

EVITA

by
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Screenplay
by
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October, 1995

EVITA - October, 1995 draft
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1. INT. SMALL CINEMA, BUENOS AIRES NIGHT 1.

A well-worn, black-and-white period movie fills the screen. Two lovers, JULIETA and CARLOS, pledge their love. They speak in Spanish with suitable, old-movie underscore.

CARLOS

Hasta este momento, mis labios no han usado murmurar la palabra amor.

JULIETA

Oh, Carlos.

CARLOS

Mucho más que eso, mis ser, todo vibra del deseo...

JULIETA

Oh, Carlos.

They are both startled by an off-screen noise. They break off from their embrace.

CARLOS

Qué fue eso? Algo se movió en el balcón de tu padre. Si fuera ese truando Rodolfo, juro que mi espada no permanecerá en su vaina.

Carlos exits with theatrical bravado.

JULIETA

Ten cuidado, Carlos...

We are on Julieta's face as the movie slowly grinds to a halt, the celluloid burning in the gate. The small movie audience groans its disapproval. A short, stubby man, his greased hair stretched across a bald head, nervously steps up in front of the screen.

THEATRE MANAGER

It is my sad duty to inform you that Eva Perón, spiritual leader of the Nation, entered immortality at 20.25 hours today.

REQUIEM

Music 1

FACES of the audience. Screams. Grief. From young and old. We hear the strident strains of the Requiem introduction as we view this grief. The camera drifts across the faces until we settle on a young man, CHÉ. He is our Everyman. Our narrator. The conscience of Argentina. His handsome face is bruised, with healing scars. We move in on him. His dangerous eyes show an ambivalence to this news. Around him, however, the members of the audience react as if they had lost a member of their own family.

From Ché's face we mix to:

2. EXT. CHIVILCOY, EDGE OF TOWN, 1926 DAY 2.

A forlorn little town lost in the Pampas, west of Buenos Aires. The opening strains of the 'Requiem' now heard from a small funeral band as we see a funeral procession, in wide shot, weaving its way to a small church on the edge of town, the flat Pampas stretching endlessly beyond. The horse-drawn hearse kicks up the red dust as the MOURNERS walk behind, handkerchiefs at their mouths.

3. EXT. CHIVILCOY STREET DAY 3.

A pack of DOGS scatters as a beaten-up bus pulls to a dusty halt in the town square. We see a woman and her family alight: DOÑA JUANA IBARGUREN and her children; BLANCA (18); ELISA (16); JUAN (12); ERMINDA (10) and EVA MARÍA (7). The family, although obviously poor, is respectably-dressed for a funeral. Each child carries a small bunch of flowers.

4. INT. CHIVILCOY CHURCH DAY 4.

Church bells. A coffin is set down among a bed of flowers and the lid is opened. We see the corpse of JUAN DUARTE, SR., dressed in his Sunday best. The MOURNERS react to a sudden commotion outside.

5. EXT. CHIVILCOY CHURCH DAY 5.

Doña Juana and her children have been prevented from entering the gates of the church. They protest. Dark-suited DUARTE FAMILY MEMBERS, and a MILITARY OFFICER, hold them back. Juan Duarte's (legal) wife, ESTELA GRISOLÍA, steps forward.

ESTELA GRISOLÍA
You're not welcome here.

DOÑA JUANA
He was the father of my children too. They have the right to see him, to pay their last respects.

ESTELA GRISOLÍA
You are not his wife. Your children are bastards!

Doña Juana spits at her and the two women continue to scuffle, swapping insults. Eva, the smallest child, ducks under the flailing arms and runs into the church. Her sister Erminda calls after her.

ERMINDA
Eva!

6. INT. CHIVILCOY CHURCH DAY 6.

Close on the dead man's face. Young Eva walks up and places her small bouquet of flowers onto the corpse. She stretches to kiss her father, but is grabbed by the Duarte mourners.

We hear 'Evita! Evita! Evita!' from the 'Requiem' as young Eva is dragged off, kicking and screaming.

YOUNG EVA

Papa! Papa! He's my Papa!

On her crying face - and suddenly a giant surge in the music as we cut on the swell of the 'Requiem' to:

7. EXT. BUENOS AIRES AVENIDA, 1952 DAY 7.

The funeral of Eva Perón. Colossal. All the trappings of state: MILITARY and the mourning THOUSANDS. A massive, macabre orgy of collective national grief.

We see a black, bulbous, silver-trimmed cedar coffin draped with the blue-and-white Argentine flag. It sits atop an iron-wheeled gun carriage which is pulled, with ropes, by 39 men and women in white shirts and black trousers, skirts: the uniform of Eva's 'descamisados'.

The cortège is flanked by CADETS of the military academy and NURSES from the Foundation Eva Perón. Close by are two armored cars. In front, police vehicles and military on motorcycles with sidecars lead the way. The watching crowds, in the thousands, are hemmed by an endless double ribbon of armed SOLDIERS and SAILORS. Following behind are the principle mourners: PRESIDENT JUAN PERÓN; CABINET MEMBERS; ARMY GENERALS; EVA'S MOTHER; BROTHER JUAN; SISTERS BLANCA, ELISA and ERMINDA. Behind them the ordinary people of Argentina fill the avenida as far as the eye can see. From above, we see this stunning geometric shape as it moves toward the Congress building. We view close up the individual grief: crazed distraught women, their hair swept back severely, clutching their rosaries and pictures of Eva; hatless men, sobbing shamelessly; mystified groups of school children; an ocean of white handkerchiefs and black armbands. Giant portraits of Eva, draped in black crepe, hang from lamp-posts and buildings.

As the great procession passes, flowers and paper fall like snowflakes from the balconies above. Shops are shuttered, businesses closed. A squadron of Lincoln bombers and Meteor jets streak through the gray and heavy winter sky.

Some saw it as a genuine, spontaneous demonstration of unrestrained grief, others, as a bacchanal of necrophilia.

CHOIR

Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem Evita, Requiem Evita
Evita...Evita...Evita...Evita

As the 'Requiem' concludes, we pan off the funeral procession, the camera floating across the heads of the crowds toward a sidewalk bar.

8. INT.

AVENIDA BAR

DAY

8.

The camera continues past the CUSTOMERS, who are pressed against the window, to find Ché. He sits alone at the end of the bar, seemingly the only one not obsessed with this spectacle. He begins to sing softly to himself, staring at his shot glass, which he twists like a crystal ball.

OH WHAT A CIRCUS #1

Music 2

'Oh What A Circus' begins.

CHÉ

O what a circus! O what a show
Argentina has gone to town
Over the death of an actress
called Eva Perón

(he turns to the camera)

We've all gone crazy
Mourning all day and mourning all night
Falling over ourselves to get all of the
misery right

He drains his drink, picks up his newspaper, and moves toward the door, and the camera.

CHÉ (CONT.)

O what an exit! That's how to go
When they're ringing your curtain down
Demand to be buried like Eva Perón
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

9. EXT.

BUENOS AIRES STREET

DAY

9.

Ché walks down the street through the frenzied CROWDS who stream past him as they endeavour to get a better view of the funeral cortège.

CHÉ (CONT.)

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?

10. EXT. SIDE STREET DAY 10.

Ché turns into a side street. Alone. Leaving the crowds in the Avenida behind him.

CHÉ (CONT.)

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

11. EXT. CONGRESS BUILDING DAY 11.

CROWDS cover the steps of the Congress building. Flowers are piled high against the walls like snowdrifts. PALLBEARERS from the C.G.T. - the Confederación General del Trabajo - take the coffin down from its bier and carry it up the steps into the cathedral. The crowd on the steps sings 'Salve Regina':

SALVE REGINA #1

Music 2A

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

OH WHAT A CIRCUS #2

Music 2B

12. EXT. SIDE STREET DAY 12.

Back to an official portrait of Evita in a shop window. Black crepe, candles: a shrine. We pull back to see Ché.

CHÉ

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

The tranquil note is shattered by the smashing of glass and we see A CROWD OF ANTI-PERONISTS pulling a portrait out of another shop window. POLICE arrive. Violence. A car bursts into flames. People scream and scatter as the music breaks:

CHÉ (CONT.)

*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*

We intercut various images from the story about to unfold:

- a). Eva on the Casa Rosada balcony soaking up the adulation.
- b). A fire-bomb going off outside 'La Prensa' newspaper office.
- c). A bus being turned over and bursting into flames.
- d). Streams of people running from the tear-gas clouds.
- e). Eva on the back of a truck haranguing a union crowd.
- f). Eva throwing money at peasants from a train.
- g). Cipriano Reyes, the union leader, being shot at, climbing from his car with a bloody face, cradling his dead driver.
- h). Eva kissing children.
- i). Eva smiling, waving.
- j). Flames enveloping a banner of the 'Unión Democrática'.

CHÉ (CONT.)

*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*

SALVE REGINA #2

Music 2C

13. INT. MILONGA TANGO CLUB, BUENOS AIRES DAY 13.

THIRTY COUPLES. Ordinary people dance 'milonga'. A slow, anguished but beautiful tango. National grief felt in every movement of this national dance.

VOICES

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

We cut to various locations:

14. INT. SEEDY BAR - LA BOCA DAY 14.

People express their sorrow in the continued dance.

15. EXT. SHANTY TOWN DAY 15.

The dance continues.

16. EXT. DUSTY-TOWN STREET, PAMPAS DAY 16.

The dance continues.

On the break of the music to the massive orchestral swell,
we cut to:

17. INT. ROTUNDA DAY 17.

The cavernous, ornate interior. Lines of people snake up the marble staircases and down into the central hall, filing past the coffin, which sits among a horseshoe-shaped catafalque of mauve and white orchids. The lid is open: beneath thick protective glass, the preserved body of EVA. People kiss the glass, weep and collapse as they are helped off by the attendant SOLDIERS.

DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA

Music 2D

We hear Eva's voice, distant, as we slowly sweep down to the coffin.

EVA (V.O.)
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
So share my glory
So share my coffin

The camera finally comes to rest close on the face of Eva, seen through the coffin glass.

The sound of a Pampas wind whipping up the dust as we mix to:

18. EXT. CHIVILCOY STREET DAY 18.

The dust clears and we see the young Eva once more. Tears streak her face. The mourners at Juan Duarte's funeral walk down the street: a unified mass of black. Young Eva is yanked from behind by her eldest sister Blanca and hauled into the bus. On Young Eva's face as we hear:

EVA (V.O. CONT.)
So share my glory
So share my coffin

The bus pulls away down the street and dust obliterates the image once more as we hear in the far distance, sweetly:

CHÉ (V.O.)
It's our funeral too

19. EXT. JUNÍN, MAIN STREET, 1934 NIGHT 19.

A small Pampas town. Saturday night. Not much going on, but more going on than on a Friday.

20. INT. DOÑA JUANA'S BOARDING HOUSE, BEDROOM NIGHT 20.

A bedroom wall. Pictures of 1930's American movie stars torn from magazines. As the camera pans down slowly, we hear the sound of love-making. We reveal AGUSTÍN MAGALDI, 37, a popular tango singer. (Well, popular in this bedroom, anyway). There is a knock on the door. He turns around in a panic.

DOÑA JUANA (O.S.)
Señor Magaldi? It's seven o'clock.
You'll be late.

As the nervous Magaldi yanks on his trousers, emerging from the covers we see his companion for the first time. It is Eva. Very young. Pale complexion. Naked. A brunette.

21. INT. DOÑA JUANA'S BOARDING HOUSE, STAIRS NIGHT 21.

Magaldi rushes down the stairs, buttoning his waistcoat. The entire family stand at the foot of the stairs, in the small lobby. They hand him his coat, straw boater, and guitar case.

During this we have heard:

NOW EVA PERÓN...

Music 3

CHÉ (V.O.)
Now Eva Perón
Had every disadvantage
You need if you're gonna succeed
No money, no cash
No father, no bright lights
There was nowhere she'd been
At the age of fifteen
As this tango singer found out -

DOÑA JUANA
(spoken proudly, almost like
a hopeful future Mother-in-Law)
Agustín Magaldi!

Magaldi, regaining his aplomb, puts on his straw boater at a rakish angle. The family follows him out, and the camera rests on Ché, who is standing behind a small hotel desk.

His enigmatic presence is something we will encounter throughout our story.

CHE

The first man to be of use to Eva Duarte

He pulls on his own jacket and hat and looks up as Eva chases down the stairs, hurriedly finishing dressing. We hear the opening lines of 'On This Night of a Thousand Stars'. Eva applies her lipstick as she looks in the hallway mirror. She flashes a wicked, red-lipped smile at Ché.

ON THIS NIGHT OF A THOUSAND STARS

Music 3A

MAGALDI (O.S.)

On this night...

On this night...

22. INT. JUNIN BAR/RESTAURANT NIGHT 22.

A small-town club. On different levels: long straight balconies flank either side; a bar; tables and a cramped stage. This is not a fancy venue for Sr. Magaldi, whose slicked-back hair and mustache glisten as he sings, backed by a TANGO BAND:

MAGALDI (CONT.)

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!

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

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!

Eva and her family, at the bar, applaud with gusto. Although frankly the rest of the audience doesn't appear to be as enthusiastic.

23. INT. JUNÍN BAR/RESTAURANT, BACKSTAGE NIGHT 23.

More of a corridor to the kitchen than a dressing room. Crates are stacked against the walls, WAITERS go back and forth. A small sink, mirror and a few hooks.

Magaldi storms in, yanking off his jacket, Eva tags along, following close behind are the other BAND MEMBERS.

TO THINK THAT A MAN...

Music 4

EVA

To think that a man
As famous as you are
Could love a poor little nothing like me

MAGALDI

Eva....

EVA

I wanna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!

The band members and passing WAITERS, one of whom is Ché, join in, matter-of-factly.

CHÉ, BAND & WAITERS

She wants to be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!

Magaldi looks at his own reflection in the mirror as he hurriedly wipes off his make-up. Ché leans over his shoulder conspiratorially:

CHÉ

Just listen to that!
They're on to you Magaldi
I'd get out while you can

Magaldi grabs his jacket and guitar from Ché and makes for the back door. Eva follows:

EVA

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

Magaldi turns to her...this is starting to be serious.

MAGALDI

Now Eva don't get carried away...

Eva ignores him, takes his guitar and puts on his boater, as they rush through the kitchens to the back door.

EVA
Monotony past
Suburbia departed
Who could ever be fond
Of the back of beyond?

Magaldi is having nothing of it.

MAGALDI
Don't hear words that I didn't say

23A. EXT. JUNIN BAR/RESTAURANT ALLEYWAY NIGHT 23A.

As he pushes the back door open into the alley at the side of the club, he is confronted by the Ibargurens: Doña Juana, Blanca, Elisa, Erminda and Brother Juan.

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

Magaldi, somewhat incredulously, faces the family:

MAGALDI
The girl I love?
What are you talking about?

BROTHER JUAN
She really brightened up
Your out of town engagement

BLANCA, ELISA & ERMINDA
She gave you all she had
She wasn't in your contract

FAMILY
You must be quite relieved
That no one's told the papers -

DOÑA JUANA
So far!

Eva strides up to him. Defiant:

EVA
I wanna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!
(she pulls him closer, seductively)
Would I have done what I did
If I hadn't thought - if I hadn't known
We would stay together?

24. INT. DOÑA JUANA'S BOARDING HOUSE, STAIRS DAY 24.

The next morning. Magaldi comes down the stairs carrying his guitar case. Eva follows, wearing a simple, but pretty, cotton dress. She has a cardboard suitcase. Brother Juan leads the way, carrying Magaldi's bags.

SEEMS TO ME...

Music 4A

BROTHER 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

MAGALDI

The city can be paradise
for those who have the cash
The class and the connections -
What you need to make a splash

Eva puts on her hat as she looks in the hallway mirror.

MAGALDI (CONT.)

The likes of you get swept up
in the morning with the trash
If you were rich or middle class

Eva, still looking in the mirror, and fixing her hat and
hair, is determined, but matter of fact:

EVA

Screw the middle classes
I will never accept them
My father's other family were middle class
And we were kept out of sight, hidden from
view at his funeral

Happy with her appearance, she turns to Magaldi and smiles
confidently. Brother Juan returns through the front door,
puts his hand on Magaldi's shoulder.

BROTHER JUAN

Do all your one night stands
give you this trouble?

