

"EVITA"

SCREENPLAY BY OLIVER STONE

MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY TIM RICE

MAY 1989

(1. OVERTURE - DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA)

EXT. LOS TOLDOS, ARGENTINA - DAY (1920s)

The Argentine PAMPAS. Immense, dusty, dull stretches of scrub, desert, railroad line...

The CAMERA moving in ANAMORPHIC on the backwater of LOS TOLDOS

Dust, boredom...

In overture, we now hear the slow, sleepy opening strains of our main theme, "Don't Cry for Me Argentina" without voice, disembodied, adding a growing majesty to this ugly town.

... as we crane past a bus... families getting off, poverty written in their faces, the dust choking us ... the IBARGUEN family -- dressed in their best tattered Sunday clothes -- four sisters, brother, and JUANA, the Mother, leading her brood toward the RINGING CHURCH BELLS that counterpoint the rising surge of "Don't Cry for Me"...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHURCH LOS TOLDOS - DAY (1920s)

On the bells... moving down to discover...

The FUNERAL of JUAN DUARTE... his casket being carried into the church...

A seething MASS OF FRIENDS around it, we sense immediately there is a tension between parties as JUANA and her BROOD arrive...

Faces of hard, angry MEN turn... moving to the apparent WIFE, MRS. DUARTE, surrounded by her five CHILDREN, staring across at...

JUANA fighting to get a toehold in the procession but is immediately pushed and pulled backwards by RELATIVES of Mrs. Duarte...

The music rising to its more yearning passages as we move from JUANA onto her 7 year old daughter, EVA, being bandied and pushed, eyes focused on the DUARTE FAMILY, bodyguarding the coffin, which now moves into the church...

Her eyes going to...

The DUARTE GIRLS, same age, with looks of arrogance and contempt as they follow their father's coffin into the CHURCH

The MEN keep the Ibargurens out... various snatches of WORDS might come through the music but we are not especially listening for them...

VOICES

No... Legitimate family only...
no bastards here...
Go home, you're not wanted!

Juana, holding onto her crumpled floral tribute... as we MOVE inside now with a suddenly darting EVA slipping through the cordon for one last look... a spark of fire and protest in the girl as she manages to get into the church...

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A REQUIEM is being sung but it is still distant under the swelling strains of "DON'T CRY FOR ME" which reaches its fullest volume as little Eva squeezes her way to the side of the coffin, now open -- displaying her dead father's FACE... made waxen and immortal...

"Don't Cry for Me" peaking...

As she almost makes it... reaching out to kiss his face...

... but they grab her... Mrs. Duarte and the older children... and a commotion breaks out...

...and Eva is pulled away, crying out as his face recedes from her lips...

EVA

Papa! Papa! (to others, begging)
He's my Papa.

The LEGITIMATE DAUGHTERS drown her out...

DAUGHTERS

He's NOT! Go away! He doesn't want you!
You're not his real daughter, you're a
bastard! Go away!

Eva, holding back tears, cries out with crumbling pride:

EVA
When I die, EVERYBODY can come!

Tears now run down her face.

"Don't Cry for Me" suddenly stops and the music breaks with her into the tremendous surge of the full REQUIEM of her own funeral -- many years later.

HARD CUT TO:

(2. REQUIEM/OH WHAT A CIRCUS)

EXT. STREETS OF BUENOS AIRES - DAY (1952)

Evita's coffin rests on a GUN CARRIAGE drawn by TWENTY FOUR PALL BEARERS.

The CROWD is into the hundreds of THOUSANDS, many waving white handkerchiefs in the Peronist salute.

The CAMERA moving across her coffin and her pallbearers to reveal the Requiem sung with passion by thousands in the street.

CROWD
Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem Evita
Evita...Evita...Evita...Evita...

(NEWSPAPER MONTAGE -- LIMBO -- A DOZEN HEADLINES from around the world SUPERING OVER this imagery.)

As the Requiem refrains we move over:

The PEOPLE -- faces, banks of grieving faces -- gawkers, sightseers, mourners... the closed shops, shuttered windows, black-decked posters of Evita everywhere, black crepe on the lamposts... and the CHILDREN, scores of children in orphaned bunches, lost, with the NUNS of charity hovering by their sides, also lost...

CROWD
Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem Evita
Evita...Evita...Evita...Evita...

On PERON now briefly seen walking in the Procession of DIGNITARIES -- a strong, tall charismatic movie star of a man, properly mournful.

Moving to an OLDER JUANA, the SISTERS
(Elisa, Blanca, Arminda)... and JUAN, the mustached,
weak-looking brother with the soap opera looks... the
MINISTERS... the GENERALS and COLONELS.

HARD CUT TO:

CHE, early twenties, dark, bearded, moving quickly,
gracefully through and yet away from the CROWD --
separating himself -- as the Music makes its sudden
turn -- singing both at the Crowd and intermittently to
US, to CAMERA -- our narrator for the film, everyman,
the conscience of Argentina. In his hand, a newspaper
totally devoted to Evita.

CHE

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

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

Back to PERON, a little more fully seen now... his
looks, his eyes, playing off the Crowd. The actor in
him.

And to the CHILDREN again, a motif... a core group of
approximately forty of them, adoring, crying for their
lost mother...

CHE (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?

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

As we hardcut back to CHE's face on "she did nothing for years" reflecting his bitterness and anger.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. CASA ROSADA BALCONY & PLAZA DEL MAYO - DAY

EVITA in her full glory waving to the CROWD as she sings "Don't Cry for Me" from the balcony. We don't hear the lyrics but a ghostlike surge of the Music under our immediate song and we get a fractured sense of Evita in her glory.

CROWD (at Plaza del Mayo)
Salve Regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra
Salve salve regina

BACK TO:

EXT. STREETS - BUENOS AIRES (FUNERAL - 1952)

The CROWD continuing the "Salve Regina" refrain interchangeably over the funeral and the flashback to the Casa Rosada.

CROWD
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
O clemens O pia...

CHE cutting through the CROWD back to us.

CHE
You let your people down Evita
You were supposed to have been immortal
That's all they wanted
Not much to ask for

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE - DAY (1950s)

EVITA with her ORPHAN CHILDREN, a motif of her benevolent rule.

CHE VOICE (CONT)
But in the end you could not deliver

BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - FUNERAL - DAY

Che's song going harsh:

CHE
Sing you fools! But you got it wrong
Enjoy your prayers because you haven't got
long

FLASHBACK TO:

MONTAGE-OVERTURE:

Fractured, more perverse IMAGES of EVITA's rule as the SONG builds in ugliness. An OVERTURE in images to the movie about to unfold. The darkness now, fighting with the light.

The violent closing of "La Prensa"

The street fights with the UNIONS

The jailing and torture of DISSIDENTS (Tanya, Che's companion)

The Killing of the UNION CHIEF (Reyes) on a dark night

INTERCUTS with EVITA through these years, linking her with these events

CHE VOICE
Your Queen is dead, your king is through
She's not coming back to you

Show business kept us 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 a 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

BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - FUNERAL - DAY

A RIOT has broken out at the funeral. ANTI-PERONISTS rushing out, clobbered by PERONISTS, banners of Evita dragged down into the streets. A violent opposition. POLICE and PERONIST THUGS in leather jackets rushing in... Clubs, blood, glass broken, molotov cocktails...

CHE VOICE (cont.)

And who am I who dares to keep
His head held high while millions weep
Why the exception to the rule?
Opportunist? Traitor? Fool?

Moving to PERON, pretending not to see the Riots in the background. We sense his complicity in this past that has created these feelings...

Moving back again to the CHILDREN, crying. We must sense EVERYTHING at this funeral... the ambivalence of her legacy... the most loved and hated woman of her time.

INTERCUTTING as well to CHE, through the CROWD

CHE

Or just a man who grew and saw
From seventeen to twenty-four
His country bled, crucified?
She's not the only one who's died!

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

The CHURCH BELLS now ringing in an echo of the burial of Eva's father in Los Toldos.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BASILICA - DAY (FUNERAL CONT)

EVITA lies there in state... preserved... the glow of light around her is like a halo of immortality... the face perfectly preserved, the dress immaculate... MASSES of PEOPLE stuffing the basilica, circling the coffin in a TANGO-LIKE MOVEMENT of grief. Hysterical women fling themselves down on the coffin, are peeled off by the POLICE.

CROWD

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

The camera now lifting away from her, preserved forever, and out the basilica... discovering beneath us:

EXT. BASILICA - FUNERAL CONT - DAY

The massive CROWD, "millions", the 'descamisados' as the funeral peaks into the refrain of "DON'T CRY FOR ME" and we now hear (for the first time) Eva's VOICE gathering like goddess her people into her eternal embrace.

EVITA VOICE

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

The Crowd SWAYS in some kind of unison with her spirit...

EVITA VOICE & CROWD

Ride on my train o my people
And when it's your turn to die you'll remember
They fired those cannons, sang lamentations
Not just for Eva, for Argentina
Not just for Eva, for everybody

The Crowd dropping away. Now just the voice of Eva trailing sadly...

EVITA VOICE

So share my glory, so share my coffin
So share my glory, so share my coffin

INT. BASILICA - (FUNERAL CONT.) - DAY

The overture of our film over, we cut back to a moment of SILENCE... on her FACE, in its mausoleum... alone, the crowd hidden in the shadows, the long dark sleep... the face glows

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LOS TOLDOS BUS STOP/CHURCH-DAY

On the face of EVA, seven years old, staring back once more at the Church where her father is being buried.

The bells are tolling. The LEGITIMATE FAMILY is shaking hands outside etc.

Her mother and sisters have boarded the BUS... She steps up, looking back with revenge in her heart... the

echo of her last line...

EVITA VOICE

So share my glory, so share my coffin...

A pause. We might, in the background of time, hear the last bitter thought of Che's...

CHE VOICE

It's our funeral too...

An ambiguous note on the little girl's face as the doors of the bus close--on the face of time and we:

CUT TO:

(3. ON THIS NIGHT OF A THOUSAND STARS)

INT. MAGALDI CABARET - JUNIN - NIGHT (1930s)

The provincial town of Junin has turned out to party at the local Tango Cabaret Club.

CHE, now dressed as a waiter, moves through the CROWD as we hear Magaldi's song tuning up in the b.g. ("On this night... On this night..." etc.)

CHE

Now Eva Peron has every disadvantage
You need if you're going to succeed
No money, no class
No father, no bright lights

Serving drinks to the IBARGUEN family... Eva's SISTERS are obviously popular with the YOUNG MEN of the town, as is JUAN, her brother, with the YOUNG WOMEN, and their table is a hotbed of romance, presided over by a somewhat raffish, beaming JUANA, in her fatter fifties.

But EVA, now a saucy young woman of 17 with brownish hair and saucer-like eyes and dressed to the gaudy nines, will have no truck with the locals, her sights on the bigger fish on stage -- the singer himself. Che eyeing her knowingly as he serves her. She doesn't notice him in any way nor will she for a while, until he comes to her aid.

CHE

There was nowhere she'd been at the age of
fifteen
As this tango singer found out
A tango singer! Agustin Magaldi

CHE (CONT)

Who has the distinction of being the first man
To be of use to Eva Duarte...

There is cunning in his voice, eyes raking eyes... AGUSTIN MAGALDI, thus introduced, is an overweightly handsome matinee idol in his thirties of oily hair and mustache and the manner and made-up eyes of an old-time Latin lover. His voice a resonant romantic baritone, belting out his standard as his SHOW DANCERS move about behind him in tango rhythms.

MAGALDI

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!

He moves through the cabaret like elvis, the women falling over with drop-dead looks, passing Eva who doesn't fawn but catches his eye, enjoying her superiority over the other girls. He winks at her. Mama notices.

MAGALDI

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

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 swooning to the music. She is thoroughly overwhelmed by Magaldi. Giggles and sighs from the female side of the clapping audience. The male side is into drinking and letching, ignoring him. As Magaldi bows and joins Eva's table.

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

MAGALDI(to the family in general)
The audience here are sitting on their hands
Che loiters nearby, poking his head in and out as the
waiter.

