Tombstone

By Kevin Jarre
and the resulting economic explosion spurs the great migration west. Farmers, ranchers, prospectors, killers and thieves... seek their fortunes. Cattle drovers turn cow towns into armed camps... with murder rates higher than those of modern-day New York or Los Angeles. Out of this chaos comes legendary lawman Wyatt Earp, retiring his badge and gun to start a peaceful life with his family. Earp's friend John 'Doc' Holliday... a Southern gentleman turned gunman and gambler... also travels west, hoping the dry climate will relieve his tuberculosis. Silver is discovered in Arizona. Tombstone becomes queen of the boomtowns, where the latest Paris fashions are sold from the backs of wagons. Attracted to this atmosphere of greed, over 100 exiled Texas outlaws band together... to form the ruthless gang recognized by the red sashes they wear. They emerge as the earliest example of organized crime in America. They call themselves 'The Cowboys' Y'all killed two Cowboys. - Detenganse! - Shoot. - Looks like we win. Mexican police, huh? Tell him to get on his knees. De rodillas, cabron! De rodillas,
dijo, chingada!
He won't no kneel, patron.
He is very proud.
   - Hey, somebody get
this dick on his knees.
Ay, Dios! Ay, Dios!
Good shot, Billy.
   - Gracias!
They call me
Curly Bill Brosius.
I'm what you might call
the Founder of the Feast.
So next time we come,
you'd better step aside.
I ain't kiddin' neither.
Un caballo bajando
por la montana...
y el que lo cabalgue
ira a la muerte.
Moriremos!
Patron,
he say, uh,
someone will come
to revenge for him.
Something like a, a... sick horse
who comes to sit with him.
He talk crazy.
No entiendo un carajo.
That's not what he said,
ya ignorant wretch.
Your Spanish is worse
than your English.
You go to hell!
   - You first.
   - No!
No! No!
   - What have we got here?
   - Hell, let's eat, boys.
Tamales are good, huh?
I guess they knew
we were comin'.
Temor de Dios. Temor de Dios
es lo que ustedes no tienen.
   - Muerete, hijo de Satanas!
Hey, Johnny, what'd that Mexican mean... 'a sick horse is gonna get us,' huh? He's quoting the Bible, Revelations. Behold, a pale horse. 'The man who sat on him was Death. And hell followed with him.' Move! - Come on! That's it! You move! - Stupid mule! Come on! Come on! Come on! Hurts, don't it? Now let go of that stud and go on about your business. Mr. Earp. My name's Dake. Crawley Dake, U.S. Marshal for this territory. - Forget it. I'm retired. - Excuse me? I said forget it. I don't want the job, and that's final. - I don't think you understand. - No, you don't understand, Marshal. I did my duty, and now I'd like to get on with my life. - I'm going to Tombstone. Easy on the grain, Butch. - I see. - Here you go. - To strike it rich. Well, all right, that's fine. Tell you one thing, though: Never saw a rich man... who didn't wind up with a guilty conscience. I already got a guilty conscience. Might as well have the money too.
Good day now.
That's him, all right.
Boy, I'd know that sour face anywhere.
Virgil! Morgan!
My god!
- Hey, boy! How are you, Morgan?
- Hi, Wyatt.
- Well, how do we look?
- Great, both of ya.
- Wyatt, you remember Allie.
- Good God. Well, he'd better.
Allie girl.
- And Louisa. Oh!
- Wyatt.
You're so lovely, darlin'.
I'm at your feet, just at your feet.
I guess it's only right.
Ma always said Morgan's the prettiest.
- Yeah, but she doted on the Frowner.
- That's right.
- Wyatt.
- Mattie!
Mattie, they're already here.
Folks, this is Celia Andon.
- You can call her Mattie.
- Pleased to meet you, Mattie.
It's nice to meet you.
Well, Wyatt, I couldn't
find a single store that
had laudanum anywhere.
That's all right, honey.
I sure been dreamin' about this.
God, since forever!
Wait! Look here.
I wanna...
Look. Huh?
- Hey, Wyatt...
- Don't talk, just...
Yeah.
Thank you for this, Wyatt.
- It's all your doin'.
- We'll make our fortune, boys.
Well, come on.
Gracious.
We could be sisters.
Mighty fine.
I wonder where he found her.
Same place we found ours, probably.
'Matter, honey?
Did you say you needed some laudanum?
- Yes, I did. Yes.
- I have some right here.
Oh, you're a lifesaver.
Just be careful now.
It's full of hop.
Oh, don't worry. I just
get headaches sometimes.
Hey, Virg, see anything of Doc
while you were in Prescott?
Yeah. He had a streak
when we left, him and Kate.
I miss Doc.
I miss that old rip.
- I don't.
- He makes me laugh.
Yeah!
- That's $500, Holliday.
Are you in or out?
Five hundred.
Must be a peach of a hand.
Oh, thank you, darlin'.
Kate! You're not
wearing a bustle.
How lewd.
Come on, Holliday,
you in or out, goddammit?
Why, Ed Bailey, you look like
you're just about ready to burst.
Come on! Come on, show!
Well, I suppose
I'm deranged, but I...
guess I'll just
have to call.
Cover your ears, darlin'.
Isn't that a daisy?
Why, you son-of-a-bitch!
Damn, Bailey, just settle down!
Shut up! Take your
money and get out, 'cause I'm tired of listenin' to your mouth. Why, Ed Bailey, are we cross? Them guns don't scare me. 'Cause without them guns you ain't nothin' but a skinny lunger. Ed, what an ugly thing to say. - I abhor ugliness. Does this mean we're not friends anymore? - You know, Ed, if I thought you weren't my friend, I just don't think I could bear it. There. Now we can be friends again.

- Touch that gun, I'll burn you down. I calculate that's the end of this town. I had a boy at the hotel pack us up. The horse is outside. So that's why you're not wearin' a bustle. My sweet, soft Hungarian devil. Well! Good evenin', then. Let's not bother about the luggage. Hyah!

Hey, Morg, pretty big, isn't it? Oh-ho, brother, you can smell the silver in this town. - Easy.

