

*Nominated for the 26th Helen Hayes Award/
Charles MacArthur Award 2010 for Outstanding New Play or Musical.*

MUMMY IN THE CLOSET

A musical
Book by Gustavo Ott
Music: Mariano Vales
Lyrics by Mariano Vales and Gustavo Ott
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*“We come from fascism
and toward fascism we go.”
Mummy in the Closet*

*“If the enemy wins,
not even the dead will be safe”
W. Benjamin.*

*“Where men see facts,
Angels see steps”
Mummy in the Closet*

MUMMY IN THE CLOSET

Book: Gustavo Ott
Original Music: Mariano Vales
Lyrics: Mariano Vales & Gustavo Ott

Produced in 2009 by GALA Hispanic Theatre, Washington DC directed by Mariano Caligaris. Choreography by Corina Losano.

In 2024:
Musical Director: Walter “Bobby” McCoy Choreography: Valeria Cossu

ACT I

(BLACKOUT. THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE IS PROJECTED ONSTAGE)

This is not a work of fiction.

*Names, characters, events and incidents are the product of Argentine history.
Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, or to true events,
is not a coincidence.*

*This is a faithful representation of the events that occurred there between 1952
and 1976.*

(AS THE MUSIC PLAYS, LIGHTS GRADUALLY COME UP ON A HOSPITAL
BED WHERE EVA IS CONVALESCING. AS THE SONG PROGRESSES
LIGHTS COME UP ON THE BALCONY WHERE EVA IS SPEAKING TO THE
PEOPLE AND THE HOUSE OF THE BOURGEOISIE WHO ARE LISTENING
TO THE RADIO WAITING FOR NEWS)

I-EVITA

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

PEOPLE: Hmmmmmmm... Uh...!

BOURGEOIS1: Viva! Long live cancer!

PEOPLE: Viva!

EVITA: My dear descamisados!

PEOPLE: Viva!

BOURGEOIS3: Long live cell destruction!

PEOPLE: Viva!

EVITA: The traitors lie in wait
in the dark of night...!

BOURGEOIS1: Cancer is life! Cancer is love!

BOURGEOIS2: Long live early death!

EVITA: They want to sink their viper's venom/ In Peron's body and soul!

BOURGEOIS3: Long live the coup!

BOURGEOIS4: Long live the return to order!

BOURGEOISIE: Long live soldiers!

EVITA: Vipers won't detain the condor in flight!

BOURGEOIS2: Death to disorder!

BOURGEOISIE: Death!

BOURGEOIS3: Death to decadence!

BOURGEOISIE: Death!

EVITA: The oligarchy's boot will trample workers no more!

BOURGEOIS1: Cancer is anticommunist!

BOURGEOIS2: Cancer is our homeland!

It's love!

Long live cancer!

Viva!

PEOPLE: Evita, Evita!

Viva!

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: I want to tell my descamisados, the humble people I carry deep down in my heart, that in my happy hours, my hours of pain and my hours of uncertainty, I always lift my gaze to them, for they are pure, and see with the eyes of the soul.

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

BOURGEOISIE:

All powerful Cancer,
Argentina's Savior
You made that whore a corpse!
Wonderful Cancer,
Now that you're here,
take Peron with you too!
Long live cancer!

PEOPLE: Viva!

EVITA: Take heed traitors,
For we'll do justice
With our own hands!

BOURGEOIS3: Stiff hands!

BOURGEOIS2: Dry hands!

BOURGEOIS1: Hands six feet underground!

EVITA: I pray the Lord
Won't let those fools
Raise their hand against Peron,
For on that day...
Oh, that day!

BOURGEOIS1: Cut her to bits and toss her into the sea!

BOURGEOIS3: And everyone like her!
Disappear them!

BOURGEOISIE: Disappear her! Disappear them!

PEOPLE: Evita! Evita!

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: For on that day, I will go out with our workers; with the women of our people; with the descamisados of our homeland, but this time we won't leave a single anti-Peronist brick standing in the whole country!

BOURGEOIS2: Do you hear something?

BOURGEOIS3: The corpse stopped talking.

BOURGEOIS1: Her dead words dropped off.

BOURGEOIS2: Long live early death!

BOURGEOISIE: Cancer is love!

(BOURGEOISIE FACING AUDIENCE)

BOURGEOIS1: Because the whore died that July 26 at the age of 33. Young, yes, but a pain in the ass...

BOURGEOIS3: So, now what do we do?

BOURGEOIS2: With her, burn her.

BOURGEOIS1: And take him down.

2-MUMMY, SWEET MUMMY

(THE NURSE DANCES WITH HOSPITAL EVA, THE BOURGEOISIE BECOME POLITICIANS WHO ARE SPECULATING WITH GENARO. THE PEOPLE SCENES GRADUALLY TRANSFORM UNTIL WE FIND OURSELVES IN DR. ARA'S LABORATORY)

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

ENSEMBLE X: Evita, mother Evita

ENSEMBLE X: What do we do now?

ENSEMBLE X: About what?

ENSEMBLE X: About Saint Evita!

ENSEMBLE X: Why?

ENSEMBLE X: It's not just any funeral

ENSEMBLE X: No, no, no!

GENARO: We must channel that love for her,
Into a weapon that can vote!

ENSEMBLE X: It's just that her death...

ENSEMBLE X: Whose death?

ENSEMBLE X: Saint Evita's...

ENSEMBLE X: It better be!

GENARO X: This is not an easy fix.

ENSEMBLE X: No, no, no!

ENSEMBLE X: Because the revolution

ENSEMBLE X: Because its continuation

GENAROE X: Could be slowed!

ENSEMBLE X: It could be stopped!

ENSEMBLE: My leader, my nation's spiritual leader
My nation's spiritual leader
My nation's spiritual leader
We must avert this fiasco!
We can't let her death show!

Mummy, sweet mummy our mother!

PERON: Come over here doctor, my friend!

ARA: Sir!

PERON: Pay close attention!

ARA: Here I am!

PERON: You will embalm her,
and make her as young and
beautiful as she was in life!

ARA: I will pour my whole heart into it!

ENSEMBLE: My leader, my nation's spiritual leader
My nation's spiritual leader
My nation's spiritual leader
We must avert this fiasco!
We can't let her death show!

Mummy, sweet mummy our mother!

(END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER)

(SPOKEN)

PERON: You must understand, Dr. Ara, it is not I who ask this, no, this is what the people demand, it is the wish of all who loved her. She must never decompose!

DR. ARA: Consider it done. And then: Where do we take her?

PERON: She must stay here until the Monument is ready. It will be magnificent: Three times taller than the Eiffel Tower! Greater than the Statue of Liberty! It will be visible from space!

DR. ARA: But later I'd have to...

PERON: You just make sure she's kept impeccable. No matter the time or the cost.

(PERON EXITS)

DR. ARA: Mr. President... I'm no coward, but... What about security? There's rioting and something's in the air.

PERON: The men who guarded my wife when she was alive are at your orders as of today. Nothing will happen.

DR. ARA: And the people? My work's delicate. I don't want them kissing or touching her too much.

PERON: Leave the people to me. You see to it that her body is eternal.

DR. ARA: Very well. But remember, eternity is untouchable, its makeup won't run and it has the people under control...

