

TOMBSTONE

An original screenplay

By

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ROLL PROLOGUE OVER MAIN TITLE: a collage of old photos, prints, etc., and silent live-action vignettes, all dark and heavily shadowed like a dimly-remembered dream. The first images show the opulence of the Gilded Age, the epic vistas of the west, cattle drives and cowtowns with all their violence....

V.O. NARRATION

“The economic explosion following the Civil War created an unprecedented nation-wide market for beef. Previously worthless cattle running wild throughout Texas were gathered into herds And driven north to the railheads In Kansas. Fortunes were made as Cowtowns sprang up on the Prairies, wide-open centers of Commerce and vice, their streets Choked with heavily-armed young Men fresh from the cattle drives. In those days the correct term For a cowhand was ‘drover’. ‘Cowboy’, like ‘cowpoke’, was originally an insult implying deviant sexuality and was rarely used. But these invading drovers were a wild breed for soon shootings and wholesale drunken riots became so frequent that ordinary citizens literally could not walk down the street. In fact at their height the cowtowns had higher murder rates than modern New York or Los Angeles and there Was no law but that of the gun.”

A dashing FIGURE in a Prince Albert coat appears, long locks tumbling down his shoulders, twin Navy Colts thrust into a red sash at his waist, a tin star on his chest. Next we see him in action, downing 3 barroom opponents at once, pistols FLASHING around the room like a strobe light:

V.O. NARRATION

“Straight-up at 75 yards or eye-to-eye at point-blank range, the greatest gunman of all time was an Illinois abolitionist farm boy named James Butler Hickok, better known as Wild Bill, the Prince of Pistoleers. But Wild Bill worked His trade on the side of justice And as marshal of cowtowns like Hays City and Abilene he became a Legend, the one man who stood Between law and chaos.”

Now Hickock sits facing us, playing poker as a shabby-looking FIGURE with a gun steals up behind him and FIRES.....

## V.O. NARRATION

“Wild Bill’s fame spread nationwide but his end came quietly in the spring of ’76 when a strange cross-eyed little drifter put a bullet through the back of his head, apparently for no other reason than he wanted to kill a celebrity.”

Now a group of cowhands carouse a streetcorner, raising hell as 2 mustachiod young LAWMEN walk up, trying to quiet them down.

## V.O. NARRATION

“In Dodge City meanwhile, Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson were Becoming known as fast-guns. But Their fame had nothing to do with Shooting.”

Seeing it’s hopeless, the lawmen whip out their pistols and start clubbing the drover’s making them stagger and grimace, holding their heads....

## V.O. NARRATION

“Earp and Masterson operated more like modern policemen, using teamwork and persuasion to keep order. Still, sometimes things got out of hand.”

An ARMED DROVER creeps up behind the lawmen, about to fire....

## V.O. NARRATION

“But Wyatt had a guardian angel.”

A REED-THIN FIGURE with a sawed-off shotgun steps from the shadows behind the drover and FIRES. The huge blast WHITES-OUT the screen for an instant, making the drover seem to disappear. The lawmen spin around. The thin man breaks the shotgun open then calmly holds out his wrists to be cuffed. Earp looks at him in shock, mouthing the word “thanks”.

## V.O. NARRATION

“John Henry ‘Doc’ Holliday was the son of an aristocratic, highly cultured southern family. Trained in Philadelphia, he had Embarked on a career as a society Dentist when he contracted Tuberculosis. Advised to practice In the west where it was thought The climate and clean air would Prolong his life, Doc soon Realized it was all only a matter Of time and gave up dentistry to Become a professional gambler and Gunman...”

The scene shifts to an elegant Victorian home: a stern Jewish patriarch orders his darkly beautiful DAUGHTER upstairs as her weeping mother looks on. The girl huffs up the stairs followed by her little white dog. Next, the girl and dog are seen escaping through a window to the street below and a waiting cab.

V.O. NARRATION

“Others headed east. Bent on becoming an actress. Josephine Marcus defied her wealthy and Very proper San Francisco Jewish Family to run away with a Traveling theatrical company, Braving the perils of the Frontier on her own. Dangerous as This might seem, it was another Age and women were so rare, their Presence so cherished that they Could travel virtually anywhere In the west in perfect safety.”

Now we see HORSEMEN silhouetted against the night sky, a hand knocking on a door, figures conferring in darkness, then more riders, moving west in restless haste toward the rising sun....

V.O. NARRATION

“At about this time the Texas Rangers, having eliminated the Comanche threat, turned their Attention to the outlaw gangs Marauding along the Rio Grande, Cleaning up the border strip in 4 Years of hard riding. Those they Could not indict or convict the Rangers put down in their Black Book, letting it be known that They could either leave Texas or Face summary execution. This Resulted in the mass migration of The absolute dregs of the Texas Underworld to the most dangerous, Uncivilized part of the entire Country, the southeast corner of The Arizona Territory.”

A jagged, moonlit landscape, a lone prospector and his burro moving along a ridge, a pick digging into a rocky ledge, an ore car emerging from a mine shaft, finally a hilltop cluster of tents becoming the skeletal wood-frame beginnings of a town....

V.O. NARRATION

“Harsh and inhospitable, savaged in turn by the Apache and Mexican bandits, this had always been an accursed place, a virtual hell on earth where it was thought life itself could never prosper, much

V.O. NARRATION (cont.)

less civilization. Then in 1879,  
 a prospector named Ed Schiefflin  
 set off alone into the Dragoon  
 Mountains. Friends told him he  
 Was crazy, that the only thing  
 He'd find in this Godforsaken  
 Place would be his tombstone.  
 Instead he found silver, lots of  
 It, and overnight the town of  
 Tombstone sprang up. Mining  
 Taking out millions in ore. Land  
 Value shot sky-high and  
 Speculators and gamblers and  
 Opportunists of all nations  
 Scrambled in by the thousands to  
 Make Tombstone queen of the  
 Boomtowns, so rich that the  
 Latest Paris fashions, hard to  
 Find even in the biggest cities,  
 Were sold there by the wagonload  
 From the makeshift storefronts.”

An engraving of a stagecoach holdup, herds of cattle moving north, a newspaper story of a massacre in Mexico, congressmen railing at each other, shaking their fists....

#### V.O. NARRATION

“Meanwhile, the exile Texans had  
 banded together to form the  
 nucleus of an organized gang.  
 Seizing control of the  
 Surrounding countryside they  
 Robbed stagecoaches at will while  
 The big absentee business  
 Interests employed them as tax  
 Collectors and strongarm men. But  
 The backbone of their trade  
 Remained border rustling,  
 Periodic raids into Mexico to  
 Steal cattle while engaging in  
 What was described as a virtual  
 Orgy of murder and violence. The  
 Raids became so frequent and so  
 Bloody that the Mexican  
 Government formally protested to  
 U.S. President Chester A. Arthur,  
 Prompting heated debate in  
 Congress. General Sherman  
 Declared that the only possible  
 Way of bringing order was to send  
 In the army but in the wake of  
 Civil War Reconstruction federal  
 Intervention in civilian affairs  
 Was politically impossible.”

Pounding hooves, flowing manes, a pack of night-riding HORSEMEN kicking hell-for-leather across the desert moonscape....

V.O. NARRATION

“With only some 100 members, the gang was an elite body of gunmen, known by the red silk sashes they wore around their waists. Fiercely proud of their Terrifying reputation and Answerable to no one, they were a Law unto themselves, finally Emerging as one of the earliest Examples in American history of Full-scale organized crime.”

END MAIN TITLE as the screen fades to an ominous black and....

V.O. NARRATION

“They called themselves the Cowboys.”

EXT – SONORA DESERT/CANYON ENTRANCE – DAY

Burning daylight, hard reality. A squad of uniformed MEXICAN RURALES rides through the Sonora desert, sabres glinting in the sun. Approaching the mouth of a rocky canyon their hard-bitten CAPTAIN signals them to stop, leaning down to study a jumble of hoofprints on the ground. He turns to the anxious-looking YOUNG RURALE on his right, speaking in Spanish via subtitle:

CAPTAIN

It’s them, only an hour north.

YOUNG RURALE

But this is the border.

CAPTAIN

You saw what those animals did at That rancho. You think a border Is going to stop me? No, I’m Going to see them suffer for what They did! I swear it on my soul!

The Captain spurs his horse and they ride on at a gallop, plunging into the canyon....

DELETED

EXT – SKELETON CANYON – NIGHT

The full moon throws fantastic shadows across the high walls of the canyon as the Rurales ride through. At the bend the Captain halts them. The young one starts to speak but the Captain shushes him, peering into the darkness. A few beats then:

CAPTAIN

Turn around! Fast! Now!

But suddenly GUNFIRE erupts from the shadows all around them, blasting them from the saddle, each powder flash lighting up the canyon for an instant, freezing each victim in the moment of his death. Then, just as abruptly the firing stops, leaving only the Captain, the young Rurale, and a 3<sup>rd</sup> Rurale alive. Dazed and bloody, they struggle to their feet as 6 armed FIGURES emerge from the shadows, walking into the moonlight toward them. With broad-brim hats swept up in front, silk scarves and red sashes, high boots and silver-studded gunleather, they look like 17<sup>th</sup> century pirates. These are the Cowboys: OLD MAN CLANTON, the ageless, white-bearded leader; CURLY BILL BROCIUS, 2<sup>nd</sup>-in-command, smiling, bull-necked; IKE and BILLY CLANTON, the old man's sons; FLORENTINO, a Mexican half-breed; and JOHNNY RINGO, dark, Byronic, with an air of something very strange. The Old Man nods to Florentino:

OLD MAN CLANTON

Tell 'em to get on their knees.

Florentino does so in Spanish. The others kneel but the Captain remains on his feet, steely-eyed, defiant.

FLORENTINO

He will not kneel. He is proud.

CURLY BILL

So how'd you like our little  
Carry-on over at that rancho?  
Kinda hit the spot didn't it?

CAPTAIN

Animals! Butchers!

OLD MAN CLANTON

Hey, somebody get that stick on  
His knees.

Curly Bill casually FIRES his shotgun into the Captain's legs, dropping him into a splayed lotus position. Curly Bill knods.

CURLY BILL

Gracias.

OLD MAN CLANTON

They call me Old Man Clanton. I'm  
What you might call the founder  
Of the feast. Now maybe you ain't  
Heard, but we skylark through  
Your dingy little country just  
About any time we damn well  
Please and big-hat, crummy -  
Lookin' free-holes stumblin'  
Around in the dark ain't allowed.  
Messican po-lice, huh? Think  
You're bad medicine, don't you?  
Hell, I've let stronger stuff run  
Down my leg. So next time we come  
Better step aside. Get in our  
Hair again, we'll saw your prods  
Off with butter knives and stuff  
'em in your gobs. Ain't kiddin'  
neither. You been told. Now git.

The others rise and dash away but Curly Bill stops the Captain:

CURLY BILL  
Hold up, jefe. Got a joke I wanna  
Tell you.

The Captain speaks grimly in Spanish. Florentino smiles.

FLORENTINO  
He say he know you killing him.

CURLY BILL  
Now how'd he figure that out?

FLORENTINO  
He say he is no' afraid, someone  
Will revenge for him. A sick  
Horse.

CURLY BILL  
A sick horse? What the hell...

Scattered chuckles from the others but we notice Ringo frown and draw his pistol as the Captain repeats the words.

FLORENTINO  
Something, I don't know, he talk  
Fancy, you know, like a priest.  
Is like, "a sick horse who sits---"

RINGO  
That's not what he said, you  
Ignorant wretch. Your spanish is  
Worse than your English. Come on,  
Let's get it over with.

Ringo takes aim. The Captain sneers, suddenly in English:

RURALE CAPTAIN  
You go to hell!

RINGO  
You first.

EXT – ARIZONA DESERT – DAWN

GUNSHOTS as the Cowboys fire their pistols and shout, running their stolen herd out of a draw into a clearing where the McLaury brothers wait: FRANK, older, edgy; and TOM, younger, easy-going.

TOM  
Looks like you had a party!

CURLY BILL  
Oh, we had a big time!



The Old Man, Curly Bill, and Ringo rein up and look out at the sun rising magnificently from the desert floor. The Old man stretches his legs in the stirrups, taking out a whiskey flask.

OLD MAN CLANTON  
Ain't that sweet? That's why I  
Stay out here. Thank you, God.

He raises the flask and drinks. Curly Bill turns to Ringo:

CURLY BILL  
What'd the Messican mean, a sick  
Horse's gonna get us? Didn't make  
No sense.

RINGO  
He was quoting the bible,  
Revelations: "Behold a pale horse  
And the one that sat on him was  
Death and Hell followed with him."

CURLY BILL  
Well now that's a little more  
Like it.

EXT – TRAIN STATION PLATFORM/TELEGRAPH OFFICE – DAY

A BLACK HORSE, a fabulous thoroughbred stallion, rears and neighs on an open flat-car where it's tethered with 4 near-identical geldings. A small boy tries to pet it as a strong-featured, fair-haired MAN appears, quieting the horse. Tall and slim in a black frock coat and black flat-brim hat, he moves with assurance and grace, a man in control. This is WYATT EARP.

DAKE  
"Dear Governor Gosper—in re  
yours directing action against  
Cowboys, stop. Beg to inform have  
Twice sent deputies to serve  
Warrants on Cowboy suspects,  
Stop. Nothing to show for it but  
2 dead deputies, stop. Short of  
deputizing U.S. Army am at loss—

DEPUTY  
(points at Wyatt)  
The tall man over there, Marshal.  
I'm not sure but I think that's  
Wyatt Earp.

DAKE  
Wyatt Earp? Oh, right, Dodge City.

Back down the platform Wyatt strokes the stallion gently, looking up as Dake approaches.

DAKE  
Mr. Earp? My name's Dake, Crawley Dake. I'm the U.S. Marshal for—

WYATT  
Forget it.

DAKE  
Excuse me?

WYATT  
I said forget it, answer's no, I  
Don't want the job and that's  
Final. I'm going to Tombstone and  
Nothin' short of dyin's gonn  
Stop me. Good day.

DAKE  
But wait, you don't understand—

WYATT  
No Marshal, you don't understand.  
I'm through with lawing, I'm  
Through with the whole  
Proposition. Forever. I did my  
Duty, now I'd like to get on with  
My life. That is if you don't  
Mind. Jesus. Good day now.

DAKE  
I see, off to strike it rich,  
Huh. All right, fine, wish you  
Luck. Tell you this though, never  
Was a rich man yet didn't wind up  
With a guilty conscience.

WYATT  
Already got a guilty conscience,  
Might as well have the money too.

Dake retreats. Wyatt turns back to his horse testily. Suddenly:

O.S. VOICE  
Boy, I'd know that sour face  
Anywhere.

Wyatt turns. His brothers stand behind him, smiling. Though VIRGIL is a little older and heavier. MORGAN a little younger and slimmer, they're otherwise identical to Wyatt, right down to their style of dress. Wyatt breaks into a grin, hugging them both, his cool replaced with an almost boyish enthusiasm.

MORGAN  
Well how do we look?

WYATT  
Hey! Virgil! My God! Morgan! Hey,  
Boy! You look great! Both of you!

Virgil's blonde wife ALLIE, small, fierce, and Irish, steps up with Morgan's fair, cameo-lovely young LOUISA in tow.

VIRGIL

Wyatt, you remember Allie

ALLIE

Good God, well he better.

WYATT

(hugs her, laughing)

Allie-girl...And Louisa! You're  
So lovely. I'm at your feet,  
Darlin'. Just at your feet.

(turns to Morgan)

Guess it's only right. Ma always  
Said you were the prettiest.

VIRGIL

But she doted on the frowner

Wyatt's handsome blonde wife MATTIE enters from the street:

MATTIE

Wyatt, I couldn't find a single  
Store that had laudanum any—

WYATT

Mattie, they're here! Folks this  
Is Celia Ann but you can call her  
Mattie. Or even Mrs. Earp if you  
Prefer.

VIRGIL

Mrs. Earp? Land O' love, it finally happened! Mattie it's a  
Pleasure!

All exchange greetings and hugs. Wyatt positively beams:

WYATT

Boy, I sure been dreamin' about  
This. God! Since forever! Wait!

He turns them toward the stationhouse window, arranging them in a group and pointing to their reflection.

WYATT

There, look at that! God  
Almighty

Wyatt smiles, shaking his head. Morgan's starts to speak, but:

WYATT

Don't talk, just...yeah.

They stand silently, studying themselves, together as a family. Wyatt still shaking his head happily,  
drinking it in. Finally:

WYATT

All right, now let's go make our fortune.

DELETED

EXT – WAGON – MAGIC HOUR

A large woman, Wyatt's black horses tied to the rear, crosses the majestic, forbidding Arizona desert with its red volcanic rocks and the giant saguaro cactus dotting the landscape so mysteriously, like huge, spiny hieroglyphics....

EXT – CAMP BY RIVER – NIGHT

A camp by the river under a clear night sky dripping with stars. After dinner. The women, Virgil, and Morgan sit by the fire. Morgan petting his dog, a sweet little foxhound. Louisa sits behind him, twirling his silky blonde hair, turning to Mattie:

LOUISA

Don't you love their hair? They  
All have the same hair.

Just then Wyatt appears on his stallion, galloping across the moonlit plain toward them, sitting his horse like a centaur. It's clear he's a magnificent horseman. Virgil smiles:

VIRGIL

Look at him go, will ya? I tell  
You, that's the real Wyatt, born  
In the saddle.

MATTIE

Oh, he can go all right.

ALLIE

Can he then?

MATTIE

Rather ride than eat.

The women cackle lasciviously. Virgil groans at Allie:

VIRGIL

Try to be a lady, will you?

Wyatt rides up and dismounts, unsaddling the horse.

MORGAN

Give him some good exercise? Sure  
Some stud. Some string in fact.  
What're you gonna do, race 'em?

WYATT

Hope so. Clean up with this boy.

Louisa turns to Mattie, fishing in her bag:

LOUISA

Mattie hon', did you say you  
Needed some laudanum? I have a  
Bottle right here. Just be

Careful. It's full of hop.

MATTIE  
You're a lifesaver! Don't worry,  
I just get headaches sometimes.

As Wyatt leads the horse away the women get up, Allie and Louisa going to the river with dishes, Mattie crossing to the wagon. Virgil and Morgan watch her appreciatively:

VIRGIL  
Mighty fine. Wonder where he  
Found her. Same place we found  
Ours probably

At the other end of camp Mattie climbs into the wagon and lies down. Wyatt appears and starts to stroke her head.

WYATT  
Come up to the fire, honey.

MATTIE  
I think I'll just lie down awhile

A coyote starts HOWLING from the far darkness. Mattie shudders:

MATTIE  
Long as I live I'll never  
Get used to that sound.

WYATT  
They're just lonely is all. Hell,  
I howl myself sometimes.

MATTIE  
You get lonely?

She seems genuinely surprised. Wyatt looks genuinely confused. Over at the fire, Morgan hugs and mashes Louisa playfully.

MORGAN  
Come up, Lou. Come up here, girl.

LOUISA  
Stop...

She fights loose. Wyatt walks up, sits, shaking his gold watch.

WYATT  
Look at that. Busted. Brand new  
Money Ward, too. 33 years old  
And I don't even have a decent  
Watch. 'Bout time I started  
Lookin' out for myself.

VIRGIL  
Well here we are a family again.

Been so long plain forgot how  
 Good it feels. Want to thank you  
 For that, Wyatt. All your doin'.

WYATT

We're gonna do it, boys. Gonna  
 Get ours. Feel it in my bones.  
 All we have to do is keep our  
 Eyes on that brass ring.

MORGAN

(lies back)

Boy, look at all those stars. Bet  
 You can see every star there is.  
 Practical touch 'em. Kinda makes  
 You think, you know? I mean you  
 Look up and you think God made  
 All that but he still remembered  
 To make a little speck like me.  
 Kinda flattering really. Hey,  
 Wyatt, you believe in God? No,  
 Come on, really, do you?

WYATT

Maybe, yeah. Hell, I don't know.

MORGAN

Well what do you think happens  
 When you die?

WYATT

Got me. Somethin'. Nothin'. I  
 Don't know.

MORGAN

I read this book, book on  
 Spiritualism...

VIRGIL

Oh, God, here he goes...

MORGAN

...said a lot of people, when  
 they're dyin', they see this  
 light, like in a tunnel. They say  
 it's the light leading you to  
 heaven.

WYATT

Really? What about hell? They got  
 A sign or what?

MORGAN

Hey, Wyatt, God damn it, I'm serious!

WYATT

Well that's your problem. Hey  
Virge, see anything of Doc while  
You were in Prescott?

VIRGIL

Hit a streak when we left. Him  
And Kate.

ALLIE

(from the stream)  
Uh, that woman.

WYATT

I miss Doc. I miss that ol' rip.

VIRGIL

I don't

ALLIE

Neither do I.

WYATT

He makes me laugh.

INT – PRESCOTT SALOON – NIGHT

A handsomely appointed saloon. At a corner table, the pot is so rich 2 players have folded leaving ED BAILEY, a big, sullen, tough-looking gambler, facing gaunt, elegant DOC HOLLIDAY. Full of southern refinement and languid, almost feline grace. Doc has such unerring style and aplomb that he makes his constant tubercular coughing sound as if he's merely clearing his throat. Bailey leans forward, seething with impatience:

BAILEY

I said that's 500 to you,  
Holliday. In or out?

DOC

500? Sly boots, must be a peach  
of a hand.

KATE HORONY, Doc's voluptuous Hungarian consort enters, refilling his engraved silver stirrup cup. She has a faint accent:

KATE

Here, Doc.

DOC

Bless you, darling  
(puts arm around her)  
Darling! Are you mad? You're not  
Wearing a bustle. How lewd!

BAILEY

Oh, for Christ's sake!

DOC

Ed Bailey, you look like you're  
Just ready to burst. Well call me  
A fool but I guess I'll just have  
To call. Cover your ears, darling.

Doc covers the bet and shows his hand. Bailey pounds the table.

BAILEY

God damn son of a...

DOC

Isn't that a daisy?

BAILEY

Just pick up your money and go.  
Sick of listening to you simper.

DOC

Now Ed, are we cross?

Doc leans forward, revealing an ivory gun-butt under his coat.

BAILEY

Skinny lunger, your guns don't  
Impress me. Wasn't for those guns  
You'd be nothin'.

DOC

Why Ed, what an ugly thing to  
Say! Does this mean you're not my  
Friend anymore? You know, Ed, if  
I thought you weren't my friend I  
Don't think I could bear it.

Now a Cheshire cat smile we will soon come to know very well steals over Doc's face as he takes out his nickel-plated .38 Colt Lightning and .45 Peacemaker and lays them on the table.

DOC

There, now we can be friends  
Again. But remember, Ed,  
Friendship is trust—so please  
Don't hurt me.

