

E V I T A

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Lyrics Tim Rice
Screenplay Ken Russell

based on a treatment

by

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Property of:

THE ROBERT STIGWOOD ORGANISATION

SECOND DRAFT SCREENPLAY
(REVISED)

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1 INT. IBARGUEN HOUSE -- BEDROOM - DAY

1

A flickering candle illuminates the pale, solemn face of EVA, aged 7. JUANA IBARGUEN, a buxom woman in her early 40's slips a black veil over her daughter's head and bustles her children out of the bedroom to the funeral of her man, Juan Darte, shooting a last tear-stained glance at his photograph on the wall, draped in black crepe. The door closes, blowing out the candle. Darkness.

2 EXT. IBARGUEN HOUSE - DAY

2

Juana and her five children, ELISA, BLANCA, JUAN, HERMINDA and Eva (whose ages range from 15 down to 7) dressed in mourning and carrying wreaths leave their ramshackle home in Los Toldos, a small, depressing pueblo in Argentina, and hurry up a dusty back street toward the TOLLING OF DISTANT BELLS.

3 EXT. MAIN STREET LOS TOLDOS - DAY

3

Juana and her family hurry breathlessly around a corner in time to fall in at the tail end of a small funeral cortege heading toward a white stucco church at the end of the street.

4 EXT. CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART - LOS TOLDOS - DAY

4

TILT DOWN from the tolling bells TO SHOW the funeral cortege entering the church. But as Juana and the children reach the porch their way is barred by a tough-looking SOLDIER wearing a black arm band.

SOLDIER

Legitimate family only, senora.

The children are uncomprehending, but Juana quickly overcomes her initial shock.

JUANA

We are his natural family, let us pass.

SOLDIER

You have no right to be here. You have no claim on him.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Young Juan, though only in his teens, feels compelled to uphold the family honor.

JUAN

Anybody can go to church. Let us pass.

SOLDIER

Bastard!

With a look of contempt he gives Juan a shove, knocking him to the ground. A moment later the Soldier has entered the church and closed the door on the Ibarguens. Juan bursts into tears. Her daughters are shocked and frightened -- except for Eva, who wipes a trickle of blood from a small cut on her brother's lip. As the REQUIEM MASS SOUNDS MUFFLED through the heavy doors, young Eva utters a simple vow:

EVA

When I die, everyone can come.

NOTE: For the remainder of the film all the dialogue is sung to a virtually continuous musical score.

5

EXT. BUENOS AIRES

5

EVITA DEAD. A bold newspaper headline with a photograph of Eva Peron looking her most glamorous. Also seen are the time and the place: 26 July 1952, Buenos Aires. MUSIC, and a great CLAMOR OF BELLS, CANNONS, and the CHANTING of the name Evita. This is Buenos Aires on the day of Eva's funeral. The paper is snatched away from the hand of a news vendor by CHE, a young journalist, dark, bearded and in casual clothes. His face bears scars from a recent "beating up" and his right hand is bandaged.

6

EXT. BACK STREET - BUENOS AIRES - DAY

6

Deserted but for a couple of mangy dogs. Thumbing thru his newspaper, Che hurries by a succession of closed shops and shuttered windows. Glancing over his shoulder to make sure he is not being followed he ducks thru a broken fence fronting a vacant lot. The SOUND OF THE FUNERAL haunts him like a ghost.

7

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

7

Che slips between two planks and hurries down a flight of steps leading to the basement which he enters.

8 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY 8

Dark and deserted. Che runs up the back stairs.

9 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - SIXTH FLOOR - DAY 9

Che pokes his head around the corner of the stairway. All clear. He hurries along the corridor unlocks a door and enters.

10 INT. CHE'S APARTMENT - DAY 10

Total disorder. The place has been taken apart. Clothing, books, papers, scattered everywhere, furniture smashed. Che takes in what was once a smart flat with a bitter smile. He finds a suitcase, and hastily starts packing a few possessions -- clothes, documents, etc. A folder containing "stills" of Evita cascades to the floor. Angrily he kicks them aside but still she clings. He expresses his obsession in "OH WHAT A CIRCUS" to the continuing SOUNDS OF THE FUNERAL drifting in through the broken window.

CHE

O what a circus! O what a show
Argentina has gone to town
Over the death of an actress called
Eva Peron
We've all gone crazy
Mourning all day and mourning all
night
Falling over ourselves to get all of
the misery right

O what an exit! That's how to go
When they're ringing your curtain
down
Demand to be buried like Eva Peron
It's quite a sunset
And good for the country in a
roundabout way
We've made the front page of all
the world's papers today

But who is this Santa Evita?
Why all this howling hysterical
sorrow?
What kind of goddess
Has lived among us?
How will we ever
Get by without her?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHE (CONT'D)

She had her moments -- she had
 some style
 The best show in town was the crowd
 Outside the Casa Rosada crying
 'Eva Peron'
 But that's all gone now
 As soon as the smoke from the
 funeral clears
 We're all going to see -- and how!
 -- she did nothing for years!

Against his will, Che is drawn to the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CATHEDRAL - CHE'S POV - DAY

The great funeral cortege is approaching the Basilica
 to the accompaniment of the CHANTING CROWD. Evita's
 coffin rests on a gun carriage drawn by twenty-four
 pall bearers.

CROWD

Salve regina mater misericordiae
 Vita dulcedo et spes nostra
 Salve, salve regina
 Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
 Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
 O clemens O pia

RESUME:

INT. CHE'S APARTMENT - DAY

where Che continues his tirade as he searches for
 something.

CHE

You let down your people, Evita
 You were supposed to have been
 immortal
 That's all they wanted
 Not much to ask for
 But in the end you
 Could not deliver
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHE (CONT'D)

Sing you fools! But you got it
wrong
Enjoy your prayers because you
haven't got long
Your queen is dead, your king is
through
She's not coming back to you

Show business kept us all alive
Since 17 October 1945
But the star has gone, the glamour's
worn thin
That's a pretty bad state for a
state to be in

Instead of government we had a stage
Instead of ideas a prima donna's rage
Instead of help we were given a crowd
She didn't say much but she said it
loud

Sing you fools! But you got it
wrong
Enjoy your prayers because you
haven't got long
Your queen is dead, your king is
through
She's not coming back to you

Che unearths a sheaf of manuscript throws it into his
bag and returns to the window.

As the coffin is lifted from the gun carriage and
carried up the steps, the VOICE OF THE POPULACE con-
tinues its solemn prayer.

CROWN

Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra
Salve, salve regina Peron
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
O clemens O pia

As the great Cathedral doors swing open to receive the
coffin a woman's VOICE takes over...

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

THE VOICE OF EVA

Don't cry for me Argentina
 For I am ordinary, unimportant
 And undeserving
 Of such attention
 Unless we all are --
 I think we all are

Ride on my train, O my people
 And when it's your turn to die
 you'll remember
 They fired those cannons
 Sang lamentations
 Not just for Eva
 For Argentina
 Not just for Eva
 For everybody
 So share my glory
 So share my coffin
 So share my glory
 So share my coffin

As the massive doors swing closed we...

RESUME:

14

INT. CHE'S APARTMENT - DAY

14

Che snaps his suitcase shut and takes one final look
 around his shattered home.

CHE

And who am I who dares to keep
 His head held high while millions
 weep?
 Why the exception to the rule
 Opportunist? Traitor? Fool?
 Or just a man who grew and saw
 from 17 to 24
 His country bled, crucified?
 She's not the only one who died!
 It's our funeral, too.

Without further pause he walks out -- slamming the door
 behind him. Through the window, black funeral banners
 bearing Eva's image seem to wave him a sad farewell.

CUT TO:

14A

EVA'S FACE

14A

elated, making love. She is in her late teens, dark-
 haired, attractive.

15 INT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - JUNIN - BEDROOM - DAY 15

Her partner, AUGUSTIN MAGALDI, is a small-time cabaret artiste epitomizing oily Latin charm. Magaldi looks at his watch leaps out of bed and gets ready to go out. Eva pulls down her dress and attempts to smooth out the creases. We see she is dressed in a maid's uniform -- of a not too salubrious establishment judging from the furnishings and fittings of the room. Magaldi evades Eva's pleas to take her to Buenos Aires.

EVA

Shall we go tomorrow or
tonight
together
to Buenos Aires
to escape
two lovers!
too thrilling!
to think that
two --

MAGALDI

-- four, six tickets to my show
I'm unrehearsed, undressed and
late -- go!

He gives Eva the tickets and pushes her out of the room with a tray of empty glasses.

16 INT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY 16

Eva nearly collides with her brother Juan lugging a pair of heavy suitcases. Like Eva, Juan works for his mother and like Eva is ambitious -- only willing to act as porter until something better comes along. Brother and sister exchange a knowing glance. As Juan conducts the newly arrived guest to his room, Eva hurries downstairs.

17 INT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 17

At the foot of the stairs, Mama Juana stands behind the reception desk. She has weathered the intervening years well and has kept her head above water; though she too has dreams and would not be averse to swapping her twelve room boarding house for something closer to an International Hilton if she could swing it. Eva hands Juana her ticket without a word as she hurries past hoping Mama will not notice her crumpled uniform. But mother does. Looking at the ticket and her daughter's disarray she puts two and two together and smiles to herself.

18 INT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - DINING ROOM 18

Eva helps her sisters, Elisa, Blanca and Herminda (all around 20 years of age) serve the non-too-prosperous clientele. When Eva whispers her secret and deals out the tickets, they giggle like schoolgirls.

19 INT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK 19

The boisterous mood continues as the girls wash up. Obviously the prospect of a night out is a big break in the dull pattern of their lives.

20 INT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 20

Pictures of film stars gaze down on Eva and her sisters as they doll themselves up, climbing over beds to get clothes and jostling for a glimpse in the mirror as they apply makeup, but their horseplay is carefree and good-natured. Eva's sisters seem to be happy for her and if one or two of them are just a tiny bit jealous they are determined not to let it spoil the fun. The MUSIC which has been growing in excitement is now recognized as the introduction to "ON THIS NIGHT OF A THOUSAND STARS."

21 EXT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT 21

Chatter and excitement as the family trip down the steps and leave the guests to fend for themselves. The CAMERA FOLLOWS as they hurry up the street toward the cracked neon-lights of the local cabaret bar -- the only one in town. The starry heavens reflect in Eva's sparkling eyes as Magaldi's VOICE promises her "everything" on the SOUND TRACK.

MAGALDI (V.O.)

On this night of a thousand stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays for evermore
In the glow of those twinkling lights
We shall love through eternity
On this night in a million nights
Fly away with me!

By now the Ibarguens have reached the bar and are fighting their way through the crowded doorway.

Naked light bulbs, thick tobacco smoke, packed, sweating bodies through which our family fight their way to a ringside table, their table already occupied by early arrivals. Juan almost comes to blows before the interlopers grudgingly vacate their seats. Fortunately the family's collective invective is drowned by the amplified singing of Magaldi who is wishing he had never given Eva those tickets!

MAGALDI

I never dreamed that a kiss could
be as sweet as this but now I
know that it can
I used to wander alone without a
love of my own I was a desperate
man
But all my grief disappeared and
all the sorrow I'd feared wasn't
there anymore
On that magical day when you first
came my way -- mi amor!

Magaldi is scared. He sees Eva is star-struck. He sees the family mean business. Why did he ever promise to take her to Buenos Aires, why? He knows why and so does the family.

He continues his song in growing apprehension.

MAGALDI

(continuing)

On this night
On this night
On this night of a thousand stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays for evermore!

Applause, cries, shouts. Eva is ecstatic. Juana voices everyone's thoughts.

JUANA

Every girl's dream
Augustin Magaldi
The most famous man to visit Junin...

Intimidated by the purposeful gaze of the entire family, Magaldi cuts short his bows and backs out through the crowd, disappearing behind a beaded curtain. The family shoot each other questioning glances. Juan's lips tighten.

23 INT. CABARET BAR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

23

Beer crates around the wall and stacks of cans proclaim this more store room than dressing room. In normal circumstances Magaldi's pride would be hurt. But he hasn't time for that now as he grabs his bag and without even waiting to wipe off his makeup does a bunk through the window.

24 EXT. CABARET BAR - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

24

Magaldi clatters down over ash cans and lands with his suitcase at the feet of Juan, arms folded, implacable. The rest of the family are ranged behind him accusingly, including Eva.

EVA

It's happened at last!
I'm starting to get started
I'm moving out with my man

Magaldi picks up his suitcase and dusts himself off.

MAGALDI

Now Eva don't get carried away

EVA

Monotony past
Suburbia departed
Who could ever get kicks in the
back of the sticks

MAGALDI

Don't hear words that I didn't say

JUAN

What's that? You'd desert the girl
you love?

MAGALDI

The girl I love? What are you
talking about?

FAMILY

She really brightened up your out-
of-town engagement
She gave you all she had -- she
wasn't in your contract
You must be quite relieved that
no one's told the papers --
So far

(CONTINUED)

EVA

I wanna be a part of BA
 Buenos Aires -- Big Apple!
 Would I have done what I did
 If I hadn't thought -- if I
 hadn't known
 We would stay together?

