



EVERFLO · PRODUCTION DOCUMENT

Break the Ice.

Director's shotlist & production notes — SOLA sparkling water · 45-second spec commercial

45s
MASTER RUNTIME

7
SCENE PROMPTS

~47s
GENERATED MATERIAL

3
ACTS · TWIST AT 0:26

2
RECURRING CHARACTERS

THE FILM

Sold as a thriller. Paid off as a joke.

The story.

An ice fisherman alone on a frozen lake. A polar bear appears out of the fog and charges — shot like a nature thriller, until the twist: the bear leaps clean over him and smashes an ice ridge apart to get at the prize frozen inside it — a can of SOLA. The two end up sharing a drink. The title carries all three readings: the literal ice break, the product served ice-cold by nature, and the icebreaker between two strangers.



1 Break the ice, literally



2 The product device



3 The icebreaker

The discipline.

The product stays invisible until the smash at the two-thirds mark — no can, no logo, no brand colour while the lie holds. The weather performs the plot: overcast and thickening snow while the film pretends to be a thriller, a pale sun breaking through exactly when the truth lands.



ACT I — OVERCAST, THE LIE HOLDS



ACT III — THE SUN BREAKS WITH THE TRUTH

The pipeline.

Generated scene-by-scene in an AI video workflow (Higgsfield Cinema Studio) with persistent character elements and location plates for continuity. Every scene prompt is prefixed by one global style block, reproduced in this document. Edit, end cards and finishing done locally.

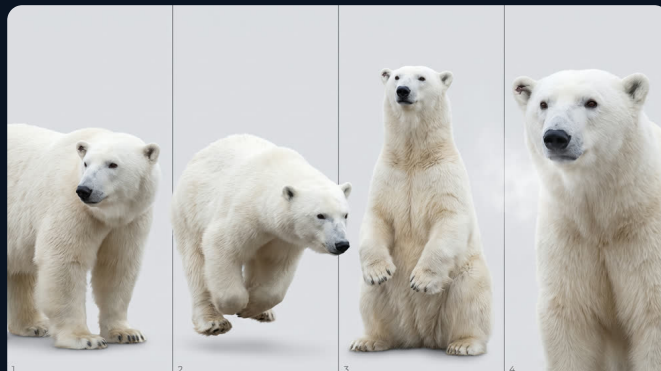
THE CAST

Cast like a real shoot.

Four actors auditioned for the fisherman; the bear got a full character sheet down to a notch scar on his left ear. One performer per role, attached as a persistent element to every generation — the reason the same two faces hold through all seven prompts.



THE FISHERMAN — CAST A OF 4



THE BEAR — SCAR, COAT, GAIT

What production actually taught us.

Every rule below exists because a take failed without it. They are baked into the global style prefix and every scene prompt that follows.

1. Numbers don't work, relationships do. "2 metres" means nothing to the model. Anchor scale to things visible in frame — two-thirds the ridge height, paw = dinner plate, can = half a paw-width.
2. Lock screen direction explicitly or characters swap sides between cuts. State left/right for every character, in every scene where both appear.
3. Give objects a start and an end. "Slides" is a state; "travels from the bear's paw at frame-left to the boot at frame-right, never changing direction" is a vector.
4. Documentary language beats cinematic language for realism — natural light, damp imperfect fur, animal movement in short increments, photographic grain, explicit "no rendered look".
5. Fewer cuts = fewer failures. Long durations with 3 cuts let the model wander; a single locked-off shot holds.
6. Abandoned: the under-ice hero shot (Scene 6 v1). The model had no ground plane or reference to reason from and rendered abstract ice texture with a floating can, in a colour world that wouldn't cut. Good idea, wrong film.

GLOBAL STYLE PREFIX — PREPENDED TO EVERY SCENE PROMPT

Style: Photoreal cinematic commercial, 16:9, 24fps, 180-degree shutter motion blur. No cartoon, no game engine.
 World: Frozen glacial alpine lake under a heavy flat OVERCAST sky – cold grey-blue light, no hard shadows, drifting mist banks, ground-drift spindrift snaking low across the ice. Turquoise ice, a pale frosted ice ridge standing mid-distance like a quiet monolith, dark pines a distant band, jagged multi-spired snow-capped peak barely visible through haze. Mystical, immersive, hushed.