EVA BEWARE OF THE CITY

Music 4B

Magaldi makes one last attempt at dissuading her. He
tenderly takes her hand and pulls her off to the side.
'Eva Beware Of The City':

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 pulls away from him, picks up her suitcase and walks out the front door. She is on her way.

EVA
Bad is good for me
I'm bored so clean and so ignored
I've only been predictable - respectable!

25. EXT. JUNIN, ALLEY BETWEEN HOUSES DAY 25.

Eva strides ahead, ducking under the rows of washing, past dogs, chickens, disheveled KIDS playing in the dust, WOMEN holding BABIES: all of the gritty provincial poverty of back-street Junin. The family follows close behind Magaldi.

EVA (CONT.)
Birds fly out of here so why
Oh why oh why the hell can't I?
I only want variety of society
I wanna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!

The family agree with her. They probably want her out of there also.

FAMILY
She wants to be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!

Magaldi, anxious and sweating, is obviously outnumbered in opinions on this matter. He tries yet another tack.

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 has had enough of his spineless protestations. She drops her suitcase and confronts him physically, finally snatching one of his bags and clouting him with it. Magaldi's clothes fly everywhere. The two of them ending on their knees in the dust. She grabs the lapels of his jacket and pulls him closer.

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 last night - didn't I?

She gets up and dusts herself off.

EVA (CONT.)
I'm gonna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!

FAMILY
She's gonna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!

Magaldi, still on his knees. Brother Juan helps him snap the bags shut.

MAGALDI
Eva, beware your ambition
It's hungry and cold - can't be controlled
will run wild
This in a man is 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!

Eva picks up her bag and walks off down the alley, a pack of grubby KIDS run after her. A presage of things to come. Magaldi looks at Doña Juana, who simply answers with a shrug of 'sorry'.

26. EXT. JUNÍN, TRAIN STATION DAY 26.

The final bars of 'Eva Beware Of The City'.

Eva hugs and kisses her family goodbye, and follows a still protesting Magaldi up into the carriage.

BUENOS AIRES

Music 5

27. EXT. PAMPAS DAY 27.

Extended intro to 'Buenos Aires'.

Seen from the train: the Pampas; the small towns; the cattle; the sheep; the wheat; the poverty-stricken shanty towns on the edge of the big smoke (of a city named after beautiful air). Eva, at the train window, takes it all in.

28. INT. BUENOS AIRES, RETIRO RAILWAY STATION DAY 28.

The train steams into the station. Eva, hanging from the carriage window, can't wait to jump out.

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!

She climbs down, carrying her suitcase. Magaldi follows, still apprehensive, struggling with his own bags. Impoverished migrant WORKERS, streaming to the city, get off the train and engulf, but pay little attention to, Eva.

EVA (CONT.)

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

29. INT. 'COLLECTIVO' FAT CITY BUS DAY 29.

Strap-hanging on the sweaty, crowded bus, Eva takes in the magical streets of Buenos Aires. She has pulled her dress off of her shoulder: uninhibited and hot. Magaldi, lost in the crush with his bags, is still suffering her brash enthusiasm...

EVA (CONT.)

*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 driver this is where I'm staying*

30. EXT. BUENOS AIRES MARKET DAY 30.

Eva walks through the market overflowing with Argentine produce...Magaldi, as ever, lags a little behind.

EVA (CONT.)

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

31. EXT. SEEDY STREET, LA BOCA NIGHT 31.

The working-class Italian section: La Boca. A street full of cluttered bars and cafes. (Yes, Magaldi's still a couple of yards behind.) It is now night.

EVA (CONT.)

*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 strides down the street and into a bar.

32. INT. CANTINA, LA BOCA NIGHT 32.

No oversized, glamorized film set this, but a real bar, unique to Buenos Aires.

Eva and Magaldi enter. Magaldi puts down his bags. (At last. Will this woman ever stop?)

EVA (CONT.)
Stand back Buenos Aires
Because you oughta know whatcha
gonna get in me
Just a little touch of star quality!

Magaldi is left alone at the bar with his drink as Eva dances with the local buttock-pinching CHIRRIPOS, in their tight suits and gummed-back hair.

EVA (CONT.)
And if I ever 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

Magaldi, still at the bar, would be pissed off if he didn't have something else on his mind.

Musical break: No theater pit orchestra this, nor Hank Marvin.

Eva kicks up a storm on the small dance floor of the cantina.

On top of the bar, other CUSTOMERS strut their stuff. Flamenco. Latin. Raw. Ethnic. Vital. Sexual. Real.

EVA (CONT.)
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.

33. EXT. STREET, LA BOCA NIGHT 33.

Eva has had a great night. She leaves swinging her suitcase. Magaldi, even more perturbed than ever, for once leads the way.

EVA (CONT.)
Río de la Plata! Florida! Corrientes!
Nueve de Julio!
All I want to know!

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

Natural effects. Crying babies. Distant dogs. From below we see Magaldi standing at the top of a stairwell of a not too fancy apartment building. Eva wearily lags behind on the landing below. A door opens. A small CHILD is standing there in her nightdress. Her eyes light up.

CHILD

Papa? Papa!

The child jumps up into Magaldi's arms. Behind her SEÑORA MAGALDI appears, pulling on her dressing gown. Magaldi embraces her, picks up his bags and shuffles sheepishly inside. Sra. Magaldi looks at Eva. All of Eva's previous enthusiasm has drained away as she faces the first harsh reality of the Big Apple...all so apparent in Sra. Magaldi's world-worn face. She shrugs 'sorry' and closes the door.

ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL

Music 6

A dejected Eva picks up her suitcase and walks away, down the stone stairs and across the courtyard. Sad. However tough she is, she still hurts...Eva sings: 'Another Suitcase In Another Hall'.

EVA

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 anticipate it
But all the same I hate it - wouldn't you?
So what happens now?

CHORUS (O.S.)

Another suitcase in another hall

EVA

So what happens now?

CHORUS (O.S.)

Take your picture off another wall

EVA

Where am I going to?

CHORUS (O.S.)

You'll get by you always have before

EVA

Where am I going to?

35. EXT. STREET NIGHT 35.

Eva is out on the street. It's now very late. The only light is from a small cafe/bar and she crosses the street toward it. A car swishes past, very nearly hitting her, but she doesn't see it.

36. INT. SMALL CAFE/BAR NIGHT 36.

Eva puts down her suitcase and settles on a barstool. TWO HOOKERS sit at the end of the bar talking to the barman. The barman is Ché.

EVA (CONT.)

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 anyone can hurt me - and they do
So what happens now?

CHÉ

Another suitcase in another hall

EVA

So what happens now?

CHÉ

Take your picture off another wall

EVA

Where am I going to?

CHÉ

You'll get by you always have before

EVA

Where am I going to?

37. INT. THE BARS OF LA BOCA NIGHT 37.

A sultry, cool and somewhat melancholy instrumental break in 'Another Suitcase' as we see:

MONTAGE:

Seedy bars: The Gong, The Tabaris, The Embassy. The young Eva: bobbed brown hair, cheap, simple dresses and darned stockings. She drinks and dances, for 50 pesos a time, with various MEN from the barrio. The bars, the dances and the men merge into the haze of the cigarette smoke, as Eva survives.

38. INT. THEATRE, BUENOS AIRES DAY 38.

A casting cattle call. Eva sits among a long line of HOPEFULS. The producer, PABLO SUERO, a fat toad of a man, comes out of his office. He beckons the next GIRL, but on seeing Eva calls her in instead. The door closes. The door

opens. Suero comes out, doing up his belt, and beckons the next girl, who passes Eva on the way in. On Eva's face: another lesson. She walks past the line of STARLETS, as she concludes the verse and chorus of 'Suitcase'.

EVA (CONT.)

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 each
sad occasion
But that's no consolation here and now
So what happens now?

STARLETS

Another suitcase in another hall

EVA

So what happens now?

STARLETS

Take your picture off another wall

EVA

Where am I going to?

STARLETS

You'll get by you always have before

EVA

Where am I going to?

A photographer, HUEVO, sits at the top of the stairs. What he lacks in muscles, hair and good looks, he makes up for in cameras. He has lots of them. They are a beacon to our Eva. She's fallen on her feet again. Well, on her back, again.

HUEVO

Don't ask anymore

39. INT. AMBLADO HOTEL NIGHT 39.

Eva and Huevo make love in a seedy 'amblado': love hotel. Huevo's skinny body and egg-shaped head heave in the glow of the amber light. Eva fakes it as she makes an ugly man happy.

GOODNIGHT AND THANK YOU

Music 7

40. INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO DAY 40.

We hear the intro to 'Goodnight and Thank You'. Life, for Eva, is on the upturn, and she's learning fast.

Huevo takes cheesecake photos of Eva dressed in a bathing suit and sucking on an orange. At the back of the studio,

watching with great interest, is Huevo's boss, EMILIO KARTULOWICZ: gummed hair, pencil mustache, a lecherous suit-full of slime. But rich.

41. EXT. NEWS-STAND, BUENOS AIRES STREET DAY 41.

Eva enthusiastically searches for her picture in 'Sintonía' magazine. We see it in close up: one hand behind her head, cardboard smile and padded bra. (One day old Huevo will sell these pictures for a lot of money). We mix to:

42. PROCESS: 42.

Various pictures of Eva spin in to fill our screen, from different magazines - some innocent and 30's-glamorous, some a little risqué for the times...a glimpse of breast, a dress pulled up rather too high on the thigh.

43. INT./EXT. 'SINTONÍA' MAGAZINE OFFICE DAY 43.

We mix to a poster-sized version of the pin-up on the wall of 'Sintonía' magazine office, as Eva walks out with the boss, Kartulowicz. She is now slightly better dressed. But still brunette. She passes her old photographer boyfriend, Huevo, without acknowledging him.

44. EXT. NEWS-STAND, BUENOS AIRES STREET DAY 44.

Lines of magazines with Eva's face on the covers. Eva and Kartulowicz walk past on their way to his fancy Packard convertible.

45. INT. HALLWAY/EVA'S LA BOCA APARTMENT NIGHT 45.

Huevo leaves Eva's apartment with his cameras, as Eva enters on the arm of Kartulowicz. Ché, a neighbor washing the floor with a mop, offers condolences. He puts his arm around Huevo.

CHÉ

Goodnight and thank you whoever (Huevo)
She's in every magazine, been photographed,
seen, she is known
We don't like to rush
But your case has been packed
If she's missed anything you could give her
a ring
But she won't always answer the phone

Eva reappears from her apartment wearing her dressing gown. She offers a last explanation to the dejected Huevo.

EVA

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies
But we have pretended enough
It's best that we part, stop fooling
ourselves

CHE

Which means...

Ché does the straight-arm 'Up Yours' salute to conclude the music. Huevo vanishes down the stairs into history as Eva and Ché share the bitter philosophy of the reality of relationships.

EVA & CHE

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

46. INT.

THE ODEÓN BAR

NIGHT 46.

Brief musical break. Eva enjoys herself among the 'Hee-leefee': the Buenos Aires night life. She sits at a table with Kartulowicz. Ché, as a waiter, unloads his tray of drinks. Eva's brother, Juan, introduces her to a chubby man, SR. JABÓN: stubby cigar and figure to match. (He is the owner of the Radical Soap Company, whom brother Juan works for). Eva accepts Jabón's invitation to dance. Kartulowicz is left behind with Ché and Brother Juan.

CHE

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

On the dance floor, Eva is making her stubby partner look good. (In Argentina, fat little men like Sr. Jabón take the tango as seriously as any dockside chirripo).

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

Back to Ché and Brother Juan, who sit on either side of poor Kartulowicz at the table.

CHE

Which means...

Ché and Brother Juan both do the 'Up Yours' straight-arm salute as the music punctuates.

EVA, CHÉ & BROTHER 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

CHÉ
(in Kartulowicz's
face, honestly)
Don't blame her
You're the same

47. INT. 'RADIO EL MUNDO' STUDIO DAY 47.

Close up Eva, wearing earphones, singing at the microphone with TWO OTHER GIRLS in a small studio. A box of Sr. Jabón's 'Zaz' sits in front of them for inspiration. At their side sit a BANDOLEON PLAYER and a VIOLINIST. Sr. Jabón and Brother Juan watch through the glass of the control room. A crowd of RADIO WORKERS also watch.

The melody echoes the previous refrain.

EVA & TWO GIRLS
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're scented
You'll be sent

During this opus everyone in the control booth suddenly stand to attention as COLONEL ANÍBAL IMBERT enters. He is the military head of all radio transmissions. Contact is made between this stiff, self-important, military man and the pretty 'soap' singer during the last lines of the jingle.

48. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE EVA'S LA BOCA APARTMENT DAY 48.

Eva and Col. Imbert open the door and enter Eva's apartment. On his way up the stairs with a small bouquet of flowers and a small wrapped gift is Sr. Jabón. He has sadly taken it all in and stops in his tracks on the landing. Ché, as always, is close by, leaning over the stairwell balcony rail, ready to console the vanquished.

CHÉ

Goodnight and thank you Sr. Jabón
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 do up your trousers and go

Sr. Jabón looks down, hastily buttons his fly, and descends
the stairs into history.

49. INT. 'THE FRAGATA', NIGHT SPOT NIGHT 49.

Short musical break:

Ché, as a waiter, carries a tray of drinks through the
crowd, pulling the camera to Eva, who continues to enjoy
the 'hee-leefee'. She works the room in the company of Col.
Imbert. Eva is starting to be known, attracting the
attention of the PHOTOGRAPHERS and other MILITARY OFFICERS.
In a cluster also are Huevo, Kartulowicz, Jabón, and FOUR
OTHER PAST LOVERS, all holding small bouquets and gifts.
Eva brushes past them with an obligatory wave and token
smile, as she explains away her past to Imbert with all the
sincerity of, well, of a radio soap commercial.

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

Eva and Imbert have moved on, leaving us with Ché and the
rejected lovers.

CHÉ

Which means...

He does the straight-arm 'Up Yours' salute once more, as
the music punctuates. (Quite difficult with a tray of
drinks in hand).

LOVERS

This is a club I should never have joined
Someone has made us look fools
Argentine men call the sexual shots
Someone has altered the rules

Eva is in deep conversation at a table with Col. Imbert.
(Like all people who wear uniforms, he's a good deal less
impressive than he thinks he is). She works him.

EVA

Fame on the wireless as far as it goes
Is all very well but every girl knows

The camera drifts past her to Ché, who is passing behind.
He finishes her lines:

CHÉ

She needs a man she can monopolize
With fingers in dozens of different pies

Ché, balancing a tray of drinks above his head, passes the group of Eva's old paramours who make their way the door. They conclude their lament.

CHE & LOVERS

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies

Ché obligingly closes the door behind them with his foot to visually punctuate the conclusion of the music.

THE LADY'S GOT POTENTIAL

Music 8

50. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREETS DAY 50.

An energetic, guitar-driven introduction to 'The Lady's Got Potential'. (Or new title. NB: The following lyrics are merely a guide.)

A BOMB explodes in a government building. CIVILIANS pour down a narrow street, pursued by ARMY and POLICE vehicles. A mass of people stream across a square. A bus is turned over and bursts into flames. Innocent BYSTANDERS scatter everywhere.

Army tanks, armored vehicles, and truckloads of TROOPS pour into the city. The people of Buenos Aires stand and watch, helpless, resigned to the inevitable.

CHE

Now in 1943 they had a military coup
Behind it was a gang called the G.O.U.
They moved in and took control of the
situation
They got themselves elected at the point of
the gun
They were slightly to the right of Attila
the Hun
They took a rope and put a noose around the
neck of the nation

51. EXT. STREET DAY 51.

Military boots. Long boots. Fascist boots. They cast their long shadows as the sun falls at the dying of the light.

52. INT. CASA ROSADA, CABINET ROOM DAY 52.

More boots on marble stairs approaching the cabinet room of the civilian government of Ramón Castillo. The doors burst open and we see the POLITICIANS wearing their frock coats and very worried expressions. Surrounded by military with guns, the cabinet stands and promptly leaves the room. They are also resigned to the inevitable.

53. EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS DAY 53.

A shell explodes. Tanks and artillery pound away at a vastly outnumbered detachment of 100 NAVAL CADETS who hold out, vainly. The only resistance.

CHÉ (CONT.)

*Just one shell and governments fall like
flies
Kapow! Die!*

We see all 100 corpses of the dead navy cadets being laid out by the ARMY.

CHÉ (CONT.)

