

IT'S NOT GOING TO END THIS WAY

By Beth Bacon

CHARACTER: Andrew Cunanan - 27.

PLACE: Room 205 at the Normandy Plaza Hotel, Miami Beach,
Florida.

TIME/DAY: 10pm, July 14th. The night before the murder of
Gianni Versace.

EXIT LOCATED UP-STAGE CENTRE. ART DECO STYLE FURNISHINGS: A SINGLE BED, CENTRE STAGE; A MIRROR, STAGE LEFT AND STAGE RIGHT; CUT-OUTS OF THE NEWS ARTICLES ABOUT ANDREW CUNANAN'S MURDERS AND A PHOTOGRAPH OF GIANNI VERSACE STUCK TO A CORK BOARD PROPPED UP AGAINST THE BED, CENTRE STAGE. A STACK OF FASHION MAGAZINES AND LOUIS BEGLEY'S NOVEL, 'ABOUT SCHMIDT' ARE STAGE RIGHT OF THE BED. A LEATHER BRIEF CASE SITS TO THE RIGHT OF THE MAGAZINES AND CONTAINS A HAIR TRIMMER, A SCREWDRIVER, A LONG, SHARP PAIR OF SCISSORS, DUCT TAPE, SELLOTAPE, AND A GUN. CLOTHES LIE ACROSS THE SOFA, INCLUDING RECOGNISABLE 'CUNANAN ITEMS', SUCH AS HIS RED BASEBALL CAP, CIRCULAR GLASSES, AND A BLACK LEATHER JACKET. TO THE LEFT OF THE COUCH SITS A GHETTO BLASTER. BDSM EQUIPMENT(LATEX FACE MASK WITH ONLY TWO HOLES FOR NOSTRILS, A WHIP, AND ROPES) DRAPES OVER THE MIRROR. ANDREW STANDS CENTRE STAGE. THE ROOM IS IN DARK AND DINGY. THE LIGHT COMES FROM SPOTLIGHTS SHINING FROM THE FLOOR BESIDE EACH MIRROR, UP TO ANDREW'S FACE, AND DIM STAGE LIGHTING FROM ABOVE.

Andrew nervously glides hands through lush, brown locks. He is sweating and humming words to 'Bang Bang' by Nancy Sinatra, under breath. Humming crescendos into triumphant singing.

ANDREW

"Bang, bang, I shot you down! -

Raises his hand to the mirror and pretends to shoot himself through the reflection

ANDREW (CONT'D)

"Bang, bang, you hit the ground! Bang, bang, that awful sound -

Turns his gun hand to his throat

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Bang, bang my baby shot me down."

Mimicking the sound of a pistol firing, he pretends to shoot himself in the mouth.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Bang!

Andrew dramatically leaps back and falls on his back pretending to be dead. Lies there for a few moments. Laughs hysterically. Gets breath and jumps into a cow-boy pose, hands on imaginary revolvers on either side of waist. Leaps towards reflection in mirror, pointing imaginary gun at himself.

ANDREW

(Whispers)

Bang.

Mood switches and looks lovingly at his reflection.

ANDREW

Oh, darling. I am so sorry. I didn't mean to. I just... *(beat)* my finger slipped. I promise it won't happen again, OK? *(Beat)* Yes, of course, I love you too.

Slowly caresses mirror and stares at himself lovingly. Takes top off and persona changes as he pretends to be speaking to Lee Miglin in other mirror.

ANDREW

Lee. Oh, Lee Lee Lee. You dirty, dirty man. Hypersalivation I believe is what they call it. Revolting. You couldn't even control yourself when you were on death's door. Absolutely no dignity. You just let it seep right out of you. I did everything I could to protect your precious head.

Picks up duct tape

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I wanted to keep it intact. That consideration really came from the heart, you know.

Wraps duct tape around his head, starting the top of his head, facing the mirror

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I wrapped you up just as George Clooney does on *E.R.* The doctors call it 'spiral wrap'. Inch by inch you cover the wound. And, indeed, wounded

your poor little head was. I knew you needed some TLC. And you were in good hands. Excellent hands, if I do say so myself. I even made a little air hole for your pre-powdered nostrils.

Gets to nose and tears tape to make hole for nostrils

ANDREW (CONT'D)

They say don't get high off your own supply, but I broke that golden rule for you. You ungrateful son of a bitch. Not only did you leave me high and dry but you also left me a - actually, high and dry is probably the wrong phrase, let's say high and soaking fucking wet -

Wraps tape from bottom of neck up to mouth

ANDREW (CONT'D)

- and with that, you left me a little present, didn't you, Lee. A perfect little gift of penetrative pain that is currently rushing through my veins. My body was [beat] perfect. But something has changed. Hasn't it, Lee. Part of you is infecting me. Part of your disgusting, dilapidated anatomy is poisoning my very being. You begged, eventually. But it was a little late, wasn't it, Lee.

Wrapped all of head apart from mouth. Impersonates voice of sales assistant.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I am very sorry, sir, but there is a no returns policy with this product. So, I'm just going to have to let the manufacturer know that I am not happy with my purchase. And so, you're going to go bust.

Tapes up mouth

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Bust, bust, [shouting] bust!

Rips tape off head, grabs screwdriver and repeatedly stabs pile of tape on floor in fury. Catches breath, snaps out of this persona, and turns around in a flourish to face the bed. Marches towards it and flops down upon it. Picks up piece of paper to side of him: "WANTED BY THE FBI" poster.

ANDREW

"Cunanan is being sought for an April 1997 murder, which occurred in Chicago county, Minnesota. Also, he is wanted for questioning in connection with additional murders, which occurred in CHISAGO - Chisago? Oh, Chicago! Ha! What dweebs can't even write a fucking WANTED poster without noticing errors right in front of their fucking eyes! - ChiCAGO county, Minnesota; Chicago Illinois; and Pennsville, New Jersey. - Wow, I have been around haven't I, Mr Jetsetter. -Cunanan may be in possession of a handgun." - Oh, why indeed I certainly am!

