

Tool - The Patient Music Video

by
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"The Patient" by Tool

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Tool - The Patient

A groan of tedium escapes me
Startling the fearful.
Is this a test?
It has to be;
Otherwise I can't go on.
Draining patience, drain vitality,
This paranoid, paralyzed vampire act's a little old...

But I'm still right here, giving blood, keeping faith
But I'm still right here...
But I'm still right here, giving blood, keeping faith
And I'm still right here...

Wait it out.
Gonna wait it out.
Wait it out. (Be patient.)
Wait it out.

If there were no reward to reap,
No loving embrace to see me through
This tedious path I've chosen here,
I certainly would have walked away
By now...

If there were no desire to heal
This damaged and broken man along
This tedious path I've chosen here,
I certainly would have walked away
By now...

And I still may... I still may.

Be patient...
Be patient...
Be patient...
Be patient...

I must keep reminding myself of this,
I must keep reminding myself of this,
I must keep reminding myself of this,
I must keep reminding myself of this.

If there were no reward to reap,
No loving embrace to see me through
This tedious path I've chosen here
I certainly would have walked away
By now...

And I still may. And I still may.
And I still may.

Gonna wait it out... Gonna wait it out...
Gonna wait it out... Gonna wait it out...

FADE IN:

[0:00 - 0:10]

INT. PURGATORY - HALL

An endless, narrow, empty corridor fading to darkness on the horizon.

The walls are grey like concrete, and the color palate is muted, highlighting blues.

Along one side of the wall at evenly spaced intervals are a set of leg and wrist irons chained to the wall.

Along the other side, directly across from each set of chains is a clock. The clocks have no numbers or minute/hour hands, just a second hand that moves up and down around a central pivot.

Directly below the clocks are small doors.

[0:10 - 0:30]

A MAN, naked, non-descript and bald opens the door, closes it and walks across the narrow hallway toward the chains.

We focus on him attaching the leg irons, then the wrist irons emotionlessly.

[0:30 - 0:40]

MAN'S POV

We focus on the clock, watching it tick hypnotically.

Suddenly a black and silver millipede-like caterpillar emerges from behind the clock, and slithers down the wall.

END POV

[0:40 - 1:07]

We follow the caterpillar as it descends slowly to the ground and walks methodically toward the man. It stops at his feet.

[1:07 - 1:30]

EXT. GALLOWES - 18TH CENTURY - DAY

We see a row of people who are standing in front of what appears to be a stage of some sort. They are dressed as Quakers.

A groan of tedium escapes me,
startling the fearful.

As we move to the right slowly, we see they are all focused on some event happening to the right, out of frame.

Is this a test? It has to be;
Otherwise I can't go on.

We stop moving to the right. Now the Quakers in the shot are looking directly forward.

Suddenly a decapitated head falls into the frame and onto the gallows floor.

INT. PURGATORY - HALL

[1:30 - 1:54]

The caterpillar is climbing up the man's leg, slowly.

MAN'S POV

The caterpillar's eyes are glowing purple, looking directly at him as he climbs steadily.

Draining patience, drain vitality.
This paranoid, paralyzed vampire
act's a little old.

We focus back on the clock as it ticks back and forth with the rhythm of the music.

END POV

EXT. GALLOWES - DAY

[1:54 - 2:13]

EXECUTIONER'S POV

We are looking down at the Quakers, in an endless line, over the shoulder of a hooded, cloaked figure. There is a guillotine to the left, and to the right, another Quaker slowly climbs stairs onto the stage and into the guillotine.

All of the Quakers' hands are clasped in prayer.

As they pass by, they nod at the executioner.

But I'm still right here, giving
blood, keeping faith.
But I'm still right here.
But I'm still right here, giving
blood, keeping faith.

END POV

We are looking directly at a WOMAN who has strapped herself into the guillotine. She looks directly at us.

From this perspective we can see the executioner has no face.

[2:13 - 2:20]

And I'm still right here.

As the music rises, she closes her eyes and we see the blade fall.

INT. PURGATORY - HALL

[2:20 - 2:38]

The man writhes as the music kicks up. The caterpillar enters his mouth, and he calms down.

[2:38 - 2:51]

Wait it out...
Gonna wait it out...

He speaks in time with the lyric "Be patient".

[2:51 - 2:58]

Wait it out. (Be patient.)

[2:58 - 3:41]

The next door down the line opens, and the Quaker woman from before walks in. She is also naked, bald and expressionless.

She steps into the spot next to the man and straps on her leg and wrist irons just as the man did.

WOMAN'S POV

We see her staring at the clock just as he did, and then the caterpillar comes down.

END POV

If there were no reward to reap,
No loving embrace to see me through
This tedious path I've chosen here
I certainly would have walked away
By now.

The caterpillar crawls toward her feet and stops.

Gonna wait it out...

EXT. GALLOWS - DAY

[3:41 - 4:14]

The procession is now a line of Jewish people. Everything happens as before, but faster, in tempo with the music, including the eventual execution.

If there were no desire to heal
A damaged and broken man along
This tedious path I've chosen here
I certainly would have walked away
By now...

INT. PURGATORY - DAY

[4:14 - 4:40]

The man is covered now in webbing. His eyes and nose are webbed shut.

His mouth, however, is free. He speaks in time with the whispered lyric.

And I still may. I still may.

[4:40 - 5:00]

As the music kicks up again, a stream of purple butterflies erupt from the man's mouth, and he writhes again against his chains.

EXT. GALLOWS - DAY

[5:00 - 5:10]

EXECUTIONER'S POV

This is the same shot, but now the people in the procession are muslim.

END POV

Be patient...
 Be patient...
 Be patient...
 Be patient...

INT. PURGATORY - HALL

[5:10 - 5:21]

We watch the clock tick back and forth.

We turn back to the man. He is now completely encased. The woman is partially covered by the webs, except for her mouth.

[5:21 - 5:52]

We now look the other way, down the corridor. It is endless in this direction as well, but along each wall is a man or woman similarly cocooned by caterpillar webs, attached to the wall.

We follow down the corridor, moving faster and faster, until the bodies to the left become a blur, and then are indistinguishable.

I must keep reminding myself of
 this...
 I must keep reminding myself of
 this...
 I must keep reminding myself of
 this...
 I must keep reminding myself of
 this...

Finally, we arrive at the end of the line of people.

[5:52 - 6:32]

The corridor continues on, but the rest of the cocoons are on the ground in husks.

If there were no reward to reap...

We focus on a cocoon. It's a man. We see the chains break, and the man's clock stops. (MORE)

No loving embrace to see me through...

He falls to the floor, like the other carcasses. From where the head is, a new caterpillar emerges, the same as the others.

This tedious path I've chosen here...

The caterpillar begins crawling toward where we started.

We race ahead of it in a blur again.

I certainly would have walked away... by now.
And I still may.
And I still may.
And I still may.

At the end of the line of people again. The woman we saw before is completely covered like the man.

The caterpillar crawls up the wall at the next slot down the line, and coils itself behind the clock.

[6:44 - 7:14]

As soon as it does, the door opens, and another non-descript man emerges, puts on the chains, and waits.

Gonna wait it out...
Gonna wait it out...
Gonna wait it out...
~~Gonna~~ wait it out...