CHE
Listen chum face the fact,
They don't like your act

MAGALDI(ignoring him)
But this is the sticks!
If this were Buenos Aires
I'd have that town at my feet
I never ever meet
Members of the public!
They'd tear me apart

CHE
I understand their feelings
Meanwhile a DANCE of entrapment has begun. Eva rising
to her feet, coming round behind him. Her sisters and
brothers now encircling... the prey.

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

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

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

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

Magaldi is starting to realize the danger.

MAGALDI
Now Eva don't get carried away

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

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

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

SILENCE creeps over the cabaret here. Magaldi rising... entering the dance like a fly in the spiderweb.

MAGALDI
The girl I love? (realizes)
What are you talking about.

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

Magaldi's eyes narrowing, beads of sweat... all the LOCALS have danced up and are staring at him, heads over shoulders... Eva starting her dance of triumph

EVA
I wanna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires - Big Apple!
Would I have done what I did
If I hadn't thought

If I hadn't known
We would stay together?

She locks loins with Magaldi.

CHE
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 or the connections -- what you need to make a splash

MAGALDI (CONT)

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

A bitter and cold anger in her voice now, older than
her youthful soprano.

EVA

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

CHE

Do all your one-night stands
give you this trouble?

Magaldi, resigned to defeat, shifts to a strain of
romantic fatalism, describing the horrors that await
her. Lighting now accentuates the lonely truth of his
words...that completely bypass Evita in her desire.

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 (uptempo, not to be denied)

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

FAMILY

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

MAGALDI (pleading)

Five years from now I shall come back
And finally say, you have your way --
come to town

MAGALDI (CONT)

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 (fiercely, into his face)

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 -- didn't I?

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

FAMILY

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

Bringing out her packed cardboard suitcases and
plunking them on Magaldi

MAGALDI

Eva beware your ambition
It's hungry and cold -- can't be controlled,
will run wild

INT. RAILROAD TRAIN - COUNTRY AND CITY - DAY (1930's)

EVA rides to Buenos Aires. Staring out the window.
The Pampas -- DISSOLVING INTO THE CITY.

MAGALDI VOICE

This in a man is danger enough
But you are a woman, not
Very much more than a child and
whatever you say
I'll not steal you away!

HARD CUT TO:

(4. BUENOS AIRES)

INT. RETIRO RAILROAD STATION - BUENOS AIRES - DAY (MID
1930s)

EVITA, cardboard suitcase in hand, steps from the train
-- followed by MAGALDI, blurring in and out of the busy
big-city CROWD.

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

EXT. BUENOS AIRES AVENIDA - DAY (MID-1930s)

A big CRANE shot coming towards her as she dances down the street filled with URBAN MIDDLE CLASS shoppers, cinemas, cafes, taxis, limos, a world she has never seen before -- her eyes filled with joy!

EVA
 I get out here Buenos Aires
 Stand back - you ought to know whatcha gonna
 get in me
 Just a little touch of star quality!

People starting to notice this brassy girl, winking at TWO BUSINESSMEN in suits accompanied by TWO outraged Bourgeois WIVES as she hops a STREETCAR -- MAGALDI in tow, cringing at her loudness.

INT/EXT BUENOS AIRES STREETCAR - DAY

Shooting down VARIOUS STREETS (seen in PROCESS), she sways from the straps, the interior crammed with the POOR PEOPLE CHORUS who sway in unison with her beat..

EVA
 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

The SLAUGHTERHOUSE now out the window in a poor, poor section of town. She moves off the streetcar.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE & STREET - DAY

Dancing down the street past the SLAUGHTERHOUSE, which will reappear in the film.

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

Past the POOR PEOPLE'S CHORUS in the street, noticing

her, joining in her movements. They like her already.
As she vanishes into a rundown APARTMENT BUILDING,
MAGALDI carrying the bags...

INT. STAIRWELL - EVA'S FIRST APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Evita and Magaldi up the dank staircase.

EVA

Take me in at your flood, give me speed,
give me lights, set me humming...

INT. EVITA'S FIRST APARTMENT - DAY

MAGALDI follows her in. The ROOM is a shabby bed-sitter with brass bed, nightstand, table, 2 chairs, a view of the slaughterhouse -- a possibly major come-down judging from the reproving glance from Eva to Magaldi. But she is not to be crushed and possesses the apartment with pride, parking her suitcase, throwing open the windows. Already up on the walls are her fantasy Cinderella story posters of film stars from fan magazines...

EVA

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.

As Magaldi slips out the door leaving her alone in her depressing room.

EXT. EVITA'S FIRST APARTMENT WINDOW - DAY

EVA throwing open the windows... the Camera craning back as she sings to the neighborhood... we see more and more POOR as we crawl back, listening, swaying to her beat...

EVA

Stand back Buenos Aires!
Because you ought to know what'cha gonna
get in me
Just a little touch of star quality
If ever I go too far
It's because of the things you are
Beautiful town -- I love you
And if I need a moment's rest
Give your lover the very best
Real eiderdown -- and silence...

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. POLO CLUB FIELDS - BUENOS AIRES - DAY

Camera moving down on a wide beautiful painterly green landscape dotted by horses, horsemen, mallets, galloping dust up and down the field in swashing colors...

CHE VOICE

On the 9th of February 1935, in Buenos Aires -- a polo match, between a team of leading Argentine players and the touring British side; The British Ambassador said he had never seen a social occasion quite like it

On the BRITISH AMBASSADOR and his rooster-beaked WIFE, moving past with CHE, now dressed as a young foppish aristocrat, a debutante on his arm, moving with the CROWD, that sways to their own rich people's rhythm. These are the beginnings of the ARISTOCRAT CHORUS as contrasted with the PEOPLE'S CHORUS from the previous section... Che as usual sings partly at us, with insouciance.

CHE

Even by the standards of Buenos Aires society the gathering at the polo grounds glittered. The Rolls' and the Daimlers, the hampers from Harrods, the clothes, the diamonds, the crystals, the wines, the procession of nannies from England and France...

On the dandies and the cars, the picnic hampers, the crystals, the children, the mothers, the nannies, swaying to the music even as they sit. We create here a loving look at the great Argentine tradition of wealth and European refinement in their upper classes. And oh yes, back to the match as:

One of the HORSEMEN SCORES... followed by a titter of amusement from the Upper Classes... Che crossing with his binoculars dangling, lips moving with rigid English martiality as he chats up the British Ambassador and various YOUNG ATHLETIC SCIONS in puttees.

CHE

...The result of the match? Oh yes -- the home team won, but as the British Ambassador pointed out, that did not reflect badly on British horsemanship. Three of the Argentine players were educated at Eton.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. CLUBS - NIGHTS

A series of flashing NEON NAMES of CLUBS...

INT. NIGHTCLUB - BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

EVITA is dancing up a storm with a YOUNG MILITARY OFFICER as the PEOPLE'S DANCERS move with her, caught in her unfolding fantasy...

MAGALDI watches from the sidelines, now more the seeker than the sought.

EVA

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

INT. HAIRDRESSER SHOP - DAY

EVITA going from brown to BLONDE HAIR...

EVA

Rio de la Plata! Florida! Corrientes!
Neuve de Julio!
All I want to know!

INT. EVITA FIRST APARTMENT - NIGHT

EVITA dressing a new way... stuffing a stocking in her chest...

EVA

Stand back Buenos Aires!
Because you oughta know what'cha gonna get in
me

EXT. AVENIDA - BUENOS AIRES - DAY

EVITA in a bellboy's uniform handing out candy samples on a fashionable shopping street, ignored but undaunted

EVA

Just a little touch of
Just a little touch of

INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO - DAY

A Flashbulb goes off. EVITA posing for a cheesecake shot in a bathing suit, sucking on an orange... The

moment frozen as:

INT. PROCESS SHOT - LIMBO

The PICTURE SPINS OUT into a backstage picture in the mass circulation "Sintonia" (if possible displayed at a NEWSTAND)

EVA

Just a little touch of star quality!

CUT TO:

(5. GOODNIGHT AND THANK YOU)

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EVITA'S FIRST APARTMENT - NIGHT

MAGALDI, a few years older, is let out the door as...

CHE, now the next door neighbor, a slaughterhouse worker in a bloody tee-shirt watches from the doorway. Behind him an impoverished FAMILY of wife and several kids...

CHE

Goodnight and thank you Magaldi

You've completed your task, what more could we ask of you now?

Please sign the book on your way out the door That will be all

If we need you we'll call

But I don't think that's likely somehow...

Accompanying the obviously reluctant Magaldi, tears ducting, as EVITA appears at her doorway with the last of his possessions. She has obviously prospered over the intervening years--bolder, prettier, a sexually mature glamour girl...

EVA

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies

The parting, the closing of doors

But we must be honest, stop fooling ourselves

CHE (to Magaldi)

Which means--up yours!

EXT/INT. CAFE--BUENOS AIRES--NIGHT

CAMERA moving in past a gay THRONG on the sidewalk to the INTERIOR filled with round Parisian lamps...

EVITA moves through a crowd of COURTESANS and MILITARY OFFICERS and THEATRICAL PEOPLE, "le monde de la nuit"...her eyes working the room...

A PHOTOGRAPHER she knows, his cameras dangling from his neck...a little banter... pushing on...

His Boss, the PUBLISHER, who she seems to know equally well...

...past MAGALDI begging her to come back but chased off by CHE, back as the waiter now...

... to an ARMY OFFICER, middle aged, in a coterie of MILITARY MEN, all of whom she seems to know by first name.

The DEMI-MONDE (theatrical and military people combined) sway in their chairs or standing positions to the savage beat of:

CHE & MAGALDI

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

INT. CORRIDOR--OUTSIDE EVITA'S SECOND APARTMENT--DAY

The PHOTOGRAPHER with his photo equipment is shown out of the door of a new, better class flat by a saddened EVITA as...

CHE, now a janitor or a storekeeper-type neighbor, looks on, accompanying the hapless photographer.

CHE

Goodnight and thankyou whoever
 She's in every magazine, been photographed,
 seen...

EXT. NEWSTAND - BUENOS AIRES STREET - DAY

EVITA finding her photograph on the COVER of Sintonia...

CHE (as newstand seller)
 She is known
 We don't like to rush you but your case has
 been packed

INT. MOVIE SET- BALLROOM SCENE - DAY

EVITA in a secondary part in a costume movie, dances in a BALLROOM SCENE, obviously the second girl to LIBERTAD LAMARQUE who has the enrapt attention of the co-starring LATIN LOVER...Evita trying to get closer to the camera... CHE is the director now, putting her back on her mark.

CHE
 If we've missed anything
 You could give us a ring
 But we don't always answer the phone

Eva dancing away with the PHOTOGRAPHER, now her dance partner extra, but she obviously has eyes only for the lead.

EVA(to the photographer)
 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
 shared...

CHE (into the movie camera)
 But Eva will not!

INT. TANGO CLUB - NIGHT

An all-out assault on the tango, EVITA goose-stepping with a fat, excitable RADIO BOSS, JAIMIE YANKELVICH, the DEMI-MONDE CHORUS joining in louder, singing and moving to the refrain. Magaldi is there, drunker, sadder, the PHOTOGRAPHER commiserating with him. Evita's eyes on IMBERT, one of the Military Officers.

CHE, EVA, MAGALDI
 & PHOTOGRAPHER
 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

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EVITA'S THIRD APARTMENT - DAY

The fat Rumanian, YANKELVICH, is shown out the door, still hoping, EVITA leading him on with her smile. She has never looked as alluring.

... as CHE, now the uniformed doorman of this ritzy apartment building, helps with the bags.

CHE
Goodnight and thank you whoever
We are grateful you found her a spot on
the sound
Radio...

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

EVITA is live on the air - crying, emoting, pounding her heart as she speaks of her "heart"

Jaimie YANKELVICH, her patron behind the glass looking, adoring... as CHE, the engineer, works the dials...

Also there is her brother JUAN... who suavely takes Yankelvich out of the scene, talking of money and other things.

CHE
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

EVA (on the radio)
Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies
The decline into silence and doubt
Our passion was just too intense to survive.

CHE (to Yankelvich)
For God's sake get out!