- Look at these girls over here. - Hi!
- Hello, girls! Hot damn, this burg's jumpin'! Here we go, ladies. - Isn't that sweet?
- You can say that.
- Sheriff.
Newcomers, eh?
The name's John Behan,
Cochise County Sheriff.
- Just in town?
- Just this minute.
- I'm Wyatt Earp, and these are
my brothers, Virgil and Morgan.
- Wyatt Earp. Dodge City.
Gave all that up, Sheriff.
Goin' into business.
- Don't even carry a gun anymore.
- Going into business, huh?
Well then, I'm the man to see.
Besides sheriff,
I'm also tax collector,
Captain of the Fire Brigade and Chairman
of the Nonpartisan Anti-Chinese League.
- Ma'am.
- How do you do?
Yeah, a man of many parts.
- Say, you folks got
a place to stay yet?
- No.
- Like I said, we just got here.
- Well, I also sit on
the town lot commission.
Really?
As a matter of fact, we got three
lovely cottages coming up for rent.
I'll throw in a good cleaning,
no charge.
Believe me, Mr. Earp,
you're not gonna find a better deal
within town limits.
I don't know,
sounds pretty good.
- Well, I'll have my man show 'em to ya.
- Thank you.
Hey, Wyatt,
get on over here.
I want you to meet Fred White.
He's the town marshall.
- My pleasure.
- Lotta law around here.
- I already met the county sheriff.
- Who, Behan?
He ain't no law. The only real law around here is the Cowboys.
Cowboys? I had a run-in with a couple of them up in Prescott. Nobody does nothin' without 'em. I mean, they're it.
There are three of 'em right over there.
You can always spot a Cowboy.
They always wear those red sashes.
- The main fact is the Cowboys are good for business.
- 'Bout all these saloons?
Oh, that's the real mother lode here in Tombstone.
All up and down Allen Street here.
Twenty-four hours a day, you got liquor, hostesses, gamblin'; makin' money hand-over-fist.
All except 'the Oriental.' That's a regular slaughterhouse. Even the high rollers won't go near it.
That's too bad too. It's a nice place.
Hell of a waste.
- Wyatt?
- There he goes.
- Yeah.
OI' Wyatt.
All right, fella, I'll brace ya now for a little lesson. Put your money on the board. Five dollars on that six of spades. Like that. I'm not gonna tell you again. Get that cigar outta my face. Howdy, stranger.
What can I get ya?
I wouldn't mind
one of those cigars.
I'm about ready to go home.
I wish y'all would stop yakkin'...
- and just play cards.
- Thank you.
Kinda nice in here.
You run it?

Milt Joyce:
- Wyatt Earp.
- Yeah, sure.
I said lay off the queen,
you jackass!
I swear I'm gonna
slap somebody now.
Excuse me for askin', Milt,
but... kinda dead in here, isn't it?
- You don't listen too good, do ya?
- See that bird at the faro table?
You back that queen again,
you son-of-a-bitch,
I'll blow you right up
that wildcat's ass!
Do you hear me, huh?
He comes bargain' in here one day,
slappin' the customers,
wavin' his gun around.
He chased out all
the high-class play.
The only trade that comes in
here now is the bammers and
the drovers; just the dregs.
Why don't you get rid of him,
get yourself a straight dealer?
Sure, stranger,
that's easy for you to say.
Shit!
Goddammit, Junior, how many times
am I going to tell you...
to keep that damn cigar
outta my face? Huh?
Christ almighty, it's like I'm
sittin' here playing cards with
my brother's kids or somethin',
you nerve-wracking
sons-of-bitches.
Is somethin' on your mind?
Just want to let you know
you're sittin' in my chair.
Is that a fact?
Yeah, it's a fact.
For a man that don't go heeled, you run
your mouth kinda reckless, don't ya?
No need to go heeled to get
the bulge on a tub like you.
- Is that a fact?
- Mm-hmm.
That's a fact.
Well, I'm real scared.
Damn right, you're scared.
I can see that in your eyes.
- All right now!
- Go ahead.
Go ahead, skin it! Skin that
smoke wagon and see what happens.
Listen, mister,
1-I'm gettin' awful tired of your...
I'm gettin' tired of your gas.
Now jerk that pistol and go to work.
- I said throw down, boy.
You gonna do somethin',
or just stand there and bleed?
No?
I didn't think so.
Here, Milt, a keepsake.
Hang it over the bar.
All right, youngster, out you go.
Don't come back!
Ever!
Well, what do you say, Milt?
Twenty-five percent
of the house take sound about right?
Hyah!
Well, we're off and runnin'.
Just acquired us a quarter interest
in a game at 'the Oriental.'
- Acquired?
- So to speak.
Now all we gotta do is keep our
eyes on that brass ring, fellas.
You're the one, Wyatt.
Why, Johnny Tyler!
- You madcap!
- Doc?
Where you goin'
with that shotgun?
I didn't know you
was back in town.
Well, well.
How the hell are you?
Wyatt, I am rolling.
Morgan.
- Doc.
- Virgil.
'Lo, Doc.
Wyatt Earp?
Going into business
for ourselves, Doc.
- Wyatt just got us a faro game.
- Oh.
Since when is faro
a business?
- Didn't you always say that
gambling's an honest trade?
- No.
I said poker's an honest trade.
Only suckers buck the tiger's
odds all on the house.
Depends on how you look at it.
I mean, it's not like anybody's
puttin' a gun to their head.
That's what I love about Wyatt.
He can talk himself into anything.
Oh. Johnny, I apologize.
I forgot you were there.
You may go now.
Just leave that shotgun.
Leave it.
Thank you.
Sheriff Behan!
- Gentlemen!
- Sheriff,
- have you met Doc Holliday?
- Piss on you, Wyatt.
Mr. Holliday.
Forgive me
if I don't shake hands.
- So, how's our little town suit you?
- Fine. Fine.
You know, I was thinking, what this town
could really use is a racetrack.
Really? That's not a bad idea.
Send a signal we're growin' up.
Way ahead of yourselves,
aren't you, boys? This
is just another mining camp.
Have you seen how everyone dresses?
Awful tony for a mining camp.
No sir, the die is cast.
We are growin'.
- Be as big as San Francisco in
a few years, and just as sophisticated.
- You son-of-a-bitch!
Easy, gents!
It's a private affair!
- Don't raise that iron.
I'm gonna have to...
- I'll kill you, you cheap son-of-a...
Very cosmopolitan.
I know him.
That's Creek Johnson.
Wyatt? Doc?
- Jack.
- What do you say, old friend?
What the hell's that
all about, Creek?
- He crawfished a bet
and called me a liar.
- Sheriff,
may I present a pair
of fellow sophisticates:
Turkey Creek Jack Johnson,
Texas Jack Vermillion.
Watch your ear, Creek.
- Afraid I'll have to have those guns.
- It was a fair fight.
- We was legal.
- I'm sorry, boys. I gotta take 'em before Judge Spicer.
Hand 'em over.

