EXT. REDEEMER CHURCH OF ASHLAND - NIGHT

Xing walks out. Slow, numb, and deprived of all hope. SOUND of doors opening.

    NAOMI (O.S.)
    Xing!

Xing stops, but he doesn’t turn around.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    It just happened. It was all so fast and... incredible.

Xing closes his eyes.

    NAOMI (CONT’D)
    It was around the time you got really busy with the voice lessons... It was my fault. I should’ve let you know earlier. But I had to deal with my parents, too. They were dead-set against the relationship. There was a lot of... But I should have told you, Xing. I’m sorry. I really am. I feel like a bad friend.

    XING
    Just tell me one thing...

He turns around and looks at her.

    XING (CONT’D)
    Did you and I... did I ever have a chance of being more to you than a friend?

She looks at him for what seems like an eternity.

    NAOMI
    No.

    XING
    Naomi... I love you.

    NAOMI
    Xing, you and I have this really special relationship...

    XING
    Nobody will ever love you the way I do.
Naomi stares at him. It’s a look of concern. A look of pity.

    XING (CONT’D)
    Do you remember the first day we met? Years ago, in grade school, when you were taken to the nurse’s room because you were bleeding from a rock thrown at you?

Naomi looks away.

    NAOMI
    (softly)
    I remember.

    XING
    Some stupid kids were throwing snowballs at you. Everyone was laughing at you. Mocking you.

    NAOMI
    Stop, Xing, please.

    XING
    I remember how everyone stopped playing and came to watch. To taunt. The Chinese girl who couldn’t speak English.

    NAOMI
    Why are you doing this?!

    XING
    And then there was the rock. It hit you in the face. Right under your left eye. It cut you open.

    NAOMI
    Stop it, Xing! Stop!

Xing stops for a moment, and watches her pained by the memory.

    XING
    Did you ever see who threw the rock at you?

She looks at him, her eyes widening with disbelief.
XING (CONT'D)
It was me, Naomi. I remember throwing it as hard as I could at the little Chinese girl who couldn’t speak English. I hated you.

Her face is now blank. Frozen.

Xing turns and walks away as Naomi watches from behind.