*They didn't have a chance
Now it's the strong guys
It's the power play dance
Just more lies
Backed up by tanks
When stupidity rules and democracy dies*

54. EXT. RÍO DE LA PLATA/FERRYBOAT DAY 54.

A ramp up to the Buenos Aires/Montevideo boat. The civilian government makes its exit from public life (as everyone does in Argentina, they leave for 'El Refugio': Montevideo). A banner, 'Uruguay Lines', is emblazoned on the side. Many will make this boat trip during our story.

55. EXT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY DAY 55.

The new military regime waves to the crowd. GENERAL ARTURO RAWSON, short, stocky, stands at the center, proudly wearing his blue-and-white presidential sash.

56. INT. MOVIE STUDIO DAY 56.

A black-and-white movie fills the screen: a cowboy shoot-out. We pull back to see the same image in the side viewfinder of an old Mitchell movie camera. We cut back to the set. Eva, as a pretty, now blonde, ingenue, piles on the melodrama. Behind the cameras we see Col. Imbert and a number of other MILITARY GENTLEMEN who watch approvingly.

CHÉ (CONT.)

*Now getting back to Eva, she was gonna
go far
She got into the movies but was not
yet a star
The biggest social climber since Cinderella
Now no one can deny that she had what it
takes*

The DIRECTOR sits, frustrated, hand to his brow - a beaten man. The rest of the CREW seem equally unimpressed. However, Imbert and the other army officers vigorously applaud her not very good, rather theatrical, performance.

CHÉ (CONT.)

*With just the right friends you get all
the right breaks
O.K. she couldn't act, but who's gonna tell
her?*

Now the crew and the director also join in the applause. In the shadow of the military, who wouldn't?

57. EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING, BUENOS AIRES DAY 57.

A tank fires. A wall explodes. A truckload of SOLDIERS wipes the screen.

57A. INT. GEN. ARTURO RAWSON'S OFFICE DAY 57A.

We see General Rawson ordered out of his office at gunpoint by his 'comrades' at arms. He is promptly removed from the presidential office.

CHÉ (CONT.)

*Just one shell and governments fall
like flies
Kapow ! Die!
They didn't have a chance*

58. EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING DAY 58.

A squad of SOLDIERS marches by. They wear their Nazi-like helmets and do the goose-step.

59. EXT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY DAY 59.

Another group of OFFICERS takes the salute. In the center is GENERAL PEDRO RAMÍREZ, who now wears the presidential sash. The camera glides past him to a Colonel, the only one in a white dress uniform, standing behind in the second row of officers. This is COLONEL JUAN DOMINGO PERÓN: tall and handsome, with a white smile as wide as the balcony.

60. EXT. ARTILLERY DAY 60.

A cannon explodes.

61. EXT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY DAY 61.

The same balcony, but with a re-shuffling of the occupants. Ramírez is gone, EDELMIRO FARRELL, a lanky, dour General, now wears the presidential sash. Colonel Perón is now a little closer to the front of the balcony, right behind Farrell's shoulder.

CHÉ (CONT.)

*Now it's the strong guys
It's the power play dance
But who rules?
Who wears the pants?
When stupidity rules and democracy dies*

Marching boots and shiny helmets fill the screen.

62. EXT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE DAY 62.

A motorcade of jeeps and motorcycles flanks Colonel Perón's black military car as it pulls up in the midst of a crowd of Meat Packers UNION MEMBERS. Perón is greeted heartily as he climbs out. Among them Cipriano Reyes, the prominent Union leader, who hugs Perón warmly.

CHÉ (CONT.)

The man behind the President who was
calling the shots
Was a Colonel in the army behind
all of the plots
And he goes by the name of Colonel Perón
He began his career in the army overseas
Watching Mussolini bring his country
to its knees
But the unions loved no man but
Colonel Perón

63. INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE DAY 63.

We see Perón glad-handing with the unions among the blood and gore of the slaughter house. Strike banners everywhere. Perón's toothpaste-smile shines in the middle of his ruddy face, his pumping hands working overtime. This is a man finely attuned to the grit and dust of daily life.

Punctuated by:

64. EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS DAY 64.

A tear-gas gun explodes in close up. STUDENTS run from their barricade, carrying two bloodied BODIES. POLICE and ARMY move in among them with their batons and rifle butts.

CHÉ (CONT.)

Just one shell and the tear-gas
fell like rain
Kapow! Die!
They didn't have a chance
Now it's the strong guys
It's the power play dance

65. EXT. STREET, BUENOS AIRES DAY 65.

A truck full of CIVILIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS, with military escort, trundles past on its way to Patagonia.

66. INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE, OFFICE DAY 66.

A dispute is settled. On one side of the table, seriously depressed slaughter house BOSSES. Very subdued. On the other side, animated WORKERS shake hands with Perón, who sits in the middle.

CHE (CONT.)

That's not Perón's game
He doesn't dirty his hands
And the people just keep
calling his name

67. INT. WORKING CLASS BAR DAY 67.

Perón, surrounded by jovial WORKERS, drinks a toast to their joint success. Suddenly, everything begins to shake. Glasses and bottles crash down from the shelves.

68. EXT. SAN JUAN DAY 68.

Buildings collapse in clouds of dust. Devastation. The aftermath of an earthquake. Panic. Ambulances. RELIEF WORKERS. DOCTORS. NURSES. VICTIMS being pulled from buildings. Dead and alive. BODIES covered. The homeless and the bereaved being consoled.

CHE (CONT.)

An earthquake hit the town of San Juan
Kapow! Die!
They didn't have a chance
So now Perón knew
It was a power play dance
To be the one who
Gets all the thanks
And the people would just call
for Juan Perón

CROWD (O.S., distant)

Perón! Perón! Perón!

We see newsreel footage of Perón, striding through the rubble. The concern on his face conveniently captured by NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS and NEWSREEL CAMERAS, whom we pull back to see as the color returns to our film. Ché is with one of the newsreel teams.

CHE

He called for a concert for the victims
of the quake
A star-studded party for charity's sake
He invited every actor, dancer and diva
It was January 22nd, 1944
It was a night to remember, oh that's
for sure
Because that's the night when Juan finally
met our Eva
Because that's the night when Juan finally
met our Eva

ON THIS NIGHT...

Music 9

69. INT. OPERA HOUSE NIGHT 69.

Applause. The star-studded GLITTERATI of Buenos Aires assemble for Perón's charity concert in aid of the victims of the San Juan earthquake. Eva's old beau, Agustín Magaldi, is center stage. Behind him, an enormous thermometer shows the progress of the earthquake fund contributions. Ché, black tie and tuxedo, stands in the wings.

We hear a reprise of 'On This Night of a Thousand Stars'.

MAGALDI

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!

Ché walks on stage, leading the applause.

CHÉ

Ladies and gentleman, Agustín Magaldi!

Applause. Magaldi makes his exit, rather pleased, if not surprised, with the audience's charitable reception.

70. INT. OPERA HOUSE, BACKSTAGE NIGHT 70.

The large backstage area, where the better-connected, overdressed GUESTS mill around: military, politicians, show business. Magaldi passes Eva, who is escorted by Col. Imbert and surrounded by other dapper, drooling admirers. She looks beautiful in her black dress, long black gloves and white feather hat. Eva is surprised to see Magaldi after all these years.

EVA / MAGALDI

Music 9A

EVA (spoken)

Magaldi!

MAGALDI (spoken)

Eva Duarte?

EVA

Your act...hasn't changed much

MAGALDI

Neither has yours

Out of the applause comes a chant from the CROWD. The GUESTS surge to the wings to get a better look.

PERÓN'S SPEECH

Music 9B

CROWD

Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

71. INT. OPERA HOUSE NIGHT 71.

Col. Perón climbs the steps to the stage and waves his arms with all the spurious modesty of a born politician.

PERÓN

I stand here as a servant of the people
As we come together for a marvelous cause
You've shown by your presence your deeds
and applause
(fake bashful gesture)
What the people can do - true power
is yours!
Not the government's - unless it represents
the people

The crowd cheers and howls its approval.

CROWD

Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

ART OF THE POSSIBLE

Music 9C

Leaning on the side of the stage, Ché sings softly as the chants for Perón continue: just one acrid verse of 'The Art of the Possible'.

CHÉ

One always picks
The easy fight
One praises fools
One smothers light
One shifts from left to right
Politics...the art of the possible

CROWD (CONT.)

Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

I'D BE SURPRISINGLY GOOD FOR YOU

Music 9D

72. INT. OPERA HOUSE, BACKSTAGE NIGHT 72.

As the curtain parts, a strong, dramatic back-light throws huge shadows across the backstage area. Perón glides through the warm congratulations of the assembled notables.

He signs autographs and jokes playfully with TWO FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRLS. A paradigm of geniality, he works the crowd. Back-slaps. Pumping hands. As always, his 'Colonel Toothpaste' smile working overtime. Making his way through the adoring throng, he suddenly comes face to face with Eva. The rest of the gathering seems to slowly, smoothly, melt away into the shadows.

EVA
Colonel Perón?

PERÓN
Eva Duarte?

EVA & PERÓN
I've heard so much about you!

EVA
I'm amazed! For I'm only
an actress
Nothing to shout about
Only a girl on the air

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

The two of them move away from the crowd to the side of the stage, lit by the glow of an amber light above the battery of stage switches.

EVA
But when you act
The things you do affect us all

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

She glances over to her escort Col. Imbert (who is not about to be possessive, considering the nature of his opposition). We see him watching apprehensively, and then, prudently, he too steps back into the shadows.

EVA
Yes, oh yes...

PERÓN
So am I
What a fortunate coincidence
Maybe you're my reward for my efforts here
tonight

73. INT. OPERA HOUSE, STAIRCASE NIGHT 73.

A back staircase. Empty but for Eva and Perón and his TWO MILITARY BODYGUARDS. Perón puts Eva's coat over her shoulders.

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

74. EXT. ALLEY, SIDE OF TEATRO COLÓN NIGHT 74.

Eva and Perón come out into a side alley. His black military sedan, discreetly parked, is guarded by more SOLDIERS, who stand smartly to attention as the two appear. Eva continues singing to Perón as he walks around to the other side of the car.

EVA (CONT.)
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 tell me so

Eva ducks into the car, as does Perón.

EVA (CONT.)
But you really should know
I'd be good for you
I'd be surprisingly good for you

75. EXT. PERÓN'S CAR NIGHT 75.

Perón's car slithers through the wet Buenos Aires streets.

75A. INT. PERÓN'S CAR NIGHT 75A.

In the back, Eva sinks into the black leather seats. She looks into her compact mirror, freshening her lipstick: provocative, but a little guarded. Perón stares ahead. She back-tracks a little on her proposition. Maybe she's being too presumptuous?

EVA (CONT.)
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?

Perón looks at her. This is a serious woman...and a very beautiful one.

76. INT. STAIRCASE TO EVA'S LA BOCA APARTMENT NIGHT 76.

Alone, Eva and Perón walk up the well-worn stairs to her apartment.

EVA (CONT.)

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

She opens the door.

77. INT. EVA'S LA BOCA APARTMENT NIGHT 77.

Wistful sax break of 'I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You'.

The light comes from the street outside the window. Eva and Perón dance. Hot. Latin. Close. Their dance culminates with a kiss.

Perón, close to her face. Softly, almost whispered:

PERÓN

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

In the half-light, Eva coolly undresses. Across the other side of the bed, Perón does the same.

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

Sex. Fragmented. Dissonant. Shadows. Lust. Flesh. The eternal battle for power between the sheets. Over this we hear:

EVA AND PERÓN (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

78. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREETS DAWN 78.

We see a reflection of the Casa Rosada in a giant puddle, which is suddenly broken as the wheels of Perón's car swish through the Buenos Aires streets.

79. INT. PERÓN'S CAR DAWN 79.

Perón and Eva. Silence. They both stare ahead toward nothing, and everything.

80. EXT. MILITARY CAMPO, BARRACKS DAWN 80.

Perón's car pulls up to the gates of the Military Campo. A GUARD OFFICER salutes and raises the barrier. The car splashes onward past the cavalry horses on their early morning exercises.

81. INT. MILITARY CAMPO, OFFICERS' APARTMENTS DAWN 81.

Eva and Perón walk along the corridor. (Pretty fancy for a military establishment. But this is Argentina; the army has never stinted on comfort). Outside his front door, Perón stands back and shrugs. Eva has something to do. Perón pushes the door open for her and she strides into the apartment.

82. INT. MILITARY CAMPO APARTMENT, HALLWAY DAWN 82.

Eva purposefully marches down the inner hallway to the bedroom. Opens the door.

HELLO AND GOODBYE

Music 10

83. INT. MILITARY CAMPO, PERÓN'S BEDROOM DAWN 83.

On the face of Perón's fifteen-year-old MISTRESS. She is a little bewildered as Eva shakes her awake. Softly, and with just enough polite sincerity, Eva breaks the news:

EVA
Hello and goodbye!
I've just unemployed you
You can go back to school
You've 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 sit there like a dummy!
The day you knew would arrive
Is here - you'll survive
So move, funny face!

84. INT. MILITARY CAMPO, PERÓN'S LIVING ROOM DAWN 84.

The Mistress appears from the bedroom, now fully dressed, her bag packed. She still hasn't said a word. Nor has the cowardly Perón, who sits on the edge of an armchair, his overcoat still draped over his shoulders. Eva puts her arm around the young woman as she walks her to the open door. Perón's DRIVER stands beyond, in the hallway.

EVA (CONT.)

*I like your conversation -
you've a catchy turn of phrase
You're obviously going through
some adolescent phase...*

The Mistress, now at the door, looks to Perón for some reaction - some explanation. He returns her look.

Sympathetic. Pragmatic. Selfish. He walks toward her and places a wad of peso notes into her hand. He strokes her hair condescendingly.

MISTRESS

So what happens now?

PERÓN

You'll get by you always have before

MISTRESS

Where am I going to?

DRIVER

Don't ask anymore

The driver takes her bag as she steps out the door. He closes it behind her.

PERÓN'S LATEST FLAME

Music 11

85. EXT. POLO GROUNDS DAY 85.

The intro to 'Perón's Latest Flame' begins:

The thwack of a polo ball. A polo match in progress. Beautiful HORSES and brilliant RIDERS.

A very smartly-dressed CROWD cheer from the bleachers. In the enclosure, the Buenos Aires 'oligarchs' mill around in their finery. Flunky waiters, flowers, lace tablecloths: all of the colonial trappings of the privileged class.

Eva, a tad more overdressed than the oligarch ladies, glides by on the arm of Perón, dressed in his smart white uniform. Other MILITARY greet them cordially, but the ARISTOS keep their distance.

Ché, dressed in a smart suit and straw Homburg of the Porteño, a reporter's notebook in hand, gives us his impressions:

CHÉ
At the watering holes
Of the well-to-do
I detect a resistance to

A group of ARISTOS answer, whilst WAITERS hover
attentively, unloading their trays full of Pimms.

ARISTOCRATS
(nonchalantly)
Precisely!

CHÉ
Our heroine's style

ARISTOCRATS
We're glad you noticed!

CHÉ
The shooting sticks
of the upper class

ARISTOCRATS
Give her an inch...

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

ARISTOCRATS
...she'll take a mile!

As a block, the Aristos make an exit.

ARISTOCRATS (CONT.)
Such a shame she wandered
Into our enclosure
How unfortunate this person
Has forced us to be blunt

Another group, on the bleachers:

ARISTOCRATS (CONT.)
No we wouldn't mind
Seeing her at Harrods
But behind the jewelry counter
Not in front

86. INT. CÍRCULO MILITAR OFFICERS' CLUB DAY 86.

Boots on a marble floor. We pan up to a group of ARMY
OFFICERS, who stride along an ornate corridor of the swanky
Buenos Aires military club.

Ché keeps up with them in his role as reporter. He
scribbles notes on his pad as he ventures a question:

CHÉ
Could there be in our fighting corps
A lack of enthusiasm for

OFFICERS
Exactly!

CHÉ
Perón's latest flame?

OFFICERS
You said it, brother!

They storm past him into the wood-panelled bar.
Ché addresses the camera:

CHÉ
Should you wish
To cause great distress
In the tidiest officer's mess
Just mention her name

Another group of OFFICERS, coming up the grand staircase,
answer him.

OFFICERS
That isn't funny!