Law and order every time,
that's us.
- Ha!
Whoa!

I'm frightfully thirsty.
Well, we made it.

Sheriff,
what kinda town is this?

Nice scenery.

Well,
an enchanted moment.

Interesting little scene. I wonder who that tall drink of water is.

My dear, you have set your gaze upon the quintessential frontier type.

Note the lean silhouette, eyes closed by the sun; they're sharp as a hawk.

He's got the look of both predator... and prey.

I want one.

Happy hunting.
- Hey, sister boy, gimme some!
- Gimme, gimme, gimme!
- Leave him alone, Barnes!

Billy, sit with me.

This is so much fun. We haven't been to the show in six years.

I hope they're good.
- Wyatt?
- Oh, sorry.

Darlin', you know the Earps.

Kate, how you been?

Mattie, hmm, ravishin'.

Doc.

Wyatt, I'd like ya to meet Mayor Clum and his wife.
- Mr. Earp.

Your reputation precedes you.
- Mayor.
- I was wondering if you might be...
- Not a prayer. Nice meetin' you.
Professor Gillman? Oh, I seen him in Bisbee. He catches stuff.
Hey, Professor, catch this.
They're shooting at us!
They're actually shooting at us.
- I guess we'll have to wait for our notices.
Prettiest man I ever saw.
Whoo!
- Whoo-hoo!
- Ladies and gentlemen, the St. Crispin's Day speech from Henry V.
- To set the scene...
Goddamn, Barnes!
- Shot his damn ear off.
- 'Lf we are marked to die, 'we are now to do our country loss.
But if to live, the fewer men, the greater share of honor...' 
He's got some nerve, I'll say that.
What d'ya think there, Billy Nilly?
- I think he's wonderful. '
... gentle his condition. 'Gentlemen in England now abed shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
- 'And hold their manhoods cheap... whilst any speaks who fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.'
- That's great!
That's our kinda stuff!
Play it again!
Now what in the hell is this? Th-That's Faust.
H-He's gonna make a deal with the devil.
Is your soul for sale, dear?
Know what I'd do?
I'd take the deal, then crawfish and drill that old devil in the ass. How 'bout you, Juanito? What would you do? I already did it. Very instructive.
- Hmm.
But who is the devil? I'll be damned. You may indeed, if you get lucky. Would you look at all those stars? I mean, you look up and you think, 'God made all of that? He still remembered to make a little speck like me.' Kinda flattering, really.
Wyatt, do you believe in God?
- No, come on, really. Do ya?
- Yeah. Maybe.
- Hell, I don't know.
- Well, what d'you think happens when you die? Somethin'. Nothin'. Hell, I don't know. Well, I read this book, a book on spiritualism. Oh, God, here he goes again. Said that a lot of people when they die, they see this light.
- Like in a tunnel.
- Yeah?
- They say it's the light leadin' you to Heaven.
- Really?
- Well, what about Hell? They got a sign there, or what?
- Hey, Wyatt, goddammit.
- I'm serious.
- Hey, Morg. Comin'
to the Oriental, Virg?
- Well...
- Not tonight.
Tonight, me and my old man
are gonna have some fun.
Come on, get movin',
old man.
Maiden name was Sullivan.
- Well, you better go with them,
honey. I gotta go to work.
- Please stay with me.
Well, honey, l-I
gotta get to work.
All right.
All right.
Well, wait a minute. I guess
I don't have to go right now. I...
- I could stay awhile.
- No, no. I don't wanna keep you.
No, really,
I can stay awhile.
That the bottle
Lou gave you?
Yes, it is.
Maybe you should
see a doctor.
Wyatt, it's
just headaches.
I know what I'm doing. No,
I don't need to see a doctor!
- All right, honey. Okay.
- Just go.
Everything's fine, Wyatt.
- Work well.
- All right, good night.
You look beautiful tonight.
Thank you.
- Night, Mattie.
- Good night, Morgan.
Come on.
- I want to match
seven, seven stinkin' spades.
- Let's go.
- I'm your man.
You win again. Well played, sir.
You are on fire.
- I told you, I'm burnin' up tonight.
- Loser on the ace.
I'll take the red seven,
and I got some deeds here.
- I'll take seven stinkin' diamonds.
- Awwww-ful lot of money.
- You can't stand the heat, pal,
get out of the kitchen.
- You're the doctor.
Sad news, friend,
you lose.
- So, now we're in
the mining business.
- You're the one, Wyatt.
We're turnin' into
regular tycoons.
Think I'll call this one
the Mattie Blalock. Mattie'd
get a kick outta that one.
- That's her maiden name.
- And what a maiden.
- Pure as the driven snow, I'm sure.
- Hey, Doc, come on now.
It's just his style, Morg.
He doesn't mean anything.
Tell me something,
my friend. I'm curious.
Do you actually consider yourself
a married man, forsaking all others?
Yeah, pretty much.
I mean, I was no angel
when we met, but neither was she.
People can change, Doc.
Sooner or later, you gotta grow up.
I see.
And what would you do,
if she walked in here?
- 'She'?
- You know damn well who I mean.
That dusky-hued
lady satan, that's who.
- Oh, I'd probably ignore her.
- Ignore her?
I'd ignore her.
People can change, Doc.
I'll remember
you said that.
- What?
- Bravo! Bravo!
- Ma'am? Miss Marcus?
Aw, hell.
Bravo!
Whoo!
Miss Marcus, allow me
the pleasure of a drink.
- Thank you, sir.
- Milt, champagne!
Satisfied?
I stand corrected, Wyatt.
You're an oak.
- Thanks, Kate.
Mr. Fabian.
- Well done.
- Well done.
Good show, partner,
good show.
Mr. Fabian, would you
come sit at my table?
Mr. Earp, would you mind signing
an autograph for me, sir?
Mr. Earp, would you mind signing
an autograph for me, sir?
My wife's not gonna
believe this.
Wyatt Earp, huh?
Heard of you.
Listen now,
Mr. Kansas Law Dog.
Law don't go around here.
Savvy?
- I'm retired.
- Good.
That's real good.
Yeah. Yeah, that's real good, law dog,
'cause law just don't go around here.
Yeah, I heard you the first
time. Winner to the king.
Five hundred dollars.
- Shut up, Ike.
- You must be Doc Holliday.
That's the rumor.
You retired too?
Not me.
I'm in my prime.
Yeah, you look it.
- Uh, you must be Ringo.
Look, darlin',
Johnny Ringo,
the deadliest pistoleer
since Wild Bill, they say.
What do you think, darlin',
should I hate him?
- You don't even know him.
- No. That's true,
but... I don't know, there's
just somethin' about him.
Somethin' 'round the eyes.
I don't know.
Reminds me of...
me.
No. I'm sure of it,
I hate him.
He's drunk.
In vino veritas.
Age quod agis.
In pace requiescat.
Come on, boys, we don't want any
trouble in here, not in any language.
That's Latin, darlin'.
Evidently, Mr. Ringo's
an educated man.
Now I really hate him.
- Watch it, Johnny.
- I hear he's real fast.
- Come on. Go, Johnny.
- Yeah!
- Bravo!
- Drinks are on me!
- Whoo!
Gettin' kinda spooky
around here.
- Curly Bill, huh?
- Mm-hmm.
- Who was that other idiot?
- Ike Clanton.
- Table's open!
- The man dealing faro, who is he?
That's Wyatt Earp. Built a name for himself as a peace officer in Kansas.
Hmm, peace officer.
Very impressive.
I believe he's married.
More champagne?
Oh, hell.
- Hello.
- Hello.
We've, uh, we've never actually met.
My name is...
Wyatt Earp.
Yes, I know.
- I'm Jos...
- Josephine Marcus.
Everybody knows.
I was beginning to think we'd never meet.
This is fortuitous.
That means 'lucky.'
Yeah, I...
I know what it means.
- Easy now.
- What is it?
- That mare is in season.
Bet she's starting.
- How do they know?
- They know. It's the scent.
Ah!
- Well, I guess we'd better split 'em up. It's been real n...
- I have a better idea.
Let's run it out of them.
Yeah, I'm an oak,
all right.
- Whoa!
Well, end of the road.
Maybe for you. Hyah!
Hyah!