PERON: Eternity will be whatever we say it is! She's all yours. Eternity, dear man, is all ours.

(PERON EXITS. BEHIND HIM, GENARO. DR. ARA IS ALONE)

DR. ARA: What is it they say in the theater?
Because this is theater, baby.
Don't you see? Lights, actors, audience.
Theater. That play, the one with the skull, something like: "Here's what's left of you, Evita."

3-ARA, EMBALMING

(SINGING)

Is this what's left of you, Evita?
The nation's soul
Still soul
You'll be Pinocchio,
Wooden soul

(SPOKEN)

Don't get me wrong, you're not bad.
A bit stiff, though.

(SINGING)

Is this what's left of you, doll
The nation's soul
Solitary soul
You'll be Pinocchia
You'll be Frankenstein.

(SPOKEN)

Eternity drop by drop.
Still, my contract is signed.
To me, you're no longer the nation's soul, you're mine.

(SINGING)

Eternal you, eternal me.
You, rat tallow,
Me, oblivion.

(SPOKEN)

My nation's soul, you'll be my work of art.

(SINGING)

Is this what's left of you, Evita?
My soul
Through you I'll savor
A slice of eternity.

(TOUCHES THE BODY. STOPS LAUGHING)

(SPOKEN)

What an honor for me. To touch her Holiness's skin.
Well then; to work.
First: the bleeding.

(DR. ARA SINGS. BEHIND HIM, THE CHORUS APPEARS)

(SINGING)

DR. ARA:
We draw the blood from the veins
With a trocar in the jugular
We drain the body's fluids,
Fill the arteries with
Glutaraldehyde,
Anti-edemic
Alcohols

CHORUS: Evita, Evita!

(EVA APPEARS, RADIANT AT THE PODIUM)

EVITA: Will you still love me in heaven?
Will I hear your song from on high?
Your prayers and my name,
From these bloodless heavens?

DR. ARA: I rub the body with the mixture
Place cotton on her eyes
Insert a cannula in the abdomen
And slowly extract impurities,
Bile,
Urine...

EVITA: From here everything's confusing
He's talking about my body or my land
My corpse or my country
Mummy soul, blood mummy.

DR. ARA: I prep this little kidney
With trichloroethylene and love
And this girlish liver
Not even cancer could profane
Will be firm as a melon

EVITA: From my land I wonder
Who is the victim?
You, Argentina, pallid
Vulnerable?
Interrupted?
Or me, bloodless Argentina?
Ah...!

DR. ARA: I bathe her in acetate and phenol
Soak the bandage in the mix,
Nitrates, menthols...

EVITA: Through tears I see myself
Bandaged

DR. ARA: ...trichloroethylene...

EVITA: From here everything's confusing

DR. ARA: ...acetate...

EVITA: Who am I, Eva in bandages,
Or Evita, symbol of nothing?

DR. ARA: I uncover the corpse...

EVITA: A formaldehyde beauty that isn't true...?

DR. ARA: Inspection and movement

EVITA: Or a truth that with pain becomes beauty?

DR. ARA: We remove the pads
From her eyelids...

EVITA: From silence you can hear
The speeches, the shouts, the nsults
Needles...
...from silence.

(END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER)

(SPOKEN)

DR. ARA: Sara! Take this down: Today, at 8 a.m. on July 27, the body of Eva Peron is now definitively incorruptible.

(GENARO ENTERS AND GOES TO DR. ARA)

GENARO: Is everything ready?
(ARA GESTURES TO THE MUMMY; GENARO IS IMPRESSED)
Incredible, she looks...!

ARA: Alive?

(ENTER PERON)

GENARO: Ready for the masses, General.

DR. ARA: (WAITING TO BE PAID) And I'm off to Costa del Sol!

GENARO: (TAKES DR. ARA ASIDE) No sir. General Peron has ordered you to always stay by the side of the Nation's Spiritual Guide.

DR. ARA: Until?

GENARO: Until further orders. It's in your contract.

DR. ARA: (CHECKING) It doesn't say stay by her side...

GENARO: Check the fine print carefully, those lovely words that always come with some handsome asterisks.

DR. ARA: (FINDS IT) It does say!

GENARO: And it says till when?

DR. ARA: "Till death do us part."
Death! Some subject for a contract!

(DR. ARA AND GENARO ARGUE TO ONE SIDE, BUT FADE. PERON IS LEFT ALONE WITH THE MUMMY. BEHIND HIM, THE ENSEMBLE AND THE PEOPLE.)

4-SILENCE.

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

PERÓN: Thirty-three...
So young...
How ghastly!
Thirty-three kilos are what's left of you
Blocks and blocks of people waiting
To show you their love
And the question won't let me be:
As they love you, will they love me?

Death penalty,
Silence weeps
Silence weeps, weeps, weeps.

ENSEMBLE: The people with their flowers, salt tears
furious rain that wouldn't look at you
The poor say the heartsick heavens
Cried with them too.

Your solitary soul paces with heavy steps
Ticking like the clock at the end of the world

Soul-deep pain
Freezes time
Silence weeps, weeps, weeps.

ENSEMBLE WOMEN: Ooooooh

PERON:

So, the march of a mourning nation begins

All kiss her face with care

The streets breathe carnation and jasmine
Without their Eva the people are like a
faithless prayer

Like a beggar who pleads to exist

Like a rock on the seabed recalls

Its skin keeps out cursed waters

EVITA:

a dream

nothing

what's wrong?

cold, I feel no more

pain

deep pain

of death

ALL: Soul-deep pain,
Stopping time

So, weeps, weeps, weeps

PERON: Silence...

(END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER. ALL DISAPPEAR. PERON IS ALONE, WITH A METRONOME)

(SPOKEN)

PERON: There's no noise. No one speaks. So many people gather and not a sound. Silence.

What are you, silence, that you escort death so jealously?

EVITA: That's how you are, Argentina, when you meet your disappointments.

PERON: Like this day facing the body of our Saint. In silence. (PAUSE. THE METRONOME STOPS) Like this. Do you know all the power this has?

EVITA: You could kill an entire people with nothing alone.

(GENARO AND DR. ARA INTERRUPT)

GENARO: They keep coming, General! More and more people!

PERÓN: We may need two more weeks of mourning!

DR. ARA: If we don't stop the funerals, she'll be damaged! Eternity will look like a watercolor!

PERÓN: For now, Dr. Ara, you attend to the body, I must attend to the living.

DR. ARA: (TERRIFIED) The living? Who do you mean? Is something going on?

PERON: Something's always going on.

DR. ARA: Should I be afraid?

PERON: (LOOKING AT THE SOLDIERS) Afraid in Argentina? Always!

(EXIT PERON. DR. ARA REMAINS WITH GENARO. SOUND EFFECTS AND MUSIC. GUNSHOTS IN THE DISTANCE. THEN CLOSER. AN OCCASIONAL BOMB BLAST)

(MUSIC/COREOGRAPHY)

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: Suddenly, before I knew it, before Peron could stop it, before the country expected it, they were firing on the people! On September 16th, the Navy staged a coup. And the Navy's aviation was baptized in war bombarding la Plaza de Mayo.

GENARO: I always said Pepperoni wouldn't last two years without Eva! She was the only one in this country with the balls to defend the homeland!