Doc bats his eyelashes. Bailey jumps up, boiling. A long, sweaty moment, then Bailey LUNGES. Doc spring up, grabbing him by the hair and jabbing his fist into Bailey's armpit. Bailey screams and doubles over. Doc gives him two more blows, so light they hardly seem capable of the effect they're having. But as he turns to give him another we suddenly SEE that there's a KNIFE in Doc's hand. The bartender reaches for the shotgun under the bar. Kate pulls a Derringer from her muff and puts it to his ear.

KATE

Touch that gun, I burn you down!

He backs off. Kate covers the room. Bailey drops to his knees.



BAILEY  
Oh, my God...

DOC  
Does it hurt? A lot? Good.

Eyes gleaming cruelly, Doc blows his cigarette smoke into Bailey's face. Bailey sinks to the floor in a fetal position. Kate gathers up the pot as Doc retrieves his guns, looking around the room. Then both back up to the door.

DOC  
Well, good evening then.

They exit. The others look down at the groaning Bailey lying in a pool of his own blood. A GAMBLER shakes his head:

1<sup>ST</sup> GAMBLER  
Judas...

EXT – STREET OUTSIDE – NIGHT

Doc and Kate stride quickly down the board sidewalk to the hotel.

DOC  
I calculate that's the end of  
This town. And let's don't bother  
About the luggage, darling.

KATE  
I been having the boy at the  
Hotel pack us up every night  
Since your streak started

Kate points to 2 horses saddled and packed outside the hotel.

DOC  
My sweet clever Magyar, so that's  
Why you're not wearing a bustle.

Doc gives Kate a peck on the cheek as they mount and ride off...

EXT – TOMBSTONE OUTSKIRTS/COTTAGES – DAY

A small cottage at the edge of town. As the Earps drive up we SEE a sobbing woman sitting splay-legged in the middle of the street while her husband tries to comfort her. 3 small children stand alongside them, watching in stunned silence as Cowboys FRANK STILLWELL, cocky, arrogant, and PETE SPENCE, lean, dark, heave their furniture and belongings out of the cottage into the street while snarling things like, "shut up...deadbeats...move it!" The Earps stop, staring at this scene in shock, Allie looking ready to fight. Virgil restrains her, Stillwell looks up:

STILLWELL  
What're you lookin' at?

Virgil looks at Wyatt who shakes his head. They drive on as....

## EXT – ALLEN STRESS, TOMBSTONE – DAY

Unlike the dreary, weather-beaten western towns in movies, Tombstone is new and colorful, part town, part mining camp, a wild mixture of brightly painted wooden storefronts and half-finished stone buildings rimmed by clusters of tents and shanties, all perched atop a hill with a magnificent view of the desert and the purple Dragoon mountains beyond. We HEAR the vibrant din of hammers and saws, player pianos, hurdy-gurdys, clip-clopping horses' hooves, and pealing laughter as the Earps drive up Allen Street, the main drag, lined with saloon after saloon, sidewalks bustling with drovers, miners, Chinamen, and sullen gun-toting hard-cases. They pull up in front of the Grand Hotel and step down. JOHNNY BEHAN, handsome, well-dressed, wearing an ornate crescent-shaped gold sheriff's badge and a ready smile walks up and shakes hands:

BEHAN

Newcomers, eh? Names John Behan,  
I'm Cochise County Sheriff. Just  
Hit town?

WYATT

Just this minute. I'm Wyatt Earp,  
These're my brothers—

BEHAN

Wyatt Earp...Dodge City, right?

WYATT

Gave all that up. Going into business.

BEHAN

Well I'm the man to see. Besides  
Sheriff I'm also tax collector,  
Captain of the Fire Brigade, and  
Chairman of the Non-partisan Anti-  
Chinese league. A man of many  
Parts. Got a place to stay yet? I  
Also sit on the Townlot  
Commission. Got a couple of  
Lovely cottages coming up for  
Rent. Here, let me show you...

## EXT – TOMBSTONE OUTSKIRTS/COTTAGE – DAY

The Earps and Behan stand on the porch of the very same cottage we saw the Cowboys evict the family from.

BEHAN

The one next door and the one  
Across the street are vacant too.  
Same rent and I'll throw in a  
Good cleaning. Believe me, you  
Won't find a better deal within  
Town limits.

Wyatt looks enquiringly at his brothers. They shrug. He's calling the shots. Wyatt shrugs back. Finally:

WYATT

Guess we'll take all three.

EXT – O.K. CORRAL/ALLEN ST. – DAY

A large stable and corral backing up into a vacant lot. Wyatt's big horses feed in their stalls while Wyatt faces the stableboy:

WYATT

...and easy on the grain, I don't  
want 'em too fidgety.

Morgan and Virgil enter with FRED WHITE, the jovial old town marshal. Shaking hands, all 4 go up Allen, taking in the town.

MORGAN

Wyatt, meet Fred White, he's town marshal.

WYATT

Lotta law around here. Just met the Sheriff.

WHITE

Who, Behan? He ain't no law, only  
Real law here's the Cowboys.

VIRGIL

The Cowboys, yeah. I heard of 'em.

WHITE

Nobody does nothin' without 'em.  
They're it. Hell, even the  
Apache're scared of 'em. There's  
A couple right there: Sherman  
McMasters and Pony Deal. Can  
Always spot a Cowboy, they all  
Wear those red sashes.

White points to SHERMAN MCMASTERS and PONY DEAL, a half-breed, standing over by the hotel, joking in sign language.

VIRGIL

Look pretty rough.

WYATT

Just like any other hard cases.  
Gotta know how to handle 'em.

WHITE

Well I'm no Wild Bill. Way I  
Handle 'em's just mainly live and  
Let live. That usually answers  
But even so, gets kinda spooky  
Sometimes. Still somebody's gotta  
Do it, I mean how the hell else  
You gonna walk down the street?

VIRGIL

Doesn't anybody raise a stink?

The hell kinda town is this?

WHITE

Boomtown. Wide open. People  
Grabbin' with both hands ain't  
Got time for any law and order.  
In fact the less law the more  
Opportunities there are for  
Makin' money. Plain fact is the  
Cowboys're good for business.

WYATT

What about all these saloons?

WHITE

Ah, now that's the real mother-  
Lode in Tombstone. Up and down  
Allen Street, full-blast 24 hours  
A day, liquor, hostesses,  
Gamblin', makin' money hand over  
Fist. All except the Oriental. On  
Account of the element. Have a  
Man for breakfast in there most  
Days. Regular slaughter house.  
High-rollers won't go near it.  
Too bad, nice place.

Wyatt nods, suddenly very interested as they walk on and....

EXT – ORIENTAL SALOON – DAY

We feel the sensual delight of going from hot sun into cool dark as Wyatt enters, going up to the ornate mahogany bar. Though a large, handsome saloon complete with gaming tables, it has only a few patrons on hand. "The Lilly and the Rose" is on the player piano as bartender MILT JOYCE appears:

JOYCE

What can I get you?

WYATT

Let me have one of those cigars.  
(lights up, looks around)  
Kinda nice in here. You run it?

JOYCE

Milt Joyce, owner-operator.

WYATT

Well, excuse me for askin', Milt,  
But isn't it kinda dead in here?

Joyce points to the faro table in the corner where JOHNNY TYLER, an unshaven plug-ugly with a big D.A. Colt .45 carried ostentatiously in a shoulder holster, deals to a couple of scruffy-looking drifters.

JOYCE

You see that bird at the faro  
Table? That's Johnny Tyler. He

Barged in here one day, said he  
 Was takin' over the game, started  
 Slappin' customer, wavin' his  
 Gun around, scarin' off all the  
 High-class play. Only trade comes  
 In here now's just bummers and  
 Drovers, just the dregs.

WYATT

Why don't you get rid of him and  
 Get yourself straight dealer?

JOYCE

Well sure, neighbor, easy to say.

INT – FARO TABLE – DAY

As Wyatt walks up Tyler starts snarling at one of the players:

TYLER

You back that Queen again, you  
 Son of a bitch, I'll blow you  
 Right out of that chair!  
 (looks up, sees Wyatt)  
 Somethin' on your mind?

WYATT

Just wanted to let you know  
 You're sitting in my chair.

TYLER

That a fact?

WYATT

Yeah. It's a fact.

Tyler looks Wyatt over, noting he is unarmed. He stands, sneering:

TYLER

For a man that don't go heeled  
 You run your mouth kinda reckless.

WYATT

Don't need to go heeled to get  
 The bulge on a dub like you.

TYLER

That a fact?

WYATT

Yeah. It's a fact.

TYLER

Well I'm real scared.

WYATT  
 Damn right you're scared. I can  
 See it in your eyes.

Wyatt steps forward suddenly, eyes cold and hard like a shark. Suddenly realizing he's in way over his head. Tyler shrinks back reflexively, his hand moving toward his gun. The other players scatter. Wyatt nods, his voice calm and steady:

WYATT  
 Go ahead. Skin it. Skin that  
 Smoke wagon and see what happens.

TYLER  
 Listen Mister, I'm getting' tired—

Wyatt abruptly SLAPS his face, making his teeth clack together.

WYATT  
 I'm getting tired of your gas.  
 Jerk that pistol and go to work.

Tyler goes pale, all pretense of courage gone. Wyatt slaps him again.

WYATT  
 I said throw down, boy.

Another slap. Tyler stays frozen, blood dripping down his chin.

WYATT  
 You gonna do something or just  
 Stand there and bleed?

Tyler's done. Wyatt plucks his gun away, handing it to Joyce.

WYATT  
 No, I didn't think so. Here,  
 Milt. Keepsake, hang it over the  
 Bar. All right, youngster. Out  
 You go...

Wyatt takes Tyler by the ear, dragging him across the room like an unruly child. At the door he gives the ear a twist.

WYATT  
 And don't come back. Ever.

Tyler winces. Wyatt shoves him out into the street then turns to Joyce casually:

WYATT  
 See how easy that was?

EXT – CORNER OF ALLEN & 5<sup>TH</sup> STREET (STAGECOACH) – DAY

Later. Wyatt walks up to his brothers at the corner.

WYATT  
Well we're off and running. Just  
Acquired us a quarter-interest in  
The game at the Oriental.

VIRGIL  
Acquired?

WYATT  
So to speak.

Down the block, unseen by the Earps, a wild-eyed Tyler is advancing on them with a sawed-off shotgun. He is within 20 feet when suddenly:

O.S. VOICE  
Why Johnny Tyler, you madcap,  
Where are you going with that  
Shotgun?

Tyler spins around to see Doc standing in a doorway, smiling. Tyler freezes.

TYLER  
Doc. I didn't know you were in town.

Wyatt spots Doc and walks up, brothers in tow. Though they don't so much as shake hands, we sense a strong bond between the 2 men.

WYATT  
Doc! How the hell are you?

DOC  
Perfect, Wyatt. Simply perfect.

TYLER  
Wyatt? Wyatt Earp?

MORGAN  
Going into business for  
Ourselves. Wyatt just got us a  
Faro game.

DOC  
Since when is faro a business?

WYATT  
Didn't you always say gambling's  
An honest trade?

DOC  
I said poker's an honest trade.  
Only suckers buck the tiger. The  
Odds are all with the house.

WYATT  
Depends how you look at it. I  
Mean it's not like anybody's

Holding a gun to their heads.

DOC

That's what I love about Wyatt.  
He can talk himself into anything.

They laugh. Frozen there. Tyler begins to tremble. Finally:

DOC

Oh sorry, Johnny, I forgot all  
About you. You can go now. Just  
Leave the shotgun.

TYLER

Thank you.

Tyler scuttles off as Behan approaches affably. Doc sniffs.

WYATT

Sheriff Behan, Doc Holliday.

DOC

Forgive me if I don't shake hands.

BEHAN

So how's Tombstone treating you?

WYATT

Fine, fine. But I was thinkin',  
You know what this town really  
Needs is a race track.

BEHAN

Actually, you know, that's not a  
Bad idea, send a signal we're  
Growing up.

DOC

Little ahead of yourselves,  
Aren't you? This is just a mining  
Camp.

BEHAN

See how everyone dresses? Awfully  
Toney for a mining camp. No, the  
Die's cast, we're growing, be as  
Big as San Francisco in a few  
Years. And just as sophisticated.

DOC

I can hardly wait.

As if on cue, a bullet WHIZZES past Behan's head. Everyone ducks. More GUNFIRE as a man holding a bloody hand to his throat reels out the door of the nearby Crystal Palace, his gun firing wildly like a sputtering engine before he pitches face first onto the sidewalk, dead. Immediately 2 more men appear: a



stagging DRUNK with a bullet hole in his shoulder; and TURKEY CREEK JACK JOHNSON, a leathery plainsman with his gun at the ready. A crowd forms as the drunk raises his pistol, bellowing.

DRUNK  
You son of a bitch!

JOHNSON  
That's right, keep comin', keep comin'...

DOC  
(turns to Behan)  
Very cosmopolitan.

WYATT  
I know him. That's Creek Johnson.

Suddenly a 3<sup>rd</sup> man, TEXAS JACK VERMILLION, long-haired, hawk-nosed, appears, pistol at the ready, keeping bystanders at bay.

VERMILLION  
Easy, gents. Private affair...  
(spots Wyatt)  
Wyatt! Doc! Hey!

WYATT  
Jack...

DRUNK  
You bastard!

The drunk now has raised his gun to where it's almost level and:

JOHNSON  
Yeah, good. Right about there.

Johnson FIRES. The drunk drops in a heap. Johnson spots Wyatt:

JOHNSON  
Hello, Wyatt! Hiya Doc!

WYATT  
What was that all about?

VERMILLION  
Drunks. Crawfished a bet, called  
Him a liar. I saw the whole thing.

DOC  
(turns to Behan)  
Sheriff, may I present a pair of  
Fellow sophisticates, Turkey  
Creek Jack Johnson and Texas Jack  
Vermillion? Watch your ear, Creek.

Doc points to his bloody ear. Johnson touches it, sees the blood, gives a silent start. Just then White arrives, looking weary, facing Johnson and Vermillion.

WHITE

'Fraid I'll have to have those guns.

JOHNSON

Fair fight. We were legal.

WHITE

Sorry, boys. Gotta take you  
Before Judge Spicer.

VERMILLION

Well law and order every time,  
That's us.

They hand over their guns while Virgil looks at the 2 dead men lying in the street, shaking his head:

VIRGIL

What kinda town is this?

VERMILLION

Nice scenery.

They look. A stagecoach stops in the street. JOSEPHINE MARCUS looks out the window, her little white dog under her chin. She and Wyatt spot each other instantly, both impressed.

BEHAN

That must be the theatrical  
Troupe. There's a show tonight at  
Schieffelin Hall.

JOHNSON

Hey, Wyatt, you goin' to the  
Show? Maybe we'll see you there.  
(turns to White)  
Won't we.

WHITE

Yeah, probably.

White leads them off to jail. Wyatt and Josephine hold each other's gaze as the coach drives on. Doc smiles:

DOC

Well, an enchanted moment

EXT – GRAND HOTEL (STAGECOACH) – DAY

Pony Deal and McMasters watch as the actors exit the coach for the hotel. Josephine turns to the pretty 1<sup>st</sup> actress:

JOSEPHINE

Interesting little scene. I  
Wonder who that tall man was.

1<sup>ST</sup> ACTRESS

Typical frontier type. Long and Lean. And those gray eyes. Like a Wild hawk. You see quite a few of His type out here.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, I want one.

INT – LOBBY, GRAND HOTEL – DAY

The actors enter, going to the desk while Josephine looks for a place to sit. A fat, well-dressed easterner with a newspaper sits nearby, ignoring her. Seeing this from outside, McMasters instantly barges into the lobby, hoists the easterner out of his chair, and hurls him bodily out into the street. Josephine nods her surprised thanks. McMasters tips his hat shyly, exits as the 1<sup>st</sup> actress returns with her key. They exchange looks....

INT – SHIEFFELIN HALL – NIGHT

A full house, pandemonium. Curly Bill, Ringo and their Cowboy entourage form a block in the center Rows while BILLY BREKENRIDGE, Behan's bespectacled, slightly effeminate little Deputy makes his timid way down the aisle, looking for a seat midst the off fist-fight and yelling match. 2 cocky young Cowboys, BILLY GROUNDS and ZWING HUNT, call out to him:

HUNT

Hey, Sister Boy!

CURLY BILL

Shut up, Zwing. Sit here, Billy.

Curly Bill beckons. Happy as a lark, Breakenridge takes the seat next to him. Up above, the Earps sit in a box, the women thrilled:

ALLIE

This is so much fun! We haven't  
Been to a show since years.

MATTIE

I hope they're good.

STILLWELL

(shouting from below)  
Lady, they better be good.

Doc enters, Kate on his arm. The women exchange uneasy nods.

DOC

Kate, you know the Earps.

They sit as White enters with Mayor JOHN CLUM and wife.

WHITE

Wyatt, this is Mayor Clum and his wife.

CLUM

Your reputation precedes you. I wonder –

WYATT

Not a prayer. Nice meetin' you.

While the orchestra tunes up and the crowd's excitement rises, White sits next to Wyatt, pointing out the different Cowboys and giving a thumbnail sketch of each as we PAN over them:

WHITE

Well everybody's here except the  
 Old Man. Got the blade, Billy  
 Grounds, Zwing Hunt, Billy  
 Claiborne, Wes Fuller, Tom and  
 Frank McLaury, Billy Clanton's  
 The youngest. Wild one. Then the  
 Breeds, Hank Swilling, Pony Deal.  
 Florentino's Mex-breed. They all  
 Hate Mex, but he hates 'em  
 Special. Johnny Barnes, Frank  
 Stillwell. That's Behan's little  
 Deputy, Billy Breakenridge.  
 Follows the Cowboys around like a  
 Puppy. And the big boys: Curly  
 Bill Brocius, he's the Old Man's  
 Rimrod; the one looks like an  
 Actor, that's Johnny Ringo. Best  
 Gun alive they say. He's kinda  
 Different. Curly Bill's the only  
 One he talks to. I mean they're  
 All rough boys, but Ringo... I  
 Don't know. I really don't

Music. The house lights dim. The audience hushes. A spotlight hits easel at the end of the stage:  
 "Professor Gillman and His Ballet of Gravity." Out in the audience, Barnes groans:

BARNES

Professor Gillman? Oh hell, I  
 Seen him in Bisbee. He catches stuff.

The curtain goes up. PROFESSOR GILLMAN, a 3<sup>rd</sup> rate juggler in white tie, tailcoat, and black tights  
 steps out and starts tossing Indian clubs in the air. The audience starts groaning but the Professor's rictus-  
 like smile never changes. Having seen enough, Frank Stillwell stands up and shouts:

STILLWELL

Hey profesor! Catch this!

Stillwell raises his pistol and FIRES. An Indian club explodes in the Professor's hand. Screams and  
 scattered laughter in the audience. The Professor is frozen in utter shock, staring at the bullet graze on his  
 hand and saying out loud:

GILLMAN

They shot me! I don't believe it!

A chord of music and the curtain drops like stone. Applause....

## EXT – BACKSTAGE – NIGHT

The other acotrs hustle the Professor off the stage, appalled. The 1<sup>st</sup> Actress turns to MR. FABIAN, a handsome, slightly raffish classical tragedian.

1<sup>ST</sup> ACTRESS

My God, they're shooting at us!  
They're actually shooting at us!  
What'll we do?

FABIAN

Only thing we can do, dear—be  
Good. In any event, at least we  
Won't have to wait for our  
Notices. Exciting, isn't it? Now  
This is theater!

## INT – SHIEFFELIN HALL – NIGHT

More music and another card reads: “Selections From the Bard of Mr. Romulus Fabian, Tragedian in Excelsis.” The curtain rises and Fabian steps out, a purple velvet cloak wrapped resplendently about him like a toga. In the audience, Curly Bill's mouth drops:

CURLY BILL

Prettiest man I ever saw

Fabian throws open his cloak, revealing his lithe form in doublet and tights. The whores in the gallery hoot and cheer. Fabian bows.

STILLWELL

How come he ain't wearin' no pants?

BARNES

(points to whores)  
That's how come.

FABIAN

Ladies and gentlemen, the St  
Crispin's Day Speech from Henry V.  
To set the Scene, England is  
Now at war with France.  
Everything rests upon the battle  
About to begin. Henry, the young  
King of England, addresses his men  
Thusly: “My cousin Westmorland?  
No, my fair cousin—“

Another GUNSHOT and a bullet SPANGS into the column next to Fabian with a shower of plaster. Without missing a beat, Fabian casually flicks a chunk off his shoulder and continues:

FABIAN

“If we are marked to die, we are  
enow/ To do our country loss; and  
if to live./ The fewer me, the  
greater the share of honour...”

In the audience Barnes holsters his smoke pistol reflectively.

BARNES  
He's got nerve, I'll say that.  
What do you think, Billy?

Starry-eyed, Breakenridge answers without thinking:

BREAKENRIDGE  
Oh, he wonderful!

GROUNDS  
Uh-oh, looks like somebody's in love.

Raw laughter from the others. Breakenridge sinks in his seat.

CURLY BILL  
Let him alone.

On stage Fabian is in full cry, giving the local a slice of the ripest ham:

FABIAN  
“We few, we happy few, we band of  
brothers;/ For he today that  
sheds his blood with me/ Shall be  
my brother; be he ne'er so vile./  
This day shall gentle his  
Condition;/ And gentlemen in  
England now a-bed/ Shall think  
Themselves accurs'd they were no  
Here./ And hold their manhood  
Cheap whiles any speaks/ That  
Fought with us upon Saint  
Crispin's day!”

Wild applause and cheering. Fabian bows with elaborate modesty.

CURLY BILL  
That's great! That's our kinda stuff!

The curtain falls. Another card: “Faust – or the Devil's Bargain” and the orchestra whirls into “Danse Macabre” by Saint-Saens, the rising curtain revealing a wild pained backdrop, all black and red, covered with weird, Beardsley-esque designs and images of death and damnation. A light comes up, revealing an ancient white-bearded scholar sitting alone with his books. Then a hooded Satan dances across the stage, slender and lissome in paned black doublet and breeches and black hose, tempting the old man with images of wealth and youth in the form of a shimmering blonde ballerina. The old man succumbs, signing Satan's contract. The audience watches in rapt attention, especially the Cowboys:

STILLWELL  
He's gonna some up short on that one.

CURLY BILL  
Know what I'd do? I'd take the  
Deal then crawfish and drill that  
O! Devil in the ass. How 'bout  
You, Johnny? What would you do?

RINGO  
I already did it.

Satan makes a flourish. A flash-pad EXPLOSION transforms the old scholar into a young student. The ballerina flits by. The student offers her gold. They dance, swirling about the stage in a mad waltz with Satan hovering behind them, mirroring their every move like a puppet master. Finally, having gotten all his gold, the Ballerina drifts away leaving the young student alone, lost in bitterness as he changes back into the old scholar sitting with his books. Satan appears over him, exultant and triumphant, ready to collect the debt as the curtain falls with a final crashing chord. Thunderous cheering and applause. The curtain rises again and the performers come out for bows, all except Satan.