JUAN

Seems to me there's no point in
 resisting
 She's made up her mind, you've no
 choice
 Why don't you be the man who
 discovered her?
 You'll never be remembered for
 your voice.

Juan begins to lead Magaldi back to the guest house,
 escorted by the rest of the family.

When Magaldi sees the guest house nearing and freedom
 disappearing he talks fast.

MAGALDI

The city can be paradise for those
 who have the cash
 The class and the connections --
 what you need to make a splash
 The likes of you get swept up in
 the morning with the trash
 If you were rich or middle class --

EVA

Screw the middle class!
 I will never accept them!
 And they will never deny me anything
 again!
 My father's other family were middle
 class
 And we were kept out of sight,
 hidden from view at his funeral!
 If these are the people of Buenos
 Aires
 I welcome the chance to shine in
 their city
 And to trample their rotten values
 into the ground.

(CONTINUED)

MAGALDI

Eva, beware of the city
 It's hungry and cold, can't be
 controlled -- it is mad
 Those who are fools are swallowed
 up whole
 And those who are not become
 What they should not become:
 Changed: In short they go bad.

Eva glances down the near-deserted street and is not
 convinced.

EVA

Bad is good for me, I'm bored,
 so clean and so ignored
 I've only been predictable --
 respectable!
 Birds fly out of here so why
 Oh why oh why the hell can't I?
 I only want variety -- notoriety
 I wanna be a part of BA
 Buenos Aires -- Big Apple!

FAMILY

She wants to be a part of BA
 Buenos Aires -- Big Apple!

MAGALDI

Five years from now I shall come
 back
 And finally say, you have your
 way, come to town
 But you'll look at me with a
 foreigner's eyes
 The magical city a younger girl's
 city a
 Fantasy long since put down.

EVA

All you've done to me -- was that
 a young girl's fantasy?
 I played your city games all right
 -- didn't I?
 I already know what cooks -- how
 the dirty city feels and looks
 I tasted it today -- didn't I?
 I'm gonna be a part of BA
 Buenos Aires -- Big Apple!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

FAMILY

She's gonna be a part of BA
Buenos Aires -- Big Apple!

MAGALDI

Eva, beware your ambition
It's hungry and cold -- can't be
controlled, will run wild
This in a man is a danger enough
But you are a woman, not
Even a woman, not
Very much more than a child and
whatever you say
I'll not steal you away!

Juan pilots Magaldi up the wooden steps and into the
Ibarguen guest house -- Eva and the family close behind.

JUAN

(sympathetically)

Do all your one night stands give
you this trouble?

BANG! Before he can reply, the front door closes on
Magaldi's freedom.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

26 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

26

Early morning. Not much happening. A cart trundles by,
pulled by a mule. An exhausted driver tries to crank
some life into his stubborn old truck -- then, suddenly
fireworks. The Ibarguens round a corner briskly es-
corting Magaldi and Eva towards the waiting bus bearing
"Buenos Aires" on its destination board. Eva is
brimming over with joy, Magaldi looks tired and worn --
he hasn't slept a wink all night. So far as he's con-
cerned this is a shotgun farewell. He's on the bus be-
fore he knows it, hemmed in at a window seat by Eva all
dressed up for the big city. Eva blows kisses, Juana
is crying (with joy), the sisters shout good luck,
brother Juana winks encouragingly at his sister -- they
share a secret, Magaldi smiles wanly. As the family
wave farewell, the BUS BACKFIRES and disappears in a
cloud of dust.

27 GARISH PICTURE POSTCARDS OF BUENOS AIRES CIRCA 1935 27

INTERCUT WITH Mama Ibarguen and the family smiling, nodding and doting over them. The glamour of the big city grabs them as fast and furious the seductive images flash by ending with a SEPIA TONE study of Eva and Magaldi DISSOLVING TO action color and synch:

28 EXT. TERRACE RESTAURANT - DAY 28

A "the dansant" is in progress in a smart open-air rendezvous. Eva is leading Magaldi in a wild dance which has the ritzy clientele surprised but appreciative. As she dances, Eva sings.

EVA

What's new? Buenos Aires
I'm new -- I wanna say I'm just a
little stuck on you
You'll be on me too!

I get out here, Buenos Aires
Stand back -- you oughta know
what'cha gonna get in me
Just a little touch of star quality!

Fill me up with your heat with your
noise with your dirt overdo me
Let me dance to your beat make it
loud let it hurt run it through me
Don't hold back you are certain to
impress
Tell the papers this is where I'm
staying

Hello, Buenos Aires
Get this -- just look at me, dressed
up somewhere to go
We'll put on a show!

Take me in at your flood give me
speed give me lights set me
humming
Shoot me up with your blood wine
me up with your nights watch me
coming
All I want is a whole lot of excess
Tell the singer this is where I'm
playing

Eva drags Magaldi with her out of the restaurant into:

29 EXT. THE CALLE FLORIDA - DAY

29

Eva takes Magaldi with her on a window shopping spree.

EVA

Stand back Buenos Aires
Because you oughta know what'cha
gonna get in me
Just a little touch of star quality!

And if ever I go too far
It's because of the things you are
Beautiful town -- I love you
And if I need a moment's rest
Give your lover the very best
Real eiderdown -- and silence

Now Magaldi does the dragging... His feet are killing him.

30 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

30

Off the attractive Calle Florida into something less appealing.

EVA

You're a tramp you're a treat you
will shine to the death you are
shoddy
But you're flesh you are meat you
shall have every breath in my
body
Put me down for a lifetime of
success
Give me credit -- I'll find ways
of paying

They enter an apartment block that has seen better days.

CUT TO:

31 HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF BUENOS AIRES

31

EVA

Rio de La Plata! Florida!
Corrientes!
Neuve de Julio!
All I want to know
Stand back Buenos Aires

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW we are in:

32 INT. MAGALDI'S APARTMENT - DAY

32

Tiny and tacky. As if ashamed he skulks in the back-ground. But to Eva neither Magaldi nor his crummy apartment matter -- she is possessed by the city, its vast promise, and her determination to be part of it.

EVA

Because you oughta know what'cha
gonna get in me
Just a little touch of
Just a little touch of
Just a little touch of star
quality

END ON Eva's face -- joyous.

33 GOODNIGHT AND THANK YOU - MONTAGE

33

During this sequence we go from 1935 to 1943 -- eight years in which Eva changes from teenager to woman. While never completely shaking off her abrasive manner and slightly tarty looks, she nonetheless becomes a sophisticated woman. She is a pocket dynamo, barely five feet tall, a neat but not full figure, sexily attractive, not conventionally beautiful, but a woman of great style whether doing well or not. She can look sullen, surly and has a dangerous temper with a low flash-point; but is also capable of irresistible charm when she needs to turn it on. She was ambitious for fame and fortune when she left home -- her early years in Buenos Aires increase that ambition a hundredfold.

34 INT. BROADCASTING STUDIO

34

Plain and functional, of modest proportions. The discreet decor is late 30's. Magaldi, backed by a small group including Eva on maracas, is singing a soap commercial. (To the tune of "There is no-one, no-one at all...")

MAGALDI

There is no soap, no soap like
Zaz
No detergent, lotion or oil with
such power
In the shower

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGALDI (CONT'D)

It's the mother and father
 Of luxury lather
 The talk of the bath, the
 Great ointment
 One little frolic with new Zaz
 carbolic
 You'll be keen, you'll be clean
 You'll be scented
 You'll be sent

Behind the glass panel of the mixing booth a sound engineer and his assistant are seated at the desk. Standing nearby is "the sponsor" who pays more attention to Eva than he does Magaldi, a fact not lost on Juan, a floor sweeper (he's come to the big city too) who leans on his broom and winks encouragingly at his sister.

JUAN

Goodnight and thank you Magaldi
 You've completed your task what
 more could we ask of you now
 Please sign the book on your way
 out the door
 And that will be all
 If we need you we'll call
 But I don't think that's likely
 somehow

Eva acknowledges the sponsor then sambas her way over to Magaldi whose roving eye has alighted on an attractive female vocalist.

EVA

Oh, but it's sad when a love affair
 dies
 The parting, the closing of doors
 But we must be honest, stop fooling
 ourselves

JUAN

Which means -- up yours.

Magaldi gets the message, but fails to get the full implications which are soon apparent.

WIPE TO:

And now Eva is singing the commercial herself.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

We hear a fragment of it as she flashes captivating smiles at the sponsor. Of Magaldi there is no sign.

EVA

There is no soap, no soap like Zaz
 No detergent, lotion or oil with
 such power
 In the shower
 It's the mother and father
 Of luxury lather
 The talk of the bath, the
 Great ointment
 One little frolic with new Zaz
 carbolic
 You'll be keen, you'll be clean
 You'll be scented
 You'll be sent

Juan is idly flipping through a magazine containing ads of Eva in a bikini advertising soap. He is now elevated to the dizzy heights of prop boy and is aware that the director of the radio station is also interested in Eva.

JUAN

(to sponsor)

Goodnight and thank you whoever
 She's in every magazine, been
 photographed, seen
 She is known
 We don't like to rush but your
 case has been packed
 If we've missed anything you could
 give us a ring
 But we don't always answer the
 'phone

WIPE TO:

36

EVA

36

more snazzily dressed and fingering a ruby brooch looks fondly at the sponsor.

EVA

Oh but it's sad when a love affair
 dies
 But when we were hot we were hot
 I know you'll look back on the
 good times we've shared

JUAN

But Eva will not.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

Eva looks more fondly at the station director then joins Juan in singing TO CAMERA.

EVA AND JUAN

There is no one, no one at all
 Never has been and never will be a
 lover
 Male or female
 Who hasn't an eye on
 In fact they rely on
 Tricks they can try on their partner
 They're hoping their lover will help
 them or keep them
 Support them promote them
 Don't blame them
 You're the same

WIPE TO:

37

EVA

37

And now Eva plays "Josephine" in a Napoleonic soap opera for the station director. But as Juan (now promoted to sound engineer) comments, his days are numbered; for Colonel Imbert, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs has designs on Eva, too.

JUAN

(to director)
 Goodnight and thank you whoever
 We're grateful you found her a spot
 on the sound radio
 We'll think of you every time she's
 on the air
 We'd love you to stay
 But you'd be in the way
 So zip up your passion and go.

Eva looks straight through the station director toward the handsome Colonel Imbert.

EVA

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies
 The decline into silence and doubt
 Our passion was just too intense to survive

Another army officer (with a gorgeous teenage girlfriend in tow) appears behind Imbert. Tall, dark, commanding and sexy. Eva and Juan exchange thoughts. Colonel Peron could be the biggest catch of all.

EVA AND JUAN

Fame on the wireless as far as it goes
 Is all very well but every girl knows
 She needs a man she can monopolize
 With fingers in dozens of different
 pies...

Desolation. The place looks as if it's been hit by a bomb. But in reality an earthquake is responsible. Rubble, broken glass, crushed vehicles, ruptured water mains and victims. Chaos and the military trying to restore order. And Eva reporting on the situation, supervised by Juan from a mobile broadcasting van.

EVA

The earthquake at San Juan makes
me wonder
If the country we love has somehow
offended God or the Fates
This is just another in a long line
of tragedies
That has battered our troubled land
For once not a man-made tragedy --
but
Will our leaders be able to give life
back to all the people of Argentina?

Colonel Imbert watches approvingly, then hurries to greet the President and his cronies arriving in a fleet of government cars. Juan holds up a microphone for the President, surrounded by his sycophant ENTOURAGE. Peron alone stands aloof and dignified.

PRESIDENT

Argentinos! Argentinos!
We are all homeless now!
We all share your desolation
In the highest palace in the land
we feel your deprivation
But we will rebuild -- not just
with bricks and mortar
But with determination ambition
pride
So that from the wreckage of San
Juan we shall construct a new
vision of hope... etc... etc.

The speech fails to move the people or to engage Eva, who starts busying herself with the victims. Peron notices how sympathetically the crowd responds to Eva's concern for the suffering. He is not alone. CHE, a young photo-journalist on his first big assignment, is also impressed. Suddenly a gas main EXPLODES and a jet of swirling flame sweeps the square. Panic -- but soon quelled by Peron, who breaks away from his colleagues, rooted impotently to the spot, and throwing off his jacket and rolling up his sleeves, organizes a chain of fire fighters.

(CONTINUED)

For a moment he finds himself next to Eva and an instant camaraderie springs up between them -- and Che snaps that historic moment for posterity. Then Peron is braving the flames, shovelling sand onto the fractured pipe in an effort to cut off the supply of inflammable gas. Gradually he wins, the blaze subsides. Peron is the hero of the hour. Deflated, the President and his entourage return to their cars. "THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE":

ENTOURAGE (V.O.)

