

Akers  
Eng 203

**TOMBSTONE**

an original screenplay

by

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third draft, revised

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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. These were 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 lawless 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 Hickok 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 nation-wide but his end came quietly in the spring of '76 when a strange cross-eyed little drifter put a bullet

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

V.O. NARRATION (cont'd)  
through the back of his head,  
apparently for no other reason than  
he wanted to kill a celebrity."

Now a group of cowhands carouse on 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 drovers, 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."

Now 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 th  
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, 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,

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

V.O. NARRATION (cont'd)

braving the perils of the frontier on her own. Danerous as this might seem, it was another age and women were so rare and their presence so cherished 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

"Having by this time eliminated the Commanche threat, the Texas Rangers turned their attention to the outlaw gangs marauding along the Rio Grande, cleaning up the border strip in 4 years of hard riding. Those criminals they could either not indict or convict the Rangers put down in their Black Book, letting it be known that these men 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 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 interests moved in and began 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 makeshift storefronts."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 exiled 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 county and 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 a heated debate in congress. General Sherman recommended using the army as the only possible remedy 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-out organized crime."

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

V.O. NARRATION

"They called themselves The Cowboys."

1 EXT - SONORA DESERT - DAY

1

Burning daylight, hard reality. A squad of uniformed MEXICAN RURALES rides through the Sonora desert, sabres glinting in the sun. Their hard-bitten CAPTAIN signals them to stop, their tracker dismounting to study the jumble of hoofprints beneath them. Meanwhile the YOUNG RURALE on the Captain's right shakes his head in frustration, fighting back tears. The Captain glances at him enquiringly. They speak in Spanish via subtitle:

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

CAPTAIN

They're only a few hours ahead. We'll have those men before this day is out, I swear it.

YOUNG RURALE

I can't stop thinking about it. The man, the woman, even the little ones... Who would do such a thing? What kind of men are these?

CAPTAIN

Animals...

Just then the tracker looks up, pointing north. The Captain nods:

CAPTAIN

... animals.

The Captain spurs his horse and they take off north at a gallop...

2 EXT - CANYON ENTRANCE - DUSK

2

They ride up to the mouth of a rocky canyon. The young one points:

YOUNG RURALE

The border. We have to go back.

RURALE CAPTAIN

Not until I have those men.

They ride on, plunging into the canyon and the gathering dark....

3 EXT- SKELETON CANYON - NIGHT

3

Night and the full moon throws fantastic shadows across the high walls of the canyon as the Rurales ride through. At a bend the Captain signals them to stop, staring hard into the darkness. The young one starts to speak. The Captain shushes him. A beat, then:

RURALE 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 and 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 3rd 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 sashes, high boots and silver-studded gunleather, they look like 17th century pirates. These are the Cowboys: OLD MAN CLANTON, the ageless, white-bearded leader; CURLY BILL BROCIUS, 2nd-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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN CLANTON

On your knees.

The others kneel but the Captain remains on his feet.

CAPTAIN

Animals! Butchers!

CURLY BILL

Oh, our little carry-on at the rancho? Kinda hit the spot didn't it?

OLD MAN CLANTON

Hey, somebody get that stick on his knees.

Curly Bill raises his shotgun and FIRES, blowing the Captain's legs out from under him and dropping him into a splayed beggar's crouch. Curly Bill nods.

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 country just about any time we damn well please and big-hat, crummy-lookin' free-holes stumblin' around in the dark ain't allowed. You're some kinda Messican po-lice, right? Think your're bad medicine? Hell, I've let stronger stuff run down my leg. Next time we come better step aside. Get in our hair, 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 jump up and dash away but Curly Bill stops the Captain:

CURLY BILL

Hold up, jefe. Got a joke for 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.

(CONTINUED)

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

Scattered chuckles but we notice Ringo frowning, drawing his pistol as the Captain repeats it.

FLORENTINO  
I don't know, he talk fancy, like a priest. Like "a sick horse and he sits--"

RINGO  
Christ's sake, get it over with.

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

RURALE CAPTAIN  
You go to hell!

RINGO  
You first.

4 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 drinks long and deep, appreciative. Curly Bill turns to Ringo:

CURLY BILL  
What was that Messican talkin'?  
Didn't make no sense. A sick horse.  
What the hell's--

RINGO  
It's from the bible, Revelations:  
"...behold a pale horse and the one that sat on him was Death and Hell followed with him."

CURLY BILL  
Well that's a little more like it.



A BLACK HORSE, a fabulous thoroughbred stallion, rears and neighs on an open flat-car with 4 more near-identical geldings. A stror featured, fair-haired MAN appears, quieting the horse, tall and slim in a black frock coat and black flat-brim hat. Older than in the prologue, he moves with assurance and grace, giving an impression of tremendous self-possession. This is WYATT EARP. Meanwhile, further down the platform, at the station telegraph office, a DEPUTY looks on as CRAWLEY DAKE, a middle-aged U. S. Marshal, dictates copy to a telegrapher:

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. Beyond deputizing U.S. Army I am at loss--

DEPUTY

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

DAKE

Wyatt Earp... Oh, right, Dodge City.

Wyatt caresses the stallion gently, looking up as Dake approaches.

DAKE

Mr. Earp? Sorry to intrude, but may I ask if you plan to stay in Tucson?

WYATT

Going to Tombstone. Who did you say--

DAKE

Sorry, my name's Dake, Crawley Dake, I'm the U. S. Marshal--

WYATT

Forget it.

DAKE

Excuse me?

WYATT

Forget it, answer's no, I don't want the job and that's final. I'm through with lawing. I'm through with the whole proposition. Forever. I did my duty, want to get on with my life. Do you mind? Jesus. Good day to you.

(CONTINUED)

DAKE

I see. Off to strike it rich. All right, fine. 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 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

Hoax. Just frowned so she'd notice me.

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

MATTIE

Wyatt, I couldn't find laudanum any--

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

WYATT

Mattie, they're here!

(turns to others)

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 starts to speak, but:

WYATT

Don't talk, you'll talk it away, just... yeah.

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

WYATT

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

7 EXT - WAGON - MAGIC HOUR

7

A large wagon, 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....

8 EXT - CAMP - NIGHT

8

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

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

(CONTINUED)

MATTIE

(sly look)  
Oh, he can go all right.

ALLIE

(sighs)  
Really then?

MATTIE

Rather ride than eat.

The women cackle. Mystified a moment, Virgil groans at Allie:

VIRGIL

Try to be a lady, will you?

Wyatt rides up and dismounts, unsaddling the horse.

WYATT

Just givin' him a little exercise.

MORGAN

Sure some stud. In fact that's some string. Gonna race 'em?

WYATT

That's the plan.

Louisa turns to Mattie, fishing in her bag:

LOUISA

Mattie hon', did you say you needed laudanum? I have a bottle right here. Just be careful. It's full of hop.

MATTIE

Oh, you're a lifesaver! Don't worry--

WYATT

She just gets headaches sometimes.

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

VIRGIL

Real 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

Feel bad, honey? Come up to the fire.

MATTIE

I think I'll just lie down awhile.

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

(CONTINUED)

MATTIE

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

WYATT

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

MATTIE

You get lonely?

She seems genuinely surprsed. 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

Busted. Look at that. Brand new Monkey Ward. 33 years old and I don't even have a decent watch. About time I started lookin' out for myself.

VIRGIL

Well here we are, family again. Plain forgot how good that feels, how much of a blessing it is. That's your doin', Wyatt. Want to thank you for that, boy.

WYATT

We're gonna do it, boys. Gonna get rich, 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. Funny, it's like I never even saw 'em before. Kinda makes you think, you know, I mean you look up and you think God made all that and he still remembered to make a little speck like me. I don't know, kinda flattering really. Hey, Wyatt, you believe in God?

WYATT

I guess. I don't know.

MORGAN

No, really, do you?

(CONTINUED)

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

What about hell? There a sign or what?

VIRGIL

Easy, Wyatt. He gets touchy on this.

MORGAN

Then comes Judgement and all things in heaven and earth are made perfect.

WYATT

All things? Then buy this watch off me. Investment. Comes Judgement, bet it runs like a son of a bitch.

MORGAN

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

WYATT

Easy, kid. Just foolin'.

