

**SUICIDE**

Shot at the Factory

on March 6, 1965

Premiered at a Factory party on a Saturday night  
in March

Color, 16mm sound, 24 fps, 70 minutes

(restored 1999: 66 minutes)

Soft focus, stationary camera: in frame, the actor's wrists

with:

Rock B. and Ronald Tavel

In my novel, *STREET OF STAIRS*, I had used a Mediterranean or North African esperanto and broken English for poetic effect, double-entendres, and the inadvertent meaning in moments. So it was natural that when Andy ordered the third scripted film to premiere at a Factory party to be thrown a brief twenty-seven days after Mario's "orals" had been lensed - and told me to fashion it around a young European who spoke in seductive and arresting, broken English - that expeditiously I would, listening to him, "hear" *SUICIDE* well in advance of writing it, as a long poem.

As the lending of a podium in the form of a poem to a generalized outcry of international youth in the mid-sixties, it stands by itself among Andy's movies, and is the biggest surprise in the post-mortem disclosure of suppressed filmwork.

But it does not stand alone among the artist's concerns or subject matter. In fact, it has a vivid position in one of his most dynamic groupings, the disaster series. And so for those analysts for whom Andy's move to film was not only necessary but his aesthetically most important, *SUICIDE* is certain to galvanize a deal of attention in the future.

Rock B. was a Gentleman's Quarterly-chic and trim, classically small-featured, French film actor who jet set his time in a kind of frenzy between expensive hotels on either side of the Atlantic. In that shuffle, he was symptomatic of a considerable block of the weekly Factory drop-ins, and contributed strongly to my overall impression then of the traffic through the artworld landmark. But it was in his guise of a multiply wrist-slashing, would-be suicide that he interested Andy, and I thought should be rendered representative.

Taking a pencil and pad, I went to interrogate him in what I had to make my standard pre-script practice with strangers. This visit always frightened the interviewees, but as we've come to accept from daytime TV talk shows, one has only to ask and the secret-keepers will tell all, Rock and his compelling, double-life

included. To be sure, this reaction would be grist for the mill of a future berative essay in the form of a feature, VINYL. But then, since I never saw myself as an intimidating person, I felt the fear and confessions I elicited from prospective performers were a result of my bodying-in for the "Ghostlike Power," particularly as, and whenever, he was disliked, a notion reconfirmed for me as recently as the November 1994 Warhol Weekend Film Festival in L.A. There, scattered survivors of his sixties' activities showed up to get even with his Ghost by assailing me, in the belief they'd cherished in the belief-aggravating interval, that I, who might have rescued them in those long done days, had stood writer-voyeuristically by instead to witness the Andean tender mercies of their victimization and their spiritual demolition. And back when it was all happening, none surrendered his better judgment to such an interpretation of Pop Art's fallout with more gusto than Rock, who seemed altogether uncertain that Andy was a fully paid-up member of the human race.

The script or blueprint of SUICIDE also is unusual in being so extensively self-explaining, not just of its distinct, filming process, but of what actually did transpire that evening in the crowded, press and idler-filled Factory.

In frame of the stationary camera was to be Rock's belly-up wrists, side by side between his seated knees. I would hold the script he'd not seen before that night, up at a comfortable distance from his eyes and safely out of camera range. On it, he is clearly instructed to read all his own lines while I read (and play) everyone else in his life needed to let breathe the circumstances that led to each attempt at suicide. But Rock has both written above words to translate or clarify the English for himself (edifying further, with a compendium of his English), and crossed out others and provided substitutes, this latter largely to conceal his homosexuality and on occasion the identity of certain celebrities peripherally involved in his misfortunes. How crucial some felt it was to cover their minority sexuality in those days could not be more graphic than the living record this movie makes of that.