That was lovely.
Lovely? You could've been killed back there, or busted up.
Fun, though, wasn't it?
You'd die for fun?
Wouldn't you?
Oh, he's laughing. I didn't think you ever laughed.

Yeah, I...
I laugh sometimes.
Yes, but how often?
Are you happy?

Am I happy? Well, I don't know.
I'm happy as the next man, I guess.
I don't laugh all day long like an idiot, if that's what you mean.

Touchy about it, aren't you?

No, I'm not touchy. I'm just...
It's a silly question, is all.

'Am I happy? Are you happy?'
Are you happy?

Oh, I'm always happy, unless I'm bored.

That blonde woman, is that your wife?
What about her?
Nothing. What do you want out of life?

Geez!

How do you get these questions?
Just answer.
I don't know!

Make some money, I guess.

Maybe... have some children.

Doesn't suit you.

Well, how would you know?
It just doesn't, that's all.

I oughta know my own mind, and I'm telling you what suits me is a family and kids.
Suits me right down to the ground.
In fact, that's my idea of heaven.
- All right, what's your idea of heaven?
- Room service.
Oh, he's laughing again.
Well, that's what I want.
I wanna move and go places and never look back.
Just have fun, forever.
That's my idea of heaven.
Need someone to share it with, though.
You mean Behan.
Well, then...
Why are you with him?
Because he's handsome and he's charming and...
He's all right.
For now.
Oh, I know, don't say it, I'm rotten.
I've tried to be good.
It's just so boring.
The way you talk.
Never heard a woman talk like that?
Never.
I don't have time to be proper.
I wanna live.
I'm a woman.
I like men.
If that means I'm not ladylike, then I guess I'm just not a lady.
- At least, I'm honest.
- You're different.
There's no arguin' that.
But you're a lady, all right.
I'll take my oath on it.
- Giddap! Come on!
Is that the opium Lou gave you?
It's a new bottle, isn't it?
You better go easy
on that stuff.
Wyatt, leave me alone.
- And where've you been?
- Just out.
- Hmm.
- Ridin'.
- How're you feelin', Mattie?
Uh, uh...
I don't know. Uh...
I'm all right.
I'm fine.
- You sure?
- Su... I'm sure.
Well, I was
thinkin' today,
we've already made
a pile of money in this place.
If we pulled up stakes
and just moved on, you know,
then we could stay on the move,
keep goin', see the world.
Just... live on room service
for the rest of our lives.
How'd that be?
Room serv...
Wyatt, what're you
talkin' about?
Nothin'. I just...
Just thinkin' out loud,
and you know I...
Nothin'.
Forget about it.
Ow!
What's she doin' with that lunger?
Hey!
Hey!
Is that 'Old Dog Trey'?
That sounds like 'Old Dog Trey' to me.
Pardon?
You know, Stephen Foster.
'Oh! Susanna,'
'Camptown Races.'
Stephen stinkin' Foster!
Uh, yes, well,
this happens to be
a nocturne.
- A which?
- You know,
- Frederic fucking Chopin.
Oh, yeah.
Boy, I feel great.
I feel... just...
capital.
- Yaahhh!
- Do you see what's
going on in the street?
- Somebody's gotta do something.
- I believe you're the sheriff.
No, no, no, no. This is
not county business. This is
a town matter. Marshal?
Yaahhh!
- Why don't you just leave it alone?
No, I, uh...
I gotta do somethin'.
Wah-hoo-wahhh!
Here's your down card.
- Curly Bill!
Come on now.
Well, howdy, Fred.
Hand those over, Curly.
Hand 'em over.
Why, sure, Dad.
I'm only funnin'.
Here you go.
Fred?
Come on now. Fred?
- Got ol' Fred White!
- Hey, everybody!
Better get him
off the street.
Fred White's dead! They killed him.
They killed Fred White!
- All right, back off.
- Get a rope! String him up!
- Nobody's hangin' anybody.
- He just killed a man!
Then he'll stand trial for it.
Now get back! Move!
Turn him loose!
He said to turn
loose of him.
- Well, I'm not; so, go home.
I swear to God, law dog, you don't
step aside, we'll tear you apart.
All right, you die first.
Get it?
Your friends might get me
in a rush, but not before
I make your head into a canoe.
- He's bluffin'. Let's rush him.
- No... he ain't bluffin'.
You're not as stupid
as you look, Ike.
- Now tell them to get back.
- Go on now, get back.
Go on!
Billy!
He'll kill me.
- And you, music lover,
you're next.
It's the drunk piano player.
You're so drunk,
you can't hit nothin'.
In fact, you're
probably seein' double.
I have two guns,
one for each of ya.
All right, back it up now!
Go home now!
I'll see you soon.
- I'll see you soon.
- We'll meet again.
Well, as you can see,
ever a dull moment.
So it takes Judge Spicer
three weeks to get back to town,
and he says, 'Well,
did you actually see it? '
I said, 'No. By the time I got there,
Marshal White had already been shot.'
Then Spicer leans forward
and he says,
- 'Well, can't have a murder
without a witness.'
- What?
- Case dismissed. Can you beat it?
After all that?
Aw, hell, who cares?
None of my business anyway.
Ready to go, Milt?
God, I love this game!
You know, boys, when we're finally set,
we gotta each have
a billiard room in our houses.
I been thinkin',
maybe we oughta open up
a place of our own. You know?
- There's the real money. Build it up,
Milk it for all it's worth,
then sell it off for a bundle...
and breeze outta this burg
with more money than Cresus
and ready to live like kings.
What d'ya think, Virg?
Virg?
Why don't you and me
take a walk around town...
and see if we can't spot us out
a couple of nice lots?
It's workin' out just
like you said, Wyatt.
- Goddamn, boys, we're lootin'
this burg six ways from Sunday.
- Pretty fun too, isn't it?
- Actually, yeah, I gotta admit.
- Excuse me. Wyatt,
do you have a moment?
- Will you just hear me out?
- Now hold on, Mayor.
He already told you now.
You tell him, Morg.
What about you?
You were a lawman.
- I'm busy.
We're all busy.
Sorry, Mayor, but you're barkin' up the wrong tree. You know, you men are makin' a lot of money in this town. That's good. That's good. Good for you. In the meantime, a lot of decent people are suffering. But, please, don't let me take up any more of your precious time. Rack 'em.
I tell ya, I'm suffering. From a hangover.
- Stop that!
Stop. No.
Hold on a minute!
Wait a minute!
- Calm down and listen to me!
Nobody's sayin' you can't own a gun. Nobody's even sayin' you can't carry a gun. All we're sayin' is you can't carry a gun in town. That's not so bad, is it?
Listen, Mayor, I have to talk to you about this. No, we don't have to talk. You can read, can't you? It's a town matter. What in the hell are you doin'? I told you we weren't gettin' involved. You got us involved when you brought us here. Now you hold on a minute, Virg. Hold on nothin'!