One has no rules
Is not precise
One rarely acts
The same way twice
One spurns no device
Practicing the art of the possible

One always picks
The easy fight
One praises fools
One smothers light
One shifts left to right
It's part of the art of the possible

One always claims
Mistakes were planned
When risk is slight
One takes one's stand
With much sleight of hand
Politics -- the art of the possible

Imbert, too, takes his leave. He has seen the growing attraction between Eva and Peron and he's read the writing on the wall. From his van, Juan whistles "Goodnight and Thankyou" and gives Eva the "thumbs up" sign as she encourages Peron to say a few words into the "mike."

PERON

Today I am proud to have served the
people
Now I ask the people to help those
who've lost their homes
And more than that I hope I can claim
That people and government are one
and the same
Make sure your leaders respect the people

(CONTINUED)

EVA

That was Colonel Peron, the hero
 of the hour
 Appealing to the generosity of the
 nation
 I pray you will not fail him
 I know you will not fail him
 I do not presume to be anti the
 state's status quo
 But speaking as one of the people
 I want you to know
 We are tired of the decline of
 Argentina with no sign of
 A government able to give us the
 things we deserve

(She has become quite forceful by this point -- she realizes she may have gone "over the top", and continues less stridently:)

EVA

(continuing)

This is Eva Duarte, Station BAI
 From the desolation of San Juan.

"I'D BE SURPRISINGLY GOOD FOR YOU"

The small crowd of refugees who have gathered around show their appreciation of the couple with impromptu applause which they, in turn, acknowledge. She suspects this may be a portent of things to come and records the event before following the crowd to a mobile canteen which has just arrived on the scene. Left alone, Peron and Eva formally introduce themselves -- with mock courtesy.

PERON

Colonel Peron.

EVA

Eva Duarte.

EVA AND PERON (TOGETHER)

I've heard so much about you!

They both laugh and start walking toward the mobile canteen.

(CONTINUED)

EVA
 I'm amazed! For I'm only
 an actress
 Nothing to shout about
 Simply a girl on the air
 But when you act
 The things you do
 affect us all

PERON
 I'm amazed! For I'm only
 a soldier
 One of the thousands
 Serving the country he
 loves

PERON
 But when you act, you take us away
 from the squalor of the real world
 Are you here on your own?

Eva pretends not to see Juan waving at her from his van.

EVA
 Yes, oh yes.

PERON
 (smiling)
 So am I, now.
 What a fortunate coincidence
 Maybe you're my reward for my efforts
 here today

EVA
 It seems crazy but you must believe
 There's nothing calculated, nothing
 planned
 Please forgive me if I seem naive
 I would never want to force your hand
 But please understand
 I'd be good for you

I don't always rush in like this
 Twenty seconds after saying hello
 Telling strangers I'm too good to miss
 If I'm wrong I hope you'll tell me so
 But you really should know
 I'd be good for you
 I'd be surprisingly good for you

I won't go on if I'm boring you
 But do you understand my point of view?
 Do you like what you hear, what you see
 and would you be
 Good for me too?

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (4)

38

PERON

Please go on -- you enthrall me!
 I can understand you perfectly
 And I like what I hear, what I see,
 and knowing me
 I would be good for you too

EVA

I'm not talking of a hurried night
 A frantic tumble then a shy goodbye
 Creeping home before it gets too light
 That's not the reason that I caught
 your eye
 Which has to imply
 I'd be good for you
 I'd be surprisingly good for you

As they reach the mobile canteen, an equerry hands them each a cup of hot soup. -Pre-occupied, they sip the nourishing broth; while we hear their secret thoughts on the SOUND TRACK.

EVA AND PERON (V.O.)

There is no one, no one at all
 Never has been and never will be
 a lover, male or female
 Who hasn't an eye on
 In fact they rely on
 Tricks they can try on their partner
 They're hoping their lover will help
 them or keep them
 Support them, promote them
 Don't blame them, you're the same

Unaware of their shared philosophy, they exchange an amorous smile.

39

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT

39

The Duty Guard at the gate raises the barrier, then snaps to attention with a salute, as a staff car bearing Peron and Eva purrs up to:

40

EXT. G.H.Q. - NIGHT

40

Peron dismisses his Chauffeur with an airy wave and then encircles Eva's waist, escorting her gently into a rather forbidding military block. They both look a little grubby from their ordeal and the long journey, but fatigue has been kept at bay by mutual desire.

41 INT. G.H.Q. PERON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

41

In great contrast to the grim exterior, Eva finds herself in a suite of great refinement, almost luxury. She's struck oil and knows it. Peron is pleased with her delight and nods approval when Eva indicates she'd like to look around. But when Eva opens the bedroom door, he discreetly withdraws to the hallway.

42 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

42

Sitting up in a film-star bed, rubbing her sleepy eyes is Peron's cute TEENAGE MISTRESS. Eva takes in the situation instantly and quickly sets about dealing with it. The closet is full of the young girl's clothes and there is also a suitcase. In a trice Eva is packing for her.

EVA

(almost affectionately)

Hello and goodbye!
 I've just unemployed you
 You can go back to school
 You had a good run
 I'm sure he enjoyed you
 Don't act sad or surprised
 Let's be friends, civilized
 Come on little one!
 Don't stand there like a dummy!
 The day you knew would arrive
 Is here -- you'll survive
 So move, funny face!...

The Ex-Mistress accepts the situation philosophically. Her affair was too good to last, it had to end sooner or later and there's no way she's going to stand up to this whirlwind. Dumbly she puts on a dress, slips into her shoes and takes her picture off the wall.

EVA

... I like your conversation --
 you've a catchy turn of phrase
 You're obviously going through some
 adolescent phase
 Maybe you've got something more than
 just a pretty face
 Maybe not --

Eva escorts the Girl to the door, shuts her out and heads for the bathroom for a shower.

43

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

43

With her picture in one hand and her suitcase in the other, the departing Mistress looks at Peron appealingly. He kisses her -- on the forehead -- goodbye -- then goes into his apartment, closing and locking the door. The Ex-Mistress looks up and down the hallway. It looks bleak and empty.

EX-MISTRESS

I don't expect my love affairs to
last for long
Never fool myself that my dreams
will come true
Being used to trouble I can
anticipate it
But all the same I hate it --
wouldn't you?

CHORUS

Another suitcase in another hall

EX-MISTRESS

So what happens now?

CHORUS

Take your picture off another wall

EX-MISTRESS

Where am I going to?

Nothing for it but to get moving. She starts walking down the stairs.

44

EXT. G.H.Q. - NIGHT

44

She exits the unfriendly block and crosses the barracks square.

EX-MISTRESS

Where am I going to?
Time and time again I've said that
I don't care
That I'm immune to gloom that I'm
hard through and through
But every time it matters all my
words desert me
So what happens now?

CHORUS

Another suitcase in another hall

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

EX-MISTRESS

So what happens now?

CHORUS

Take your picture off another wall

45 EXT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT

45

The Guard smiles at her, raises the gate and lets her past.

EX-MISTRESS

Where am I going to?

CHORUS

You'll get by you always have before

EX-MISTRESS

Where am I going to?

Call in three months' time and I'll
be fine I know

Well maybe not that fine but I'll
survive anyhow

I won't recall the names and places
of this sad occasion

But that's no consolation here and
now

So what happens now?

46 EXT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

46

As she turns into the street, the Girl's plaintive figure is illuminated by the lights from the guardhouse for a while...

CHORUS

Another suitcase in another hall

EX-MISTRESS

So what happens now?

CHORUS

Take your picture off another-wall

EX-MISTRESS

Where am I going to?

CHORUS

Don't ask anymore

... Finally she is swallowed up in darkness.

47

EXT. G.H.Q. - PERON'S LATEST FLAME/DANGEROUS JADE -
DAY

47

A military parade is in progress on the barrack square. Eva watches it from Peron's bedroom window quite blatantly and if the Colonel himself is amused, his colleagues are not!

ARMY

Peron is a fool -- breaking every
taboo
Installing the girl in the Army H.Q.
And she's an actress! The last straw
Her only good parts are between her
thighs
She should stare at the ceiling not
reach for the skies
Or she could be his last whore

Queening it, Eva, seated by Peron in the back seat of the Mercedes sweeps through the outraged ranks.

ARMY

(continuing)

The evidence suggests
She has other interests
If it's her who's using him
He's exceptionally dim
Bitch!
Dangerous Jade!

With a TOOT on its horn, the car sweeps out of the gate, leaving the ARMY angrily marching and counter-marching.

48

EXT. POLO GROUNDS - DAY

48

All the elite of Buenos Aires is on show -- smart uniforms brush shoulders with haute couture. In the private enclosure Eva, aided and abetted by Peron sips cocktails and exudes glamour. And if the aristocracy are appalled at the intrusion, Che, on hand as a society reporter, revels in it.

CHE

At the watering holes of the well-to-do
I detect a resistance to...

ARISTOCRATS

Precisely!

CHE

... Our heroine's style

(CONTINUED)

ARISTOCRATS

We're glad you noticed

CHE

The shooting sticks of the upper
class

ARISTOCRATS

Give her an inch...

CHE

Aren't supporting a single arse
That would rise for the girl

ARISTOCRATS

... she'll take a mile

Such a shame she wandered
Into our enclosure -- how
Unfortunate this person
Has forced us to be blunt
No we wouldn't mind
Seeing her in Harrods
But behind the jewellery counter
Not in front

Between chukkas, Eva chats to the players as if she were royalty. The match is between the British Navy and the Argentinian Army. Once again, the Army are outraged by Eva's flagrant behavior as the Officers comment to each other accompanied by a MILITARY BAND on display during intervals.

ARMY

It's no crime for officers to do
as they please
As long as they're discreet and
keep clear of disease
We ignore, we disregard
But once they allow a bit on the
side
To move to the center where she's
not qualified
We should all be on our guard
She should get into her head
She should not get out of bed
She should know that she's not paid
To be loud, but to be laid
Slut!
Dangerous Jade!

And now Che confronts Eva.

(CONTINUED)

CHE

This has really been your year
 Miss Duarte
 Tell us where you go from here
 Miss Duarte
 Which are the roles that you yearn
 to play
 Whom did you dine with yesterday?

EVA

Is that the extent of your interest
 in me?
 It shows how futile acting must be

CHE

Can we assume then that you'll quit?
 Is it because of your involvement
 with Colonel Peron?

Suddenly Juan is at Eva's elbow to give him the brush-off.

JUAN

Goodnight and thank you!

Che turns his attention to the Military.

CHE

Could there be in our fighting corps
 A lack of affection for --

ARMY

Exactly!

CHE

Peron's latest flame?

ARMY

You said it brother

CHE

Should you wish to cause great distress
 In the tidiest officers' mess
 Just mention her name

ARMY

That isn't funny
 She won't be kept happy by her
 nights on the tiles
 She says it's his body but she's
 after his files

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARMY (CONT'D)

So get back on to the street!
 She should get into her head
 She should not get out of bed
 She should know that she's not paid
 To be loud but to be laid
 The evidence suggests
 She has other interests
 If it's her who's using him
 He's exceptionally dim

ARISTOCRATS

We have allowed ourselves to slip
 We have completely lost our grip
 We have declined to an all-time low
 Tarts have become the set to know

But while chins wag and the BAND plays on, Peron is not intimidated. As Eva smiles at the Descamisados (shirtless-ones, the workers) through the railings, he sees that they identify with her. Behind the workers, on a giant poster, Eva reclines seductively in a bikini, advertising soap. Peron has ambitions for her as well as for himself, and introduces Eva to a FILM PRODUCER -- a gesture not lost on Che.

The poster of Eva advertising soap...

DISSOLVE TO:

48A A POSTER OF EVA'S NEW MOVIE

48A

entitled "Free As The Wind."

PAN OFF the floodlit poster to SHOW a crowd of happy, cheering people outside the:

49 EXT. EL RIALDO MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

49

Soon the object of their adoration appears. Eva, as glittering as any Hollywood star, emerges from her luxurious limo escorted by a beaming Peron and the Producer from the previous scene. The ovation doubles. The Police have trouble keeping back the mob. Basking in her glory is Eva's FAMILY, led by her brother, Juan, who nods to Che, on hand to cover the big event for his paper. Press bulbs flash as the party sails into the foyer.

50 EVA'S MOVIE "FREE AS THE WIND"

50

(A product of the Argentine film industry, this low-budget costume drama awakes echoes of "Gone With The Wind: and "Viva Zapata" with Eva as a sort of revolutionary Scarlett O'Hara. It is shot in black and white. We pick up the story in the last reel:)

50A INT. EVA'S MANSION STAIRCASE - DAY (THE MOVIE)

50A

CLOSE SHOT of a Boy of ten, with a pistol at his head. CUT BACK TO REVEAL the pistol in the hands of a Soldier in a uniform vaguely Latin. His COMMANDING OFFICER stands nearby facing the enemy -- brave little Eva, dressed as a 19th century lady of quality. We notice that the atmosphere and decor is similar to that of MGM's TARA.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Unless you reveal the whereabouts of your husband and his men, your son will forfeit his life.

EVA

(proudly)

If you must slaughter the innocent -- kill me.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Patience, Madame. If your stubborn silence persists, your turn will come and it will not be as swift as your son's, I promise you. Now for the last time, where is your husband and his rebel band?!