Andy took a copy of the SUICIDE script as soon as I finished it, which was just before the shoot, and scanned it. (All the original scenarios were warehoused with his acquisitions, though some were unconscionably offered at the posthumus auctions.) Then, shortly before the camera rolled, he ordered a voluptuous, varied bouquet of festively colored, huge flowers from a local florist. "Since this is in Technicolor," was all he said to me with a sidewise turn of his head that always signaled he knew I understood and was in accord. But aside from thuswise incorporating this film into his extensive four-flower poppy painting series, at that point at the height of its creative fervor and evidently the most attention-getting project he'd embarked upon up until then, its ulterior motive was probably to surprise me, as the writer and director of SUICIDE, as my script was intended to surprise Rock and record the result. For unless it is conceded that the writer and director are as much a part of what is being filmed as the (other) players, the full scope of Warhol's perceptive intentions and, perhaps, achievement will not be understood. And in this sense, that the record we have, i.e., the actual film, differs from the scenario or is a selection of its thrusts and proposals, the scripts exit in a kind of dialogue with the films, and side by side with them.

So I picked, per vignette of suicide-try, a sunflower, tuberose, or Bird of Paradise from the bouquet for Rock to grind between his shaking fingers - thus replacing the script's call for (symbolic) spoons, razor, a tomato and diary. A basin was set under his hands against the young man's shoes, and I then was to pour water from a pitcher over his scarlet scars and into the basin each time we reached the actual attempt in the self-destructive roll call. (Of course, the water pouring stood in for the boy's blood pour, but this is irremediable in Warhol's thinking, his maddening simplicity, idiotic and irrefutable.)

Disorienting Rock more than me was the swaying assembly of what appeared to him to be morbidly curious gossipmongers and yellow rag photographers: for by now I was inured to them and, besides, had a lot of work, acting and thinking, to do here as the script makes plain. But they amounted to an unexpected, public confes-

sional for him which added to the agony of our reliving his life's most unhappy - and self-absorbed - moments.

At last, he reached down to the nearly full basin, lifted it up and poured its contents completely over me. As Rock started for the elevator, Andy broke from the crowd wringing his hands and rushed to my side. Then he searched my face and, as I was totally soaked, asked with the concern of an alarmed mother, "Oh, Ronnie, should we stop?"

Observers think this (show of) distress is unique in the relentless neo-verité the artist practiced, but when I insisted that we continue until the second reel ended it wasn't to remind him that he was trying to sidestep the classical rigor to which, and by which, he held me. It was simply that I couldn't break the momentum of the experience for myself, what I was first understanding enacting Rock's terrors, and that I had to finish it out then for better or worse, having the presense of mind right there to know no attempt would or could be made to re-do the staging of these peculiarly surface traumas.

I probably had not been so involved before in the "fiction" of a filming - that is, living the recreation as if it were all initially now - for I'd felt neither the drenched discomfort nor the humiliation of those moments, though I'd a vague sense of the somber-level leveling occurring there in my humorous martyrdom for art. Instead, I was driven to see, gratuitously, that this excruciation be articulated: and, for that reason, later would hold myself responsible, along with VINYL's screen and stage-version actors, for the mutual-consent torture which creates its principal speculation.

But that evening's film ends with a sad, long look at the broken flowers in the re-set basin while I, now playing Rock as well as his familiars, drone the misadventures on to a conclusion.

The aftermath: It still being winter, I came down with a good cold; Rock, however, returned when the Factory was nearly deserted and stole a painting for his pains. Warhol did not accommodate art thefts and he considered it ample remuneration for the spoiled ingrate.

Film history has forgotten that European's other contributions,

but this portrait of bewildered, groundless aristocracy in his World War II-hungover generation remains vivid in its zeitgeist plea, as unforgiving as it is unforgivable.

**NOTE:**

The screenplay of SUICIDE is preceded by the notes taken down in the interview with Rock for the writing of this screenplay.

①  
Suicide

Rock Bradett

Robert

1. August 31, '63 - the suicide  
 went to kill self - spent night with Jean Paul  
 Balme de Polinas - Cognac - Polinas - high  
 society - Sandra Milo was there too.  
 I was in love with someone in Paris

"I am the one you love."