EXT. STAIRWELL & CORRIDOR - EVITA'S THIRD APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHE, as doorman, and EVITA, returning with the older military man, IMBERT, climb the stairs past a long line of SUITERS and REJECTED LOVERS, peeling all the way down the staircase

LOVERS
Oh but this line's an embarrassing sight
Someone has made us look fools

LOVERS (CONT)

Argentine men call the sexual shots
Someone has altered the rules

As she goes in with Imbert and slams the door in their faces.

CHE

Fame on the wireless as far as it goes...

INT. SECOND MOVIE SET - DAY

Evita's FAMILY is now there, watching as CHE directs... camera moving to:

LIBERTAD LAMARQUE talking, pleading with the same, co-starring LATIN LOVER... but the moment EVITA enters, crossing the fake studio threshold with the potted palms, she knows she has lost him... to the STAR!

CHE (CONT)

Is all very well, but every girl knows
She needs a man she can monopolize
With fingers in dozens of different pies...

The CREW and all JOIN in the refrain around Evita... who sings it mockingly at her screen lover...

EVA ET ALL

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies...

CUT TO:

(6. THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE)

EXT. MILITARY CAMPO - DAY (1943)

A COUP D'ETAT in progress. MILITARY MEN are on the move. Horses, Tanks.

IMBERT, the officer we saw go into the apartment with Evita, strides out with PERON, the tall charismatic Colonel with the movie-star looks. With them are THREE OTHER high-ranking OFFICERS, the five-man core of the G.O.U. political party moving through the horses and the tanks to a slinky, conspiratorial beat and body movement.

\ FIVE OFFICERS

One has no rules
Is not precise
One rarely acts
the same way twice

EXT. BUENOS AIRES STREETS - DAY

TANKS rumbling through, the FIVE OFFICERS on one turret.. People hiding.

FIVE OFFICERS
One spurns no device
Practicing the art of the possible

EXT. PLAZA DEL MAYO (MAIN SQUARE) - BUENOS AIRES - DAY

A brief, shaggy firefight is in progress across the square. A couple of mortar explosions, troops advancing.

An old JETFIGHTER screams overhead

FIVE OFFICERS' VOICES
One always picks
The easy fight
One praises fools...

TROOPS are yielding, white flags waved... We see it as thru a newsreel effect, distant and far-off as most coups are to us...

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

FIVE OFFICERS
(on the tank tunset, congratulating each other)
One smothers light
One shifts left to right
It's part of the art of the possible

INTERCUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

EVITA on the air... into microphone, in the same beat as the soldier, obviously with them...

EVA
I'm only a radio star with just one weekly show
But speaking as one of the people I want you to know,

EXT. PAMPAS - DAY

Her voice blazing out over the land, the sheep and their HERDERS...

EVA VOICE
 We are tired of the decline of
 Argentina with no sign
 A government able to give us the things we
 deserve

BACK TO:

EXT. CASA ROSADA BALCONY - DAY

FOUR OFFICERS are now waving and singing from the balcony into their microphones in their mock Italian Fascist uniforms, the huge bronze CONDOR symbol behind them alongside the G.O.U. banners. They have won the day.

FIVE OFFICERS
 One always claims
 Mistakes are planned

On the CROWD below, not particularly large or enthusiastic... There is protest as well, a HUNDRED FARMERS from an agricultural enterprise being harshly dispersed by POLICE and MILITARY.

FIVE OFFICERS VOICES
 When risk is slight
 One takes one's stand

Back on the balcony now with FOUR OFFICERS (one is gone)

FOUR OFFICERS
 With much slight of hand
 Politics - the art of the possible

EXT. LA PRENSA NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Peronist THUGS, led by a DARK FACED MAN, throw rocks through the windows, attack the WRITERS trying to get in to work... as the EDITOR pleads from the window. THREE OFFICERS now cross into Foreground, standing in a jeep, smiling.

THREE OFFICERS
 One has no rules
 Is not precise

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LIMBO

A STUDENT is being tortured with electric shock...

TWO OFFICERS, one of them Peron, now watch.

TWO OFFICERS(looking at each other)
 One rarely acts
 the same way twice

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - LIMBO

PERON walking out alone, the door closing behind him,
 along a lonely stone corridor with shafts of bright
 white light... the victor.

PERON
 One spurns no device
 Politics -- the art of the possible

VOICES (starting, distant)
 Peron! Peron!

(7. ID BE SURPRISINGLY GOOD FOR YOU)

EXT. LUNA PARK STADIUM - NIGHT (1944)

PERON is being cheered by the MOB.

VOICES
 Peron! Peron! Peron!

Peron acknowledges with a big smile and wave from his
 chair on the STAGE, surrounded by other DIGNITARIES and
 BEAUTIFUL WOMEN in this CHARITY BENEFIT for the victims
 of a large earthquake in northern Argentina...the
 camera moving to discover MAGALDI, fatter and oilier,
 finishing his act on center stage--the same act, of
 course.

MAGALDI (into the mike)
 On this night...

CHE dressed as a bufoonish Master of Ceremonies, into
 another mike:

CHE
 Luna Park Stadium, Buenos Aires,
 January 22nd 1944

MAGALDI (building his rhythm)
 On this night...

CHE
 A concert in aid of the victims of an
 earthquake that devastated the town of
 San Juan, Argentina

MAGALDI

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

CHE (closing him out)

Ladies and Gentlemen! Agustin Magaldi!
Any minute now -- the man of the hour!

The CROWD already calling for "PERON!"...

None of this lost on EVA DUARTE - dressed magnificently, sexually - waiting in the wings of the stage as MAGALDI intersects... a familiar tone in their voices.

MAGALDI

Eva Duarte!

EVA

Your act hasn't changed much

MAGALDI

Neither has yours

Magaldi exiting, Eva's eyes back to PERON at center stage, adoring.

PERON

Tonight I'm proud to be the people's spokesman! You've given help to those who've lost their homes, but more than that conclusively shown that the people should run their affairs on their own! Make sure your leaders understand the people!

CROWD

Peron! Peron! Peron!

During Peron's speech, we move with Evita towards her old "friend" LIBERTAD LAMARQUE, the actress, on the podium next to Peron's empty chair. Evita chats her up; as Peron finishes and returns to the chair, Libertad is distracted by another Dignitary and Peron finds Evita standing right next to his chair, with innocent mien.

EVA

Colonel Peron?

PERON

Eva Duarte?

Smitten on sight. A nervous shuffle. They sing separate lyrics in sync.

EVA & PERON

I've heard so much about you!
I'm amazed for I'm only an actress (a soldier)
Nothing to shout about (One of the
thousands)
Only a girl on the boards (Defending the
country he loves)

The lights shifting, focusing them in spotlight on the stage as the other people move about, continuing with the rally. Speakers gesticulating in silhouettes behind them... Possibly a brief withdrawing smile on Libertad Lamarque's face as she realizes she has made another mistake with Eva Duarte.

EVA

But when you act, the things you do affect
us all

PERON

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

EVA

Yes...

A pause. The TANGO begins... but they do not touch, legs interweaving...

PERON

So am I -- what a fortunate coincidence.
Maybe you're my reward for my efforts here
tonight

EVA

It seems crazy but you must believe
There's nothing calculated, nothing planned

They touch hands. And they start their dance -- off stage, down a ramp, into the aisles -- past applauding silent silhouettes. An almost breathless pace.

EVA

Please forgive me if I seem naive
I would never want to force your hand
But please understand
I'd be good for you

EXT. BUENOS AIRES AVENIDA - NIGHT

They TANGO down the street, past the glittering cafes,
the boulevardiers, the DEMI-MONDE.

EVA

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

INT. HALLWAY - EVITA THIRD APARTMENT - NIGHT/DAWN

They TANGO past CHE as doorman

EVA

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?

INT. EVITA BEDROOM - THIRD APARTMENT - NIGHT/DAWN

EVA undressing.

EVA

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

As they kiss and fold themselves down into darkness...
CHE, dressed as a Butler, steps forward into the
spotlit dressing mirror playing out a bawdy SOLO RIFF
on the clarinet...

Camera moving to the bed where the lights now drift on
as PERON contented, leans back on his pillow, smoking,
looking at Eva.

PERON

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

Camera moving to reveal EVITA, sheet to her breast,

reclined in an equal position at the base of the bed, lighting her cigarette and playing with one of TWO PET POODLES sharing the covers... They are relaxed, comfortable with each other as they stare into the other's eyes--a bonding look. The DAWN LIGHT coming up through the window.

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 I caught your eye
Which has to imply
I'd be good for you
I'd be surprisingly good for you

HARD CUT TO:

INT/EXT - PERON LIMOUSINE - DAWN

MOTORCYCLE ESCORT whipping past... moving to the back seat with PERON alone, the same relentless beat from the "Goodnight and Thank You" number.

EVA VOICE & PERON

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

INT. EVITA BEDROOM - DAWN (SAME DAY)

EVITA, alone as well, taking her makeup off in the mirror in preparation of some sleep...

EVA & PERON VOICE

In fact they rely on
Tricks they can try on
Their partner
They're hoping their lover will help them or
keep them
Don't blame them, you're the same

CUT TO:

(8. ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL)

INT. PERON APARTMENT - DAY

Peron's 16 Year Old MISTRESS lies in bed with magazines and chocolates as...

EVITA, wearing a fur, bursts in, followed by a sheepish

PERON and CHE as one of several VALETS who immediately set about packing her up

EVITA (wasting no time)
Hello and goodbye!
I've just unemployed you
You can go back to school
you had a good run
I'm sure he enjoyed you
Don't act sad or surprised,
let's be friends, civilized

The clothes are being packed but the Mistress is too stunned to move. Evita picks through her jewelry taking a trinket or two.

EVITA (impatient)
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!

Propping the dumbfounded thing up in her nightgown with the help of the valets, Peron hiding shamefacedly in the corner. Evita in an aside of sympathy, gives her the fur from her own shoulders to keep her warm...

... as she propels her out the door.

EVA
I like your conversation --
you've a catchy turn of phrase

INT. HALL - OUTSIDE PERON APARTMENT - DAY

The MISTRESS, with Argentine melancholy, sings to herself. CHE accompanying her, as the VALET, carrying her suitcase.

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

CHE
Another suitcase in another hall

MISTRESS
So what happens now?

CHE
Take your picture off another wall

MISTRESS
Where am I going to?

CHE
You'll get by, you always have before

EXT STREET & COURTYARD - OUTSIDE PERON APARTMENT - DAY

With no particular place to go, she wanders on...
followed by a sympathetic Che.

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

PERON briefly visible at an upstairs inner courtyard
window. He vanishes as EVITA flashes by the window,
closing it ...

CHE
Another suitcase in another hall

MISTRESS
So what happens now?

CHE
Take your picture off another wall

MISTRESS
Where am I going to?

CHE
You'll get by, you always have before

EXT. AVENIDA - BUENOS AIRES - DAY

The MISTRESS, now carrying her suitcase vanishes down
the Boulevard where we see the "portenos" waiting for
her in their businessman suits... another woman on the
men's market of Argentine society, they start closing
in with a WOLF MOVEMENT...

CHE hanging back watching her go

MISTRESS

Where am I going to?
 Call in three months' time and I'll be fine I
 know
 Well maybe not that fine, but I'll survive
 anyhow
 I won't recall the names and places of this
 sad occasion
 But that's no consolation -- here and now
 So what happens now?

CHE

Another suitcase in another hall

MISTRESS

So what happens now?

CHE

Take your picture off another wall

MISTRESS

Where am I going to?

CHE

You'll get by, you always have before

MISTRESS

Where am I going to?

CHE

Don't ask anymore

DISSOLVING TO:

(9. PERON'S LATEST FLAME)

EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY GROUNDS - GARDEN PARTY - DAY

The ARGENTINE RICH move like stiff, swaying weeds in a
 sumptuous outdoor party laden with buffet tables,
 tents, servants, colors, sun, cricket teams, The
 BRITISH AMBASSADOR gossiping with his WIFE, eyes
 shifting

CHE is a young dandy. Watching as...

CHE

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

ARISTOCRATS CHORUS
Precisely!

CHE
Our heroine's style

ARISTOCRATS
We're glad you noticed

...EVITA on the arm of PERON is studiously ignored as much as Peron is doted over...