I walk around this town and look these people in the eyes. It's just like someone's slappin' me in the face. These people are afraid to walk down the street,
and I'm tryin' to make money off that like some goddamn vulture!
If we're gonna have a future in this town, it's gotta have some law and order.
Don't do this to me!
- It's got nothin' to do with you! It's got to do wi...
- Nothin' to do with me?
I'm your brother, for Christ's sake!
God, I don't believe this!
Talk to him, will you?
Or hit him!
Ah, God, don't tell me!
Like you said, Wyatt, we're brothers.
Gotta back your brother's play.
Just did like I figured you would.
All right now, you listen to me, both of ya!
For the first time in our lives, we got a chance to stop wandering and finally be a family.
This is trouble we don't need.
You saw what happened to Fred White. We know what we're doin', Wyatt.
Okay, fine. Say you're right, say you don't get yourself killed. There's somethin' else.
All those years I worked those cow towns, I was only ever mixed up in one shootin', just one. But a man lost his life, and I took it. You don't know how that feels, Morg. Believe me, boy, you don't ever wanna know. Not ever. Didn't even make a dent, did I? All right. You're both makin' a big mistake.
What remained of our day
in the sunshine #
- # That brightened
our pathway a while #
- Do you wanna ante?
- Yeah, fine.
- # Come and sit by my side
if you love me #
# Do not hasten
to bid me adieu #
# But remember
the Red River Valley #
# And the girl who has
loved you so true #
- What do you think of the singer?
- # Will you think of the vow... #
Nice voice.
Wyatt, Doc won't quit.
He's been at it for 36 hours straight.
Clanton and the McLaury brothers
came in an hour ago.
- I tried to get him to go to bed,
but he won't let go.
- I know, and nobody can make him.
Wyatt, just in time.
Pull up a chair.
Doc, you been hittin' it
awful hard, haven't ya?
Nonsense. I've not yet
begun to defile myself.
I was wonderin' if you
wouldn't wanna go on over
to the Crystal Palace...
I will not be pawed at,
thank you very much.
- I'm sorry.
- That's right.
Doc can go on day and night,
and then some.
That's my loving man.
Have another one, my loving man.
I'm in.
Straight.
Loving man,
you been called.
Oops.
What is that now?
That 12 hands in a row, Holliday?
Son-of-a-bitch, nobody's that lucky.
Why, Ike,
whatever do you mean?
Take it easy, boys.
Maybe poker's
just not your game, Ike.
I know, let's have
a spelling contest.
- How 'bout if I just
wring your scrawny neck?
- Enough, Ike.
Are you takin'
his part? Huh?
I'm the one
who got cheated!
You goddamn pimps!
You all in it together.
Nobody's in anything.
Ike, you're drunk.
Go on home and sleep it off.
Get your goddamn hands off me!
Don't you ever put
your hands on me, see?
Don't you ever try to manhandle
a Cowboy, 'cause we'll cut
your goddamn pimp's heart out.
- Understand me, pimp?
- Don't you threaten me,
you little son-of-a-bitch!
All right! All right!
Come on, easy, Virg, easy!
You just go on home and
forget about it, huh, Ike?
Come on, Virg.
I ain't gonna forget nothin'.
Well, that certainly was a bust.
Come, darlin'. Let's seek
our entertainment elsewhere.
Forget it, Virg. Go on.
Get some fresh air.
What's wrong, Doc?
Nothin'. Not a thing.
I'm right as the mail.
Doc? Doc!
All right, get him up.
Let's get him to the hotel.
- What's wrong with him?
- Lunger.
Yeah, well, I hope you die.
Give me my guns.
My rifle.
Goddamn bastards.
Think they can cheat me.
Nobody cheated you, Ike.
Just go home.
I don't take no mouth
from no bartenders, neither.
There, ya see?
Give somebody a rap on the beezer,
get some respect around here.
You tell the Earps, I see 'em
on the street and Doc Holliday,
I'm gonna send them to hell
on a shutter. You tell 'em that...
Pick these guns up.
Come on.
Come on, Ike.
Come on!
- Hey, you walkin'?
- Leave me alone.
- You gonna give Ike back his guns.
- Not 'til he sobers up.
Wearin' that badge
don't make you right.
Who the hell
you think you are?
- Watch the way you walk,
you stupid bastard.
- Easy, kid, I'm sorry.
I ain't easy
and I ain't your kid.
You take your sorry
and shove it up your ass.
I'll fight you right now.
Goddammit!
You're gonna bleed.
You got a fight comin'.
Comin' today.
Bastards! We're comin'!
Your condition's quite advanced.
I'd say you lost some 60% of your lung tissue, maybe more.
What's the verdict?
Two years. Two days.
Hard to say, if you stop now:
Your smokin',
your drinkin',
your gamblin',
your night life.
You need complete rest.
What I mean is,
you must attempt to, uh, deny...
- your, uh, marital impulse.
- Get out of my sight.
- How are you feeling, Doc?
- Mmm, better.
That's good.
I knew it wasn't nothing.
We must talk, darlin'.
It appears, uh...
we must redefine the nature of our association.
I'm a good woman to you, Doc.
Don't I always take care of ya?
Nobody cares for you like me.
I'm a good woman.
Yes, it's true,
you are a good woman.
Then again...
you may be the Antichrist.
Goddamn.
Now there's six of 'em.
Hell, this is like a bad dream.
Just stay calm. Use your head.
It'll be all right.
Just the same, though...
Guess maybe you better
swear me in.
Those Cowboys been telling everybody
in town they're gonna clean you out.
They're back there in that lot
behind the O.K. Corral.
- Thank you, Mayor.
- What're you doin' out of bed, Doc?
What in the hell's goin' on?
Five people come up to my room...
tellin' me the Clantons and McLaurys
are gunnin' for us.
- We goin' down there or not?
What are we gonna do?
- Wait 'til the liquor wears off.
Soon as they start gettin' headaches,
they'll lose interest.
Lose interest, hell.
They're threatenin' our lives.
- You'll never make that stick.
- They're carryin' guns, Wyatt.
Christ's sake, Virg,
that's a misdemeanor.
You go arrest them, something
goes wrong, maybe somebody
really gets his head broken.
You'll have Cowboys
comin' around lookin' for
trouble from here to Christmas.
- You want to risk all that
over a misdemeanor?
- Damn right I'll risk it.
They're breakin' the law.
It's not your problem, Doc.
You don't have to mix up in this.
That is a hell of a thing
for you to say to me.
All right, Virg.
Your call.
Give Doc the shotgun.
They'll be less apt
to get nerv-i-ous...
if he's on
the street howitzer.

