

# INDIFFERENCE

*Pearl Jam*

Time	Audio	Video
0:00 – 0:05		The scene opens with Layne laying sideways on his sofa in the living room of his penthouse apartment. Layne's bong, bowls, papers, grinder and weed are laid out on his coffee table. His large, glass paneled windows reveal NY City at night, and he is almost catatonic from depression. Layne
0:05 – 0:12		lights a cigarette with a match, holds the matchstick in his fingers, and watches the flame slowly extinguish itself.
0:12 – 0:15		Layne sits upright, musses his hair, and sits & stares for a bit before getting up. Layne walks over to the open glass
0:15 – 0:20		paneling, puts his hands wide against the window, presses his forehead against the glass, and stares down at the city
0:20 – 0:25	<i>I will</i>	nightlife. The city is still buzzing, never asleep, business as usual. Layne is depressed as all fuck.
0:25 – 0:30	<i>light the match this morning, so I</i>	
0:30 – 0:35	<i>won't be alone. Watch as she</i>	
0:35 – 0:39	<i>lies silent, for soon</i>	
0:39 – 0:44	<i>light will be gone. Oh,</i>	
0:44 – 0:49	<i>I will stand arms outstretched,</i>	
0:49 – 0:54	<i>pretend I'm free to roam. Oh,</i>	
0:54 – 0:58	<i>I will make my way through</i>	
0:58 – 1:03	<i>one more day in... hell</i>	
1:03 – 1:07		
1:07 – 1:12		Layne goes back to his couch, grinds up weed on the table, packs his bong, and takes a rip. He pulls his smartphone out of his pocket and aimlessly scrolls down in boredom. Layne
1:12 – 1:17		begins calling people, but it's clear that nobody is answering him. Layne sends off a few texts ('Hey,' 'What's up?,' 'How's it
1:17 – 1:22		going?,' 'Hey stranger,' 'Hey, long time no speak!'). Layne puts his phone down, takes a few bong rips and waits for the
1:22 – 1:26	<i>How much difference</i>	notifications to flash along his screen, but his phone stays blank, and they never do.
1:26 – 1:31	<i>does it make...?</i>	
1:31 – 1:35	<i>How much difference</i>	
1:35 – 1:40	<i>does it make...?</i>	
1:40 – 1:45		
1:45 – 1:50		
1:50 – 1:54		
1:54 – 1:58		Layne pulls out a laptop from behind the sofa armrest, opens it on the coffee table, and begins searching the internet for escorts and prostitutes. At some point, Layne sighs,
1:58 – 2:03	<i>I will hold the candle, 'til it</i>	depressed and defeated, and begins surfing around a standard
2:03 – 2:08	<i>burns up my arm, oh I'll</i>	porn tube site. The visual pans out while Layne is jerking off, mostly showing how disgusting and how much of a disaster
2:08 – 2:12	<i>keep taking punches,</i>	Oh, I will
2:12 – 2:17	<i>until their will grows tired.</i>	stare the sun down, until
2:17 – 2:22	<i>Oh, I will</i>	my eyes go blind
2:22 – 2:26	<i>stare the sun down, until</i>	
2:26 – 2:31	<i>my eyes go blind</i>	
2:31 – 2:36	<i>Hey, I won't change direction,</i>	The visual leaves the apartment through the glass paneling and follows a few bar-hoppers into a nightclub. The scene is
2:36 – 2:40	<i>and I won't change my mind</i>	jumping, with everybody drinking, dancing, and laughing.
2:40 – 2:45	<i>How much difference</i>	The visual finds Layne on the dance floor, with an
2:45 – 2:50	<i>does it make...?</i>	intoxicating woman flirting with him, and grinding on
2:50 – 2:54	<i>How much difference</i>	him. Suddenly, we're back in Layne's apartment, he throws
2:54 – 2:59	<i>does it make...?</i>	out his tissues, and stands in his living room, looking and
2:59 – 3:03		feeling more defeated than he had prior.
3:03 – 3:08		
3:08 – 3:11		
3:11 – 3:15	<i>I'll swallow poison!</i>	Layne pours several handfuls of prescription pills from

3:15 – 3:21	<i>until I grow immune... I will</i>	orange containers, and winces as he slugs them down with long, slow guzzles out of a 1.75-liter clear liquid hard liquor
3:22 – 3:27	<i>scream my lungs out! 'til it</i>	handle. He finishes the bottle and shatters it against his wall, screaming and bellowing from the bottom of his lungs.
3:27 – 3:31	<i>fills this room...</i>	Layne grows dizzy and blacks out, collapsing into his coffee
3:31 – 3:36	<i>How much difference...</i>	table and shattering the glass. Glass shards cut into Layne's
3:36 – 3:40		skin, leaving him passed out and bleeding on his carpet.
3:40 – 3:45	<i>How much difference...</i>	The visual pans out to display several hours have past, and
3:45 – 3:50		while in transition, the graphic shows that Layne's most
3:50 – 3:54	<i>How much difference</i>	recent phone calls were outgoing, to his two childhood
3:54 – 3:59	<i>does it make...?</i>	buddies, and to his mother. Each call went unanswered.
3:59 – 4:04	<i>How much difference</i>	
4:04 – 4:08	<i>does it make...?</i>	Layne awakens, hazy and hungover. He pulls a couple
4:08 – 4:13		shards out of himself and crawls over to his bathroom. He
4:13 – 4:18		tries to vomit in the toilet, but doesn't quite make it in time.
4:18 – 4:23		Layne pukes all over his tile floor, but then opens the cabinet
4:23 – 4:27		beneath his sink, pulls out a leather case, and dumps its
4:27 – 4:32		contents onto the tile. Layne fires a lighter under a heaping
4:32 – 4:37		spoonful of tar-brown powder, and prepares his syringe.
4:37 – 4:42		Layne fastens his tourniquet and shoots up, the pain leaving
4:42 – 5:02		his face as he again collapses on the tile flooring.  Hours later, Layne's maid and chef walk in on the scene, panic, and dial 911.