87. INT. CÍRCULO MILITAR, OFFICERS' BAR DAY 87.

We see a whole line of officers at the bar. 'Perón's Latest
Flame' begins:

OFFICERS (CONT.)
Perón is a fool - breaking every taboo
Installing the girl in the Army H.Q.
And she's an actress! The last straw

88. INT. MILITARY CAMPO, SHOWERS DAY 88.

A long line of OFFICERS scrubbing themselves in the shower.
The camera tracks along the bare buttocks, twists and
returns past the faces.

OFFICERS (CONT.)
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

89. INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICES DAY 89.

PRESIDENT FARRELL, in his presidential sash, is followed up
the marble staircase, surrounded by other members of his
CABINET: a mixture of military and civilians.

CABINET MEMBER 1
The evidence suggests
She has other interests

CABINET MEMBER 2
*If it's her who's using him
He's exceptionally dim*

PRESIDENT FARRELL
Bitch!

90. EXT. MILITARY CAMPO, PARADE GROUND DAY 90.

A mass of Argentine SOLDIERS fills the screen, wearing their distinctive helmets.

SOLDIERS
Dangerous Jade!

91. INT. DEL MOLINO'S RESTAURANT NIGHT 91.

Eva and Perón, both smartly-dressed, move through the restaurant with their ENTOURAGE, including Brother Juan and Mother Doña Juana, as they are shown to their table. The watching OLIGARCHY, at the other tables, comment as one:

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*

91A. INT. BELGRANO RADIO STATION DAY 91A.

Eva is at the microphone broadcasting her radio programme, 'Toward A Better Tomorrow'.

EVA
*I'm only a radio star with just
one weekly show
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*

92. EXT. MILITARY CAMPO, PARADE GROUND DAY 92.

Back to the mass of helmeted soldiers we saw a moment ago, marching toward us, their faces filling the screen. They about-turn: we see only helmets, they turn again. They sing throughout:

SOLDIERS
*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*

93. Deleted (now scene 91A)

93.

94. INT. CASA ROSADA, CABINET ANTE ROOM DAY 94.

Black-suited CIVIL SERVANTS, a few MILITARY, sit listening to the radio. 'Perón's Latest Flame' continues:

CABINET

*But once they allow a bit on the side
To move to the center where she's not
qualified
We are forced to mark his card*

95. INT. MILITARY CLUB, FENCING ROOM DAY 95.

TWENTY OFFICERS, in fencing garb, sing while they fence.

OFFICERS

*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*

Their fencing FX take the percussion.

96. EXT. MILITARY CAMPO, PARADE GROUND DAY 96.

Our mass of helmeted faces once more:

SOLDIERS

*Slut!
Dangerous Jade!*

97. EXT. ANOTHER MOVIE THEATRE NIGHT 97.

Eva and Perón attend a movie premiere. She wears a fur stole, elegant dress, jewelry, the works. Ché and other REPORTERS crowd around her as she gets out of Perón's black military sedan, surrounded by brown-suited HEAVIES.

CHÉ

*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 sleep - dine - with yesterday?*

EVA

*Acting is limiting, the lines not mine
That's no help to the Argentine*

CHÉ

*Can we assume then that you'll quit?
Is this because of your involvement
with Colonel Perón?*

HEAVIES

Goodnight and thank you

MONTAGE:

98. EXT. RAILWAY YARD DAY 98.

Perón on the back of a goods wagon, making a speech to a gathering of workers. Eva at his side. Perón introduces her. She shyly takes the WORKERS' applause. Perón embraces her and she coyly buries her head in his chest. The crowd screams its approval. Who said she couldn't act? All of this is not lost on Perón.

99. EXT. RAILWAY YARD DAY 99.

Eva kissing the workers' BABIES at the same rally.

100. INT. FILM SET DAY 100.

Eva on another film set, another costume drama. Perón stands at the back, admiringly. MILITARY bring in more cans of raw stock (a rare commodity in 1945) for the grateful CAMERA CREW...

101. EXT. COAL MINE DAY 101.

A mass of MINERS, their faces black with coal dust. Perón and Eva and UNION LEADERS marching arm in arm.

Over this we have heard:

ENTIRE CHORUS. (O.S)

*She won't be kept happy by her nights
on the tiles
She says it's his body but she's after
his files
So get back onto 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*

102. EXT. MILITARY CAMPO, CAVALRY BARRACKS DAY 102.

Eva shakes the hands of favored MILITARY on horseback, who are flattered by her attention. Another squad of MOUNTED CAVALRY watch nearby, rather less pleased with her presence, or her regal presumption.

MOUNTED MILITARY CAVALRY

*The evidence suggests
She has other interests
If it's her who's using him
He's exceptionally dim*

103. INT. THE JOCKEY CLUB DAY 103.

A splendid place. Members of the privileged class sit at their tables where they, and their fathers, have always sat, sipping their cocktails. As all ruling classes before the fall, they are still protesting, but somehow resigned to the inevitable. Slowly. Sadly.

ARISTOCRATS

*Things have reached a pretty pass
When someone pretty lower class
Graceless and vulgar, uninspired
Can be accepted and admired...*

A moment of silence, just the sound of glasses and china clinking, as they sit there considering the unthinkable.

104. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREETS NIGHT 104.

Perón's black sedan swishes through the Buenos Aires Streets, flanked by a military motorcycle ESCORT. We can't help but notice the graffiti scrawled in red paint on a wall as the car passes: 'TO THE GALLOWS, PERÓN'.

DICE ARE ROLLING

Music 12

105. INT. PERÓN'S CAR NIGHT 105.

Perón and Eva sit in the back of the sedan, exhausted after another day of climbing the political ladder. Perón speaks (sings) softly, conversationally, almost as if he doesn't want the DRIVER to hear.

PERÓN

*Dice are rolling
The knives are out
Would-be president are all around
I don't say they mean harm
But they'd each give an arm
To see us six feet underground*

106. EXT. CALLE POSADAS APARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT 106.

Perón's car comes to a halt outside Eva and Perón's town apartment on Calle Posadas in the Barrio Norte of Buenos Aires. The car doors are opened as the two of them alight... Eva continues their conversation as they walk to the lobby of the apartment building:

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?*

107. INT. POSADAS APARTMENT, METAL CAGED LIFT NIGHT 107.

The doors of the metal caged elevator slam shut. Perón leans wearily against the inside panelled wall. Eva continues, moving closer, now that they are alone:

EVA (CONT.)

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

PERÓN

There again we could be foolish
Not to quit while we're ahead
For distance lends enchantment
And that is why
All exiles are distinguished
More important, they're not dead
I could find job satisfaction in Paraguay

108. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE POSADAS APARTMENT NIGHT 108.

Eva and Perón walk out of the elevator toward their apartment.

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

They (and we) hear:

CROWD (O.S.)

Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

108A.

P.O.V - EVA

108A.

Eva moves to the hallway window and draws back the blind. She (and we) sees a SMALL CROWD gathering on the street below, because there is now a strong MILITARY presence: SOLDIERS lining the street; armored cars; Jeeps.

109. INT.

POSADAS APARTMENT

NIGHT 109.

Dramatic break to 'A New Argentina'.

As Eva and Perón open the door to: a room full of GUNS. OFFICERS, SOLDIERS. Army, Navy. They hand Perón a piece of paper and take him by the arm. Perón, a professional soldier, resigns himself to the formalities with the expected dignity. Eva, however, follows no such rules and becomes hysterical:

EVA
What are you doing? Juancito! Don't
let them take you away! No! No!

The soldiers pull Eva off of Perón as he is led away.

110. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE POSADAS APARTMENT NIGHT 110.

Eva rushes after them into the hallway and the metal gate crashes shut. As the lift descends, we see Perón's face looking back at Eva. Resigned, almost as if he had failed her.

On Eva. She won't fail him.

A NEW ARGENTINA #1

Music 12A

111. EXT. SHANTY TOWN DAY 111.

Two truckloads of WORKING PEOPLE roar through the shanty town on their way to the city.

WORKERS
*A new Argentina!
The chains of the masses untied!*

112. EXT. TRUCK, STOCKYARD DAY 112.

Standing high among the workers who crowd the truck, flags and banners fluttering around him, is Ché leading the battle cry.

CHÉ AND WORKERS (CONT.)
*A new Argentina!
The voice of the people
Cannot be denied!*

113. INT. STUDIO 'RADIO BELGRANO' DAY 113.

Eva, hair swept back, wearing a subdued, no-nonsense, business suit, is at the microphone. She passionately makes her case to the people over the air. WORKERS crowd the room. They have taken over the radio station.

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?*

114. EXT. RETIRO RAILWAY STATION DAY 114.
WORKERS, PEONS, pour off the trains carrying banners.

115. EXT. CONGRESS BUILDING DAY 115.
A truckload of WORKERS, flags waving, roars past. The lome
of the Congress building behind.

116. EXT. DOCKS DAY 116.
CHÉ marches at the head of the WORKERS as others join the
march. Cipriano Reyes and his MEAT PACKERS come from
another direction as the two mighty crowds merge as one.

CHÉ, REYES AND WORKERS
A new Argentina!
A workers' battle song!
A new Argentina!
The voice of the people
Rings out loud and long!

117. EXT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE DAY 117.
Eva addresses a crowd of workers from the back of a truck
which bristles with loudspeaker cones. All around her 'Free
Perón' and 'Laborista' banners in red. Brother Juan is at
her side.

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've found my salvation
In Perón - may the nation
Let him save them as he saved me

118. EXT. BUENOS AIRES AVENIDA NIGHT 118.
The CROWD on the march. A giant red banner says,
'CONFEDERACIÓN GENERAL DEL TRABAJO'. Eva is at the head of
the procession, with Ché and Reyes on either side. Torches.
Newsreel cameras. Our images intercut with black-and-white
footage.

EVA, CHÉ, REYES & CROWD
A new Argentina!
A new age about to begin!
A new Argentina!
We face the world together
And no dissent within!

119. INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS

DAY

119.

Different WORKERS.

WORKER #1

*Nationalization of the industries
That the foreigners control*

WORKER #2

Participation in the profits that we make

WORKER #3

Shorter hours

WORKER #4

Higher wages

WORKER #5

Votes for women

WORKER #6

Larger dole

WORKER #7

More public spending

ALL

A bigger slice of every cake

THERE AGAIN WE COULD BE FOOLISH

Music 12B

120. INT.

PRISON

DAY

120.

Perón and Eva across a table, in a prison visiting room. Naval Military POLICE are on guard, just out of earshot. Perón, forever the pragmatist, reaches for Eva's hand as he offers an alternative to this political tinder-box.

PERÓN

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

Eva will hear nothing of it. If Perón is getting cold feet, she certainly isn't.

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?

A NEW ARGENTINA #2

Music 12C

121. EXT. PRISON, STEPS DAY 121.

To the Peronista CROWD/MOB outside the prison.

CROWD
Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

Eva, comes out onto the steps and addresses the crowd.
Microphones and plentiful PRESS, including newsreel
CAMERAMEN.

EVA
Perón has resigned from the army
and this we avow
The descamisados are those he is
marching with now!
He supports you for he loves you
Understands you - is one of you
If not - how could he love me?

122. EXT. BUENOS AIRES AVENIDA NIGHT 122.

Wide shot from above of the MOB on the move. Closer, we
find Evita at its head once more, with Ché and Reyes.

ALL
A new Argentina!
The chains of the masses untied!
A new Argentina!
The voice of the people
Cannot be
And must not be
Denied!

123. INT. CASA ROSADA, ANTE ROOM NIGHT 123.

The cabinet crowds the room. President Farrell stands at the window. We go closer:

PRESIDENT FARRELL
(softly)

Release him.

124. EXT. PRISON STEPS NIGHT 124.

The CROWDS swarm over the steps of the jail, the MILITARY and POLICE stand by helpless (or complicit) as Perón, in civilian clothes, is released.

CROWD
(or repeated verse from
'A New Argentina')

Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

Eva, overwhelmed with tears, buries her head in Perón's shoulder in the characteristic way that she always did. He kisses her on the forehead, sharing their love with the mob, as he always did. He pulls off his coat and rolls up his sleeves for the first time (but not the last) as he joins the ranks of the descamisados. The mob shrieks its approval at this gesture.

HOW ANNOYING...

Music 12D

125. INT. SAINT FRANCIS CHURCH, LA PLATA DAY 125.

Short, pretty, musical interlude. (Possibly melody from Perón's 'There again we could be foolish not to quit while we're ahead...').

At the La Plata mission church of Saint Francis, a PRIEST marries Perón and Eva. Perón wears sombre civilian clothes, and Eva a tailored, ivory-colored suit and floppy hat.

126. EXT. SAINT FRANCIS CHURCH, LA PLATA DAY 126.

Outside, the couple, surrounded by Doña Juana, Brother Juan, sisters Blanca, Elisa and Erminda, and Perón's best man, DOMINGO MERCANTE, celebrate the wedding. As the camera moves among the small crowd we find Ché, as a reporter, who offers to the camera:

CHÉ
How annoying that they have to
Fight elections for their cause
The inconvenience - having to get a
majority
If normal methods of persuasion
Fail to win them applause
There are other ways of establishing
authority

MONTAGE BREAK

Music 12E

127. EXT. OPPOSITION RALLY 1 DAY 127.

As the music breaks: we see a rally for the Peronist opposition: the 'Unión Democrática'. Peronist THUGS scuffle with the SUPPORTERS. POLICE move in, batons swinging, and open fire. As the crowds clear, THREE lie dead. We see Ché and COMPANIONS, dragged off by the scruffs of their necks.

128. EXT. PERÓN'S ELECTION TRAIN, HINTERLAND DAY 128.

Perón stumps the hinterland from his election train: 'The Descamisado'. Eva, as always, is at his side. The banners of his party: 'Partido Laborista' are everywhere. CROWDS. GAUCHOS on horseback. The whole triumphant Peronist circus.

129. EXT. OPPOSITION RALLY 2 DAY 129.

CROWDS panic as a fire breaks out on the rostrum. MOUNTED POLICE, ever present, gallop in. Tear-gas fired. People scatter. Ché helps a WOMAN and her CHILD, sobbing with the smoke. "The whole of downtown was crying of tear-gas". In close up: flames envelop the 'Unión Democrática' banner.

130. EXT. MENDOZA, VINEYARD DAY 130.

Perón and Eva glad-hand the WORKERS at a vineyard. Perón yanks off his coat and rolls up his sleeves once more. Eva kisses CHILDREN. Hugs ELDERLY LADIES.

131. EXT. WALLS DAY 131.

Intercut during this montage...the war of the walls: 'Unión Democrática' posters are obliterated as 'Partido Laborista' political posters are slapped up; graffiti for Perón; graffiti for Evita; a mosaic of repeated 'Unión Democrática' posters is defiled with huge red letters scrawled across spelling 'Perón'; a poster says, 'Perón Si! Yanqui Non!'; close up, we pan down to another poster which proclaims, 'Ni Marxista! Ni Capitalista! Ni Fascista! - Peronista!'

132. INT. POSADAS APARTMENT NIGHT 132.

Perón, standing beneath a giant condor on the wall, is deep in discussion with his political CRONIES. Eva sits among them, listening intently, dressed in Perón's pajamas. Everyone eats from cans. Eva was always too busy to cook.

133. INT. CASA ROSADA, STATE ROOM DAY 133.

The walls of a Casa Rosada state room. Two formal portraits of the dour-faced President Farrell and his equally severe-looking wife are taken down.

134. INT. BALLOT BOXES DAY 134.

Different hands pop ballots into many different ballot boxes.

135. EXT. POLLING STATION, BUENOS AIRES DAY 135.

MOUNTED POLICE gallop past long lines of Argentine MEN who wait to vote. (NB: Women didn't get the vote in Argentina until October, 1947.)

136. EXT. JUNÍN, SQUARE DAY 136.

We track past a cart drawn by two tired old horses in the dusty square to MALE VOTERS lining up to vote. SOLDIERS with bayonets guard the polling building.

137. EXT. MENDOZA, VINEYARD DAY 137.

Past piled baskets of grapes to vineyard VOTERS lining up to vote. More SOLDIERS.

138. INT. POLLING STATION, BUENOS AIRES DAY 138.

Close up on a ballot box, fast pull-back to reveal Perón in a snazzy, white suit and smile to match, casting his ballot. Eva is at his side, for once only as an observer. The Graflexes rattle away, as do the newsreel cameras.

139. INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE DAY 139.

The WORKERS erupt with pleasure at the result of the election: a Peronist victory.