Hey! Bang bang
bang bang bang!

Go on! Get home!

Goddamn kid.

How the hell did we
get ourselves into this?

You don't have to worry about a thing.

You just disarmed them.

You did?

Come on, boys.

Gentlemen, I'm not
gonna allow any trouble.

We're here to disarm you.

Throw up your hands.

Hold it!

That's not what I want!

Oh, my God.

Billy! Billy!

Stop! No! No!

Don't shoot!

I got no gun!

- Please don't shoot me!

I got no gun!

- This fight's commenced!

Get to fightin' or get away!

- Unh!

- Shut the door!

Aah!

Give me your goddamned gun!

Damn it!

Billy! Billy!

Doc, behind us!

I got you now,

you son-of-a-bitch.

You're a daisy if you do.

Morgan, hold quiet now.

Here you go.

Easy. Easy, man.

- I got you. All right.

- All right!

All of you

are under arrest.
I don't think I'll let you arrest us today, Behan.
Virgil!
- Virgil!
Well, I guess we did our good deed for today, Mayor.
You were right.
It's nothin' like I thought.
- I almost wish that...
- I know, Morgan.
I know. Me too.
Outta the way!
Yee-haw!
Gettin' warmer.
Guess spring's comin'.
- Hello, Billy. I say hello.
- It's deputy! And I don't want to talk to you!
Those men you killed were my friends.
I'm just a nothin'. But if I wasn't, I'd fight you right now, so I don't want to talk to you.
All they ever did was laugh at him.
Sister boy should've stuck around.
- What do you want, Ringo?
- I want your blood.
And I want your souls.
And I want 'em both right now.
- I don't want any more trouble.
- Well, ya got trouble!
And it starts with you.
I'm not gonna fight you, Ringo.
There's no money in it.
Sober up.
Come on, boys.
You wretched slugs.
Don't any of ya have the guts to play for blood?
I'm your huckleberry.
That's just my game.
All right, lunger.
You go to hell.
- I'll put you out of your misery.
- Say when.
- Johnny, don't!
- No, Johnny! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
- Get off!
- Easy now! It ain't nothin'.
- Get off!
- Don't mind him!
He's just drunk,
that's all.
Cool down, Johnny!
No! No!
I want them spittin' blood!
- Easy, son, easy!
Now ain't the time!
- Slow down, Ringo.
I tell ya, boys, even I'm wary
of what's gonna happen
once Ringo runs this outfit.
God have mercy!
Juanito, their time will come.
- Gentlemen.
- You can pull it, boy!
- Let's go get sauced!
- Barber.
- Yes, sir?
Proceed, sir.
Listen to me.
I need to speak with you.
Not now. I'm busy.
I see what's going on
between you and Wyatt.
I'm not a fool.
And listen to me.
Lots of so-called hard cases and
tough nuts come and go around this town,
but none of them has a clue
about the real play... none of them.
Now after tonight, there'll be one man
in charge of Tombstone.
You'll be happy to know him.
Bet on it.
Gonna be one of those nights.
It's gettin' late, boys.
I'm gonna go to bed.
- Good night, Virg.
- Good night, Morg.
Bundle up, Virg.
It's gettin' cold out there.
Yeah.
Tower of Babel.
Death and the Devil.
- Oh, dear.
- Oh, Allie. I wish you'd learn
to play a real card game.
- More tea, Mattie?
- Mm-mmm. No, no.
- Are you all right, Mattie?
- Yes.
- Are you expecting someone?
- Only Virg.
Please. I know it's awful
to come here, but listen.
I think something's
gonna happen tonight.
It's Virg.
- No! Get down!
That thunder's
sure gettin' close.
Virgil. What'd ya forget?
Wyatt.
Will you hurry
with that water, please?
Come on, Lou.
Wyatt! Wyatt!
They hit Claude's house too,
shot up his wife.
His wife!
Whoever heard of that?
They're bugs, Wyatt. All that
smart talk about live and let live.
There ain't no live
and let live with bugs.
All right, you listen to me now.
We gotta get out of here.
Get out of here?
Listen to yourself, Wyatt.
Lie down and crawl or you might
get hurt? What kind of talk is that?
- Do you see what's happening here?
- What?
What do you mean?
What are you saying?
No. Please, no.
I'm afraid your husband's
going to lose the use of his arm.
Oh, God, no.
Don't worry, Allie girl.
I still got one good arm
to hold you with.
Goddamn...
- Goddamn sons-of-bitches!
- Morgan, wait a minute! Virg...
- You had to be so damned smart.
- I'm sorry, Allie.
I told you, Virg.
- Not now, Wyatt.
- All right.
- All right, what do you want me to do?
- Just leave me alone, for God's sakes.
- Virg...
He doesn't want
to talk now, Wyatt!
I heard about what they did
to your women. That was wrong.
I'm here to let you know that it
wasn't me. I had no part of it.
No? Brothers to the bone,
right, McMasters?
No. Not anymore.
Not after this night.
He's right, Wyatt. You want us