Met American in Paris, wants to have fun  
 went to private club for artists, just wanting  
 a drink, half-drunk, goes to second  
 floor, very byzantine, I see the one  
 there - the other is more beautiful - but  
 he is blond with white & gold with  
 big glass with face of Michelangelo  
 statue, with Botticelli hair - he is  
 with other - he goes up to Blond  
 \*They speak in English - go home

(2)

In the morning doesn't remember  
he sees beautiful blond in bed, takes  
him in arms — "contact skin"

- what is here is too much - other  
opens eyes - beautiful navy blue eyes  
They make love - but he doesn't  
ask name

"I am called Robert"

Wants to see him again - looks for  
one month - one night of same club  
"Chez Leslie" - they meet, greet - he  
is with other so they cannot go together  
Later they spend 4 days in hotel  
together - Then other gets telegram  
from N.Y. saying Father is dead.

English lesson in hotel  
Lover - Rock.  
Lover - fe. was

Blond went to N.Y. - It is May  
Tues 9<sup>th</sup> 1963

Blond writes to <sup>Rock to</sup> come to N.Y. - (Rock has  
this letter

Rock is in Paris - August 31<sup>st</sup>



(3)

He jumps out window - 8 floors  
 rushes for window but hits head on window  
 shutter & passes out on the floor.

He leaves Paris Sat, Sept 7<sup>th</sup> - Robt  
 meets him at 5<sup>th</sup> Ave & 55<sup>th</sup> St -  
 they kiss

Rock goes to Canada, Thurs 12<sup>th</sup> Sept.  
 contract on Canadian TV - makes scandal  
 CKRS-TV - ask Peter question: "Do you  
 love a man?" Québec - "Why? You  
 want a date with me?" - "What you love  
 darling, what you love?"

Sunday, Sept 15<sup>th</sup> in N.Y. again  
 finally I refound Robert - he is more  
 marvelous than ever. I am in love.

17<sup>th</sup> Sept - went to premiere of Rock's  
 movie "In the French Style" - marvelous

Robert says we are together in N.Y., I  
 hope we will fulfill each other.

Tues 1<sup>st</sup> Oct - Rock goes to Vancouver  
 to see father. Calls Robt in N.Y. - Robt  
 is horrible on phone because Rock left  
 without seeing him. "I don't think  
 I love you now" Rock is obliged

(4)

to go to psychiatric clinic ~~at~~ for  
 3 months - tries to kill self with  
 everything he finds - some sleeping pills  
 in shoes, asks for more at 4 AM for 2 weeks  
 & finally has enough to kill himself.  
 He takes them & waits to become  
 happy. - doesn't think he will be  
 dead in 1 hour, doesn't think of death  
 He sleeps till 2 PM - is examined by  
 doctor, the oxygen test shows zero.  
 Artificial respiration is administered  
 forced to vomit, sick in throat.

Returns to father's home for 3 days

Returns to Switzerland.

He knows he is not crazy, but  
 he wants to be - because it is too  
 much to want to kill myself - if I  
 am crazy I don't have to kill  
 myself. Does crazy things to be  
 admitted. No one cares, it is dull,  
 so he leaves.

23 Feb 1964

got 2 months suspended & \$600 for

(3)

~~airport scandal - refuses judges' judgment~~  
 makes

Bathroom of Plaza Hotel - Bob  
 wants to make something - relationship  
 no longer good, - slashes wrists  
 I open my arms like I open a fan  
 I suck my blood I am vampire.  
 - shows wrists

(6)

Robin

R

# Enrique Rothen

With Enrique 3 days in Paris

Elbow is open from other suicide, blood flows over bones that night from elbows - 400 damages all over floor, carpets, hair, bodies

Enrique has scenario wants him to play in ~~entire~~ E is very rich. Start movie - in rich house, care <sup>full of</sup> with champagne, Rock always drinks, plays crazy boy in clinic. One night R goes to E's room - E - no I go in 10 minutes to covers - R - open the door - hypoint!! Parents awake

E's mother tells R what he did -

Receives police order to leave house; wants \$3,000 for movie

lean up  
dolly  
bill

R goes to Baroulet Hotel - very chic in Zurich - drinks - takes razor blade - opens arms - blood spurts all over walls, puts arms in water to make death guides, sees face in mirror like death, ~~with~~

⑦

wants to stop blood - makes phone call & faints - awakes in hospital, clinic is suggested; signs papers is put in Bourgeoisie with ambulance awakes with serum & blood, cannot move arms - 6 women, think they are dogs, other speaks on radio announcer. Cannot eat with knives, must eat with hands; so horrible in clinic, he decides not to tell himself anymore. He returns to U.S. for rest.