140. EXT. JUNÍN SQUARE DAY 140.

More celebrations.

141. EXT. COAL MINE DAY 141.
More celebrations among the black-faced mine workers.
The music building to:

142. EXT. AVENIDA NIGHT 142.
The largest CROWD we have ever seen surges down the Avenida toward the Plaza De Mayo. Flaming torches; Peronist and Laborista banners; portraits of Perón; portraits of Eva.

CROWD
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!

PERÓN'S SPEECH

Music 13

143. EXT. PLAZA DE MAYO NIGHT 143.
The massive, jubilant CROWD fills the Plaza De Mayo. People are everywhere: atop trucks, buses, statues, lamp-posts, Metro station entrances and fountains.

ANNOUNCER
People of Argentina!
Your newly-elected President - Juan Perón!

CROWD
Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

The searchlights rake the face of the Casa Rosada. Out onto the balcony steps Perón, surrounded by his POLITICAL CRONIES. On one side, the Vice-President, HORTENSIO QUIJANO, with his distinctive white, walrus mustache, and on the other, Domingo Mercante, in his familiar steel-rimmed glasses.

Perón approaches the battery of microphones, his arms gesturing in the Peronist salute. The crowds return his greeting with their own, as waves of white handkerchiefs flutter across the square. 'El Leder' once again yanks off his coat and rolls up his sleeves:

PERÓN
Argentinos! Argentinos!
We are 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 Perón - and
His wife, the first lady of Argentina
Eva Duarte de Perón!

CROWD
Perón! Perón! Perón!
Perón! Perón! Perón!

The chants for 'Perón' are gradually submerged by a growing call for 'Evita'.

CROWD (CONT.)
Evita! Evita! Evita!
Evita! Evita! Evita!

Perón, bemused by this, beckons to a reticent Eva, who stands back at a discreet distance among the medals and starched collars in the room adjoining the balcony.

144. INT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY ROOM NIGHT 144.

Eva, standing with Brother Juan, Doña Juana and her family, shyly accepts Perón's affectionate invitation. (She always knew how to make an entrance). Eva gingerly walks past the assembled DIGNITARIES as the camera, in one fluid motion, tracks with her and then follows her out onto the balcony into the blinding lights of the Plaza de Mayo. We see beyond her: the enormous crowd stretches forever into the distant darkness. Eva breathes in the heavy air of complete adoration. Pride. Vanity. Power. A short walk to center stage, where she would stay until her death. And after.

DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA

Music 13A

Over this, the introduction of 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina':

Perón kisses her on the forehead and, with great pride (and perhaps, theatrical political pragmatism) gently leads her to the microphones. Eva begins. Duplicitous or genuine? The actress and schemer or the true voice of the working class? Whatever, she sings her heart out.

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 me

The camera drifts from close on Eva toward the crowds. Past the faces of the working people of Argentina. Attentive. Enraptured. Including Ché, who sits between the bronze legs of the equestrian statue.

EVA (CONT.)

All you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you

FLASHBACKS:

- a). The Young Eva, standing in the dusty street of Chivilcoy, 1926.
- b). Eva crossing the wet street from Magaldi's apartment at night, carrying her cardboard suitcase.
- c). In slow motion, Eva dancing in the cantina, 1936.
- d). A hand passing a fifty peso note to her.
- e). A La Boca bar: the light burning through the smoke throwing into a distant, ethereal silhouette of memory, her dances with the men of the barrio.

EVA (CONT.)

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

145. EXT.

PLAZA DE MAYO

NIGHT 145.

The CROWDS in the plaza, the Casa Rosada beyond. The camera floats across the heads, banners and flags, then drifts toward the balcony and Eva.

EVA (CONT.)

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

Briefly, we cut to the face of Perón. Whatever his true inner thoughts are, they are not betrayed for one moment by his devoted public persona. To all the world, he really loved her. And perhaps he did.

Behind him, the faces of the military and the professional politicians do not appear to be so enamored.

We move back to Eva as the camera glides toward her.

EVA (CONT.)

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
Don't cry for me Argentina...

We track past the faces of the crowd. Still and attentive,
as they join in with a gentle humming.

Back to Eva.

EVA (CONT.)

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

We have moved in close on Eva, her most intimate connection
with the audience:

EVA (CONT.)

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

Orchestral break:

The camera sweeps back swiftly with the music, across the
crowd, mixing to fluid but fragmented images of a wider
view of Argentina.

146. EXT. ARGENTINA - VARIOUS DAY? 146.

The vast, incomprehensible beauty of it all...and also, on
the faces of the people, the poverty, and desperate need to
look forward to whatever these abundant natural riches
should deliver to all of its people.

All of their hopes, dreams and faith are conjured up in one
romantic, exotic success: Evita.

147. EXT. TRAIN DAY 147.

Finally, we drift up from the steel wheels of a train to
the face of a younger Eva at the carriage window, on her
way to Buenos Aires in 1936.

148. EXT. PLAZA DE MAYO NIGHT 148.

We cut back to the plaza, where the crowds are going wild: banners, flags, white handkerchiefs.

On the balcony, Eva soaks in the praise, waving to the worshipping masses. She moves to Perón and puts her head on his shoulder. He kisses her on the forehead once more and leads her back into the balcony room.

JUST LISTEN TO THAT...

Music 13B

149. INT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY ROOM NIGHT 149.

Eva kisses her mother and Brother Juan and says to them, almost child-like, softly:

EVA (CONT.)
*Just listen to that!
The voice of Argentina!
We are adored! We are loved!*

This is overheard by ONE OF THE FROCK-COATS, who speaks softly, out of the corner of his mouth, to his adjacent COMPANION:

FROCK-COAT
*Statesmanship is more
than entertaining peasants*

Eva catches this and snaps back:

EVA
We shall see, little man!

150. EXT. PLAZA DE MAYO NIGHT 150.

The crowd wants more. Particularly the WOMEN. They chant:

CROWD
*Evita Perón! La Santa Peronista!
Evita Perón! La Santa Peronista!
(Repeated...)*

151. INT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY ROOM NIGHT 151.

Eva and Perón take in the congratulations of the assembled dignitaries: the sycophants and the professional survivors.

The chant for Eva builds and Perón shrugs, smiles and gestures for her to return to the balcony.

152. EXT. PLAZA DE MAYO NIGHT 152.

On the crowd.

CROWD (CONT.)

Evita Perón! La Santa Peronista!

Evita Perón! La Santa Peronista!

(Repeated...)

Eva's return is not quite what anyone expected. She belts into the microphone with a serious political diatribe.

We fast-intercut: almost frenzied, from each loudspeaker cone as her speech bounces around the Plaza and the chant of 'Evita Perón! La Santa Peronista!' powers onward: an almost hysterical undercurrent.

EVA

I am only a simple woman

Who lives to serve Perón in his noble

crusade to rescue his people!

I was once as you are now!

We will take the riches from the oligarchs
only for you - for all of you!

One day you will inherit these treasures!

Descamisados! When they fire those cannons,
when the crowds sing of glory

It is not just for Perón,

but for all of us!

All of us!

During this we cut to: the POLITICIANS' faces; to the MILITARY; to Perón himself. They are all taken aback by the ferocity and presumption of her speech.

153. INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE NIGHT 153.

The night WORKERS in their bloodied aprons, surrounded by the gore of their profession, have stopped work. They listen to Eva's voice through a speaker.

154. EXT. CHIVILCOY SQUARE NIGHT 154.

The loudspeakers blare out Eva's voice. The LOCAL PEOPLE stand and listen.

155. EXT. SHANTY TOWN NIGHT 155.

The loudspeakers blare out Eva's voice. By the light of burning oil drums, the poor of Buenos Aires heedfully take it all in.

156. INT. JOCKEY CLUB NIGHT 156.

From behind, we see the moneyed class of Buenos Aires in their tuxedos and finery, crowded round the tall, elegant windows, looking toward the Plaza de Mayo from a different direction (with very much a different point of view). They listen to how they are about to lose their shirts, in a fashion somewhat different from the descamisados.

157. EXT. MENDOZA VINEYARDS NIGHT 157.

The loudspeakers blare out Eva's voice. The crowd of vineyard workers listens.

158. EXT. MILITARY CAMPO NIGHT 158.

The loudspeakers blare out Eva's voice. Lines of horses. The readied MILITARY CAVALRY stand silently listening.

159. INT. JOCKEY CLUB NIGHT 159.

As Eva's speech concludes, the OLIGARCHS wander back to their tables, to their cocktails and their bridge. They sing slowly, bleakly, their cheerless refrain:

ARISTOCRATS

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

In their midst, a lone ARISTO WOMAN answers them back with a little more candor, as she slowly and poignantly offers a reality check.

ARISTO WOMAN

*But our privileged class is dead
Look who they are calling for now*

On the faces of the oligarchy: the unthinkable has occurred.

160. INT. PALACIO UNZUÉ, CORRIDOR NIGHT 160.

Musical bridge.

The Presidential quarters at the Palacio Unzué. Perón, in his dressing gown, walks down the corridor to Eva's bedroom. He tries the door. Locked.

161. INT. PALACIO UNZUÉ, EVA'S BEDROOM NIGHT 161.

Eva sits at her dressing table, removing her make-up. She looks toward the door as she hears Perón's knock. She ignores it.

162. INT. PALACIO UNZUÉ, CORRIDOR NIGHT 162.

Perón pads back to his own room.

HIGH FLYING ADORED

Music 14

163. INT. CASA ROSADA, STATE ROOMS, STAIRCASE NIGHT 163.

'High Flying, Adored' begins:

New, strong bridge and intro.

Close on Perón's and Eva's official portraits as they are hung on the walls.

We cut to Eva and Perón climbing the marble staircase, making their entrance to the inaugural ball. Eva wears a dress of pale gray silk by Bernada, with one shoulder bare, her hair piled high, and every part of her dripping with jewels. Perón wears his presidential sash across a bemedalled uniform of a Brigadier General. The stairs are flanked by GRENADIERS: blue tunics, red-striped trousers, red pom-pom-topped shakos. The whole place dazzles with the plumage of diplomats: CARDINAL SANTIAGO LUIS COPELLO (who averts his gaze from Eva's provocative bare shoulder); rows of medals gleam from the breasts of the assembled MILITARY. But no one outshines our Eva. As they pass, the camera comes to rest on Ché irreverently leaning on the balcony. (He doesn't have to stand on ceremony, he shouldn't be there anyway). He sings:

CHE

*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*

He helps himself to a drink from a passing tray as he mingles with the generals and the gems.

CHE (CONT.)

*High flying, adored
Did you believe, in your wildest moments
All this would be yours
That you'd become the lady of them all?*

164. INT. CASA ROSADA, WHITE SALON NIGHT 164.

Ché stands with the other GUESTS as, in front of them, Perón and Eva dance, exuding their inveterate display of hopeless love (in public, anyway).

CHE (CONT.)

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

We see Eva dancing with the walrus-mustached Quijano, with
Col. Mercante, with the SPANISH AMBASSADOR, and finally
with...Ché. In his imagination. In hers. In ours.

CHE (CONT.)

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

EVA

High flying, adored
That's good to hear
But unimportant
My story's quite usual -
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

She peels away from Ché and links her arm with Perón's as
they depart through the tall oak doors. As the Grenadiers
close them behind her, she quietly, impishly, concludes her
'conversation' with Ché.

EVA (CONT.)

No one else can fill it like I can

The oak doors slam shut.

RAINBOW HIGH

Music 15

New short musical bridge to:

165. INT. PALACIO UNZUÉ, CORRIDOR DAY 165.

The next morning.

The camera tracks toward two different doors as they burst open and Eva storms out, followed by an attendant entourage of DRESSERS, MAIDS, and COURTIERS, who struggle to keep up with her as she strides along the palace corridor.

'Rainbow High' begins:

EVA

There again I've more to do
than simply get the message through
I've hardly started
Let's get this show on the road
Let's make it obvious
Perón is off and rolling

166. INT. PALACIO UNZUÉ DAY 166.

A MONTAGE of images which mix, fade, spin and collide:

- a). Eyes being made up.
- b). Red lips being painted.
- c). Hair being twirled.
- d). Nails painted.

ENTOURAGE (O.S.)

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

167. INT. RICCIARDI'S JEWELRY STORE, BUENOS AIRES DAY 167.

A drawer of diamond rings is pulled out. Eva picks the largest gem as we cut close to her hand, moving in as the diamond image sparkles to:

168. INT. DRESS SALON, BUENOS AIRES DAY 168.

Sequins on a dress, to Eva trying on a stunning gown...to another...to furs: chinchilla, sable, ermine and mink...to hats...each line of the verse another image:

EVA
I came from the people
They need to adore me
So Christian Dior me
From my head to my toes
I need to be dazzling
I want to be Rainbow High!

169. INT. SHOE SALON DAY 169.

We fast-track along rows of shoes. Hundreds of pairs. The camera rests on Eva:

EVA (CONT.)
They must have excitement
And so must I

170. MONTAGE: 170.

To Eva's photograph everywhere. A frenetic, relentless, public onslaught pulverizes popular attention as she dominates the press, the newsreels, and all aspects of Argentine public life:

- a). Giant portraits of Eva and Perón hang from public buildings.
- b). Various press photos of Eva at official and social functions spin, mix and intercut.
- c). Black-and-white newsreel of Eva climbing down from a train, mobbed by the people.
- d). Eva has her hair brushed and nails manicured whilst receiving a union delegation.
- e). Eva breaks a champagne bottle on the bow of a ship. We see the name on the bow of the ship (existing footage). It is the 'Eva Perón'.

ENTOURAGE (V.O.)
Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure!
Dress! Voice! Style! Image!

EVA (V.O.)
I'm their product!
It's vital you sell me
So Machiavell-me
Make an Argentine Rose!
I need to be thrilling
And I shall be Rainbow High!
They need their escape
And so do I

171. EXT. SHANTY TOWN DAY 171.

Eva among the POOR PEOPLE of Buenos Aires. We see her magic at work. Incongruous as she is, sparkling in her fancy clothes among the ragged poverty, she is still, effortlessly, one of them.

ENTOURAGE (V.O.)
Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure!
Dress! Voice! Style! Movement!
Hands! Magic! Rings! Glamour!
Face! Diamonds! Excitement! Image!

EVA
All my descamisados expect me
to outshine the enemy
I won't disappoint them

EVA (CONT.)
I'm their saviour!
That's what they call me
So Lauren Bacall me - anything goes
To make me fantastic
I have to be Rainbow High
In magical colours

172. INT. MINISTRY OF LABOR, EVA'S OFFICE DAY 172.

Heavy drum break to: the other, more serious and ominous side of Eva's evolving persona. The camera sweeps past a sign saying, 'MINISTRY OF LABOR' to Eva, slamming her fist on a conference table in a labor dispute. We track along the bewildered faces on both sides of the table: cowered Argentine MEN unaccustomed to such female assertiveness.

EVA (V.O.)
You're not decorating a girl
for a night on the town!
And I'm not a second-rate queen
getting kicks with a crown!

173. PROCESS: 173.

A black-and-white, 1940's newsreel headline spins into full frame: 'EVITA TO VISIT SPAIN'.

EVA (V.O. CONT.)
Next stop will be Europe!

174. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREETS DAY 174.

Black-and-white mixes to color as we see a motorcade: Eva (in mink coat and sunglasses) and a uniformed, smiling Perón sitting in the back of a horse-drawn carriage, surrounded by CAVALRY and MOTORCYCLE ESCORT. The CROWDS dutifully line the streets to see her off. The familiar portraits of Eva and Perón hang from buildings, and the blizzards of paper fall from the crowded balconies.

EVA (CONT.)
The Rainbow's gonna tour
Dressed up, somewhere to go -
We'll put on a show!

175. EXT. MORÓN AIRPORT, JUNE, 1947 DAY 175.

Eva and Perón struggle through the crowds as they make their way across the tarmac to the waiting four-engine Iberia DC-4. They hug and kiss goodbye. A long line of SOLDIERS carry Eva's mountain of luggage to the plane. Eva's entourage - Brother Juan, her priest, FATHER BENÍTEZ, HAIRDRESSER, PHOTOGRAPHER, MILITARY ATTACHES, SPEECH WRITER and WARDROBE MISTRESS - climb the steps.

EVA (CONT.)

*Look out mighty Europe!
Because - you oughta know whatcha
gonna get in me
Just a little touch of
Just a little touch of
Argentina's brand of
Star Quality!*

Eva waves goodbye as Perón, surrounded by the MILITARY gold braid and a flock of CABINET MEMBERS, speaks into a bank of microphones set up on the tarmac.