WEATHER ARC: light snow + fog in S1, thicker in S2, heaviest driving snow in S3–S4, then EASING in S5 as a pale sun breaks through, fully broken and sunlit by S6. The weather performs the plot twist.

SCALE (state in every scene with the bear): seated on his haunches the bear's head reaches about two-thirds up the broken ice ridge; seated he is about as tall as the fisherman would be standing; his front paw is roughly the size of a dinner plate. A real bear – heavy, low, wide, powerful, never towering, never gigantic.

CAN SCALE (state in every scene with the can): a SLIM, SMALL drink can – about half as long as the bear's front paw is wide, about a third the length of his head from nose to ear. Cupped in both paws it nearly disappears, only the top third visible. In his paws it should look like a lipstick tube in a human hand. Never large, wide or bottle-sized.

REALISM: shoot like a wildlife documentary, not a CGI commercial – natural light only, no artificial rim lighting, shallow natural depth of field. Real fur with individual guard hairs, damp clumped patches, a cream-yellow cast rather than clean white, imperfections and dirt. Real animal behaviour: chest rising with breath, ears flicking, slow blinks, weight shifts, head moving in short animal increments rather than smooth human motion. Photographic grain, no glossy sheen, no rendered look.

Continuity: same bear (athletic adult, clean white coat, notch scar LEFT ear), same fisherman (mid-40s, lean face, faint mustache, faded orange puffer parka with navy lower panel, navy wool knit hat).

Acting: restraint. Never anthropomorphic cartoon, never human gestures.

Audio: environmental SFX only. No music, no dialogue, no subtitles.

Product rule: the SOLA yuzu + ginger can appears ONLY from the Scene 4 smash onward.



1 The Calm

11s

A tiny figure in a vast grey world — ritual at the fishing hole, silence held too long.

Scene 1 of a 45s commercial, "The Calm". Grey overcast morning on the frozen glacial lake, mystical hushed mood. LIGHT SNOW FALLS steadily through near-windless air, fine flakes drifting slowly down; LOW FOG BANKS roll across the lake, visibility fading softly into white in the distance — the world feels muffled and dreamlike. Ground-drift spindrift snakes over the ice. The fisherman sits on an overturned wooden crate at a small hand-drilled ice fishing hole, jigging a short rod with slow patience, snowflakes settling on his shoulders and wool hat, breath fog drifting sideways, the frosted ice ridge half-swallowed by fog dead centre far behind him, its contents hidden. CUT 1 — aerial drone 24mm gliding low and slow over the ice toward the tiny orange figure, drifting through a thin fog bank that briefly whites out the frame, snowfall streaking softly past the lens, one long deep ice groan rolling under the lake, patient and hushed. CUT 2 — static wide 35mm at the fishing spot, eye level, locked off: he jigs with tiny wrist motions, snow falling all around him, nothing else moves, the stillness holds a beat too long. CUT 3 — macro 100mm insert on the fishing hole: dark still water dotted by melting snowflakes, his line enters, a single slow ripple ring crosses the hole from nothing, his jigging hand pauses mid-motion. Photoreal cinematic commercial, 180-degree shutter motion blur, 24fps. Audio: muffled snow-quiet, low wind, deep ice groans like whale song, the soft scrape of the jigging line, his breath — no music, no dialogue. Absolutely no products, no cans, no branding, no bear in this scene.



2 The Wrongness

8s

The rumble arrives, the water trembles, a silhouette resolves in the storm.

Scene 2 of a 45s commercial, "The Wrongness". Same grey overcast morning at the same fishing spot — the SNOWFALL IS THICKER now and the FOG BANKS DENSER than before, visibility closing in, the world muffled. A deep sub-bass rumble builds under the ice, felt more than heard. CUT 1 — macro 100mm on the fishing hole and rod tip: the dark water trembles into concentric rings among melting snowflakes, the rod tip vibrates and rattles, his gloved hand tightens on the rod, he goes completely still. CUT 2 — medium 50mm, eye level: he rises off the crate in one slow careful movement, head turning toward the wall of fog, breath fog quickening, snow streaking past him as the rumble resolves into a galloping rhythm; the camera creeps in six inches, matching his dread. CUT 3 — his POV, 300mm telephoto compression into the snowfall and fog: a massive white SILHOUETTE resolves at full gallop, half-swallowed by the storm — the polar bear, head low, dark eyes locked dead ahead, powder snow exploding off hammering paws, breath fog streaming, materialising and dissolving between drifting fog banks. It is coming exactly this way. The gallop hits like war drums under the muffled snow-quiet. Photoreal cinematic commercial, 180-degree shutter motion blur, 24fps. Audio: building sub-bass rumble, trembling water, rattling rod tip, the rhythmic gallop growing louder, muffled snowfall silence between the beats — no music, no dialogue. Absolutely no products, no cans, no branding.