Falls in with 2 crazy people in N.Y. He opens arms at this house because they always fight. After he does it he doesn't want to - because he attempts it with after things are over.

He opens again on some track not yet healed. Walks from "St Mark" to "St. Peter's" with just underwear - arrives at the door covered with blood, lightens Negro, shrieks at Deane - red & nude in November '67.

(8)

Then he lives at rich man's apartment.  
He loves <sup>the</sup> driver boy. He learns this  
& goes to bathroom & opens his ~~eyes~~  
again, - not because he said anything  
but because he needs a reason for  
killing himself - so he takes the first  
reason, in order not to blame himself.  
Now I am sick - before I wanted  
to make suicide, now I don't but  
can't help it. Now I ~~before~~ become  
crazy without wanting to.

ROCK \*

DO NOT READ THE WORDS IN CAPITALS AT ANY TIME!!!!

KEEP YOUR VOICE AT THE LEVEL OF MY VOICE AT ALL TIMES.  
PAUSE CONSIDERABLY AT THE DOTS: .....

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADETT: It is ~~August 31, 1963~~ <sup>Sept-25 63</sup>

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADETT: It is ~~August 31, 1963~~ <sup>Sept 25</sup> and I want to kill myself. *attitude*  
I pass the night with Jean ~~Poliz~~ <sup>Poliz</sup> de Poliz -  
~~of the Copse Poliz~~.... Very, very high *Some star*  
society. ~~Send me to there too~~....  
I was in love with someone in Paris.

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADETT: I meet an American in Paris. *She* He wants to have  
fun. I want to have fun too. Just fun..... *attitude*  
We go to a private club for artists..... *attitude*  
~~Just men artists.~~ We are just wanting a drink.

TAVEL: We are just wanting a drink.

*2d yr*

BRADETT: I am half drunk.  
I go to the second floor. The second floor is  
very beautiful. It is very byzantine, I am in  
Byzantium.....  
I see the one there.

TAVEL: You see me there.

BRADETT: The one is with another one.  
The other one is more beautiful.  
But the one is blond. The one is blond with  
white and gold in the hair. The one is holding  
a big byzantine glass.  
The one has the face of the Michelangelo statue.  
The one has Boticelli hair.  
The one is with the other one.

TAVEL: I am with the other one.

BRADYTT: I go up to the blond.  
We smiles.  
We speak in English.

TAVEL: We speak in English.

BRADYTT: Do you want to come home with me?

*7 LUME*

I WILL PLACE A PEACOCK FEATHER IN YOUR HANDS. TAKE IT AND HANDLE IT CAREFULLY WITH BOTH HANDS. WAIT A LONG TIME BEFORE SPEAKING AGAIN.

BRADYTT: In the morning I do not remember anything.  
I look around in my apartment.  
I see the beautiful blond one in my bed next to me.  
I take the one in my arms.  
It is "contact skin".  
Do you know what contact skin is?

PLAY WITH THE PEACOCK FEATHER VERY GENTLY. CARESS IT. WAIT A LONG TIME BEFORE SPEAKING AGAIN.

BRADYTT: What I have<sup>?</sup> is too much..... *attitude*

PUT DOWN THE PEACOCK FEATHER. CARESS IT ONCE MORE. THEN LEAVE IT ALONE AND DO NOT TOUCH IT AGAIN.

BRADYTT: <sup>HER</sup> The other opens ~~his~~ eyes.  
They are most beautiful.  
They are navy blue eyes.  
The one's eyes are navy blue.....  
We make love.  
But I do not ask the name.  
I do not ask the name.

TAVEL: *I am called Roberta*

BRADYTT: ~~She is called Roberta~~..... *main ensemble*

PUT YOUR TWO HANDS TOGETHER AS IF YOU WERE PRAYING.

BRADYTT: I want to see <sup>HER</sup> ~~her~~ again.  
For one month I want to see ~~his~~ <sup>HER</sup>.  
I look everywhere for ~~her~~ <sup>HER</sup>.  
I look everywhere in Paris for ~~her~~ <sup>HER</sup>.....  
One night at the same club, the club is called "Chez Leslie", I meet ~~her~~ again.  
I greet ~~her~~ <sup>HER</sup>. <sup>HER</sup>

TAVEL: I greet you.