for anything, we're with you.
Come on.
Hold him!
- No! Get her out of here! Jesus!
- Somebody shut that dog up!
- I said hold him, goddammit!
- Somebody get that goddamn dog out of here!
The bullet's too deep.
I can't get it out.
- The way it's lodged in there... I'm sorry.
Easy, Morg.
Is that better?
Yeah.
You were right, Wyatt.
They got me good.
Don't let 'em get you, brother.
You're the one.
Easy, Morg.
Don't worry about that, now.
Remember what I said about seein' a light when you're dyin'?
Yeah. Yeah.
That ain't true.
I can't see a damn thing.
Morg?
Morg!
Morg?
No.
Morgan! No!
Morgan, don't die!
I love you!
Don't die!
Why? Why him?
- No. No, get away from me!
- Wyatt!
Can't you see?
Get away from me!
Morgan!
And so she walked out of our lives forever.
Giddup!
Want you to know it's over.
Well.
Bye.
You smell that, Bill?
Smells like someone died.
Jesus, Johnny.
- Giddyap!
Adios, cabrones.
Ike.
Take Stillwell and finish it.
Now, you take care of yourself...
- That's Virgil with the women.
- He's mine!
- All aboard!
- Hey, Mattie! Where's Wyatt?
Right behind you, Stillwell.
- Aah!
- No!
Sweet Jesus.
All right, Clanton.
You called down the thunder.
Well, now you got it.
You see that? It says,
'United States Marshal.'
Wyatt.
Please don't kill me. Please.
Take a good look at him, Ike,
'cause that's how you're gonna end up.
The Cowboys are finished.
You understand me?
I see a red sash,
I kill the man wearin' it.
So run, you cur.
Run! Tell all the other curs
the law is comin'!
You tell 'em I'm comin'!
And hell's comin'
with me, you hear?
Hell's comin' with me!
Nobody move!
- Nonsense. By all means, move.
-
-
- Get down!
Hey, Wyatt!
How the hell are ya?
Ohh!
I got some boys
over there behind ya!
Got you in a little crossfire.
How do ya like that?
Come on! Think of something fast, would ya?
Wyatt?
Hey, Wyatt.
- No.
- Wyatt!
- No.
- Wyatt, what are you doin'?
Look at that.
Yeah.
Come and get some, boy.
No! Let me!
- No.
- Son-of-a-bitch.
- No!
Jesus Christ!
Yaahh!
No. No!
Did you ever see anything like that before?
- Hell, I ain't never even heard of anything like that.
- Nothin'.
Where is he?
Down by the creek, walkin' on water.
Well, let's hope he's got another miracle up his sleeve.
'Cause if I know Ringo, he's headed straight for us.
Well, if they were my brothers, I'd want revenge too.
No. Make no mistake.
It's not revenge he's after.
It's a reckoning.
Doc. You ought to be in bed. What the hell you doin' this for anyway?
Wyatt Earp is my friend.
Hell, I got lots of friends.
I don't.
Whoa! Whoa!
My God.
- Are you all right?
- What do you care?
It was your friends that did it.
Must've been Claiborne and Fuller.
They left here last night.
Aw, no.
They tried to take my watch.
He cursed them for cowards, and they shot him.
I don't understand any of this.
I just know it's ugly.
You're all ugly, and he was beautiful.
He tried to bring something fine into your ugly world, and you shot him for it.
Not that you care.
- Billy. Where you goin'?
- I'm not goin' with you.
Billy!
Billy, get back here!
I'm sorry, sir, but we got to have some law.
- Billy!
- Let him go. Who cares?
Yaahh! Get the hell outta here! Go on!
Party's over, boys.
Let's go!
Whoa.
Ringo and Behan are out front.
There is about 30 of 'em. They're all wearin' badges.
Christ.
We gotta find a place to hole up.
Doc.
Grab him.
I got him.
I got him!
Is this Henry Hooker's ranch?
That's right.
And I'm Hooker.
We got a sick man.
And our horses are done in.
Put him up at my place,
as long as it's just tonight.
We're in debt to ya.
I know you boys have got to keep movin',
but he looks pretty bad to me.
- Whoa!
- I, uh...
They got held up,
and their boss actor got killed.
They came here to water the horses,
then they'll push on.
I'm sorry about your friend.
And I'm... I'm sorry that I...
I forgave you
the moment you said it.
You did? Well...
Thank you.
All set.
I have to go.
Wait.
- Hyah!
Giddup!
What the hell is that?
They got McMasters!
Geez!
Ringo wanted to make sure
he got your attention, Marshal!
He wants a straight-up fight,
just you and him,
to settle this thing
once and for all.
Oak grove at the mouth
of Silver Springs canyon, 7:00!
You tell him I'll be there!
- Are you crazy?
- I'll be there!
It's not finished.
After I'm done
with Wyatt Earp,
take your Cowboys and finish off
Creek Johnson and Texas Jack.
You burn 'em, Ike.
- Burn 'em all.
- Hell, Johnny,
he ain't even gonna show.
Giddap!
He'll show.
I spent my whole life not knowin'
what I wanted outta life,