PERÓN

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

The DC-4's engines fire up and the plane taxis across the runway.

RAINBOW TOUR

Music 16

176. INT. PALACIO UNZUE, PROJECTION THEATRE NIGHT 176.

Ché, in a working man's suit and tie, is the projectionist. He threads the film through the gate, lit by a small lamp, and yanks the lever at the side, activating the projector. (The projector is in the same room as the theatre seats).

He sings:

CHÉ

*Spain has fallen to the charms of Evita
She can do what she likes,
it doesn't matter much*

On the screen: black-and-white footage of a Spanish bullring. Eva and GEN. FRANCISCO FRANCO wave to the crowd. The MATADORS pay their respects.

Perón sits in the front seat of the projection theatre, chain-smoking his Chesterfields. Various CABINET MEMBERS and MILITARY sit close by. On either side, Foreign Minister JUAN BRAMUGLIA and Perón's closest ally, Colonel Domingo Mercante, crouch behind Perón, reaching for his ear as the images flicker on the screen.

BRAMUGLIA

*She's the new world Madonna
with the golden touch*

MERCANTE

She filled a bullring -
forty-five-thousand seater

Back to Ché at the projector, who sarcastically comments to the camera:

CHÉ

But if you're prettier than General Franco
That's not hard

Shot over the heads of Perón and the cabinet members. In front of them, on the screen in black-and-white: motorcades; official greetings; Eva on a balcony with Franco.

We see newsreel footage: thousands of Madrileños greeting her from the Plaza de Oriente.

Back to Perón watching, bookended by his aides - the projector light burning 'Citizen Kane'-like from behind.

BRAMUGLIA

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

MERCANTE

(conspiratorially)
But more important, current political
thought is
Your wife's a phenomenal asset
Your trump card

On Perón, staring at the screen, his cigarette smoke wafting upward in the strong projector light.

ALL

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

PERÓN

(softly)
Will Evita win through?

BRAMUGLIA & MERCANTE

But the answer is - yes!

Back to Ché, at the side of the projector - the white light beam of which burns and flares into our camera, leaving Ché almost silhouetted among the back-lit Chesterfield smoke. Evita's newsreel image flickers across his face as he sings:

PERÓN

There you are, she told you so
Makes no difference where she goes
The whole world over - just the same
Just listen to them call her name
And who would underestimate the actress
now?

177. PROCESS:

177.

Black-and-white newsreel intercut: more motorcades; more waving CROWDS, more pesetas pressed into grubby hands, and then...Eva receives 'The Grand Cross of Isabel the Catholic' from General Franco (she takes off her mink coat in order for him to hang the ribbon and pendant around her neck). The photo bulbs pop. The newsreel cameras whirr.

Up into full screen spins a '40's newsreel headline: "EVA PERÓN VISITS ITALY".

CHÉ (V.O.)

Now I don't like to spoil a
wonderful story

178. EXT. ARGENTINE EMBASSY, ROME DAY 178.

CROWDS waving anti-Perón banners. Close on a waving, imperturbable Eva through the side window of her limousine. An egg splatters across the glass, obliterating the image of her pretty face.

Part of the crowd jeers and spits at the car as it pulls into the embassy driveway.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

But the news from Rome
isn't quite as good
She hasn't gone down
like they thought she would

A section of the crowd at the embassy scream, "Fascista! Fascista!"

A brick is thrown at Eva's car and smashes the windscreen. Eva is helped out of the car by SECURITY GUARDS and hustled up the steps into the embassy as missiles bounce around the heads of the ENTOURAGE. The two factions of the crowd, for and against, begin to fight. The POLICE move in to break it up.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

Italy's unconvinced by Argentine glory

179. INT. PALACIO UNZUE, PROJECTION THEATRE NIGHT 179.

Back to Ché in the light of the projector, the black-and-white images playing on his face. He offers, sardonically:

CHÉ (CONT.)

They equate Perón with Mussolini
Can't think why

180. EXT. ROME, GOVERNMENT BUILDING DAY 180.

Eva, still 'dressed up to the nines', leaves an official function escorted by a one-eyed, bow-legged Italian dignitary, PRINCE FUSPOLI, walking down the stairs of a government building. Eva is angry at something:

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

PRINCE FUSPOLI
But Signora Perón -
It's an easy mistake
I'm still called an admiral
Yet I gave up the sea long ago

181. INT. VATICAN DAY 181.

Eva, in a discreet black dress and black mantilla, walks past the Raphaels that line the Vatican corridor. She is accompanied by Brother Juan, CHURCH NOBILITY and POLITICAL OFFICIALS in breeches, gaiters and ruffs. On each side of the group is the traditional Swiss Guard escort, with their halberds and helmets.

182. INT. VATICAN, LIBRARY DAY 182.

Eva kneels before POPE PIUS XII, who presents her with a simple rosary. She had expected more, but nevertheless smiles sweetly at the old gentleman in his papal robes.

MERCANTE (V.O.)
More bad news from the front -
she met with the Pope
She only got a rosary, a kindly word

183. EXT. ROME, SPANISH STEPS DAY 183.

Eva, seen from behind, her dress tight across her bottom, walks up from the fountains with Brother Juan and her HOSTS. In the crowds, AMERICAN SERVICEMEN and MACHO ITALIAN MALES give her wolf whistles.

CHÉ (V.O.)
I wouldn't say the Holy Father gave her
the bird
But papal decorations? Never a hope

BRAMUGLIA (V.O.)
She still looked the part in St. Peter's
Caught the eye

184. PROCESS: 184.

The cover of 'Time' magazine spins into view, as do other magazine and newspaper photos. Each shows a smiling Eva, and each of her outfits is more dazzling than the previous one.

185. EXT. NEWS-STAND, BUENOS AIRES STREET DAY 185.

At a news-stand, people line up to buy their 'Democr cia' newspapers for the latest on Eva's trip. There are pages and pages of photographs of Evita. (Well, she did own the newspaper).

ALL

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

186. INT. SHANTYTOWN SHACK DAY 186.

A MOTHER and her CHILDREN cut out newspaper pictures of Eva and paste them on the walls.

187. INT. PALACIO UNZUE, STAIRCASE DAY 187.

Per n climbs the stairs, followed by Bramuglia, Mercante, cabinet members and other military attach s. They all have arms full of newspapers and magazines. They pass Ch , descending the stairs, carrying a stack of film cans.

PER N

Will Evita win through?

CABINET MEMBERS & ATTACH S

But the answer is -

As Ch  passes on the stairs:

CH 

A qualified -

CABINET MEMBERS & ATTACH S

Yes!

188. EXT. FRENCH ORPHANAGE DAY 188.

Eva kisses more CHILDREN. Hands out gifts to the NUNS.

CH  (V.O.)

Eva started well, no question in France
Shining like a sun through the post-war
haze

189. INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE NIGHT 189.

A bejeweled Eva takes her seat in the royal box. Her hair, earlobes, and shapely neck glitter with diamonds.

CH  (V.O. CONT.)

A beautiful reminder of the carefree days
She nearly captured the French, she sure
had the chance
But she suddenly seemed to lose interest
She looked tired

Eva leaves her seat. From behind, in a small corridor of velvet and gilt, we see her stumble and grab at the drapes to stop herself from completely falling. Brother Juan and Father Benítez rush to help her.

190. EXT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE NIGHT 190.

Black-and-white newsreel footage. Eva, leaning heavily on the arms of Brother Juan and Benítez, gets into her limousine. The GENDARMES hold back the crowd.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

Face the facts, the Rainbow's started to
fade

I don't think she'll make it to England now

MERCANTE (V.O.)

It wasn't on the schedule anyhow

CHÉ (V.O.)

You'd better get out the flags and
fix a parade

Some kind of coming home in triumph
is required

191. EXT. BUENOS AIRES HARBOUR DAY 191.

More black-and-white newsreel. The ship, 'El Buenos Aires', steams into Buenos Aires harbour (found footage). The enormous CROWD lines the dockside, waving their white handkerchiefs in the Peronist salute. A giant, official banner spells 'BIENVENIDA'. Standing on the bridge of the boat, Eva waves back at the crowd with her own handkerchief.

192. EXT. DOCKSIDE DAY 192.

Eva runs down the ramp into the arms of Perón. The crowd goes wild as Eva, in tears, embraces her husband.

ALL (V.O.)

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour

It's been an incredible success

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

193. INT. PALACIO UNZUE, PROJECTION THEATRE DAY 193.

Bramuglia and Mercante sit alone watching the screen. Ché is still by the projector, silhouetted by the smoke and the back-light.

BRAMUGLIA

Would Evita win through?

MERCANTE

And the answer is -

BRAMUGLIA
 Yes...
 CHÉ
 ...and no
 BRAMUGLIA & MERCANTE
 ...and yes
 CHÉ
 ...and no
 BRAMUGLIA & MERCANTE
 ...and yes
 CHÉ
 ...and no

Rather half-heartedly, Bramuglia and Mercante slowly sit down and finish the song:

BRAMUGLIA & MERCANTE
 Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
 It's been...(fades out)

On the screen, we see the film running out: white spacing and end numbers. Close on the projector spool as the film flaps. And flaps. And flaps. (FX only). Ché's hand stops it. On his face. Silence.

THUS ALL FAIRY STORIES...

Music 17

194. EXT. COURTYARD, LA SOCIEDAD DE DAY 194.
 BENEFICENCIA ORPHANAGE

Rows of shaved-headed orphans wearing neat blue smocks and frightened faces. The ARISTO LADIES of 'La Sociedad de Beneficencia', the charity of the oligarchs, administer their good works with austere formality. They sing:

SOCIEDAD LADIES
*Thus all fairy stories end
 Only an actress would pretend
 Affairs of state are her latest play
 Eight shows a week - two matinées*

195. EXT. 'LA PRENSA' BUILDING DAY 195.

Outside the 'La Prensa' newspaper office, a GROUP OF ANTI-PERONISTS gather with banners demanding freedom of the press. POLICE wagons arrive and break up the assembly. The demonstrators are piled roughly into the police vans.

SOCIEDAD LADIES (V.O. CONT.)
*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?*

196. EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY, GARDENS DAY 196.

The Union Jack flutters in the breeze above another charity function of the oligarchs, held amidst the jacarandas and magnolias of the elegant embassy gardens.

Eva's official car drives up. Behind it, another car, full of brown-suited BODYGUARDS.

She seems to be unwelcome, as the official LADIES and the BRITISH DIPLOMATS and their WIVES greet her with the protocol respectful of her position, but with the glacial, unctuous manner perfected by the British toward arrivistes. She sings with a sardonic smile, veiling the wicked edge to her words:

THE CHORUS GIRL HASN'T LEARNED...

Music 17A

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
societies of philanthropy
Even if you asked her to be
As you should have asked her to be

Eva continues her scornful remarks as she walks along the line of haughty matriarchs.

EVA (CONT.)

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

Eva is suddenly alone in the garden. Everyone has gone. In her imagination. In Ché's. In ours.

At the gates of the embassy looking in is Ché, with a group of Buenos Aires' poor.

FORGIVE MY INTRUSION...

Music 17B

CHÉ

Forgive my intrusion but fine as
those sentiments sound
Little has changed for us peasants
down here on the ground

Short musical break.

CHÉ (CONT.)

I hate to sound childish, ungrateful, I
don't like to moan
But do you now represent anyone's cause
but your own?

Same short break.

EVA

Everything done will be justified by
my Foundation

AND THE MONEY KEPT ROLLING IN

Music 18

197. EXT. MINISTRY OF LABOR DAY 197.

'And The Money Kept Rolling In (And Out)' begins:

Eva's car pulls up outside her offices at the Ministry of Labor. The car door swings open and Eva climbs out, striding up the stone steps past the SECURITY GUARDS, with the manic energy that she would now put into this next part of her life. The brown-suited bodyguards pile out of a second car and race to keep up with her.

198. EXT. MINISTRY OF LABOR DAY 198.

WORKMEN unfurl a banner: 'LA FUNDACIÓN AYUDA SOCIAL MARÍA EVA DUARTE DE PERÓN'. A huge portrait of Eva is hung from a building. Another banner in giant red letters says, 'GIVE IN THIS WORLD, LIVE IN THE NEXT'.

CHÉ (V.O.)

And the money kept rolling in
from every side

We mix to hordes of ordinary Argentinians lined up outside the Ministry of Labor. In the line we find Ché, who explains:

CHÉ (CONT.)

Eva's pretty hands reached out and
they reached wide

199. INT. FACTORY DAY 199.

WORKERS line up to hand over money from their pay envelopes to Eva's Foundation STAFF.

CHÉ (V.O.)

Now you may feel it should have been
a voluntary cause
But that's not the point, my friends

200. INT. CASINO DAY 200.

Money is handed over by the CASINO OWNER to a brown-suited FOUNDATION MAN.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

*When the money keeps rolling in you
don't ask how
Think of all the people guaranteed a
good time now*

201. INT. RICCIARDI'S JEWELRY STORE DAY 201.

The OWNER takes money from the cash register and hands it to more FOUNDATION STAFF, who are accompanied by NUNS in Eva's employ. ('Charity' is a little sweeter that way. By common consensus, no Chicago shakedown shark could teach our Eva a thing).

202. INT. MINISTRY OF LABOR DAY 202.

From inside, we see the giant doors opened by the MILITARY GUARDS and the WAITING PEOPLE outside rush in as if they were attending a January sale.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

*Eva's called the hungry to her -
Open up the doors!
Never been a fund like the Foundation
Eva Perón!*

203. EXT. BUENOS AIRES AVENIDA DAY 203.

NUNS with collection boxes, banners and a truck plastered with pictures of Eva. They shake down the Bonaerense populace. Brown-suited HEAVIES make sure no one gets the impression any of this could be misconstrued as 'voluntary'. The nuns and the Brown-Suits sing:

NUNS & BROWN-SUITS

Rolling rolling rolling...

204. INT. MINISTRY OF LABOR, STAIRCASE DAY 204.

The crowds snake up the grand staircases.

205. INT. MINISTRY OF LABOR, CORRIDORS DAY 205.

In the corridors, the poor and the needy line up for an audience with 'La Presidenta'. They are mostly WOMEN, and mostly garbed in black. They also sing:

CROWD

Rolling rolling rolling...

CROWD (CONT.)

Rolling rolling rolling...

Eva, no longer with pampered hair, but business-like, swept back in a bun at the nape of the neck - not brassy, but honey-colored with slightly red highlights. She wears a simple but immaculate business suit. Her only sartorial indulgence a giant diamond brooch the shape (and size) of an orchid.

Eva sits at a huge mahogany and gilt desk, surrounded by black-coated, striped-trousered SECRETARIES and ASSISTANTS, who scribble notes and push dossiers in front of her with the precision of a hospital operating room. (This woman means business). On the walls behind her: the ubiquitous paintings of Perón and Eva. The oak-panelled room is like a schoolroom, full of benches where the poor wait for their turn for an audience at her desk. The ELDERLY, CRIPPLES, MOTHERS with clinging CHILDREN, PREGNANT WOMEN, battered wives...each one makes a plea to Evita. Crisp peso notes are taken from her blotter and are handed over, promises made, children's cheeks pinched, elderly, scabrous faces kissed.

Ché sits on a bench, families on either side of him, and explains:

CHÉ

Would you like to try a college education?

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

He stands and walks between the crowded benches.

CHÉ (CONT.)

Eva and her blessed fund can make your dreams come true

He takes an official card from a passing OFFICIAL.

CHÉ (CONT.)

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...

He throws the card in the air...

...like confetti, a blizzard of tickets flies upward and descends...as Eva, among the crowd, grabs at one.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

...and should our lady pick it

208. EXT.

BUENOS AIRES

DAY

208.

Eva hugs an ecstatic WOMAN (a winner) and her PRE-TEEN SONS, who hug Evita rather too affectionately. The ever-present Brown-Suits pull them away.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

*She will change your way of life for
a week or even two
Name me anyone who cares as much as
Eva Perón!*

The crowd sings:

CROWD

Rolling rolling rolling, etc...

209. EXT.

MINISTRY OF LABOR

DAY

209.

The camera swiftly cranes and tracks over the heads of the waiting CROWDS lined up outside the Ministry of Labor. They all sing:

CROWD

Rolling rolling rolling, etc...

