

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK, a young man, plays piano. DR. JOSEPH, his psychiatrist sits and watches.

DR. JOSEPH  
Do you want to talk about it?

Jack ignores him and continues to play.

DR. JOSEPH (CONT'D)  
That's a beautiful song. What's it called.

Jack suddenly stops playing. His anger is brooding inside.

JACK  
What is it you want from me?

Dr. Joseph is calm writing things from time to time

DR. JOSEPH  
Just to talk. That's why we're here. You know that.

He pushes some things off of doctor's table.

JACK  
I don't want to talk! I don't want to be here and I don't want to talk.

Jack stands wanting a reaction from Dr. Joseph, but gets none.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What do you know about anything?  
Huh? You can't help me!

DR. JOSEPH  
Wasn't that the song you used to play for your mother?

Jack finally breaks down and cries.

JACK  
I would play it for her birthday. Every year she would ask for that song. And today, she wasn't here to ask me to play it.

DR. JOSEPH  
But you played it anyway.

JACK  
I will play it every year for the  
rest of my life.

Jack cries.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I hate that song Dr. I've always  
hated that song.

FADE OUT: