

Script sample:

You'll never be certain when you first saw her emerge from the dark ocean.

Aye, The Isle of Islay, nevertheless.

Time seems to move in its own way out here.

How old is a roller?

How long has that wave been traveling...

to give you that sweet, salty kiss?

A thousand year old peat... (pause)... some things just can't be rushed.

But light it up and time becomes tangible in the form of a rich peaty perfection.

And now there can be no going backwards, even if you might want too.

A thousand years to forge the flavor.

Two hundred years to refine it.

And 10 years waiting to set the Untamed Spirit of Islay free.