly, a deep rumble reverberates from beneath the ice. The crew freezes. Then, with a shuddering crack, a massive black tentacle bursts through the ice—an impossibly large, writhing limb that seems to stretch up to the sky.

BOZEMAN (horrified)

Captain! What is that?

THE CAPTAIN

(Grins fiercely) That, lads, is what we came for. Our Kraken. The story no one else can tell.

The crew scrambles, raising knives, harpoons, and loading cannons as the Kraken's tentacle sweeps across the deck. Men are nearly thrown overboard, but the Captain stands his ground. He walks towards a stack of casks, small barrels filled with something labeled as "Ration". He turns the spigot and a warm black liquid pours out into his dented canteen. The crew watches him patiently take a drink off camera and then turn to them.

THE CAPTAIN (bellowing)

Prepare for battle! This beast is ours!

The ship lurches as the Kraken heaves its bulk onto the ice, and the crew's assault begins. Harpoons are launched, spears jabbed—each attack tearing into the creature but only making it angrier. Cannons boom, but the beast recoils, tentacles smashing through the rigging and putting men in peril. The Captain issues orders left and right, rallying his crew through the chaos.

The crew struggles against the Kraken's immense strength. Each time they think they've driven it back, it lashes out with renewed fury. A tentacle sweeps across the deck, knocking men aside like toys. The ice cracks beneath them, and crew members scramble to avoid falling into the freezing waters.

The Captain leaps into action, sword flashing as he tries to drive it back. But for every wound they inflict, the Kraken retaliates with greater ferocity. Ropes snap, sails are torn, and the crew is driven to the brink of exhaustion. The men's morale is crumbling.

BOZEMAN (panicked)

Captain, we can't hold it! The men—!

THE CAPTAIN (snarling)

No retreat! Keep your wits about you! We are not turning back!

The battle reaches its darkest point. The Kraken rears up, towering over the ship, and slams a tentacle down onto the ice, splintering it into jagged shards. Bozeman, caught in the wrong place, falls through a gap in the ice with a shout, disappearing into the freezing waters below.

The Captain's eyes widen. For a moment, he hesitates—a rare moment of vulnerability.

THE CAPTAIN

(whispering) No...

Visual Cue:

The camera plunges underwater, showing Bozeman thrashing desperately in the dark, icy water. The Kraken's massive form looms nearby, a shadowy shape in the depths. Then,

something incredible happens: instead of striking, one of its tentacles gently wraps around Bozeman and lifts him out of the water, placing him back on the ice beside the Captain.

The Captain and crew stare, stunned. Bozeman gasps for air, shivering violently, but alive.

BOZEMAN (choking)

Why... why did it save me?

The Captain doesn't answer. Instead, he takes a step closer to the Kraken. For the first time, he sees the intelligence in its massive eye—the spark of something deeper. This isn't a mindless monster. This is a creature that understands far more than they ever imagined.

THE CAPTAIN (Internal Monologue)

Bizarre. Fierce. But... not mindless. Not a beast to conquer with knives and cannons. A creature with its own spirit... its own sense of... honor? And if it's come to parley, then perhaps... there's a different way to win.

Visual Sequence:

The Captain sheathes his sword. The crew looks on, bewildered, as he orders them to put away their weapons. The Kraken shifts, still tense, as if waiting for their next move.

THE CAPTAIN

Put the spears down, men. We won't win this battle with force. Bring the ropes.

BOZEMAN

The ropes, Captain?

THE CAPTAIN

We'll bind it, not kill it. A creature this fierce cannot be defeated—it can only be tested. I want the world to know we faced the Kraken and lived to tell the tale.

With wary, confused glances, the crew follows his orders. They begin circling the creature with ropes, carefully lashing its tentacles and binding them, securing the beast without causing further harm. The Kraken thrashes but doesn't strike back. There's almost a sense of reluctant cooperation.

THE CAPTAIN (Internal)

Bizarre and fierce. But a creature that spares its enemies... perhaps it is more than just a terror of the seas. Perhaps, in its own way... it respects those who are worthy.

The tone shifts. It's no longer a battle—it's a dance of strategy and strength. The Captain directs his men with precision, using the ship's rigging and the remaining ice to slowly draw the Kraken into a position where it can't escape. They're binding it, controlling its movements without breaking its spirit.

THE CAPTAIN (aloud, a smile creeping onto his face)

That's it, lads. Hold fast. We're not taking its life—just showing it we're its match and then bringing er ome!

The crew rallies, invigorated by the change in strategy. They loop ropes over its limbs, tethering it securely, but the Captain is careful to keep its head and core free. He doesn't want to own the beast—just prove that they were strong enough to survive.

The Captain stands before the bound Kraken, breathing hard but triumphant. The men cheer, but the Captain's smile fades as he looks into the creature's eye once more.

And he realizes... he can't do it.

THE CAPTAIN (Internal Monologue)

What am I doing? Caging this creature like a trophy... robbing it of what makes it bizarre and fierce... Would that be any different than killing it? No. I'm not like the rest. I'm not going to be the one to put this magnificent beast on display in some city it never knew, in some tank to end its sense of adventure... no one should ever lose their adventure.

With a swift motion, he slices through the ropes.

BOZEMAN

Captain—?