EVA

They are not rebels, they are patriots, they will overthrow your tyranny, they --

The Commanding Officer knocks her onto the floor. Her lip bleeds.

BOY

(crying)

Mummy, they hurt you.

EVA

Be brave, Carlos, Mummy is not afraid.

(CONTINUED)

50A CONTINUED:

50A

COMMANDING OFFICER
 (indicating the boy)
 The choice is yours, Madame, I
 shall count to three; one...

The boy, CARLOS, closes his eyes, Eva is torn with conflicting emotions.

COMMANDING OFFICER
 (continuing)
 ... two...

The Soldier's finger tightens around the trigger. Still Eva hesitates. The Commanding Officer's lips part to say "three." A SHOT rings out. The Soldier drops his gun, then falls to the ground, a bullet through his brain. The Commanding Officer draws his pistol -- too late. A second SHOT sends him to join his comrade. A HANDSOME MAN steps from a secret panel in the wall with a smoking revolver. Both Eva and the Boy run to him, embrace him joyfully.

EVA
 Oh, Manuel. Thank God!

CARLOS
 Daddy! Daddy!

MANUEL
 They shall pay for this. The time
 has come for the people to cast off
 the hand of the oppressor. I, Manuel
 de Turina, have sworn it.

(NOTE: All further material on "Free As The Wind" comprises STOCK SHOTS used as back projection whenever the "stars" are involved.)

51 EXT. CITADEL - DAY (STOCK + B.P.)

51

Hollywood Spanish in style, the stronghold of the tyrant is under heavy attack from the peasantry, wielding every sort of weapon they can lay their hands on from old shot-guns to gleaming scythes. Leading the assault on the hated enemy is Manuel De Turina. At his side is Eva proudly carrying the flag of freedom. Gradually, the natural effects die away, leaving the MUSIC alone to carry the excitement of the visuals. At the same time, we begin to INTERCUT the movie with Peron and Eva as real life revolutionaries making rabble-rousing speeches. Life is imitating Art.

52 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY 52

Peron, with Eva at his side, seems to be promising his blood-stained Workers the earth. Fired by his oratory, the Workers mob the platform from which he speaks. As usual, Juan is on hand to look after Eva.

53 EXT. CITADEL - DAY - (STOCK + B.P.) 53

Manuel leads his men to the final stockade which they quickly overrun.

54 EXT. GOODS YARD - DAY 54

Eva and Peron in a joint effort incite the Railwaymen to scenes of massive support. WHISTLES TOOT, clouds of steam rise to the heavens. And as Eva and Peron drive off in their car, they are accompanied by the wildly-cheering MOB. Che gets it all -- from a grandstand view on a signal gantry.

55 EXT. CITADEL - DAY - (STOCK + B.P.) 55

As Manuel shoots the last defender, Eva hauls down the despised colors of the defeated overlords and raises the rebel banner on high. The people CHEER wildly.

The INTER-CUTTING becomes faster, until fact and fiction are unified into one triumphant event, including the defeated Officers, who are juxtaposed with Peron's fellow Officers -- also displeased by the victory of the people's new hero.

56 EXT. BARRACKS - NIGHT 56

Seated at Peron's side, Eva is exuberant as their car purrs past the Guardhouse towards their apartment in G.H.Q. The Colonel himself is less blissful. He suspects the knots of Officers watching from the shadows are plotting his downfall.

PERON

Dice are rolling, the knives are out
Would-be presidents are all around
I don't say they mean harm, but
they'd each give an arm
To see us six feet underground

The car stops.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

The Chauffeur springs out to open their door. The couple alight. Eva eyes the Officers with even more contempt than they show her.

EVA

It doesn't matter what those morons
say
Our nation's leaders are a feeble
crew
There's only twenty of them anyway
What is twenty next to millions who
Are looking to you?

She turns her back on them and walks haughtily towards the entrance of the apartment block.

EVA

(continuing)

All you have to do is sit and
wait
Keeping out of everybody's
way
We'll -- you'll be handed power
on a plate
When the ones who matter have
their say
And with chaos installed
You can reluctantly agree to
be called

57

INT. G.H.Q. STAIRWAY - DUSK

57

As they climb the darkening stairs, Peron suggests a less hazardous alternative:

PERON

There again we could be
foolish
Not to quit while we're
ahead
For distance lends enchantment

58 INT. G.H.Q. CORRIDOR - DUSK

58

They turn INTO VIEW and walk towards their apartment.

PERON

And that is why
All exiles are distinguished
More important they're not
dead
I could find job satisfaction
In Paraguay

Eva angrily searches her bag for the latch key. She sees that Peron's caution might prove their undoing.

EVA

This is crazy defeatist talk
Why commit political suicide?
There's no risk, there's no call
For any action at all
When you have unions on your
side

59 INT. PERON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

59

They enter. Peron begins mixing drinks as Eva switches on lights, revealing decor and trappings of considerable luxury. The ambitious couple have done alright for themselves and if Eva has her way, will do even better; unlike Peron, who feels they are in danger of over-reaching themselves.

PERON

There again we could be
foolish
Not to quit while we're
ahead
I can see me many miles
away
Inactive
Sipping cocktails on a terrace
Taking breakfast in bed
Sleeping easy, doing crosswords
It's attractive

60

INT. PERON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DUSK

60

Eva discards her rather plain dress (worn to impress the workers that she is one of them) for a silk robe, selected from a closet revealing a sumptuous wardrobe. Peron finds himself swayed by her strength as much as her glamour.

EVA

Don't think I don't think like
you, I often
Get those nightmares too
They always take some swallowing
Sometimes it's very difficult to
keep momentum if
It's you that you are following
Don't close doors
Keep an escape clause
Because we might lose
The Big Apple
But -- would I have done what
I did
If I hadn't thought, if I
hadn't known
We would take the country?

Peron hands her a glass and joins in a silent toast to a dream which momentarily he feels could become a reality. A dream that is shattered as the door bursts open and he is arrested by four Officers. It happens so quickly, that Eva hasn't time to protest.

For once, she is at a loss for words as Peron is hustled out.

We see her emotions succeed each other. Shock turns to fury, fury changes to calm, then grim determination as in her head, she hears the people chanting, "PERON, PERON," in time to her own heartbeat.

CUT TO:

61

EXT. BUENOS AIRES SHANTY TOWN - DAY

61

In one of the wretched suburbs surrounding Buenos Aires, groups of the unemployed and poverty-stricken --

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

-- as undernourished as their children -- listen to Eva with growing hope as she addresses them from the back of a truck decorated with banners bearing the name, Peron. Juan is also on duty both as driver and first lieutenant for the remainder of the sequence.

EVA

Now I am a worker I've
suffered the way that you do
I've been unemployed and I've
starved
And I hated it too
But I found my salvation in
Peron --
May the nation
Let him save them as he saved
me.

Eva has given them a ray of hope. Quietly, uncertainly, they begin to chant.

MOB

Peron! Peron! Peron!

62

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

62

Hanging carcasses, harsh light and the tough, sweating faces of the Workers contrast dramatically with the soft backlit features of blonde Eva. The vast dark spaces of the slaughterhouse, stabbed here and there with shafts of light, almost resembles a cathedral with Eva's angelic features foreshadowing the saintly character she is soon to represent to the Workers (though not to Juan, standing nearby). But for the moment, the rough congregation are concerned with reality:

FIRST WORKER

Nationalization of the industries
that the foreigners control

(CONTINUED)

SECOND WORKER

Participation in the profits that
we make

THIRD WORKER

Shorter hours...

FOURTH WORKER

... higher wages...

FIFTH WORKER

(an office girl)

... votes for women...

SIXTH WORKER

.. larger dole...

SEVENTH WORKER

More public spending...

EIGHTH WORKER

... a bigger slice of every cake...

EVA

There is only one man who can lead
any workers' regime
He lives for your problems, he shares
your ideals and your dream
He supports you for he loves you,
understands you, is one of you
If not -- how could he love me?

Although Eva's message cuts no ice with the grey-
flanneled Bosses lurking in the background her effect
on the Workers is almost hypnotic.

WORKERS

Peron! Peron! Peron!

EVA

(NOTE: NEW VERSE in which Eva
tells that Peron has been stripped
of three posts and imprisoned by
the military, and only he can give
them a new Argentina.)

WORKERS

Peron! Peron! Peron!

Frantic activity.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

A great feeling of camaraderie as the Workers decorate the meat wagons with Peronist banners and paint out the name of the company with his name encouraged by Juan and Eva who seems to be everywhere at once. After a feeble attempt to intervene the Bosses and their Lackeys withdraw discreetly from the scene as Eva climbs aboard a wagon with Juan at the wheel.

The wagon leads a convoy of purposeful Workers brandishing meat hooks through the gates towards the city.

ALL

A new Argentina!
The chains of the masses untied!
A new Argentina!
The voice of the people cannot
be denied!

64

EXT. BUENOS AIRES SHANTY TOWN - DAY

64

As the trucks bearing the Workers rumble through the town many willing hands help the unemployed aboard. Mothers wave encouragingly to Eva who still leads the van like a modern Joan of Arc.

ALL

A new Argentina!
The workers' battle song!
A new Argentina!
The voice of the people rings out
loud and long!

A new Argentina!
The chains of the masses untied!
A new Argentina!
The voice of the people cannot be,
and will not be, and must not
be, denied!

65

INT. CASA ROSADA (THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE) CELL

65

Silence -- shocking in its sudden intensity after the ROAR OF THE CROWD. Head bowed, Peron suffers his solitary confinement in almost total darkness. A NOISE -- approaching FOOTSTEPS -- he stirs uneasily. A key turns in the lock -- he gets to his feet. The door swings open revealing two OFFICERS -- armed. They beckon him out.

66 INT. CASA ROSADA CELLAR CORRIDOR 66

A single light bulb shows Peron and his escort marching toward a flight of steps. Only the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS echoing off the stone walls.

67 INT. CASA ROSADA CELLAR STEPS - DAY 67

Daylight ahead. The men climb toward it in silhouette.

68 INT. CASA ROSADA HALLWAY - DAY 68

The light is brighter. A distant NOISE is faintly audible. Peron, Peron, Peron -- repeated and punctuated by a sharp metallic CLATTER. At the top of the broad marble staircase the President and his Staff wait apprehensively. The noise from outside grows in volume as Peron climbs towards them, alone.

69 INT. CASA ROSADA LANDING - DAY 69

With outstretched hand and welcoming smile the President faces the oncoming Peron marching implacably towards him. The light is brighter still, the noise frightening. Peron brushes contemptuously past the President and his Staff and makes for the French windows leading to the balcony.

70 EXT. CASA ROSADA BALCONY - DAY 70

The light is blinding, the noise deafening. A rhythmic TATTOO OF MEAT HOOKS ON METAL -- railings, trucks, lamp posts accompanies every shout of "Peron!" The message sings out loud and clear.

Peron appears. The mob go wild. Peron ceremoniously removes his jacket and rolls up his sleeve showing the Workers in the square below that he is one of them. Their enthusiasm redoubles. It is Eva's triumph too. Carried shoulder high she savors mob acclaim for the first time and revels in it. Peron salutes her as she leads everyone in a final chorus. Even Juan and Che, present in their different capacities, join in.

ALL

A new Argentina!

The chains of the masses untied!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

ALL (CONT'D)

A new Argentina!
 The voice of the people cannot be,
 and will not be, and must
 not be, denied!

71 MARRIAGE: A MUSICAL INTERLUDE

71

INSERT: A sign reading "FOR SALE" is obliterated by
 a board reading "SOLD." As hands nail it in place
 we...

CUT BACK TO:

72 EXT. JUANA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

72

On the porch Eva's sisters in their Sunday best, sit
 on their luggage gazing impatiently up the street.
 Having fixed his sign above the door the Man folds up
 his ladder and goes off. Suddenly the sisters jump
 up excitedly and one runs into the house while the
 other two wave frantically.

73 SISTERS' POV - MAIN STREET, JUNIN - DAY

73

A racy sportscar raising dust and causing stares.
 Peron, smiling affably, is at the wheel and Eva is by
 his side waving back to her Sisters, equally happy.
 Much hugging and kissing on the porch as the sisters
 meet. Peron gallantly kisses Juana's hand as she
 rushes out of the house to greet them. She too is
 dressed to kill. Another cloud of dust announces
 the arrival of brother Juan driving a big swank limo.
 More hugging then baggage and bodies cram into the
 limo and set off after Peron and Eva heading for the
 Town Hall.

74 INSERT:

74

Peron slips a wedding ring on Eva's finger.

CUT BACK TO:

75 INT. JUNIN REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

75

Jubilation! The family rejoice. Confetti fills the
 air.