BRADYTT: ~~Do you~~, do you want to come home with me?

TAVEL: I can not come home with you. I am with the other now.



TAKE THE SPOON IN YOUR HANDS AND SLOWLY BEND IT WHILE I TALK.

TAVEL: I can not come home with you.  
I can not come home with you.  
I can not come home with you.  
I am with the other now.

BRADETT: Finally, she comes with me to my hotel.....  
She comes with me.  
We pass 4 days together in the hotel.  
For 4 days we do not quit the hotel.

PICK UP YOUR DIARY AND OPEN IT UP TO THE ENGLISH LESSON. *June*

BRADETT: I give ~~you~~ <sup>HER</sup> the language lesson.

I WILL SAY "I AM" AND YOU WILL SAY "JE SUIS" AND SO ON UNTIL WE FINISH "ETRE." THEN WE WILL DO THE SAME FOR "AVOIR". THEN WE WILL DO THE SAME FOR "FAIRE." WHEN WE ARE FINISHED, CLOSE YOUR DIARY AND PUT IT DOWN. THEN CARESS IT GENTLY. DO NOT SPEAK NOW. *Ferme mon diary -*

TAVEL: It is the fourth day that we are here together. Today I have received a telegram from New York. It says that my father is dead. I must return to New York.

*WIXIUX*

BRADETT: You must not return to New York!!  
You must never return to New York!!

TAVEL: I must return to New York. Let me go. Let me go.  
Au revoir.

BRADETT: Au revoir.  
Au revoir.....  
Au revoir.

PUT YOUR HAND ON THE SPOON, BUT DO NOT PICK IT UP.

BRADETT: It is Tuesday, *JULY-4*, 1963.  
*Robert* writes me a letter and tells me to come to New York.

PICK UP YOUR DIARY AND OPEN IT TO ~~ROBERT'S~~ LETTER. ~~WHEN I~~ I WILL THEN READ ~~ROBERT'S~~ LETTER. WHILE I READ KEEP BOTH HANDS DOWN WITH ONE ON THE SPOON. WHEN I FINISH READING, I WILL RETURN THE DIARY TO YOU. CLOSE THE DIARY AND PUT IT DOWN. THEN PAUSE AND SAY:

BRADETT: It is *Sept 26* August 31 and I am still in Paris. I am in Paris and ~~Robert~~ is in New York. It is *Sept 26* August 31, 1963 and I want to kill myself.....

PAUSE NOW A WHILE BEFORE SPEAKING AGAIN.

# Rêve-

BRADY: I am 3 floors above the ground.  
I run to the window.  
I make the suicide.

hhhhhhhh.

BRADY: But in Paris they are the big shutter to close the window for night.  
The shutter come down when I am jumping out the window. It slam me in the head.  
I fall down. I am knocked out.  
I fall down on the floor of my apartment.  
Nothing falls out the 3 floors.

BRADY: Come to New York. Come to New York.

BRADY: It is Saturday, ~~September 7~~ <sup>October 7</sup>. I fly to New York.

BRADY: I will meet you at the airport.  
I will meet you at the airport.

BRADY: Robert does not meet me at the airport.....  
I am walking on 5th Avenue and 35th Street.  
I see Robert!!!!  
I run up to him and kiss ~~HER~~ <sup>HER</sup>

BRADY: This is New York City. You can not kiss me here.  
You can not kiss me on the street.  
You can not kiss me in New York.

BRADY: It is Thursday, ~~September 12~~ <sup>October</sup>.  
I must go to Canada.  
I have a contract with Canadian TV - ~~scandal~~  
I make big scandal. ~~scandal~~

BRADY: ~~Do you have a man?~~

BRADY: ~~Do you want a date with me?~~

BRADY: What scandal!

BRADY: Ah - what you have, ~~scandal~~ what you have?

BRADY: Shut up. Shut up. Shut up. Will? Don't you know  
we are in New York. They are not near us.

BRADY: But no one see me.

BRADY: Go back to New York.....  
Come back to New York.