DOC  
Very instructive

WYATT  
But who was the Devil?

Suddenly Satan bounds out, removing the hood. It's Josephine.

MORGAN  
It's that woman from the coach!

WYATT  
I'll be damned...

Josephine spots Wyatt's box and smiles. Doc raises an eyebrow:

DOC  
You may indeed. If you get lucky.

EXT – ALLEN STREET – NIGHT

After the show and theatergoers, including the Earps, stroll homeward arm-in-arm down Allen, all looking up at the clear night sky above. At the Oriental Wyatt stops, turning to Virgil:

WYATT  
Comin' to the Oriental, Virge?

ALLIE  
Not tonight! Tonight me and my  
Old man're gonna have some fun.  
Get moving, old man!

She laughs, shoving Virgil down the street. He looks at Wyatt:

VIRGIL  
Her maiden name was Sullivan.

WYATT  
(kisses Mattie)  
Better go with 'em, honey. Here's  
Where I leave you.

MATTIE  
(grabs his hand)

No, stay. Please stay with me.

WYATT

Honey, I gotta start makin' money.

MATTIE

Oh, all right.

WYATT

Well I guess I don't have to go  
Right now. I guess I could stay a little while.

MATTIE

No, no, I don't want to keep you.

WYATT

No really, I can stay a while.

MATTIE

Just go. It's all right. Wyatt,  
Really. Work well.

WYATT

All right, well, good night.

Another kiss and he heads for the Oriental with Morgan. Mattie walks on after the others, fishing through her bag for her bottle of laudanum....

DELETED

INT – ORIENTAL – NIGHT

The saloon is packed. TRACK along the bar at floor level past a wild array of high-button shoes, patent leather pumps, and stack-heeled boots with jingling silver spurs. Track again at shoulder level past an equally wild array of slouch hats, pork-pies, derbys, and wide-brim sombreros. Wyatt sits against the wall, dealing faro with Doc at his side, Morgan on lookout while a sweaty overdressed HIGH ROLLER makes bets, gnashing his teeth and drumming his fingers in a fever of impatient greed:

HIGH ROLLER

All right, I'm on fire! Black  
Seven, seven stickin' spades.  
Let's go!

WYATT

I'm your man...  
(deals card)  
You win again. Well played, sir.  
You are on fire.

HIGH ROLLER

Told you. I'm red hot, I'm  
Blazin'! Now, red seven. Seven  
Stinkin' diamonds. Look out! Five  
Thousand! Let's go!



WYATT  
Awful lot of money.

HIGH ROLLER  
Can't take the heat, get outta  
The kitchen.

WYATT  
You're the doctor.  
(deals card)  
sad news, friend.

HIGH ROLLER  
Damn! All right, wait a minute...

The high roller lays a set of deeds out on the table as....

INT – ORIENTAL – NIGHT

A break in the game. Wyatt studies the deeds as Morgan and Doc look on. Kate sits to one side, blowing smoke rings contentedly.

WYATT  
So now we're in the mining  
Business. Turning into regular  
Tycoons. Gonna call this one the  
Mattie Blaylock. Mattie'll get a  
Kick out of that, it's her maiden  
Name.

DOC  
And what a maiden, pure as the  
Driven snow, I'm sure.

MORGAN  
Hey Doc! Come on now.

WYATT  
Just his style, Morg. Doesn't  
Mean anything.

DOC  
So tell me, Wyatt. I'm curious.  
Do you actually consider yourself  
A married man? Forsaking all  
Others?

WYATT  
Well yeah. Pretty much. I mean I  
Was no angel when we met but  
People change Doc. I mean sooner  
Or later you gotta grow up.

DOC  
I see. And what would you do if  
"she" walked in her right now?

WYATT  
"She"?

DOC  
You know damn well who I mean.  
That dusky-hued lady Satan.

WYATT  
I don't know. Probably ignore her.

DOC  
Ignore her?

WYATT  
I'd ignore her. People can  
Change, Doc.

DOC  
I'll remember you said that.

Doc point. Josephine has just walked in with the other actors.

WYATT  
Oh, hell...

She spots Wyatt and starts toward him but he looks away, as if ignoring her. She stops. Behan steps up to her, tipping his hat, very gallant. They move toward the bar. Wyatt turns to Doc.

WYATT  
Satisfied?

DOC  
I stand corrected. Wyatt. You're  
An oak.

Josephine and Behan chat at the bar. White nudges Joyce:

WHITE  
Since when'd you start servin'  
Ladies in here?

JOYCE  
Actresses. It's different.

Mr Fabian enters, dramatically gotten-up like Lord Byron. The whole bar bursts into applause. He bows. Breakenridge jumps up from his table, excited:

BREAKENRIDGE  
Here, Mr Fabian, have this table.

He seats Fabian near the faro game, gets him some champagne.

FABIAN  
Oh, thank you. You're very kind.

## BREAKENRIDGE

Mr. Fabian, I've got to tell you,  
That's the most wonderful thing I  
Ever saw. What was that?

## FABIAN

Henry's all right but he's no  
Match for the Melancholy Dane.  
(sees his confusion)  
Hamlet, dear friend, the supreme  
Role of any actor worth his salt.

## DOC

(leans in, points to Wyatt)  
Here's a man you should meet, Mr.  
Fabian. Excellent character study  
For you, the real-life actual  
Melancholy Dane.

## FABIAN

Indeed, sir? How so?

## DOC

Well he hems, he haws, he talks  
Out of both sides of his  
Mouth—but all on a very high  
Plane, just like Hamlet.

## WYATT

Getting drunk, Doc.

Doc chuckles. Suddenly Curly Bill looms over the faro table with Ringo and a drunken Ike Clanton.

## CURLY BILL

Wyatt Earp, huh? I heard of you.

## IKE

Listen, Mr. Kansas Law-dog. Law  
Don't go around her. Savvy?

## WYATT

I'm retired.

## CURLY BILL

Good. That's real good.

## IKE

Yeah, that's good, Mr. Law-dog,  
'cause law don't go around here.

## WYATT

I heard you the first time.

## CURLY BILL

Shut up, Ike.

RINGO  
(steps up to Doc)  
And you must be Doc Holliday.

DOC  
That's the rumor.

RINGO  
You retired, too?

DOC  
Not me. I'm in my prime.

RINGO  
Yeah, you look it.

DOC  
And you must be Ringo. Look,  
Darling, Johnny Ringo. The  
Deadliest pistoleer since Wild  
Bill, they say. What do you  
Think, darling? Should I hate him?

KATE  
You don't even know him.

DOC  
Yes, but there's just something  
About him. Something around  
The eyes, I don't know, reminds me  
Of... me. No. I'm sure of it, I  
Hate him.

WYATT  
(to Ringo)  
He's drunk.

DOC  
In vino veritas.

RINGO  
Age quod agis.

DOC  
Credat Judaeus Apella.

RINGO  
(pats gun)  
Ecentus stultorum magister.

DOC  
(Cheshire cat smile)  
In pace requiescat.

WHITE  
(enters, appeasing)

Come on now. We don't want any  
Trouble in here. Not in any language.

DOC

Evidently Mr. Ringo's an educated  
Man. Now I really hate him.

Ringo looks at Doc, holding his gaze while suddenly whipping out his .45. Everyone but Doc flinches. Ringo does a dazzling series of twirls and tricks, his nickel-plated pistol flashing like a blaze of silver fire, finally slapping it back into his holster with a flourish. Cheers and hoots. Doc rolls his eyes, hooks a finger through the handle of his silver cup, then launches into an exact duplication of Ringo's routine using a cup instead of a gun. The room bursts into laughter. Doc shrugs. Ringo lets a strange little hint of a smile cross his face then exits with the others. White exhales, turns to Wyatt:

WHITE

See what I mean about it getting  
Spooky?

WYATT

Curly Bill, huh? Who was that  
Other idiot?

WHITE

Ike Clanton, Old Man's eldest  
Son. Know he ain't got the stuff,  
Makes him miserable.

WYATT

Yeah, and dangerous.

Sitting up on the bar to see the show, Josephine turns to Behan:

JOSEPHINE

The man dealing faro. Who is he?

BEHAN

That's Wyatt Earp. Made quite a  
Name for himself as a peace  
Officer in Kansas.

JOSEPHINE

A peace officer... Impressive man

BEHAN

Yes, very. And very married.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, so that's it...

EXT – ALLEN STREET/ORIENTAL – NIGHT

Curly Bill steps out with Ike and Ringo. He looks around.

CURLY BILL

I feel like doin' somethin'.  
Getting woolly.

(looks up)  
Hey, Chinky! Come here a minute...

An old Chinaman minces by. Curly Bill dashes after him...

BACK & FORTH INT/EXT – ORIENTAL / ALLEN STREET – NIGHT

Later. Doc is at the piano, drunk as a lord but playing Chopin flawlessly. Kate pours him another drink.

KATE  
That's my lovin' man. Just can't  
Get enough.

DOC  
Enough? Never.

Now the High-Roller comes reeling up, loud and gratingly drunk.

HIGH ROLLER  
Hey, is that "Old Dog Tray"?  
Sounds like "Old Dog Tray".

DOC  
What?

HIGH ROLLER  
You know, Stephen Foster. "Oh,  
Susanna". "Camptown Races",  
Stephen-stinkin'-Foster!

DOC  
I see, well this happens to be a  
Nocturne.

HIGH ROLLER  
A which?

DOC  
You know, Frederic-fucking-Chopin.

Doc plays on. Josephine leaves with Behan. Morgan sighs:

MORGAN  
Now that wounds me. Little tin  
Swain walkin' off with that black  
Beauty. I mean I'm a married man  
And all but still, it ain't right.

Wyatt grunts and nods, perturbed. Outside the others mount up but Curly Bill stands drugged-up in the middle of the street, arms out, head back, eyes closed, luxuriating in the moonlight.

CURLY BILL  
Boy, I feel great! Full of that  
Hop I got from Chinky. I feel  
Just capitol! You boys go ahead.  
I'm gonna stick around awhile,

Howl at the moon.

The others shrug and ride off. Curly Bill pulls his pistol, spinning it. Back inside the Oriental it's late, few patrons remain. A few beats then suddenly everyone jumps as GUNSHOTS echo from outside. White goes to the window, looks outside:

WHITE

Curly Bill. He's over across the  
Street shootin' out the lights.

CLUM

This is great, this is just great.

Just then Behan dashes in, white as a sheet, Josephine in tow:

BEHAN

Have you been out in the street?  
Somebody's got to do something.

CLUM

You're the Sheriff.

BEHAN

It's not County business, it's a  
Town matter.

Outside Curly Bill starts taking potshots at a passerby's feet, making him dance down the street and scurry for cover. Curly Bill cackles. Inside White turns uneasily to Wyatt:

WYATT

Why don't you just leave it alone?

WHITE

No, I gotta do something. I don't  
Suppose you'd card—

WYATT

None of my business, Fred.

Wyatt keeps dealing, Doc keeps playing. White draws himself up and exits. Outside, Curly Bill reloads and keeps shooting. White steps out into the street. We feel a sense of inverted terror as he draws his gun and we SEE that his hand is trembling. He crosses the street, coming up behind Curly Bill:

WHITE

Hey, Curly? Come on now, boy...

Curly Bill spins around. White's gun stares him in the face.

CURLY BILL

Well, howdy, Fred!

Back in the bar, Wyatt puts his cards down, looks over at Doc.

WYATT

Maybe I ought to go out there.

DOC

You will or you won't. Don't look  
To me. I'm going to sleep.

Doc lays his head down on the keys, passes out. Wyatt frowns for a moment. Finally he stands, turning to Morgan:

WYATT

Go wake up Virgil.  
(turns to Joyce)  
Hey Milt, lend me a sidearm, will you?

Joyce hands him a Colt from under the bar. Outside White covers Curly Bill, trembling harder now. An adrenaline rush in a man White's age is hard to look at, he seems so frail, so vulnerable. Even his voice has a quavering edge to it:

WHITE

Hand that over. Come on now.

CURLY BILL

Why sure, dad. I'm only in fun.  
Here she is.

With a reassuring smile, Curly Bill holds his pistol out butt-first. White reaches for it, visibly relieved. But quick as a snake's tongue Curly Bill spins it around and FIRES POINT BLANK into White's chest, blowing him over backward, the blast so close it sets his clothes on fire. Curly Bill turns just as Wyatt flashes into frame and SLAMS him over the head with his pistol barrel, laying him out in a groaning heap. Wyatt glances at White lying semi-conscious in the street, chest heaving, eyelids fluttering, making weak little bird-like sounds, smoke rising from his smoldering shirt and vest. Clum runs up:

WYATT

Put his clothes out.

Clum pats the embers out in White's clothes but as Wyatt starts to haul Curly Bill up he suddenly finds himself surrounded by Ike, Billy Clanton, and six other Cowboys.

IKE

Turn loose of him.

WYATT

He just killed a man.

BILLY

He said to turn loose of him.

WYATT

Well I'm not so go home.

IKE

Swear to God, Mister, step aside  
Or we'll tear you apart.

The Cowboys tense up, ready for action. Wyatt holds his ground, his hard, steady gaze zeroing in on Ike:

WYATT

You. Come here a second.



Ike steps up, full of brass. Without warning Wyatt jabs the muzzle of his pistol into his forehead, snapping his head back. Wyatt cocks the pistol. The other Cowboys hush. Ike freezes. Wyatt's eyes bore into him.

WYATT

You die first, get it? The others  
Might get me in a rush but before  
That I'm gonna make your head  
Into a canoe. Understand?

Ike stands stock still. Billy steps forward, undaunted:

BILLY

He's bluffin'! Let's rush him!

This is it. The Cowboys poise themselves, ready to start, but:

O.S. VOICE

And you, you simpleton, you're next.

Again a hush. Doc stands behind Wyatt, still drunk, but with his .38 trained on Billy. Billy sneers:

BILLY

Hell, he can't hit nothin'. He's  
So drunk he's probably seein'  
Double.

Doc pulls out his .45, training it, too, on Billy:

DOC

I have two guns. One for each of you.

Billy pauses, chastened. Suddenly there's another commotion as Virgil and Morgan bull their way through the crowd from behind with shotguns.

VIRGIL

All right, look out! Break it up.  
Go home, all of you, go home now...

This breaks the group's will and things suddenly calm down dramatically as the Cowboys disperse. Wyatt lowers his pistol, heaving a sigh of relief as he pulls the still-groggy Curly Bill to his feet and hauls him reeling toward the jail.

WYATT

Come on, you...

CURLY BILL

Crack me back of the head like  
Some stinkin' bull. Hell, you  
Ain't no fightin' man, you're  
Just a cop.

DELETED

EXT – JAIL/ALLEN STREET/HOTEL – NIGHT

Later. As the Earps and Doc step out on the sidewalk we can see the semi-conscious Curly Bill through the front door of the jail laying in one of the cells, holding a bloody kerchief to his head. Wyatt closes the door, locks it, gives Clum the keys.

WYATT

There. He'll keep till morning

The street is quiet as they start back toward the Oriental. Virgil and Morgan following at a discreet distance, smirking:

VIRGIL

Keep your eye on that brass ring.  
Don't let anything side-track you.

WYATT

I know, I need a keeper.

Meanwhile across the street at the hotel Josephine turns to Behan.

BEHAN

Well I guess you can see, never a  
Dull moment. Maybe you should  
Stay around to see what happens  
Next. Who know? You might find a  
Future here.

JOSEPHINE

Maybe even my destiny.

DELETED

DELETED

INT – ORIENTAL – DAY

Morgan's hound sleeps in the corner while Virgil and Morgan shoot pool. Wyatt looking on.

WYATT

...but he says did I actually see  
it happen and I said, no, when I  
arrived Fred'd already been shot.  
So the judge said, can't have a  
Murder without a witness—case  
Dismissed. Can you beat it? After  
All that. Oh hell, who cares,  
None of my business anyways.

Clum enters, frowning and anxious, just as Morgan sinks a shot.

MORGAN

Boy, I love this game. When we're  
Finally set we gotta each have a  
Billiard room in our houses.

CLUM

Excuse me, Wyatt, just a moment,

Please, I wanted to try and  
Reason with you. We still haven't  
Found a Marshal and—

VIRGIL

Come on Mayor, he already told  
You no.

CLUM

What about you? You were a lawman.

VIRGIL

I'm busy. We're all busy. Sorry,  
Mayor, but you're really barkin'  
Up the wrong tree.

WYATT

You tell 'em, Virge.

Clum exits shaking his head. They keep playing. After a beat:

WYATT

You know, I was thinkin', maybe  
We ought to open our own place.  
That's the real money. Build it  
Up, milk it for all it's worth,  
Then sell it off for a bundle and  
Breeze out of this burg with more  
Money than Croesus and ready to  
Live like kings. Let's you and me  
Take a walk around town, Virge,  
See if we can scout us out a  
Couple of nice lots.

VIRGIL

I can't hardly believe it. It's  
Working out just like you said,  
Wyatt. We're lootin' this burg  
Six ways through Sunday.

WYATT

Pretty fun too, isn't it?

VIRGIL

Kinda, actually, yeah. I gotta admit.

EXT – COTTAGE ON EDGE OF TOWN – DAY

Virgil and Wyatt walk down a quiet, tree-shaded lane on the outskirts of town. Suddenly a rubber ball rolls into their path. A small BOY plays in the front yard of a nearby cottage. Virgil and Wyatt approach, Virgil returning the ball:

VIRGIL

What're you up to today, son?

The boy stands stock still, staring at the men in silence.

WYATT  
Cat got your tongue?

He turns and walks back to the street without another word.

WYATT  
Wait a minute, Virgil! Where you goin'?

Virgil keeps going. Wyatt starts after him, leaving mother and child in confusion as....

DELETED

INT – VIRGIL’S PARLOR – DAY

In tight on a gleaming silver shield, “Town Marshal, Tombstone, A.T.” PULL BACK to reveal it pinned to Virgil’s breast. He sits by his parlor hearth with Morgan at his side. Wyatt sits opposite with his head in his hands.

VIRGIL  
I couldn’t help it, Wyatt. I  
Looked at that woman and it was  
Just like somebody slapping me in  
The face. I mean these people’re  
Afraid to even walk down the  
Street and I’m trying to make  
Money off it like some kind of  
God damn vulture. That’s not me,  
That’s somebody I don’t even know.

WYATT  
Virgil, please. Don’t do this to me.

VIRGIL  
It’s got nothin’ to do with you,  
Wyatt. It’s—

WYATT  
Nothing to do with me? I’m your  
Brother for Christ’s sake. God, I  
Don’t believe this.  
(turns to Morgan)  
Talk to him, will you? Or hit him.  
(no answer, pauses)  
Oh no, don’t tell me...

Morgan looks down in sheepish silence. Then he pulls back his coat, revealing the Deputy’s badge on this vest. Wyatt groans.

MORGAN  
Like you said, Wyatt. We’re  
Brothers. Gotta back your  
Brother’s play. Just did like I  
Figured you would.

WYATT

Listen to me, both of you. This  
Is no good. This is trouble we  
Don't need. For the first time in  
Our lives we got a chance to stop  
Wandering and finally be a  
Family. Do this and you throw it  
All away. You saw what happened  
To Fred White.

MORGAN

Come on, we're not about pickin'  
Fights. Just gonna keep a little  
Order, that's all.

WYATT

Yeah?

MORGAN

Like you said, just gotta know  
How to handle 'em. Old Fred  
Wasn't up to it. We know that  
We're doin', Wyatt.

WYATT

All right, say you're right, say  
You don't get yourself killed.  
There's something else.  
(turns to Morgan)  
It's too late for Virge, he  
Already rolled his bone. But it's  
Not too late for you, Morg.

MORGAN

What're you talkin' about?

Wyatt exhales wearily then crouches down in front of his baby brother, looking deep in his eyes, his voice soft, plaintive:

WYATT

All the years I worked the  
Cowtowns, I was only ever mixed  
Up in one shooting. Just one. A  
Man got killed. Wasn't my fault,  
Just doin' my job. I don't even  
Know if it was my bullet that  
Dropped him, but... I don't know,  
It's sort of hard to explain. At  
First I just felt funny, you  
Know, kind of clammy inside. But  
When it finally sunk in what I'd  
Done... Believe me, boy, you  
Don't ever want to feel that way.  
Not ever.  
(pauses)  
Didn't even make a dent, did I?

(stands, exits)  
You're both makin' a big mistake.

EXT – DESERT, HOOKER RANCH – DAY

Armed with a borrowed pistol and carbine, Wyatt gallops through the desert on one of his other big blacks, eyes scanning the tracks beneath him. He rides up and stops at a well near a large ranch house. He dismounts, studying tracks as rancher HENRY HOOKER rides up, strong, noble-looking, like something from a Frederic Remington canvas. Wyatt nods. Hooker nods back.

WYATT  
This Hooker's ranch?

HOOKER  
That's right. And I'm Hooker.

WYATT  
You seen anything of a man on  
Horseback leading a black  
Stallion?

Hooker suddenly falls silent, looking at the ground nervously.

WYATT  
Well you must've seen somethin',  
The trail runs right by your  
Waterhole.  
(no answer)  
Oh, I see. So it must've been a  
Cowboy, right? Really got you  
People treed, don't they?

HOOKER  
Look, Mister, it's fine for you  
Boomers to court trouble, you're  
Just passin' through. Us  
Cattlemen gotta live here. Best I  
Can do's point you up to the cut.  
That's their roost.

Wyatt nods his thanks. Hooker looks down, ashamed. Wyatt stares at him a moment. There's something genuinely troubling about so strong a man living in fear. Wyatt rides on, shaking his head....

INT – DESERT CAMP – DAY

A small camp near a clump of trees. Pony Deal brews coffee while McMasters leans against a fallen oak log feeding an eager pack of mongrel pups from a block of jerky as Wyatt rides up.

MCMASTERS  
Run for your lives, boys! It's  
That great two-gun dog-catcher  
From Kansas!

WYATT  
McMasters, isn't it? Listen, you  
Seen a black stallion with—

MCMASTERS

Look, I got a rule. I don't talk  
To lawmen. Dog-catchers neither.

WYATT

I'm not a lawman, I'm just a  
Private citizen getting' my  
Property back

MCMASTERS

Well in that case, I saw your  
Horse. Billy Clanton was takin'  
Him up to the Cut to show him  
Off. The boys're all up there  
Right now, branding. And in a  
Mood. Still want your property  
Back, Mr. Private Citizen?

EXT – MOUNTAIN ROAD – DAY

Wyatt and McMasters ride along side-by-side through the hills.

WYATT

So what about you Cowboys anyway?

MCMASTERS

If I had to explain it you  
Wouldn't understand. Just say  
We're brothers to the bone.

WYATT

Yeah, but some of the things they  
Say your brothers've done...