DR. ARA: What about the Mummy? What do we do with the Mummy?

GENARO: (SHOOTING AND EXITING) Run Ara! Run! They're not going to kill the Mummy!

(CHANTING COUP. WE SEE THEM KIDNAP THE MUMMY, IMAGES OF THE BOMBING, TOWARD THE END THEY BUILD THE ARMY OFFICE. EVA ENTERS WITH SIGNS OF DETERIORATION. SHE LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE AND BEFORE SHE GOES INTO THE CLOSET SAYS:)

EVA: They had overthrown Peron. That day began the massacre of the continent. In 72 hours, two thousand people were killed between civilians and soldiers. Peron fled, he resigned, they exiled him. He's in Paraguay. Still, they won't let me go. They force me to say, looking out on the remains of utopia from the threshold of hell.

6- I HEAR

(DURING THE INTRODUCTION A GOVERNMENT OFFICE IS BUILT, THEY ARE GOING THROUGH AND DESTROYING RECORDS, TAKING DOWN PERON'S PORTRAITS. IT'S A MACHINE WHERE THE VARIOUS SCENES UNFOLD)

(SPOKEN)

GENERAL: Well, soldiers, we've finally freed the nation. And now that Argentina's unchained, the general healing begins. Let's go, move! Fast! The order is to rid the whole government of Peronist rats, confessed rats, sympathizers, and even the rodents that think like them, wandering around out there, quietly, but giving little leaps. We begin with the offices! You, move that desk, you, go take out those paintings. Take down that panel, move that wall. And you two, get rid of that hideous closet!

SOLDIER 1: Did you hear the rumors about the body?

GENERAL: What body?

SOLDIER 1: The showgirl's.

SOLDIER 2: Oh, yeah, unbelievable...

GENERAL: I didn't. What rumors?

(DURING THE SONG, SOLDIERS 3 AND 4 FIND EVA'S CRATE AND ARE GOING TO TRY TO ROLL IT DOWN FROM THE UPPER LEVEL)

(SINGING)

SOLDIER1: I hear they begged a Gypsy witch
To embalm her on her death

SOLDIER2: And stuff her with straw

SOLDIER3: I hear when the witch cracked her warm breast

SOLDIER2: A sigh rose from her lips

SOLDIER1: A hollow, inhuman moan

GENERAL: Fuck...

| SOLDIER3: Look what a pretty doll

I found!
SOLDIER4: Let's see...

SOLDIER2: That's not all...

SOLDIER3: I hear the gypsy sewed her up
And in the portrait on the wall her pose
Changed

SOLDIER1: Her face twisted
GENERAL: Shi

SOLDIER1/SOLDIER2: I hear!
GENERAL: Shit!
SOLDIER1/SOLDIER2: I hear!
GENERAL: Shit!

SOLDIER1: I hear at eight fifteen at
the full moon
You hear her screams,
you hear chains
SOLDIER2: Dragging tirelessly
SOLDIER1: As her soul seeks the
guilty
GENERAL: Shit!

SOLDIER3: Now I move her hand
SOLDIER4: Now I move her head
SOLDIER3: We shake her hips
SOLDIER4: Now we dance the can-
can

SOLDIER3: two...two...

Five...six...sev...eight...
two...two...

SOLDIER4: la, la, la-la-la-la!

(FINALLY, THEY OPEN THE CRATE AND SEE EVA. END OF THE MUSICAL
NUMBER)

(SPOKEN)

SOLDIER3: Ahhhh!!

SOLDIER1: What's wrong?

SOLDIER3: I think it's the body, general!

GENERAL: Whose?

SOLDIER1: Body?

SOLDIER3: General, I think it's the showgirl's body.

GENERAL: Evita?

SOLDIER1: But how? Evita died like two years ago!

SOLDIER2: Exactly.

SOLDIER1: Can it be her?

GENERAL: Captain: Go now and bring the experts to see if it's true...

(EXIT SOLDIER 4)

SOLDIER2: How does a body stay like that?

SOLDIER1: Peronists, you know they're all perverts.

(SINGING)

SOLDIER2: It's true!
My Peronist aunt
had a mustache and a mole
After a couple whiskies
she'd take off all her clothes...

SOLDIER3: My Peronist brother-in-law
ate mondongo with crème brûlée

SOLDIER1: My Peronist neighbors
did it with his Pekinese...

SOLDIER2: I knew a Peronist dwarf...

GENERAL: Enough!

(ENTER SOLDIER 4 WITH THE EXPERT)

(SPOKEN)

SOLDIER4: Here's the expert, general.

GENERAL: Now then. Tell me, what is that? A statue, a doll or what?

(THE EXPERT TAKES OUT A SCALPEL)

SOLDIER3: Wait! Hold on! What are you going to do?

EXPERT: I'm going to cut off an ear to run my tests.

EXPERT: Impossible!

ALL: Impossible!

(THE EXPERT THEN FACES THE SOLDIERS, BUT SPEAKS TO THE GENERAL)

EXPERT: General. This is a mummified corpse. What's more. I'd venture to say all her internal organs have been preserved.

(EXPERT THEN CUTS OFF ANOTHER EAR. SOLDIERS 2 AND 1 FEEL PAIN. THE EXPERT LOOKS AT THE LOCATION OF THE CUT)

EXPERT: Yes, I'm positive. It's her. Evita's mummy.

(SINGING)

GENERAL: This mummy's incredibly dangerous
They'll steal her if they catch on
It'd give them an invincible weapon
It's the worst that could happen to us!

(SPOKEN)

We must decide what to do and fast...

SOLDIERS: Could we toss her into the sea?
Or make her disappear?
It'd be good practice for me.
How to toss people into the sea!

(SINGING)

SOLDIERS: We toss her
We bury her/ Disguise her
Camouflage her/Export her
Paint her/ Wall her in
Burn her& Burn her

(SPOKEN)

EXPERT: Well, she'd catch fire easily. The mummy's basically pure toxin.

GENERAL: Yes, but if that burns, then we'll burn.

SOLDIER2: My God! What're you saying?

(SINGING)

GENERAL: Men, this mummy's highly flammable
I agree: we have to get her out of here& But we'd better respect her,
her power is fearsome& Otherwise, she won't respect us.

(GENERAL PICKS UP THE PHONE AND MAKES A CALL. HE GIVES ORDERS
WE CAN'T HEAR TO SOLDIER4 OVER THE PHONE. MEANWHILE,
SOLDIERS 1, 2 AND 3 GUARD THE MUMMY)

SOLDIER1: I hear from heaven she pampers them, cares for them

SOLDIER2: Changes their lives, protects them

SOLDIER3: Performs miracles like a saint

SOLDIER1: They beg, they cry, they pray, they sing

SOLDIER2: I hear she answers more requests now

SOLDIER3: Heals the sick, helps the downtrodden

SOLDIER1: Can she get you a job?

SOLDIER2: Yes!

SOLDIER3: Any job, any one you want?

SOLDIER2: Yes!

SOLDIER3: Any job? Anywhere? Even if it's nuts?

SOLDIER2: This is boring! What job do you want?

SOLDIER3: I always dreamed of: (IN A FRENCH ACCENT)
deus, deus, tres, quatre!
Beat, beat, beat, of my heart.

