

# ROTTEN APPLE

## *Alice in Chains*

Time	Audio	Video
0:00 – 0:03		The scene opens with Layne in his bedroom, wide awake in
0:03 – 0:06		the middle of the night, staring at his ceiling. Layne winces
0:06 – 0:10		as though he were in pain, as he lays restlessly, shuffling
0:10 – 0:13		through his thoughts. Layne puts his hand on his forehead,
0:13 – 0:17		and gives the dark, woeful, agonized expression of an
0:17 – 0:20		individual recognizing their entire life has been a lie.
0:20 – 0:23		
0:23 – 0:27		There's a slow montage showing several dusks and dawns
0:27 – 0:30		have passed with Layne virtually incapable of getting out of
0:30 – 0:34		bed. Layne tosses, turns, and puts his pillow over his face
0:34 – 0:37		frequently, appearing never to get comfortable. His cell
0:37 – 0:40		phone rings many times, mostly calls from his bosses
0:40 – 0:44		wondering where he is, but also from a concerned friend or
0:44 – 0:47		two. Layne silences his phone each time.
0:47 – 0:50		
0:50 – 0:54		Layne gets up, slowly and groggily, walks to the master
0:54 – 0:57		bathroom to take a piss, and looks in the mirror. He looks
0:57 – 1:00		like shit. He's unkempt, unshaven, unshowered, he has
1:00 – 1:04		sweat through his shirt, and he appears depressed as all hell.
1:04 – 1:07		
1:07 – 1:10	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	Layne walks to the couch in his living room, sits down, and
1:10 – 1:14	<i>Innocence is over...</i>	turns on the TV. He flips over to CBS to watch the Jets
1:14 – 1:17	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	game and numbly stares at the screen. The Jets score a
1:17 – 1:20	<i>Over...</i>	touchdown, the stadium and TV graphics go berserk, though
		Layne is sad that he doesn't give a shit anymore. A beer
		commercial comes on after the replays and extra kick, and
		Layne changes the channel. Layne quickly passes over a
1:20 – 1:23	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	series of commercials, pausing at a crew of FOX newscasters
1:23 – 1:27	<i>Ignorance is spoken...</i>	discussing a caption of 'DONALD TRUMP PROPOSES A
1:27 – 1:30	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	BAN ON ALL MUSLIMS,' and displaying footage of a
1:30 – 1:33	<i>Spoken...</i>	Trump rally. Layne is disgusted and changes the channel.
		There's a repeat sequence of him flipping over ads, stopping
1:33 – 1:36	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	at a commercial of an elderly couple playing with their
1:36 – 1:39	<i>Confidence is broken...</i>	grandchildren, and smiling holding each other in the sunset,
1:39 – 1:43	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	before grandma has a conversation with a white lab-coated
1:43 – 1:46	<i>Broken...</i>	doctor in his office, and 'Humira' appears on the screen
1:46 – 1:49	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	with tiny fine print. Layne gets angry and changes the
1:49 – 1:52	<i>Sustenance is stolen...</i>	channel, seeing another ad with the Walmart smiley face
1:52 – 1:55	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	flying all over the store, 'rolling back' prices on common
1:55 – 1:59	<i>Stolen...</i>	household goods. Layne gets angrier and again changes the
1:59 – 2:02	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	channel to ABC Network, where Hillary Clinton arrogantly
2:02 – 2:05	<i>Arrogance is potent...</i>	stands at a podium, laughing and waving at her crowd. The
2:05 – 2:08	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	caption reads, 'HILLARY CLINTON DAZZLES MASSIVE

