

JINGLE - Motion Picture (1 x 120)

Written by Matthew Canning-Wall

When a burned-out New York jingle writer returns to his small hometown to help his family through his dad's worsening cancer, he discovers the local firehouse is days from foreclosure - so he teams up with the newly appointed (annoyingly hot) fire chief and a crew of volunteer firefighters to mount a wildly wholesome, slightly scandalous Christmas fundraiser that could save the station... and finally force him to show up for the life he's been avoiding.

JINGLE is a warm, sharp, laugh-through-the-panic holiday dramedy with a romantic spark and a big communal heartbeat. We meet **Nick Snow**, a talented, quietly miserable songwriter in his 30s whose job is to manufacture cheer for brands - performing perky, ultra-festive ad jingles on Zoom while his real life feels stalled and threadbare. He's living back in his childhood bedroom, not because it's quirky, but because the family crisis has dragged him home: his father **Frank Snow**, a beloved former fire chief, is undergoing another brutal round of chemo, and this time the doctors are talking in "months" and "managing expectations." Nick's mother **Maggie** holds it together with exhausted grace; Nick's sister **Chloe** carries resentment and responsibility in equal measure; and Chloe's teenage son **Ryan** copes with a modern kid's mix of sarcasm and fear.

Back in **Forrest Hollow**, Nick gets hit by a second gut-punch: the town firehouse - Frank's legacy and the community's lifeline - is about to be foreclosed on. Years of funding cuts and a mortgage arrangement have left the station on a cliff edge, and the local power broker **Walter Grayson** announces the terms with a salesman's smile: come up with a huge sum by **Christmas Eve**, or the building is converted into something "economically sensible" (and spiritually bleak). For the town, it isn't just a building; it's response time, safety, pride, and identity. For Nick, it's his dad's entire life's work hanging by a thread at the exact moment the family can't take another loss.

Enter the station's new chief, **Jake Holliday** - capable, decent, shoulders-wide, and already carrying the weight of a job where everyone leans on you, but nobody checks if you're okay. Jake runs drills, runs calls, and runs himself ragged trying to protect both his crew and his kid, **Max**, while the clock ticks down. Nick and Jake's chemistry is immediate: part flirtation, part rivalry, part mutual recognition of the pressure they're under. Nick has spent his adulthood writing "joy" for hire; Jake has spent his adulthood being the person other people count on when everything goes wrong. Together, they're an emotional matchstick.

Nick - armed with chaos, wit, and a real gift for turning embarrassment into momentum - helps spark a fundraiser that's as ridiculous as it is inspired: a charity **firefighter calendar** built around the crew's makeshift gym culture and small-town thirst-trap energy. With Nick's best friend **DeeDee Jackson** (a charismatic TV host with zero patience for nonsense) acting as a catalytic hype machine, Chloe organizing, Ryan roped into providing music with his band, and the firefighters - **Tank, Ty, Wes**, and others - learning

how to be “sexy for a cause” without dying of mortification, the firehouse transforms into a scrappy production studio where laughter becomes a survival strategy.

As the campaign spreads through town, *JINGLE* tracks two ticking clocks: the fundraiser’s deadline and the demands on the firefighters to do their duty. The story balances big comedic set-pieces (community hustle, photoshoots, sales pushes, performative bravado) with intimate emotional stakes - what it means to come home, to care for people who are scared, to rebuild trust with family, and to stop performing “fine” when you’re not. And at its center is a romance that grows not from fantasy, but from shared duty: two men trying to hold up a town, discovering they might want to hold up each other, too.