(turns to Virgil)

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.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

VIRGIL

I don't.

ALLIE

Neither do I.

WYATT

He makes me laugh.

9 INT - PRESCOTT SALOON - NIGHT

9

A handsomely appointed saloon. At the 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. With his southern refinement and languid, almost feline grace, Doc has such unerring style and aplomb that he makes his near-constant tubercular coughing sound as if he's merely clearing his throat.

BAILEY

That's 500 to you, Holliday.

DOC

500? Sly boots. You know something I don't?

BAILEY

Know my luck's about to change. In or out?

KATE HORONY, Doc's voluptuous consort, walks up and re-fills his ornate silver stirrup cup. She has a slight Hungarian accent:

KATE

Here, Doc.

DOC

Darling. And I hadn't even finished the last one. You're so attentive.

(puts arm around her, )

Darling, are you mad? Where's your bustle?

(to Bailey)

Why, Ed Bailey, you look like you're just ready to burst. Must be a peach of a hand. Well call me a fool but I guess I'll just have to call. Cover your ears, darling.

Doc pushes the money in, flips his cards. Bailey pounds the table:

BAILEY

God damn son of a...

DOC

Look at that. Now isn't that a daisy?

BAILEY

Just pick up your money and go. I'm sick of listening to you simper.

(CONTINUED)

DOC

Something on your mind, Ed?

Doc leans back, letting an ivory gun-butt under his coat show.

BAILEY

Your guns don't impress me. Skinny  
lunger. 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 anymore I don't  
think I could bear it.

Suddenly 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  
and I'm trusting you--so please don't  
hurt me.

Doc bats his eyelashes. Bailey jumps up, boiling. A long, sweaty  
moment, then Bailey LUNGES. Doc springs 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

Help me...

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 figure of Bailey  
lying in a pool of his own blood. A GAMBLER shakes his head:

(CONTINUED)



9 CONTINUED:

9

1ST GAMBLER

Judas...

10 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 the 2 horses saddled and packed outside the hotel.

DOC

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

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

11 EXT - STREET, TOMBSTONE OUTSKIRTS - DAY

11

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....

12 EXT - ALLEN STREET, TOMBSTONE - DAY

12

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:

(CONTINUED)

BEHAN

Newcomers, eh? Name's John Behan, I'm Cochise County Sheriff. Just hit town?

WYATT

Just this minute. I'm Wyatt Earp, here's 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...

13

EXT - COTTAGE - DAY

13

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.

14

EXT - O.K. CORRAL - DAY

14

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 start up Allen, taking in the town.

MORGAN

Wyatt, Fred White, he's town marshal.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Lotta law around here. Just met the Sheriff.

WHITE

Who, Behan? Only 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, jovial, stocky, and PONY DEAL, a half-breed, stand over by the hotel, joking in sign language.

VIRGIL

Look pretty rough.

WYATT

Just like any other hard cases. Just 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 hell 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.

WYATT

What about all these saloons?

WHITE

Ah, now see, that's the real mother-lode in Tombstone. Up and down Allen and Fremont, full-blast 24 hours a day, liquor, hostesses, gamblin', money comin' in hand over fist. All except the Oriental over there. On account of the element. They have a man for breakfast in there most days. Regular slaughter house. High-rollers won't go near it. Too bad, nice place.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

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

15 INT - ORIENTAL SALOON - DAY

15

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:

WYATT

Let me have one of those cigars.

Joyce does. Wyatt lights it, looking the place over. After a beat:

WYATT

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, announced he was takin' over the game, started slappin' customers, wavin' his gun around, scarin' off all the high-class play. Only trade comes in here now's bummers and drovers, just the dregs.

WYATT

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

JOYCE

Well sure, neighbor, easy to say.

16 INT - FARO TABLE - DAY

1

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 gettin' tired--

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

WYATT

I'm gettin' 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 chi

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

You gonna do something or just bleed?

Tyler's done. Wyatt plucks the gun from him, 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?

17

EXT - CORNER OF ALLEN & 5TH STREET - DAY

17

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

WYATT

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

VIRGIL

Aquired?

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

I don't know, Wyatt. How do I look?

(CONTINUED)

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. 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. Still frozen there, Tyler begins to tremble. Finally:

DOC

Oh, sorry, Johnny, I forgot you were there. 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

How's Tombstone treating you so far?

WYATT

Well I was thinkin', 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

A little ahead of yourselves, aren't you? This is just a mining camp.

(CONTINUED)

BEHAN

See how everyone dresses? Awfully toney for a mining camp. The die's cast, we're growing. We could be as big as San Francisco in a few years. And just as sophisticated.

DOC

I can hardly wait.

Then, 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 staggering 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 3rd man, TEXAS JACK VERMILLION, long-haired, hawk-nosed, appears, pistol at the ready, keeping bystanders at bay.

VERMILLION

Easy, gents. Private affair. Stay back...

(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, that's good. Right about there.

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

JOHNSON

Hello, Wyatt! Hiya Doc!

(CONTINUED)



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 slight 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's the theatrical troupe. There's a show tonight at Schieffelin Hall.

JOHNSON

Hey, Wyatt, if you're 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:

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DOC  
Well, an enchanted moment.

18 EXT - GRAND HOTEL - DAY

18

Pony Deal and McMasters watch as the actors exit the coach for the hotel. Josephine turns to the pretty 1ST ACTRESS:

JOSEPHINE  
Interesting little scene. I wonder who that tall man was.

1ST ACTRESS  
Typical frontier type. Long and lean. And those gray eyes. Like wild hawks. You see a lot of his kind out here.

JOSEPHINE  
Oh, I want one.

19 INT - LOBBY, GRAND HOTEL - DAY

19

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 1st Actress returns with her key. They exchange looks as....

20 INT - SHIEFFELIN HALL - NIGHT

20

A full house, pandemonium. Curly Bill, Ringo and their Cowboy entourage form a block in the center rows while BILLY BREAKENRIDGE, Behan's bespectacled, slightly effeminate little Deputy makes his timid way down the aisle, looking for a seat midst the odd 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!

(CONTINUED)

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

DOC

Kate, you know the Earps.

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

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 blades, 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 ramrod; 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 the'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 the 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 and PROFESSOR GILLMAN, a 3rd rate juggler in white tie, tailcoat, and black tights steps out and starts tossing Indian clubs in the air. Polite at first, the audience starts groaning audibly when he switches to cigar boxes but the Professor's rictus-like smile never leaves him. Having seen enough, Frank Stillwell suddenly stands up and shouts:

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

STILLWELL

Hey, Professor! Catch this!

Stillwell raises his pistol and FIRES. A cigar box 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. He says out loud:

GILLMAN

They shot me! I don't believe it!

An abrupt chord of music and the curtain drops like stone. Applause....

21

EXT - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

21

The other actors hustle the Professor off the stage, appalled. The 1st Actress turns to MR. FABIAN, a handsome, slightly raffish classical tragedian.

1ST 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!

22

INT - SHIEFFELIN HALL - NIGHT

22

More music and another card reads: "Selections From the Bard by 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--"

(CONTINUED)

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 men, the greater the share of honour..."

In the audience Barnes holsters his smoking 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's wonderful!

GROUNDNS

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

Raw laughter from the others. Breakenridge sinks in his seat, but:

CURLY BILL

Let him alone.

On stage Fabian is in full cry, giving the locals 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 not 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 painted backdrop, all black and red, covered with wierd, 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 panned black doublet and breeches and black hose, tempting the old man with images of wealth and youth in the form of a shimmering blond ballerina. The old man succumbs, signing Satan's contract. The audience watches in rapt attention, especially the Cowboys:

(CONTINUED)

STILLWELL

He's gonna come up short on that one.

CURLY BILL

Know what I'd do? I'd take the deal  
then crawfish and drill that ol'  
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 - VIRGIL'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

The Earps stroll home arm-in-arm, stopping in front of Virgil and Allie's cottage.

WYATT

Comin' to the Oriental, Virge?

ALLIE

Not tonight! Tonight me and my old  
man're gonna have some fun. Get in  
there, old man!

She wrestles Virgil into the house, laughing. He turns to Wyatt:

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

VIRGIL

Her maiden name's Sullivan.