CHE
The shooting sticks of the upper class

ARISTOCRAT
Give her an inch

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

ARISTOCRATS (circling her)
...she'll take a mile
Such a shame she wandered into our enclosure
How unfortunate this person has forced us to be blunt
No, we wouldn't mind seeing her in Harrod's
But behind the jewelry counter - not in front

EXT. MILITARY CAMPO & BARRACKS - DAY

Jeeps, trucks, a parade ground, TROOPS drilling.
PERON in uniform in a jeep sweeping by with EVITA beside him, red dress, beautiful scarf blowing, black gloves... all the men looking.

CHE is a lowly enlisted man.

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

The ARMY CHORUS is drilling - a precise, rigid, angry dance MOVEMENT with muscle and danger in it.

ARMY CHORUS
Exactly!

CHE
Peron's latest flame?

ARMY CHORUS

ARMY CHORUS
You said it brother

INT. ARMY OFFICERS MESS - DAY

CHE, an enlisted man waiter...

CHE
Should you wish to cause great distress
In the tidiest officer's mess
Just mention her name...

As EVITA passes from her table with PERON... the
OFFICERS CHORUS weaving up on the tables in a spiderish
military dance of bile and macho jealousy

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

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY

Craning in on a movie set, EVITA playing Queen
Elizabeth on a throne, surrounded by COURTIERS

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

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

EVITA and PERON making their way up the aisle of a
fashionable restaurant, the ARISTOCRATS on both sides
stare at them, moving in their seats.

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

INT. MILITARY GYM - DAY

The OFFICERS fencing... the click of their blades in
rhythm with the singing behind their masks...

ARMY

It's no crime for officers to do as they
 please
 As long as they're discreet and keep clear of
 disease
 We ignore, we disregard
 But once they allow a bit on the side
 To move to the center where she's not
 qualified

EXT. LABOR RALLY - BUENOS AIRES DOCKS - DAY

EVITA addressing her first UNION CROWD... PERON and REYES, the Union Chief, behind her, approving. She waves her arms, excites them, the port in the background, her speech dominating the song.

EVA

In my simple woman's heart, I say to you
 justice must be done, cost what it may and
 fall who must fall, I am certain God will
 forgive me but I will make the rich people
 pay for all the suffering they have caused
 the poor -- to the last drop of blood left to
 them!

WILD CHEERING, the ARMY CHORUS warily circling the rally.

ARMY CHORUS (during this)

We should all be on our guard
 She should get into her head
 She should get out of bed
 She should know that she's not paid
 To be loud, but to be laid
 Slut! Dangerous Jade!

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE PREMIERE - NIGHT

EVITA and PERON getting out of their sedan, into the CROWD -- klieg lights, flashbulbs... CHE slipping in as a REPORTER with microphone.

CHE

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

\ EVA

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

CHE

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

Peron's SECRET POLICE move on Che, "escort" him out. They are dressed in black and brown leather coats in imitation of Mussolinis' thugs.

HEAVIES

Goodnight and thank you

EXT. LABOR RALLY - SALUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Torches, a worked up angry CROWD of tough slaughterhouse workers and their families.

EVITA is inciting them, obviously becoming more and more political, her clothing and appearance (hair pulled back in a bun), having subtly moved away from the movie image but still incorporating those glamorous elements in a more serious mien.

EVA (speech in BG. not sung)

My "descamisados", I was not, nor am I, anything more than a humble woman, a sparrow in an immense flock of sparrows. But Peron is a gigantic condor that flies high and sure among the summits, near to God. All that I am, all that I have, all that I think and all that I feel, belongs to Peron!

ARMY CHORUS

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

Moving to the ARMY TROOPS and OFFICERS ringing the Crowd, containing the demonstration... but we sense it might erupt at any moment into class warfare... The Army OFFICERS on their horses...

\ ARMY CHORUS

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

Moving past EVITA gesticulating, kissing the crowd as she finishes to...

The UPSTAIRS WINDOWS of the owner's offices in the SLAUGHTERHOUSE -- their faces looking down at the crowd...

ARISTOCRATS

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

The full implications of this class war now break out in the next song rolling right up.

CUT TO:

(10. A NEW ARGENTINA)

INT. EVITA'S THIRD APARTMENT - NIGHT

Evita's fortune's are obviously risen -- furniture, paintings, decor... PERON lounging there after dinner in his smoking jacket surrounded by SERVANTS... yet nervous... (In his hand a newspaper headline declaring the end of Hitler as World War Two grinds to an unfavourable verdict for Mr. Peron.) He throws down the paper, nervous.

PERON

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

Stunned as the SERVANT opens the door and SEVERAL MILITARY OFFICERS and SOLDIERS burst in and arrest him...

EVITA, in her peignoir, is only momentarily taken aback before launching into:

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 at you?

Ironically sung as Peron is presented with his warrant and handcuffed. Eva, ignoring all this, the master

scheme in mind looking out the window at the growing MOB below, which we hear but do not see.

EVA

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...

INT. APARTMENT/CORRIDOR/STAIRWELL

PERON exiting out the door, a little concern in his voice

PERON

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

EXT/INT. MILITARY VAN - SHANTYTOWN - NIGHTS

PERON in the back of the van, handcuffed, past the shantytown streets.

PERON

All exiles are distinguished
 More important they're not dead
 I could find job satisfaction
 In Paraguay.

The VAN roaring past an ANGRY MOB of UNION WORKERS outside a FACTORY.

EVITA crossing in the wake of the van, towards the WORKERS.

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

WORKERS

Peron! Peron!

CHE is now up on a makeshift podium in his first incarnation as revolutionary firebrand, in the legendary beret, fists waving in the air.

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

INT. RADIO STUDIO - LIMBO

EVITA hitting the airwaves as the protest beat grows.

EVA (into microphone)
 There is only one man who can lead any
 workers' regime
 He lives for your problems, he shares your
 ideals and your dream

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE RALLY - NIGHT

EVITA marching through the rows of the SLAUGHTERHOUSE,
 her anger as visceral as the dead carcasses about
 her... the WORKERS, led by REYES the Union Chief,
 following her, walking off their jobs...

EVA (CONT)
 He supports you for he loves you,
 understands you, is one of you
 If not -- how could he love me?

WORKERS (following her)
 A new Argentina!
 The workers' battle song!
 A new Argentina!
 The voice of the people rings out loud and
 long!

EXT. AVENIDA - BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

The torches are out in full splendor as EVITA now leads
 an ARMY of WORKERS streaming into the Plaza del Mayo...
 She is there at the head in her symbolic work clothes,
 waving her fist -- a French Revolutionary Image of
 Liberty.

EVA
 Now I am a worker I've suffered the way that
 You do
 I've been unemployed and I've starved and I
 hated it too
 But I found my salvation in Peron --
 may the Nation
 Let him save them as he saved me

CHE, alongside her, as a Revolutionary leader.

Alongside him is a female Revolutionary companion,
TANYA.

CHE

A new Argentina!
A new age about to begin!

The PERON THUGS are suddenly there alongside CHE,
repeating the chorus line.

CHE & SECRET POLICE

A new Argentina!
We face the world together and no dissent
within

As they lay into CHE and TANYA and a few OTHERS and
drag them off to the sidelines. The MARCH pouring on...
We intercut FACES of the workers.

INDIVIDUAL WORKERS

Nationalization of the industries that the
foreigners control
Participation in the profits that we make,
Shorter hours
Higher wages
Votes for Women
Larger dole
More public spending
A bigger slice of every cake

INTERCUT TO:

INT. PERON PRISON CELL--NIGHT

The camera moving across from a GUARD at the bars to a
rather comfortable but sparse detention cell where
PERON, in smoking jacket, is composing a letter to
EVITA which he sings, as he sips wine.

PERON

It's annoying that we have to fight elections
for our cause
The inconvenience--having to get a majority
If normal methods of persuasion fail to win
us applause
There are other ways of establishing authority

EXT. AVENIDA - MARCH - NIGHT

CHE lies beaten and bloody along with TANYA and OTHER
RADICALS in the street as PERON'S THUGS form a
barricade separating them from the ongoing march.

We have ways of making you vote for us, or
at least of making you abstain

CUT TO:

EVITA at the head of the MARCH, moving like a raw,
raunchy harlot...

The TROOPS retreating in the face of their momentum.

EVA

Peron has resigned from the army and this
we avow. The descamisadoes 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?

As SHE SPINS out into a:

PROCESS SHOT - TIME MAGAZINE COVER - LIMBO

EVITA on the cover leading the masses

ALL

A new Argentina!
The chains of the masses untied!

BACK TO:

EXT. AVENIDA - MARCH - NIGHT

THOUSANDS of torches flowing like a river...

ALL

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

INT. PERON PRISON CELL - NIGHT

PERON, freed from his cell as EVITA waits at the
threshold, some SUPPORTERS with her. Peron cautionary
still, gathering his things to leave

PERON

There again we could be foolish
Not to quit while we're ahead

EXT. PRISON - STREET - NIGHT

PERON waving to the MASSES as he steps out to his
freedom with EVITA at his side -- the background noise
dropping out, his song an aside to her, playing both

dropping out, his song an aside to her, playing both sides of the fence immaculately

PERON

I can see me many miles away
Inactive
Sipping cocktails on a terrace
Taking breakfast in bed

EXT/INT. MOVING TRAIN - APPROACHING LOS TOLDOS - DAY

PERON bundled in a seat with blankets, resting

PERON

Sleeping easy, doing crosswords
It's attractive

EVITA nervously peering ahead at:

EVA

Don't think I don't think like you, I
often get those nightmares too.

EXT. APPROACHING CHURCH - LOS TOLDOS - DAY

The Church where her father was buried and from which she was chased in the opening scene. Now surrounded by an enthusiastic LOCAL CROWD waving at her... Possibly we glimpse a sheepish MRS. DUARTE and her 'legitimate' FAMILY hiding back in the crowd, hauled off by the LOCAL POLICEMAN.

As EVITA'S FAMILY approaches, kissing her. EVITA a nervous wreck, walking with PERON, surrounded by bodyguards

EVA

They always take some swallowing
Sometimes it's very difficult to keep momentum
if it's you that you are following

BELLS are ringing.

INT. LOS TOLDOS CHURCH - DAY

EVITA, in bridal gown, approaching the altar -- meeting PERON.

\ EVA (nervous)

Don't close doors
Keep an escape clause...

Off to the side, JUAN DUARTE is making some changes in

the Birth Certificate, hands it to the Priest.

INSERT - BIRTH CERTIFICATE

now reads "Eva Duarte" with "Ibarguen" crossed out and the birth is upped from 1919 to 1923.

EVA (CONT)
Because we might lose
The Big Apple

JUMP CUT TO:

The PRIEST marrying them... yet something in her face is not or seems will ever be. Content... as we:

INSERT the ring going on her finger.

EVA
But -- would I have done what I did if I
hadn't thought, if I hadn't known
We would take the country?

PRIEST WORDS (under)
... pronounce you man and wife ...

A pause. Before they kiss, the triumphant last chords of "New Argentina" now rumble over a spectacular shot of:

EXT. MOVING TRAIN - ARGENTINE PAMPAS - DAY (1946)

As we HELICOPTOR out from EVITA and PERON waving and kissing from their banner-strewn TRAIN filled with DIGNITARIES and PARTY WORKERS

TEEN AGE GIRLS run in relays level with the train.

GAUCHOS in their flowing white bombachas race their stallions alongside the train with cowboy whoops, hooves kicking up the dust... flags and banners waving...

CROWDS cheering:

ALL
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!

FADING OUT AND
SLOW IN TO:

EXT. -- PLAZA DEL MAYO -- DAY (1946)

The CROWD is as immense as the funeral, stretching back deep into the square, down the Avenida... a sea of tumult... signs, banners, CGF union, ordinary simple folk, children all there

CHE
(as a politician, from the balcony)
People of Argentina! Your newly elected
President -- Juan Peron!

CROWD
Peron! Peron!

From their point of view looking up -- the tiny figure of PERON emerges on the balcony -- begins to remove his jacket to the roar of the crowd.