MCMASTERS

There's all kinds of horses,  
Ain't there? Same with Cowboys.  
What they do's their affair. I  
Don't preach and I don't judge. I  
Ain't no dog-catcher.

EXT – RUSTLER'S PARK – DAY

A wide plateau in the mountains dotted with tents, water and fee troughs, rope corrals, etc. Cowboys cut out steers while others crouch around fires, cooking, looking up with naked hostility as Wyatt rides up. McMasters points to the edge of camp where Billy Clanton is currying Wyatt's stallion.

MCMASTERS

You seem like a nice fella. Like  
To've know you better. Had you lived.

Wyatt rides on, making for Billy. Ike steps up with INDIAN HAWK SWILLING, the giant half-breed. They walk alongside Wyatt.

IKE

Hey, law-dog. The hell you doin' here?

SWILLING

How 'bout I just drag you off  
That horse and eat you blood raw?

Wyatt ignores them, riding up to within 20 feet of Billy and dismounting. Billy looks up, supremely confident and unconcerned.

WYATT

Where'd you get that horse?

BILLY

Beauty, ain't he?

WYATT

I asked where you got him.

BILLY

Where do you think? I stole him.

Everyone laughs. More cowboys gather, jeering. Wyatt steps closer.

WYATT

Look, I don't want any trouble  
With you but that's my horse and  
I mean to have him back. One way  
Or another.

BILLY

Come and get him.

WYATT

Look kid, I know what it's like,  
I was a kid, too. Even stole a  
Horse once. But you can't--

IKE

Don't sweet-talk him, make a move.

SWILLING

Yeah, go ahead, Mister. Make a move.

Billy steps back, poised. Ike and Swilling do the same. 3 more Cowboys move up behind him. The scene seems on the brink of explosion when Curly Bill suddenly STREAKS into frame on his buckskin mare, majestic and 10 times life size as he pulls back and SKIDS to a stop in front of Wyatt, raising a giant roostertail of dust, making everyone but Wyatt recoil.

CURLY BILL

Give him his horse, Billy.

IKE

Come on, Curly! Don't let him—



CURLY BILL

Shut up.

Give him his horse, Billy.

Billy reluctantly hands over the leadline. Wyatt mounts and rides off with Dick Nailor in tow, Curly Bill riding alongside.

CURLY BILL

Feel bad about ol' Fred. Just  
 Can't hold back when I'm feelin'  
 Woolly. Still, feel kinda bad.  
 But now we're square. Anyway no  
 Use for holdin' a grudge. I  
 Deserved a rap in the head.

WYATT

Make you a deal. My brother took  
 Over the Marshal's office in  
 Tombstone. Got it in his head  
 He's gonna make the place safe  
 For widows and orphans. You and  
 Your boys stay out of his way,  
 I'll make sure he stays out of yours.

CURLY BILL

Fair enough. You know I got to  
 Admit, you got a lot of bark on  
 You comin' up here like this.

WYATT

They were all gonna jump me back  
 There. What ever happened to one  
 Against one?

CURLY BILL

Ain't our way. We go all on one,  
 One on all. Fight one of us, you  
 Fight us all. That's the Cowboy way.

WYATT

And how come you call yourselves  
 Cowboys? Cowhands ride for the brand.

CURLY BILL

Oh, we ride for a brand all right.  
 (gives Wyatt the finger)  
 This brand. How 'bout you?

WYATT

(points thumb at self)  
 This brand.

CURLY BILL

We're gonna get along just fine.

EXT – ALLEN STREET – DAY

A lazy afternoon. The Earps and Clum lounge in front of the hotel.

CLUM

I can't thank you enough. Since  
You took over there hasn't been a  
Single problem. We're finally  
Becoming a civilized town.

VIRGIL

Nothin' to it.

WYATT

Maybe I jumped the gun. Maybe  
Those Cowboys aren't near as bad  
As they're painted. You know I  
Was thinkin', there's a lot of  
Money in the cattle business...

VIRGIL

Wait a minute, you thinkin' of  
Getting in bed with the Cowboys?

WYATT

Business is business. Don't have  
To love 'em to work with 'em. Not  
If there's money in it.

VIRGIL

You are the one, Wyatt. You sure are.

EXT – GUADALOUPE CANYON – MAGIC HOUR

Old Man Clanton leads 4 other Cowboys with a herd through the rocky canyon, slipping a flask and singing as the first shot RINGS OUT from the rocks above, becoming a FUSILLADE. When the dust settles, all are dead except the Old Man who lies pinned under his horse, semi-conscious. FIGURES emerge from the shadows. It's the Rurales led by the same Young Rurale from before. He bends down to the dazed Old Man, speaking carefully:

YOUNG RURALE

The old one you kill. This was my father.

OLD MAN CLANTON

(sits up suddenly)

What, and I'm supposed to  
Tremble? Kiss my ass, Messican.

Hissing gleefully, he jams a derringer under the Young Rurale's chin and FIRES, blowing off his sombrero as he falls. The other Rurales fire, emptying their guns into the Old Man as if he were some monstrous rattlesnake that might bite them....

EXT – RUSTLER'S PARK – NIGHT

Curly Bill, Ringo, and the others are by the fire, passing a bottle, as Frank Still well gallops up and dismounts, breathless:

STILLWELL  
 Old Man Clanton's dead! Ambushed  
 In Guadalupe Canyon. Messican's  
 Got him.

In tight on Curly Bill as the news sinks in. He clenches his fist in rage, then bites a knuckle, getting his control back.

CURLY BILL  
 All right, first thing's first:  
 It's my outfit now, I'm runnin'  
 The show. Ringo's number two man.

IKE  
 Your outfit? I'm next in line.

CURLY BILL  
 You ain't got enough in your  
 Britches. Think you can prove  
 Otherwise, go ahead.

Seething with humiliation, Ike mounts up and rides off.

CURLY BILL  
 Anybody else?

No takers. Curly Bill turns back to business:

CURLY BILL  
 All right. Billy, go after Ike  
 And cool him off then go find the  
 McLaurys, tell 'em what happened  
 And keep an eye on things. Wes  
 Fuller and Bill Claiborne, too.  
 Rest of you come with me. We're  
 Goin' to Mexico.

They mount in a bunch and take off south like the wind....

EXT – DESERT – DAY

Wyatt is up on his stallion, riding along the foot of a high hill. Coming to a cut, he suddenly stops. Josephine is 100 yards up ahead, gorgeously impressive in a black velvet riding habit, riding side-saddle through the cut on a pretty mare.

WYATT  
 Oh, hell...

Looking for an escape, Wyatt turns up a narrow trail on the side of the cut. He follows it as it winds around the hill then abruptly drops back down and comes out on the other side of the cut right in front of Josephine. She waves. He groans:

JOSEPHINE  
 Well, hello.

WYATT  
We've never actually met. My  
Name's—

JOSEPHINE  
Wyatt Earp, I know. I was  
Beginning to think we'd never  
Meet. This is fortuitous. That  
Means lucky.

WYATT  
I know what it means.

Suddenly Wyatt's stallion groans nervously, throwing its head, aroused by the presence of the mare.

JOSEPHINE  
What is it?

WYATT  
Easy now... That mare's in season.

JOSEPHINE  
Oh...  
(calms her horse)  
Now she's starting. How do they know?

WYATT  
They know. It's the scent. We  
Better split 'em up.

JOSEPHINE  
I have a better idea, let's run  
It out of them!

Before Wyatt can stop her she's off at a full gallop. Wyatt pauses, debating with himself. Finally:

WYATT  
Yeah, I'm an oak all right.

He takes off at a dead run. Catching up, the horses find their rhythm, breaking into a smooth gallop, flying over a jet black plain of volcanic ash into a rolling meadow carpeted with yellow desert poppies, so bright it almost hurts your eyes to look at them. Coming off a rise the desert floor shears off into a wide crevice. Josephine heads right at it.

WYATT  
You're not that crazy, are you?

JOSEPHINE  
Oh, yes I am!

A crack of her crop and she streaks toward it. Wyatt grits his teeth and follows suit. The sound of their hoofbeats stops for a long instant as they take the jump together, sailing through the air side-by-side, Josephine giggling like a little girl. They light on the other side and gallop on....

EXT – DESERT – MAGIC HOUR

They pull up at a huge desert stone formation, a canopy of white sandstone with vermillion streaks swirling through it looming over them like a giant oyster shell. Wyatt dismounts, helping Josephine. He takes his long duster from his saddle and lays it on a wide, table-shaped rock for them to sit on.

JOSEPHINE

That was lovely!

WYATT

You know you almost got us both  
Killed back there?

JOSEPHINE

Fun though, wasn't it?

WYATT

You'd die for fun?

JOSEPHINE

Wouldn't you? You're laughing! I  
Was sure you never laughed.

WYATT

I laugh sometimes

JOSEPHINE

Yes, but how often? Tell me, are  
You happy?

WYATT

Am I happy? I don't know. Happy  
As the next man, I guess. I don't  
Laugh all day long like an idiot,  
If that's what you mean.

JOSEPHINE

You're a little touchy about it.

WYATT

I'm not touchy, I just, it's a  
Silly question, that's all. Am I  
Happy? Are you happy?

JOSEPHINE

Of course, I'm always happy.  
Unless I'm bored. That blonde  
Woman, is that your wife?

WYATT

What about her?

JOSEPHINE

Nothing... Tell me, what do you  
Want out of life?

WYATT

Where do you get these questions?

JOSEPHINE

Just answer.

WYATT

I don't know, make some money,  
Have some kids, you know.

JOSEPHINE

Doesn't suit you.

WYATT

How would you know?

JOSEPHINE

Just doesn't, that's all.

WYATT

Well I ought to know my own mind  
And I'm tellin' you what suits me  
Is a family and kids. That suits  
Me right down to the ground. In  
Fact, that's my idea of heaven.

(pauses)

All right, what's your idea of heaven?

JOSEPHINE

Room service.

Wyatt laughs, almost in spite of himself. Josephine beams.

JOSEPHINE

See? You're laughing again. But  
That's what I want. Go places and  
Move and never look back and just  
Have fun. Forever. That's my idea  
Of heaven. Need someone to share  
It with, though.

WYATT

You mean Behan?

(sees her shrug)

Then why are you with him?

JOSEPHINE

Well he's handsome and he's  
Charming. He's all right. For  
Now. Don't say it, I know, I'm  
Rotten. I can't help it. I've  
Tried to be good but it's too  
Boring.

WYATT

The way you talk. Never heard a  
Woman talk like that.

JOSEPHINE

Oh look, I haven't got time to be  
Proper, I want to live. I'm a  
woman, I like men. If that's  
Unladylike then I guess I'm not a  
Lady. At least I'm honest.

WYATT

Well you're different, no arguing  
That. But you're a lady all right.  
I'll take my oath on it.

He looks at her, enchanted, but suddenly his face clouds.

JOSEPHINE

What's wrong?

WYATT

I don't know, doesn't make any  
Sense. I almost can't look at  
You. Like it hurts.

JOSEPHINE

I know, me too. What should we do  
About it?

He takes her in his arms and kisses her. She sinks in his arms. He kisses her again then falls to her knees, throwing his arms around her legs and pressing his face into the folds of her skirts.

WYATT

God...

She runs a hand through his hair. He stands, lifting her with him until they are face-to-face and she can feel him pressing into her. After a beat:

JOSEPHINE

You know this is adultery. You  
Burn in hell for that.

WYATT

Then let's make sure we get our  
Money's worth

EXT – DESERT – MAGIC HOUR

They loll on the rock, facing each other, clothes in disarray.

JOSEPHINE

I must say this certainly has  
Been an unexpected little  
Windfall.

WYATT

Fortuitous even.

JOSEPHINE

And I don't even know your full name.

WYATT

Easy to fix. Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp.

JOSEPHINE

And I'm Josephine Sarah Marcus.  
My friends call me Josie.

WYATT

Josie... No, I'm gonna call you  
Sadie.

JOSEPHINE

I hate Sadie.

WYATT

Well you'll always be Sadie to me.

JOSEPHINE

Always?

WYATT

Getting late. We better get back.

He looks away and stands, helping her up. They go to their horses. He lifts her up into her saddle and stands awhile, arranging the folds of her skirt. After a beat:

JOSEPHINE

So I assume we're regarding this  
As just a kind of interlude.

WYATT

Look, it's too much of a tangle.  
I already cast my lot. I can't go  
Back and I can't sneak, feel back  
Enough as it is.

JOSEPHINE

You feel bad about this? About me?

WYATT

I didn't mean it that way.

JOSEPHINE

You know you don't have to sneak.  
You could stay with me. I know  
Things, Wyatt. Sweet things. I  
Could make you so happy.

WYATT

I can't, I'm sorry. Forgive me.

He mounts and rides off with a wave. She watches him awhile....



## INT – FLY’S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY – DAY

A Victorian photographer’s studio behind the O.K. Corral. A large skylight overhead illuminates the backdrop as CAMMILIUS S. FLY, the prosperous-looking owner prepares his camera. Josephine is o.s. in the dressing room on the left:

FLY

What mood would you like for this  
Picture, Miss Marcus? Any  
Particular occasion you’re  
Commemorating?

JOSEPHINE O.S.

I want to remember exactly how I  
Looked on this day so I want you  
To take a picture of me...

She steps out wearing a diaphonous veil shrouding her from head to toe. Though it partially obscures her form, we can see that she’s completely nude underneath. Fly gasps.

JOSEPHINE

...all of me.

Fly fumbles with his camera, his composure gone. She turns to a nearby mirror, studying herself—black tresses, rounded lips, maddening curves, and smokey eyes—a dark angel. She smiles:

JOSEPHINE

Because I’m wonderful.

## INT – WYATT’S HOUSE – NIGHT

Mattie lies in bed, lost in an opium dream. She snaps out of it and sits up as Wyatt enters and gives her a kiss, glancing at the half-empty laudanum bottle on the nightstand.

WYATT

That the bottle Lou gave you?  
Better go easy on that stuff.

MATTIE

I know what I’m doing. Where have  
You been?

WYATT

Out ridin’. So... how you doin’?

MATTIE

I don’t know. I’m all right.

WYATT

Really? You sure?

MATTIE

Sure I’m sure. What is this?

Wyatt sits down on the bed, suddenly intent, his face alight:

WYATT

Well, I was thinking, we've  
 Already made a pile of money.  
 Maybe we should just pull up  
 Stakes and move on. And we could  
 Stay on the move, you know? Just  
 Keep going, see the world. Live  
 On room service the rest of our  
 Lives. How'd that be?

MATTIE

Wyatt, what're you talkin' about?

WYATT

Just thinkin' out loud. Forget it.

INT – ORIENTAL – NIGHT

Dark circles under his eyes, looking dreadful, Doc is at the corner table with Virgil, Behan, Ike Clanton, and the McLaurys. Josephine lounges by the piano, luscious in a white gown, singing "Frankie and Johnny" in a torchy voice. Wyatt enters, blanching at the sight of Josephine. Joyce appears at his elbow:

JOYCE

New singer. Ain't she somehin'?

Wyatt nods weakly. Josephine gives him a half-smile. Wyatt blushes. Morgan approaches.

MORGAN

Doc won't quit, been up 36 hours.  
 Clanton came in an hour ago, they  
 Switched over to poker. Tried to  
 Get him to bed but he just won't  
 Let go.

WYATT

I know. And nobody can make him.

They go over to Doc's table and sit down. Doc beams drunkenly:

DOC

Wyatt! Just in time. Pull up a chair.

WYATT

Been hittin' it awful hard, Doc.

DOC

Nonsense, I have not yet begun to  
 Defile myself.

WYATT

(touches his shoulder)  
 But Doc—

DOC

I won't be pawed at, thank you  
 Very much

WYATT  
Sorry, sorry...

KATE  
(puts arm around Doc)  
That's right. Doc can go all day  
And all night and then some.  
Doc's my man. Doc's my lovin'  
Man. Have another one, lovin' man.

She kisses Doc. Behan nudges Wyatt:

BEHAN  
What d'you think of the singer?

WYATT  
Nice voice.

BEHAN  
That's not what I meant.

Behan gives him a wink. Wyatt shifts uneasily in his seat. This hand is down to Doc and Ike and the pot is huge. Doc shows his hand. Ike throws his cards down in a drunken rage:

IKE  
Son of a bitch! That's twelve  
Straight hands! Nobody's that lucky.

The Earps stiffen as the Cheshire cat smile comes over Doc:

DOC  
Why, Ike, whatever do you mean?

VIRGIL  
Come on, boys, take it easy.

DOC  
Maybe poker's not your game, Ike.  
I know, let's have a spelling  
Contest!

IKE  
(stands)  
I'll wring your scrawny neck for you!

VIRGIL  
(grabs him)  
That's enough, Clanton.

IKE  
You takin' his part? I'm the one  
Was cheated. God damn pimps,  
You're all in it together.

VIRGIL

Nobody's in anything, Clanton,  
You're drunk. Go home and sleep  
It off.

IKE

Get your God damn hands off me!  
Don't you ever put your hands on  
One of us! Don't you ever try to  
Man-handle a Cowboy! We'll out  
Your God damn pimp's heart out!  
Understand, pimp?

VIRGIL

Don't you threaten me, you  
Little—

Violence seems imminent. Wyatt jumps in, separating them. Behan notices as Josephine gasps, a look of alarm crossing her face.

WYATT

Virgil, don't! Take it easy! Ike,  
Just go home and forget it, will you?

IKE

I ain't forgettin' nothin.

Ike lurches to the bar. Behan takes Josephine aside, whispering:

BEHAN

I saw that look on your face just now.  
What's between you and Wyatt?

JOSEPHINE

Absolutely nothing.

DOC

Well that certainly was a bust. I  
Want my money back. Come,  
Darling, let's seek our  
Entertainment elsewhere.

Doc stands up, taking Kate's arm to leave. But he falls back down dizzily, suddenly breaking out in a sweat and coughing.

KATE

What's wrong, Doc?

DOC

Nothing. Not a thing. I'm right  
As the mail.

Again he tries to stand. This time he keels over onto the floor and starts coughing up blood. Wyatt rushes to him.

WYATT

Get a doctor! Virgil, give me a hand.

They lift the unconscious Doc off the floor. Ike turns to Joyce.

IKE

What's wrong with him?

JOYCE

Lunger.

DELETED

INT- DOC'S ROOM – NIGHT

Later. Doc sits up in bed, revived but looking like death warmed over, mouth gaping open, eyes swimming with every breath. DR. GOODFELLOW stands by the bed, putting on his jacket.

DR. GOODFELLOW

Your condition is quite advanced.  
I'd say you've lost some 60 percent  
Of your lung tissue. Maybe more.

DOC

So what does that mean?

DR. GOODFELLOW

Two years, two days, hard to say.  
If you have any chance, it's to  
Stop now—smoking, drinking,  
Gambling, night-life. You must  
Have a healthy diet and most  
Importantly, you must have  
Complete rest—meaning you must  
Attempt to deny your marital impulse.

DOC

Well, that sounds inviting.

DR. GOODFELLOW

Sorry but I'm afraid you've no choice.

He takes his bag and exits, leaving Doc alone with the abyss. Kate enters, going to his bedside, and starts rolling him a cigarette.

KATE

How you feeling, Doc?

DOC

Better.

KATE

That's good. I knew it wasn't nothin'.

DOC

We must talk, darling. It appears  
We have to... redefine the nature  
Of our association.

KATE

What's that mean, Doc? You know I  
Don't understand when you talk up  
High like that. You mean you  
Don't want to be my lovin' man no more?

DOC

Not exactly...

KATE

I'm a good woman to you, Doc.  
Don't I always take care of you?  
Nobody cares for you like me. I'm  
A good woman.

DOC

Yes, I know. You are a good woman.

Kate smiles, licking the cigarette. She puts it in his mouth and leans over to light it so her ample bosom bulges over her bodice. As Doc stares at her chest something behind his eyes seems to shut down. He takes a long drag from the cigarette.

DOC

Then again, you may be the  
Antichrist.

DELETED

INT – ORIENTAL – DAWN

The cold blue light of dawn peeks through the windows. Ike drinks at the bar, brooding. He reaches behind the bar for his guns, leaning his rifle against the brass rail.

IKE

Bastards think they can cheat me?

JOYCE

Nobody cheated you, Ike. Go home.

Ike reaches across the bar and slaps him. Joyce scowls, more irritated than hurt and too tired to make anything of it. The few other patrons left look up drowsily. Ike nods in drunken satisfaction, picking up his rifle:

IKE

And I don't take no mouth from  
Any bartenders neither. There,  
See? Give somebody a rap on the  
beezer, get some God damn respect  
Around here. Now you tell the  
Earps and Doc Holliday if I see  
'em on the street, I'm gonna send

'em all to hell on a shutter. You  
tell 'em that.

Ike and the McLaurys storm off as Virgil and Morgan step out onto the street. Wyatt turns to them in disbelief:

WYATT  
What the hell's going on?

EXT – ALLEN ST/TELEGRAPH OFFICE – DAY

Walking down Allen, Ike stops the group at the telegraph office:

IKE  
I want to send a telegram.

EXT – ALLEN STREET – DAY

We start to feel a growing sense of dread as 3 grim HORSEMEN come galloping out of the desert toward us. Billy Clanton, Wes Fuller, and Billy Claiborne ride into town, trotting by the jail with the Earps looking on.

VIRGIL  
Billy Clanton, Wes Fuller, and  
Billy Claiborne. Now there's six  
Of 'em. This is like a bad dream.

WYATT  
Just stay calm, use your head.  
It'll be all right. Just the  
Same, though...  
(pauses, sighs)  
Guess you better swear me in.

INT – WYATT'S HOUSE – DAY

In tight on a brass-mounted wooden case. It opens to reveal a gleaming Colt .45 with an extra long barrel, the gold shield inlaid on the burr walnut grips engraved with, "To Wyatt Earp, Peacemaker..." This is the Buntline Special, Wyatt Earp's legendary sidearm. Wyatt takes it from the case and puts it in his coat pocket as Mattie looks on.

MATTIE  
Thought you swore you'd never  
Carry that thing again.

WYATT  
Yeah, well, I swore a lot of things.

EXT – ALLEN STREET – DAY

Behan and Josphine watch from the hotel as the 6 Cowboys, all but Ike armed with pistols, walk side-by-side down the middle of Allen.

BEHAN  
I'm terribly afraid this looks  
Like the end of the Earp brothers.

Josephine goes pale...

EXT – ALLEN ST/JAIL – DAY

The Cowboys swagger by defiantly, giving the Earps sidelong glances. Meanwhile, the street starts to BUZZ, townspeople beginning to notice that something is happening.

VIRGIL

Here they are again. Look at 'em.

WYATT

Easy, Virge, they're just tryin'  
To egg us on.

Suddenly Doc appears from around a corner, a little the worse for wear in a long, dark Inverness cloak and carrying a big gold-headed walking stick.