24 INT - WYATT'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Mattie lies in bed. Wyatt sits next to her, stroking her hair. He glances at the laudanum bottle on the nightstand.

WYATT

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

MATTIE

Wyatt, I know what I'm doing. It's just headaches.

WYATT

Allright. Well...

He starts to get up but she grabs his hand, pulling him back.

MATTIE

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 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, feel better.

He kisses her and exits. A beat. Mattie reaches for the bottle....

25 INT - ORIENTAL - NIGHT

25

After the show and 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, his hound dozing at his feet while a sweaty overdressed HIGH ROLLER places bets, gnashing his teeth and drumming his fingers in a fever of impatient greed:

(CONTINUED)

HIGH ROLLER

Come on, I'm on fire! Black seven,  
seven stinkin' spades. Let's go!

WYATT

I'm your man...  
(deals card)  
Seven the winner. Well played, sir.

HIGH ROLLER

I'm blazin'! I'm red hot! Now, red  
seven. Seven stinkin' diamonds. Look  
out! Ten 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 that 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?

(CONTINUED)



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 here 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 points. Josephine has just walked in with the other actors.

WYATT

Oh, hell...

Suddenly she sees 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 serve 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:

(CONTINUED)

BREAKENRIDGE

Here, Mr. Fabian, have this table.

He seats Fabian near the faro game, gets him a glass of 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, 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

Gettin' 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 here. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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)  
Eventus stultorum magister.

DOC

(Cheshire cat smile)  
In pace requiescat.

(CONTINUED)

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, turning to Wyatt:

WHITE

See what I mean about it gettin'  
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 watch the show, Josephine turns to Behan:

JOSEPHINE

The man dealing faro. Who is he?

BEHAN

Name's Wyatt Earp. Made quite a name  
for himself as a lawman in Kansas.

JOSEPHINE

A lawman, really? Impressive man.

BEHAN

Yes, very. And very married.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, so that's it...

27

EXT - ALLEN STREET - NIGHT

27

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

(CONTINUED)

CURLY BILL

I feel like doin' somethin'. Gettin' woolly.

(looks up)

Hey, Chinky! Come here a minute...

An old Chinaman minces down Allen. Curly Bill dashes after him....

BACK AND 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 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 turns to Wyatt:

MORGAN

You know, that wounds me. Little tin swain walkin' off with that black beauty. I mean I'm a married man and all but, I don't know, ain't right.

Wyatt grunts and nods, perturbed. Outside the others mount up but Curly Bill stands 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 a drugged-up 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 to Wyatt uneasily:

WYATT

Why don't you just leave it alone?

WHITE

No, I gotta do something. I don't suppose you'd care--

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 onto the street and we feel a sense of inverted terror as he draws his gun and we SEE that his hand is trembling. He starts across 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 and looks over at Doc.

WYATT

Maybe I ought to go out there.

(CONTINUED)

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 single-action from under the bar. Outside White covers Curly Bill, trembling harder now. An adrenalin 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

Curly, 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, instantly 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 the Ike:

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Can I talk to you 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 poises 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 the 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 Curly Bill to his feet.

WYATT

Come on, you...

29

INT - TOWN JAIL - NIGHT

Curly Bill scowls, holding a bloody kerchief to his head as Wyatt locks his cell. Virgil, Morgan, and Clum look on.

WYATT

There. He'll keep till morning.

(CONTINUED)



29

CONTINUED:

29

CURLY BILL

Crack me back of the head like some  
stinkin' bull. Hell, you ain't no  
fightin' man, you're just a cop.

Wyatt gives him a contemptuous glance and walks out as....

30

EXT - ALLEN STREET - NIGHT

30

Later. The street is quiet as Wyatt comes out of the jail,  
starting back toward the Oriental with Doc. His brothers follow  
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.

The others walk on but Morgan hangs back, noticing Josephine on  
the other side of the street. He crosses to her, tipping his hat:

MORGAN

Hey, aren't you that devil-lady?

JOSEPHINE

And you're Wyatt Earp's brother. I  
watched him with those men. They  
certainly would've killed him, but he  
never moved, he never even twitched.

MORGAN

That's Wyatt. Even when we were kids.  
All us brothers were pretty salty,  
but Wyatt just had something extra.  
Even our daddy said so, said: "that  
boy's got the light in him."

JOSEPHINE

What did he mean, "the light"?

MORGAN

Well... you believe in spiritualism?

31

EXT - GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

31

Morgan and Josephine stroll together, moving toward the hotel.

MORGAN

...and that light you see when you're  
dyin' is really just your own light,  
the light inside you that's always  
there, guidin' your life. And Wyatt's  
just always burned real bright, you  
know, like he had a calling...

JOSEPHINE

A destiny.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MORGAN

Exactly. I try explainin' it to him  
but he won't listen, which irritates  
me 'cause...

They walk on, Morgan still talking animatedly... Behan waits by  
the hotel. He watches Morgan and Josephine part with a wave, then:

BEHAN

I guess you can see, never a dull  
moment. Maybe you should stay around  
to see what happens next. Who knows?  
You might find your future here.

JOSEPHINE

Maybe even my destiny.

32 INT - COURTROOM - DAY

32

Bearded, frowning JUDGE SPICER presides, Wyatt in the witness box:

WYATT

No, when I arrived Marshal White had  
already been shot.

JUDGE

Then if you didn't actually see it...  
Can't have murder without a witness.  
(pounds gavel)  
Case dismissed for lack of evidence.  
Release the prisoner.

Wyatt steps down. Over at the defense table, Curly Bill smirks....

33 INT - ORIENTAL - DAY

33

Morgan's hound sleeps in the corner while Virgil and Morgan play  
pool, Wyatt looking on. Suddenly their faces drop as Clum enters,  
frowning and anxious. Undeterred, 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.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

You tell 'em, Virge.

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

WYATT

You know, I was thinkin' maybe it's time to make another move. Let's see if we can't 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. Why don't you take a walk around town, Virge, see if you 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 say.

EXT - STREET ON EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

Virgil walks down a quiet, tree-shaded lane on the outskirts of town. Suddenly a rubber ball rolls into his path. A group of small CHILDREN play in the front yard of a nearby cottage. He approaches, returning the ball, and addresses a 9 yr. old BOY:

VIRGIL

What're you kids up to? Shouldn't you be out playin' in the hills?

BOY

No, sir. We don't never leave this yard.

VIRGIL

How come?

BOY

'Cause Ma said. On account of the Cowboys. Ma says this ain't no good place. She says we oughtta pull out.

VIRGIL

Really? Think I could talk to your Ma?

EXT - FRONT PORCH OF COTTAGE - DAY

A careworn MOTHER stands out on the porch, facing Virgil:

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Well it's just we can't seem to get started. My husband's a mining engineer but we got here too late. We'd like to get out but we got everything sunk in this house.

VIRGIL

Would you be interested in selling?

MOTHER

Maybe. Yeah. Sure.

VIRGIL

'Course I can't offer you what you got in it.

MOTHER

You can't? Well what could you offer?

VIRGIL

Well, I could go maybe...

Virgil stops, suddenly noticing the desperation in her eyes. He glances at the unhappy children and their sad little house, his face dropping. Finally:

VIRGIL

Excuse me.

Virgil turns and walks back to the street, hurrying off without another word, leaving the Mother and children in confusion as....

36

INT - VIRGIL'S PARLOR - DAY

36

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.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

WYATT (cont'd)

(turns to Morgan)

Talk to him, will you? Or hit him.

(no answer, pauses)

Oh, God, don't tell me...

Morgan looks down in sheepish silence. Then he pulls back his coat, revealing the Deputy's badge on his 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.

MORGAN

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

WYATT

What if you get tangled up with the Cowboys? You saw what happened to Fred White.

VIRGIL

Like you said, just gotta know how to handle 'em. Old Fred wasn't up to it. We know what we're doin', Wyatt.

WYATT

All right, say that's true. 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 cownowns, 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...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

WYATT (cont'd)

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.

37 EXT - JAIL - DAY

37

Virgil holds a proclamation up to a crowd of townspeople in front of the jail.

VIRGIL

Now wait, nobody says you can't own a gun, nobody's even saying you can't carry a gun. All we're saying is you can't carry one in town. Now that's not so much to ask, is it?

