

She checks the dog's collar to find a name tag underneath the jingle bell. It reads "Storm." *

JASMINE *

Storm, huh? That seems like an appropriate name. *

SC 1 OF 1

Jasmine smiles, looking up at the sky. Then: *

START →

FRANK (O.S.) *

Storm, you make a new friend? *

Jasmine looks down the road to see a jovial, heavy-set man-- FRANK (50s)-- carrying a leash. Frank approaches, smiling. *

FRANK *

Thanks for stopping him. Little guy gets carried away on our walks sometimes, and I'm not as spry as I used to be. Isn't that right, boy? *

Storm BARKS happily at his owner's voice. *

JASMINE *

Happy to help! Though I imagine the bell makes it pretty easy to keep track of him. *

Jasmine shakes the jingle bell, and FRANK smiles. *

FRANK *

Unfortunately he doesn't have a nose like Rudolph, so we went with the next best thing. *

Jasmine laughs as Frank reaches them. She hands Storm over, and Frank nods a thank you. *

FRANK *

So, what brings you out in the cold on a night like this? Though it looks like you're dressed for it, at least. *

JASMINE *

I know I'm dressed a little oddly. *

FRANK *

Oh, no, I'm in no position to judge, given my outfit. *

Jasmine grins. Frank is dressed a little strangely, too. White shirt, suspenders, red pants, and a big white beard. Minus the hat, he almost looks like Santa Claus. *

Handwritten scribble

JASMINE

I suppose. Truth is, I just stepped off our plane for some fresh air while they do repairs.

*

FRANK

Yeah, I spotted her on our walk. We don't usually get ones that big. Mostly small commuter jets and single props out here.

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*
*

Jasmine nods, hesitant to reveal more. *Handwritten scribble*

Handwritten scribble

FRANK

Well, I'm Frank Harley, and of course you already know Storm. (beat) He's not exactly built for Maine winters, but he does love running around our Christmas tree farm.

Handwritten scribbles

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*

JASMINE

Oh, this is your farm?

*

Jasmine motions to the nearby trees. Frank nods.

*

Handwritten scribbles

FRANK

Me and the missus. Going on thirty-seven years now in business. I run the farm. She runs the Christmas boutique.

Handwritten scribbles

*

JASMINE

Sounds lovely. I wish I could visit. I love Christmas boutiques!

*

FRANK

Well, my wife Sarah runs one of the best in Maine. Serves a mean Christmas cider, too. (beat) Say, why don't you come up and have a look around?

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*

JASMINE

Oh, I'd love to, but we're only here an hour or so.

*

FRANK

I can give you a lift. Won't take but a minute to get you there. And I can swing you back down-- half an hour, tops.

Handwritten scribble

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*

Jasmine considers. Then, she looks back towards the direction she came from. *

JASMINE
A half hour? It does sound lovely.
(smiles)
I suppose there's no harm in it. *

Frank grins. *

FRANK
That's the spirit! Come on, Storm.
Let's get this nice lady some warm
Christmas cider. *

← END

Storm in hand, Frank and Jasmine continue walking down the road. *

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - PARKING LOT - DUSK *

Sam's truck pulls into an already crowded lot. *

INT. SAM'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS *

SAM
Half the town seems to be here with
the same idea-- probably to beat
the storm. *

AMELIA
Then we better beat them to it! *

SOPHIE
Hey, there's Libby and her parents. *

LIBBY MONTROSE and her parents, MELANIE and BROCK, wave and approach the truck as Sam parks. *

SAM
You two go find a good one and I'll
follow along with the saw. *

The girls bound out of the truck and Libby follows them. *

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE FARM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS *

Sam steps out of his truck, greeted by Melanie and Brock. *

BROCK
Hey, Sam. *