THE CAPTAIN

(grinning wildly) Let it go. This isn't our Kraken... this is our adventure. And the story's not over until it's free to continue its own.

The Kraken slips away, disappearing into the icy waters with one final splash, leaving the crew—and the audience—stunned.

The Captain looks out to the ocean as the background fades back into the adventure club setting.

The room is as it was at the beginning—opulent, filled with aristocrats and aspiring adventurers, each dressed to perfection. But now, the atmosphere is charged with a hushed intensity. The camera frames the Captain in the same position as before, his back to the audience as he finishes recounting his tale, but there's a new weight to his presence—one earned through the experiences he's just relayed.

THE CAPTAIN (voice low, but resonant)

...and just like that, lads, I cut the ropes. The beast slipped beneath the waves, disappearing back into the deep. As if it were never there at all.

A murmur ripples through the room, eyes wide, mouths agape. One of the listeners leans forward, incredulous.

CLUB MEMBER 1

You let it go? After everything... you simply let it go?

The Captain turns slowly, his gaze sweeping over the assembled crowd. His eyes are sharp, glittering with something fierce and undefinable.

THE CAPTAIN

Aye. I let it go. Because caging a Kraken—binding something so wild and vast—would be to snuff out its very spirit. (Pauses) And if there's one thing I've learned, it's this: Adventure is not just what you capture... it's what you leave wild.

There's a moment of silence. The listeners shift, uncertain. They expected a prize, a trophy, a tale of dominance. But he's offering them something different—something intangible.

CLUB MEMBER 2

But... Captain, what's the point of going out there if not to claim the treasure?

The Captain leans forward, eyes blazing.

THE CAPTAIN

The point, lad? The point is to test yourself against the unknown. To come face to face with what others only speak of in whispers. To stand before something so fierce it could crush you in a heartbeat—and to walk away, knowing you chose to face it.

He gestures around the room, taking in the polished wood, the velvet seats, the glittering chandeliers.

THE CAPTAIN

You lot come here seeking adventure in these stories—drinking in every word like it's something you can buy and keep on a shelf. But true adventure? It's not something you hold on to. It's something that changes you. Makes you wilder, fiercer... something beyond the mundane.

The camera shifts, showing the expressions of his listeners—some intrigued, some skeptical, a few clearly inspired. He smiles, a slow, knowing grin.

THE CAPTAIN

I could have brought that beast back. Put it on display for you fine folk to gawk at. But I didn't. Because the Kraken was my adventure... my story. And to keep it would have been to rob it of what made it worth the chase.

He steps back, letting the silence settle over them.

THE CAPTAIN (continuing, voice softening)

But here's the truth of it: my story ends here, with this tale told. You've heard it now. And if it doesn't leave you yearning—burning—to make one of your own, then you're no adventurers. You're just collectors of stories, content to live through the words of others.

A few of the listeners squirm, exchanging uneasy glances.

THE CAPTAIN

(gestures towards the door) So here's my challenge to you lot. Leave this room. Step out there. Face something that makes your bones quake and your heart race. Find your own Kraken—one as bizarre and fierce as you can imagine. And don't just capture it. Feel it. Let it shape you.

He steps away, shrugging on his heavy coat, preparing to leave.

THE CAPTAIN (final statement)

When you've done that—when you've lived a story worth telling—then, and only then, will you understand what it means to be an adventurer.

With that, he turns, striding toward the door. The camera holds on the faces of the audience—some wide-eyed, others thoughtful, a few with newfound resolve.

And as he exits, leaving them with the weight of his words, we're left with the lingering sense that the real adventure has only just begun—one that doesn't live in books or stories, but in the wild, uncharted waters of life itself.

Final Image:

The door swings shut behind him, and we instantly move to the bridge of the ship where the Captain is stepping out into the night, the cold wind whipping at his coat. The Captain is again surrounded by his crew, he turns to face his men, eyes blazing with excitement.

THE CAPTAIN

On your feet, lads. We've just set a new legend in motion. Now let's see if we're really as bizarre and fierce as they say.

He pauses, glancing up at the star-strewn sky, his eyes gleaming with that same unquenchable fire. A cask of rum rolls towards him. He opens the spigot and kicks it into the ocean.

THE CAPTAIN (voice-over)

Go find your own adventure. One as bizarre... and fierce... as the Kraken.

And then he's gone, swallowed by the night. The screen fades to black,

Radio Spot: Kraken Spiced Rum - Bizarre and Fierce

Target Audience: older rum lovers who have not found the Kraken yet.

[Sound: The creak of a ship's hull, waves crashing in the background. A deep, weathered Captain's voice]

CAPTAIN (gravelly voice):

To you—the lover of adventure—with saltwater in your veins or a hunger to put it there...

There's Kraken Spiced Rum. A fierce and bizarre spirit, crafted with dark spices and caramel—perfect to awaken the adventurer in you.

Whether poured on ice, mixed, or savored straight—"the Kraken" is the adventure you seek.

So, be fierce. Be bizarre. "Be the Kraken". But always... enjoy responsibly.

[Voice fades, replaced by a brief jingle.]

CAPTAIN (quieter tone):

Available at your local LCBO and other participating stores.

[Sound fades out with a gust of wind and the creaking of the ship.]

Announcer (echoed tagline):

Kraken Spiced Rum: Bizarre and Fierce.