MORGAN

What're you doin' out of bed, Doc?

DOC

What the hell's going on? I've  
Had five people walk up to me  
Saying the Clantons and McLaurys  
Are gunning for me.

EXT – LOT BEHIND O.K. CORRAL – DAY

A vacant lot behind the OK Corral with Fly's Gallery on the left and the Harwood house on the right. The Cowboys stand in a knot near their horses, passing a bottle around.

FRANK

Like to teach those bastards a lesson.

BILLY

Probably already scared them to death.

TOM

You call it, Ike. What're we gonna do?

IKE

(grabs bottle)  
Gimme that.

EXT – ALLEN ST/JAIL – DAY

Virgil comes out of the nearby Wells Fargo office with a huge Stevens 10 gauge shotgun just as Joyce runs up.

JOYCE

Those Cowboys're tellin'  
Everybody in town they're gonna  
Clean you out. They're down in  
That lot right now behind the OK  
Corral.



WYATT

Don't worry, Doc, it's not your problem.  
You don't have to mix up in this.

Doc turns on Wyatt, genuinely shocked and hurt.

DOC

That's a hell of a thing for you  
To say to me.

VIRGIL

What the hell're we gonna do?

WYATT

Wait till the liquor wears off.  
Once they start getting headaches  
They'll lose interest.

VIRGIL

Wyatt, they're threatening our lives.

WYATT

You'll never make that stick.

VIRGIL

They're carrying guns in town.

WYATT

Virge, that's a misdemeanor. You  
Go down there to arrest 'em,  
Something goes wrong, maybe this  
Time somebody gets his head  
Broke, suddenly it's a mess and  
It won't end there, you'll have  
Cowboys comin' around lookin' for  
Trouble from here to Christmas.  
You gonna risk all that over a  
Misdemeanor?

VIRGIL

(pauses, thinking)

No, damn it, it's wrong, they're  
Breakin' the law.

WYATT

(pauses)

All right, Virge, your call. But  
Give Doc the shotgun. They'll be  
Less apt to get nervy if they see  
Him on the street howitzer.

Virgil trades the shotgun for Doc's cane. Doc folds the shotgun under his cloak. They get set, waiting for Wyatt's cue. Finally:

WYATT  
Well... Come on, boys.

They start down Allen, footsteps pounding the board sidewalk, Virgil and Wyatt in front, Morgan and Doc in the rear. Bystanders step aside, trading whispers as they pass, turning onto 4<sup>th</sup> St...

EXT – LOT BEHIND O.K. CORRAL – DAY

Behan dashes around the corner into the lot, facing the Cowboys.

BEHAN  
They're on their way over here.

EXT – FREMONT STREET/OK CORRAL – DAY

The Earps and Doc turn off 4<sup>th</sup> onto Fremont St. Creek Johnson and Texas Jack Vermillion watch as they pass the grocer's.

JOHNSON  
There they go. Look kinda like preachers.

VERMILLION  
Yeah. Or undertakers.

The vacant lot starts to come into view and the Earps are fighting nerves now. Fists clenched, gritting their teeth, eyes darting all over the street, they look all too human and nothing like their legend. It's only Doc, bringing up the rear, who couldn't care less. Wyatt narrows his eyes:

WYATT  
Virge, you're makin' the arrest.  
You make contact, I'll back you  
Up. Morgan'll back me up, Doc'll  
Keep an eye out for trouble. And  
Keep your hands on your guns.  
They even look like they're gonna  
Start something, buffalo 'em.  
Right over the head.

VIRGIL  
Wyatt, I know what I'm doin'.

WYATT  
(sees onlookers)  
Look at 'em all. They love it.  
How in the hell'd we get  
Ourselves into this?

Just then Behan walks up holding up his hands, reassuring:

BEHAN  
You don't have to worry about a  
Thing. I just went down there and  
Disarmed them.

VIRGIL  
You did? Great, thanks. Come on, boys.

The Earps quicken their step as Behan enters Fly's gallery. Seeing the approaching Earp party, the Cowboys glance around at each other, setting themselves. Now at the end of the sidealk, the Earps can see that the Cowboys are still armed and their relief evaporates. Wyatt mutters under his breath:

WYATT

Oh, great. Disarmed my ass...

The Earps slow their step, gathering themselves. This is it, no turning back now. The Cowboys spread out. As the Earps get closer and closer, it seems as if the very air is electric with tension. But as they step into the street and fan out for their final approach, they suddenly do look like their legend, 4 tall figures in long black coats advancing in a line, grim and unstoppable, a fleeting moment in time frozen forever in our minds. Finally they stop. The 2 groups are facing each other, perhaps 20 feet apart. Doc raises the shotgun, the Cheshire cat smile spreading over his face. Virgil steps forward, his face set, holding up Doc's cane:

VIRGIL

We've come to arrest you. Throw  
Up your arms!

A weird moment of confusion where nobody seems to know what to do. Then Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury SLAP their hands to their guns. The Earps instantly tense up, hands on their pistols. Virgil waves his hands frantically, afraid they've misunderstood:

VIRGIL

Hold! I don't want that!

Suddenly realizing what's happening, Fuller and Claiborne bolt and dash into Fly's gallery. Everyone else stands frozen, breath short, pulses pounding, each staring into the other's wide-open eyes. Then something in Billy Clanton's eyes seems to go dead and Wyatt groans under his breath as the awful realization hits him:

WYATT

Oh, my God...

Billy and Frank jerk their pistols and the scene EXPLODES, everything happening in SPLIT SECONDS as Wyatt draws and FIRES, knocking Frank down with a gutshot. Morgan FIRES, blowing Billy back against the wall of the Harwood house. Tom darts for the cover behind his horse as Ike dives onto Wyatt shrieking like a woman:

IKE

No, no, please! I don't have a gun!

WYATT

This fight's commenced. Get to  
Fightin' or get away!

Wyatt hurls him aside. Ike sprints for the gallery. Tom FIRES over his saddle at Doc who tries for a shot but is blocked by the horse. Billy bounces back up, howling, and FIRES, the bullet piercing Virgil's calf. He drops to one knee. Tom FIRES again. Doc FIRES one barrel into the air, the BLAST making the horse rear up, exposing Tom for a split second. Doc FIRES again. Tom's side EXPLODES into red mist, the full charge of red mist, the full charge of buckshot SLAMMING him into the Harwood house. Tom drops his gun and teeters into the street, talking eerie little mincing steps, already dead but still moving, like a chicken with its head cut off. Billy FIRES again, dropping Morgan with a hole in his shoulder.

MORGAN  
I'm hit.

Doc pull his Lightning and FIRES DOUBLE ACTION 1-2-3 times, hitting Billy in the abdomen while Frank bounds back into the fight, FIRING wildly. Virgil gets up, FIRING BACK. The whole scene now bathed in thick smoke, the fight starts swirling into the street, each man jockeying for position. Inside the gallery, Behan and Fuller watch at the window as Ike dives in. He snatches Fuller's pistol and FIRES through the window. Ike's bullets WHIZ past Wyatt's ear. He spins around, calling to Doc:

WYATT  
Behind us!

In a flashing move taking less than a heartbeat, Doc pivots, replacing the .38 in this right hand with his big .45, then with one pass of his left hand RAPID FIRES quick as a machine gun burst 1-2-3-4-5 times, the bullets RIPPING through the gallery, showering Ike and the rest with splinters and broken glass.

BEHAN  
Come on!

Behan hauls Ike up and they dash out the back door, Fuller and Claiborne right behind, all frantically running for their lives. Outside Billy gets to his knees, seemingly indestructible, and FIRES at Wyatt, Wyatt RETURNS FIRE. Eyes wild and bulging, a bloody hand clutching his wounds, Frank staggers across the lot, bearing down on Doc through the smoke:

FRANK  
I got you now, you son of a bitch!

DOC  
You're a daisy if you do!

Doc opens his arms, giving Frank a clear shot at his chest. Frank FIRES. The bullet grazes Doc's holster. Frank trudges closer, about to fire again but Doc DRILLS him through the heart while in the next millisecond Morgan FIRES from his prone position on the ground, the big .45 BLAST carrying away the top of Frank's head. As the last shot echoes through the hills, Frank flops limply to the ground like a rag doll while out in the street his brother Tom finally runs out of steam and pitches face first in the dirt, leaving only Billy, leaning against the Harwood house, legs splayed out in front of him, absolutely shot to pieces, clicking his empty gun and wailing piteously as the smoke clears:

BILLY  
More cartridges! Somebody load my gun...

He keeps repeating it with sinking volume as townspeople step timidly into the street. Fly bends down and takes Bill's gun from his hand and the fight is officially over, having lasted only some 20 seconds. Wyatt helps Morgan to his feet as Behan strides briskly onto the scene, addressing Wyatt:

BEHAN  
All right. You're all under  
Arrest.

Wyatt looks at him in utter disbelief. Finally:

WYATT  
I don't think I'll let you arrest  
Us today, Behan. Maybe tomorrow.

More bystanders arrive, a crowd scene rapidly developing. The Earp women run up from the west end of Fremont. Josephine fights her way through the crowd from the east. She and Wyatt catch sight of each other. She grins, tears in her eyes. He nods, smiling. Seeing the whole thing, Behan fumes. And so does MATTIE who turns and walks away while Allie and Lou run to their men, hugging them. Meanwhile Doc stands over Frank's body, fingering the graze over his thigh, jeering under his breath:

DOC  
You call that shooting?

FLY  
(comes up to Wyatt)  
The McLaurys are both dead. Billy  
Clanton's just about gone.

Wyatt nods, pocketing his gun, sadly surveying the bloody scene.

WYATT  
Guess we did our good deed for today.

DELETED

EXT – BOOT HILL – SUNSET

Fireworks EXPLODE in the darkening sky as a cortege of 50 Cowboys in their finest parade down the street toward Boot Hill, the crude little grave yard, Curly Bill and Ringo in the lead, Ike right behind with the 3 coffins and a banner saying: "Murdered On The Streets Of Tombstone". As they take places at the gravesite Wyatt approaches Curly Bill.

WYATT  
I'm sorry. If there was any other—

CURLY BILL  
I know. Just did what you had to.  
That banner and stuff, that's  
Just Ike. Don't worry about it.

Wyatt nods, tips his hat, walks off. Looking after him, Curly Bill whispers:

CURLY BILL  
Don't worry about a thing

DELETED

INT- MORGAN'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Morgan lies in bed, his shoulder in bandages. Wyatt sits by him

WYATT  
How you doin', boy?

MORGAN  
Fine. Better.

Morgan looks out the window, staring at nothing. He looks tired, older, all the fun and youthful zest gone from his face.

MORGAN

You were right. It's nothin' like  
I thought. I almost wish...

WYATT

I know, kid. I know. Me too.

Wyatt touches his arm, a look of unutterable sadness in his eyes. This is the one thing he didn't want for his little brother....

EXT – RUSTLER'S PARK – NIGHT

The Cowboys are gathered around a huge bonfire, sparks drifting up toward the heavens, faces vivid in the firelight like an ancient warrior host. Curly Bill faces them, bottle in hand:

CURLY BILL

Here's to the memory of Billy  
Clanton and Tom and Frank  
McLaury. They went out real  
Cowboys, dead game right up to  
Their last kick. They won their  
Places at the big table with Davy  
Crockett and Wild Bill and Old  
Man Clanton. They're up there  
Right now tradin' shots with 'em.  
And they'll never be forgot. Not  
Ever. Hundred years from now  
There'll be men settin' around a  
Campfire, passin' a bottle,  
Tellin' stories about those boys.  
They're what you call immortal.  
And I say God bless 'em.

They all drink, long and deep, Ringo wiping away tears. Then:

CURLY BILL

All right, first we hang back,  
Just bide away till everybody  
Thinks this's blown over. Then...

INT – DRESSING ROOM/BEDROOM, WYATT'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Mattie irons shirts in the adjoining bedroom while Wyatt finishes shaving in the dressing room, wiping foam from his face, looking in the cabinet for a towel. Opening the bottom drawer, a nest of small brown bottles clatters onto the floor. Laudanum bottles, all empty. Mattie looks up as Wyatt comes out, bottle in hand:

WYATT

Mattie. What about this?

MATTIE

(looks up, keeps ironing)  
I need it.

WYATT

'Least you admit it.

MATTIE

Admit what, I'm an opium fiend?  
No, Wyatt, I just said I need it.  
I need something to keep me warm  
At night.

WYATT

Look, Mattie, I know you're—

MATTIE

You know nothing. What you don't  
Know would fill a book. Jesus, I  
Feel like it's when you're around  
I need it most. You're never  
Yourself, you never relax. Never.  
Everything's so stiff and dead.  
You always have to keep a rein on  
Everything, ever yourself. Oh,  
You smile sometimes, I've even  
Seen you laugh. But there's no  
Light in your smile for me,  
Wyatt, nothing to keep me warm.  
And I get cold, Wyatt. I get so cold.  
(pauses)  
What's between you and that Jew woman?

This catches Wyatt off-guard. He looks at her. She sneers. Then:

WYATT

All right, look. I can make it  
Right, I can make this up to you,  
Mattie. I can, I swear.

MATTIE

Will you go to her and tell her  
Right in front of me she's  
Nothing to you? Right out loud so  
I can hear? Tell her she's  
Nothing, tell her she's nobody,  
Just dirt? Will you do that?

Wyatt falls silent. Mattie stands, staring at him a moment, then:

MATTIE

Until you can do that we've got  
Nothing to talk about, Wyatt.  
Nothing. Now leave me alone.

She keeps ironing. Wyatt looks as if a building fell on him....

EXT – TOUGHNUT STREET – DAY

Behan comes out of Nellie Cashman's, spots Josephine going down Toughnut. He catches up to her, pacing her. She keeps walking.

BEHAN

Listen, I want to talk to you.

JOSEPHINE

Not now. I don't have time.

BEHAN

(grabs her)

I saw that look pass between you  
And Wyatt at the fight. Listen to  
Me! You're mine! Understand?  
You're my woman and I'm your man.

JOSEPHINE

My man? You told Wyatt you'd  
Disarmed those men. Do you  
Actually believe after that I  
Could see you as my man? You're  
Just a dirty little fixer.

BEHAN

You whore! You filthy whore!

A HAND reaches into frame, spinning Behan around. Morgan stands there, arm in a sling, red in his eye:

MORGAN

You don't talk that way to a  
Female human being! Not ever!

BEHAN

Look, I don't want to take  
Advantage of an injured man but  
You better—

With his good arm Morgan SLUGS Behan in the mouth. Behan drops like a leaf, as much to avoid a further injury as from the blow. Morgan turns to Josephine, leading her away. Across the street Curly Bill and Ringo share a flask, watching, Ringo looking even odder than usual. Curly Bill chuckles:

CURLY BILL

So she's Wyatt's slice now. Looks  
Like we got another name for the  
Tally book.

EXT – ALLEN STREET/ORIENTAL – LATE DAY

Later. The Earp brothers stand in front of the Oriental.

MORGAN

Dropped him, that was it. Sorry  
If I made a worse mess for you.

WYATT

I'm the one made a mess. Made a  
Right fair mess of the whole thing.

Wyatt looks down, miserable. Virgil looks up at the sky:



VIRGIL

Getting warmer. Guess spring's comin'.

Just then Morgan sees Breakenridge passing by in silence.

MORGAN

Hello, Billy. I say hello, Deputy.

BREAKENRIDGE

(turns to them)

I don't want to talk to you. Those  
Men you killed were my friends.

I'm just a nothing, but if I  
Wasn't I'd fight you, I'd fight  
You right now. So I don't wanna  
Talk to you.

He hurries away, eyes tearing up. The Earps look on in amazement.

WYATT

All they ever did was make fun of him.

O.S. VOICE

Sister Boy should've stuck around.

They turn. A liquored-up RINGO stands behind them on the sidewalk like an apparition, murder in his eyes, hands thrust into the pockets of a long black buffalo coat, ivory gunbutts peeking out.

VIRGIL

What d'you want, Ringo?

RINGO

I want your blood and I want you  
Souls and I want them both right now.

WYATT

Don't want any more trouble, Ringo.

RINGO

(steps up to Wyatt)

Well you got trouble and it  
Starts with you.

WYATT

I'm not gonna fight you, there's  
No money in it. Sober up. Come  
On, boys.

Wyatt turns into the Oriental. His brothers follow. Ringo howls:

RINGO

Wretched slugs, don't any of you  
Have the guts to play for blood?

O.S. VOICE  
I'm your huckleberry.

Ringo turns. Doc stands there, smiling that Cheshire cat smile.

DOC  
That's just my game.

RINGO  
All right, lungers. Have at it.

They face each other, eyes blazing, about to reach critical mass.

DOC  
On three? You call it.

RINGO  
Here it come: one—two—

At the last possible instant, Curly Bill flashes into frame along with Stillwell and Spence, grabbing Ringo from behind while the Earps step in front of Doc.

CURLY BILL  
Johnny, don't, Jesus! Come on,  
Son...  
(turns to Earps)  
Never mind. He's drunk.

They haul Ringo up the street, out of earshot. Ringo is boiling:

RINGO  
I want them spitting blood!

CURLY BILL  
Easy, Johnny. Now ain't the time.  
(turns to others)  
I tell you, boys, even I'm  
Worried what'll happen once Ringo  
Runs this outfit! God have mercy!

He pulls Ringo into a doorway, away from the others. Tears in his eyes, clawing the air, Ringo is beside himself.

RINGO  
There's no God, there's no devil,  
I hate the God damn world! I want  
To die!

CURLY BILL  
Easy, son. You just need to get  
Your feet back under you, that's  
All. Come on, boy, let's kick  
South. Down to the old playground.

INT – ADOBE HOUSE – NIGHT

An adobe rancho in the Sonora desert, small, humbly furnished. Inside a Mexican family, 3 children, a husband and young wife eat dinner. Suddenly Curly Bill and Ringo BURST IN, guns drawn, shouting in Spanish. Everyone freezes and as the children start crying we feel the family's sense of inner terror. Curly Bill looks the trembling young wife over, nodding at Ringo:

CURLY BILL

See son, there is a God after all!

EXT – ALLEN STREET/ORIENTAL – DUSK

Nightfall and the wind HOWLS down the street, kicking up dust in swirling columns. A FLASH of lightning streaks down from the purple clouds and a THUNDERCLAP crashes in our ears, echoing through town into the hills, making the horses neigh and fidget...

INT- ORIENTAL – DUSK

But inside it's bright and warm. Florentino is alone at the bar, nursing a drink while Wyatt deals for Morgan and a few others. Virgil looks out at the storm, shaking his head:

VIRGIL

Gonna be one of those nights.

EXT- RUSTLER'S PARK – DUSK

The Cowboys are gathered on a rise. Curly Bill stands before them, silhouetted against the boiling sky, arms outstretched, exulting in the storm's fury. He turns to his men, eyes ablaze:

CURLY BILL

All right, boys. Now's the time  
To get woolly.

INT – JOSEPHINE'S HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Josephine sits by the window, reading Swinburne. A KNOCK at the door. She answers it. Behan enters. She bristles, but:

BEHAN

Easy. I just wanted to tell you  
Things're about to start changing  
Around here. Lots of so-called  
Hard cases and tough-nuts swagger  
Around this town but none of  
'em's got a clue about the real  
play. None of 'em.

JOSEPHINE

I don't understand.

BEHAN

You will after tonight. Bet on it.

INT – PARLOR, VIRGIL'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Allie and Louisa sip tea by a blazing fire in the hearth, warming themselves against the storm's cold. Mattie sits nearby, sewing.

ALLIE  
 God, it's a cold night. Come up  
 To the fire, Mattie.

Suddenly there's a KNOCK at the door. Louisa looks out the window. Outside is the tall silhouette of a WOMAN in a dark cloak.

LOUISA  
 It looks like a woman.

Allie opens the door. Josephine enter, breathless, comes into the parlor. Mattie sits up in shock. The others gather round.

JOSEPHINE  
 Please, I know it's awful me  
 Coming here, but listen, I can't  
 Say why, but I think something is—

Another KNOCK. Allie goes to the window. There's a weird sense of déjà vu as outside we again see a cloaked woman's SILHOUETTE.

ALLIE  
 Now who in... It's another woman.

Allie starts to open the door but Josephine suddenly leaps up and:

JOSEPHINE  
 No! Look out!

With her dancer's quickness she dashes across the parlor, grabbing Allie and pulling her to the floor just as a tremendous SHOTGUN BLAST rips through the open doorway. The chandelier overhead explodes, showering the screaming women with broken glass and a harsh MALE VOICE cuts through the air as the shrouded figure dashes into the darkness:

MAN'S VOICE  
 Everybody dies!

INT- ORIENTAL – NIGHT

The sound of the gunshots are lost in the wind and thunder as Virgil gets up, yawning:

VIRGIL  
 Getting late. Guess I'll turn in.

WYATT  
 Bundle up, Virge. Cold out there.

Virgil nods, exiting with a wave. Wyatt and Morgan keep playing, hardly noticing as moments later, Florentino walks out....

EXT – CORNER OF ALLEN & 5<sup>TH</sup> STREET – NIGHT

Virgil turns off Allen onto 5<sup>th</sup>, the wind whipping his coattails. He glances up as Florentino walks by, crossing 5<sup>th</sup> and ducking into a doorway. Virgil stops. SOMETHING seems to be moving in the shadows of an unfinished building on the opposite side of 5<sup>th</sup>....

INT – ORIENTAL – NIGHT

A BOOMING SOUND echoes outside, muffled by wind. Morgan looks up:

MORGAN  
That thunder's sure somethin'.

WYATT  
That didn't sound like thunder.

Moments later Virgil walks back in, pale, hatless, a blank look on his face. He moves with odd, shuffling steps, holding himself sideways. Wyatt and Morgan exchange puzzled glances, then:

WYATT  
Virgil?

VIRGIL  
Wyatt...

Virgil does an unsteady stutter-step, his face taking on a pleading, almost childlike look of panic. But as he turns his body toward Wyatt we suddenly see that his whole left side is in bloody shreds, his left arm dangling unnaturally by a few gory ribbons of flesh. His voice is a frightened sob:

VIRGIL  
Wyatt!

He starts to swoon. Wyatt rushes over and grabs him as....

INT- HOTEL ROOM (VIRGIL) – NIGHT

The hotel room where they've taken Virgil. He's on the bed, wrapped in bandages, semi-conscious. Wyatt and Morgan stand in the doorway with Doc and the women. Allie is at Virgil's side, hands over her mouth as Dr. Goodfellow speaks in somber tones:

DR. GOODFELLOW  
I'm afraid your husband's been  
Very badly hurt. I had to remove  
The entire left elbow joint. What  
That means is, well I'm afraid—

ALLIE  
Oh, no, no, no, NO!

She starts wailing. Suddenly alert, Virgil sits up, taking her in his big right arm, pulling her close, his voice calm, reassuring:

VIRGIL  
No, no, don't worry, honey. I  
Still got one arm left to hug you with.