38 EXT - O.K. CORRAL - DAY

38

Virgil confers with a nervous-looking stableboy as Wyatt enters:

VIRGIL

Wyatt, I was just comin' to get you. Somebody stole your horse, the big stud. Must've broke in last night. There's tracks over here. Looks like it was just one man.

Wyatt stiffens, looks in the empty stall, turns to Virgil:

WYATT

Let me borrow a sidearm, will you?

VIRGIL

Don't look for trouble, Wyatt.

WYATT

No trouble, just gonna get my horse.

39 EXT - DESERT, HOOKER RANCH - DAY

39

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?

(CONTINUED)

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 at Galeyville. 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....

40

INT - GALEYVILLE - DAY

40

A dingy little clump of shacks, a lone saloon dominating its one street. McMasters leans against a hitching post 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 gettin' 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?

41

EXT - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

41

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

WYATT

So what about you Cowboys anyway?

(CONTINUED)

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 wooded plateau in the mountains. Cowboys cut out steers from a rope corral while others crouch around a fire, cooking flapjacks and coffee, looking up in disbelief and naked hostility as Wyatt rides up. McMasters points to the edge of camp where Billy Clanton is currying Dick Nailor.

MCMASTERS

You seem like a nice fella. Like to've known you better. Had you lived.

Wyatt rides on, making for Billy. Ike steps up with INDIAN HANK 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 the 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. After this maybe we can do each other a good turn.

WYATT

Maybe. 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 begin to thank you enough. Since you and Morgan took over there hasn't been a single problem. We're finally beginning a civilized town.

VIRGIL

Nothin' to it. Sure has been quiet.

WYATT

Maybe I jumped the gun. Maybe the Cowboys aren't near as bad as they're painted. You know I was thinkin', there's money in cattle. I mean, 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 - RUSTLER'S PARK - NIGHT

Curly Bill, Ringo, and the others are by the fire, passing a bottle, as Frank Stillwell 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. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

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 anger and 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 Billy Claiborne, too. Rest of you come with me. We're goin' to Mexico.

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

45

EXT - DESERT - DAY

45

Wyatt is up on his stallion, riding at an easy lope 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, her little white dog scampering after her.

WYATT

Oh, hell...

Looking for an escape, Wyatt turns up a narrow trail on the side of the cut. He follows the trail 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.

(CONTINUED)

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. This is pretty embarrassing. I'm sorry.

JOSEPHINE

It's just nature.

WYATT

Just the same, we better split 'em up.

JOSEPHINE

Seems a waste. I know what let's do, let's run it out of them! Here, Tulip!

Before Wyatt can stop her she's off at a full gallop, the little dog chasing after. 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, the little dog pursuing....

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.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT  
Here... We'll let 'em blow awhile.

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! They  
said you never laugh.

WYATT  
I laugh sometimes.

JOSEPHINE  
And how often is that? You seem  
awfully glum. 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  
Rather touchy about it, aren't you?

WYATT  
I'm not touchy, I just, it's a silly  
question. Am I happy? Are you happy?

JOSEPHINE  
Oh, I'm always happy. Unless I'm  
bored. That blonde woman, is that  
your wife?

WYATT  
Yeah, what about her?

JOSEPHINE  
Nothing, just... Tell me, what do you  
want out of life?

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

JOSEPHINE  
Why do you want that?

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Why? I don't know. 'Cause that's what I want. That's what everybody wants. Something wrong with that?

JOSEPHINE

Just doesn't suit you, that's all.

WYATT

How would you know?

JOSEPHINE

I know.

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)

Allright, 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. No good doing it alone though. Need someone to share it with.

WYATT

Behan?

JOSEPHINE

Well...

WYATT

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 just so... boring.

WYATT

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

JOSEPHINE

I know, it's not ladylike. I haven't got time to be a lady, I want to live. I thought you'd understand.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

When I first laid eyes on you I felt I knew you, that you were a kindred spirit. Don't tell me I was wrong, you like prim little mealy-mouthed kittens who act like they were born yesterday. I'm a woman, I like men. If that's unladylike, well I guess I'm not a lady. At least I'm honest.

WYATT

No, you're a lady. Different, no arguing that. But you're a lady allright. I'll take my oath on it.

He looks at her, enchanted, but suddenly it's as if a cloud passes over him.

JOSEPHINE

What's wrong?

WYATT

I don't know, doesn't make any sense. I almost can't look at you. Like it hurts, like I'm... alone.

JOSEPHINE

Me too. What should we do about it?

Wyatt takes her in his arms and kisses her, long and deep. She sinks in his arms. He kisses her again, then falls to his knees. He throws his arms around her legs, pressing his face into the folds of her skirt.

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.

Almost sunset. 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.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHINE

How did you break your nose?

WYATT

In the ring.

JOSEPHINE

The ring? You mean you were a prize-fighter? Good heavens, how splendid!

WYATT

You don't have to rub it in. Does it really show that bad?

JOSEPHINE

It looks good. What a puzzle you are. You're ashamed of the very things that make you so unique. 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

Gettin' 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

I guess...  
(pauses, sighs)  
It's too much of a tangle. I already cast my lot. I can't go back and I can't sneak, feel bad enough as it is.

JOSEPHINE

You feel bad about this? About me?

(CONTINUED)



WYATT

I didn't mean it that way.

JOSEPHINE

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

WYATT

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

JOSEPHINE

Anything. Always.

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 how I looked on this day. I want 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

... a picture of all of me.

Fly fumbles with his camera, regaining his composure. She turns to a nearby mirror, studying herself, all black tresses and rounded lips, arching back and maddening curves, smokey eyes holding all the promise and mystery of soul comfort and earthly delight, a dark angel... She smiles:

JOSEPHINE

Because I'm wonderful.

INT - WYATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mattie lies in bed staring into space, lost in an opium dream. She snaps out of it and sits up as Wyatt enters, gives her a kiss.

MATTIE

Where have you been?

WYATT

Out ridin'. How you doin', honey?

(CONTINUED)

MATTIE

I'm all right.

WYATT

Really? You sure?

MATTIE

Sure I'm sure. What're you talking about?

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, Morgan, and Behan. 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

Took your advice about the singer.

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

MORGAN

Doc won't quit, been up 36 hours. Behan 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

You been hittin' it awful hard, Doc.

(CONTINUED)

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. Ike enters, also drunk, with the McLauray brothers.

IKE

This a closed game?

DOC

Come one, come all. More the merrier.

VIRGIL

Hey, boys, the sidearms. Do you mind?

They ditch the guns at the bar and sit down. 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....

51

INT - ORIENTAL - NIGHT

51

Later. Josephine sings "In The Gloaming" while the men play. 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's face

(CONTINUED)

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 cut 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

What was that look on your face just now? What's between you and Wyatt?

JOSEPHINE

Absolutley nothing.

DOC

Well that certainly was a bust. I want my money back. Come, darling, let's seek entertainment elsewhere.

(CONTINUED)

Doc stands up, taking Kate's arm to leave. But suddenly 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.

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 per cent 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....

Doc's condition seems somewhat improved. Kate enters, going to his bedside, and starts rolling him a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

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, making her ample bosom bulge over her bodice. Doc stares at her chest then something behind his eyes seems to shut down and he takes a long drag from the cigarette.

DOC

Then again, you may be the Antichrist.

INT - ORIENTAL - DAWN

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

IKE

Bastards think they can cheat me?

JOYCE

Nobody cheated you, Ike. Just 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.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

IKE (cont'd)  
 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 levers his rifle with a drunken flourish and exits....

55 EXT - ALLEN STREET - DAY

55

Ike lurches out the door of the bar and slams right into Virgil.

VIRGIL  
 Clanton, what the hell're you doing  
 with that rifle?

Ike recoils, not knowing quite what to do. He fumbles with his  
 rifle. Virgil instantly knocks him flat, hauls him to his feet,  
 and drags him up the block.

VIRGIL  
 Come on, you idiot.

56 INT - JAIL - DAY

56

The McLaurys drag Ike out as Virgil and Morgan look on.

FRANK  
 Come on, Ike.

TOM  
 You gonna give Ike back his guns?

VIRGIL  
 Not till he sobers up.

While Frank takes Ike out to the street, Tom faces the Earps:

TOM  
 Who the hell you think you are?