3

The Charge

7s

Full sprint, full panic — locked left-to-right, the man goes down, the bear launches.

Scene 3 of a 45s commercial, "The Charge". The storm peaks — heavy driving snowfall and rolling fog, the thickest weather of the film. SCREEN DIRECTION LOCKED: the entire chase travels LEFT TO RIGHT in every single cut — the fisherman flees toward frame-right, the polar bear pursues him from frame-left, always behind him, never ahead of him. SCALE: the bear is a realistic adult polar bear, about 1.5 metres at the shoulder — noticeably lower than the running man's height, natural real-animal proportions against him and the landscape, never gigantic. CUT 1 — side-on ground-level 35mm, ice surface in the foreground: the bear gallops past the camera left to right through streaking snow — paws hammering, claws splaying, snow spray, motion blur, one ripping breath-roar with fog blasting from the muzzle. CUT 2 — side tracking shot, handheld 24mm, travelling right alongside the sprinting fisherman: BOTH IN FRAME — the man sprinting toward frame-right in the foreground, the bear behind him at frame-left in the middle distance, closing the gap through the snowfall; the man's steel thermos tumbles from his pocket and bursts on the ice; he glances back over his left shoulder at the bear behind him. CUT 3 — low ice-level shot from ahead of the man, looking back along the chase line: his boots slip, he goes down hard on his back and slides toward camera — and BEHIND him, from the left, from the direction they both came, the bear is three strides away and LAUNCHING through the snowfall, forepaws leaving the ice. Hard cut on the leap. Photoreal cinematic commercial, 180-degree shutter motion blur, 24fps. Audio: thundering gallop, claws on ice, a ripping breath-roar, panicked breathing, the thermos bursting on ice, boots squealing, wind and driving snow — no music, no dialogue. Absolutely no products, no cans, no branding — and any distant ice ridge stays frosted and unremarkable, nothing visible inside it.

ACT 2 — THE TURN

The climax is the reveal · 0:26–0:34



4

The Turn

8s · slow motion

The leap, the smash, the first frame of product — the can born out of the shard explosion.

Scene 4 of a 45s commercial, "The Turn" — the climax, played entirely in luxurious EXTREME SLOW MOTION. The storm still at its peak: heavy snowflakes drifting slowly through the slow-mo air, fog rolling. SCREEN DIRECTION: continuing the chase axis, the bear travels LEFT TO RIGHT. SCALE: realistic adult polar bear, natural real-animal proportions, never gigantic. The fisherman lies flat on his back on the ice, arms thrown over his face; the FROSTED ICE RIDGE stands just beyond him to frame-right, pale and opaque. CUT 1 — 90-degree side angle, low wide 35mm, extreme slow motion: the bear sails clean OVER the fallen fisherman, left to right — belly fur passing just above his face, four paws stretched mid-leap, breath fog trailing — and lands beyond him, CRASHING headlong into the frosted ice ridge: the wall DETONATES into a cloud of glittering ice shards blooming outward through the grey storm light, shards and snowflakes mixing in slow motion. CUT 2 — slow-mo macro insert inside the shard cloud, 100mm: among the tumbling fragments a small light beige CAN spins end over end, gold rim catching the light — THE FIRST PRODUCT IMAGE OF THE FILM: a slim 330ml light beige SOLA sparkling yuzu + ginger can, navy SOLA wordmark, yuzu and ginger illustration, gold top and base, matching the reference exactly, icy condensation — it lands on the polished ice and spins like a hockey puck, ringing... an enormous white paw descends and pins it GENTLY, claws caging it like a jewel. The spin stops. Silence. Photoreal cinematic commercial, extreme slow motion conformed to 24fps, 180-degree shutter. Audio: the smash detonation stretched deep and huge, glittering shard rain like wind chimes, the small can ringing as it spins on ice, one soft enormous paw impact, then silence under falling snow — no music, no dialogue.