(CONTINUED)

- 75 CONTINUED: 75
- The Registrar hides a frown -- he likes his job. Tears and embraces as Juan surreptitiously swaps Eva's birth certificate for a fake proclaiming her three years younger than she really is.
- 76 INSERT: MAGNESIUM FLASH 76
- 77 EXT. JUNIN REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY 77
- A succession of bridal groups and then animation as the party pile in their cars and head for Buenos Aires with waves and good wishes from Friends and Passersby. Junin's one moment of glory has come and gone.
- 78 INSERT: TWIN PORTRAITS 78
- draped with Argentine flags of Eva and Peron looking like royalty. A loudspeaker blares out the National Anthem.
- CUT BACK TO:
- 79 EXT. SHANTY TOWN 79
- where crowds of the poor have gathered outside the local cantina to celebrate victory. Men, Women and Children stand proudly to attention galvanized by the portentous occasion. The entire nation does likewise.
- 80 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY 80
- The pride the Workers feel, as they listen to the anthem coming over the tannoy, is pride in the knowledge that they are largely responsible for Peron's triumph.
- 81 INT. LA PRENZA NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY 81
- Work has stopped here too, as the EDITOR and STAFF group around the radio. He twiddles the tuner for best reception.
- 82 EXT. POLO GROUNDS - DAY 82
- Play, not work, has stopped here as ARISTOS and OFFICERS alike prepare for the worst. For them it is a day of disaster.

More jubilant crowds straining for a view of the balcony and the appearance of their hero. Loudspeakers, pointing in every direction, signal the approaching moment...

ANNOUNCER (JUAN)

... people of Argentina! Your
newly elected President -- General
Juan Peron.

The crowd take up the familiar chant.

CROWD

Peron! Peron! Peron!

To enormous acclamation Peron appears, resplendant in the uniform of a full general -- his chest ablaze with orders and decorations. He acknowledges the acclaim then he raises his arms for silence. As the tumult subsides he speaks into the battery of microphones lining the balcony.

PERON

Argentinos! Argentinos!
We're all workers now!
Fighting against our common enemies
poverty
social injustice
foreign domination of our
industries
Reaching for our common goals
our independence
our dignity
our pride
Let the world know that our great
nation is awakening
And that its heart beats in the
humble bodies
Of Juan Peron -- and
His wife, the first lady of Argentina,
Eva Duarte de Peron!

A huge cheer and then a new chant begins to take over.

CROWD

Evita! Evita!

Bowing to the inevitable, Peron beckons to his wife to join him and when she does, withdraws to the background. Dressed in a gown of simple white she has come to claim the recognition that is her due.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd fall silent and strait closer like moths
to a flame. Mother, sister, friend, lover she is
them all.

EVA

It won't be easy, you'll think it
strange
When I try to explain how I feel
That I still need your love after
all that I've done
You won't believe it
All you will see is a girl you once
knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you.

I had to let it happen; I had to
change
Couldn't stay all my life down at heel
Looking out of the window, staying
out of the sun
So I chose freedom
Running around trying everything new
But nothing impressed me at all
I never expected it to

The people fall silent and listen with growing emotion.

EVA

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance

Even the tough Workers listening to her over the P.A.
system fall beneath her spell.

EVA

And as for fortune, and as for fame
I never invited them in
Though it seemed to the world they
were all I desired
They are illusions
They're not the solutions they
promised to be
The answer was here all the time
I love you and hope you love me

85 EXT. SHANTY TOWN - DAY

85

Here too, the Audience is completely captivated; many close to tears.

EVA

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance

86 INT. LA PRENZA NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

86

EVA

Have I said too much? There's
nothing more I can think of
to say to you
But all you have to do is look at
me to know that every word is true

Even the hard-boiled Journalists are carried away by the spirit of the moment -- except for Che, who enjoys the irony of the situation.

87 EXT. POLO GROUNDS - DAY

87

Aristos and Officers listening to the broadcast with wry cynicism, gradually become horrified.

EVA

I am only a simple woman who lives
to serve Peron in his noble crusade
to rescue his people
I was once as you are now!
I have taken these riches from the
oligarchs only for you --
for all of you!
One day you will inherit these treasures!
Workers! When they fire those cannons,
when the crowds sing of glory,
it is not just for Peron, but
for all of us! All of us!

87A INTERCUT CROWD REACTIONS

87A

from all locations. The Poor ecstatic, the Workers happy, the Newspapermen encouraged, the Aristos outraged.

87B RESUME BALCONY

87B

where Peron congratulates her with a spontaneous embrace, while in the background, Mama, in tears, is being sedated by Juan and the Girls.

88 EXT. POLO GROUNDS - DAY

88

where the reaction is quite different.

ARISTOS

Things have reached a pretty pass
When someone pretty lower class
Can be respected and admired --

88A EXT. SHANTY TOWN - DAY

88A

Here delirium reigns. Singing, dancing, and even idolatry as Women drop to their knees praying before posters of Evita.

89 EXT. ARGENTINA - THE PAMPAS - DAY

89

HIGH FLYING, ADORED. Eva's sparkling blue eyes, Eva's red generous mouth speed through the sky -- painted beneath the wings and fuselage of a sporty monoplane -- showering pesos from heaven.

CHE (V.O.)

High flying, adored, so young, the
instant queen, a
Rich beautiful thing of all the
talents, a cross between a
Fantasy of the bedroom and a saint
And you were just a backstreet girl
Hustling and fighting
Scratching and biting
High flying, adored, did you believe
in your wildest moments
All this would be yours, that you'd
become the lady of them all

Gauchos on horseback FIRING GUNS and CRACKING WHIPS gallop along laughing and whooping in homage to their Queen in the sky waving to them from the passenger cockpit of her plane. Their horses plunge and rear as they grab wildly at the bank notes showering out of the blue.

90 EVA

90

throws banknotes in the air. Peons harvesting corn jump for them. Eva throws more banknotes. Mothers with babies in a shanty town catch them, kiss them, cross themselves blessing her. Eva empties an entire bag of notes in the air. A religious PROCESSION breaks up as Nuns and Choir Boys scramble for pesos from heaven.

91 EXT. BUENOS AIRES AIRPORT - DAY

91

Eva's sporty plane taxis to a standstill. Stepping from the cockpit in a snazzy flying suit, she poses for an eager group of PHOTOGRAPHERS including Che. CLICK! Freeze frame on Eva waving to her public -- here, there, everywhere.

92 EXT. BUENOS AIRES SIDE STREET - NIGHT

92

Eva's Rolls Royce glides through a canyon of bars and night clubs where parading Whores ply their trade. Money starts flying in their direction too. As they fight for it, tooth and nail, the greatest whore of them all vanishes into the velvet darkness.

CHE

Were there stars in your eyes when
you crawled in at night
From the bars, from the sidewalks
From the gutter theatrical?
Don't look down, it's a long, long
way to fall

93 INT. CASADA ROSADA - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT

93

A MAJOR DOMO announces Guests at the inaugural reception. From the landing Eva looks down her nose at the long line of Aristocrats below awaiting her pleasure. By her side is Peron, also relishing the moment. Che, as a privileged recorder of the event is also present, in formal dress. So is Juan, basking in his sister's reflected glory.

CHE (V.O.)

High flying, adored, what happens
now, where do you go from here?
For someone on top of the world, the
view's not exactly clear

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A shame you did it all at twenty-six
There are no mysteries now
Nothing can thrill you
No one fulfill you

Suddenly a commotion at the foot of the stairs. Mama Juana and her three daughters have appeared dressed to overkill. Ignoring the tail of the queue they make for the head of it much to the fury of the waiting Gentry. Eva's smile encourages them and soon there is much "ooing and aahing" at their mutual finery. And if Che is amused, Peron is not. Although he despises the aristocracy as much as Eva, he is careful not to show it. He values their respect as much as their wealth and wants both. Eva is less greedy and will settle for the cash.

But Che doubts if riches guarantee happiness.

CHE (V.O.)

High flying, adored, I hope you come
to terms with boredom
So famous, so easily, so soon, is
not the wisest thing to be
You won't care if they love you, it's
been done before
You'll despair if they hate you
You'll be drained of all energy
All the young who've made it would
agree

The glittering chandeliers cannot outshine the dazzling scene beneath them. Crystal goblets, golden cutlery, and the most elegantly dressed people in the country -- except for Mama Juana and her three daughters grouped around Eva, a resplendant jewel at the foot of the table. All eyes are on the IBARGUENS as they drink from their finger bowls. Eva does the same to put them at ease and toasts Peron at the head of the table expecting him to do likewise. For a moment Peron considers... Everyone stares expectantly. With a nod Peron commands a Waiter to pour him a glass of water which he then raises to his wife -- much to the gratification of the Aristos. Snubbed, Eva rises to her feet and with great hauteur sweeps out of the room. Juan notices Che photograph the incident for posterity. Peron covers the awkward silence with aplomb.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

PERON

Ladies and gentlemen, a toast.
I give you... absent friends.

Laughter and relief all around. Che looks thoughtfully at the open door through which Eva departed.

95 INT. CASA ROSADA - EVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

95

Eva paces up and down her palatial boudoir like a caged animal, alone, lost.

A brief KNOCK announces a MAID SERVANT with the evening papers. Eva dismisses her, glances idly at the headlines and brightens up.

95A INSERT: HEADLINES: "HIGH FLYING ADORED"

95A

and beneath it one of Che's photographs of Eva plus admiring Crowd.

95B BACK TO SCENE

95B

Consoled by her glowing press Eva recovers her confidence and as she undresses for bed enjoys a moment of self-appraisal.

EVA

High flying, adored, I've been
called names but they're the
strangest
My story's quite unusual, local girl
makes good, weds famous man
I was slap in the right place at the
perfect time
Filled a gap -- I was lucky
But one thing I'll say for me
No one else can fill it like I can

Eva nestles voluptuously between the silken sheets, hears the DOOR RATTLE, smiles to herself and snuggles deeper down, to sleep.

96 INT. CASA ROSADA - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

96

Peron rattles the door handle once more. No response. He raises his fist to hammer on the panelling then reconsiders as he lights a cigar.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

He goes to call her name -- -hesitates, smiles to himself and stomps off.

97 EXT. BUENOS AIRES BACKSTREET - NIGHT

97

A lone figure moves through pools of light. Che is making his way home, preoccupied with the evening's events. Suddenly a whirlwind comes from the shadows without warning. Lying half-stunned on the ground he is aware that his camera bag is being rifled. Muffled, muttered SOUNDS then the CLATTER of an open camera hitting the ground. Swish -- an empty film spool rolls into his vision. FOOTSTEPS hurrying away and from somewhere in the darkness, someone whistling... "Good night and thank you."

98 INT. CASA ROSADA - EVA'S BEDROOM - DAY

98

RAINBOW HIGH. Luxury; breakfast in bed, but Eva more concerned at the moment in lecturing brother Juan sitting uncomfortably on the edge.

EVA

I don't really think I need
The reasons why I won't succeed
I haven't started!
Let's get this show on the road
Let's make it obvious
Peron is off and rolling

Juan gets the message and lists the priorities.

JUAN

Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure!
Dress!
Voice! Style! Movement! Hands!
Magic! Rings! Glamor! Face!
Diamonds!
Excitement! Image!

JUMP CUT TO:

99 INT. CASA ROSADA - EVA'S BATHROOM - DAY

99

Through a frosted glass extending from neck to knee we observe Eva singing in the shower. CLOSE on her head - shampoo and suds. The CAMERA SLOWLY CRANES DOWN.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

EVA
 I come from the people
 They need to adore me
 So Christian Dior me
 From my head to my toes...

CUT BACK TO:

99A EVA'S HEAD

99A

The last of the shampoo rinses away. She opens her eyes, laughs at Juan standing in the doorway with notebook and pencil.

EVA
 I need to be dazzling
 I want to be Rainbow High!
 They must have excitement
 And so must I!

Juan ticks off the items he has noted down.

JUAN
 Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure!
 Dress!
 Voice! Style! Movement!

100 INT. CASA ROSADA - EVA'S BEDROOM - DAY

100

Eva, wearing a bathrobe sits before a three-way mirror blow-drying her hair. Also reflected is Juan, slipping his notebook into an attache case.

EVA
 I'm their product
 It's vital you sell me
 So Machiavelli-me!
 Make an Argentine Rose!
 I need to be thrilling
 I want to be Rainbow High!
 They need their escape
 And so do I

Juan blows her a friendly kiss and exits. Eva gazes into her magic mirror.

100A PROCESS SHOT

100A

Eva's three-way mirror.

(CONTINUED)

100A CONTINUED:

100A

As Juan's VOICE is heard reeling off his list for the glorification of Eva, appropriate images flash up simultaneously as in a religious tryptich. E.G. CLOSE of her eyes and lips being made up, fingernails manicured, jewelry applied, costumes fitted, hair dressed, etc.

JUAN

(triple-tracked)

Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure!

Dress!

Shoes! Style! Movement! Hands!

Magic!

Rings! Glamor! Face! Diamonds!

Excitement!

Image!

As Eva takes over the lyrics her face -- beautiful cosmeticized and coiffed appears in the center mirror while further images of her in a variety of gorgeous gowns flicker in rapid succession in the outer mirrors.