57 EXT - ALLEN STREET - DAY

57

Tom storms out of the jail onto the street and bumps into Wyatt.

TOM  
 Stupid bastard, watch how you walk!

WYATT  
 Easy, kid. I'm sorry.

TOM  
 I ain't easy and I ain't your kid and  
 you can shove sorry up your ass, you  
 pimp!

Tom pulls back his coat, showing his pistol. Wyatt snatches it  
 and raps him over the head with it. Tom falls to his hands and  
 knees. Wyatt drops the gun on him as Ike and Frank run up,  
 helping Tom to his feet. Ike turns on Wyatt, eyes full of rage:

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

IKE

Damn you, you're gonna bleed for that! You got a fight comin' and it's comin' today!

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?

58 INT - TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DAY

58

Ike and the McLaurys enter. Ike shoves cash at the telegrapher:

IKE

I want to send a telegram.

59 EXT - ALLEN STREET - DAY

59

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.

60 INT - WYATT'S HOUSE - DAY

60

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.

61 EXT - ALLEN STREET - DAY

61

Behan and Josephine watch from the hotel as the 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 Earps and Doc Holliday.

(CONTINUED)



61 CONTINUED:

Josephine goes pale...

61

62 EXT - 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.

63 EXT - LOT BEHIND O.K. CORRAL - DAY

63

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

FRANK

Like to teach those bastards a lesson.

BILLY

Probably already scared to death.

TOM

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

IKE

(grabs bottle)  
Gimme that.

64 EXT - JAIL - DAY

64

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

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

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

Doc turns on Wyatt suddenly, genuinely shocked and hurt.

DOC

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

VIRGIL

How the hell're we gonna get home?

WYATT

Wait till the liquor wears off. Once  
they start gettin' 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, 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 4th St...

65 EXT - LOT BEHIND O.K. CORRAL - DAY 65

Behan dashes around the corner into the lot. The Cowboys look up.

BEHAN

They're on their way over here.

66 EXT - FREMONT STREET - DAY 66

The Earps and Doc turn off 4th onto Fremont St. Fly the photographer and the Butcher watch as they pass the grocer's.

BUTCHER

There they go. Look kinda like preachers.

FLY

Yeah. Or undertakers.

The vacant lot starts to come into view and the Earps are fighting nerves now. Clenching their fists, gritting their teeth, their 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. 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 to them 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....

67 EXT - LOT BEHIND O.K. CORRAL/FREMONT STREET - DAY 67

Seeing the approaching Earp party, the Cowboys glance around at each other, setting themselves. Now at the end of the sidewalk, the Earps can see that the Cowboys are still armed and their relief evaporates. Wyatt mutters under his breath:

(CONTINUED)

U.I.  
 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 wierd 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 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 buckshot SLAMMING him into the Harwood house. Tom drops his gun and teeters into the street, taking 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.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

I'm hit.

Doc pulls 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 through 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 his right hand with his big .45, then with one pass of his left hand RAPID FIRES quicker than 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 indestructable, 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 milisecond 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 Billy'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, adressing Wyatt:

(CONTINUED)

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 tommorrow.

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.

68

EXT - BOOT HILL - SUNSET

68

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".....

69

EXT - BOOT HILL - NIGHT

69

Burial over, the Cowboys file out of Boot Hill. 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.

70

INT - MORGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

70

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....

71

EXT - RUSTLER'S PARK - NIGHT

71

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...

72

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

72

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:

(CONTINUED)

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, even 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

Allright, 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 like a building just fell on him...



73

EXT - TOUGHNUT STREET - DAY

73

Behan comes out of Nellie Cashman's, spots Josephine going down Toughnut St. 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 Jew 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! You don't 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 further injury as from the blow. Morgan turns to Josephine, leading her away... Across the street Curly Bill and Ringo share a flask, watching. Curly Bill chuckles:

CURLY BILL

So she's Wyatt's slice now. Guess we got another name for the tally book.

74

EXT - ALLEN STREET - LATE DAY

74

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

No, I'm the one made a mess. Made a right fair mess of the whole thing.

(CONTINUED)

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

VIRGIL

Gettin' warmer. Guess spring's comin'.

Just then Morgan sees Breakenridge walking by, passing in silence.

MORGAN

Hello, Billy. I say hello, Deputy.

BREAKENRIDGE

(turns on them)

I don't wanna 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 your 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.

(CONTINUED)

DOC

That's just my game.

RINGO

All right, lunger. Have at it.

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

DOC

On three? You call it.

RINGO

Here it comes: one--two--

At the last possible instant, Curly Bill flashes into frame, 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.

He hauls 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.

75

INT/EXT - GAYLEYVILLE SALOON - NIGHT

A dingy, primitive, little bar, the only thing in town bigger than a shack. Curly Bill sits outside, feet up, bottle nearby, taking lazy potshots at the hillside with his pistol while thumbing through Buell's life of Wild Bill. Inside several Cowboys lounge and carouse, one sitting in a corner chair with a scrawny Indian prostitute straddling him. Ringo sits by himself, drunk, miserable. A timid, ragged-looking OLD PROSPECTOR wanders in, going to the bar. Ringo approaches, slaps him on the back.

RINGO

What'll you have, old man? My treat.

OLD PROSPECTOR

Thanks, Mister. How 'bout a beer?

RINGO

For God's sake, can't you do better than that? Why drink at all? Now gin, that's blue ruin, that's oblivion!

OLD PROSPECTOR

Reckon I'd as soon have the beer.

RINGO

But don't you see what I offer?  
"Surcease of sorrows... Respite and  
nepenthe. Quaff, Oh, quaff this kind  
nepenthe and forget the lost Lenore."

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

OLD PROSPECTOR

If it's all the same to you, sir, I really just only want a beer.

RINGO

Fine, have a beer. I don't care.

Ringo shrugs, turning away. Then with stunning suddenness, he spins back around, drawing his pistol and putting it to the Old Man's neck, holding it there. The old man gasps. Ringo FIRES. The old man yelps and slaps a hand to his neck, blood spurting from between his fingers as he falls. Curly Bill dashes up, shaking his head, grabbing Ringo and hustling him to the door.

CURLY BILL

I knew that was gonna happen. I tell you, boys, even I'm worried what'll happen when Ringo runs this outfit.

76

EXT - ALLEN STREET - DUSK

76

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...

77

INT - ORIENTAL - DUSK

77

But inside it's bright and warm. Florentino is alone at the 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.

78

EXT - RUSTLER'S PARK - DUSK

78

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. Time to get woolly.

79

INT - JOSEPHINE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

79

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.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

BEHAN

You will after tonight. Bet on it.

80

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 enters, 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 wierd sense of deja 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!

81

INT - ORIENTAL - NIGHT

81

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

VIRGIL

Gettin' 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....

82 EXT - CORNER OF ALLEN & 5TH STREET - NIGHT

82

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

83 INT - ORIENTAL - NIGHT

83

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....

84 INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

84

The hotel room where they've taken Virgil. He's on the bed, wrapped in bandages, semi-conscious. Wyatt stands in the doorway with Doc and the other women. Allie stands 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.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

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

85 INT - HOTEL ROOM - 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

But I feel responsible. If hadn't been so damn smart, if I'd just... Oh, God, Virge, I'm so sorry.

VIRGIL

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 shoulder.

ALLIE

He doesn't want to talk to you now.

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

86 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....

87 INT - ORIENTAL - NIGHT

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

MORGAN

Get down, boy.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

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'd we get into this tangle? You know they hit Clum's house, too? Shot up his wife. His wife. Who ever heard of this? Men sneakin' around in the dark, back-shootin', scarin' women? They're bugs, Wyatt. And all that smart talk about live and let live? Ain't no live and let live with bugs.

WYATT

I thought I was lookin' out for us, wanted was us to be a family again.

MORGAN

Never would've worked, would've caught up with us in the end.

WYATT

Morg, we got to get out.

MORGAN

Why? 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. I'm through, Wyatt. That's it. You want to go, suit yourself. I'm stayin' right here.

Morgan pulls back his vest, revealing Virgil's badge. Wyatt drops into a corner chair, defeated. Morgan makes a shot, leaving only the 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 sneers. Wyatt raises his brows:

WYATT

I got it fixed.