PERON
Argentinos! Argentinos! We are all
shirtless now!
Fighting against our common enemies...

Poverty, social injustice, foreign
domination of our industries!

EXT. - BALCONY - CASA ROSADA - DAY

BEHIND PERON now on the BALCONY - looking down at the masses...

PERON
Reaching for our common goals --
Our independence, our dignity, our pride!
Let the world know that our great nation
is awakening
and that its heart beats in the humble
bodies of Juan Peron -- and his wife, the
first lady of Argentina,
Eva Duarte de Peron!

The camera during this gliding off PERON past the OFFICERS and DIGNITARIES on the balcony with him, past EVITA'S FAMILY en masse, to the white drapes ruffling in the breeze, behind which we sense EVITA watching, waiting for her moment...

EXT. PLAZA DEL MAYO - DAY

CHE in the CROWD, as a revolutionary firebrand, holding a banner aloft demanding a Free Press

a banner aloft demanding a Free Press

CHE

As a mere observer of this tasteless phenomenon, one has to admire the stage management

SECRET POLICE moving in on him and his group.

CHE

There again -- perhaps I'm more than a mere observer - listen to my enthusiasm, gentlemen! Peron! Peron!
Look, if I take off my shirt, will you --

They bundle him off, the CROWD ignoring it, surging up in one collective shout.

CROWD

Evita! Evita! Evita! etc.

The CAMERA now craning up with their collective hearts towards the balcony over the introductory strains of "Don't Cry for Me"...

... to discover an exquisite, fragile EVITA humbly stepping out of the Casa Rosada onto the BALCONY -- gently guided to the microphone by her gallant PERON... Another, more reflective and melancholy side to Evita emerges in this song. Yet one must wonder through this display of emotion what she really feels. Or is she comfortable with duplicity -- with this alternate and ambiguous loving and raking over of the people she loves. Is this at the heart of power? Love and cruelty. Corruption and innocence. A show. An act? Evita's love affair with Argentina continues:

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
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:

softly occur during the course of the song

The LITTLE GIRL in LOS TOLDOS chasing her father in death

The YOUNG WOMAN arriving in Buenos Aires

EVA

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

The Little Girl in Los Toldos staring out the window

EVA

So I chose freedom
 Running around trying everything new
 But nothing impressed me at all
 I never expected it to

The Bars. The Beds. The cigarette floors of tango bars.
 Her face. Hardened, wearied, waking from another bed...

BACK TO:

EXT: PLAZA DEL MAYO - DAY

OUR CAMERA floating towards her on the balcony across
 the hundred thousand HEADS wrapped around her words
 like a silent pin waiting to fall.

EVA

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

Camera closing on her

EVA

And as for fortune, and as for fame
 I never invited them in
 Though it seemed to the world
 they were all I desired
 They are illusions
 They are not the solutions
 they promised to be
 I love you and hope you love me
 Don't cry for me Argentina...

Eva sputters, cannot go on...

The CROWD now takes over, HUMMING, moving like flowers
 in the wind.

It lifts Evita's heart. She finds the strength to finish.

EVA

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

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

The CROWD goes wild, waving their white handkerchiefs -

EVITA turns away demurely -- intersecting PERON who merely pecks her on the forehead, eyes assuaging the reaction of the crowd. Evita feels denied, separated. Just a moment... but we sense something childlike in her, desperately needing Peron, but not getting what she needs.

INT. CASA ROSADA - DAY

The camera sliding with her inside the curtains back into the Casa where her ENTOURAGE (family, friends, maids) congratulate her... Evita reverting to her harsh, guttural voice.

EVA

Just listen to that! The voice of Argentina!
We are adored! We are loved!

OFFICER

Statesmanship is more than entertaining
peasants

EVA(lashing out at him)

We shall see, little man

As she turns to the noise of the crowd and rushes back out.

EXT. PLAZA DEL MAYO

The CHILDREN'S CHOIR, young girls and boys, her children of charity are leading the CROWD with their CHANT.

CHILDREN'S CHOIR & CROWD

Evita Peron! La Santa Peronista!

This BUILDS AND BUILDS into a demonic intensity over EVA's rushing speech as we intercut MADLY between the CHILDREN, the CROWD, the individual FACES of hope, and EVITA ranting

INTERCUTTING TO:

EXT. CASA ROSADA BALCONY - DAY

EVA

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

The CROWD is going wild, surging forward to get to her, to hug her in their collective embrace... the TROOPS pushing them back...

PERON waving... loving it...

(12. HIGH FLYING, ADORED)

INT. PALACE - INAUGURAL BALL - NIGHT (1946)

Underneath the chandeliers, the CAMERA moves down past the GRENADIERS in their shakos and their Napoleonic uniforms shoulder to shoulder along the walls...

...To EVITA in a sumptuous gown (though one shoulder is shockingly bare) and PERON next to her in his brigadier general attire heavy with gold braid and scarlet epaulettes. They are receiving their GUESTS in a line which stretches all the way down the hall. A SILENCE as...

A striking YOUNG ACTRESS in splendid jewels (in fact a carbon copy of Evita) is removed from the line by Evita's PERSONAL ASSISTANTS

...as EVITA, satisfied, turns back to the ARISTOCRAT kissing her hand. He moves down the line to his HAUGHTY WIFE.

ARISTOCRAT

Things have reached a pretty pass
When someone pretty lower class
can be accepted and admired --

Evita, now bowing to the CARDINAL who seems shocked by her gown, suddenly hisses back at the Aristocrat and his Wife...

EVITA

But your despicable class is dead!
Look who they are calling for now!

Which is overheard by everyone, the camera moving past our old friend the BRITISH AMBASSADOR and his hen-like WIFE to a gaggle of RICH OLDER LADIES, the Benevolent Society, who huddle, whispering negatively. They will figure later in our tale.

Peron looking at her. Cool it. Evita putting her society smile back on and going through her introduction to the offended Cardinal. As the Music winds sinuously to:

CHE, in his revolutionary garb, contrasting wildly with the gowns, moves down the GUEST LINE past the uniforms, the sashes, the decorations, the DIPLOMATS, the ecclesiastic robes, the shimmer of silks and the glow of the jewels...

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

CUT TO:

EVITA now mixing with the guests, her back to CHE...

CHE

And you were just a backstreet girl
Hustling and fighting
Scratching and biting

As she turns to notice him now... a buoy, a link to her origins here in this overstuffed room. Her eyes search for him...

CHE

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

As they begin to DANCE -- slowly -- out of the ROOM...
watched by the OLD LADIES, by JUAN, her brother, busy

with the rich young SOCIALITES

...by JUANA and her SISTERS at one of the dining tables, dressed in the most vulgar outfits, the Mother drinking from her fingerbowl as the ONLOOKERS are aghast.

CHE

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

Peron pays scant attention, focusing on the 15 year-old DAUGHTER of one of the aristocrats.

EXT. PATIO & PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

CHE whisks her across the empty flagstones, the silhouettes behind the windows watching...

CHE

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

Down the lawn with flamingoes, ostriches running,
planted with magnolias and the blue-flowered jacaranda,
into the park below the house with the windows and the
music and tinkle of laughter from the ball... Evita in
her aristocratic glory and Che in his ragged everyman
clothes, we sense there was between them the
possibility of a true love affair...

CHE

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

At a distance, PERON coming to watch from the patio,
talking to the 15 year-old... The LADIES of the
BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, the MOM and SISTERS...

CHE

You won't care if they love you
it's been done before
You'll despair if they hate you

CHE (CONT)

You'll be drained of all energy
All the young who've made it would agree

Eva now breaks away from him, ending the dance, or rather continuing to move by herself.

EVA

High flying, adored,
I've been called names
But they're the strangest
My story's quite usual
Local girl makes good, weds famous man

INT. EVITA BEDROOM - NIGHT

Entering her lavish bedroom decorated with a combination of Louis XVI and simple religious objects of veneration from her youth. She is attended only by a MAID who begins undressing her.

EVA

I was slap in the right place.
at the perfect time

Sitting down on the bed, taking her jewels off

EVA

Filled a gap -- I was lucky

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EVITA BEDROOM - NIGHT

PERON knocking at the door, tries the doorknob. It is locked. He drifts off to his own suite.

EVA VOICE

But one thing I'll say for me

INT EVITA BEDROOM - NIGHT

EVITA, who has heard Peron leave, is alone in bed.

EVA

No one else can fill it like I can

FADE OUT AND IN:

(13. RAINBOW HIGH)

INT. EVITA - BEDROOM - DAY

The camera rushes in as the shutters open. EVITA, her face bathed in radiant sunshine and hope, clothed in

her ermine bedjacket, stretches with leonine grace.

EVA

I don't really think I need
The reasons why I won't succeed
I haven't started!
Let's get the show on the road

Turning to her ENTOURAGE of DRESSERS, MAIDS, COURTIERS
who rush in with jewelry, clothes, brushes...

EVA

Let's make it obvious
Peron is off and rolling

EVA'S DRESSERS

(fluttering around her)
Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure! Dress! Voice!
Style! Movement! Hands! Magic! Rings! Glamour!
Face! Diamonds! Excitement! Image!

CUT TO:

EVA in her full-body mirror in a splendid new outfit
from DIOR... jewelry being put on her wrists... An
enormous DIAMOND BROOCH in the shape of an orchid
almost overwhelming the costume.

EVA

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

JUAN and her FAMILY attend her; she signs a document
for one of Juan's BUSINESS FRIENDS who slips him a new
piece of jewelry which he transfers to Evita's fingers.
All very discreetly.

EVA

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

INT. DRESS SALON - DAY

The dresses are out -- Norman Hartnell, Dior, Balmain,
Fath, Rochas... being shown to her by MODELS in the
mirrors under the chandeliers... she wears one of them,
attended now by DODERO and his WIFE, the richest
Argentine parvenu couple. EVITA pointedly admiring the
diamond ring on his wife's finger... As her DRESSERS,
COURTIERS, MAIDS, Etc. flutter about her:

DRESSERS

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

EVA.

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

Dodero, radar blipping, immediately whips the ring off his wife's finger and presents it to Evita.

INT. SHOE SALON - DAY

EVITA, in another exceptionally spectacular dress, is trying on one of two hundred shoes arrayed on the floor -- wearing a velvet picture hat with bird-of-paradise plumes... looking at another tray full of rings... her ENTOURAGE fluttering... PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS popping FLASHBULBS

Through which we might notice a harried little BUSINESSMAN presenting her with a document...

DRESSERS

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

She glances at the businessman's document as... The OWNER of the store presents her with a BILL for 200 shoes which he motions to. The STAFF is collecting them back into their boxes, giving them to her ENTOURAGE to carry...

Evita presenting the bill to the Businessman in passing to the mirror.

EVA

All my 'descamisados expect me to outshine
the enemy -- the aristocracy
I won't disappoint them
I am their savior!
That's what they call me
So Lauren Bacall me
Anything goes
To make me fantastic
I have to be Rainbow High
In magical colors...

EVA (CONT)
 You're not decorating a girl
 For a night on the town

As the Businessman shakes his head to the bill, the Owner turns to Evita. Furious, she tears up the businessman's document and lets it flutter to his feet as she gesticulates like a fishwife at the Owner of the Store over the bill -- and storms out, JUAN arguing with the Owner.

EXT. AVENIDA - DAY

In tune to the angrier side of the lyrics, PERON and EVITA gallop down the street past the waving CROWDS of handkerchiefs, in a horse carriage, alongside a MOTORCADE of police motorcycles -- on their way to the airport. Evita splendidly attired...

EVITA
 And I'm not a second-rate queen
 getting kicks with a crown!
 Next stop will be Europe!
 The Rainbow's gonna tour
 Dressed up, somewhere to go
 We'll put on a show

EXT. BUENOS AIRES AIRPORT - DAY

EVITA and ENTOURAGE stand at the doorway of a Douglas DC4 with Spanish Iberian markings. On the fuselage is written "Evita of the Americas". Sixty suitcases, two hundred changes of clothing are being carried past her into the airplane in one long visible assembly line -- furs, hats, dresses, shoeboxes, etc... The Music, shifting to a more upbeat phrasing, should transition a beat longer to allow:

PERON at the microphone on the tarmac, surrounded by DIGNITARIES, to intone:

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

EVITA swinging her body, saucy.