5

The Sip

5s

Macro claw on the tab, then the bliss — the tab crack ends the terror.

Scene 5 of a 45s commercial, "The Sip" — the tonal turn from terror to charm. SETTING: on the frozen glacial lake beside the smashed ice ridge, now broken down to a low turquoise stump with its top blown open, small ice chunks and crushed rubble scattered across the ice around it. The storm is EASING for the first time in the film: snowfall thinned to a few last drifting flakes, fog lifting, a pale sun breaking through the overcast — thin warm light entering the cold grey grade, soft glints on the wet ice. The polar bear sits back on his haunches like a giant house cat, completely calm, the chase forgotten. Fifteen feet behind him, soft-focus, the fisherman is propped up on his elbows on the ice, chest heaving, staring in disbelief. BEAR SCALE — read these as literal proportions in frame: seated on his haunches, the bear's head reaches only about two-thirds of the way up the broken ice ridge beside him; seated, he is about as tall as the fisherman would be standing; his front paw is roughly the size of a dinner plate. He is a real bear, not a giant. CAN SCALE — the can is a SLIM, SMALL drink can and must read tiny against the animal: about HALF as long as his front paw is wide, only about a THIRD the length of his head from nose to ear. When he cups it between both front paws the can almost disappears — only its top third stays visible above his fur. To a human hand the can would look normal-sized; in his paws it looks like a lipstick tube held by a person. Never let the can render large, wide or bottle-sized. REALISM — shoot this like a wildlife documentary, not a CGI commercial: natural flat overcast light with no artificial rim lighting, shallow natural depth of field, subtle handheld weight. Real fur — individual guard hairs, damp clumped patches, a slight cream-yellow cast rather than clean white, imperfections and dirt. Real animal behaviour: chest rising and falling, ears flicking, a slow blink, small weight shifts, the head moving in short animal increments rather than smooth human motion. Photographic grain, no glossy sheen, no rendered look. CUT 1 — EXTREME MACRO, probe lens inches from the action, razor-thin depth of field: a single enormous curved black claw fills the frame as it hooks under the tiny aluminium pull-tab of the can. Every detail at microscopic scale — the claw's cracked keratin ridges, wet fur behind it, beads of icy condensation trembling on the can's light beige surface, the SOLA wordmark and yuzu illustration razor sharp. The claw is many times thicker than the little tab. The claw lifts, the tab pops with a crisp TSSS, a fine spray of mist bursts across the lens. CUT 2 — close 85mm on the bear's face, thin sunlight rimming his damp fur: a long, blissful sip, the small can tipped up between his paws and dwarfed by his muzzle. His eyes close. He lowers it, exhales a deep satisfied huff — steam rolling into the brightening light — and works his jaw once. Total serenity: the apex predator, perfectly refreshed. In the soft-focus background the fisherman stares. Photoreal, 180-degree shutter motion blur, 24fps. Never anthropomorphic cartoon, never human gestures. Audio: the crisp TSSS of the tab, the fizz of released carbonation, a long liquid sip, a deep satisfied huff, softening wind, the last flakes falling — no music, no dialogue.



6A

The Gift

8s · 3-cut montage

Paw cracks the block, the can slides to a stop at the boot, he picks it up with his eyes still on the bear.