210. EXT.

SHANTY TOWN

DAY

210.

The crowd sings:

CROWD

Rolling rolling rolling, etc...

211. EXT.

SCHOOLYARD

DAY

211.

A crowd of children all hold a parcel and a photograph of Eva. They also sing:

CHILDREN

Rolling rolling rolling, etc...

212. INT.

HOSPITAL

DAY

212.

Beneath giant portraits of herself and Perón, Eva attends the opening of a new hospital. She kisses SICK CHILDREN. There are more PHOTOGRAPHERS present than NURSES.

CHÉ (V.O.)

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

Also runs over the next two scenes:

213. EXT. HOUSING PROJECT DAY 213.

Eva stands on a ladder, trowel in hand, laying the last brick of a wall. The mortar spills on her. Eva laughs. The local DIGNITARIES scramble over one another to clean her dress.

214. EXT. SCHOOLYARD DAY 214.

CHILDREN hold a banner saying, 'EVITA, THE BRIDGE OF LOVE'. Eva hands out bicycles, as the flash bulbs pop.

215. INT. CASA ROSADA, OFFICE DAY 215.

We see Eva's shifty brother, Juan, carrying two hefty leather satchels. He walks to a large safe in the corner of his office, opens it and begins stashing in bundles of peso notes.

CHÉ (V.O. CONT.)

Now cynics claim a little of the cash
has gone astray
But that's not the point, my friends
When the money keeps rolling out you
don't keep books
You can tell you've done well by the
happy grateful looks
Accountants only slow things down
Figures get in the way
Never been a lady loved as much as
Eva Perón!

Also runs over the next four scenes:

216. INT. SCHOOL DAY 216.

The camera fast-tracks along a line of very apprehensive YOUNG FACES.

A SMALL CHILD grimaces as a DOCTOR administers a vaccine injection. The child bursts into tears. Eva hugs and kisses him. The flash bulbs pop.

217. EXT. RAILWAY COMPANY BUILDING DAY 217.

Close on a Union Jack being lowered. A 'BRITISH RAILWAYS' sign is taken down and replaced by one proclaiming: 'ARGENTINE RAILWAYS CORP.'.

218. EXT. TELEPHONE COMPANY BUILDING DAY 218.

Close on the Stars and Stripes being lowered. A sign goes up which says 'ARGENTINE TELEPHONE COMPANY'.

219. EXT. SHANTY TOWN DAY 219.

A sign tied across the street says 'PERÓN CUMPLE, EVITA DIGNIFICA', beneath which we see Eva handing out bottles of cider and panattonni.

220. EXT. DUSTY VILLAGE, FOOTBALL PITCH DAY 220.

Eva hands out soccer balls to the young TEAMS.

221. INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM DAY 221.

CROWD
Rolling rolling rolling
Rolling rolling rolling, etc...

Thousands of pairs of shoes lined up - as are the expectant CHILDREN, who stand waiting to receive their new pairs from Lady Bountiful. Eva, as always, throws herself into everything with a messianic fervour, distributing largesse in the best 'bread and circus' style. Her brother, Juan, close by, hands out more postcard photographs of his sister.

Also runs over next four scenes:

222. EXT. DAM BUILDING DAY 222.

Eva turns a huge steel wheel with the help of TWO BURLY WORKMEN.

223. EXT. DAM DAY 223.

Water bursts out from a concrete dam.

224. INT. SHANTY TOWN DWELLING DAY 224.

Close on a naked light bulb which suddenly lights up. The assembled FAMILY members cheer and hug one another as the light illuminates pictures of Evita plastered on the dingy walls.

225. EXT. HINTERLAND, VILLAGE SQUARE DAY 225.

Water gushes from a pipe. PEOPLE run to a stone trough with their pots and pans. Drink. Pour the water over their heads. Toss in their laundry. Ché among them:

CHÉ
Eva!

Musical break:

As the fresh water gushes from the pipe, people shower under it. The deep puddle that forms provides the local people with a liquid dance floor as they splash away, heels stomping in the water.

The following images - black-and-white, color and newsreel - are intercut with a frenzy throughout the entire song:

- a). Hands receiving packets of sugar.
- b). A ribbon is cut.
- c). A sheet falls away, revealing a sign: 'SCHOOL EVA PERÓN'.
- d). Hands receiving clothing.
- e). An OLD LADY receives a full set of dentures.
- f). NURSES receiving hypodermic syringes, medicine.
- g). Another ribbon is cut.
- h). A sheet falls away revealing, 'HOSPITAL EVA PERÓN'.
- i). Hands receiving 50-peso notes.
- j). Hands receiving sewing machines.
- k). An OLD MAN tries on his new eyeglasses.
- l). Hands receiving loaves of bread.
- m). Eva handing over pots and pans from a mountain of them piled onto the back of an open truck.
- n). CABINET MEMBERS opening their wallets and handing over peso notes at Eva's desk.
- o). Eva with the ELDERLY, as she helps an OLD LADY into a new wheelchair.
- p). Everywhere, PHOTOGRAPHERS falling over themselves to get close to Eva, as the flashbulbs of their Graflex cameras pop away like artillery fire.

CHE (V.O. CONT.)

*When the money keeps rolling out you
don't keep books
You can tell you've done well by the
happy grateful looks
Accountants only slow things down
Figures get in the way
Never been a lady loved as much as
Eva Perón!*

- q). We conclude with a giant portrait of Eva with the legend: 'THE LADY OF HOPE'.

As the music rests momentarily...and then powers into:

227. EXT. STEAM TRAIN, HINTERLAND DAY 227.

Close up on the smoke stack of a train as we pan and crane up...two Argentine flags flank another giant portrait of Eva on the front of the engine as it pulls Eva's train through a dusty town. The CROWDS run alongside as Eva tosses 50-peso notes to the outstretched hands.

CROWD

*Rolling rolling rolling
Rolling rolling rolling etc...*

We crane up as the train steams away from us. The excited, adoring crowd clamber onto the tracks in pursuit, as the music concludes.

228. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREET DAY 228.

Close on a banner. It reads: 'THE PARTIDO PERONISTA FEMENINO'. We pull back to see a mass of women on the march. They chant:

WOMEN

Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!
Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!

229. INT. TEATRO COLÓN DAY 229.

WOMEN (CONT.)

Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!
Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!

Beneath the 'Women's Suffrage' banners, we see Eva making a passionate speech to an audience of women. The musical chant from above continues as Eva makes her (spoken) speech:

EVA

Perón is everything. He is the soul, the nerve, the hope and the reality of the Argentine people. We know that there is only one man in our movement with his own source of light, and that is Perón. We all feed from his light.

The women applaud and wave their white handkerchiefs in response. The color from the scene drains away as we see closer shots of the exuberant Peronista women in black-and-white.

WOMEN (CONT.)

Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!
Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!

230. EXT. AVENIDA NUEVE DE JULIO DAY 230.

WOMEN (CONT.)

Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!
Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!
(repeated)

Still in black-and-white (now actual footage), we cut to a larger crowd waving their white handkerchiefs: the massive Peronist rally of August, 1951 in the Avenida Nueve de Julio. The impressive and immense rostrum (carefully stage-managed and art-directed with a nod or two to Nuremberg) is capped by a gigantic arch that spells out: 'PERÓN-EVA PERÓN', with giant portraits of Perón and Eva on either

side. Draped beneath the platform, the slogan: 'LA FORMULA PER LA PATRIA'. Impressive, in all of its demagogic excess.

Shot footage now: we see Eva and Perón waving to the crowd. Eva feigns modesty as the crowd calls her name.

During this, the chant has changed subtly to:

CROWD

Evita Perón! La Vice Presidenta!

Evita Perón! La Vice Presidenta!

(repeated)

The black-and-white footage suddenly becomes shaky, and the images flash across the screen as the newsreel camera is knocked to the ground. As the color drains back, we find Ché with a newsreel camera team, who are being hustled by the police. He picks up the broken camera and over the 'Evita Perón! Partido Feminista!' chant, he announces to the camera:

CHÉ

*And now she wants to be
Vice-President*

THAT WAS THE OVER THE TOP...

Music 19A

231. EXT. MILITARY CAMPO DAY 231.

The MOUNTED CAVALRY, on full military alert, trot toward us and sing ominously:

CAVALRY

*That was the over the top
unacceptable suggestion*

232. INT. CÍRCULO MILITAR, OFFICERS BAR DAY 232.

In their elegant club, the OFFICERS sit at their tables, as they announce:

OFFICERS

*We didn't approve but we couldn't
prevent
The games of the wife of the President*

233. INT. CASA ROSADA, CABINET ROOM NIGHT 233.

We track past the faces of Perón's cabinet: military braid and medals sprinkled among the mustaches and frock coats.

CABINET

*But to give her pretensions encouragement
She's out of her depth and out of
the question*

At the end of our track, we settle on Perón at the head of the table. He offers in her defense:

SHE IS A DIAMOND

Music 19B

PERÓN

But on the other hand she's all they have
She is 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?

An AIDE whispers in his ear. Perón stands and walks slowly to the door, bringing the meeting to an end. He turns and offers his final word on the matter at hand:

PERÓN (CONT.)

She's not a bauble you can brush aside
She's been out doing what we just talked
about, example -
Gave us back our businesses, got the
English out
And when you think about it -
well why not do
One or two of the things we promised to?

Perón's aide opens the door and we see THREE TEENAGE GIRLS waiting in the outer corridor. He smiles and strokes the face of the youngest-looking one and looks back at the cabinet. They are unmoved. They've seen it all before.

PERÓN (CONT.)

But on the other hand, she's slowing down
She's lost a little of that magic drive -
but I would not advise those critics
present to derive
Any satisfaction from her fading star
She's the one who's kept us
where we are

He exits, leaving the cabinet members to their caustic conclusive remark:

CABINET

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

SANTA EVITA

Music 20

234. EXT.

CATHEDRAL SQUARE

DAY

234.

A mass of flickering candles. We pull back to see a
CHILDREN'S CHOIR.

Eva's black government sedan arrives at to the bottom of the cathedral steps. The police and Brown-Suits hold back the crowds as Eva climbs out, accompanied by Brother Juan and her mother, Doña Juana. Laid out in the street, a mass of red and white flowers spells 'Evita'.

CHILDREN'S CHOIR

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

Through this pretty hymn for Eva, we intercut in strong juxtaposition the more violent, oppressive, contradictory images of the Peronist regime - now on the way to economic and moral collapse, despite Eva's specious public deification:

235. EXT. LA PLATA STREET NIGHT 235.

Cipriano Reyes, leaving a 'Partido Laborista' meeting, gets into his car. As the car pulls off, there is a sudden burst of gunfire. Reyes jumps out, covered in blood, and tries to help his dying DRIVER.

236. PROCESS: 236.

A 'La Prensa' newspaper headline: 'REYES ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION'. A photograph shows the injured Reyes, his head bandaged, standing on the Congress steps.

237. INT. MINISTRY OF JUSTICE DAY 237.

A mass of SOLDIERS swarms over the courtrooms as THREE SUPREME COURT JUDGES are removed from office.

238. EXT. BUENOS AIRES WALL DAY 238.

Portraits of Perón and Eva: a slogan says: 'LONG LIVE PERÓN'. Thick red paint disfigures Eva's face, and we see painted the words: 'LONG LIVE THE WIDOWER PERÓN'.

239. INT. NATIONAL MINT, PRINT ROOM DAY 239.

The mint presses churn out bank notes (found footage).

240. PROCESS: 240.

'La Prensa' headline: 'GOLD RESERVES, ALL TIME LOW'.

241. EXT. NEWS-STAND, BUENOS AIRES DAY 241.

Close up, we see a hand putting down a bundle of inflationary pesos and a single pack of cigarettes received in return.

242. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREET DAY 242.

A long line of unemployed PORTENOS outside the Buenos Aires Labor Exchange.

CHILDREN'S CHOIR (V.O. CONT.)

*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*

Over the next scenes:

243. INT. CATHEDRAL NIGHT 243.

Eva walks down the nave of the cathedral, past the mass of candles, as the children's choir continues its hymn to Eva.

244. EXT. RAILWAY YARDS DAY 244.

The RAILWAY WORKERS strike. Armored cars. An army truck disgorges SOLDIERS with rifles.

245. PROCESS: 245.

'La Prensa' headlines zoom into full frame:

- a). 'RAILWAY WORKERS STRIKE' to a photograph showing the angry workers.
- b). 'BEEF TO BE RATIONED', and an ironic photograph of Perón and Eva eating traditional jumbo Buenos Aires T-bone steaks at an official function.

246. EXT. 'LA PRENSA' NEWSPAPER OFFICE NIGHT 246.

On the top of the 'La Prensa' building, the landmark flame flickers in a giant iron urn. We swiftly pan down the building to the street as a car screeches away and a fire-bomb explodes.

247. INT. UNIVERSITY, CORRIDOR DAY 247.

SOLDIERS march TWENTY PROFESSORS out of the building. STUDENTS lining the corridor voice their disapproval.

248. EXT. DOCKS DAY 248.

Close on a bundle of 'Time' magazines. We pull back to see Brown-Suits dumping the bundles into the river.

CHILDREN'S CHOIR (V.O. CONT.)

Please, holy Eva
Will you feed a hungry child?
For I love you
Tell Heaven I'm doing my best...

Over the next scenes (plus repeated first verse):

249. INT. 'LA PRENSA', PRESS ROOM DAY 249.

POLICE, ARMY and Brown-Suits storm into the offices and remove the JOURNALISTS from their desks.

250. INT. 'LA PRENSA', PRINT ROOM DAY 250.

Brown-Suits kick over the Linotype machines and smash everything in sight. The powerless PRESS WORKERS just stand and watch.

251. INT. CATHEDRAL NIGHT 251.

Eva takes her pew, kneels, and we are tight on her face as she closes her eyes in prayer.

Eva's image stays with us as we mix over to:

252. INT. 'LA PRENSA', PRESS ROOM DAY 252.

Ché, among the debris of the wrecked Press Room, picks up a photo of Eva from the hundreds strewn across the floor.

CHE

Turn a blind eye, Evita
Turn a blind eye

He tears it up.

253. EXT. 'LA PRENSA' BUILDING, ROOF NIGHT 253.

The flame in the giant iron urn...

CHILDREN'S CHOIR (V.O. CONT.)

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

...the flame in the urn is extinguished.

As the music changes to 'Santa, Santa Evita', we return briefly to the Peronist view of things:

WORKERS

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

Over the next scenes:

254. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREETS DAY 254.

A banner says: 'JUSTICIALISMO'. A traffic jam of cars, on top of which are heart-shaped images of Perón and Eva. (Love makes the Peróns go round. Their whole act is based on the public display of it).

255. EXT. SAN VICENTE GARDENS, OFFICIAL FUNCTION NIGHT 255.

At their weekend home in San Vicente, Eva and Perón casually pose for the photographers with their two POODLES ('Tambour' and 'Bonito') - one black, one white. They smile and cuddle in their perennial public embrace.

256. EXT. GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL DAY 256.

A smiling Perón jokes with leggy adolescent girls (his constant and favourite diversion) as he presents a sports trophy.

The same verse now repeats, but with a more ominous tone.

The images change accordingly.

WORKERS (CONT.)

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

Over the next scenes:

257. EXT. RAILWAY YARD NIGHT 257.

EXPLOSIONS rip apart a steam engine and topple a goods truck on its side.

258. EXT. MENDOZA STREETS DAY 258.

Protest. Effigies of Eva and Perón hanging from gallows.

259. INT. CONGRESS DAY 259.

The opposition politician, ERNESTO SAMMARTINO, makes his famous 'Pompadour' speech. We hear this, distantly, under the music:

SAMMARTINO

(spoken)

This is not a fashionable nightclub. This is a parliament of free peoples. We do not come to dance to the tune of Madame Pompadour...

Before he can finish, he is attacked and roughed up by PERONISTS.

260. INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE DAY 260.

Cipriano Reyes, head shaved and handcuffed, is arrested along with other LABOR LEADERS (ONE of whom is blind).

261. EXT. STREET DAY 261.

Perón stands at the finish line of a marathon race. The great Argentine marathon runner, DELFO CABRERA, arms outstretched, breaks the finishing tape and collapses in Perón's arms. We see clearly: 'ARGENTINA' sewn across the back of poor Delfo's vest.

262. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE, STREET NIGHT 262.