(THEY SING "FASHION: C'EST MOI")

7- FASHION C'EST MOI

(SINGING/ COREOGRAPHY)

SOLDIER 1 & 2: Beat, beat, beat of my heart.
I adore with a passion: everything fashion!
Ooh, ooh-la, la, la!
Ooh, fashion c'est moi!
I always liked to strut, strut,
Parade my legs and tight little butt!
Gucchi heels, bags by Prada
Herrera, Moschino, Dolce and Gabana!

Ooh, ooh-la, la, la!
Ooh, fashion c'est moi!

All you kids who want it
Now Evita will grant it
Ask, ask away, don't hold back a wish
Go right ahead and make out a list

Ooh, I can't stop thinking!
Ooh, of what Evita will bring!

SOLDIER1: What if I want a radio?

SOLDIER3: Yes... wait...
What kind?
With batteries, portable,
Hitachi or Aurora?
Yes!
Yes?
Yes!

SOLDIER2: And a car?

SOLDIER3: Yes, yes!
A jeep?
Three gears!
Three gears?
Carpet too
XT?
XT!

SOLDIERS: Evita, Evita!!/Evita, Evita!!

(SOLDIERS 1, 2 POSE WITH THE BODY WHILE SOLDIER 3 TAKES THEIR PICTURE. GENERAL STOPS THEM, INFURIATED. HE BREAKS THE CAMERA)

GENERAL: What's wrong with you, are you nuts?
No photos!
Photos are prohibited!

ALL: Prohibited!

GENERAL: Photos!

ALL: Prohibited!

GENERAL: As of today, her name's prohibited!

ALL: Prohibited!

SOLDIER 1: Their names!

ALL: Prohibited!

SOLDIER4: Saying Peron!

ALL: Prohibited!

GENERAL: Thinking about them! Remembering them!

ALL: Prohibited!

SOLDIER3: Pepperoni.

ALL: Prohibited!

GENERAL: All Peronists are banished!

SOLDIER4: Let's dump them all in the sea!

ALL: Prohibited!

SOLDIER4: Confiscate their instruments, no more drums and mangueras!

ALL: Prohibited!
Drums Prohibited!
Trumpets

Prohibited!
Birds
Prohibited!
Pandas
Prohibited!!!

(END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER)

(SPOKEN)

SOLDIER4: General, but what do we do with the mummy?

GENERAL: Moori, you take charge of it!

MOORI: Do I hide her?

GENERAL: Do what you want. But she disappears. Is that clear?

MOORI: Crystal clear, General.

GENERAL: Excellent. (GENERAL EXITS)

MOORI: Soldiers!

SOLDIERS: Yes, colonel.

MOORI: Colonel Moori.

SOLDIERS: Colonel Moori.

MOORI: Much better. Take her away!
As of today, the Mummy's mine!

ALL: MINE!

MOORI: What?

ALL: YOURS!

8-MOMIA MOMITA

(DURING THIS NUMBER THE OFFICE IS DISASSEMBLED AS THE SOLDIERS TRY UNSUCCESSFULLY TO HIDE THE MUMMY)

(SINGING)

SOLDIERS: Evita, Evita, mother!

MOORI: Here's the address of the place
Where you can leave the crate
The mission is confidential

SOLDIERS: Yes sir, Colonel.

MOORI: You will go to Rosario
Send word when you get there
The mummy is mine, they won't find her.

SOLDIER1: They found her already!

SOLDIER2: Found who?

SOLDIER3: The mummy.

MOORI: Again...

SOLDIER1: There's no easy fix

SOLDIERS 2 & 3: No, no, no

SOLDIERS: You'd hide the crate

SOLDIER3: And a day or two later

SOLDIERS 1 & 3: Suddenly there would be

SOLDIERS: Candles, flowers, flowers, candles
as far as the eye could see

SOLDIERS: My colonel, where should we take the crate?
My colonel, where should we take the crate?
My colonel, where should we take the crate?

MOORI: I know exactly where to hide
For this mummy to disappear

SOLDIERS: Mummy, dear mummy, mommy!

(SPOKEN)

MOORI: Now beat it. Leave me alone.

SOLDIER2: But Colonel...

MOORI: That's an order! (HE STARTS DRINKING, OPENS THE BOX)

MOORI: (AS HE OPENS THE BOX. SPOKEN)

You'll see.

The problem isn't you, the problem's all of you.

Because you're you and still are you, but you weren't what you've turned into,
what you've become.

You see, Peronism is a disease.

Peronism is cancer.

And you, riddled with Peronism, stopped being one you to become all of you.

And that's the problem. Not you. All of you.

Because all of you can turn anything into a weapon. Even you. Especially, you.

Perfect...

You look alive,
damn him!

(THE MUSIC BEGINS)

9-MOORI'S WALTZ

(SPOKEN)

If the candle people find you

They'll say...

They'll say you aren't dead

They'll think...

they'll think you can talk.

Because the people here are ignorant,

People everywhere are, really

But Argentina especially

Falls in love with death,

with killing and being killed.

(SINGING)

The doll
Cardboard lips
Taste of formalin
One step this way
Two steps that

One ti...ny step
An itty-bitty step
Oh, you're so cold
Such hard little nipples
The wolf's going to eat you up

(SPOKEN)

What? You want to say something? You can't?
Ooh...too bad... You know why? That sweet mouth isn't yours now, it's all mine. Because I'm your shadow!
The ballast of your soul!

(SINGING)

I think by now you know:
Your words aren't your own
Neither are your thoughts
From now on I'm your god,
the voice of your eternity!

Come Argentina
you like violence and death
blood and blows for those who don't think like you
Say it: Yes, my colonel!
I like it!
Give me more!

(SPOKEN OVER THE MILONGA)

MURI: Scream, bitch, scream I'm the eternal colonel who stalks your soul!
Howl, damn you,
howl I'm the Colonel you wanted inside you.
I'm your colonel.
AND YOU'RE ME, DAMNIT!
Look in the mirror and see!
In your face you'll see me!

(NOISES. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER)

SOLDIER4: Colonel Muri, open the door!

MURI: Go away, I'm with my Goddess!

SOLDIER3: Colonel Muri! We have orders to search your house!

MURI: Go to hell, I'm the hero here!

SOLDIER2: We're coming in! (The soldiers enter)

SOLDIER1: Good God, Muri! You were supposed to guard the whore!

MURI: She's, my life! My only love!

SOLDIER1: She's dead!

MURI: No, she's not! She looks at me! Begs me!

SOLDIER1: (TO THE SOLDIERS) Fine... Take her...!

(THE SOLDIERS, DISGUSTEDLY, GET TO WORK)

SOLDIER2: But, where do we take her?

SOLDIER3: We'll decide that later.

SOLDIER2: But that's where the trouble began, deciding later.

SOLDIER4: What do we do with the sicko?

SOLDIER1: Leave him to me. (SOLDIER1 HANDCUFFS MOORI, WHO CONTINUES RAVING) Don't you know the harm lunatics like you do to our nation? You know what they'll do to us when they find out you defiled their Saint? You think they'll say it was just you? They'll blame all of us, you son of a bitch! (THEY TAKE MOORI AWAY. SOLDIER 1 LOOKS AT THE MUMMY) And you, Mummy, what do we do with you?

