

MERRY CHRISTMAS

WRITTEN BY: JIMING LINDAL

FADE IN:

INT. SHANGHAI XUHUI HOTEL LOBBY- NIGHT

Elevator stops at the ground floor. The opening widens. Fringe of a velvet dress. It widens more. A big paper bag, dangles by the dress.

A pair of shimmering ballet flat steps out. Soft prints on the marble floor.

WILLIAM (43), a sharp man, stands by the elevator, weary. He holds his cell phone, pushing buttons left and right, anxious.

He senses someone and catches on. His eyes are surprised, by the look of that person.

Chandeliers see William and A WOMAN walk across the hallway, seemingly intimate, yet remote.

INT. SHANGHAI XUHUI HOTEL LOUNGE AREA- NIGHT

MICHELLE (43), a delicate woman, sits across from William. Life has been bumpy for her, yet her grace seeps through. A black shawl with red and green flowers adorns the navy dress, festival. She is, a fairy tale.

William crosses his left leg over the right, then switches over, nervous.

Leather sneaker, Khaki, a smart shirt, a messenger bag. Travels back, A MESSENGER BAG.

His eyes, enthusiastic. His lips, reserved emotions. William eyes Michelle.

Michelle, crosses the legs in the same direction. Her face turns red, a shy burn. She pushes the paper bag across the floor.

MICHELLE

A little something, you won't get mad at me, would you? For your daughter...

Michelle chuckles.

WILLIAM

My daughter?