EVA
 Look out, mighty Europe!
 Because you oughta know
 what'cha gonna get in me
 Just a little touch of
 Just a little touch of

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

The interior looks like a private bedroom -- filled with beds, vanity tables, green velvet curtains, dining salon -- and FRIENDS, AIDES, DIGNITARIES, A JESUIT CONFESSOR, DOCTORS, HAIRDRESSERS, DRESSMAKERS all busy at work when EVITA steps in.

EVA
Argentina's brand of.
Star quality!

(14. RAINBOW TOUR)

INT. WAR ROOM - CASA ROSADA - LIMBO

The room is constructed like a Chinese box, allowing for the CHORUS OF MILITARY OFFICERS plus the FOREIGN AMBASSADORS (Britain, Spain, France, Italy) to dance around each other like layers of crabs -- circling, catching one another, faces popping out from under tables, through mirrors, secret places... It is relatively dark and ominous and one senses danger. The darkness allows for an old black and white NEWSREEL of Eva's European tour to unfold in the background:

CHE, dressed as a revolutionary, has insinuated himself into the room, moving with the OFFICERS in their MEN'S TANGO, but peeking in and out, stealing or sharing their lines with them, mocking them.

CHE/OFFICERS
Spain has fallen to the charms of Evita
She can do what she likes --
it doesn't matter much
She's the New World Madonna
with the golden touch

MONTAGE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE & LIVE ACTION

EXT.- GOVERNMENT BUILDING - MADRID - DAY (NEWSREEL)

The historical EVITA in LONG SHOT with FRANCO and CROWDS.

The historical Evita is mixed with our Evita in a montage of black and white and color imagery, some in newsreel form and some as full-screen inserts:

EXT. BULLRING - DAY (NEWSREEL)

Our EVITA giving the Phalange salute to the crowd...

CHE/OFFICERS
 She filled a bullring
 forty-five thousand seater
 But if you're prettier than General Franco
 That's not hard

INT. SPANISH ORPHANAGE (NEWSREEL) - DAY

EVITA with hordes of ORPHAN CHILDREN -- distributing
 CASES of food stocked behind her... Newsreel crews
 filming... With affection in her eyes, she kisses and
 holds the ORPHAN GIRLS who have smears of Evita's
 lipstick across their cheeks. FRANCO and FAMILY sharing
 in the photo opportunity.

CHE/OFFICERS
 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

INT. SPANISH CHURCH - DAY (NEWSREEL)

Our EVITA with more ORPHANED CHILDREN and CHURCH
 OFFICIALS -- as JUAN and ENTOURAGE distribute cases of
 Toys and Foods...

CHE/OFFICERS
 More important, current political thought is
 Your wife's a phenomenal asset
 Your trump card

ON PERON -- is there a hint of jealousy or discomfort
 in his eye as he stares at the NEWSREEL... which is
 swept away in the general CRAB MOVEMENT of the Officer
 Corps.

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

CHE(peeking through)
 Would Evita win through?

PERON & OFFICERS
 But the answer is yes!

PERON sliding furtively to the edge of the NEWSREEL as
 CHE bundles the OFFICERS into another area of the room
 so Peron sees the following in seclusion:

EXT. GENEVA BANK - DAY

INT. GENEVA BANK - DAY

Our EVITA in the safe deposit vaults with JUAN and DODERO and his WIFE, stuffing jewelry and wads of cash into the vaults.

EVITA (to Peron)
There you are, I told you so
Makes no difference where we go
The whole world over -- just the same
You should have heard them call our name
And who would underestimate the actress now?

PERON waving the OFFICERS back into view with CHE.

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

EXT. ROME - DAY (NEWSREEL FULL SCREEN)

A RIOT in progress. Shots of the historic Evita.

EXT. CAR - ROME STREETS - DAY (FULL SCREEN)

EVITA accompanied by an ITALIAN ADMIRAL in Renaissance attire to the VATICAN. An ANGRY MOB with placards booes her, throws stones at the car.

CROWD
Slut! Slut! Fascist! Fascist!

CHE/OFFICERS
Now I don't like to spoil a wonderful story
But the news from Rome is not so good
She hasn't gone down like we thought she would

INT. LA PRENSA - DAY (FULL SCREEN)

The pictures of EVITA being booeed are on the front page of LA PRENSA... moving up to the EDITOR and CHE as REPORTER, chuckling...

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

As PERON'S THUGS move in and STAMP a BIG RED "X" on the front page

INT/EXT EVITA CAR - ROME STREETS - DAY (FULL SCREEN)

The CROWD yelling

CROWD
Fascist! Whore! Whore!

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

ITALIAN ADMIRAL(*note new lines)
But Signora Peron
It often happens to me
I gave up the sea long ago
But I'm still called an admiral-

EXT. VATICAN - DAY (NEWSREEL FULL SCREEN)

Historic EVITA being led through the crowds to the Vatican

INT. VATICAN RECEPTION - DAY (FULL SCREEN)

Our EVITA is given a decoration by the POPE. She has bigger rings on her fingers than he does and her shoes are a shocking red.

CHE/OFFICERS
Things aren't all that bad
She met with the Pope
She got a Papal decoration and a kindly word
So even if the crowds gave our lady the bird

MONTAGE - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES - LIMBO (FULL SCREEN)

Half a dozen NEWSPAPERS from Argentina (the Peron press) all spin out with the same picture of EVITA and the POPE... all except LA PRENSA with a big RED "X" through the picture of Evita being stoned.

CHE/OFFICERS
The Argentine/Italy axis does have some hope
She still made a fabulous impact
Caught the eye

INT. WAR ROOM - LIMBO

PERON and his OFFICERS stormtrooping in front of a magnified EVITA in newsreel answering the questions of the Press at a CONFERENCE.

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

We might hear under the song the question:

INT. ITALIAN PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (FULL SCREEN)

PRESS PERSON

And who is your favorite author Miss Peron?

EVA

Plutarch. He's an ancient author you know

INT. PROCESS SHOT - LIMBO (FULL SCREEN)

A SECOND COVER of TIME spinning out with her face on it...

CHE VOICE

Would Evita win through?

INT. WAR ROOM - LIMBO

PERON/OFFICERS

But the answer is...

CHE

A qualified

PERON/OFFICERS

Yes!

EXT. PARIS - DAY (NEWSREEL)

Historical EVITA moving through the crowds of Paris...

INT. PARIS DRAWING ROOM - DAY (NEWSREEL)

Our EVITA meeting with PRIME MINISTER AURIOL and his WIFE

CHE/OFFICERS

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

INT. FRENCH ORPHANAGE - DAY (FULL SCREEN)

Our EVITA with dozens of CHILDREN -- again distributing food. By repetition, we begin to sense there is honor in her intention and a true bond that she has with children -- her attention, her eyes become wholly calm and childlike with them.

CHE/OFFICERS

A beautiful reminder of more carefree days
She nearly captured the French
She sure had the chance

INT. FRENCH OPERA - NIGHT (FULL SCREEN)

EVITA, exhausted looking, falls asleep.

CHE/OFFICERS

But she suddenly seemed to lose interest
She looked tired

PERON/OFFICERS

Tired? Eva tired?

As she leaves the Opera early, JUAN guiding her...
PEOPLE talking.

INT. EVITA HOTEL SUITE - PARIS - NIGHT (FULL SCREEN)

EVITA attended by JUAN and DOCTORS examining her...

CHE

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

PERON

It wasn't on the schedule anyhow

As the CHIEF DOCTOR now leaves the bed, we see a wad of
cotton soaked in blood.

And then -- briefly, strikingly -- her opera dress --
hemorrhaging with blood.

CHE

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

MONTAGE - PERON PRESS - LIMBO (FULL SCREEN)

Another half-dozen HEADLINES spinning out with her
picture celebrating her return.

PERON/OFFICERS

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
It's been an incredible success

INT. WAR ROOM - LIMBO

PERON/OFFICERS

We weren't quite sure, we had a few doubts
Would Evita win through?

CHE

And the answer is -

CHE
And the answer is -

PERON/OFFICERS
Yes

CHE (thru a mirror)
And no

PERON/OFFICERS
And yes

CHE(elsewhere)
And no

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

EVITA suddenly storming in with JUAN and ENTOURAGE
carrying the suitcases. -- bringing light into this
dark Chinese box of intrigue...

The MILITARY CHORUS shrinking from her wrath -- forming
on one side of the sphere -- starting to circle her as
she stomps to and fro, no sign of the sickness in her.

EVA
Who the hell does the King of England
think he is?
Tea at some tinpot castle of his
What kind of invitation is that?

EXT/INT. - BRITISH ROYALTY - DAY (NEWSREEL SHOTS)

Historic footage of British royalty at the time and
Buckingham Palace, etc... It's background only, Eva
dominant

EVA
Argentina's First Lady deserves
Buckingham Palace
If England can do without me

As she thumbs the BRITISH AMBASSADOR out of the WAR
ROOM. He stiffly presents his back and strides out...

EVA
Then Argentina can do without England!

Peron not very pleased with this, grimacing at Evita.

(15. THE ACTRESS HASN'T LEARNED THE LINES YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR)

EXT. LA PRENSA NEWSPAPER OFFICE - BUENOS AIRES - DAY

THE OLDER LADIES of the Benevolent Society are protesting peacefully outside La Prensa -- carrying banners declaring "FREE SPEECH", "LIBERTAD"...

OLDER LADIES

Thus all fairy stories end
Only an actress would pretend.
Affairs of state are her latest play
Eight shows a week two matinees

The Black Marias arriving... The SECRET POLICE pouring out, led by DARK FACE in black overcoat and sunglasses and hat, arresting them roughly... The EDITOR of La Prensa looks on from the upstairs window, aghast. PHOTOGRAPHERS shooting the incident

OLD LADIES(defiant)

My how the worm begins to turn
When will the chorus girl learn?

INT. PRISON - LIMBO

The OLD LADIES of the Benevolent Society are slumped in their cells. Obviously weeks have passed, their makeup, hair and general condition ravaged.

EVITA walking down the cells, in an elegant suit, rattling a stick along the bars, vengeful.

EVA

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

EXT. EVITA PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

A GARDEN RECEPTION FOR ORPHANS. SEVERAL impeccably-dressed ORPHANS follow EVITA as she continues her walk down the line of SOCIETY WOMEN--with their banner out "The Benevolent Society of Buenos Aires" -- lecturing them. The women are not the same ones as in prison but

sisters' in spirit. Evita's clothes are less outrageous now, subdued, work-oriented.

EVA

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

A sinister emphasis on these last lines as DARK FACE and his THUGS now slide into the party.

The Society Women, repulsed, turn their backs on her and exit, helped along by the thugs, leaving Evita with the ORPHANS alone at the party.

CUT TO:

CHE peeking up from the gates at the edge of the lawn. With him a straggly MOB of POOR PEOPLE'S CHORUS begging for jobs, money.

CHE

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

Her THUGS move to chase them off. EVITA hugs her orphans as if they have now become her only friends, with umbrage at CHE:

EVA

Everything done will be justified by my
Foundation

CUT TO:

(16. AND THE MONEY KEPT ROLLING IN (AND OUT))

EXT. MINISTRY OF LABOR - DAY

LONG LINES of POOR PEOPLE down the sidewalk. The CAMERA CRANING PAST them to...

A PLAQUE proclaiming the "Maria Eva Duarte de Peron Social Aid Foundation"... into the:

INT. STAIRWELL & CORRIDOR - MINISTRY OF LABOR - DAY

Past the HORDES OF PEOPLE waiting in the stairwells...

Down an Upstairs CORRIDOR into:

INT. EVITA'S OFFICE - DAY

Red damasked walls with rows of benches packed with ragged-looking PEOPLE and CHILDREN facing her desk. Babies squawking, everybody talking at once. A crush of CAMERAMEN shooting EVITA at her desk, under floodlights... CHE as a revolutionary pacing the room, his song having carried over the previous imagery.