EVITA: They tried hiding me but it was no use. Days would go by and the candles, those caresses from my descamisados, would reveal where I was. And all over again: warehouses, theaters, sheds, closets... They'd hide me, but they, with their candles... would find me. That's why I wonder: By any chance, can a mummy be in love?

The thing is I'm still dead, yes, but in love with the people I dreamt of in Los Toldos. Dead, yes, but so passionate for my people that when I return, I won't be me. I won't even be just one... Instead, I'll be millions!

10- WHERE'S THE MUMMY?

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

PEOPLE 1: Where's the mummy?

ALL: Here she is!

PEOPLE 1: Where, where is she?

ALL: Not here!

PEOPLE 1: Where are you mummy dear?

ALL: Where is she?

PEOPLE 1: I can't find you!

ALL: Over there!

PEOPLE 1: She comes at night
To settle scores
With the rich who blight
The poor

PEOPLE1/BOURG3: Smelling of formalin and flowers
She makes her speech
And gives the priests
their marching orders

PEOPLE2: Was breakfast milk, mummy & Fernet?
Did you take a stroll together?
Last night you slept with her?
And danced milonga yesterday?

PEOPLE 1: Where's the mummy?

ALL: Here she is!

PEOPLE 1: Where, where is she?

ALL: Not here!

PEOPLE 1: Where are you mummy dear?

ALL: Where is she?

PEOPLE 1: I can't find you!

ALL: Over there!

PEOPLE 1: In the port it's raining tuna
Cows are flying in reverse
The dead come out to do a
Dance of mortal chaos

PEOPLE 2: We slice her like gruyere
Eat her with champagne
She lifts our derriere
our jowls and our morale

PEOPLE 3: They shipped her off to Germany
Of that I'm very sure
Some say she's in France
Others saw her at the bar.

PEOPLE 1: Where's the mummy?

ALL: In the subway

PEOPLE 1: Where, where is she?

ALL: At the movies

PEOPLE 1: Where's the mummy?

ALL: On the roof

PEOPLE 1: Where, where is she?

ALL: On the floor

PEOPLE 1: Where's the mummy?

ALL: At the factory

PEOPLE 1: Where, where is she?

ALL: In the sea

PEOPLE 1: Where's the mummy?

ALL: Where is she?

PEOPLE 1: Where, where is she?

(SPOKEN)

EVA: Can this mummy still be in love?
Can this mummy's wax fingers feel passion?
I think so, for neither this death nor this closet keep me from loving my
Argentina. For if hatred is a historical force, loving the people is a universal
cataclysm!

(SINGING)

ALL: Mummy, mummy my delight
You brighten my life too,
You're Argentina's light
And I will find you!

(THEN EVA IS LEFT ALONE, LIT UP. SHE IS ALL WE SEE)

(END OF ACT ONE)

ACT 2

Two years later

II-CANDLES

(THE CURTAIN OPENS AND WE SEE A VERY POOR WOMAN WHO IS LIGHTING A CANDLE ON A HOMEMADE ALTAR BEFORE A PHOTO OF EVITA. THE ACTION WILL BE REPEATED IN DIFFERENT SETTINGS)

(SINGING)

EVITA: 730 candles of sun
would go out each night
and in the dark they'd bite
for they were candles of day

SOLOIST 1: 730 candles of love
wouldn't shine at night
for two years
they darkened my life

SOLOIST 2: My saint, my dear, my peace,
my Evita. I beg, I know you're there
listening to your people's prayers
We never stopped loving you.

(SPOKEN)

EVA:
Two years have passed.
But, comrades, I'll come back swinging
Soon I'll leave the closet.
I'll return as millions.
But, please, drop the saint, my dears
Saints are for priests
And I chew up priests and spit them out.
Drop the Saint, compatriots,
I'd rather be a rifle, people, rage
I'd rather take the candles' burn
I'd rather die 1000 times with my people

than ever be a useless Saint.
Because I may be dead and a mummy,
But a Saint, no!
Never a Saint! What humiliation!

(SINGING)

The saint fed up with suffering
for someone to find her twisted up
In a closet
The locked-up doll who's ready to fight again

(BLACKOUT. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE, CABANILLAS AND "THE GENERAL." CABANILLAS IS CARRYING A BOX WITH CANDLES. HE ENTERS THE OFFICE THAT HAS A CLOSET IN THE BACK. EVA AND THE PEOPLE EXIT. THE OFFICE OF THE STATE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE THEN APPEARS. THERE IS A DOOR THAT OPENS ONTO THE SPACE WHERE THE MUMMY IS IN THE CLOSET. THE GENERAL ENTERS, AT HIS SIDE, HIS ASSISTANT, CABANI-Cabanillas WHO KEEPS A LITTLE DISTANCE.)

GENERAL: It's unheard of! There are sentries at the door, but no one knows how these flowers and candles got here!

CABANI: They appear and disappear. We thought they were for the prisoners and the executed, but...

GENERAL: But, what, Cabanillas?

CABANI: I think the candles and the flowers are because they think she's here.

GENERAL: Who?

CABANI: Her.

GENERAL: Her who?

CABANI: The mummy, Evita.

GENERAL: Don't be a dope, Cabanillas. After everything with the nutjob, the order was to bury her and that's it. What's behind that door?

CABANI: Storage, junk.

GENERAL: Open it please.

CABANI: It's been closed for two years, Sir...

GENERAL: I didn't ask how old it is; I ordered you to open the door.

CABANI: Yes, sir.

(CABANILLAS OPENS THE DOOR)

CABANI: General! GENERAL! Oh my God! What is that...?! General...!

GENERAL: The remains of Eva Duarte no less! That woman sure knows how to fuck with us!

CABANI: Who'd think to dump a thing like this in a government office? Not even in a casket, but a closet!

GENERAL: How is it that no one checked this room for so long? Nothing strange happened? Nothing suspicious?

CABANI: I told you about the candles and flowers.

GENERAL: Obviously they know the mummy's here! Everyone knew it but us, the heroic Argentine army! (NERVOUS) Increase the guard!

CABANI: Increase the guard! (ANOTHER CANDLE APPEARS)

GENERAL: Enough! This mummy is extremely dangerous, she can topple a government or even two! We have to get rid of her!

CABANI: But how?

GENERAL: I'll call the Vatican right now. (HE CALLS) Hello, Pope?

(TAKES THE PHONE. LIGHTS UP ON THE CEMETERY WHERE THE SPIRITS ARE)

EVITA: And once again the moving begins. They move me through offices, basements, garages. They cover me, package me, label me, and off I go traveling again! We come from fascism and toward fascism we go.

12-LEMONCHELO

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

SPIRITS: We're wandering souls
-We don't like rest-
Day and night we roam
The tombs of Milan

This cemetery's large
It holds many treasures!
They're buried here at night
By la Pietà's pastor

One time we found
20 cases of champagne
Buried in the tomb
Of a famous captain

ALL: Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!
Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!

SPIRITS: Always late at night
The priest comes by us
with cards and biscotti
He tries to exorcize us

One fine day we saw
Some soldiers inter
A mummy named María
Or so they called her.

I'm Evita! She kept saying
Don't leave me here alone
Grab my collar bone
And quit your braying!

Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!
Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!

(SPOKEN)

SPIRIT1: Hi, so you're Eva?

SPIRIT2: Where're you from?

SPIRIT3: Why won't you talk to me?

SPIRIT4: What, I have bad breath?

SPIRIT1: Talk to me
Say something porca madonna
Putana di merda

SPIRIT2: I'll tell you, hang on
Patience migliotta
Don't bust my coglioni
Vafancullo
troiaViste
I know why she won't talk

SPIRIT1: Why?

SPIRIT2: Her husband's got another woman.

(THE SPIRITS MOCK HER)

SPIRIT3: You don't say!

SPIRIT2: Yeah, like 30 years younger than him.

SPIRIT4: Son of a bitch.

SPIRIT1: They're all the same.

SPIRIT3: Who told you?

SPIRIT2: This warlock at their house
Lopez Rega calls every night
to talk to the dead
who've got nothing to do
He speaks Brazilian, or something
Anyway, you can't understand a damn word
He acts like a macumba.

SPIRIT3: She's from Argentina

SPIRIT2: That's why she won't talk to us. You know how Argentinians are. A bunch of snobs. That's why she won't talk to us. Who do you think you are?

SPIRIT3: Tilinga, stronza,

SPIRIT4: Come here and I'll give you a kneading...

SPIRIT1: Wait, wait, she's got connections.

SPIRIT4: Oh, yeah?

SPIRIT1: Yeah, the Vatican recommended her,
The Pope sent her.

SPIRIT2: It's true, we know all about it
La Pietà's pastor told us

SPIRIT4: Told you what?

SPIRIT2: I'll tell you, hang on
Patience migliotta
Don't bust my coglioni
Vaffanculo. Fine, here's the story:
So, one fine day the phone rang in the Vatican
and it was the president of Argentina.

13- THIS IS THE POPE

(SINGING)

POPE: This is the Pope, qui sei tu?

GENERAL: I'm Aramburu

POPE: A burro?

GENERAL: Aramburu! The President of Argentina

POPE: Ah yes, of course, belo mio. The President of Peru

GENERAL: Not Peru, Argentina. Tango, beef, Pedernera.

POPE: Pedernera, the athlete?

GENERAL: The soccer player, yes sir.

POPE: Ay, such a beautiful little man
nice legs, the seducer.

GENERAL: Holy father, may I?

POPE: Of course, excuse me
President of Ecuador

GENERAL: Not Ecuador, Argentina
It doesn't matter,
I ask a humble favor

POPE: What?
What did this mascalzone say?
Un favore?
A favor, from me?
Who do you think I am
Hold me back or I'll give him a kneading!

SPIRIT1: Easy padre, padrissimo

POPE: Io non fascio non favori
Li favori sono merda
No me piace qui me.

(SPOKEN)

GENERAL: Cashhhh. Hard cash.

POPE: What?

GENERAL: Dollars

POPE: Oh, now we're talking. How much?

SPIRIT 2: That very night they sent her to Italy using the name "Maria Maggia"
and they buried her here in the cemetery.

SPIRIT 3: That's how they're always filling the cemetery with shit.

SPIRIT 4: Not always...

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

SPIRITS: One time we found
A box out there
full of white powder
that would make you gallop!

Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!
Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!

Yes, but don't forget
That other time we found
All wrapped in cellophane
The body of an artist
Who muddied the pope's name

Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!
Champagne and Limoncello toast
To Milan's ghosts!

(END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER)

14- MADRID

(WHILE THE MADRID APARTMENT IS BUILT, ENTER EVA)

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: This is Peron's residence in Puerta de Hierro, Madrid. A nice place; wide gate, pretty trees, a staircase full of steps, a golden exile. Fourteen years have passed. Juan isn't alone, he got married. Her name is Maria Estela Martinez, but she goes by Isabel. She's very young, of course she is. With them is Jose Lopez Rega, they call him the Warlock.

LOPEZ: General. The call you were waiting for.

PERON: General...?

(LANUSSE APPEARS TO ONE SIDE)

GENERAL: Juan. This is President Lanusse.

PERON: Yes, the very President the Montoneros are keeping so busy.

GENERAL: The country's a bloodbath, Peron. Montoneros kidnapped and killed Aramburu.

PERON: So, the man to blame for the disappearance of Eva's body thought nothing would ever happen to him?

GENERAL: Yes, yes, yes, but now the Montoneros are demanding Evita's body in exchange for Aramburu!

PERON: But Eva's worth a thousand Aramburus!

GENERAL: The unburied bodies are crippling the country. It's macabre. The military has reached an agreement. We'll take you. At least you're not from the left...

PERON: Left, right, I'll be whatever it takes to return to power.

GENERAL: How do we stop the terrorism?

PERON: I have two conditions. One: TRIUMPHAL return to Argentina. I take over as leader of the movement, with an eye to the upcoming elections.

GENERAL: General: you're needed here. Come now.

PERON: And two: you give me back Eva's body.

GENERAL: I'll send it to you now in Madrid!

PERON: No! Send her to Argentina!

GENERAL: Madrid first is better. The Montoneros are half-mad with this mummy thing. They could snatch her and Eva's a national treasure.

PERON: She is but I'm not?

GENERAL: It's just they think she's the revolutionary. So, we agree then. You come here and I'll send you the Mummy there!

(DURING EVA'S MONOLOGUE THEY COME IN WITH THE CRATE AND LEAVE IT FOR PERON. THE ACTION ENDS WITH PERON FACING THE CADAVER WHEN THE MONOLOGUE ENDS.)

EVITA: And that's how I arrived in Madrid, after being buried in Italy for 14 years. I'd been mutilated, beaten, I had a cut on my right cheek. My bare feet were covered in tar and my nose was destroyed. They'd bitten my ear, and broken my fingers and toes. Oh! But my hair was still shiny!

15-YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE/TANGO

(SPOKEN)

PERON: I'll fix you up dear
I'll glue on your finger
I'll staple your ear
I love you, darling.

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

PERON: How long it's been
You haven't changed a bit
Chance once again
helped us reunite
the elixir of chemicals
that's left your body frozen
in me slowly ignites
love like alcohol

Without you the sun was a dagger
The moon quicksilver tea
Fierce hours unfettered
Twenty centuries of passion
Now this blow most bitter
To see you also suffered
Though you felt nothing
Prisoner of perfection

You'll never change
My dear
Your gaze
Will reflect my love
and be a mirror of
my punishment
seeing you absent
will slowly
finish me off

(SPOKEN)

Love, time in flesh
Has left no mark on you
Like a match's sour scent
fades when it's blown out
And these wax tears
Are but proof
That our flame survives
The bitter blackout.

(SINGING)

What doesn't burn won't hurt
won't consume or kill us
But it doesn't light us either
Pain is what I choose
If your eyes give the spark
I'll be the gasoline
Together, our love will ignite
Our people's quick fuse

CHORUS

PERON:

You'll never change
My dear
Your gaze
Will light my love
Like a lighthouse
In the storm
It will flood
This cruel present,
so inclement
Nothing matters now
If in your still eyes
My love never
Will go out

EVITA:

I'll never change
My dear
My gaze, my love,
will light you
show you the way
in the storm
It will flood
This cruel present
so inclement
If in my still eyes
My love never
Will go out

(AN EMOTIONAL PERON EXITS. WE HEAR LOPEZ REGA CALL ISABEL. EVA, TO THE PEOPLE. END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER)

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: Lopez Rega, private secretary, bodyguard, designer, gardener, singer, actor, Rosicrucian, and especially, spiritualist... This one, is the worst of the worst.