(CONTINUED)



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 dashing into the darkness. Wyatt turns back and freezes. Morgan is lying 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!

INT - 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 here! Jesus!

And now the whole scene sinks into hellish confusion with the dog whimpering, Louisa shrieking as others restrain her, and Morgan on the table, wailing while the doctor probes. Suddenly Morgan gives a violent 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'?

(CONTINUED)

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! Jew whore! Get away from me!

She pauses, unable to believe her ears, then runs away crying. Fuming with rage, Kate starts after Wyatt but 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. But as he looks on in amazement, a light rain begins to fall, washing away his brother's blood and....

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 their gawking scorn like a mink coat, her little white dog scampering after her. Passing Behan, he gives her a 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 Doc helps Allie boost Virgil into a passenger car. As we HEAR the conductors'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 and stunned reactions from bystanders. Ike drops his shotgun and falls to his knees, quaking in terror as Wyatt turns the other barrel on hi

(CONTINUED)

IKE

Please, God, please don't!

WYATT

(shouts to conductor)  
Get this train out of here!

The train pulls out. Virgil and the women crane their necks out the windows and Wyatt watches as each glides by, his whole family, his whole past, rolling out of his life forever. Wyatt turns back to Clanton, opening his coat to reveal not Behan's gold Sheriff's crescent or Virgil's silver Town Marshal's shield, but a simple tin star, plain and unadorned, yet carrying with it the full might of the United States Constitution:

WYATT

All right, Clanton. You called down the thunder--well now you got it! See that? It says United States Marshal!

He kicks Ike who scrambles to his feet and runs off down the platform. Wyatt shouts after him, trembling with a furious controlled rage:

WYATT

So run, you cur! Run and tell all the other curs! Tell 'em I'm comin', tell 'em the Law's comin' to Southeast Arizona--AND HELL'S COMIN' WITH ME! YOU HEAR? HELL'S COMIN' WITH ME!

EXT - TRAIN STATION, TUCSON - DAY

A resolute Doc finishes saddling his horse, thrusting a rifle into its scabbard as Kate looks on, pleading, beside herself.

KATE

It's Wyatt, isn't it? It's always Wyatt. Why he's so much?

DOC

Kate, try to understand. He's given up everything--his whole family, his whole past, what's left of his future--all in order to do what he must. If I call myself his friend then I must... oh, never mind.

KATE

It's not fair. I'm your woman. You get killed, where's that leave me?

DOC

Without a meal ticket, I suppose.

KATE

You bastard! You're a bastard, Doc!

DOC  
 (mounts horse)  
 I'm leaving now, darling. Have you no  
 kind word for me before I ride away?

He faces her, genuine want in his face. She turns away. He shrugs:

DOC  
 I calculate not.

KATE  
 (suddenly)  
 Doc--

DOC  
 Go to hell.

He spurs his horse and gallops off without looking back....

92 EXT - DESERT WATERHOLE - NIGHT

92

Wyatt rides across the dark skyline on Dick Nailor, leading the 4 other blacks to the edge of a clearing where a wagon train is camped. A sinewy, middle-aged WAGONMASTER steps out to challenge:

WAGONMASTER  
 Who goes there?

WYATT  
 United States Marshal.

The wagonmaster waves him in. Wyatt enters the camp. It bustles with strong, vital, raw-boned people, pioneers, plain dressed and plain spoken, radiating self-reliance and optimism. As Wyatt looks around we feel his sense of recognition, even kindredness.

WYATT  
 Where you folks headed?

WAGONMASTER  
 California. We'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.

93 EXT - WAGON TRAIN CAMP - NIGHT

93

An immigrant BOY sits playing a banjo at a nearby wagon while LUCINDA, a young woman with a scarred face rolls dough, lovely in her unadorned simplicity, the scar somehow actually enhancing her beauty. Just finished telling his story, Wyatt sits by the fire with the wagonmaster and several others. They shake their heads

(CONTINUED)

## 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 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. I want the Cowboys.  
 All of 'em. I mean to break 'em up,  
 drive 'em out of the territory.

## JOHNSON

You crazy? What on earth'd make us--

## WYATT

(throws him wad of bills)  
 500 a day, each, till the job's done.  
 And I'll mount you on those.

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

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Now 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. Got a sheaf of federal warrants here, all we'll need.

JOHNSON

How the hell're we gonna serve 'em? No Cowboy's ever gonna take an arrest.

WYATT

You don't understand. We're in the territories, it's up to our discretion how those warrants're served. That means we got the legal power to make war on the Cowboys without quarter. The black flag, brother. No prisoners, no mercy, amen.

JOHNSON

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

VERMILLION

You out of your mind? Can't be done.

MCMASTERS

It might be. Might be I can show you.  
(faces Wyatt)  
I don't want your money. Just promise me one thing, 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 hands. Vermillion and Johnson confer in whispers, then:

VERMILLION

We come through it on 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.

EXT - WAGON TRAIN CAMP - MAGIC HOUR

The thoroughbreds are saddled and waiting, each with a rifle in a scabbard and a double-barreled shotgun across the saddle fork. The immigrant boy looks on with gathering awe as Wyatt and his men, each carrying 2 pistols, confer over a map drawn in the sand:

(CONTINUED)

## MCMASTERS

We hit the waterholes all along here through the Southern Dragoons, the Whetstones, and Huachucas, takin' 'em on in pieces and run off their herds.

They exchange glances, each man feeling a little chill 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 out their 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, the scarred woman, 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, the immigrant boy bounds up onto a wagon, waving and shouting, spurring them on with a spontaneous frontier toast:

## IMMIGRANT BOY

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

(more)

(CONTINUED)



95

CONTINUED:

95

IMMIGRANT BOY (cont'd)  
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.

96

EXT - DESERT - MAGIC HOUR

96

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

Allright, 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'.

97

EXT - GALEYVILLE - DUSK

97

Pony Deal and another COWBOY stand by the water trough on the edge of town, watering their horses. They look up. Several hundred yards in the distance, the 5 black horsemen gallop out of the setting sun toward them.

1ST COWBOY

Who's that comin'? Can you see?

PONY DEAL

No but... Jesus, they're comin' fast.

Pony Deal starts off on foot, running toward the saloon....

98

INT - SALOON - DUSK

98

Indian Hank Swilling and several other Cowboys are drinking in the saloon. They look up as Pony Deal bursts in, breathless:

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

PONY DEAL

Hey, look out! Somebody's--

But suddenly, the 1st Cowboy comes CRASHING through the window, showering everyone with glass, followed immediately by Wyatt and his black stallion HURLING right into the saloon, REARING and snorting, SMASHING furniture, pistol FIRING in the air while McMasters and Vermillion gallop up and BURST through the double doors, guns BLAZING. Everyone recoils in absolute shock as:

WYATT

United States Marshals--reach!

99

INT/EXT - SHACK - DUSK

99

Doc and Johnson pull up in front of the shack next door:

DOC

Let's don't bother to knock.

Several Cowboys including Grounds and Hunt and their prostitutes sit up in their bunks as Doc and Johnson CRASH in, guns drawn.

GROUNDS

What the hell's goin' on?

JOHNSON

Nobody move!

Doc pokes his pistol into Grounds' forehead, smiling:

DOC

Nonsense. By all means move.

100

INT - SALOON - DUSK

100

While all others raise their hands, Barnes brazens up to Wyatt:

BARNES

Hey, you can't come--

A loud CRACK as Wyatt's quirt lays Barnes' face open to the bone.

WYATT

One more word and I'll blind you.  
Outside!

Everyone hurries out in terror, Pony Deal turning to McMasters:

PONY DEAL

Hey, brother! What're you doin' with--

MCMASTERS

I ain't your brother, I ain't none of  
your damn brothers. Get into the  
street! Move!

101

EXT - GALEYVILLE STREET - DUSK

101

Wyatt's men herd them into the street. Swilling sneers at Wyatt:

SWILLING

Stinkin' bastard! Like to eat you  
blood raw.

A queer look stealing over him, Wyatt dismounts, handing off his guns, and faces Swilling casually.

WYATT

All right, breed. Dig in.