2:08 – 2:11	<i>Potent...</i>	<i>TURN-OUT CROWD IN BOSTON,</i> while she keeps on her
2:11 – 2:14	<i>Yeeaaahhhh...</i>	wide, plastic smile, waving at her audience with her right
2:14 – 2:18	<i>What I see is</i>	arm, but her left hand behind her back with fingers crossed.
2:18 – 2:21	<i>unreal...</i>	A white-collared & suited right arm sticks his hand through
2:21 – 2:25	<i>I've written my own</i>	the blue curtain, directly behind Hillary, and hidden. The
2:25 – 2:28	<i>part...</i>	white, male hand holds out a thick stack of cash, which
2:28 – 2:31	<i>Eat of the apple so</i>	Hillary grabs and pockets sneakily with her left hand.
2:31 – 2:34	<i>young...</i>	
2:34 – 2:37	<i>I'm crawling back to</i>	Layne's had enough. He turns off the television and walks
2:37 – 2:41	<i>start...</i>	towards his bedroom. Layne goes to his walk-in closet and
2:41 – 2:44		puts on a pair of sweats, with a dark grey zippered hoodie &
2:44 – 2:47		a light grey t-shirt underneath. The quality of the material is
2:47 – 2:51		the only aspect keeping Layne from looking homeless. He
2:51 – 2:54	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	puts on his earbud headphones and his hood while in the
2:54 – 2:57	<i>I repent tomorrow...</i>	elevator, and walks out of the lobby to get some fresh air.
2:57 – 3:00	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	Layne receives another call from his employer on his cell
3:00 – 3:04	<i>Tomorrow...</i>	phone, and again silences his device. The setting is Sunday
3:04 – 3:07	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	evening, around 6 or 7 PM. Layne lights a cigarette, and
3:07 – 3:10	<i>I suspend my sorrow...</i>	begins to aimlessly wander through New York City.
3:10 – 3:13	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	
3:13 – 3:16	<i>Sorrow...</i>	Layne rounds his block and heads uptown on 5 <sup>th</sup> Avenue.
3:16 – 3:20	<i>Yeeaaahhhh...</i>	He walks past a lot of the stores he used to shop at, and
3:20 – 3:23	<i>What I see is</i>	occasionally gazes in the windows, seeing images of his past
3:23 – 3:26	<i>unreal...</i>	self amongst elitist customers, buying an excessive amount of
3:26 – 3:29	<i>I've written my own</i>	clothing & accessories, and indulging in a lifestyle of
3:29 – 3:33	<i>part...</i>	embellishment. Layne walks past gaudy, ritzy establishments
3:33 – 3:36	<i>Eat of the apple so</i>	like Prada, Louis Vuitton, Coach, Cartier, Versace, Armani,
3:36 – 3:39	<i>young...</i>	Burberry, Rolex, Bulgari, Gucci, etc. Layne is ashamed of
3:39 – 3:42	<i>I'm crawling back to</i>	himself, and it agonizes him further. He's saddened by the
3:42 – 3:45	<i>start...</i>	crowds of people entering and leaving St. Patrick's Cathedral
3:45 – 3:49		and decides to call it quits on his walk after seeing himself
3:49 – 3:52		act like an asshole at the Gucci Store within Trump Tower
3:52 – 3:55		on 56 <sup>th</sup> Street & 5 <sup>th</sup> Avenue.
3:55 – 3:59		
3:59 – 4:02		Layne hails a cab, and heads down 7 <sup>th</sup> Avenue & Broadway
4:02 – 4:05		through Times Square, resting his head on the window, and
4:05 – 4:08		again being drowned in flashing LED ad lights. He peers
4:08 – 4:12		through the glass, gazing at thousands of people all numbly
4:12 – 4:15		staring at television screens through their apartment
4:15 – 4:18		windows. Layne heads to Madison Square Garden to see if
4:18 – 4:22		there's a good concert or a game to distract himself. He gets
4:22 – 4:25	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	out of the cab on the corner and walks towards The Garden,
4:25 – 4:28	<i>A romance is fallen...</i>	where he's met by approx. 10,000 screaming teenage girls
4:28 – 4:31	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	waiting for One Direction. Layne covers his ears and winces,
4:31 – 4:35	<i>Fallen...</i>	like he has a headache, before running in the other direction.
4:35 – 4:38	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	Layne turns westbound, and runs past a building branded
4:38 – 4:42	<i>Recommend you borrow...</i>	with ' <i>Credit Account Control Systems</i> ' in red, white, and blue.
4:42 – 4:45	<i>Hey ah na na...</i>	blue. It's now nighttime on a fall Sunday, and yet the office