LOPEZ: Isabel! Isabel here. (ENTER ISABEL) Stand here in third position.

(MUSIC)

16- ISABEL, DEAR ISABEL

(SINGING)

LOPEZ: Repeat exactly what I say. Do you understand?

ISABEL: I understand!

LOPEZ: “The toad’s envy can never...”

ISABEL: “The toad’s envy never...”

LOPEZ: Stop!

ISABEL: Stop!

LOPEZ: No! Don’t repeat...

ISABEL: No! Don’t repeat...

LOPEZ: Shut up! Stop! Zip! No!

ISABEL: Shut up! Stop! Zip! No!

LOPEZ: If you would let me finish, Isabel, please!
“The toad’s envy can never silence
(memorize it!) the nightingale’s song”

ISABEL: “The toad’s tenderness can...”

LOPEZ: Envy!

ISABEL: Envy? The toad?

LOPEZ: Yes!

ISABEL: “The toad’s envy can never... Silence?”

LOPEZ: Silence! Yes!

ISABEL: The toad?

LOPEZ: The toad!

ISABEL: If a toad spoke, he'd be silenced,
Toads who can speak are silenced?

LOPEZ: Who cares!?

ISABEL: I care!
Besides the good little toad isn't envious:
The condor is:
The toad's tenderness
can never question
the condor's envy!

(SPOKEN)

LOPEZ: But Isabel, that makes no sense! Why bring up the condor now?

ISABEL: Why bring it up?
It's the national bird!

(SINGING)

LOPEZ: (TO HER)
Isabel, sweetheart,
Try to focus
Filling Saint Evita's
shoes is hard for us!
(TO HIMSELF)
Isabel, Isabel dear
I'd be glad I swear
If your pretty little head
wasn't filled with air.

(SPOKEN)

ISABEL: Dear doctor, do I look like her?

LOPEZ: Do you want to be Eva?

ISABEL: I want what the General wants.

LOPEZ: The General needs Eva.

ISABEL: I guess so, because he treats me like a maid. I think he's ashamed of me. Look how long it took him to marry me!

LOPEZ: Maria Estela Martinez Cartas de Peron: if you want to act like a silly girl, go ahead. THAT'S MARIA ESTELA! But if you want to be part of history, then be Isabel. Don't be the woman by the hero's side, be a tool of the forces of history. You must be ready and set your lowly self aside. You are no longer Maria Estela. You are Isabel Peron. And you have a whole book to write! Unless, of course, you don't want to...

ISABEL :I do!

LOPEZ: Why?

ISABEL: For Peron!

LOPEZ: Good!

(ISABEL NODS. PERSON ENTERS FROM ONE SIDE AND WATCHES WITHOUT THEM NOTICING)

LOPEZ: Fine. Repeat:

(SINGING)

LOPEZ: "I must be alert to the traitors
Within
and without
Who in the dark of night
Distill poison
and wait."

ISABEL: "I must be alert to the traders
Who without the dark
Distend inside and under, poison
Is evil and harmful and can kill us"

LOPEZ: Well...it's not exactly...

ISABEL: And the condor rises and spits
On the babbling toads below!

LOPEZ: Isabel, sweet girl!
charming as a porpoise

supple as a squirrel!

PERON: Wise as a jackass...

LOPEZ: Isabel, dear girl
Girlish lips in bud
Opening like a poppy!

PERON: I only wish they'd shut...

(SPOKEN)

PERON: To think someone actually believes Isabel could be Party Secretary one day! Ha ha ha!

LOPEZ: And... She does what she can, General.

PERON: It's a waste of time, Lopez. She may as well do her housework.

ISABEL: I know I can't help much, Juan, but don't treat Lopez that way. He's very smart. He can really help you. And he's as loyal to you as a dog.

PERÓN: What do I need more dogs for, Isabel? We've already got three.

(SINGING)

PERON: If I go back to Argentina one thing's certain:
I'm going to miss you, Evita!!

(SPOKEN)

PERON Isabel. You should change your dress. You know I don't like to see you in her clothes. One day those rags will be the showpiece of Argentina's Museum of History and we don't want them to lose their mild scent, their bold air, the nation's memory of her skin in cream linen. Lopez, get everything ready. Tomorrow we're off to Buenos Aires and the next day we take Power.

LOPEZ: (POINTING TO THE MUMMY) What about her?

PERON: She'll come later. When her Mausoleum's ready. Lopez: I want you to take care of me and the Ministry of Social Welfare. You have a grand future in our new government.

ISABEL: And me?

PERON: You'll be my Eva. Now we have her body, we only need you to remind them of her. Our plan will be PERON-PERON, as it always should have been! I'm taking the dogs out for a walk. Take care of everything.

(PERON EXITS.

ISABEL: Peron-Peron, me? What's he mean?

LOPEZ: You'll be Vice President

ISABEL: Oh God!

LOPEZ: And with his health, you'll soon rise!

ISABEL: Lopez!

LOPEZ: Don't worry. I'll be right beside you to help. This is the beginning. For the great architect everything has a reason. Lines intersect. (TAKES ISABEL AND MOVES HER BESIDE THE MUMMY) Stand here where she can see you.

ISABEL: You think she knows I'm here?

LOPEZ: Of course, she does. Why do you even ask?

ISABEL: Well, since everyone ignores me. Now she's back, I'll be just a footnote.

LOPEZ: Now that she's with us, you'll be the last page.

ISABEL: Exactly, the last one, the one no one reads.

LOPEZ: No, Isabel. The last one is the most important.

17-LA ÚLTIMA PÁGINA

(SINGING)

LOPEZ: The last page
Is where excesses are allowed
the end has a new riddle
the climax,
the unfolding of the secret
and, especially, the poetry.

The last page brings

every moment together
From moment to landscape
and from there to memory.
A man's last moment,
the end of his life and not his story.
That's you, Isabela, the conclusion,
the last page.
Where her illustration will be.
Your body will be the privileged host
for Evita's return
at the right hand of Peron.
The last page of a love, a struggle.
Friendship, treason, violence,
and faith
The final destiny of a country
sketched in your flesh, dear Isabel.

(SPOKEN)

LOPEZ: If you want to be part of history, then be Isabel. Don't be the woman by the hero's side, be a tool of the forces of history. You must be ready and set your lowly self aside. You are no longer Maria Estela. You are Isabel Peron. And you have a whole book to write! Unless, of course, you don't want to.

ISABEL: I do!

LOPEZ: Why?

ISABEL: For Peron!

LOPEZ: Good. Then learn to hold your hands like her.

ISABEL: What do hands have to do with it?

(SINGING)

LOPEZ: Your hands are antennas receiving vibrations
The antennas connect you to the heavenly spheres
The spheres send you universal harmony
that you take down to the people manually.

(SPOKEN)

ISABEL: How do you know all that?

LOPEZ: I have spiritual contacts and guardians.

ISABEL: Who?