She buries her face in his chest and sobs. He holds her, rocking her back and forth. Wyatt turns away, shutting his eyes.

INT- HOTEL ROOM (VIRGIL) – DAY

Virgil lies in bed, staring blankly into space. Wyatt sits at his side, hands over his face while Allie hovers in the b.g.

WYATT  
It's all my fault. If I hadn't been  
So damn smart, if I'd just... Oh  
God, Virge, I'm so sorry.

ALLIE  
Look, Wyatt, I don't want to talk  
Right now.

WYATT  
Virgil, what am I going to do?

VIRGIL  
For God's sake, just leave me alone.

Virgil grimaces in hopeless agony. Allie touches Wyatt's arm.

ALLIE  
He doesn't want to talk now.

Wyatt stands, backing away. He turns pleadingly to Mattie standing in the doorway. She looks away. He walks out....

INT – HOTEL LOBBY – DAY

Wyatt comes into the lobby and freezes as McMasters approaches. Wyatt starts to walk by him, but McMasters steps into his path:

MCMASTERS  
No, wait. Please. I know nothin'  
I say'll fix things but I want  
You to know it wasn't me.

WYATT  
No? Brothers to the bone, right?

MCMASTERS  
Not anymore, not after this.

Wyatt looks into McMasters' eyes and we can see he means it....

INT – ORIENTAL – NIGHT

Morgan is by himself in the empty saloon, calmly shooting pool, his dog jumping enthusiastically at every shot as Wyatt enters.

MORGAN  
Get down, boy.

WYATT  
Morgan, are you crazy? They're  
Out gunning for us! What the  
Hell're you doin'?

MORGAN

What's it look like? They want a  
Piece of me they can come and get  
It, I'm not crawlin' into my hole.

WYATT

Morg, use your head.

MORGAN

I am usin' it, Wyatt. Been  
Wonderin' how the hell we got in  
This tangle. You know they hit  
Clum's house, too? Shot up his wife.  
His wife. Who ever heard of  
That? Men sneakin' around in the  
Dark, back-shootin', scarin'  
Women? They're bugs, Wyatt. You  
Know all your smart talk about  
Live and let live? Ain't no live  
And let live with bugs.

WYATT

I know, I was wrong. But Morg,  
Look, we got to get out.

MORGAN

Listen to yourself, Wyatt. Lie  
Down and crawl or you might get  
Hurt? What kinda talk is that?  
That's Virgil lyin' over there,  
Wyatt. Our own brother. Ruined  
For life. No sir, I ain't going  
No place. You want to go, fine.  
I'm stayin' right here and have  
It out with those bastards.

Morgan pulls back his vest, revealing Virgil's badge. Wyatt drops into a corner chair, defeated. Morgan makes a shot, leaving only the 8 ball. A few beats. Seeing Wyatt's misery, Morgan softens, poking him with the cue. Wyatt looks up. Morgan taps the middle pocket. Wyatt shakes his head.

MORGAN

How much you wanna bet?

Wyatt holds up his watch. Morgan frowns. Wyatt raises his brows:

WYATT

I just got it fixed.

MORGAN

You're on.

Morgan has to lean over the table but he sinks the 8 ball, looking over at Wyatt in triumph. Wyatt applauds, rolling his eyes just as a BULLET SPANGS into the wall by his head. Wyatt dives for the floor as ANOTHER SHOT pierces the window. Wyatt jumps up, bounding to the door to see several FIGURES cash into the darkness. Wyatt turns back and freezes. Morgan lies across the table with one leg dangling

over the edge, jerking and shuddering involuntarily. Wyatt rushes to him. The dog whines as Doc rushes in with Kate and McMasters. Wyatt is trembling.

WYATT

No, no! Get the doctor! Jesus Christ!

INTO – ORIENTAL – NIGHT

The curious crowd outside, watching through the windows. Morgan is on the pool table, lying on his side with his shirt pulled up. The dog cowers in the corner, whining while Dr. Goodfellow digs into the wound with a steel probe, making Morgan writhe in perfect agony. The doctor turns to Wyatt:

DR. GOODFELLOW

Hold him.

Wyatt takes Morgan in his arms. The doctor probes. Morgan jerks violently. Suddenly we hear a blood-curdling SCREAM. Louisa is in the doorway, tearing her hair, lost in utter hysterics.

WYATT

Oh, no, get her out of her! Jesus!

And now the whole scene sinks into hellish confusion with the dog whimpering, Louisa shrieking as others restrain her, and Morgan gives a violet jerk, breaking Wyatt's grip. The doctor snarls, about at the end of his rope.

DR. GOODFELLOW

I said hold him, God damn it!

WYATT

Somebody shut that dog up!

Morgan takes Wyatt's arm, his voice like a child's.

MORGAN

You were right, Wyatt. They got  
Me good. Don't let 'em get you  
Too.

WYATT

Will somebody get the damn dog out—

MORGAN

Remember about the light you're  
Supposed to see when you're dyin'?

WYATT

Easy Morg, don't think about that now.

MORGAN

Isn't true. I can't see a damn thing.

Tears well up in Wyatt's eyes. He touches his brother's face. Morgan's eyelids start fluttering. Wyatt squeezes his hand.

WYATT

Morgan? Morgan!



The dog starts howling, long and loud and pitiful—and in the next moment the air is FILLED with howls as every dog and coyote for miles joins in the mourning. Wyatt backs away from his dead brother and trudges out onto the sidewalk, staring at the blood on his hands. Standing in the crowd across the street, Josephine sees Wyatt and starts for him. Behan grabs her. She wrenches free and with the whole town watching, starts running toward Wyatt. Seeing her, Wyatt backs away in horror, shaking his head:

WYATT

No, no, get away, get away from me...

JOSEPHINE

Wyatt...

She keeps coming. Wyatt panics. Finally, in desperation:

WYATT

Whore! Filthy whore! Get away  
From me!

She pauses, unable to believe her ears, then runs away crying. Fuming with rage, Kate starts after Wyatt. Doc pulls her back:

DOC

Can't you see why he did it?

The howls continue as Wyatt trudges down the street alone. Suddenly he doubles over, clutching his abdomen in agony, staring at his bloody hands....

EXT – ALLEN STREET – DAY

The wagon bearing Morgan's pine coffin waits in the street, hitched and ready. Virgil is up front with the women, arm in a sling, pale. Doc and Kate wait on horses nearby. Finished loading, Wyatt looks around. People line the street, watching in silence. Clum and his wounded wife turn away from the window of their lodgings next door, unable to meet his gaze. The very air feels charged with paranoia and recrimination, as if the whole town has suddenly become morally radio-active. Bystanders gape as Josephine steps out of the hotel, regal and impervious as a queen, wearing a gawking scorn like a mink coat, her little white dog scampering after her. Passing Behan, he gives her nasty look and spits. She doesn't even break stride. Lounging in front of the Crystal Palace with the other Cowboys, Stillwell gives Curly Bill an enquiring look.

CURLY BILL

Naw, she's nobody. Wyatt junked her.

Passing Wyatt, she doesn't even glance at him. Doc sighs:

DOC

And so she walked out of our  
Lives forever.

Without a word Wyatt climbs onto the wagon and shakes the reins, driving off. He pulls up in front of the Cowboys. They make a show of pretending to hide their guns. Wyatt looks straight ahead:

WYATT

I want you to know it's over.  
We're leaving and we're not  
Coming back.

CURLY BILL  
Well... 'bye.

RINGO  
(sniffs)  
Hey, you smell that? Smells like  
Something died.

CURLY BILL  
(stifling a laugh)  
Oh, Jesus, Johnny...

Allie's eyes flare, Louisa stifles a sob. The Cowboys snicker. Wyatt clenches his teeth, still staring straight ahead, and drives on. A few beats then Curly Bill turns to Ike:

CURLY BILL  
Take Frank and finish it.

EXT – TRAIN STATION, TUCSON – NIGHT

A train pours steam onto the platform in puffs and clouds while 2 porters load Morgan's coffin into a boxcar. Up ahead, Mattie and Louisa fumble with luggage while Allie boosts Virgil into a passenger car. As we HEAR the conductor's voice shouting, " 'Board!", Ike and Stillwell emerge from the shadows near the scales, crouched behind shotguns. They exchange nods and start forward, cocking their weapons, squinting through the steam:

STILLWELL  
That's Virgil with the women. But  
Where the hell's Wyatt?

O.S. VOICE  
Right behind you, Stillwell.

They spin around. Wyatt stands behind them, looking down the barrels of Virgil's big 10 gauge. Stillwell raises his shotgun, Wyatt FIRES. Stillwell hits the floor in a crumpled heap, his torso a smoking bundle of bloody rags. Screams ??????????

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WAGONMASTER

Rest of us're 3 months out of  
Independence but we're from  
Carthage, Illinois originally.

WYATT

Carthage, really? I'm from Monmouth.

WAGONMASTER

Another Illinois man! Practical  
Neighbors! Step down, Marshal.  
Have a feed.

EXT – WAGON TRAIN CAMP – NIGHT

Lucinda's ever-silent son sits at a nearby wagon, staring at Wyatt while Lucinda rolls dough, lovely as ever. Just finished telling his story, Wyatt sits by the fire with the wagonmaster and several others. They shaker their head:

WAGONMASTER

Ain't got law, ain't got nothin'.  
Only thing between us and the  
Animals. Always the way it goes,  
Though. Only way to down an  
Illinois man's from behind, the  
Dogs don't dare face 'em. Mr.  
Lincoln, Wild Bill, now your  
Brothers: Illinois men all and  
All downed from behind by dirty  
Dogs and Democrats. Guess an  
Ordinary man'd be out for  
Vengeance but I don't figure  
That'll answer here. It's a  
Reckoning you're after.

WYATT

If the Lord is my friend.

WAGONMASTER

Let not your heart be faint, let  
Your arm be steel—that's all you  
Need of the Lord.

Wyatt pauses, nodding, suddenly understanding the truth of it. Looking up, his eyes meet those of Lucinda. She smiles, wiping flour from her hands. Wyatt smiles thoughtfully, moved by this unexpected encounter....

EXT – WAGON TRAIN CAMP – MORNING

Next morning. Doc gallops into camp with McMasters, Texas Jack Vermillion, and Turkey Creek Jack Johnson, exchanging greetings with Wyatt who leads him over to the center of the camp, then:

WYATT

Know why you're here?

VERMILLION

Way ahead of you, Wyatt. You want  
Us to help you get Ike Clanton  
And Johnny Behan. Everybody knows  
They're the ones to blame for  
Your brothers.

WYATT

They're nothing. They're nobody.  
I want the Cowboys. All of 'em. I  
Mean to break 'em up, drive 'em  
Out of the territory.

JOHNSON

Are you out of your mind? What on  
Earth'd make us—

WYATT

(takes out wad of bills)  
I'll pay you 500 each in advance  
And I'll mount you on those.

He points to his 5 magnificent blacks tied nearby. They look them over as Wyatt takes out a stack of warrants.

WYATT

Got a sheaf of federal warrants.  
Being in the Territories it's up  
To our discretion how they're  
Served. That means we got the  
Cowboys without quarter. The  
Black flag, brother. No  
Prisoners, no mercy, amen.

VERMILLION

(to Johnson)  
500... Year's wages. And I never  
even saw a horse like that.

JOHNSON

You crazy? It can't be done.

MCMASTERS

It might be done. If we hit the  
Waterholes through the southern  
Dragoons, the Whetstones and  
Huachucas, we could take 'em on  
In pieces, run off their herds.  
(faces Wyatt)  
Keep your money, I'll show you  
Where those waterholes are. Just  
Promise me you'll finish it. No  
Matter what happens you'll see it  
Through to the end. I'll have  
Your hand on that.

They shake. Vermillion and Johnson confer in whispers, then:

VERMILLION  
We come through this in one  
Piece, can we keep the horses?

Wyatt nods. Vermillion nods to Johnson who crouches down with a pair of dice. He makes one pass, two passes... Finally:

JOHNSON  
Crapped out. Okay, we're in.

EXP – WAGON TRAIN CAMP/DESERT – DAY

The thoroughbreds are saddled and waiting, each with a rifle in a scabbard and a double-barreled shotgun across the saddle fork. Lucinda's son looks on with gathering awe as Wyatt's men, each carrying 2 pistols, face their boss.

WYATT  
The minute we start we'll be  
Going against local and county  
Law. If we fail the U.S.  
Government won't be able to lift  
A finger to help us. Nevertheless  
I want you to understand we carry  
The full force and authority of  
The law of this land.

They exchange glances, each man feeling a little shiver at the magnitude of what they're about to attempt. Wyatt faces them:

WYATT  
Raise your right hands. Do you  
Solemnly swear to uphold the laws  
And constitution of the United  
States of America and to protect  
her citizens to the best of your  
Ability, even at the cost of your  
Own life?

All chorus, "I do", except for Doc who rolls his eyes. Finally:

DOC  
Oh... All right.

Wyatt hands each a Federal Deputy's badges. Doc waves his away:

DOC  
You know why I'm here. My  
Hypocrisy only goes so far.

Wyatt shrugs. They mount up, about to begin, but suddenly:

LUCINDA  
Wait!

Lucinda runs up to Wyatt, reaching up and tying a blue and gold silk scarf around his neck.

LUCINDA  
Your colors.

Wyatt nods his surprised thanks as the wagonmaster steps up:

WAGONMASTER  
Good luck, boys. And give 'em hell!

They shake hands then Wyatt motions to his men. They take off at a graceful lope, riding through camp toward the deadfall and the desert beyond. Unable to contain himself any longer, Lucinda's son bounds up onto a wagon, waving and shouting, spurring them on with a spontaneous frontier toast:

LUCINDA'S SON  
Wyatt Earp, the two-gun man,  
Whistling death and bloody  
Murder! Wyatt the widow-maker,  
Avenging and bright, purple  
Poison on horseback with  
Lightning in his eye and thunder  
In his heart! Wyatt and his he-  
Devils, holy terrors and true,  
Five black centaurs blowin' fire  
And quicksilver! Ride out and  
Charge and shoot and strike and  
Cleave and hack and thrust home!  
Don't let up and give no rest and  
Never call retreat till the last  
One's smashed and smote and  
Runnin' for cover. Best 'em all  
And break 'em up and bang their  
Heads together in a bunch and  
Give no quarter though they be  
Ten times ten thousand!

Wyatt turns in the saddle, sweeping off his hat with a cavalier's flourish as he and his men take the deadfall in a single bound and pass into the desert. An immigrant FATHER grabs his infant son, lifting him up.

ILLINOIS MOTHER  
What're you doing?

ILLINOIS FATHER  
Someday he'll be able to say he  
Was there when Wyatt Earp rode  
Out to bring the law.

Music up, avenging and bright, as Wyatt and his men ride through the desert, 5 abreast on their giant chargers, glossy black coats shimmering in the sunlight, hoofbeats pounding in unison.

WYATT  
All right, let's wring 'em out!

They break into a dead run, streaking across the frame. As they crest a rise the ground seems to drop from under them and for a single perfect moment it appears as if they're airborne, flying across the skyline like the winged horsemen of myth. Johnson turns to Vermillion, laughing at the sheer joy of being alive:

JOHNSON  
Like flyin', son. Just like flyin'.

EXT – RUSTLERS PARK – LATE DAY

The sun just starts to dip behind the near end of the ridge overlooking the camp where on one side Florentino and several Cowboys sit in a circle, playing poker while others recline on bedrolls, laughing and drinking. On the other side, at the foot of the ridge, Spence, Pony Deal, and 2 others crouch over a fire, cooking. Suddenly the cattle nestled under the far end of the ridge start bleating. Spence turns to Pony Deal who shrugs:

PONY DEAL  
Maybe they smell a wolf.

SPENCE  
(turns to other Cowboy)  
Go up there and take a look.

The Cowboy mount a pinto pony and lopes up and over the far side of the ridge. Spence and the others continue cooking. Moments later a CRASHING SOUND comes echoing over the ridge like thunder. The Cowboys look up, startled. Pony Deal points:

PONY DEAL  
Look!

The pinto gallops riderless back over the ridge. The Cowboys exchange confused glances, all attention focused on the far end of the ridge. Then the five black horsemen ride out of the sun, gliding like apparitions up and over the near end of the ridge and bearing down on the unsuspecting camp with the speed of a flame. They are within a few yards of the fire when Johnny Barnes suddenly spots them and:

BARNES  
Look out!

Spence and the others turn and just have time to gasp before Wyatt and his horsemen SLAM into them with terrifying impact, the bodies disappearing under their horses' hooves. The Cowboys recoil in total shock, jumping up from bedrolls, stumbling in confusion, scrambling to get out of the way as the possemen plow through the fire and roar into camp, pistols BLAZING in air, horses rearing and snorting.

WYATT  
United States Marshals! Reach!

Everyone freezes. A worried-looking Florentino shrinks back behind the others, trying not to be spotted. Meanwhile Doc leans down and pokes his pistol into a nearby Cowboy's forehead.

DOC  
Say something witty.

They herd the Cowboys over to one side of camp, shouting, "Get over there!", "Move it!", etc. But Barnes brazens up to Wyatt:

BARNES  
Hey, you can't come—

A loud crack as Wyatt's quirt lays his face open to the bone.

WYATT  
One more word and I'll blind you.  
Get over there!

PONY DEAL  
(to McMasters)  
Hey brother, what're you doin'—

MCMASTERS  
I ain't your brother, I ain't  
None of your damn brothers. Move!

WYATT  
All right, run 'em off.

Doc and Wyatt cover the Cowboys while the others scatter their herd with pistol shots. Indignant, Swilling sneers at Wyatt:

SWILLING  
Bastard! Stinkin' bastard! Like  
To eat you blood raw!

A queer look in his eye, Wyatt dismounts and faces Swilling.

WYATT  
All right, breed. Dig in.

And then Wyatt DRILLS him in the jaw with a straight right hand. Swilling drops like a stone. Wyatt hauls him up by the hair and hammers him left-right-left, steps around, digs down, and pile-drives a left hook to his gut. Swilling topples back into a seated position then rolls over with a moan and passes out. Meanwhile, seeing his chance, Florentino ducks down and makes for the remuda as Doc looks down at Swilling.

DOC  
It appears he missed an excellent  
Chance to keep his mouth shut.

WYATT  
(faces Cowboys)  
Felt his liver go on that last  
One. Get him to a doctor or he'll  
Be dead in a couple hours.

At the remuda Florentino leaps on a horse and gallops off bareback. McMasters point, pulling his rifle from its scabbard:

MCMASTERS  
Florentino! He's getting away!

WYATT  
Drop his horse.

McMasters draws a bead on the retreating form with his '76 Winchester and FIRES. 100 yards away, the bullet hits Florentino's horse in the shoulder with a "thunk". It drops, tumbling end over end and plunging Florentino face-first into the ground. He jumps up, spitting out a mouthful, and starts running. Wyatt leaps on this black and it streaks forward, closing the distance in seconds. Florentino gasps and runs faster,



pulling a bellygun from his sash, Wyatt almost on top of him. He turns and FIRES on the run. A branch next to Wyatt's head EXPLODES. Wyatt keeps coming, drawing his Buntline, impervious, unstoppable. Florentino turns for another shot just as the black PILES into him, sending him flying and tumbling him down an embankment. He scrambles to his feet as Wyatt dismounts, starting toward him with deliberate step, eyes blazing, long-barreled pistol held in front of him. Florentino backs up in terror, gun at his side, shaking his head:

FLORENTINO

I don't kill your brother! I  
Don't even know him. I was only  
Lookout. It was money, they give  
Me twelve dollars! It was money!

WYATT

A human life. Twelve dollars.

Wyatt nods, still coming, cold-blooded murder in his eye. Florentino screams, raising his gun:

FLORENTINO

No!

Wyatt FIRES, blasting Florentino to the ground. He advances, FIRING over and over, emptying his gun into him....

EXT – RUSTLER'S PARK – LATE DAY

The Cowboys watch as Wyatt gallops up, dragging Florentino's bullet-riddled body behind him. He reins up, un-dallying the rope. The corpse flops at their feet. They jump back, horrified.

WYATT

Look at him. That's how you'll  
All end up if you don't get it  
Through your head: it's over,  
The Cowboys're finished. Forever.  
So tell the others and get out of  
The Territory 'cause next time I  
Leave no one alive. Understand?  
No one. You been warned.  
(to his men)  
All right, burn it! Everything!

As his men prepare to fire the camp, several Cowboys move to pick up Florentino's body, but:

WYATT

Leave that trash where it lays.

EXT – RUSTLER'S PARK – DUSK

Wyatt and his men ride through the blazing camp, the flames lighting up his eyes like a demon's....

EXT – DESERT CAMP – NIGHT

The possemen crouch by their fire. Doc sits shivering miserably by himself as Vermillion turns to Johnson.

VERMILLION

You know, we might just pull this off.

JOHNSON

Not so sure. Somethin' tells me  
It gets harder from here in.  
(pauses)  
Should've held out for more money.

Meanwhile Wyatt and McMasters confer over a map. Wyatt points to a specific point on the map, very interested:

WYATT

I know that cut. You mean there's  
A waterhole near there?

MCMASTERS

But this time they'll be ready.

WYATT

We'll see about that.

EXT – DESERT/MOUNTAIN CUT – DAY

Now we see what so interested Wyatt—it's the same mountain cut where he and Josephine met. Pony Deal and a party of 10 Cowboys ride through the desert 300 yards from the cut, pushing a herd.

PONY DEAL

Keep your eyes open for Earp's  
Bunch. Swear to God, ain't gonna  
Get the drop on us this time.

1<sup>ST</sup> COWBOY

Riders up ahead! ...four, five.  
It's them all right!

They look. Wyatt and his horsemen stand waiting at the mouth of the cut. They tense, the 1<sup>st</sup> Cowboy squinting against the sun. At the cut, Wyatt and his men poise themselves, Doc nodding:

DOC

They saw us. Here they come.

The Cowboys charge forward, outnumbering them better than 2 to 1 and only 100 yards away. The possemen choke up on their reins, alerting their horses for action as:

WYATT

Wait... wait... steady...

75 yards and the first shots RING out, ricocheting off the walls of the cut. The others blanch but Wyatt stays cool, waiting, 50 yards... 40 yards... till we can see their eyes and:

WYATT

Now!

They whirl around and disappear into the cut. The Cowboys keep coming. Wyatt's group reaches the little trail leading up the wall of the cut he used to avoid Josephine. They clamber up the side of the cut at a bounding gallop, unseen, as moments later the Cowboys gallop by and continue through into the desert on the other side. Wyatt's group careens up and around the high mountain wall as if on a roller-coaster,

following the tiny, narrow path at a breathtaking clip, the trail finally plunging them back into the draw behind the Cowboys. They speed up to the opposite mouth of the cut, drawing their pistols as the Cowboys gallop into the desert before them, unaware.