EVA

All my descamisados expect me to
outshine the enemy -- the
aristocracy

I won't disappoint them!

I'm their savior!

That's what they call me

So Lauren Bacall me

Anything goes

To make me fantastic

I have to be Rainbow High

In magical colors --

And now the mirror vanishes and we are on a CLOSE SHOT of Eva, FULL SCREEN: regaled in earrings and tiara.

EVA

You're not decorating a girl for a
night on the town!

She rips off the vulgar earrings in disgust.

EVA

(continuing)

And I'm not a second-rate queen
getting kicks with a crown!

She also throws off the ornate tiara.

CUT BACK TO:

100B EVA

100B

still in her bedroom, attended by Beauticians, Costumers, etc., all supervised by Juan. Dressed in a smart travelling suit and fur stole, she looks chic enough to take on the whole world of fashion. As she launches into her last verse the CAMERA TRACKS into a STARRY CLOSEUP.

EVA

Next stop will be Europe!
The Rainbow's gonna tour
Dressed up, somewhere to go
We'll put on a show!
Look out mighty Europe!
Because you oughta know what'cha
gonna get in me
Just a little touch of
Just a little touch of
Argentina's brand of
Star quality!

101 EXT. BUENOS AIRES AIRPORT - DAY

101

RAINBOW TOUR. Peron, flanked by Army Chiefs stands on a platform before a forest of microphones.

PERON

People of Europe! I send you the
Rainbow of Argentina!

CUT TO:

101A PERON'S POV

101A

Eva's plane climbs into the sky creating a rainbow of its own from seven colored smoke pots spaced beneath the wings.

CUT TO:

101B SPECIAL EFFECT

101B

A hundred thousand Argentinians cheering.

102 INT. LA PRENZA NEWSROOM - NIGHT

102

The News Editor in shirtsleeves and green eyeshade barks into the phone.

NEWS EDITOR

Spill it!

103 TELEPHONE BOOTH - PLAZA MAJOR, MADRID - DAY

103

It's hot. Che mops his brow, phones in his report.

CHE

Spain has fallen to the charms of

Evita

She can do what she likes -- it

doesn't matter much

She's the New World Madonna with

the golden touch

She filled a bull-ring -- forty-five

thousand seater

But if you're prettier than General

Franco

That's not hard

As he hangs up, the CAMERA PANS ACROSS TO the other side of the wall of the twin booth where Juan is phoning in his report. The heat! He loosens his tie.

JUAN

Franco's reign in Spain should see

out the forties

So you've just acquired an ally who

Looks as secure in his job as you

More important, current political

thought is

Your wife's a phenomenal asset

Your trump card

104 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

104

In intimate, plush twilight, Peron sits comfortably in an armchair puffing a cigar with a phone cocked to his ear, listening to Juan with delight. He is surrounded by MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET -- all officers -- impatiently awaiting the news.

OFFICERS

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour

It's been an incredible success

We weren't quite sure, we had a few
doubts

Would Evita win through?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

Peron puts the phone down, presses a button to start the projector rolling and finally ends their suspense.

PERON

Well the answer is yes!

All eyes turn, riveted to the screen.

105 INSERT - NEWSREEL BLACK AND WHITE - STOCK FOOTAGE
OF EVITA'S SPANISH TOUR - IN LONG SHOT

105

105A EXT. PLAZA MAJOR, MADRID - DAY (ACTUAL)

105A

Eva in an open car acknowledges the joyous crowd waving Spanish and Argentinian flags. As we ZOOM IN she turns to CAMERA and sings:

EVA

There you are, I told you so
Makes no difference where we go
The whole world over -- just the
same

You should have heard them call our
name

And who would underestimate the
actress now?

She winks.

CUT TO:

106 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

106

Peron laughs good-naturedly. The sycophantic Officers follow.

PERON

I'm not underestimating you -- just
do the same thing in Italy please.

107 RESUME - NEWSREEL - EXT. ROME - TWIN TELEPHONE
BOOTH/ITALIAN STYLE - DAY
(STUDIO: WITH PHOTO BLOW-UP OF VATICAN SQUARE)

107

Che and Juan are visible on either side of the partition which divides the screen. They are singing a duet each unconscious of the other's presence.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

CHE/JUAN

Now I don't like to spoil a wonderful
story

But the news from Rome is not so good
She hasn't gone down like we thought
she would

Italy's unconvinced by Argentine glory
They equate Peron with Mussolini
Can't think why.

They exit their respective phone boxes, see each other,
do a double take then look off left at the SOUND OF AN
OUTRAGED SCREAM.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. THE TOWN HALL, ROME - DAY

108

Eva dressed in her most ostentatious stomps down the
steps in a fury. Her entourage, including an old
ITALIAN ADMIRAL, try their best to pacify her.

EVA

Did you hear that?
They called me a whore!
They actually called me a whore!

ADMIRAL

But Signora Peron --
It's an easy mistake
I gave up the sea long ago
But I'm still called Admiral

109 INT. VATICAN - DAY

109

Eva kisses the Pope's ring. The rings on her fingers
put the Pope's to shame.

CHE/JUAN (V.O.)

Things aren't all that bad she met
with the Pope

Eva drops the rosary presented by His Holiness. As
she bends to retrieve it we see her red shoes are even
crazier than the Pope's. For this moment the newsreel
flashes into color.

CHE/JUAN (V.O.)

(continuing)

She got a Papal decoration and kindly
word...

110 EXT. SPANISH STEPS, ROME - DAY

110

Eva ascends the steps -- rear view -- her hips sway sexily in time to the MUSIC. Shocked Roman matrons voice their disapproval.

CHE/JUAN (V.O.)

... So even if the crowds gave our
lady the bird
The Argentine/Italy axis does have
some hope...

Ogling Italian macho males at the foot of the steps
have trouble keeping their eyes in their sockets.

CHE/JUAN (V.O.)

... She still made a fabulous impact
Caught the eye.

INTERCUT Eva's swaying bottom and ecstatic macho faces.

111 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM

111

Eva's reflected notoriety illuminates the faces of
Peron and his Cohorts as they watch the screen
entranced.

PERON AND OFFICERS

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
It's been an incredible success
We weren't quite sure, we had a few
doubts...

112 EXT. HOTEL EXCELSIOR, ROME - DAY

112

A mob, mostly male, wait boisterously outside for Eva
to appear. Through the madly spinning doors Juan is
flung out.

JUAN

Would Evita win through...?

Before he has time to continue he is swept inside
again.

113 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

113

PERON AND HIS OFFICERS

But the answer is --

- 114 EXT. HOTEL EXCELSIOR, ROME - DAY 114
Once more the swing door reveals Juan -- briefly.
JUAN
A qualified --
But as he is swept inside, Eva is swept out, looking radiant.
- 115 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT 115
PERON AND OFFICERS
(smiling)
Yes!
- 116 INT. L'OPERA DE PARIS - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT 116
Eva in a dazzling creation of burnished gold mounts the staircase escorted by dignitaries and diplomats. She is flanked by soldiers in ceremonial dress following her with their eyes.
CHE/JUAN (V.O.)
Eva started well, no question, in France
Shining like the sun through the post-war haze
A beautiful reminder of more carefree days...
- 117 INT. L'OPERA DE PARIS - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 117
A performance of Puccini's "Turandot" is in progress. The tenor sings "Nessun Dorma." The attention of the audience is fixed, not upon the stage, but the Royal Box where Eva sits on a Golden Throne -- fast asleep.
CHE/JUAN (V.O.)
She nearly captured the French, she sure had the chance
But she suddenly seemed to lose interest
She looked tired.
QUICK SHOTS of Juan looking appalled, and Che, amused.
- 118 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT 118
PERON AND OFFICERS
(incredulously)
Tired? Evita tired?

119 INT. L'OPERA DE PARIS - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT 119

The show is over; Eva takes her leave. Che fights his way to the front of the crowd, whips out his camera, and focuses.

CHE

Face the facts, the Rainbow's started
to fade
I don't think she'll make it to England
now...

120 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT 120

PERSON

(snapping back)
It wasn't on the schedule anyhow

121 INT. L'OPERA DE PARIS - GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT 121

For a flash we see Che and his camera, then Eva's head
FILLS FRAME for a second as she descends the stairs, to
be immediately replaced by Juan's. He looks directly
INTO CAMERA -- as if in answer to Peron.

JUAN

You'd better get out the flags and
fix a parade
Some kind of coming home in triumph
is required.

122 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT 122

PERON AND OFFICERS

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
It's been an incredible success
We weren't quite sure, we had a few
doubts
Would Evita win through?

123 INT. L'OPERA DE PARIS - FOYER DE DANSE - NIGHT 123

Che looking through his viewfinder points his camera
towards OUR LENS.

CHE

And the answer it --

CLICK! A gorgeous "still" of radiant Eva FILLS FRAME.

124 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

124

All the faces light up.

PERON AND OFFICERS
(relieved)

Yes.

125 INT. L'OPERA DE PARIS - FOYER DE DANSE - NIGHT

125

Che aims his camera again. CLICK!

CUT TO:

125A A "STILL" OF EVA, YAWNING

125A

CHE (V.O.)

And no.

126 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

126

PERSON AND OFFICERS
(hopefully)

... And yes...

127 INT. L'OPERA DE PARIS - FOYER DE DANSE - NIGHT

127

Che is about to take another shot when a hand appears and covers the lens. CLICK! Juan is looking over Che's shoulder. Reprimandingly, sorrowfully, he shakes his head.

JUAN

And no.

Che smiles. He understands.

128 INT. CASA ROSADA - PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

128

Peron puts a bold face on things. So do his Cronies, but the effort shows.

PERON AND OFFICERS
(uncertainly)

And yes... and no
Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
It's been an incredible success...

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Commotion! Suddenly Eva erupts into the room. The men are galvanized. Marching down to the flickering screen she rounds on them.

EVA

Who the hell does the King of England
think he is?

Tea at some tinpot castle of his --
what kind of invitation is that?

Argentina's First Lady deserves
Buckingham Palace!

If England can do without me
Then Argentina can do without England!

Across her angry features the people of Argentina give her a fantastic "Welcome Home." Then the film runs out, the cheering dies. The lights come up. Eva looks strained, tired, ill. Peron and his men are stunned into silence.

129 EXT. BUENOS AIRES BRITISH EMBASSY - THE ACTRESS
HASN'T LEARNED HER LINES - DAY

129

A billowing Union Jack seems to bless the "Charity" Garden Party taking place in the spacious grounds. Strolling before the stately Palace, which rivals the splendor of the Casa Rosada itself, the cream of Buenos Aires SOCIETY indulges itself in a variety of fund raising games and side shows. Eva watches their feeble attempts at philanthropy with contempt. The feeling is mutual and includes Juan and the family who are also present.

ARISTOCRACY

Thus all fairy stories end
Only an actress would pretend
Affairs of State are her latest play
Eight shows a week two matinees
My how the worm begins to turn
When will the chorus girl ever learn?
My how the worm begins to turn
When will the chorus girl ever learn?

In fact, Eva looks the antithesis of a chorus girl. Still attractive, still smart, she has changed her dress, her suit is beautifully cut but unadorned, a string of pearls has replaced the galaxy of diamonds. Eva is developing a new passion. She stands aloof, observing, plotting.

(CONTINUED)

EVA

The chorus girl hasn't learned the
 lines you'd like to hear
 She won't go scrambling over the backs
 of the poor to be accepted
 By making donations -- just large
 enough -- to the correct charity
 She won't be president of your
 wonderful society of philanthropy
 Even if you asked her to be
 As you should have asked her to be

The actress hasn't learned the lines
 you'd like to hear
 She won't join your clubs, she won't
 dance in your halls
 She won't help the hungry once a
 month at your tombolas
 She'll simply take control as
 You disappear

The party is over, the last guest, a snobby lady in a
 white Rolls Royce, is driven off with her nose in the
 air. Eva looks at the hungry faces staring through
 the railings as servants clear away the wasted food
 and half-empty champagne bottles. CLICK! She spins
 around to see Che recording the scene...

CHE

Forgive my intrusion, but fine as
 those sentiments sound
 Little has changed for us peasants
 down here on the ground.
 I hate to seem churlish, ungrateful,
 I don't like to moan
 But do you now represent anyone's
 'cause but your own?

EVA

Everything done will be justified by
 my Foundation.

Che is puzzled, apprehensive. What's Eva up to now?

CUT TO:

130 EXT. A GIANT POSTER OF EVA - AND THE MONEY KEPT
 ROLLING IN (AND OUT) - DAY

130

Arms outstretched, she looks like a saint blessing her
 own message: "GIVE TO THE EVA PERON FOUNDATION."

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

The snobby lady gives it a sneer as she is driven by in her white Rolls Royce.

JUMP CUT TO:

131 EXT. A GIANT POSTER OF EVA - DAY

131

The white Rolls Royce drives back again, jam-packed with happy peasants. The snobby lady follows it on a bicycle, looking glum. Now, Eva, on the poster, is sneering at her.

CHE (V.O.)