CHE

And the money kept rolling in from every side
Eva's pretty hands reached out and they
reached wide
Now you may think it should have been a
voluntary cause
But that's not the point my friends
When the money keeps rolling in you don't
ask how
Think of all the people guaranteed a good time
now

Evita handing out peso notes from a stack kept on her desk to a PREGNANT WOMAN, crying, then to an OLD MAN, then, with her AIDES, moving around the room -- giving out money and pharmaceuticals stacked in huge cartons alongside her desk -- penicillin, streptomycin, boxes and boxes.

Her ENTOURAGE handing out bicycles, foodstuffs, clothes, sheets, anything, everything. Her office is like a surplus store... EVITA so sincere pressing her banknotes into the pregnant woman's hands...kissing her, blessing her.

CHE

Eva's called the hungry to her - open the
doors!
Never been a fund like the Foundation Eva
Peron!

WORKERS/PEOPLE'S CHORUS

Rolling rolling rolling
Rolling on in

During this long interlude, EVITA slipping from her office into the next door:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINISTRY OF LABOR - DAY

The BANKERS and BOSSES on one side of the table. The UNION LEADERS, in work clothes, led by Cipriano REYES, on the other. They're in heated dispute, voices raised, fists banging...

EVA

Silence!!!... Give them what they want!!

They stop in mid-sentence. Listen. As she talks and gestures to the bankers.

CHE (following her)

Would you like to try a college education?
Own your landlords house, take the family on
vacation?

The BANKERS reluctantly pulling out literal buckets of CASH pushing them over the table to the Union Reps...

CHE

Eva and her blessed Fund can make your dreams
come true
Here's all you have to do my friends...

Evita slipping out the room into the next door:

INT. BACK OFFICE - MINISTRY OF LABOR

REYES follows EVITA with several buckets of cash and doles out a good quarter of it to her.

CHE

Write your name and your dream on a card or a
ticket
Throw it high in the air and should our lady
pick it

INT. EVITA OFFICE - DAY

EVITA sweeping back into her office, unaccompanied -- with the buckets of fresh cash given her by Reyes, she starts to dole it out to the new SUPPLICANTS...

CHE(with the supplicants)

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

WORKERS/PEOPLE'S CHORUS

Rolling rolling rolling
Rolling on out

The CAMERA retreating now with this chorus out the door and back down the hall...

EXT. MINISTRY OF LABOR - DAY

CAMERA craning back down the long lines of supplicant faces.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW HOSPITAL - DAY

EVA with DIGNITARIES cutting the ribbon. Photographs of Eva and Peron all over the immaculate walls.

CHE(as revolutionary)
And the money kept rolling out in all directions

INT. OLD AGE HOME - DAY

EVITA cutting another ribbon. Photographs of Peron and Evita everywhere.

CHE
To the poor to the weak to the destitute of all complexion.

INT. GIRLS HOSTEL - DAY

All these young PEASANT GIRLS who have just been brought in from the provinces are staring at their SISTERS in immaculate schoolgirl outfits, supervised by NUNS... Pictures of Evita and Peron ubiquitous. CHE as social worker.

CHE
Now cynics claim a little cash has gone astray
But that's not the point my friends

INT. EVITA OFFICE - NIGHT

PERON and EVITA argue over the books with the CHIEF BEANCOUNTER and his two spectacled assistants. The BOOKS are piled high, Evita bored now with the argument -- rips the pages out and throws them in the fireplace... Peron obviously objecting to her social philanthropy. Che as assistant accountant:

CHE
When the money keeps rolling out
you don't keep books
You can tell you've done well by the happy grateful looks

CHE(CONT)
 Accountants only slow things down,
 figures get in the way
 Never been a lady loved as much as Eva Peron!

As she dismisses Peron's argument by throwing open the windows onto the Plaza Del Mayo where:

EXT. PLAZA DEL MAYO - NIGHT

Outside the Ministry. The WOMEN SUFFRAGETTES have gathered by torchlight -- their banners demanding the VOTE FOR WOMEN... their fists raised in the air, yelling...

WOMEN'S CHORUS (SUFFRAGETTES)
 Rolling rolling rolling
 Rolling on out

INT. EVITA OFFICE - NIGHT

PERON obviously headached by this mob, shuts the window on a gloating Evita. Everything is rolling out -- all the money. Peron has lost control. As the next surge takes us into a madcap foray of building and expenditure:

INT. SECOND HOSPITAL - DAY

EVITA showing the PRESS another new wing of a hospital named after her with her pictures on the wall.

CHE(a doctor)
 If the money keeps rollin' in
 what's a girl to do?

INT. NEW SCHOOL - DAY

The KIDS, in immaculate school uniforms, reading from books as EVITA swirls in with the PRESS -- CHE as a reporter:

CHE
 Cream a little off the top for expenses -
 wouldn't you?

As we notice the KIDS are reading the primer "Life of Juan and Evita, Peron" replete with pictures

CHE
 But where on earth can people hide their
 little piece of Heaven?

INT. GENEVA SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY

Evita's brother, JUAN, paying a visit. Stuffing the boxes with cash and jewels.

CHE VOICE
Thank God for Switzerland

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - HOSPITAL - DAY

X-RAYS. The DOCTOR not pleased. Talking to EVITA who looks wan and discouraged. PERON is with her. It seems like a cancer condition.

CHE VOICE
Where a girl and a guy with a little petty
cash between them
Can be sure when they deposit
no one's seen them

A look between Eva and PERON, unsaid and very sad in spite of the upbeat song.

INT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

EVITA, robbed of her own ability to have children, plunges into a FLOCK of ORPHANS with renewed energy -- giving all now. The GIFTS distributed by her and her ENTOURAGE. -- candies, clothes, bicycles, toys of every nature... She wants to give, give, give everything she has, body, soul -- hugging one of the LITTLE GIRLS as if it were herself.

CHE VOICE
Oh what bliss to sign your cheques as
three-o-one two-seven
Never been accounts in the name of Eva Peron!

CHILDREN CHORUS &
ALL CHORUS'S VOICE
Rolling rolling rolling
Rolling on in

(17. SANTA EVITA)

EXT. MEADOWS - DAY

A THOUSAND CHILDREN moving behind EVITA through the meadows, singing. She is in a radiant white dress, a cross between a nun and a nurse.

CHILDREN CHORUS

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're already blessed

EXT. CHILDREN'S CITY ("DISNEYLAND") - DAY

The CAMERA discovering this Disneyland Evita built for her "children" -- moving through the child-sized streets... EVITA walking through, the CHILDREN waving from their doorways like tiny adults... Evita's pictures are everywhere.

CHILDREN CHORUS

Please, mother Eva,
will you look upon me as your own?
Make me special, be my everything wonderful
perfect and true
And I'll try to be exactly like you

As another BUSLOAD discards a new BAND OF ORPHANS, dirty, poor, coming from the provinces. Evita moving among them... hugging them

CHILDREN CHORUS

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

CHE (as the busdriver)

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

The Camera leaving EVITA with her ORPHANS in her magic little "Children's City"

CHILDREN CHORUS

...I'm praying for you
even though you are already blessed

WORKERS

Santa Santa Evita...

DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL - BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

A sea of candles. Photographs of Evita everywhere. The bells are ringing. Organ Music rumbling as:

WORKERS/WOMEN
 SUFFRAGETTES & CHILDREN
 Madre de todos los niños
 De los tiranizados
 De los descamisados
 De los trabajadores
 De la Argentina

EVITA appears from out of the Cathedral like a vision in her white dress -- sanctified -- spreading her arms to her faithful.

WORKERS/ALL
 Santa Santa Evita
 De los tiranizados
 De los descamisados
 De los trabajadores
 De la Argentina

Sweeping up and away past the spires of the cathedral to:

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

(18. SHE IS A DIAMOND)

*NOTE (This song is being interchanged in chronology with WALTZ FOR EVA AND CHE)

EXT. WAR ROOM - CASA ROSADA - NIGHT

A lighted window. PERON staring out at her -- love, sadness in his eyes at the scene below... Camera moving past him to the harsher sounds of:

INT. WAR ROOM - CASA ROSADA - NIGHT

His angry MILITARY CHORUS doing their crab-like, dangerous dance movement through the dark, layered room -- with the mirrors, the trick tables, secret closets and a NEWSREEL of EVITA -- showing some of her recent deeds.

MILITARY CHORUS
 It's all very well -- to a certain extent
 For the lady at the side of the President
 To show an interest in affairs

EXT. POLLING BOOTHS (NEWSREEL) - DAY

The WOMEN are voting in long lines. EVITA leading them

on with a speech: in Black and White now, as if already an aura of the past.

We should consider going to BLACK AND WHITE here giving her legacy already an aura of the past.

EVITA SPEECH

I have wanted and I want nothing for myself.
I shall never finish paying my debt for the
kindness Peron has always shown me. Nothing
that I have, nothing that I am, nothing that
I think is mine; it is Peron's.

The Song here drops underneath the speech

OFFICERS CHORUS

But let's not be blind to the drifts of events
She's eclipsing the strength of the government
She should return to below stairs
She will never win our hearts
She's a woman for a start
She holds no elected post
She's an ornament at most

The NEWSREEL shifts to negative images of Peronism as Evita's SPEECH above continues:

EXT. STREETS (NEWSREEL) - DAY

Striking TELEPHONE WORKERS are disrupted violently by PERONIST THUGS led by DARK FACE. This is a particularly violent break-up setting the tone for the decline of Peronism. Prominently seen is TANYA, Che's revolutionary companion as she is arrested.

CHE'S VOICE

(harshly climbing over Evita's speech)
What's new Buenos Aires? Your nation, which a
few years ago had the second largest gold
reserves in the world, is bankrupt! A country
which grew up and grew rich on beef is
rationing it!

EXT. LA PRENSA (NEWSREEL) - DAY

The venerable old newspaper is finally closed. Peronist THUGS hauling out its EDITOR and STAFF under arrest -- barricades going up across the doors. PROTESTS in the street against the closing are violently broken up.

Che's voice climbs harshly over Evita's speech.

CHE VOICE

La Prensa, one of the few papers which dares
to oppose Peronism, has been silenced

INT. CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES (NEWSREEL) - DAY

SAMARTINO, a leading opposition politician, is making a
speech as a THUG jumps up and attacks him, pistol
whipping him before he can be subdued,

SAMARTINO (as he is blindsided)

We are a free people! and we will not obey the
orders of Madame Pompadour!

CHE VOICE

...and so have all other reasonable voices!
I'll tell you what's new Buenos Aires!

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The camera drifting from the NEWSREEL back to PERON who
is still at the window looking out at:

EXT. CATHEDRAL SQUARE - NIGHT

EVITA with the masses -- continuing her speech we have
started in the newsreel. It is one of Peron's gentlest
songs, adoring of Evita, and putting a halt to all the
strident military chorus and movement in the room. The
SONG plays between Peron in the War Room and his point
of view of Evita in the Square.

PERON

But on the other hand -- she's all they have
She's a diamond in their dull grey lives --
And that's the hardest kind of stone --
It usually survives and if you think about it
Can you recall the last time they loved anyone
at all?

If possible here, the music does a refrain in which
EVITA continues the long speech in the square, seen
from above... then returns to Peron's next stanza.

EVITA SPEECH(CONT)

... I have only one thing of value and that is
my heart. It burns in my soul, aches in my
flesh, stings in my nerves; it is my love for
you and if I must renounce you because of my
health and I cannot help Peron, be loyal to
Peron, love Peron as you love your patria and
yourselves!

PERON

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?

EVITA SPEACH(CONT)

Peron has ceased to be a man like other men.
 Peron will always stand before the people as
 an ideal, a flag, a beacon, a star to point
 the way through night to final victory! I
 cannot conceive of Heaven without Peron. So
 love him like you love me. Even if I am not
 there, I embrace you all, my descamisados, I
 embrace you very close to my heart and I hope
 you realize how much -- how very much -- I
 have loved you. I will return, my descamisados
 and I shall be millions!

PERON

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

The MILITARY CHORUS crabbing up to him as he turns to
 them.

OFFICERS

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

(A final NEWSREEL IMAGE reveals a murder)

PERON relinquishing his body movement in defeat, closes
 the window on Evita.