WYATT  
Lay on!

They CHARGE forward. Seeing the empty desert ahead, the Cowboys pull up, looking around in confusion. Suddenly a VOLLEY of GUNFIRE hits them from behind, knocking several from the saddle. They spin around just as Wyatt's group SLAMS into them HEAD-ON, guns BLAZING, Cowboys tumbling from the saddle left and right, horses rearing and toppling over backwards.

PONY DEAL  
Run!

The remaining Cowboys turn and dash into the desert. Wyatt shouts:

WYATT  
Come on!

Wyatt's group CHARGES, the thoroughbreds closing the distance in seconds. Vermillion stands in his stirrups, roaring like an animal as he PLUNGES into them, swinging his quirt like a saber and LASHING a Cowboy across the face, making him tumble to the earth and bounce over the rocks like a rag doll. McMasters closes with another, throwing an arm around him and JERKING him from the saddle, SNAPPING his neck. Doc overtakes a 3<sup>rd</sup>, jams his pistol into his face and FIRES point-blank, blackening his face with soot and BLOWING out the back of his head as he falls. Reins in his teeth, shotgun at his shoulder, Johnson comes up behind a 4<sup>th</sup> and FIRES. The Cowboy's head DISAPPEARS in a cloud of pink vapor, the body dropping like a stone....

Wyatt bears down on Pony Deal at a dead run. Pony Deal turns in the saddle and FIRES at him. We feel a surge of breathless exhilaration as Wyatt swings out of the saddle like a Commanche and ducks his body down against the side of his horse, hiding in its lee. Pony Deal turns for another shot only to see an apparently riderless horse overtake him. But in the next instant Wyatt darts around under his horse's neck and FIRES, blowing Pony Deal head-over-heels off the back of his horse. Wyatt bounds back into the saddle as McMasters rides by, drawing a bead with his rifle on the lone survivor, the 1<sup>st</sup> Cowboy. Only a few yards in front of them, he whips his horse frantically, trying to get away. McMasters is about to fire when Wyatt rides up, deflecting the shot. The Cowboy makes it over a rise and disappears.

MCMASTERS  
What'd you do that for?

WYATT  
So he can tell the story.

EXT – COWBOY CAMP – NIGHT

Curly Bill studies a map drawn in the dirt, listening with Ringo, Ike, etc. while the 1<sup>st</sup> Cowboy describes the battle:

1<sup>ST</sup> COWBOY  
Didn't make any sense. One minute  
We're chasin' 'em, next they're  
Right on top of us. We couldn't  
Stop 'em, they got everybody.  
Just everybody!

CURLY BILL

Easy now, it's only five men.  
 Been havin' it their way 'cause  
 They been surprising you. Hittin'  
 The waterholes and that Judas  
 McMasters is showin' 'em right  
 Where they are. Pretty damn cute.  
 But nobody's cute as me.  
 (points to dirt map)  
 Next up's Black Draw. But that  
 Smart Wyatt'll say no, that's  
 Where they'll expect us to hit,  
 We'll hit the one after. Iron  
 Springs. That's where they show  
 Next. Only I'm gonna be there  
 First. And throw a little party.

Curly Bill grins, his coarse face radiant in the firelight...

EXT – WYATT'S CAMP – NIGHT

Doc sits by the fire, shaking and shivering and sweating. Vermillion comes up and tries to cover him with a blanket, but:

DOC

Don't touch me!

VERMILLION

Sorry...

He pulls back. Doc wraps himself in the blanket. After a beat:

VERMILLION

You really look awful.

DOC

Not half as bad as I feel.

VERMILLION

Then why in hell're you doin'  
 This? You ought to be in bed.

DOC

Wyatt Earp is my friend.

VERMILLION

Hell, I got lot's of friends.

DOC

(turns, glares at him)

I don't.

Meanwhile at the other side of the camp, Wyatt and McMasters huddle over the map, Johnson walks up:

JOHNSON

Maybe you ought to have a talk

With Doc, Wyatt. I don't know if  
He's gonna make it.

WYATT

There's no reasoning with him.

MCMASTERS

(points to map)

Next waterhole's Black Draw. We  
Could be there by mid-morning.

WYATT

They're wise by now. Which is  
Next, Iron Springs? Yeah, let's  
Try there, Iron Springs.

EXT – IRON SPRINGS – DAWN

A camp near a waterhole with 2 Cowboys crouched by a fire, sipping coffee. Wyatt's men ride up to the rocks overlooking it and dismount, unseen.

MCMASTERS

There they are. No herd though.

WYATT

We'll go around that way, come up on foot.

They pull shotguns from their saddles and start down over the rocks on foot, creeping up on the camp, seemingly undetected. But suddenly the Cowboys by the fire dive behind a log and:

MCMASTERS

Ambush! Get down!

And suddenly the deadfall on the opposite side EXPLODES IN GUNFIRE. Vermillion takes a graze and drops with the others, hugging the rocks. A bullet RICOCHETS into a rock at Johnson's head, biting his face with fragments, making him wince:

JOHNSON

Christ!

Hunched behind the logs on the opposite side with 15 more Cowboys, Curly Bill raises his head, grinning and shouting:

CURLY BILL

Hey, Wyatt! How the hell are you?

Wyatt and his men react to his voice. The fire continues. Suddenly there's MOVEMENT in the rocks above them. Doc points:

DOC

Look!

CURLY BILL

Got some boys workin' around  
Those rocks behind you. Another  
Minute or two, gonna have you in

A crossfire! How do you like that?

Seeing the spot they're in, McMasters turns to the silent Wyatt:

MCMASTERS

He's right. They get set up in  
Them rocks it's the end for us.

And now for the first time we see fear in these men, actual naked fear. But Curly Bill laughs, having the time of his life.

CURLY BILL

'Course you could give yourselves  
up and we could have a party!  
Then what larks!

Crouched by Curly Bill, Barnes chuckles. A confident ripple of laughter goes through the Cowboy line—they know they've got them. On the other side, Vermillion shakes his head grimly.

VERMILLION

Ain't takin' me alive, damn it!

McMasters looks at the still silent Wyatt, shrugging helplessly:

MCMASTERS

Think of somethin' fast or we're cooked.

They really are at the end of their rope, all looking to Wyatt for a solution. He remains silent. Then suddenly, in this supreme moment, a strange, almost supernatural calm seems to come over him and he says simply:

WYATT

No.

JOHNSON

What?

WYATT

No.

And now we can almost hear the ether RINGING in our ears as Wyatt takes his shotgun and, while the others look on in horror, rises to his feet.

DOC

Wyatt!

Bullets WHIZ around him. Doc jumps up to grab him but a RICOCHET drives him back down. Wyatt advances quickly across the clearing, walking right into the teeth of their guns, repeating:

WYATT

No...

Wyatt's clothes jerk and ripple as bullets pass through, but he just keeps coming. Seeing this, Curly Bill also stands, a weird, manic elation coming over him. He hoots and howls:

CURLY BILL

Look at that! Yeah! Come and get  
Some, boy!

WYATT

No...

Curly Bill waves away his men's fire and walks toward Wyatt, 12 gauge shotgun in one hand, .45 in the other, BLASTING away.

CURLY BILL

Let me, let me, yeah! Die, you  
Bastard...

WYATT

No...

Curly Bill FIRES again. Wyatt's hat flies off. He FIRES again, digging a gash in Wyatt's boot-heel. Now Curly Bill takes dead aim with his .45 and—CLICK—it's empty. He tosses it aside. Suddenly a sharp wind gusts up, making the tails of Wyatt's duster swirl around him like a halo as he advances. Eyes wild with battle rage, Curly Bill quickly raises his shotgun.

CURLY BILL

Die! Son of a bitch! Die!

He FIRES. Wyatt's coattails EVAPORATE into swirling shreds as he takes deliberate aim with his mighty 10 gauge, hissing through clenched teeth:

WYATT

No!

And with that, Wyatt lets go with BOTH BARRELS. Curly Bill's mid-section VAPORIZES, the huge double-charge of buckshot RIPPING HIM COMPLETELY IN HALF. The other Cowboys flinch as they're sprayed with flecks of blood and gore. Barnes screams:

BARNES

Jesus Christ!

WYATT

No!

Eyes burning like two twin hells, Wyatt pulls his Buntline and FIRES. Barnes doubles over. Wyatt FIRES again. Barnes drops. The others recoil, their faces looking as if they are living in a waking nightmare as Wyatt advances on them, STILL FIRING. Another goes down. Doc leaps from the rocks, gun in hand, and:

DOC

Come on!

Now they all rise and OPEN FIRE, advancing 4 abreast, a WALL OF GUNFIRE driving the remaining Cowboys off, running for their horses. Wyatt keeps snapping his empty gun up.

WYATT

No...

Beside himself, Doc helps Wyatt to a nearby rock, sitting him down and examining him, running his hands all over his body. The others FIRE at the Cowboys retreating on horseback.

DOC

Wyatt, my God! You're shot to pieces!

WYATT

No...

VERMILLION

Yeah, better run, you bastards!

JOHNSON

(turn to Doc)

How is he?

DOC

(looks up, amazed)

I don't believe it. He's clean!

VERMILLION

What? But I saw 'em—

DOC

I'm telling you, there isn't a

Mark on him.

They look. Meanwhile Wyatt starts to tremble....

EXT – CAMP – NIGHT

They're camped by a running stream. Wyatt stares into the fire. Doc crouches opposite him, shaking his head:

DOC

I'm a man without fear, Wyatt. I  
Literally don't care if I live or  
Die. But even I can't fight human  
Instinct. Somebody suddenly  
Starts shooting at me, I duck.  
But you... what on earth were  
You thinking about?

WYATT

I don't know. It all happened so  
Fast. If I'd had a chance to  
Think about it I guess I probably  
Would've been scared but... Swear  
To God, Doc, I just don't know.

At the other end of camp, Vermillion and Johnson sit together. After a beat:

VERMILLION

Hey Creek, you ever see anything  
Like that before?



JOHNSON

Never even heard of anything like it.

Vermillion nods. Both look shaken to the very core of their beings. Finally:

VERMILLION

I just thought of somethin' I

Never thought about before.

(pauses, looks at him)

I don't want to go to hell.

EXT – CAMP – MORNING

Wyatt sits by the fire, sipping coffee. Vermillion and Johnson approach. Johnson drops a wad of money on Wyatt's bedroll. Wyatt looks up in surprise:

VERMILLION

Talked it over. We decided we

Don't need the money. Took out 13

Dollars each, though. Federal

Posseman's fee. That all right?

WYATT

Sure...

JOHNSON

One thing. We come through this

Alive, can we keep the badges?

Wyatt nods, picks up the money and quietly moves off toward the stream by himself. Moments later, McMasters approaches:

MCMASTERS

Where's Wyatt?

DOC

Down at the creek. Walking on water.

EXT – COWBOY CAMP – NIGHT

Ringo crouches by the fire with the other Cowboys, his face a deeply shadowed mask. 2 Iron Springs survivors stand before him:

1<sup>ST</sup> COWBOY

We hit him half a dozen times but

He just kept comin', walked right

Up to Curly Bill with that 10

Gauge and blew him up!

RINGO

Curly Bill? He killed Curly Bill?

Ringo starts making strange little inarticulate sounds, inhaling and exhaling like an animal, eyes swimming in panic....

2<sup>ND</sup> COWBOY

He didn't just kill him, he  
 Burned him down! Blew him in  
 Half! I mean all the way in half,  
 Like a melon! Then he turned  
 Around with that big Colt and  
 Killed Johnny Barnes, shot up a  
 Couple more 'fore we got out of  
 there. But it was his face, you  
 should've seen his face.

## RINGO

He's just a man.

1<sup>ST</sup> COWBOY

You didn't see his face

Ringo looks up at them, suddenly dead calm, his face a blank.

## RINGO

You see my face, don't you?

Out of nowhere, Ringo draws and FIRES 2 shots so quickly they sound like one. The 2 survivors drop with bullets through their brains. The others jump, transfixed by the insane brutality of what he's just done. Ringo draws himself up, in full possession of the situation, the new leader, fearsome, matchless:

## RINGO

Everybody get this through their  
 Heads. Wyatt Earp dies. I'm  
 Running the show now and I'm  
 Telling you, Earp dies. His men  
 Too. They all die. Understand?  
 We're gonna kill 'em. For what  
 They did to Curly Bill we're  
 Gonna ride 'em into the ground  
 And slaughter 'em like rabbits.  
 'Cause this is my time, children.  
 This is where I get woolly.

## EXT – COWBOY CAMP – NIGHT

Later. Most of the others are asleep or talking among themselves as Billy Grounds turns to Zwing Hunt, whispering:

## GROUNDS

What d'you think? I didn't think  
 Curly Bill could be killed. I'm  
 Tellin' you, this whole thing's  
 Gone sour. We got hands droppin'  
 Like flies and Ringo's flat out  
 Of his mind. I mean, hell  
 Brother, you feel like ridin'  
 Against Wyatt Earp?

## HUNT

Hell no, brother.

GROUNDS

Then brother let's you and me cut out.

HUNT

Right with you, brother.

They steal away toward the horses as....

INT – ALLEN STREET – DAY

Ringo faces Behan, grim, intent, while Behan sputters, holding up a San Francisco newspaper:

BEHAN

Are you crazy? It's front page  
News all over the country. It's  
Getting out of hand, Ringo. If  
Things don't settle down soon—

RINGO

You heard me, Behan.

BEHAN

Ringo, you don't understand—

Ringo glares at Behan, his eyes burning, implacable:

RINGO

No, you don't understand.

EXT – COWBOY CAMP – DAY

Ringo rides up with Behan and dismounts. A 3<sup>rd</sup> Cowboy steps up:

3<sup>RD</sup> COWBOY

Billy Grounds and Zwing Hunt ran  
Out. Four, five others, too.

RINGO

Who cares? Separate the wheat  
From the chaff.

Behan looks worried as Ike and the other Cowboys gather around. Just then Breakenridge rides up.

BEHAN

What're you doing here, Billy?

BREAKENRIDGE

Curly Bill was my friend. I'd  
Like to come with you.

RINGO

Sure, why not?

Ringo slaps the little deputy on the back and turns to his men. His unaccustomed good humor is very troubling.

RINGO

I told you it was time to get  
Woolly. Now gather 'round,  
Children, gather 'round. And  
Raise your right hands.

EXT – DESERT – DAY

Now we've come full circle as Ringo rides across the desert at the head of his men 30 strong, armed to the teeth, full of fight—and all wearing Deputy Sheriff's BADGES, a posse of outlaws, a miserable Behan bringing up the rear....

EXT – DESERT PLATEAU – DAY

Wyatt and his men watch from a plateau as far out on the horizon, the Cowboy Posse rides out of the sun, drawing closer:

MCMASTERS

That's Ringo out front. And  
There's Behan. Must be 30 of 'em.  
What the hell... they're wearin'  
Badges.

They all exchange looks of disbelief, then:

WYATT

Mounts're getting jaded. We're  
Gonna have to find a place to  
Rest 'em up.

Suddenly looking very sick, Doc sways dizzily in the saddle. Wyatt dismounts, reaching for him. The others do the same:

WYATT

Doc...

DOC

Don't touch me, God damn it! Just  
Don't touch me! Come on...

Doc turns his horse, as if to ride on, then faints dead away.

WYATT

Grab him.

They all catch him, easing him to the ground as....

EXT – HOOKER'S RANCH – DAY

Wyatt's group rides over the hill overlooking the ranch house Vermillion keeping Doc in the saddle. Hooker and 3 of his hands rides out to them:

WYATT

Horse're pretty well fagged and  
We got a sick man with us.

HOOKER

You can put up at my ranch if you want.

Wyatt nods. Hooker motions down the hill toward his house....

INT- BEDROOM, HOOKER'S RANCH – LATE DAY

Doc lies in bed, semi-conscious, white as a sheet, drenched in sweat. The others look on, worried. Hooker shakes his head:

HOOKER

I'm no doctor but he looks pretty bad.

His face creased with worry, Wyatt sits down next to Doc. McMasters motions to the others. They file out, leaving Wyatt alone with his friend....

EXT – HILL OVERLOOKING CROSSROADS – SUNSET

Grounds and Hunt ride up and stop on the top of a hill overlooking a mountain crossroads somewhere in the Whetstones.

HUNT

What's it gonna be, brother?

GROUNDS

I don't care. Colorado, New  
Mexico, 'long as we're out of the  
Territory.

Suddenly a STAGECOACH comes into view, making its winding way through the crossroads below. Hunt points, grinning:

HUNT

Just what we need. Travelin' money.

They spur their horses down the hill, drawing their guns....

EXT – COWBOY CAMP # 2 – NIGHT

The Cowboy posse is camped in a draw up in the Whetstones. They look up as the stage rolls up and stops. Shouting and commotion as Behan and Breakenridge approach and confer with the driver, then Behan turns to Ringo:

BEHAN

Robbery. 2 men stuck 'em up and  
Killed a passenger. One of 'em  
Rode a Mexican saddle, the other  
Had a Mother Hubbard. Billy  
Grounds and Zwing Hunt.

Behan opens the door. Mr. Fabian lies inside cradled in Josephine's arms, surrounded by the other actors in the troupe. Reclined at full length, head back, he looks like the dying Hamlet, even more beautiful than in life. Breakenridge gasps:

BREAKENRIDGE

Oh, no...

JOSEPHINE

We're headed for a booking in  
Denver. They tried to take my  
Watch. He cursed them for cowards  
And they shot him. He may've been  
Vain and an actor but he was  
Better than all of you. And  
Gentler and braver. I don't  
Understand any of this, I only  
Know it's ugly. You're all ugly  
And he was beautiful, he tried to  
Put something fine into your ugly  
World and you killed him for it.  
Anyway the ones who did it are  
headed north. Not that you care.

Ringo shrugs. His soft face suddenly turning resolute. Breakenridge goes to his horse and mounts.

BEHAN

Where're you going? Get back here!

The little deputy straightens his spectacles, turning to Behan:

BILLY

I'm sorry, sir, but we got to  
Have some law.

And he rides off alone into the Whetstones. Behan sputters, but:

RINGO

Let him go. Who cares?

EXT – HOOKER'S RANCH – NIGHT

The stage is stopped out front. The driver waters the horses and the actors mill around silently. Wyatt and Hooker walk out:

HOOKER

Had a holdup. Came her to water  
Their horses before pushin' on.

Seeing each other, Wyatt and Josephine freeze. Wyatt approaches:

WYATT

Sorry about your friend.  
(pauses)  
And I'm sorry about...

JOSEPHINE

I forgave you the moment you said it.

WYATT

You did. Well... thank you.

The driver jumps back onto the stage, motioning to the others.

JOSEPHINE  
I have to go.

WYATT  
Wait!

She stops. Wyatt falters. There's so much he wants to say, but... Finally:

WYATT  
Goodbye.

Wyatt opens the coach door for her. She gets in. It pulls out with a crack of the driver's whip. She and Wyatt hold each other's gaze as the stage recedes into the distance. Then:

WYATT  
Damn... Damn!

Creek Johnson steps up next to him. Wyatt looks at him:

WYATT  
See how she breezed out of here.  
Like she had wings. Funny thing  
But I can't really remember how  
She looked. I can remember parts  
Of her clear as crystal, her  
Mouth, her walk, how she shut her  
Eyes when she laughed, little  
Bits and pieces, but not the  
Whole package. Can't put it  
Together for some reason.

JOHNSON  
Good God, you're really—

WYATT  
Cards in spades. I'm in love with  
Every second of her life. Hell,  
I'll probably love her when I'm dust.

EXT – COLD CAMP – NIGHT

A cold camp in the hollow of a mountain. Wrapped n blankets, Grounds and Hunt sip cold coffee. Grounds shivers. Hunts pats him:

HUNT  
No fire tonight, son. Too many  
Riders out.

Grounds grunts. Suddenly there's an O.S. SOUND. Both jump up.

HUNT  
Who's that?

Breakenridge steps from the shadows, Winchester at his shoulder, squinting through the dark with his spectacles.

BREAKENRIDGE  
It's Deputy Breakenridge.

They relax and lower their pistols, heaving sighs of relief.

HUNT  
Sister Boy! Thank God, we was afraid—

BREAKENRIDGE  
You shouldn't've killed Mr.  
Fabian. You shouldn't've done  
That. It was wrong. I'm takin'  
You both in for it.

HUNT  
What? You gotta be kiddin'. Look,  
Just go home 'fore you get hurt.

BREAKENRIDGE  
Don't want to kill you but I will  
If I have to. I'm warning you.

GROUNDS  
No, I'm warning you, Sister Boy!

Grounds steps forward menacingly. Breakenridge tenses:

BREAKENRIDGE  
Don't try it!

GROUNDS  
Sister Boy, just go to hell!

Grounds raises his pistol. Breakenridge recoils in fright, stumbling backward in the dark, and his rifle accidentally FIRES. Grounds drops like a stone, a look of utter disbelief on his dying face. Hunt looks at him in shock then turns on Breakenridge, raising his gun and snarling. Breakenridge FIRES again. Hunt grabs his midsection, dropping his gun and falling to his knees. He looks up at Breakenridge who shrugs timidly:

BREAKENRIDGE  
Sorry.

Hunt falls over, dead. Breakenridge stares at the bodies, hardly believing it himself....

EXT – FRONT PORCH, HOOKER'S RANCH – MORNING

Wyatt and his men are on the porch, listening to Hooker:

HOOKER  
...brought 'em in draped over  
their saddles. Little Billy  
Breakenridge. Sister Boy. He done



It. So I guess the law's finally  
Arrived in southeast Arizona.

Wyatt shakes his head, hardly comprehending what he started....

EXT – COWBOY CAMP #3 – DAY

The Cowboys are camped on a mountaintop overlooking Hooker's ranch in the valley below. A messenger rides up with a letter for Behan as Ringo paces, studying the set up with Ike.

RINGO

Hooker's got around 15 or 16  
Hands. We could take 'em right  
Enough but it might be a mess.  
Keep the place bottled up for  
Now, see if we can figure a way  
To flush 'em.

Behan suddenly steps up, beside himself, holding up his message:

BEHAN

It's too much! It's completely  
Out of hand! Governor Gosper's  
Talking about asking the  
President to send in the Army!  
Listen Ringo, you've got to get  
This over with and you've got to  
Do it now. One way or another.

EXT – FRONT PORCH, HOOKER'S RANCH – LATE DAY

Wyatt stands on the front porch, looking through the front door to the back bedroom where Doc lies unconscious while Hooker and the others look on:

WYATT

We should get moving.

VERMILLION

Doc's just in no kinda shape.

HOOKER

Don't have to bother about that.  
Took a vote. Cowboys or not, you  
Can stay here as long as you want.  
Anyway maybe you done enough. I  
Mean you whittled 'em down  
Considerable, now there's talk of  
Sendin' the Army in here. Ask me,  
You done enough.