BRADY: It is Sunday, ~~October~~ <sup>Oct</sup> 15. I am in New York again.  
Finally, I re-found Robert <sup>A</sup>

TAVEL: I have refound you.

BRADETT: You are more marvelous than ever!

TAVEL: You are marvelous.

BRADETT: I am in love.

TAVEL: Let us go to the premiere of your movie, "~~Francis~~  
~~Francis~~"

BRADETT: Yes, it is marvelous.

TAVEL: The movie is marvelous.  
We are together in New York. Together.  
I hope we will fulfill each other.....

BRADETT: But it is Tuesday, October 1, ~~1951~~ <sup>CANADA</sup>  
I must go quickly to ~~Vancouver~~ to see my sick father.  
I must leave too quick without saying anything to  
Robert A..... *Saying*  
Hello, hello, Robert A?  
Hello?  
I am in ~~Vancouver~~ CANADA.

TAVEL: Why did you go to ~~Vancouver~~ <sup>CANADA</sup> without telling me?

BRADETT: My father is ---

TAVEL: Why did you go? Why did you go? Why did you go?

BRADETT: Robert? Robert? Robert? Robert? Robert? Robert?..

TAVEL: Why did you go? Why did you do that? Why? Why?

BRADETT: Robert? Robert? Robert? ROBERT!!!!!!!

TAVEL: I do not think I love you now.  
I do not think I love you now.  
I do not think I love you now.  
I do not think I love you now.  
I do not think I love you now.  
I do not think I love you now.  
I do not think I love you now.

PICK UP THE BOTTLE WHILE I AM SHOUTING AT YOU. HOLD IT FOR A MOMENT. THEN PUT IT DOWN.

BRADETT: I am obliged to go to the psychiatric clinic for 3 months.....  
But I do not care to live now.  
I look around for ways to kill myself.  
They have bars on the windows.  
Always they watch me.

PICK UP THE BOTTLE OF PILLS AND OPEN IT UP. TAKE OUT ONE PILL AT A TIME WHILE YOU ARE SPEAKING.

*WIXIOUS  
ready-*

BRADETT: But every night they give me a pill to go to sleep with.  
 I put the pill in my shoes.  
 I save the pills.  
 At 4 o'clock in the morning I make believe I just get up again. I ask for another pill.  
 I put it also in my shoes.  
 Finally, after 2 weeks I have enough to kill myself.....  
 I eat them all and then I wait to become happy.  
 I wait to become happy.  
 I do not think I will be dead in 1 hour.  
 I do not think of death.  
 I wait to become happy.....

STOP COUNTING THE PILLS. REPOSE YOUR HANDS. DO NOT SPEAK FOR A LONG WHILE.

TAVEL: How long has this boy been sleeping?  
 It's 2PM now.....  
 The oxygen test shows zero.  
 Administer artificial respiration.....

I WILL TAKE HOLD OF YOUR HANDS NOW AND RUB THEM. DO NOT DO ANYTHING WHILE I AM HOLDING YOUR HANDS.

TAVEL: We are going to put these fingers in his mouth and force him to vomit.

I WILL BEND UP YOUR FINGERS. LEAVE THEM REPOSED AT MY STRENGTH. THEN SPEAK.

BRADETT: Oh, you force me to vomit!!! How disgusting!!!  
 I go home to my father.

TAVEL: Come back to New York.  
 Come back to New York.

BRADETT: I come back to New York. I am with Robert in the ~~Some~~ Hotel Plaza. We are together.

TAVEL: Come, let us do something.

BRADETT: No, Robert

TAVEL: Come, let us do something together.

BRADETT: No, Robert No, Robert The relationship is no longer good.

TAVEL: Come, come, let us do something together.

BRADETT: No, Robert Leave me alone. Leave me alone.

PICK UP THE TOMATO NOW AND SQUEEZE IT UNTIL THE JUICE RUNS OUT AND ALL OVER YOUR ~~HANDS~~ FINGERS. TRY NOT TO WET YOUR HANDS.

TAVEL: Why are you running into the bathroom?

BRADNETT: Leave me alone! Leave me alone!!

TAVEL: Why are you running into the bathroom?

BRADNETT: For a razor! For a razor!! For a razor!!!!!!