In a street adjacent to the cathedral square, Ché among a group of DEMONSTRATORS carrying anti-Peronist banners, pushes its way toward the cathedral.

CHÉ

Turn a blind eye, Evita
Turn a blind eye

263. INT. CATHEDRAL NIGHT 263.

Eva approaches the altar, joining the line to receive holy communion. Her pallid face shows the strain of the relentless pace of her life.

264. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE, STREET NIGHT 264.

A HORSE rears as the MILITARY CAVALRY move in ominously toward the protesters.

265. INT. CATHEDRAL NIGHT 265.

Eva at the altar. The priest, Father Benítez, takes the chalice of wine, as the SERVER rings his bell three times.

FATHER BENÍTEZ
Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi
custodiat animam tuam in vitam
aeternam. Amen.

Over the priest's prayer, we fast-intercut:

266. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE, STREET NIGHT 266.

FATHER BENÍTEZ (V.O. CONT.)
Landans invocabo Dominum, et ab
inimicis meis Salvus ero. Sanguis
Domini nostri Jesu Christi
custodiat animam meam in vitam
aeternam. Amen.

MOUNTED POLICE draw their sabres. Ché and the demonstrators continue their protest. The police charge, slashing and clubbing as the helpless demonstrators vainly run for cover. We see feet and horses' hoofs trampling on the flowers that once spelled out 'Evita'.

267. INT. CATHEDRAL NIGHT 267.

Eva opens her mouth to receive the communion wafer. As she closes her eyes, she suddenly clutches her abdomen and collapses, convulsing with pain. The sacramental wine spills blood-red over her and the priest. There are screams from the CONGREGATION as Brother Juan, Doña Juana and OTHERS rush to her aid.

Dramatic music takes us through the following scenes:

268. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE, STREET NIGHT 268.

The hoofs of the cavalry horses gallop through the frame as we see the results of their handiwork: people lie injured and dying in the street. The camera tracks past the carnage to find Ché on his knees, his face streaked with blood from a head wound. We track in to his face as we hear police sirens and the anguished screams of the crowd. We see what Ché sees:

269. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE NIGHT 269.

Police and Brown-Suits hold back the crowd as Brother Juan, carrying Eva's limp body in his arms, tries to make his way through to the official car. Doña Juana and Father Benítez anxiously follow behind.

270. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE, STREET NIGHT 270.

Ché, almost unrecognizable from the blood on his face, takes it all in. He comments:

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

271. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE NIGHT 271.

Eva's black car, with motorcycle escort, crawls through the crowds as they surge forward for a closer look. The brown-suited bodyguards attempt to hold them back.

272. EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE, STREET NIGHT 272.

Ché struggles to his feet and begins to run.

273. EXT. POLICLINICO HOSPITAL NIGHT 273.

Eva's car screeches up. Waiting DOCTORS and NURSES rush toward it with a gurney. Perón and his accompanying security vehicles roar up from the opposite direction. He climbs out and, surrounded by AIDES and BODYGUARDS, runs to the gurney as they wheel Eva into the Policlínico.

274. EXT. NARROW STREET NIGHT 274.

Ché, staggering from his injury, leans against a wall. He ducks into a doorway as vehicles of the Policía Federal scream past. Intercut with:

275. INT. POLICLINICO, CORRIDOR NIGHT 275.

Eva, on the gurney, is wheeled along the corridor. Perón, doctors, nurses, bodyguards. Intercut with:

276. EXT. NARROW STREET NIGHT 276.

Ché is losing consciousness. He collapses into the gutter. The camera follows him down as his eyes close and the street spins. Intercut with:

277. INT. POLICLINICO, OPERATING ROOM NIGHT 277.

Eva is lifted onto the operating table. The oxygen mask placed over her ashen face. As she inhales, the lights of the operating theatre spin.

278. MONTAGE SPIN: 278.

a). Thousands of CHILDREN run across the 'Ciudad Infante' (Eva's Disneyland). (Actual newsreel footage).

Superimposed onto this and fast-cut, almost subliminally:

- b). A sabre slashing down on a VICTIM.
- c). A PRISONER is tortured using the 'Picana Electrica' (electric cattle prod).
- d). 'Scientific pneumonia' (prisoner is drenched in ice water, then put in front of fan).
- e). Horses' hoofs gallop over the camera.
- f). A young woman prisoner, pulled by her hair along a corridor.
- g). A poster: 'VIVA PERÓN'. Has had the word 'VIUDO' ('Widower') added.
- h). Ché, holding his bloodied face, looks up at the street light that burns into our lens.

These images and our music meld into:

WALTZ FOR EVA AND CHE

Music 21

279. INT. 'VERSAILLES' BALLROOM DAY/NIGHT 279.

The sun burns through the windows, eerily, dramatically, as we see two silhouetted figures waltzing, completely alone among the gilt and mirrors of the elegant ballroom. As the two figures come closer, we see that they are Eva and Ché, united in their delirium.

CHE

*Tell me before I waltz out of your life
Before turning my back on the past
Forgive my impertinent behaviour
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 saviour
When those who oppose you
Are stepped on or cut up
or simply disappear?*

280. INT. BARRIO BAR, BUENOS AIRES DAY/NIGHT 280.

On the turn of their dance and on the change of verse, we are now in one of the seedy barrio bar where Eva spent so many of her early years in Buenos Aires. It too is deserted. The light dramatic.

EVA

*Tell me before you get onto your bus
Before joining the forgotten brigade
How can one person like me, say
Alter the time-honored way the
game is played?*

EVA (CONT.)

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 business for them but to give
all my descamisados
A magical moment or two

281. INT. SLAUGHTER HOUSE DAY/NIGHT 281.

As the verse concludes, we cut to a deserted slaughter house. The light dramatic among the long lines of hanging carcasses. Eva and Ché continue their dance.

EVA & CHÉ

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

282. EXT. SHANTY TOWN NIGHT 282.

Feet dancing in the dust as we pull back and see Eva and Ché continuing their dance in the street among the ramshackle houses.

CHÉ

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?

283. INT. DEL MOLINO'S RESTAURANT DAY/NIGHT 283.

Deserted. Eva and Ché dance among the empty tables.
Shadows. Ghosts.

EVA

Allow me to help you slink off to the
sidelines
I'll mark your adieu with three cheers
But first tell me who'd be delighted
If I said I'd take on
The world's greatest problems
From war to pollution
No hope of solution
Even if I live for one hundred years?

We are back in the elegant, surreal ballroom where we began.

EVA & CHÉ

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

EVA

So go if you're able
To somewhere unstable
And stay there

They part. Ché walks off into the blinding light and out of her life.

EVA (CONT.)

Whip up your hate
In some tottering state
But not here dear
Is that clear, dear?

Eva is not alone. She dances with Magaldi.

Orchestral break:

On the spin of the dance, we see that Magaldi has been replaced by Huevo, the photographer...and, one by one, she dances with the men from her past: Kartulowicz, Jabón, Imbert, Brother Juan, and finally her confessor, Father Benítez, dressed in his black priest's robe...

...and then she is alone. She suddenly clutches her abdomen and collapses on her knees in great pain. The camera moves around and around her kneeling figure:

EVA (CONT.)

Oooh what I'd give for a hundred
years!
But the physical interferes
Every day more - oh my Creator!
What is the good of the strongest heart
In a body that's falling apart?
A serious flaw
I hope You know that...

On her last line, Eva is looking up toward her Creator and then, as she drops her head, the camera slowly withdraws during the instrumental conclusion, leaving the small, frail figure alone among the shadows.

Over this, we slowly mix to the most important man in her life: Perón. His face is also in heavy shadow.

YOU MUST LOVE ME

285A. INT. POLICLINICO CORRIDOR DAY

We hear 'You Must Love Me' over scenes 285A-285I (no synch). Perón pushes Eva in a wheelchair down the corridor of the Policlínico, followed by NURSES and DOCTORS. The sun burns through the huge windows.

285B. EXT. PALACIO UNZUE DAY

Three official cars pull up outside the steps of the Palacio Unzué. Frock-coated STAFF rush to open the door as Eva is taken from the back seat and put into a wheelchair. The staff help Perón lift the wheelchair, and Eva, up the stone steps.

285C. INT. PALACIO UNZUE LOBBY DAY

Perón wheels Eva into the private residence.

5D. INT. PALACIO UNZUE GRAND HALL DAY

A long line of palace STAFF. The MAIDS in their neat aprons and the frock-coated BUTLERS. Perón wheels Eva past them. Their faces, grim and silent. At the base of the staircase, Perón leans down to take Eva out of her chair. Two butlers go to help him, but he waves them back, taking Eva in his arms and ascending the stairs.

285E. INT. PALACIO UNZUE STAIRCASE DAY

The strong graphic shape of the staircase. Perón, Eva in his arms.

285F. INT. PALACIO UNZUE CORRIDOR DAY

Perón, Eva in his arms, alone in the strongly back-lit corridor, takes Eva to her bedroom.

285G. FLASHBACKS

We see images of Perón and Eva from previous scenes. Moments of intimacy. Eva's head on Perón's shoulder. The moments of public affection and perhaps private doubt.

285H. INT. PALACIO UNZUE BEDROOM DAY

Eva's MAIDS help her into bed. Perón stands at the door of bedroom and watches for a moment.

I. INT. PALACIO UNZUE CORRIDOR DAY

Perón walks away from us. He stops at the window at the end of the corridor. Silhouetted. Pensive. Alone.

YOUR LITTLE BODY'S SLOWLY BREAKING

Music 22

285. INT. POLICLINICO DAY 285.

On Perón's face. Then on Eva's, as she slowly regains consciousness.

EVA

(softly)

I...must be...Vice-President

Perón sits at her bedside. He shakes his head. Tenderly, he tries to explain to her that she is sick and that any ambitions she might have to continue politically and personally are not possible.

PERÓN

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

Perón is genuinely moved. A tear appears in the corner of his eye.

EVA

I'm not that ill
Bad moments come but they go
Some days are fine some a little bit harder
But that doesn't mean
We should give up our dream
Have you ever seen me defeated?
Don't you forget what I've been through
and yet I'm still standing -

PERÓN (spoken)

Evita, you are dying

EVA

So what happens now?
Where am I going to?

PERÓN

Don't ask anymore

EVA'S FINAL BROADCAST

Music 23

286. INT. CASA ROSADA, PRIVATE ROOMS DAY 286.

Eva's maid, Pilar, lays out Eva's clothes. We are close on Eva's hair as it is brushed back to its familiar style. We see her hairdresser, Julio, and her maid Irma, who is painting Eva's nails. As the camera sweeps round, we see Eva in the mirror. Gaunt. Still terribly ill, her clothes seem to be slightly too big for her.

'Eva's Final Broadcast' begins:

EVA

*The actress hasn't learned the lines
you'd like to hear
She's sad for her country
Sad to be defeated by her own weak body*

We are close on her sad, pallid face as we hear the chants for Evita:

CROWD (O.S.)

Evita! Evita! Evita!

287. EXT. PLAZA DE MAYO DAY 287.

The crowds in their thousands call for Evita.

CROWD (CONT.)

Evita! Evita! Evita!

288. INT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY ROOM DAY 288.

Eva, walking with some difficulty, leans heavily on Brother Juan as she makes her way to the balcony. The crowd's chant continues:

CROWD (O.S. CONT.)

*Evita! Evita! Evita!
Evita! Evita! Evita!*

289. EXT. CASA ROSADA, BALCONY DAY 289.

Perón is waiting on the balcony and takes her arm, leading her to the bank of microphones set up at the front of the balcony. Eva musters all the strength from her ailing body. She begins, slowly:

EVA

*I want to tell the people of Argentina
I've decided I should decline
All the honours and titles you've
pressed me to take*

The crowd reacts to this news with disappointment.

EVA (CONT.)

For I'm contented
Let me simply go on
As the woman who brings her people to the
heart of Perón!

We see the faces of the crowd. Women and men weep at the sight of this frail body that stands on the balcony: a shadow of the beautiful, healthy woman that first appeared there in 1946.

EVA (CONT.)

Don't cry for me Argentina
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

She nearly collapses and the crowd reacts. Perón steps forward to support her, his large hands holding her narrow waist. Eva continues:

EVA (CONT.)

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

Eva turns away from the microphones, puts her head on Perón's shoulder, and sobs. No theatrics this, but real. He gently leads her into the balcony room, leaving the crowd to their confusion, disappointment and sorrow.

Latin Chant from White Album over this:

LATIN CHANT

Music 24

290. INT. BALCONY ROOM DAY 290.

Drums:

Eva once more leans heavily on Perón as he guides her past the silent, grim-faced DIGNITARIES.

291. EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREET DAY 291.

Drums:

Heavy rain. Close on feet standing in a puddle as the camera moves up to see a simple, makeshift shrine, at the center of which is a photograph of Eva. The camera moves on and up to see a mass of umbrellas, as the WOMEN of Buenos Aires stand in vigil. A PRIEST stands at the head of the

crowd. As one, the women bow their heads in prayer in the gray light.

292. INT. SHANTY TOWN, SHACK DAY 292.

Drums:

A FAMILY kneels in prayer among the flickering candles. The wall of the shack is covered in yellowing magazine and newspaper pictures of Evita.

293. INT. MILONGA TANGO CLUB NIGHT 293.

The faces, figures, shadows of the milonga. Grief and pain in dance. These shadowy dance images mix over the images of vigil across Argentina.

294. EXT. PALACIO UNZUÉ NIGHT 294.

At the railing: more candles, more makeshift shrines. Somber, despondent WOMEN press their faces to the ironwork as they look up at the second-story window of Eva's bedroom.

SHE HAD HER MOMENTS

Music 24A

As we track along their sad faces, the camera rests on Ché, his face still badly bruised, his head bandaged under his beret. As he looks up at the window, he sings softly:

CHÉ

*She had her moments, she had some style
The best show in town was the crowd
outside the Casa Rosada crying 'Eva Perón'
But that's all gone now -*

295. INT. PALACIO UNZUÉ, EVA'S BEDROOM NIGHT 295.

To a crucifix on the wall, as the camera moves down past lit candles to find Eva. She is now close to death. At the side of the bed, Perón sits, holding her hand.

Sitting close by are Doña Juana, sisters Elisa, Blanca and Erminda, and Brother Juan.

Kneeling at the foot of the bed, in prayer, is Father Benítez.

'Lament' begins:

On Eva: propped up by the pillows, her sick, bloodless face
in half-shadow from the light at her bedside:

EVA

The choice was mine and mine completely
I could have any prize that I desired
I could burn with the splendour 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

On Perón's face. On Doña Juana. On Brother Juan.

296. EXT. PALACIO UNZUÉ NIGHT 296.

On the faces of the PEOPLE at the railings. On Ché, who
watches as the light from the second floor window goes out.

Drums and strings swell with the melody of the 'Lament'
as we mix to:

297. EXT. FLAGPOLE DAY 297.

A flag in the breeze: the blue-and-white stripes of
Argentina. A thick black line has been diagonally sewn
across it.

298. EXT. STREET, CONGRESS DAY 298.

'Lament' musical break over:

The ordinary PEOPLE line up for one final glimpse of Eva's
body as it lies in state. The lines of people snake off
into the distance for thirty or more blocks.

299. INT. ROTUNDA DAY 299.

The camera tracks past the lines of PEOPLE which snake up
the marble staircases and down into the cavernous central
hall where Eva's coffin sits among the catafalque of mauve

and white orchids. People file past, paying their last respects, touching and kissing the glass top of the coffin, beneath which lies the preserved body of Eva. As the camera sweeps down closer, we see Perón standing at one end of the coffin

- a black armband on the sleeve of his civilian jacket. We hear Ché's voice and then, as we track over the top of the coffin, we find standing at the other end Ché himself. He wears a long brown overcoat and holds his familiar beret in his hands. The bruises we saw earlier are still evident on his handsome face.

CHÉ

*The choice was yours and no one else's
You can cry for a body in despair
Hang your head because she is no
longer there
To shine
To dazzle
Or betray
How she lived
How she shone
But how soon the lights were gone*

Ché stares at Perón and then defiantly walks up to the catafalque as we hear:

VOICES (V.O.)

*Eyes, hair, face, image
All must be preserved*

On Perón's face briefly and then back to Ché, who leans over the coffin. Close up, we see Eva and Ché together. He presses his lips to the glass and we freeze on their eternal kiss.

VOICES (V.O. CONT.)

*Still life displayed forever
No less than she deserved*

Slowly fade to black.

End Credits.