CUT TO:

(19. WALTZ FOR EVA AND CHE)

INT. CASA ROSADA BALLROOM - NIGHT

CHE, in revolutionary garb, stares up at the portraits
 of PERON and EVITA in the empty grand BALLROOM of the
 Casa Rosada. He turns as he senses:

EVITA standing there at the doorway, in a splendid gown

with all her jewelry displayed, as if an acknowledgement that it is all coming to an end. She is smoking a cigarette, a little raffish with Che, an old bond.

CHE

Tell me before I waltz out of your life
Before turning my back on the past
Forgive my impertinent behavior
But how long do you think this pantomime can last?

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

CIPRIANO REYES, the labor leader we saw making deals with Evita earlier, is grabbed from his bed in the midst of the night by DARK FACE and his THUGS.

CHE VOICE

Tell me before you ride off in the sunset
There's one thing I never got clear

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - DAY - RAIN

The camera discovering the CORPSE of REYES and TWELVE OTHER WORKERS, beaten and tortured. POLICE standing around

CHE VOICE

How can you claim you're a savior
When those who oppose you
Are stepped on, or cut up, or simply disappear?

INT. CASA ROSADA BALLROOM - NIGHT

EVITA, not one to shrink back in guilt, sweeps into CHE's arms as they dance their last waltz across the polished floor.

EVA

Tell me before you get onto your bus
Before joining the forgotten brigade
How can a person like me, say

INT. TORTURE CELL - LIMBO

TANYA, Che's companion is naked, blindfolded, seriously bruised -- splashed with cold water and made to stand in front of a fan by DARK FACE and the THUGS..

EVA VOICE

Alter the time-honored way the game is played?
 Tell me before you get onto your high horse
 Just what you expect me to do
 I don't care what the bourgeoisie say
 I'm not in business for them but to give all
 my decamisados
 A magical moment or two.

INT. CASA ROSADA BALLROOM - NIGHT

In full fusion, waltzing, they both agree on one thing:

EVA & CHE

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

EVA

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

CHE

Tell me before I seek worthier pastures
 And thereby restore self-esteem

INT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

Another one, yes... but EVITA with the CHILDREN is a
 direct response to Che's criticism. It is her only
 answer. Her love.

CHE VOICE

How can you be so short-sighted
 To look never further than this week or next
 week --
 To have no impossible dream?

INT. CASA ROSADA BALLROOM - NIGHT

The THUGS now appearing at the edge of the Ballroom,
 circling Che. The waltz continuing.

EVA

Allow me to help you slink off to the
 sidelines
 I'll pay for your fare, give three cheers
 But first tell me who'd be delighted

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP - DAY

The naked corpse of TANYA lies there amid the refuse.
The POLICE with their dicks in their hands. CHE, as
reporter, heartbroken, photographing it

EVA VOICE

To witness me tackle
The world's greatest problems
From war to pollution?
No hope of solution
Even if I lived for one hundred years

INT. CASA ROSADA BALLROOM - NIGHT

Their last spin together.

CHE & EVA

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

As CHE is being peeled off her by the THUGS and removed
-- violently fighting back. Eva with steely regret.

EVA

So go, if you're able
To somewhere unstable
And stay there
Whip up your hate
In some tottering state
But not here, dear
Is that clear, dear?

Che is pulled through the curtains. Evita, alone,
slowly goes to her knees, saddened to see Che go, but
also wracked with a physical pain she cannot really
understand. She sings to herself.

EVA

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

As she collapses on the floor... her MAIDS running to
her. The blood running down her legs -- staining her
gown... all over the floor in a massive hemorrhage.

HARD CUT TO:

(20. DICE ARE ROLLING)

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

SURGEONS hover with knives over EVITA on the operating table. Their shadows on the wall, attended by JUAN and her FAMILY...

PERON nervously pacing at the OPEN WINDOW looking out

PERON

Dice are rolling, knives are out
I see every bad sign in the book...

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

MILITARY TROOPS are in full mutiny -- battling with one another across the Square. Tanks...

A FIGHTER PLANE streaks by.

PERON VOICE

And as far as they can -- overweight to a man!
They have that lean and hungry look

Espying a GROUP of OFFICERS with binoculars staring back at him from across the Square -- the opposition.

EVA VOICE

But we still have the magic we've always had!

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Across the room, we see only EVITA'S SHADOW on the operating table, surrounded by the knives. But we hear her:

EVA VOICE

The descamisados still worship me -- we arrived thanks to them and no one else; no thanks to your generals -- a clutch of stuffed cuckoos

PERON (looking back out of the window)

It's not a question of a big parade, proving we're big with the mobs on the street

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

The MILITARY STRUGGLE is now subsumed by a yelling MOB of ANTI-PERON UNIONISTS marching with big red "X"s drawn across the poster faces of Eva and Peron. They're demanding higher wages. It is a HUGE CROWD and for the first time against the Perons. And we now sense

complete chaos in the nation of Argentina. Gunfire,
Bombs, Strikes!

EVA VOICE

You're wrong -- the people, my people

PERON VOICE

The people belong to no one! They
are fickle, can be manipulated, they don't
matter! However much they love you now it
matters more that as far as my stuffed cuckoos
are concerned, you don't politically exist.

As the MILITARY now breaks up the UNION DEMONSTRATION
... sticks, clubs, madness... dead people lying in the
street.

EVA VOICE

So I don't exist! So I count for nothing! Try
saying that on the street when all over the
world I am Argentina!

On the street lie the dead.

INT. EVITA BEDROOM - PALACE - DAY

EVITA, attended by ENTOURAGE, is trying her clothes on
in the mirror -- but they won't fit anymore... two
sizes too big. She's in severe pain, fighting hard to
stay on her feet.

EVA (CONT)

Most of your generals wouldn't be recognized
by their own mothers! But they'll admit I
exist when I become vice-president

PERON, a handkerchief intermittently to his nose,
wearily explains -- with delicacy.

PERON

That won't work... we've been through all of
this before, they'd fight you tooth and nail
-- you'd never overcome them with a hundred
rallies and even if you did --

EVA (OFF)

Yes?

CUT TO:

EVITA is back in her bed now, too sick to get up -- a
greyish complexion, attended by her FAMILY, her

ENTOURAGE, and the nun-like SISTERS OF CHARITY. Peron moving to her side, gently, his handkerchief protecting his nose.

PERON

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

As he sits on the bed, takes her hand... Evita rousing herself, fighting to sit up.

EVA

I'm not that ill -- bad moments come but they
go
Some days are fine, some a little bit harder
But that does not mean
I should change my routine
Have you ever seen me defeated?
Don't you forget what I've been through
And yet I'm still standing
(sinking back into the pillows).
And if I'm ill -
that could even be to your advantage

PERON

Advantage? I'm trying to point out that you
are dying!

A silence. Everyone in the room looks askance at him. He knows he has said the wrong thing. Rises... paces away...

PERON

This talk of death is chilling - Of course
you're not going to die!

EVA(from her bed)

Then I must now be vice president!

As we pan along the faces of her FAMILY and ENTOURAGE, they know she can only be on a morphine high. Even JUAN, her most ardent supporter, turns away.

EVA VOICE

And I shall have my people come to choose
Two Perons to wear their country's crowns
In thousands in my square and avenues
Emptying their villages and towns
where every soul in home or shack or stall
knows me as Argentina --- that is all
O I shall be a great vice president!

As she collapses in the pillows, the Nuns moving in like shadows... Peron turning out from the room, saddened.

PERON

So what happens now?
So what happens now?

EVA (a shadow)

Where am I going to?

Echoing Peron's old mistress as:

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE EVITA'S BEDROOM - DAY

PERON crosses to his new 15 year-old MISTRESS in gym clothes, cullottes exposed, gayly clasping him, totally divorced from the tragedy within. They go into Peron's room across the corridor.

PERON (closing the door)

Don't ask anymore

CUT TO:

(21. EVA'S FINAL BROADCAST AND PART MONTAGE COMBINED)

INT. ROOM ADJACENT BALCONY-CASA ROSADA - DAY (1952)

EVITA emerges through double doors into the ROOM adjacent the balcony. Outside we hear HUGE CROWDS demanding her...

CROWDS

EVITA! EVITA! EVITA!

She is in severe pain, propped by her ENTOURAGE, in a simple suit. The room filled with MILITARY enemies and DIGNITARIES and ARISTOCRATS, UNION PEOPLE all parting for her as she makes her noble way to the balcony where Peron's AIDES run in, hurrying her along, -- PERON comes to the edge of the balcony, obviously anxious for her to make her appearance lest the crowd grow ugly.

Over this procession, CHE, as revolutionary, tries to lighten the occasion with the reprise instead of his assigned lyrics:

CHE

She had her moments, she had some style
The best show in town was the crowd
Outside the Casa Rosada crying "Eva Peron"
But that's all gone now

Fading away as EVITA sings weakly on her way to the balcony.

EVA

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

EXT. CASA ROSADA BALCONY - DAY

As she steps out into a SHOT revealing "millions" -- all those who have come to see her for the last time, yelling...

CROWD

EVITA! EVITA!

A panicked PERON smiling at her, guiding her to the microphone... They adjust it for her.

The CROWD quieting.

A pause. She begins to sing in the weakest, yet most stirring of tones

EVA

I want to tell the people of Argentina
I've decided I should decline
all the honors and title you've pressed me to
take

EXT. THE CROWD - DAY

Her voice like a soothing bird calms their hungry hearts as we pan their faces -- the workers, the women who learned to vote, the children who got to read, the pregnant mothers, the sick, the old, the left out -- they all share with her - her glory.

EVA VOICE

For I'm contented -let me simply go on
 as the woman who brings her people to the
 heart of Peron!
 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

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

EVITA stumbling the words, forcing herself, propped by
 PERON.

EVA

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

A pause. And it happens once more. The CAMERA moving to
 the CROWD en masse as it refrains her:

CROWD

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!

They now segue as we CRANE over them into:

CROWD

Santa Santa Evita
 Madre de Todos los ninos...

Crossing with the strains of PERON singing Che's song
 on the balcony.

PERON

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...

CROWD

De los tiranizados
 De los descamisados
 De los trabajadores
 De la Argentina

The music coming to a pause -- as we drift back once

more to Evita on her balcony, beginning to sing the lament:

(22. LAMENT)

EVITA with the CROWD but closing tighter and tighter on her alone -- in her final moments.

EVA

The choice was mine and mine completely
I could have any prize that I desired
I could burn with the splendor of the
brightest fire
Or else -- or else I could choose time
Remember I was very young then
And a year was forever and a day
So what use could fifty, sixty, seventy be?
I saw the lights and I was on my way

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

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. EVITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sparse now, all luxuries removed, candles flickering the shadows of the NUNS on the walls, and JUAN holding her cold hand... a crucifix, pictures of the Virgin Mary...

EVITA is in her last throes

EVA (CONT)

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

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

Her voice taking on it's last courage.

EVA

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

One last fleeting image:

EXT. LOS TOLDOS STREET - DAY (DUST)

A seven year old EVITA standing in a dust-choked street staring at us (or something, her father's funeral).. and she's gone as the dust embalms her...

INT. EVITA BEDROOM - NIGHT

EVITA is dead. Already a waxen image... as she would be for the next twenty years. EMBALMERS moving in now to preserve her face and body...

EMBALMERS
Eyes, Hair, Face, Image,
All must be preserved
Still life displayed forever
No less than she deserved

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BASILICA (EVITA FUNERAL) - DAY

The face of EVITA in her casket being carried to its temporary resting spot at the altar.

CHE (as revolutionary)
Money was raised to build a tomb, a monument
to Evita

CUT TO:

The weeping FACES going by the casket, kissing it...

CHE(CONT)
Only the pedestal was completed and Evita's
body disappeared for seventeen years...

Camera pulling out in a massive retreat as we have a moment of silence before:

(23.. DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA)

EXT. BASILICA - STREETS OF BUENOS AIRES - DAY

The MASSES wait for entry into the Basilica.. the camera going past them all as if rising with Evita's spirit to Heaven... We hear the strains of "Don't Cry for Me" awhile... and then we hear her voice, distant now, other worldly.

EVA

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

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 are 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...

The MASSES now taking up the SONG as the CREDITS ROLL.

AND THANK YOU.