

## CLIMBING UP THE WALLS

*Radiohead*

Time	Lyric	Transcript
0:00 – 0:12		Layne sits alone on a barstool at the far left end of the
0:12 – 0:15		counter at a decrepit, dusty dive bar without windows. A
0:15 – 0:18		critical aspect of this chapter is that it should <i>feel</i> drunk as all
0:18 – 0:21		hell. The audience has seen Layne on all sorts of drugs by
0:21 – 0:24		now, but this is the first scene where the viewer adopts the
0:24 – 0:27		feeling of somebody lost in a depression, acutely attempting
0:27 – 0:31		to drown their sorrows in dangerous volumes of alcohol.
0:31 – 0:34		
0:34 – 0:37		Layne is already shitfaced, slouched over the bar, laying on
0:37 – 0:40	<i>I am the key to the lock in your house...</i>	his left arm, with a glass of whiskey in his right hand. The
0:40 – 0:43		visual alternates between camera perspective and Layne's
0:43 – 0:46	<i>That keeps your toys in the basement...</i>	blurred double-vision. The bartender and two concerned bar
0:46 – 0:50		patrons put their hands on Layne's shoulder and try to
0:50 – 0:53	<i>And if you get too far inside,</i>	speak to him, but Layne waves them away. Layne lifts his
0:53 – 0:56		head up and sees a young couple making out on the other
0:56 – 0:59	<i>you'll only see my reflection...</i>	side of the bar. Sour, Layne scoffs at them and stumbles to
0:59 – 1:06		the men's room, drink in hand. Layne takes a lengthy,
1:06 – 1:08	<i>It's always best when the candle's out...</i>	drunken piss at the urinal, resting his head on his arm on the
1:08 – 1:12		filthy, graffitied tile. Layne cups his hands under the sink's
1:12 – 1:15	<i>I am the pick in the ice...</i>	running faucet, and drenches his bearded face with water.
1:15 – 1:18		When he lifts his head and looks in the mirror, Layne sees
1:18 – 1:21	<i>Do not cry out or hit the alarm...</i>	the Three Ominous Men in Suits as a glitch in his reflection.
1:21 – 1:25		Layne sneers at himself, and pulls two orange pill bottles out
1:25 – 1:30	<i>You know we're friends 'til we die...</i>	of his inner jacket pocket, one labeled 'GENERIC FOR
1:30 – 1:35	<i>And either way you turn, I'll be there...</i>	VICODIN (HYDROCODONE),' the other reading
1:35 – 1:42	<i>Open up your skull, I'll be there...</i>	'GENERIC FOR PERCOCET (OXYCODONE).'
1:42 – 1:44	<i>Climbing up the waaaaaaaaaaaaaalllls...</i>	Layne dumps a handful of white and yellow pills into his
1:44 – 1:50		left hand, throws them down his throat, slugs down the
1:50 – 1:55		remainder of his whiskey, and exits the restroom. Layne
1:55 – 1:57		returns the glass to the bartender, drops a few bills on the
1:57 – 2:00	<i>It's always best when the light is off...</i>	counter, and leaves the bar. In due time, the intensity of
2:00 – 2:03		Layne's intoxication amplifies exponentially.
		Layne stumbles down 6 <sup>th</sup> Avenue, past Radio City Music
		Hall on his left, & people waving behind SNY's transparent
		glass sportscast on the right. Layne tries to find his balance
		as he lights a cigarette and stumbles past the Bank of
		America Tower. He sees a crowd of people hovering around
		a building and goes over to see what's got their attention.
		Layne walks past a concrete platform that reads 'News
		Corporation,' and notices everyone has their eyes locked on
		several screens of the same FOX News coverage of the Mega
		Millions Jackpot. The caption switches to <i>TIPS TO</i>

2:03 – 2:07	<i>It's always better on the outside...</i>	<i>INCREASE CHANCE OF WINNING LOTTERY:</i>
2:07 – 2:10		<i>BUY AS MANY TICKETS AS YOU CAN AFFORD.'</i>
2:10 – 2:13	<i>Fifteen blows to the back of your head,</i>	Layne again vomits on the sidewalk, and everybody stops to stare at him as he continues down 6 <sup>th</sup> Avenue. Layne pulls
2:13 – 2:16		his smartphone out of his pocket and begins shuffling
2:16 – 2:19	<i>Fifteen blows to your mind...</i>	through images of escorts he's banged previously. After
2:19 – 2:25		cycling through a couple times, and reacting with facial
2:25 – 2:28	<i>So lock the kids up safe tonight,</i>	expressions to each woman, Layne smiles at a photo of a cute
2:28 – 2:31		blonde girl smiling in lingerie. Layne taps on the photo, hits
2:31 – 2:34	<i>Shut the eyes in the cupboard...</i>	the call icon, and his native phone app opens. Layne has a
2:34 – 2:38		brief phone conversation and hails down a taxi. Layne is
2:38 – 2:41	<i>I've got the smell of a local man,</i>	silent, resting his head against the window on the ride back.
2:41 – 2:44		
2:44 – 2:46	<i>who's got the loneliest feeling...</i>	Layne is in his penthouse doing a shitty job attempting to
2:46 – 2:50	<i>And either way you turn,</i>	straighten up for his hooker. The doorbell rings. Layne
2:50 – 2:54	<i>I'll be there...</i>	opens the door and gives her a toothy, shitfaced smile. The
2:54 – 3:00	<i>Open up your skull, I'll be there...</i>	escort remembers him from a previous session and
3:00 – 3:08	<i>Climbing up the waaaaaaaaaaaaalllls...</i>	immediately notices how fucked up he is. She stands there
3:08 – 3:11		wide-eyed, half grossed-out, half concerned. She enters
3:11 – 3:14		cautiously, and sits on the sofa in the living room. Layne
3:14 – 3:17		pours two drinks into heavy glasses and sits with her. She
3:17 – 3:20		takes the glass to be courteous, but sets it down on the coffee
3:20 – 3:23		table. Layne guzzles his drink down and leads her the
3:23 – 3:26		bedroom by the hand.
3:26 – 3:31		Visuals drunkenly swirl around Layne's head as the two of
3:31 – 3:32		them undress each other, showing The Three Ominous Men
3:32 – 3:36		consuming, dominating, and engulfing his entire thought
3:36 – 3:39		process. Layne angrily shakes his head from side-to-side,
3:39 – 3:43		desperately attempting to rid his mind of imagery of slaves
3:43 – 3:50	<i>Climbing up the waaaaaaaaaaaaalllls...</i>	being whipped in cubicles, punishing city rush hour road-
3:50 – 3:55		rage, and the Suits stealing cash from caged minorities, etc.
3:55 – 4:01	<i>Climbing up the waaaaaaaaaaaaalllls...</i>	Layne fucks his escort at a slow pace and very lazily, without
4:01 – 4:06	<i>WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLS!!</i>	any energy, passion, or intensity. She doesn't feel it in the
4:06 – 4:45		slightest. She stops him multiple times to ask "what's wrong"
		and they change to more male-dominant positions, but
		Layne still stares off in the distance and gives her cold, dead
		thrusts. The escort gets up, disappointed, gets on her knees
		and begins to give him oral. Layne stops her, grabs his
		wallet from the nightstand, throws several bills on the table,
		and asks her to leave. Dejected, she stands up, puts her
		clothes on, takes the money and walks towards the exit. The
		escort turns around and gives Layne a sad, concerned look
		before leaving the apartment, and the visuals flash black and
		white. Layne attempts to climb up his bedroom walls in
		desperation, blacks out, and passes out on the wood floor
		beside his night side table.