RANCH HAND

(rides up, points)

Rider comin' in under a white flag

They look up as the 3<sup>rd</sup> Cowboy rides up with a white kerchief.

3<sup>RD</sup> COWBOY

Got a message. Ringo wants  
McMaster to come over to our  
Camp for a parley.

MCMASTERS

He didn't figure on all the stink  
This is causin'. Might be he's  
lookin' to strike a bargain. If  
So, he probably figures he needs  
Somebody like me who talks his  
Language. Could be we got him.

WYATT

I don't like it.

MCMASTERS

Might as well hear him out.  
Anyways, what choice we got?  
(Mounts horse, whispers)  
But no matter what happens, see  
It through to the end. If you  
don't I'll curse the day I ever  
laid eyes on you.

Before Wyatt can answer, McMasters rides off with the Cowboy....

EXT – HOOKER HILL COWBOY CAMP #3 – LATE DAY

McMasters rides up with the 3<sup>rd</sup> Cowboy. Riding through camp, all his former comrades flares at him with pure hate. Only Ringo smiles, stepping up as McMasters dismounts.

RINGO

Well hello, Sherm.

MCMASTERS

You wanted to talk?

RINGO

Yeah, kinda, wanted to see if  
you'd join back up with us.

MCMASTERS

That what you got me up here for?

RINGO

You're a Cowboy, you're a  
Brother. Come back, no hard  
Feelings.

MCMASTERS

Forget it, Ringo.

RINGO

Isn't there anything I can say  
That'll change your mind? You're

Gonna stay with your new friends?

MCMASTERS

'Least they don't scare women.

RINGO

You're the boss. One thing, though.

Ringo moves closer, looking him in the eye and smiling:

RINGO

How you gonna get back to 'em?

EXT – HOOKER'S RANCH – LATE DAY

The 3<sup>rd</sup> Cowboy rides up to the ranch house, dumps a large SOMETHING in front, and gallops back to just within earshot as Wyatt and his men run up. The object is a human corpse and though we can't see what was done to it, the expressions on their faces are plain enough.

VERMILLION

Why couldn't they've jus killed him?

3<sup>RD</sup> COWBOY

(shouts)

Ringo wanted to be sure he got  
Your attention, Marshal. He wants  
A straight-up fight, just you and  
Him, settle this thing once and  
For all. You win, we quit the  
Territory; Ringo wins, your  
Deputies get safe conduct to the  
Colorado line. Sundown today in  
The oak grove at the mouth of  
Sulphur Springs Canyon. Ride out  
With your escort, we'll meet you.

WYATT

You tell Ringo... just tell him  
I'll be there.

JOHNSON

Wyatt, are you crazy?

WYATT

I made a promise.

VERMILLION

Wyatt, listen, you can't beat  
Him. You're good and God knows  
You got the courage, but you  
Ain't in Ringo's class. Hell,  
He's the best that's ever been.  
'Cept maybe for Wild Bill.

JOHNSON

He's right, Wyatt. Ringo could

Put five into you before you  
Could even get one into him.

WYATT

But I'd do it, I'd get that one  
Into him. So help me God, I would.

JOHNSON

All right Wyatt, maybe you can.  
But you gotta die to do it.  
Understand? You gotta die!

In tight on Wyatt as these words sink in and....

INT – BEDROOM, HOOKER RANCH – LATE DAY

It's late and the last rays of the sun come through the window, falling on the bed where Doc lies, awake but looking like hell. Wyatt sits next to him, staring at the floor. After a moment:

WYATT

What makes a man like Ringo, Doc?  
What makes him do the things he does?

DOC

A man like Ringo's got a great  
Empty hole right through the  
Middle of him and no matter what  
He does he can't ever fill it. He  
Can't kill enough or steal enough  
Or inflict enough pain to ever  
Fill it. And it drives him mad.  
Sick mad. Cold and dirty.

WYATT

So what does he want?

DOC

What does he want? He wants revenge.

WYATT

Revenge? For what?

Doc looks at him, a look of purest sadness in his sunken eyes.

DOC

Being born.

Wyatt looks down again and it's a long time before he speaks:

WYATT

Remember how I said it all  
Happened so fast with Curly Bill  
I didn't have time to think about it?  
Well I've had plenty of time  
To think about this. I spent most  
Of my life since I was born not

Knowing what I want out of life,  
 Just chasin' my tail. But now,  
 For the first time I know exactly  
 What I want. And who. And that's  
 The damnable misery of it.  
 (pauses, looks at Doc)  
 I can't beat him, can I?

Doc shakes his head. Wyatt nods then stands, ready to exit, but:

DOC  
 No, wait, I'll go with you...

Doc struggles to sit up, sweating and trembling, finally falling back down, almost passing out. Wyatt puts a hand on his forehead.

DOC  
 I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Wyatt. God,  
 I'm so sorry.

WYATT  
 That's all right, Doc. Don't worry.

DOC  
 Never got to wear one of those.

Doc points to Wyatt's badge. He takes it off, pressing it into Doc's hand. Doc smiles then does pass out. Wyatt exits....

EXT – FRONT PORCH, HOOKER RANCH – LATE DAY

It's late, almost sunset. Wyatt steps onto the porch where Hooker and the others wait. He glances back into the house, looking at the unconscious Doc through the open bedroom door.

HOOKER  
 Don't worry. They want him  
 They'll have to go over us first.

Wyatt nods gratefully, offering his hand. Hooker takes it, abashed. Wyatt mounts up with Johnson and Vermillion. They ride off at a slow gallop, 3 figures against the twilight sky....

EXT – HOOKER HILL/COWBOY CAMP #3 – LATE DAY

Ringo waits atop the hill with Ike and the 3<sup>rd</sup> Cowboy watching as Wyatt's group rides out:

RINGO  
 Only three. They left somebody  
 Behind. Let's go take a look.

EXT – HOOKER RANCH – LATE DAY

Ringo and the others ride up. Hooker steps up with several hands.

HOOKER  
 What're you doin' here?

RINGO  
Who's in there?

HOOKER  
It's Holliday. He's sick. Imagine  
He's dyin'.

Ringo squints through the front door of the house to the open bedroom where Doc lies unconscious, chest heaving, sweating.

RINGO  
Drag him out here, let's have a look.

HOOKER  
I looked the other way when you  
Did a lot of foul things but I  
Ain't lettin' you torment a dyin'  
Man. Not as long as he's under my  
Roof. I draw the line there.

Hooker and his men look resolute. Ringo smiles, nodding:

RINGO  
All right, Hooker. I'll be back  
In about an hour. We'll see how  
Brave you are then.

HOOKER  
I'll be here.

Ringo and his men ride off. At the crossroads they stop, Ike peeling off.

RINGO  
Soon as I'm through with Wyatt,  
Swarm down with the whole bunch  
And finish off Creek Johnson and  
Texas Jack.

And they gallop off in opposite directions as....

EXT – SULPHUR SPRINGS CANYON – LATE DAY

2 Cowboys, Ringo's seconds, ride up to where Wyatt and his men stand dismounted, waiting. One points to a thicket nearby:

3<sup>RD</sup> COWBOY  
He's waitin' for you by the big  
Oak, quarter mile up that trail.

EXT – NORTH ROAD – LATE DAY

Behan and the other Cowboys wait at the road above the canyon. 30 strong, mounted and ready. Ike rides up, full of anticipation:

IKE  
Get ready. Soon as Ringo's done

We're gonna take care of the others.

BEHAN

Aren't we giving them safe conduct?

IKE

Sure we are. All the way to hell.

EXT – SULPHUR SPRINGS CANYON – SUNSET

Sunset. Ringo's seconds wait nearby as Wyatt whispers to his men:

WYATT

They're not givin' you any safe  
Conduct. Soon as the shooting  
Starts kick east for the New  
Mexico line. Well...

Wyatt shakes hands with Vermillion who turns away with emotion, hiding his face. Wyatt turns to Johnson.

JOHNSON

Wyatt, I... I ain't got the words.

WYATT

I know. Me neither.

Wyatt pats his shoulder and walks off alone into the thicket, the only sound the musical clinking and chiming of his spurs....

EXT – THICKET – SUNSET

A gorgeous sunset, yellow and red and magenta. Making his way down the trail, Wyatt looks up at the sky. A flock of wild geese fly overhead in V-formation, oblivious to the human drama below. Wyatt stops, drinking it all in, as if trying to grab all he can in the time left. Suddenly he closes his eyes, falling to his knees, trembling, afraid for the first time. He clasps his hands:

WYATT

Dear God, this is the last  
Battle. I worked it out in my  
Head every which way and I know  
There's no way I'm comin' through  
This alive. You've preserved me  
This far so I only ask one more  
Favor: just let me live long  
Enough to kill that man. Thy will  
Be done and there's an amen to it.

Wyatt stands back up, his fear gone, replaced by calm, his face luminous, almost angelic. He walks on, spurs still chiming as....

EXT – OAK GROVE – SUNSET

A clearing by a creek with a cluster of small oaks. Ringo leans against a tree, sipping from a hip flask, smoking a slim cheroot. We HEAR the CHIMING spurs approach. Ringo looks up as the tall silhouette of his enemy emerges from the shadows of the thicket.

RINGO

Well, didn't think you had it in you.  
(smiles, sets himself)  
Shall we?

DARK SILHOUETTE

I'm your huckleberry.

Ringo stiffens as the silhouette steps into the waning light. It's DOC, pale and drawn, looking like death itself, but awake and ready just the same:

DOC

Why Johnny Ringo, you look like  
Somebody just walked over your grave.  
(sees his shock)  
Oh, I wasn't quite as sick as I  
Made out.

RINGO

My fight's not with you, Holliday.

DOC

I beg to differ. We started a  
Fight we never got to finish.  
Play for blood, remember?

RINGO

I was kidding about that.

For the last time, that Cheshire cat smile comes over Doc's face:

DOC

I wasn't.  
(pins on Wyatt's badge)  
And this time it's legal.

Ringo nods, his hock replaced by a growing malice. As they set themselves, once again their eyes begin to blaze, boring into each other, their concentrated rage focusing on each other, about to reach critical mass....

RINGO

All right, lunger. Let's do it.

DOC

Say when.

A long tense moment then both grunt in unison. Blurred movement, the FLASH of a GUNSHOT. Doc slaps his gun back in it's holster as Ringo stumbles, a bullet hole in the side of his head....

EXT – THICKET – SUNSET

Back in the thicket, Wyatt HEARS the gunshot and starts running...

EXT – OAK GROVE – SUNSET



Blood coursing from the hole in his head, frenzied messages flickering all through his shattered brain, going only on pure hate, Ringo stumbles and jerks, struggling to raise his pistol. Doc dances in front of him, urging him on:

DOC  
Come on! Come on!

But finally Ringo falls over into the crook of the oak tree, his pistol firing into the air harmlessly. Doc looks down at him, shaking his head:

DOC  
Oh Johnny. You're no daisy, no  
Daisy at all.

Just then Wyatt appears, looking at Doc in total shock.

WYATT  
What happened?

Doc looks at him like he's a fool then points to Ringo:

DOC  
Poor soul, he was so high-strung.  
Afraid the strain was more than  
He could bear.

Suddenly we hear HORSES crashing through the brush toward them.

DOC  
Let's go! My horse is over here.

They dash off into the thicket. Moments later Ringo's seconds ride out into the grove. Seeing Ringo's body, their jaws drop....

EXT – CANYON MOUTH – SUNSET

Vermillion and Johnson practically jump for joy as Wyatt and Doc emerge from the thicket, Doc leading his horse.

VERMILLION  
Praise Jesus!

JOHNSON  
I'll be dipped in shit. I will, too.

EXT – NORTH ROAD – SUNSET

Alert by the shots, Ike turns to Behan and the others.

IKE  
All right, get ready...

EXT – CANYON MOUTH – SUNSET

Vermillion and Johnson are mounted, watching while Doc tries to climb up into the saddle with excruciating slowness. Though on his feet, it's clear Doc is as sick as ever, sweating and panting, running

on sheer animal courage. Wyatt stands behind him, his hands poised to help, trying to will him into the saddle, jerking his hands behind him every time Doc looks back. Finally, with a last grunt, Doc throws a leg over his horse and drops into the saddle. Wyatt mounts, turns to his men, pointing:

WYATT

All right, what's it to be? New  
Mexico's that way.

JOHNSON

Colorado's closer

WYATT

So're the Cowboys. They're up  
That road right now, waiting to  
Jump us.

VERMILLION

We're the law, ain't we? Well the  
Law don't ride around vermin—

JOHNSON

It rides right at 'em. Like  
McMasters said, see it through to  
The end.

Wyatt looks at Doc, who shrugs. Wyatt swings his horse alongside, suddenly noticing his badge on Doc's chest. Doc smiles wanly:

DOC

I just wanted to see what it felt  
Like. Here...

He starts unpinning it but Wyatt stops him, pressing his palm onto the badge over Doc's heart. A last look around each other then Wyatt signals and they start up the north road at the lope, four abreast, the last charge of Wyatt Earp and his immortals....

EXT – NORTH ROAD – SUNSET

From a lookout position above, a COWBOY calls down to the others:

4<sup>TH</sup> COWBOY

Riders comin'.

Behan heaves a sigh of relief, glancing around at the others.

BEHAN

Well I guess Ringo did it.

But suddenly Ringo's seconds gallop up from the flank:

3<sup>RD</sup> COWBOY

Ringo's dead

BEHAN

What?

Straining to see in the falling light, the cowboy on the rock shouts excitedly:

4<sup>TH</sup> COWBOY  
That's Wyatt Earp's bunch!

The word starts to spread, the crowd of horsemen BUZZING. Suddenly, off in the distance, the 4 horsemen come into view, coming straight at them at a lope.

3<sup>RD</sup> COWBOY  
They're comin' right at us!

Down the road, Wyatt and his men pull their shotguns, holding them at the ready as they break into a gallop. The Cowboy on the rock jumps down, mounting his horse.

4<sup>TH</sup> COWBOY  
Here they come! Get ready...

The Cowboys line-up on a rise, blocking the road. They draw their guns. Wyatt and his men keep coming, now 200 yards away. Behan groans, panic sinking sour and heavy, churning his bowels:

BEHAN  
Oh, no...

Now Wyatt's men break into a dead run, hurtling toward them at top speed, their thoroughbreds eating up the distance, now only 100 yards away. The Cowboys tense up more and more, biting lips, grinding teeth. The 4<sup>th</sup> Cowboy turns to the nearby 3<sup>rd</sup> Cowboy:

4<sup>TH</sup> COWBOY  
What d'you think?

3<sup>RD</sup> COWBOY  
I think it's time to start  
Workin' for a livin'.

BEHAN  
Me too!

They break and run. So does another. Suddenly the whole mass of them EXPLODES in panic with horsemen riding in all directions, scurrying away like cockroaches from a light. Ike looks around, screaming at them, beside himself as the 4<sup>th</sup> Cowboy rides by:

IKE  
Kill 'em! Kill 'em! It's only  
Four men! Why don't you kill 'em?

4<sup>TH</sup> COWBOY  
Why don't you?

The others keep going, leaving him behind. But seeing Wyatt bearing down on him, Ike finally bolts himself, pounding off hell-for-leather into the hills. Wyatt and his men keep coming at a full gallop and as they crest the rise, suddenly, as before, the ground seems to fall out from under them and for another burning moment they once again appear airborne, grim-faced avenging angels on winged horses, now even more majestic in the twilight, like a myth made flesh, awesome, superb, and unutterably beautiful. As they approach, only Breakenridge remains, giving them a tentative wave. Wyatt points a finger at him as they ride by in a flash, cresting another rise and passing into legend....

## INT – HOSPITAL ROOM – DAY

The CLOCK on the wall of this private DENVER hospital room ticks gently but inexorably as Doc lies in bed with FATHER FEENEY, a Catholic priest, sitting at his side. Painfully emaciated, his breathing shallow and labored, Doc is so weak it's all he can do to even move his eyes. But he brightens as Wyatt enters:

DOC

Well hell, Wyatt. Wyatt, I want  
You to meet Father Feeney. Father  
Feeney's just been initiating me  
Into the mysteries of the great  
And ancient Church of Rome. You  
See, it appears my hypocrisy  
Knows no bounds.

WYATT

How you feelin', Doc?

DOC

Rather an obvious question under  
The circumstances, don't you  
Agree? A better one might be how  
Do you feel?

WYATT

(sits down, sighs)  
Hurts. Hurts pretty bad.

DOC

I imagine it would, yes. So now  
We can add self-pity to your list  
Of frailties.

WYATT

All right, Doc...

DOC

You think I'm kidding. You're the  
Most fallible, wrong-headed, self-  
Deluding, just generally  
Benighted jackass I've ever  
Known. Yet, withal, even at your  
Worst, you're the only human  
Being in my entire life who ever  
Gave me hope.

WYATT

All I ever wanted was to live a  
Normal life.

DOC

When will you wake up? You  
Wouldn't know a normal life if it  
Bit you in the ass.

WYATT

That's great coming from you.

DOC

I played the cards I was dealt,  
Wyatt. Your problem is you're  
Always trying to play someone  
Else's. Allow me to tell you the  
Truth and thus set you free:  
There is no happiness, Wyatt  
There is no normal life. There's  
Only life, that's all. Just life.  
The rest is relative.

WYATT

Then what do I do?

DOC

First you can grab that black-  
Haired woman and make her your own.

WYATT

All right. Then what?

DOC

Run. Take that girl and start  
Running. Run and don't look back.  
All your life you been running  
And looking back and just barely  
Existing and calling it getting  
By. This time run and don't look  
Back and call it living. Live  
Every second, live it right up to  
The hilt. Live, Wyatt...  
(pauses, takes his hand)  
Live for me.

Wyatt stares into his eyes, letting this sink in. Just then, Doc looks up, as if something were pressing on him. Then:

DOC

Wyatt, please, if you were ever  
My friend, if you ever had even  
The smallest feeling for me,  
Leave. Leave now. Please.

They look at each other and something passes between them, something so personal and powerful it transcends emotion. Wyatt starts to speak, but:

DOC

Never mind, Wyatt. I know. Just go.

Doc turns away. Wyatt exits. Doc looks over at Father Feeney:

DOC

Now let's see, Father. What was

That monkey show you were talking about?

FATHER FEENEY  
You mean Extreme Unction?

DOC  
That's it. Better start that ball rolling.

Father Feeney nods, picking up his Missal. As he starts to intone the Last Rites, Doc looks down at the end of the bed and sees his feet poking through the sheets. They are bare. Doc smiles:

DOC  
I'll be damned...  
(looks at Feeney)  
This is funny.

INT – DENVER THEATER STAGE – NIGHT

A lively road company production of "H.M.S. Pinafore". Josephine and 3 chorus girls, all adorable in out-size sailor suits do the seamen's hornpipe to the resounding applause of the audience....

INT – DRESSING ROOM – NIGHT

Josephine and her fellow chorines, including the 1<sup>st</sup> Actress from before, all in various stages of undress, sit at the long mirror, removing their make-up and chatting:

1<sup>ST</sup> ACTRESS  
I can't get used to this thin air  
Here in Denver. I thought I was  
Going to faint on that last buck-  
And-wing.

JOSEPHINE  
I know, it's—

Suddenly the door bursts open. Screams and stunned reaction. Wyatt rushes in and goes to Josephine who sits in stunned silence. He falls to his knees and grabs the hem of her robe.

JOSEPHINE  
Wyatt! My God...

WYATT  
Did you ever see the sun come up  
Over the Rockies? It hits all of  
A sudden and below there's  
California and you swear you're  
Looking at heaven.

Wyatt stands, pulling her close, clasping her hands in his:

WYATT  
I have nothing left. I have  
Nothing to give you. I have no  
Pride, no dignity, no money. I  
Don't even know how we'll make a  
Living. But I promise I'll love

You every second of your life.

JOSEPHINE

Don't worry, Wyatt. My family's rich.

INT/EXT – TRAIN – DAY

Brilliant sunlight, clean, crisp air as a train hurtles through a pass high up in the Rocky Mountains, blowing its whistle and sending a giant plume of steam billowing up over the sheer, towering, snow-topped mountain walls into the crystal-clear sky above. Wyatt leads Josephine by the hand through the parlor car, both hardly able to contain themselves, brimming over with excitement and anticipation, like children waiting for Christmas morning and trying to ignore the group of REPORTERS dogging their footsteps, swarming around them, calling out to Wyatt:

1<sup>ST</sup> REPORTER

Mr Earp! One minute, please! You  
And your four men have just  
Accomplished in one week what it  
Took the Texas Rangers four years  
To do. Please, do you have any comment?

Wyatt and Josephine hunch down and duck through a knot of porters into the next car. Only the 1<sup>st</sup> Reporter gives chase. Moving into the passenger car furthest forward, Wyatt leads her through the door to the platform over the coupling between cars. Chugging up a steep grade toward a high crest, the train is immersed in shadows. Wyatt points ahead to the approaching crest:

WYATT

There. It'll come up over that ridge.

Inside meanwhile, the 1<sup>st</sup> Reporter comes through the car and spots them up. A business-type PASSENGER tugs on his sleeve:

PASSENGER

What's the commotion? Who are they?

1<sup>ST</sup> REPORTER

Don't you know? That's Wyatt  
Earp, the Lion of Tombstone, and  
His lady fair.

Outside, still bathed in shadows, Wyatt and Josephine hang onto the railing and lean out, watching in as the train nears the top.

WYATT

Get ready, here it comes! Here it comes!

Then, as if on cue, they crest the mountain and are suddenly bathed in golden sunlight, their heads leaning from the train, Wyatt's blonde hair and Josephine's black tresses flowing in the breeze, their faces luminous, looking straight ahead toward their future. Hold on this image as the sun gets brighter and brighter, finally making the frame white-out as we....

FADE OUT:

EPILOG/DESERT : an OLD MAN and WOMAN walk arm-in-arm through the Mojave, tiny figures in a vast landscape, Sierras looming in the distance.

V.O. NARRATION

“Wyatt and Josephine embarked on a series of adventures throughout the west, making and losing several fortunes, always living the high life, spending every winter, just the two of them, prospecting for gold in the desert foothills of southeastern California. Up or down, thin or Flush, in 47 years they never Left each other’s side.”

The figures of the old man and woman fade away, leaving only the desert and the mountains which are eternal....

V.O. NARRATION

“Wyatt Earp died in Los Angeles in 1929. Among the pallbearers at his funeral were early western movie stars William S. Hart and Tom Mix.”

Flickering images from early Hollywood silent films split the frame: on one side the grim but impassioned figure of William S. Hart, the original western good-badman crouched menacingly behind a pair of sixguns, his costume dusty and severe; and on the other side Tom Mix, the original western fantasy hero, so light-hearted and optimistic with his sunny grin and fancy white outfit....

V.O. NARRATION

“Tom Mix wept.”

HOLD on these two images as the music swells and we....

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END