And the money kept rolling in from
every side

Eva's pretty hands reached out and
they reached wide

Now you may think it should have been
a voluntary cause

But that's not the point my friends...

132 EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

132

The Rolls Royce of peasants pulls into the grounds to join yet another garden party -- with a difference. Those that were on the outside looking inside have come inside themselves. Now it's their turn to eat cake -- and drink champagne and sing and dance in celebration.

CHE (V.O.)

When the money keeps rolling in you
don't ask how

Think of all the people guaranteed a
good time now

Eva's called the hungry to her -- open
up the doors!

Never been a fund like the Foundation
Eva Peron!

CHE, FAMILY AND CROWD (V.O.)

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on in.

From the balcony Eva and the family join in the fun and raise their glasses as Juan hauls down the Union Jack. The British ambassador and his lady, carrying their own suitcases, ignominiously take their leave, passing close to the dancing of Che and the rest on the well-kept lawn.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

CHE

Would you like to try a college
education?

Own your landlord's house, take the
family on vacation?

Eva and her blessed Fund can make your
dreams come true

Here's all you have to do my friends

Write your name and your dream on a
card or a pad or a ticket

Throw it high in the air and should
our lady pick it

She will change your way of life for
a week or even two

Name me anyone who cares as much as
Eva Peron!

And while Eva plucks requests from the air tossed up
from below, Juan raises a flag bearing her image to the
masthead. The people cheer as it rides proudly in the
wind.

CHE, FAMILY AND CROWD (V.O.)

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out.

133 EXT. REFRIGERATOR FACTORY - DAY

133

A consignment of refrigerators is being "donated" by
an unhappy industrialist to the Eva Peron Foundation.
He manages a sickly smile as one of the E.P.F. uni-
formed heavies gives him a receipt before driving off
with his "gift."

CHE, FAMILY AND CROWD (V.O.)

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out

134 EXT. SHANTY TOWN - DAY

134

Prosperity -- of a sort. The refrigerators are being
unloaded from the E.P.F. trucks. One for every shack
in the community. A puzzled peasant holds up an elec-
tric plug and scratches his head. Unfortunately there
is no power socket, and no power. The white Rolls
Royce comes by -- pulled by a mule. It's out of gas
and gas costs money and fair distribution of money is
a problem. Juan and Peron discuss the seriousness of
this problem as they drive by in the Mercedes.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

PERON

And the money kept rolling out in all
directions
To the poor to the weak to the
destitute of all complexions

JUAN

Now cynics claim a little of the cash
has gone astray

PERON

But that's not the point my friend

JUAN

When the money keeps rolling out you
don't keep books

PERON

You can tell you've done well by the
happy grateful looks

JUAN

Accountants only slow things down,
figures get in the way

PERON/JUAN

Never been a lady loved as much as
Eva Peron!

They share a smile at the sight of an old peasant woman
in a fur coat kneeling at a homemade shrine bearing a
large photograph of Eva. As the car rolls merrily along
we notice the old woman's feet are bare.

ALL

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out.

135 INT. MEAT PACKING PLANT - DAY

135

Payday. Even the favored workers are forced to make a
contribution. Ten percent of their wages goes into the
E.P.F. collecting box despite murmurings of discontent.

ALL

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out.

136 INSERT - A HAND

136

signing a fat check.

CUT BACK TO:

136A INT. LA PRENZA PRESS ROOM - DAY

136A

Tight lipped, the Editor hands the check to Juan who is accompanied by a couple of E.P.F. heavies. Juan smiles and hands him a receipt. On his way out he pauses to glance over Che's shoulder to see what he is typing. Juan smiles again, shakes his head. Che looks at the Editor who also shakes his head. Che stoically removes his article from the typewriter and tears it up. Juan nods and exits.

ALL

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out

137 INT. E.P.F. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

137

Looking wan and overworked Eva sits at a big desk in conference with members of her committee.

INSERT - Eva ticks one of several designs for a "one-armed" bandit.

ALL

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out

CUT TO:

138 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE - DAY

138

Three heads of Eva pop up in a row and "jackpot" the "bandit" pays out with a little shower of coins. The place is packed with amateur gamblers hoping to coin a fortune.

ALL

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out.

WIPE TO:

139 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE - NIGHT

139

A deluge of coins cascades into a galvanized bucket brimming with silver -- one of many such buckets on a long line of trucks attached to a mini-tractor. The driver slips her in gear and chugs off to the next machine, where the endless flow continues to swell the Perons' fortune.

ALL

Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out

140 EXT. ORPHANAGE HOSPITAL - SANTA EVITA - DAY

140

A rainbow sign reads "EVA PERON ORPHANAGE." CRANE DOWN to reveal a fleet of cars driving through the gates towards the main entrance where a welcoming committee await their patron. Attired in radiant white, Eva suggests something between a nurse and nun dressed by Dior.

141 INT. ORPHANAGE HOSPITAL - WARD - DAY

141

Accompanied by senior members of the staff and looking positively beatific, Eva walks between the rows of beds bestowing largesse. Everything is as fresh as paint and clean as a new pin; neat nurses, beaming doctors, happy, fresh-faced CHILDREN singing a hymn in praise of their benefactress.

CHILDREN

Please, gentle Eva
Will you bless a little child?
For I love you
Tell Heaven I'm doing my best
I'm praying for you
Even though you are already blessed.

Eva hears the VOICES of still more CHILDREN coming from outside. She moves to the window and looks down.
Eva's POV.

142 EXT. ORPHANAGE - BACK YARD - DAY

142

An endless queue of CHILDREN, dirty, diseased and suffering from malnutrition, wait hopefully in the baking sun for admittance. They look up to Eva beseechingly.

CHILDREN

Please mother Eva
Will you look upon me as your own?
Make me special
Be my angel
Be my everything wonderful perfect
and true
And I'll try to be exactly like you
Please holy Eva
Will you feed a hungry child?
For I love you
Tell Heaven I'm doing my best...

Suddenly Che is there with his camera. He too looks up at Evita -- accusingly.

CHE

A drop in the ocean, Evita, a
drop in the ocean...

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

Four medical orderlies run ONTO THE SCENE, grab his camera, hustle him out of the gate, but he still has the final word.

CHE

(continuing)

Get them while they're young, Evita,
get them while they're young!

RESUME:

143 INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

143

The spell has been broken, the senior staff are furious. Eva is led away from the window to a group of pretty CHILDREN in starched white pinafores singing to a statue of Evita crowned with flowers.

CHILDREN

I'm praying for you
Even though you are already blessed

Calm and order is restored. We DWELL on Eva's tranquil features. All trace of the unsavory incident of a moment ago is gone, eradicated almost as if she were practicing self-lobotomy.

144 EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - NIGHT

144

A sea of candles illuminate countless photographs of Eva bobbing among the chanting CROWD, gathered like pilgrims at a shrine for a glimpse of their lady. With a mighty FANFARE ON THE ORGAN and great RINGING OF BELLS, she materializes from the cathedral like a vision. Her solemn attire accentuating her madonna-like face and her sacred heart brooch glittering blood red in the candlelight.

CROWD

Santa Santa Evita
Madre de todos los ninos
De los tiranizados
De los descamisados
De los trabajandores
De la Argentina

Eva, throwing her arms open to accept their hymn of praise, looks like a saint giving benediction.

145 EXT. CATHEDRAL BALCONY - NIGHT

145

High above her Peron observes the spectacle impassive as the craven gargoyles on which he leans. Dark shapes cast by great buttresses emerge from the shadows to reveal themselves as the most high ranking Officers in Peron's cabinet. They too look down at Eva and her followers -- and voice their disapproval.

OFFICERS

It's all very well -- to a certain
extent
For the lady at the side of the
President
To show an interest in affairs
But let's not be blind to the drift
of events
She's eclipsing the strength of
the government
She should return to below the stairs
She will never win our hearts
She's a woman for a start
She holds no elected post
She's an ornament at most

Peron attempts to justify her, earn back their support.

PERON

But on the other hand she's all
they have
She's a diamond in their dull grey
lives,
and that's the
Hardest kind of stone -- it usually
survives
And when you think about it, can
you recall
The last time they loved anyone
at all?
But on the other hand she's slowing
down
She's lost a little of that magic
drive -- but I would
Not advise her critics present to
derive
Any satisfaction from her fading
star
She's the one who's kept us where
we are.

OFFICERS

She's the one who's kept you where
you are.

Suddenly another note of dissension is struck from below.

146 EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - NIGHT

146

A group of workers bearing banners of protest has appeared on the steps opposite the Cathedral. Their Leader faces Eva across the heads of the faithful. We hear a familiar voice raised in anger.

CHE

Why try to govern the country when
you can become a saint?

Eva stares back at him with a look she might give a pet dog who has snapped at her. The crowd listens aghast.

CHE

(continuing)

You've made life a lottery

You've turned the land into a
shambles

A wasted nation that plays and
gambles

(he points at her
in fury)

The dice are loaded in your favor
Mary Magdalenes, our Savior

As Eva's worshippers cry out at this heresy, Che and his Supporters run down the steps towards her crying slogans as they go.

FIRST REBEL

Bread for our children.

SECOND REBEL

You promised higher wages.

THIRD REBEL

Shorter hours, larger dole.

One of her Believers speaks up for Eva.

FIRST BELIEVER (WOMAN)

She got us women the vote.

FOURTH REBEL (WOMAN)

But not equal pay.

SECOND BELIEVER

She gave us Nationalized industries.

FIFTH REBEL

But no share of the profits.

SIX REBEL

No advance in public spending.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

SEVENTH REBEL

A smaller slice of every cake.

CHE

No cake at all! Just crumbs from
her table! Where is that New Argentina!

At once the Rebels take up the chant and for a while the revolutionary song clashes with the hymn to Santa Evita. By now Che and the Rebels have reached the foot of the steps leading to Eva.

147 EXT. CATHEDRAL BALCONY - NIGHT

147

From his bird's-eye view Peron stares down in alarm long after his men have left to deal with the disturbance.

148 EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - NIGHT

148

The wave of Rebels breaks at the foot of the steps against a wall of E.P.F. THUGS always on hand to take care of their leader. A bloody hand-to-hand struggle takes place. Riot police arrive and the Rebels are smashed. Eva sees Che receive a grazing blow on the temple before he escapes in the crowd. She gives a sigh of relief. A strange bond has been forged between them over the years, one she would not like to see broken, something secret and illicit.

149 EXT. CATHEDRAL BALCONY - NIGHT

149

Peron relaxes from on high as he sees the forces of "order" gain control. Once again VOICES are raised in praise of Evita as if she has exorcised some power of evil. But Peron's smile of satisfaction switches to alarm once more as Eva collapses halfway down the steps. An involuntary wail of despair fills the night. In a moment Juan is at Eva's side, and lifting her into the limousine. HORN TOOTING, the black car moves through the crowd like a slug through a nest of ants. MUSIC and effects accompany the visuals for the remainder of the sequence.

150 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

150

Che runs through the empty darkness and across a side street where he is almost run down by a speeding car -- Eva's car.

- 151 EXT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 151
A doctor and two orderlies watch the approach of Eva's car. Juan lifts Eva's limp body onto the stretcher and follows her into the building.
- 152 INT. LA PRENZA - NIGHT 152
Breathless and blood still flowing from a head wound, Che enters, gives his film to a Messenger Boy and runs over to the Editor at the night desk to report the news.
- 153 INT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 153
Semi-conscious and in pain, Eva in a simple smock lying on a gurney, is wheeled along a narrow corridor. The overhead lights hurt her eyes.
- 154 INT. LA PRENZA - PRINT ROOM - NIGHT 154
The front page is being set up for Che's story. Anxiously he examines the block on which is etched his record of police brutality. Everyone is nervous, jumpy, apprehensive. A Secretary applies a bandaid to the wound on Che's forehead.
- 155 INT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT 155
Eva is lifted onto the operating table. Masked figures hover nearby. The anaesthetist does his job. Wide-eyed, Eva breathes deeply.
- 156 INT. LA PRENZA - MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT 156
The atmosphere is charged. The Night Editor gives the nod. The presses roll. Che sighs with relief -- briefly. The riot police storm in.
- 157 INT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT 157
Eva's eyes flicker closed. She is losing consciousness. Everything begins to spin.
- 158 INT. LA PRENZA - MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT 158
Fighting! The machinery is stopped, the presses smashed.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

Che hits the floor, blood pouring from a fresh head wound. As he loses consciousness everything begins to spin.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 CHE

159

A fierce, burning light in the sky. It shines on the face of Che -- still unconscious, his eyes flicker but do not open. A gourd of water is placed to his lips. He drinks thirstily. His eyes open; recognition dawns. He reacts in surprise.

CUT BACK TO:

159A EXT. A DESERT WILDERNESS - DAY

159A

Che finds himself cradled in the arms of Evita giving him succor. With a gesture of contempt he dashes the gourd to the ground where the precious water is immediately absorbed into the hot sand. Dazed and unsteady he staggers to his feet rejecting Eva's charity with disgust. Che, the grubby revolutionary, faces Eva, the fascist Madonna, and denounces her.