Without waiting for a response, Wyatt EXPLODES all over him, punching like a demon with an inhuman, controlled intensity so frightening even his own men recoil. Arms working like pistons, every one of his blows landing with tremendous force, Wyatt never gives Swilling the chance to even launch a blow, much less land one, hammering him until he's reduced to a gibbering, jellied parody of himself squatting on the ground, so much blood running from his nose and mouth that his attempts at speech sound like turkey gobblings. Hardly even blowing, Wyatt retrieves his guns and re-mounts his horse, pointing at Swilling matter-of-factly:

WYATT

Felt his liver go on that last one.  
Get him to a doctor or he'll be dead  
in a couple hours. And tell the  
others: this time was fists, next  
time I come shooting. You hear? Next  
time somebody dies. So get out of the  
territory while you still can. You  
been warned.

(turns to his men)

All right. Now burn it! Everything!

102

EXT - DESERT - NIGHT

102

Wyatt and his men come galloping over a rise toward us, a column of fire and smoke rising from behind the hill at their rear, lighting up the night sky...

103

EXT - PETE SPENCE'S CAMP - DAWN

103

A camp in a draw under a finger of mountain pressing into the desert. Florentino and several others stomp around blearily, shaking out the sleep cobwebs while Spence crouches over the fire, making coffee. He stops, sensing something, and turns toward the finger of mountain. He just has time to scream:

SPENCE

LOOK OUT!

And in the next instant Wyatt and his men roar around the end of the finger, galloping through the fire and SLAMMING straight into Spence, not even breaking stride as he disappears under their horses' hooves. Wyatt FIRES a warning shot into the air:

(CONTINUED)

WYATT  
United States Marshal!

The others freeze, raising their hands while Spence writhes in the dirt, dazed and bloody, and broken. Wyatt points to the herd:

WYATT  
All right, run 'em off.

As they start scattering the herd with pistol shots, a worried-looking Florentino ducks down, making for the remuda. Grabbing the nearest horse, he leaps on and gallops off into the desert bareback. McMasters points, pulling his rifle from its scabbard:

MCMASTERS  
Florentino! He's gettin' away!

WYATT  
Drop his horse.

McMasters rides up to edge of the draw, drawing a bead on the retreating form with his '76 Winchester, and FIRES. 200 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 dirt. He jumps up, spitting out a mouthful, and starts running. Back at the draw, Wyatt draws his Buntline, digs in his spurs and the black streaks across the desert, closing the distance in seconds. Florentino gasps and runs faster, drawing his pistol, Wyatt almost on top of him. He turns and FIRES on the run. A branch next to Wyatt's head EXPLODES. Wyatt keeps coming, impervious, unstoppable. Florentino turns for another shot just as the black PILES into him, sending him flying over a rise and tumbling 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 fifteen dollars! It was money!

WYATT  
A human life. Fifteen 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....

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

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

WYATT

Look at him. That's how you'll all end up if you don't get it through your heads: it's over, the Cowboys are finished. Forever. Now hear me, next time I leave no one alive. Understand? No one. Now move.

Several of them move to pick up Florentino's body, but:

WYATT

Leave that trash where it lays.

They back away, moving off as....

105 EXT - DESERT CAMP - NIGHT

105

Vermillion comes up to Doc who sits staring into the fire, trembling and sweating, sick as a dog.

VERMILLION

You all right?

Doc gives him a look of disbelieving contempt. Vermillion produces a flask but Doc waves it away:

VERMILLION

Take a drink. Keep out the cold.

DOC

If I took one now no power on earth could keep me from taking a barrelful.

Vermillion shrugs, leaving Doc alone with his misery. Wyatt and McMasters confer over a map on the opposite side of the fire. Wyatt points to a specific point on the map, very interested:

WYATT

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

MCMASTERS

Won't be so easy this time. They'll be ready.

WYATT

We'll see about that:

106 EXT - DESERT/MOUNTAIN CUT - DAY

106

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, they ain't gonna get the drop on us this time.

(CONTINUED)

1ST 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 1st Cowboy squinting against the sun. Over 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, bearing down on them, now 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

(CONTINUED)

with another, throwing an arm around him and JERKING him from the saddle, SNAPPING his neck. Doc overtakes a 3rd, 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 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 Comanche 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 1st 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.

107

EXT - DESERT - LATE DAY

107

After the battle. The posse rides through lengthening shadows. Vermillion turns to Johnson. Johnson seems glum, thoughtful.

VERMILLION

You know, we might just pull this off.

JOHNSON

Not so sure. We been lucky so far but somethin' tells me it's gonna get a lot harder from here in.

(pauses)

Should've held out for more money.

108

EXT - COWBOY CAMP - NIGHT

108

Curly Bill sits, studying a map drawn in the dirt, listening with Ringo, Ike, and others while the 1st Cowboy describes the battle:

1ST 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 where they are. Pretty damn cute. But nobody's cute as me.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CURLY BILL (cont'd)

(points to dirt map)

Next up's Black Draw. But that smart Wyatt'll say no, that's where they 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 big, 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 so 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 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

No, there's no reasoning with him.

MCMASTERS

(points to map)  
Next waterhole's Black Draw. We could be there by mid-morning.

(CONTINUED)



WYATT

No, they're wise by now. Which is next, Iron Springs? Yeah, let's try there, Iron Springs.

110 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 their 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 edge of the camp EXPLODES in GUNFIRE. Vermillion takes a GRAZE and drops with the others, hugging the rocks. A bullet RICCOCHETS into the 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 up 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 and that's the end for us.

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

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

CURLY BILL

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

Crouched next to Curly Bill, Barnes chuckles. A confident ripple  
of laughter goes through the Cowboy line--they know they've got  
them. Over on the other side, Vermillion shakes his head grimly.

VERMILLION

Ain't takin' me alive, God 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 RICCOCHET  
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 wierd,  
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.

(CONTINUED)

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. This time 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. Johnny 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 up from the rocks, gun in hand, and:

DOC

Come on!

And 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 as the others run up.

WYATT

No...

Beside himself, Doc grabs Wyatt and helps him 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!

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

No...

VERMILLION

Yeah, you 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 sits silently, starting to tremble....

111 EXT - CAMP - NIGHT

111

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

Hey, Creek, I just thought somethin' I never thought about before.  
(pauses, looks at him)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

VERMILLION (cont'd)

I don't want to go to hell.

111

112 EXT - CAMP - MORNING

112

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.

113 EXT - COWBOY CAMP - NIGHT

113

Ringo crouches by the fire with the other Cowboys, his face a deeply shadowed mask. 2 Iron Springs survivors stand before him:

1ST 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....

2ND 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.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

1ST 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, staring at Ringo, transfixed in awe as he draws himself up, in full possession of his powers and the situation, the new Cowboy 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. You hear me? 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.

And now the moment we have been dreading is upon us....

114 EXT - COWBOY CAMP - NIGHT

114

Later. Most of the others are at 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....

115 INT - SHERIFF'S OFFICE, TOMBSTONE - DAY

115

Ringo stands across Behan's desk, grim, intent, while Behan sputters, holding up a San Francisco newspaper:

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

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 leans over the desk at Behan, his eyes burning, implacable:

RINGO

No, you don't understand.

116 EXT - COWBOY CAMP - DAY

116

Ringo rides up with Behan and dismounts. A 3rd COWBOY steps up:

3RD COWBOY

Billy Grounds and Zwing Hunt ran out. Four, five others, too.

RINGO

Good, 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--

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.

117 EXT - DESERT - DAY

117

And now we've come full circle as Ringo gallops across the desert at the head of his men, 30 strong, mean-eyed, armed to the teeth, full of fight -- and all wearing Deputy Sheriff's BADGES, a posse of outlaws, the ultimate travesty with a miserable-looking Behan bringing up the rear. The Cowboy posse stops at a crossroads. Ike dismounts and studies the tracks:

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

IKE

It's those Thoroughbreds all right.  
Due east.

Smelling the prey's blood now, they spur their horses and....

118 EXT - DESERT PLATEAU - DAY

118

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 gettin' 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....

119 EXT - HOOKER'S RANCH - DAY

119

Wyatt's group rides over the hill overlooking the ranch house,  
Vermillion keeping Doc in the saddle. Hooker and 3 of his hands  
ride out to them:

HOOKER

What're you men doin' here?

WYATT

Horses're pretty well fagged and we  
got a sick man with us.