Scene 6A of a 45s commercial, "The Gift" – an unhurried three-cut montage. SETTING: beside the smashed turquoise ice ridge on the frozen glacial lake. The storm has fully broken: snow stopped, fog lifting, warm pale sun across the ice, the jagged peak clear behind. The polar bear and the fisherman sit side by side on the ice with a small gap between them, both facing the mountain – bear on FRAME-LEFT, man on FRAME-RIGHT, and they keep these positions in every cut. Beside the bear's free paw lies a SECOND frosted block of ice, a faint shape hidden inside. SCALE – seated, the bear is about as tall as the man would be standing; his front paw is roughly the size of a dinner plate; the slim can is about half as long as that paw is wide. A real bear, heavy and wide, never a giant. PACING – calm, patient, wildlife-documentary tempo: every action gets room to breathe, nothing rushes. CUT 1 (about 3 seconds) – close on the bear's paw and the frosted block, the man out of frame: the bear raises his paw and SMASHES it down HARD on one single block of ice, the ice is as big as the bear's paw and translucent, don't ever use the broken ridge in the location for this small ice block, the ice block is a small piece fallen from the ridge when the bear broke it from last scene – the ice SHATTERS in one violent burst, chunks and fragments scattering messily across the ice, powder puffing up – and the light beige SOLA yuzu + ginger can TUMBLES out sideways with the debris, rolling and wobbling, coming to rest LYING ON ITS SIDE among the scattered ice chunks, a thin collar of frost still clinging to it. Messy, real, physical – the can is not standing upright. Hold a beat on the split block. CUT 2 (about 3 seconds) – LOW ICE-LEVEL shot, camera at the height of the can: the bear's paw enters frame-left and gives the can one smooth push – it slides unhurried across the polished ice toward the man's boots at frame-right, decelerating naturally, slowing... slowing... easing to a gentle stop against his boot. The slide takes its time. CUT 3 (about 2 seconds) – medium-close on the fisherman from a three-quarter angle: he looks down at the can resting against his boot, looking back up at the bear with caution, hesitates a long beat, then reaches down and picks it up with visibly shaking hands. While he is picking up the can, his eyes still focus on the bear and not looking down at all. Cautious expression on his face. He does NOT open it. Hold on his uncertain face. REALISM – wildlife documentary, not a CGI commercial: natural light only, no artificial rim lighting, real fur with damp clumped patches and a cream cast, animal movement in short increments rather than smooth human motion, photographic grain, no glossy rendered sheen. Never anthropomorphic cartoon, never human gestures. Photoreal, 180-degree shutter motion blur, 24fps. Audio: one dry heavy CRACK, the long soft scrape of the sliding can fading as it slows, a gentle bump against the boot, fabric rustle as he picks it up, low wind – no music, no dialogue.



6B

The Silence

8s · 2 cuts

A loose wide two-shot: simultaneous sip, the aborted glance, the flinch, the hold. The film ends here.

Scene 6B of a 45s commercial, "The Silence" – the final live shot before the end card, two cuts, slow and deadpan. SETTING: the same broken turquoise ice ridge, storm gone, warm pale sun, the jagged snow-capped peak clear behind. COMPOSITION – a LOOSE WIDE two-shot, camera about twenty feet back and slightly low: the polar bear seated on his haunches at center-left and the fisherman seated on the ice at center-right, a small gap between them, GENEROUS NEGATIVE SPACE of ice, mountain and sky around the pair – two small figures in a vast calm landscape, never cramped, never filling the frame. Bear LEFT, man RIGHT, unchanged for the whole scene. Each holds a light beige SOLA yuzu + ginger can. SCALE – seated, the bear is about as tall as the man would be standing; a real bear, heavy and wide, never a giant. CUT 1 (about 5 seconds) – the wide two-shot, locked off: both raise their cans and drink AT EXACTLY THE SAME TIME, and lower them at exactly the same time. Neither looks at the other – both stare dead ahead at the mountain. The vast quiet landscape holds around them, nothing else moves. CUT 2 (about 3 seconds) – closer on the fisherman, three-quarter angle, the bear's shoulder soft at the left edge of frame: still rigid and wired from the chase, chest rising too fast, he begins to steal a sideways glance at the bear – the bear shifts his weight and exhales a low huff – the man FLINCHES, snaps his eyes forward, pretending it never happened. Hold on his frozen forward stare one beat longer than comfortable. End. REALISM – wildlife documentary, not a CGI commercial: natural light only, no artificial rim lighting, real fur with damp clumped patches and a cream cast, animal movement in short increments rather than smooth human motion, photographic grain, no glossy rendered sheen. Never anthropomorphic cartoon, never human gestures. Photoreal, 180-degree shutter motion blur, 24fps. Audio: two simultaneous sips, the man's shaky exhale, one low bear huff, a distant ice groan, low wind – and long stretches of silence. No music, no dialogue.

BEYOND THE FILM

One world, every format.

The film leads a full SOLA brand system — a product-CGI hero film, a hyper-motion spot and a static campaign built under the same rules.



Watch the film

everflo.studio/case-breaktheice.html

Want this for your product?

Send a five-minute brief at everflo.studio — we reply within one business day with a fixed quote.

hello@everflo.studio