4:45 – 4:48	<i>Borrow...</i>	lights are still on, with a team of employees in their cubicles,
4:48 – 4:51	<i>Yeeaaahhhh...</i>	either on the phones or with headsets on.
4:51 – 4:55	<i>What I see is</i>	
4:55 – 4:58	<i>unreal...</i>	Layne turns up 8 <sup>th</sup> Avenue, where he's rudely awakened by a
4:58 – 5:01	<i>I've written my own</i>	block featuring a strip of fast food restaurants whose logos he
5:01 – 5:05	<i>part...</i>	redesigned in Chapter 12. He's surrounded by a Starbucks,
5:05 – 5:08	<i>Eat of the apple so</i>	Domino's, KFC, and a Wendy's, along with multiple Pepsi,
5:08 – 5:11	<i>young...</i>	Coca-Cola & Visa logos in storefront windows, and a couple
5:11 – 5:14	<i>I'm crawling back to</i>	of the small businesses he rebranded in Chapter 11. Layne
5:14 – 5:17	<i>start...</i>	becomes overwhelmed, grows dizzy, and vomits in the street,
5:17 – 5:21		much to the dismay of everybody around him. He wipes the
5:21 – 5:24		vomit off his chin with his sleeve, and retreats from the block
5:24 – 5:27		before causing a scene. Layne finds a quieter block on the
5:27 – 5:31	<i>Hey ab na na...</i>	West Side, walks up north to 59 <sup>th</sup> Street, and decides to
5:31 – 5:34		wander aimlessly through Central Park.
5:34 – 5:37	<i>Hey ab na na...</i>	
5:37 – 5:41		Layne exits Central Park on the North side, at 110 <sup>th</sup> St., and
5:41 – 5:44	<i>Hey ab na na...</i>	begins to take a walk through Harlem. Author's Note:
5:44 – 5:47		<i>Though I personally have no experience of living in a city</i>
5:47 – 5:50	<i>Hey ab na na...</i>	<i>ghetto, I have a close friend who was born, raised, and still</i>
5:50 – 5:53		<i>resides in a Harlem project building. I intended to use a portion</i>
5:53 – 5:57		<i>of this to highlight how people behave when they know the prison</i>
5:57 – 6:00		<i>system is rigged against them. When asked if my instinct to write</i>
6:00 – 6:03		<i>about robberies, violence, murder, drugs, and fear of police was</i>
6:03 – 6:06		<i>entirely media-influenced, his answer was, "Not entirely. Those</i>
6:06 – 6:10		<i>things definitely happen, but it's not the cornerstone of existence.</i>
6:10 – 6:13		<i>Show the unevenness caused by gentrification, and show the nice</i>
6:13 – 6:16		<i>part of town in the background as often as possible to display how</i>
6:16 – 6:19		<i>close the 'hood is to wealthy areas, in proximity. The worst part</i>
6:19 – 6:23		<i>of living in the 'hood is knowing the money is nearby, and my</i>
6:23 – 6:26		<i>community still won't see any of it because we're not white."</i>
6:26 – 6:29		
6:29 – 6:32		Layne now appears irritable, and from his body language,
6:32 – 6:36		one can tell that he regrets leaving his apartment, or even
6:36 – 6:39		getting out of bed that day. Layne walks past a few stores
6:39 – 6:42		that are more native to New York, like the I ♥ NY gift
6:42 – 6:45		shops, the electronics stores with their products on display in
6:45 – 6:48		the windows, street kiosks selling counterfeit items, boutique
6:48 – 6:58		thrift shops, and buildings simply labeled <i>Payday Loans, Bail Bonds, Checks Cashed, or We Buy Gold &amp; Diamonds</i> . Layne passes by an upscale bar that entices him into gazing affectionately at the liquor shelves, illuminated in neon. Layne looks at what he's wearing and the vomit on his sleeve, and decides to find a bar that would let him in.  Layne finds a pub with an oval wooden door and no windows. He peeks his head inside to confirm it's a dive bar, and takes a seat on the far side of the counter.