HOOKER

Guess you can put up at my ranch if  
you want. 'Long as it's just  
overnight.

Wyatt nods. Hooker motions down the hill toward his house....



120 INT - BEDROOM, HOOKER'S RANCH - LATE DAY 120

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....

121 EXT - HILL OVERLOOKING CROSSROADS - SUNSET 121

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?

GROUND

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....

122 EXT - COWBOY CAMP - NIGHT 122

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.

Breakenridge 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 now than in life. Breakenridge gasps:

BREKENRIDGE

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.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)  
 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  
 It's nothing to us.

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.

BEHAN  
 God damn it, Billy, I said get--

RINGO  
 Who cares? Let him go.

Breakenridge rides off alone into the Whetstones....

EXT - HOOKER'S RANCH - NIGHT

The stage is pulled up out front. The driver waters the horses while the actors stand around silently. Wyatt and Hooker walk out:

HOOKER  
 Had a holdup. Told' em they could water their horses before pushin' on.

Spotting each other, Wyatt and Josephine freeze. Wyatt approaches:

WYATT  
 Hello. 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. The others get in.

JOSEPHINE  
 I have to go.

123 CONTINUED:

123

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!

124 INT - HOOKER'S RANCH - NIGHT

124

Doc lies in bed, still sick. Wyatt sits opposite him, staring  
into space, wistfully. After a beat, Doc raises his head weakly:

DOC

Can't get her from your mind, can you?

WYATT

You see how she breezed out of town?  
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, but  
not the whole package. Just little  
bits and pieces. And I can't put 'em  
together for some reason.

DOC

Good Heavens, you're really--

WYATT

Cards in spades. I'm in love with  
every second of her life. Hell, Doc,  
I'll probably love her when I'm dust.

125 EXT - COLD CAMP - NIGHT

125

A cold camp in the hollow of a mountain. Wrapped in blankets,  
Grounds and Hunt sip cold coffee. Grounds shivers. Hunt 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.

(CONTINUED)

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. The Law has finally arrived in southeast Arizona.....

EXT - FRONT PORCH, HOOKER'S RANCH - MORNING

Wyatt and his men are on the porch, listening to a mounted HAND:

RANCH HAND  
... brought 'em in draped over their  
saddles. Billy Breakenridge. Sister  
boy. He done it. He brung the law.

Wyatt shakes his head, hardly comprehending what he's started....

127 INT - BEDROOM, HOOKER'S RANCH - MORNING

127

Doc lies unconscious in bed, Vermillion at his side. Wyatt enters.

WYATT

Guess we get better moving.

VERMILLION

Doc's just in no kinda shape.

Hooker appears in the doorway with a couple of his hands.

HOOKER

You don't have to bother about that.  
We took a vote. Cowboys or not, you  
can stay here long as you want.

128 EXT - COWBOY CAMP - DAY

128

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.

129 EXT - FRONT PORCH, HOOKER'S RANCH - LATE DAY

129

Wyatt paces the front porch while Hooker and the others look on:

HOOKER

Maybe you done enough. I mean you  
whittled 'em down considerable. And I  
hear they're talkin' about sendin'  
the Army in here. Ask me, I'd say you  
done enough.

RANCH HAND

(rides up, points)  
Rider comin' in under a white flag.

They look up as the 3rd Cowboy rides up with a white kerchief.

3RD COWBOY

Got a message. Ringo want's McMasters  
to come over to our camp for a parley.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

Why McMasters?

MCMASTERS

He didn't figure on all the stink this is causin'. Sounds like he might be lookin' to strike a bargain. If so, he probably figures he needs somebody who talks his language. Could be we got him.

WYATT

I don't like it.

MCMASTERS

Might as well find out what he's got to say.

(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....

130

EXT - COWBOY CAMP - LATE DAY

130

McMasters rides up with the 3rd Cowboy. Riding through camp, all his former comrades glare 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 going to stay with your new friends?

MCMASTERS

'Least they don't scare women.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

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?

131 EXT - HOOKER'S RANCH - LATE DAY

131

The 3rd Cowboy gallops up to the ranch house and dumps a large SOMETHING in front, watching as Wyatt and his men run up to it. It's 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 just killed him?

3RD COWBOY

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.

132 EXT - FRONT PORCH, HOOKER'S RANCH - LATE DAY

132

Johnson and Vermillion face Wyatt while Hooker looks on:

WYATT

It's not finished. 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!

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

In tight on Wyatt as these words sink in and....

133 INT - BEDROOM, HOOKER RANCH - LATE DAY

133

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 the 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.

(CONTINUED)



133 CONTINUED:

133

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....

134 EXT - FRONT PORCH, HOOKER RANCH - LATE DAY

134

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....

135 EXT - HILLTOP OVERLOOKING RANCH - LATE DAY

135

Ringo waits atop the hill with Ike and the 3rd Cowboy watching as Wyatt's group rides out:

RINGO

Only three. They left somebody behind. Let's go take a look.

136 EXT - HOOKER RANCH - LATE DAY

136

Ringo and the others ride up. Hooker steps out 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

No, sir. I looked the other way when you did a lot of foul things but I ain't lettin' you torment a dyin'

(more)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

HOOKER (cont'd)  
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.

137 EXT - SULPHUR SPRINGS CANYON - LATE DAY

137

Ringo rides up to the mouth of the canyon, turning to Ike:

RINGO  
Soon as I'm through with Wyatt, swarm  
down with the whole bunch and finish  
off Creek Johnson and Texas Jack.

138 EXT - OTHER END OF CANYON - LATE DAY

138

2 Cowboys, Ringo's seconds, ride up to where Wyatt and his men  
stand dismounted, waiting. One points to a thicket nearby:

3RD COWBOY  
He's waitin' for you by the big oak,  
quarter mile up that trail.

139 EXT - NORTH ROAD - LATE DAY

139

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.

140 EXT - CANYON MOUTH - SUNSET

140

Sunset. Ringo's seconds wait nearby as Wyatt whippers 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.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

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....

141 EXT - THICKET - SUNSET

141

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....

142 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.

(CONTINUED)

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 shock 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....

143 EXT - THICKET - SUNSET

143

Back in the thicket, Wyatt HEARS the gunshot and starts running...

144 EXT - OAK GROVE - SUNSET

144

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:

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

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....

145 EXT - CANYON MOUTH - SUNSET

145

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.

146 EXT - NORTH ROAD - SUNSET

146

Alerted by the shots, Ike turns to Behan and the others.

IKE

All right, get ready...

147 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

Let's head for New Mexico. 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.

(CONTINUED)

147

CONTINUED:

147

Wyatt looks at Doc, who shrugs. Wyatt swings his horse alongside, suddenly noticing his badge on Doc' 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 at each other then Wyatt signals and they start up the north road at a lope, four abreast, the last charge of Wyatt Earp and his immortals....

148

EXT - NORTH ROAD - SUNSET

148

From a lookout position above, a COWBOY calls down to the others:

4TH 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:

3RD COWBOY

Ringo's dead.

BEHAN

What?

Straining to see in the failing light, the cowboy on the rock shouts excitedly:

4TH 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.

3RD 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.

4TH 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...

(CONTINUED)

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 4th Cowboy turns to the nearby 3rd Cowboy:

4TH COWBOY

What d'you think?

3RD 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 4th Cowboy rides by:

IKE

Kill 'em! Kill 'em! It's only four men! Why don't you kill 'em?

4TH 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....

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 hello, 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?

(CONTINUED)



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 Fr. Feeney:

DOC

Now let's see, Father. What was that monkey show you were talking about?

FR. FEENEY

You mean Extreme Unction?

DOC

That's it. Better start that ball rolling.

Fr. 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.

150 INT - DENVER THEATER STAGE - NIGHT

150

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....

151 INT - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

151

Josephine and her fellow chorines, including the 1st Actress before, all in various stages of undress, sit at the long mirror, removing their make-up and chatting:

(CONTINUED)

1ST 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.

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:

1ST 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 1st 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:

(CONTINUED)

WYATT

There. It'll come up over that ridge.

Inside meanwhile, the 1st 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?

1ST 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!

And 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: 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....

(CONTINUED)

V.O. NARRATION  
"Tom Mix wept."

HOLD on these two images as the music swells and we....

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END