Picks up gun from briefcase and caresses it.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Hello, little one.

Kisses gun, place it onto bed. Picks up poster, so audience can see it.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

"Armed and extremely dangerous" - Oh, darling, don't flatter me so.

Smooches poster making loud kissing sound. Grabs duct tape and scissors from briefcase. Carefully places WANTED poster next to mirror and slowly cuts lots of pieces of Sellotape off the roll and WANTED at top of mirror and ANDREW CUNANAN at bottom of mirror. Lovingly looks at self in mirror for a moment or two.

He swivels, walks towards ghetto blaster and plays 'Blue Suede Shoes', by Elvis Presley.

Strides back towards mirror dancing to music. Sticks WANTED poster to mirror using each piece of tape he has cut off in

time with each line he sings.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

"Well, you can knock me down, step in my face, slander my name all over the place, well do anything that you want to do!"

Jumps up and pirouettes to the tune, centre stage, then dances. Steps ghetto blaster to turn off.

Takes cork board over to mirror, stage left, and speaks to pictures of Versace.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You are my blue suede shoes. No one can step on you but me.

Pulls picture off mirror, walks over to brief case and picks up dagger.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I can step on you, of course. I will clutch your throbbing neck, feel the bristles of your chin stubble as I lean in -

Pushes picture against mirror and moves in close

ANDREW (CONT'D)

- and whisper in your ear, "This is the end". I will finally penetrate you with Blake - oh, I had to name my little buddy after all his hard work - and your hot blood will pulsate into my palm.

Pushes blade into cork board and tares Versace picture

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. Fuck fuck fuck! What have I done?!

In a frenzy, Andrew drops the knife, takes the pieces of Sellotape from the mirror and tries to stick Versace's picture back together.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

NO! I can't tarnish you! No! It's not going to end this way. No. I won't make a mess. Not like last time, not

like the others. Lee was a God-awful catastrophe. You deserve better than that, of course.

Sits down comfortably on floor.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I mean, you are THE Gianni Versace. I know I said that if you were Gianni Versace then I would be Coco Channel. Well, of course I didn't mean that. I know you understand. Besides, Coco Channel's current line is just [dramatically] wacky and tacky! You know what I mean. This fall's Versace collection emulated boldness and power. Channel, well, you want to know my real view? I mean, honestly, Gianni, level with me. Do you want to know my honest opinion? I think Coco is the one that should be rotting in hell, not you. Why should we liberate women from the constraints of corsets when we can reveal a dark and dirty side to the typical femme? For instance, Elizabeth Hurley. The little black dress would not be the saucy yet essential item it is today without your 1994 safety-pin frock. Anyway, I am not insinuating you will rot in hell. You have changed the world of fashion. Why would Satan wish to burn your ideas in hell when you can make the seraphs sordid? God! The way you brought bondage to the forefront of high-end fashion in your '92 fall line. Wow. Dazzling! No one could have transformed leather throat chokes and body buckles quite like you. I don't know why I have to justify that to your face. You know you're completely on top of your game. Although, I just don't think the world appreciates you as they should.

Walks towards the bed, sits down, and crosses his legs.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What would Gianni do? That is, indeed, the question.

Holds up Gianni's photograph reflectively

ANDREW (CONT'D)

What would you do, Gianni? Imagine you had spent months crafting those bondage garments and no one batted an eyelash. What would you do? You would be goddamn devastated, would you not?

Walks over to bed and lies down dramatically

ANDREW (CONT'D)

But that, I guess, is the fundamental difference between you and me. You are Gianni, I am Andrew. Even in the cadence of our names. I just project [beat] bland. That's why I must finish what I started triumphantly but genuinely. I must be Andrew. When I look you in the eye and you, finally, look right back, I will be me. For the last time, I will wholeheartedly be Andrew Phillip Cunanan. And I will say to you, Gianni Versace, "You are in the company of the most wanted man in the United States of America." That's not who I wanted you to meet. I wanted you to love for me who I am or was. [Beat] I truly did, Gianni. I wanted us to be buddies. But we are fundamentally parts of different worlds. With your family name and mansion over-looking Miami Beach. [Appreciation turns to jealousy and anger] I have known plenty of men like you. You are from an exclusive, illusive class. You are THE Gianni Versace. But that does not mean to say there cannot be another. Who will know you are gone when I pop that little nugget into your skull? It'll be seamless. You'll slip away. And in your place, there will be me, and I will become you. Don't worry, I tried with plenty others. But they just didn't quite fit the bill. You know? I'm sure you understand. I mean, you wouldn't hire some stumpy-legged, squash-faced model to front your New York Fashion Week show, would you? So, why would I settle for second best

either? I got my revenge. I got the man that gave me the little lurgy in my blood. And now there's only one thing left to do. I will survive. But only through you, Gianni. I cannot survive as bland Andrew anymore. It's not going to end this way. It's not going to end the way it began. I must begin a new cycle, with a new face, and a new name. I have done it before, haven't I? I have succeeded time and again, have I not? I am quite the actor, if I do say so myself. And now I will finally be who I have always dreamed of becoming. I will be Gianni Versace. So, slip away with dignity, please, Gianni. Don't go like Lee did. It will end the way I wish it to end.

'Blue Monday' by New Order fades in.

ANDREW puts on red baseball cap, sets down photograph, and faces audience. Smiles at audience. Turns and slowly picks up belongings and places them into a backpack. Turns back to audience with room cleared up, bows his head to audience, and exits.

'Blue Monday' fades out.