LOPEZ: Orishas

ISABEL: Ay!

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

LOPEZ: I'm like a prophet, I'm Oxum, the Orisha
The fan and metal bangles are my symbols!
I'm the lightning rod that stops all evil
Each day I shrink and the general's health grows!

(THE MUSICAL ORISHA RITUAL ENDS LEAVING ISABEL EXHAUSTED.
END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER)

(SPOKEN)

LOPEZ: How do you feel?

ISABEL: Small and silly.

LOPEZ: You barely suffer. I suffer more. These sessions wear me out. I've lost 13 pounds since the body came. I too am disappearing so she can reappear.

(SUDDENLY, ISABEL STARTS TO CRY)

LOPEZ: What?

18- WHAT DO THEY WANT FROM ME?

(SINGING)

ISABEL:
What do they want from me?
I'll never understand
I only want one minute with him
A moment, my eternity

Before I met Peron in Panama
I sighed for him
I was his true love then.
My heart said: Isabel, your life

Will have meaning
With the brush of his skin.

(SPOKEN)

One day he ordered: Isabel, marry me.
“It’s politics, men with lovers
don’t get invited to the right parties.”
I understood and I accepted.
Then I got married.
Marriage: little ceremony,
But lots of paperwork.
Now this. Evita.
The Mummy. No less!
Do you know how all this weighs on me?
Do you have any idea what I can withstand?

(SINGING)

This beggar
At eternity’s feet
Seeks only crumbs
of happiness
Just to have
A moment with him.
My joy, my peace
Is the brush of his skin

What do they want from me?
I’ll never understand
I only want one minute with him
My joy is the brush of his skin.

(SPOKEN)

LOPEZ: You tell me.

ISABEL: Little. Very little

LOPEZ: Time will tell. Now we have to get ready to go back.

(LOPEZ EXITS. ISABEL IS ALONE WITH THE MUMMY.)

ISABEL: Whatever you are, Mummy, death really doesn’t become you.

EVA: And eternity becomes you less.

(WE HEAR AIRPLANES OR SOMETHING THAT SUGGESTS TRAVEL)

19-MONTONEROS

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: Now they're sending me from Madrid to my Buenos Aires. So, we can say this is my final journey. I've heard that the Montoneros have scared the snot out of the government with my return.

(REMEMBERING. SHORT PAUSE)

I've also heard that a traveler is like a sick person: always balanced between two worlds. And that the whole planet is like home. And that life, and in my case, even death, isn't enough to make this trip from north to south, from the heights in the east to the hollows in the west. Or even just that incredible, epic, imposing voyage from the bathroom to the kitchen in your house.

GENERAL: What'll we call it, Minister?

LOPEZ: We don't have to call it anything, General.

GENERAL: I mean, a name for us to use.

LOPEZ: Hmm...Here's a name:
Argentine Anticommunist Alliance. Triple A.
Period. Once the bodies start,
the Montoneros will get smart.

GENERAL: Let's get to work.

LOPEZ: Let's get to our country, Videla!

(SINGING/COREOGEAPHY)

MONTONEROS: The people, as one, will never be overcome!
Oh, oh, oh, ah!
The populist government's full of gorillas!
What's wrong old man now you want to shill us?
Friend of militias trying to kill us!
Prices rise, food's scant
The right's got Peron eating from its hand
The nation's slipping from this montonero band
oh, oh, oh, ah!
We'll get back our montonera Eva!

PERON: Why do they hate me?
Why can't they love me
as they did her?

LOPEZ: General, they say they won't talk to you anymore.

PERON: They won't talk to me?
And they call themselves Peronists?
I'm still Peron; those kids must respect it.
The fools are serving international synarchists (COUGHS)

MONTONEROS: Oh, ay! What's wrong, general?
The populist government's full of gorillas.

PERON: Isabel will give aid to the poor

MONTONEROS: There's only one Eva, Isabel can fly a kite!
Married to a warlock and the military right!
Oh, oh, oh, ah!
We'll get back our montonera Eva!

(SPOKEN)

PERON: Lopez, I think for me it's over.
Leave Eva in Madrid, don't bring her.
Lopez, it's a disaster.
Isabel can't calm them here.
Let Balbin take over.
The most wonderful music rings in my ears
the word of Argentina's people!

LOPEZ: Great Pharaoh! Don't go! The Great Pharaoh isn't responding to my efforts to keep him on Earth! I must desist and let him go!

PERON: Will they love me as they did her?

LOPEZ: 30 years of the Nation's life have died!

(SINGING/COREOGRAPHY)

MONTONEROS: Oh, oh, oh, ah!
Now our popular war will begin
Without Peron,
The oligarchy will seize the nation
Isabel will be gone like a fart in the wind
Oh, oh, oh, ah!
We'll get back our montonera Eva!
Isabel, warlock hack, give us our Evita back!
Isabel, warlock hack, give us our Evita back!

20-COUP

(THEN WE HEAR THE TERRIBLE NOISE OF JETS FLYING OVERHEAD. AN INTENSE, TERRIFYING SOUND. GUNFIRE, MACHINE GUNS, GRENADES, AND SHOUTING FOLLOWS. COREOGRAPHY)

(SPOKEN)

VIDELA, MASSERA & AGOSTI: A Military Junta, made up of the commanders of the three branches -General Jorge Rafael Videla, Admiral Emilio Eduardo Massera and Brigadier Orlando Ramón Agosti- have taken control of the country.

The armed forces, realizing that normal continuation of the process didn't offer an acceptable future for our country, gave the only answer possible at this critical juncture. That decision, based on the mission and very essence of our military institutions, was carried out with a restraint, responsibility, determination and steadiness that has earned the respect of the Argentine people. If need be, they will disappear any and all necessary to achieve national security. If 100 innocents must be killed for one guilty person to die, then so be it.

(SINGING)

ALL: Anything for national security!
May laurels we earned live eternally
And may we live on crowned in glory
Or we vow to die in glory.

21-REQUIEM

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: Finally, I returned to Argentina and the people came out to greet me
(VOICES “EVITA” “EVITA”)

Work to restore my corpse began one morning in November.

(SINGING)

Cold broken body
Do you also think
Death’s seized
Your heart?
That the macabre
Seduced them?

This macabre that exacts
Such shadows and pain

(SPOKEN)

Insects and microorganisms had infested me; my nasal septum was smashed.
My ear damaged...

(SINGING)

Destroyed mummy
Nation’s mummy
Profaned mummy
Of a misguided country

(SPOKEN)

I had been subjected to vast abuse.

(SINGING)

Argentina, who speaks your sorrow more?
This chemical beauty that isn’t truth
Or the truth, that with pain
Becomes beauty?

SOLOIST: Pain of Death
Pain and shadows

Pain of Death
Cries as time passes

EVITA: I'm the Mummy in the closet
And I'll pay that price
Now my sole concern
Is to vanquish silence
Deed is born of deed
In this rising South
Step is born of step
A massacre from a slap
Hate springs from a speech
My love grows with the years
Where men see mere deeds
We angels see stairs.

(SPOKEN)

EVITA: In the end, my body, what was left of the Mummy was given to my family and they buried me in la Recoleta.

(SINGING)

South without end
I bear your pain
Now your bandages are torn
only love remains.

THE END.