just chasin' my tail.
Now for the first time
I know exactly what I want,
and who.
And that's
the damnable misery of it.
What makes a man
like Ringo, Doc?
What makes him
do the things he does?
A man like Ringo...
got a great empty hole
right through the middle of him.
He can never kill enough
or steal enough...
or inflict enough pain
to ever fill it.
What does he need?
Revenge.
For what?
Bein' born.
It all happened so fast
with Curly Bill...
I didn't really have time
to think about it,
but I've had plenty of time
to think about this.
I can't beat him, can I?
No.
Wait.
I'm goin' with ya.
Oh, God. I'm sorry.
I'm sorry, Wyatt.
It's all right, Doc.
What's it like to wear
one of those?
Don't worry.
They want him,  
they gotta come over us first.  
He's waitin' for you by the big oak,  
quarter mile up that trail.  
They're not givin' ya  
any safe conduct.  
Shootin' starts, you better kick east  
to the New Mexico line.  
I ain't got the words.  
I know.  
Me neither.  
Well.  
I didn't think  
ya had it in you.  
I'm your huckleberry.  
Why, Johnny Ringo,  
you look like somebody  
just walked over your grave.  
Fight's not with you, Holliday.  
I'll beg to differ, sir. We started  
a game we never got to finish.  
Play for blood, remember?  
I was just foolin' about.  
I wasn't.  
And this time...  
it's legal.  
All right, lunger.  
Let's do it.  
Say when.  
Come on. Come on!  
Oh, Johnny. Come on!  
You're no daisy.  
You're no daisy at all!  
Poor soul.  
You were just  
too high-strung.  
I'm afraid the strain  
was more than he could bear.  
Oh, I wasn't quite  
as sick as I made out.  
Good God.  
My hypocrisy  
goes only so far.  
All right.
Let's finish it.
Indeed, sir. The last charge
of Wyatt Earp and his immortals.
Hyah! Hyah, come on!
No! Here!
Look at this!
Hello, Wyatt.
Father Feeney
and I were just...
investigating the mysteries
of the church of Rome.
It appears my hypocrisy
knows no bounds.
You're no hypocrite, Doc.
You just like to sound like one.
I brought you somethin'.
Well, let's see.
Where are we today?
I'm $17 down to you.
- Two bits a hand. Stud?
- You keep comin' back here.
I told you not to,
and I meant it.
You're the only person
I can afford to lose to anymore.
How we feelin' today, Doc?
I'm dying. How are you?
Pretty much the same.
- So now we add self-pity
to our list of frailties.
- All right, Doc.
All right, how many
cards you want?
I don't want
to play anymore.
How many?
Damn you.
You're the most fallible,
stubborn, self-deluded,
- bullheaded man I've ever
known in my entire life.
- I call.
- You win.
- Yet with all,
you're the only human being
in my entire life who ever gave me hope.
I was in love once.
My first cousin.
She was 15.
We were both so...
That's good, Doc.
That's... That's good.
What happened?
She joined a convent
over the affair.
She was all I ever wanted.
What did you want?
Just to live a normal life.
There's no normal life, Wyatt.
There's just life.
Now get on with it.
Don't know how.
Sure you do.
Say good-bye to me.
Go grab
that spirited actress...
and make her your own.
Take that beauty and run,
and don't look back.
Live every second.
Live right up to the hilt.
Live, Wyatt.
Live for me.
Wyatt? If you
ever were my friend,
if you ever had even
the slightest feelin' for me,
leave now.
Leave now.
Please?
Thanks for always
bein' there, Doc.
I'll be damned.
This is funny.
I never thought I would see
Gilbert and Sullivan performed
right here in Denver.
- Good night, Josie.
- Good night.
Good show.
Ya 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 lookin' at heaven.
I have nothing left,
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
the rest of your life.
Don't worry, Wyatt.
My family's rich.
What shall we do first?
What you wanted to do
the first night we met.
- Remember?
- Uh-uh.
May I have this dance?
Yes.
And then we'll
have room service.
The power of the Cowboy Gang
was broken forever.
Ike Clanton was shot
and killed two years later
during an attempted robbery.
Mattie died of a drug overdose
shortly after she left Tombstone.
Virgil and Allie Earp
moved to California, where Virgil,
despite the use of only one arm,
became a town sheriff.
Wyatt and Josephine
embarked on a series of adventures.
Up or down, thin or flush,
in 47 years they never left
each other's side.
Wyatt Earp died
in Los Angeles in 1929.
Among the pallbearers
at his funeral...
Among the pallbearers
at his funeral...
were early Western movie stars
William S. Hart and Tom Mix.
Tom Mix wept.