CHE

Tell me before I waltz out of your
life

Before turning my back on the past
Forgive my impertinent behavior
But how long do you think this
pantomime can last?

Tell me before I ride off in the
sunset

There's one thing I never got clear
How can you claim you're our savior
When those who oppose you
Are stepped on or cut up or simply
disappear?

With equal candor, Eva defends her actions. They circle each other like two wild cats.

EVA

Tell me before you get onto your
bus
Before joining the forgotten
brigade

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

159A CONTINUED:

159A

EVA (CONT'D)

How can one person like me, say
Alter the way the time-honored
game is played?

Tell me before you get onto your
high horse
Just what you expect me to do?
I don't care what the bourgeoisie
say
I'm not in the business for them but
to give my descamisados
A magical moment or two

Suddenly they are no longer alone in the desert --
giant symbols of past civilizations and religions
surround them in ruins -- a fallen Swastika, a headless
Buddha, a battered eagle from Imperial Rome, a rotting
cross, a rusty hammer and sickle, a splintered Pharaoh
encircle the two protagonists waltzing around, eyes
flashing, bodies close but not touching -- Eva voicing
her philosophy.

EVA/CHE

There is evil
Ever around -- fundamental
System of government quite incidental

EVA

So what are my chances
Of honest advances?
I'd say low
Better to win
By admitting my sin
Than to lose with a halo

CHE

Tell me before I seek worthier
pastures
And thereby restore self-esteem
How can you be so short-sighted
To look never further than this
week or next week
To have no impossible dream?

The symbols of crumbling hopes and dreams vanish, to be
replaced by more familiar concerns -- polluting smoke,
smashed cars, barbed wire and bleached bones. The war
dance continues.

(CONTINUED)

159A CONTINUED: (2)

159A

EVA

Allow me before you slink off to
the sidelines
To mark your adieu with three cheers
And to ask you just who'd be delighted
To witness me tackle
The world's greatest problems
Say war to pollution
No hope of solution
Even if I live for one hundred years?

Abruptly Eva stops dancing -- suddenly overwhelmed by the magnitude of her task. For a moment she is unaware of Che and the whirlwind of dust approaching from the horizon, at the heart of which is an armored troop carrier. It slews to a halt in a cloud of sand. As Che climbs aboard to join a squad of Rebels like himself, Eva gives him the bird.

EVA

(continuing)

There is evil
Ever around -- fundamental
System of government quite incidental
So go if you're able
To somewhere unstable
And stay there
Whip up your hate
In some tottering state
But not here, dear
Is that clear, dear?

With a roar the whirlwind departs leaving Eva alone in her desolation.

EVA

(continuing)

Oh what I'd give for a hundred years
But the physical interferes
Every day more -- oh my Creator!

A familiar face begins to dissolve through the smoke and dust.

EVA

(continuing)

What is the good of the strongest
heart
In a body that's falling apart
A serious flaw
I hope you know that...

160 INT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL

160

Peron is at Eva's bedside leaning over her smiling. She looks about her wonderingly. There is a nurse, a doctor. She begins to cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

161 INT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

161

Juan pushes Eva in a wheelchair. Dressed in a smart, navy blue suit, she smiles weakly at the passing Nurses and patients who pause to greet her. There is one exception. As the chair pauses briefly outside the door of a large ward we ZOOM INTO one of the patient's sitting up in bed. One arm is in a sling, one hand in splints. Bandages all but cover the face. All the same we know who it is. For a brief moment he stares at her, then she is gone. He closes his eyes.

161A INT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

161A

At the front door Eva puts on the brakes, refusing to be seen so incapacitated in public.

162 EXT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - DAY

162

Cheering crowds, mostly women and children greet Eva as she leaves the hospital and walks down the steps, managing the ordeal with the support of Juan's strong right arm. The cheers redouble as she waves to the Crowd before entering the waiting limo. Familiar CHANTING speeds her on the way to what everyone hopes will be health and happiness.

CROWD

Evita Evita.

163 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

163

Eva seems weak but happy as she glides comfortably along, her head resting on Juan's shoulder. Suddenly the Chauffeur pulls up. Traffic jam. The way is blocked by a heavy duty locomotive with the word STRIKE scrawled crudely in red across the boiler. The Driver and Fireman knock back their wine and play cards, impervious to shaking fists and angry HORNS, until... a DEEP RUMBLE turns into a ROAR and BANG! A tank lets rip with its 70mm cannon right alongside the car.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

Bit reactions from everyone including the crew on the engine who duck real low as a SHELL WHISTLES over their cab. The barrel of the cannon slowly declines it is pointing straight at the strikers. In a flash, the brakes are off and the engine is steaming back down the line as fast as she'll go. The traffic starts rolling. Eva and Juan exchange glances, read each other's thoughts: "The knives are out."

164 THE DICE ARE ROLLING/EVA'S LAMENT
EXT. BEACH - DAY

164

Military maneuvers. Tents straddle along the coast road bordering the sand. Tanks, jeeps, marching Troops. In the distance a group of officers chat outside a mobile H.Q. DISTANT GUNFIRE. Two lone figures on the beach: A General and a Woman in a wheelchair. The scene has an air of surrealistic menace. We ZOOM IN to hear what Peron and his invalid Wife have to say to each other.

PERON

Dice are rolling, the knives are
out
I see every bad sign in the book
And as far as they can (overweight
to a man!)
They have that lean and hungry look.

EVA

But we still have the magic we've
always had!
The descamisados still worship me
We arrived thanks to them and no one
else!
No thanks to your generals -- a
clutch of stuffed cuckoos!

PERON

It's not a question of a big parade
Proving we're big with the mobs on
the street
Our problems are closer than that
They're almost within ear -- shot.

EVA

You're wrong -- the people, my
people --

(CONTINUED)

PERON

The people belong to no one!
 They are fickle, can be manipulated
 Controllable, changeable,
 In the end the people don't matter --
 however much they love you now
 It matters more that as far as my
 stuffed cuckoos are concerned
 You don't officially or politically
 exist!

EVA

So I don't exist!
 So I count for nothing!
 Try saying that on the street
 When all over the world
 I am Argentina!
 Most of your generals wouldn't even
 be recognized by their own mothers!
 But they'll admit I exist when I
 become vice-president!

PERON

That won't work...
 We've been through all of this before
 They'd fight any attempt to make you
 vice-president tooth and nail
 You'd never overcome that sort of
 opposition with a thousand rallies
 And even if you did --

EVA

Yes?

PERON

Your little body's slowly breaking
 down
 You're losing speed, you're losing
 strength -- not style,
 That goes on flourishing forever --
 But your eyes, your smile
 Do not have the sparkle of your
 fantastic past
 If you climb one more mountain it
 could be your last

EVA

I'm not that ill
 Bad moments come but they go
 Some days are fine some a little
 bit harder

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVA (CONT'D)

But that does not mean
 I should change my routine
 Have you ever seen
 Me defeated?
 Don't you forget what I've been
 through and yet I'm still standing
 And if I am ill it could even be to
 your advantage!

PERON

Advantage? I'm trying to point out
 that you are dying!
 (silence)
 This talk of death is chilling -- of
 course you're not going to die.

EVA

Then I must now be vice-president!

 Those shallow mean pretenders to
 your throne
 Will come to learn ours is the
 upper hand
 For I do not accept this is not
 known
 Already in most quarters of our land
 To face the storms so long and not
 capsize
 Is not the chance achievement of a
 fraud
 Conservatives are kings of
 compromise
 So if it suits them, even they'll
 applaud

 And I shall have my people come to
 choose
 Two Perons who shall wear their
 country's crown
 In thousands in my squares and
 avenues
 Emptying their villages and towns
 Where every soul in home or shack
 or stall
 Knows me as Argentina -- that is all

 Oh I shall be a great vice-president!

Peron does not reply, something strange has caught his
 eye out at sea. Eva follows his gaze and gives a cry
 of delight.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: (3)

164

An enormous blow-up of her smiling face is being towed across the bay by a powerful motorboat. What a lovely surprise. Why does Peron look so grim? Eva is about to chide him for being so serious when a whole battery of guns suddenly open up. PAM! PAM! PAM! Eva's portrait is riddled with holes. Then tracers set it afire. She screams, collapses, sobbing. Peron looks at her with compassion.

PERON

So what happens now?

Eva cannot answer. She is racked with anguish. Is it fear or pain -- or both?

PERON

(continuing)

So what happens now?

EVA

Where am I going to?

PERON

Don't ask any more...

As Eva's BURNING IMAGE DISAPPEARS IN FLAME...

FADE OUT.

EVA'S FINAL BROADCAST

165 INT. SAN BERNADETTE HOSPITAL - CASUALTY WARD

165

He is wearing a headset plugged into a radio output socket in the wall above his bed. He looks a sorry sight. The bandages have gone, revealing bruised flesh and stitches. His features register conflicting emotions of pity and hate. We realize why as we listen in:

'EVA' (V.O.)

I want to tell the people of
Argentina

I've decided I should decline
All the honors and titles you've
pressed me to take
For I'm contented --

DISSOLVE TO:

166 INT. A SMALL BROADCASTING STUDIO - NIGHT

166

The microphone dominates FRAME. Behind it is 'Eva's face' -- an OUT OF FOCUS BLUR. Juan sits alone in the control booth. Peron stands on the other side of the microphone following every word on a transcript.

EVA

Let me simply go on
As the woman who brings her people
to the heart of Peron!

Peron allows himself a smile of satisfaction. As he gives 'Eva' a wink of encouragement we JUMP BACK TO A WIDER SHOT of Peron with 'Eva', back TO CAMERA in f.g. As she continues her soulful message the CAMERA CRABS ROUND to end up on her face.

'EVA'

Don't cry for me Argentina
For the truth is I shall not leave
you
Though it may get harder
For you to see me
I'm Argentina
And always will be

It is NOT EVA, not even a look-alike; but the voice is identical. Peron is giving her public the message he wants them to hear.

PHONY EVA

Have I said too much? There's
nothing more I can think of to
say to you

She smiles at Peron wickedly.

PHONY EVA

(continuing)

But all you have to do is hear me
to know that every word is true

JUMP CUT TO:

167 INT. CASA ROSADA - EVA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

167

Attended by a nursing sister, Eva sits in bed, propped up on pillows listening to "her" message in disgust. With a costly effort she switches off the bedside radio and falls back gasping.

(CONTINUED)

EVA

The actress hasn't learned the lines
 you'd like to hear
 How could she feel defeated by such
 cringing mediocrities?
 She's sad for her country
 Sad to be defeated by her own weak
 body
 She's sad for her people
 She hopes they will know she did not
 betray them

She cries out in pain and instantly a Priest, who had
 been deep in prayer is at her side while the nurse
 hurries from the darkened room for help. As the Priest
 administers the last rites, Eva rallies a little to
 give voice to her heart-felt lament.

EVA

(continuing)

The choice was mine and mine
 completely
 I could have any prize that I
 desired
 I could burn with the splendor of
 the brightest fire
 Or else -- or else I could choose
 time

Remember I was very young then
 And a year was forever and a day
 So what use could fifty, sixty,
 seventy be?
 I saw the lights and I was on my way.

And how I lived! How they shone!
 But how soon the lights were gone!

The choice was mine and no one else's
 I could have the millions at my feet
 Give my life to people I might never
 meet
 Or else to children of my own

Remember I was very young then
 Thought I needed the numbers on my
 side
 Thought the more that loved me the
 more loved I'd be
 But such things cannot be multiplied

For a moment her voice takes on a new strength.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: (2)

167

EVA

(continuing)

Oh my daughter! Oh my son!
Understand what I have done!

Collapse, silence. Evita is dead. As the Priest closes her eyes the nurse arrives with the doctor who feels her pulse as a brief formality. Two silhouettes appear at the door; Peron and Juan. The doctor shakes his head, the nurse cries and the Priest packs away his paraphernalia of death.

At a signal from Juan they depart. Peron and Juan stare at the corpse. Although she is dead Evita is not gone. She can still serve Peron's cause. Juan reads his thoughts.

JUAN

Eyes, hair, face, image...

PERON

All must be preserved
Still life displayed, forever.

JUAN

No less than she deserved.

PERON

Preserved.

CUT TO:

168 CLOSE SHOT - EVITA

168

as life-like as the Sleeping Beauty. The CAMERA CRANES BACK to reveal Evita lying in state in:

168A THE CATHEDRAL

168A

Resplendent in a sparkling new uniform, Peron stands at the head of the casket, sharing Evita's glory as an endless stream of weeping MOURNERS file by singing her praises.

MOURNERS

Santa Santa Evita
Madre de todos los ninos
De los tiranizados
De los descamisados
De los trabajadores
De la Argentina

(CONTINUED)

168A CONTINUED:

168A

But one neither sings nor weeps and if he mourns at all it is for his country. Che has risked all on one last, compulsive glimpse. As he approaches the casket he sees Peron. They stare at each other in hate -- until their eyes are drawn compulsively back to the enigmatic features of Evita...

*** ETERNA ***