PUT DOWN THE TOMATO AND CAREFULLY LIFT UP THE SLEEVES OF YOUR SWEATER AND EXPOSE THE RAZOR SLASHES. POINT TO THEM WITH YOUR FINGER. THEN LEAVE THE SLASHES EXPOSED TO THE CAMERA. DO NOT SPEAK FOR A WHILE.

BRADNETT: I open my arms like I open a beer.....  
I suck my blood.

PUT ONE ARM UP TO YOUR MOUTH. WAIT A MOMENT.

BRADNETT: I am a vampire. Do you believe that?

EXPOSE YOUR ARMS AGAIN TO THE CAMERA. CONTINUE TALKING.

BRADNETT: I know I am not crazy.  
But I want to be crazy.  
Because it is too much and I want to kill myself.  
If I am crazy I do not have to kill myself.  
I do crazy things in order to be admitted to the institution.  
But no one cares.  
No one cares.  
It is dull in the crazy house.  
So, finally, I leave the crazy house.

CONTINUE TO HOLD ONE YOUR EXPOSED ARMS NOW UNTIL THE END OF THE REEL. I WILL TELL YOU WHEN TO STOP.

END OF REEL ONE

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADY: You are ~~BRADY~~ **KARLA**

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADY: I am with you for 3 days days in Paris.  
My elbow is open from an other suicide.

TAVEL: When we make love your elbow comes open.  
Blood is flowing from your elbow.

BRADY: My blood falls on the floor.

TAVEL: Your blood spreads along the carpet, as far as the door.

BRADY: My blood is in your hair.

TAVEL: Your blood is in your hair.

BRADY: Our bodies are bathed in my blood.

TAVEL: Blood flows over the lovers this night.

BRADY: Blood from my elbow flows over the lovers this night.

TAVEL: Your blood in this hotel will cost me \$400 in damages.

I have a scenario I want you to star in.  
I will pay you \$3,000.

BRADY: ~~BRADY~~ **KARLA**, you are very rich.

TAVEL: We will shoot the movie in my rich house.

BRADY: In ~~BRADY'S~~ **KARLA'S** rich house is a cave full of champagne.  
I am always drunk.

I play the crazy boy, as in the clinic.  
One night I am drunk and I go to ~~BRADY'S~~ room.

**RUNG-**  
I WILL KNOCK ON JOOD, AS IF ON A DOOR.

**KARLA'S**

TAVEL: Who is it?

BRADY: It is me. Open up.

TAVEL: No, go back to yours. I go in ten minutes to your room.

BRADY: No, ~~BRADY~~ **KARLA**, let me in!! Lot me in!!

TAVEL: My parents are in the next room. They will wake up.

NO SCREAM THE NEXT LINES.

**BAIER-**

BRADETT: Open up! Open up!! Hypocrite! Open up!  
I do not care who wakes up.

TAVEL: You fool - now my parents have heard everything.  
What will we do?.....  
Here is a police order. My parents want you to  
leave this house.

BRADETT: You only gave me \$1,000. I want \$3,000.

PICK UP THE DOLLAR BILL. HOLD IT CAREFULLY. CARESS IT.  
NOW TEAR IT IN TWO PIECES AND THROW IT DOWN. DO NOT SPEAK FOR  
A FEW MOMENTS.

**CHATEAU**

BRADETT: I go very furious to the ~~Residence~~ Hotel.  
Very chic hotel in ~~Zurich~~. **SWITZERLAND-**  
I take the bottle and I drink.  
I take the razor.

PULL UP YOUR SWEATER AND POINT TO THE MARK THAT YOU MADE. PAUSE.

BRADETT: I open my arms with the razor.  
The blood spurts all over the walls.  
I go to the sink and put my arms under the water.  
I put my arms under the water to make death come  
quicker.....  
But I see my face in the mirror.  
My face is like death.  
Now I want to stop the blood.  
But I am too weak.....  
I go to the telephone and call.....  
And I faint.

I WILL TAKE HOLD OF YOUR HANDS AND CLOSE THEM NOW. DO NOT SPEAK  
FOR A LONG WHILE.

BRADETT: I awake in the hospital.

TAVEL: I suggest you enter a clinic. Will you sign these  
papers? It is for ~~patients~~. **mental clinic-**

BRADETT: I will sign anything.  
I wake up in the ambulance with serum and blood all  
over me.  
I can not move my arms. **MAD-MAM-**  
They put me in a room with 6 ~~madmen~~.

~~TAVEL:~~ I am a dog. You are a bitch. Arrf-arrf. Bow-wow.

BRADETT: They put me with dogs!!

TAVEL: Ici Paris. Radiodifusion France. Ici Paris. Ici la  
France. Radiodifusion. Radiodifusion. Ici ~~Zurich~~.

BRADETT: Oh, shut up, you crazy one!!!

*Switzerland*

PICK UP THE SPOON AND BEGIN TO BEND IT AS YOU SPEAK.

BRADETT: I can not eat with knives or forks or utensils in the clinic.  
*Some in the* ~~is~~ is upstairs from me.  
*STAR* Very chic clinic.  
I must eat with my hands,  
At least they could give plastic knives.....

PUT DOWN THE SPOON AND DO NOT PICK IT UP AGAIN.

BRADETT: Oh, it is so horrible in the clinic, I decide not to kill myself anymore.  
It is not worth it.

TAVEL: Come to New York.  
Come to New York.

BRADETT: I go to New York for a rest.....

CROSS YOUR HANDS AND HOLD THEM STILL FOR A WHILE.

BRADETT: In New York, I stay with 2 crazy people.  
They are always fighting. All day long they fight.  
I open my arms again because they always fight.

PULL UP YOUR SWEATER <sup>up</sup> AND EXPOSE YOUR SLASHED ARMS AGAIN.

BRADETT: But after I open my arms I do not want to do it, because I do it after things are all over.....  
I open again on the same track not yet healed.  
*montrer une blessure*  
POINT TO THE TRACK YOU MADE THEN.

BRADETT: Then I walk in the street from ~~the~~ St. Marks to ~~the~~'s house with just this underwear on.  
*SUZAN*

PICK UP THE UNDERWEAR AND HOLD IT UP TO THE CAMERA.

BRADETT: I am walking naked in the street in November, 1964, with just this underwear on.....  
*SUZAN* Diane sees me and screams.  
So I arrive to the Dom covered with blood.  
I frighten a man by the Dom.  
Just like in the movies.  
I shriek at Diane, red and nude in November.....

YOU WILL TURN DOWN YOUR ARMS NOW SO THAT THE SLASHES CAN NOT BE SEEN. BUT I WILL OPEN YOUR ARMS AGAIN SO THAT THEY CAN BE SEEN. THEN YOU WILL START TALKING AGAIN.

BRADETT: Then I live at a rich painter's house.  
I see a portrait he painted.  
It is the same ~~man~~ <sup>girl</sup> who made the movie with me in ~~Zurich~~.  
*SUISSE*



CLOSE YOUR HANDS AGAIN AND I WILL OPEN THEM AGAIN.

*German girl*

BRADETT: So I know this painter loves the ~~painter~~ ~~man~~.  
 I go to the bathroom and open my arms again.  
 It is not because the painter said anything.....  
 It is because I need a reason to kill myself.  
 So I take the first reason in order not to blame  
 myself.....  
 But now I am sick.  
 Before I wanted to make suicides.  
 But now I don't, but I can not help it.  
 Now I become crazy without wanting to become crazy.

STOP TALKING FOR A WHILE AND JUST REPOSE.

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADETT: You are the first one I loved.

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADETT: I have 7 slashes on my left arm.

TAVEL: You have more than 5 slashes on your right arm.

BRADETT: ~~Now I want to go to the beach.....~~  
~~Nothing means anything anymore.~~

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

BRADETT: You are the first one I loved.

TAVEL: I am the one you love.

NOW START TELLING THE STORY OF YOUR FIRST SUICIDE. CONTINUE  
 SPEAKING ON UNTIL I TELL YOU TO STOP.

THIS HAS BEEN  
 ANDY WARHOL'S  
 "SUICIDE"  
 WITH ~~BRADETT~~ AND RONALD TAVEL  
 SCENARIO BY TAVEL