

THE LAST STAGE

or

Wyatt Earp's Dying Dream

screenplay by

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First Draft
Registered WGAw

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET / WYATT EARP'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

SUPER: LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
January 12, 1929

Rain falls. Screen mostly black, until a hazy light appears in the distance. Seems at first like one white circle, but then it separates into two, moving forward, and there's the thrumming of an automobile engine.

Headlights of a 1928 Ford Model T appear. The car rolls forward through the pounding rain, past dark streetlights standing like silent sentinels.

The car stops at the sidewalk outside a courtyard complex - a baker's dozen of small bungalows, six on each side facing each other across a central courtyard, and a larger unit at the end.

The driver, STUART LAKE, 39, gets out, in a rain slicker.

With a limp, he trots up a walkway into the pitch-dark courtyard. No light in any of the homes, aside from the glow of candles and lanterns. Lake trots up onto a porch, beneath an awning. Shakes off the rain. Knocks gently on the door.

After a beat, the door is opened by JOSEPHINE "SADIE" EARP, 67, short, stout, hair dyed jet black. Sadie is tough, nothing soft about her - but right now she's enduring more than she can handle. She dabs her red-rimmed eyes with a handkerchief.

SADIE

Mr. Lake! Thank God!

She holds the door open. As Lake steps across the threshold, he touches the mezuzah beside the door, then touches his lips.

INT. EARP BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Lake shucks off his rain slicker. Suit coat and necktie underneath. Sadie takes his slicker and hat and hangs them on a peg behind the door.

SADIE

Power's been out all afternoon.

LAKE

It's off everywhere east of Fairfax.

The room is cramped and dingy – a kitchen sink and stove in one corner, partially hidden behind a pull curtain, and a tiny bathroom in the opposite corner with shower/bath combo, wash basin, and toilet jammed close together.

Near one wall is a dining table, an unfinished puzzle and a Menorah atop it. The Menorah has a couple of half-melted candles in it, casting a faint, warm glow.

There's a few mis-matched chairs, a small half-bookcase, overflowing with books and papers stacked on top, and a short cabinet supporting a gramophone. On the walls are a few family portraits, and a mirror covered by a dark cloth.

Against the opposite wall is a bed.

Lake steps to it. Stares at the tall, frail man beneath the covers – WYATT EARP, 80. Close-cropped white hair, white mustache, eyes closed. A few chairs arranged around the bed. On a bedside table next to him, a single candle burns.

Standing over Wyatt is DR. FRED SHURTLEFF, 50s, administering an injection into Wyatt's inner elbow.

SADIE

Dr. Shurtleff, this is Mr. Lake.
He's that writer I told you about.

LAKE

How is he?

SHURTLEFF

Hanging on. 'Bout all I can say.

SADIE

He was moaning a few minutes ago.

SHURTLEFF

Expect he's in considerable pain. The morphine should help.

A little Border Collie mix, EARPIE, crawls out from under the bed and sniffs around Lake's legs. He reaches to pet it.

Sadie sits beside the bed, resuming her vigil.

SADIE

I'm scared, Mr. Lake. He hasn't been in his right mind. Sometimes, I hear him jawing away, talking to Doc Holliday, or Virgil, or Morgan. But no one's here.

SHURTLEFF

They do that sometimes. Like the body's shutting down, but the brain's still active. It's like what people say about your life passing before you when you...

SADIE

Don't say it! He'll pull through. He has to.

Shurtleff casts a concerned glance at Lake. Lake moves to the other side of the bed. Leans toward his old friend.

LAKE

Wyatt - it's Stuart Lake. Better get up, now. I gotta few more questions for you.

Earpie jumps up onto the bed, cuddles against Wyatt's chest.

Wyatt's fingers barely twitch, then he slowly raises one hand and strokes Earpie's fur. Sadie lets out a gasp, tears in her eyes. Wraps her hand around his. His fingers close over hers.

SADIE

Talk to me, Shug. Speak to your Sadie-Belle.

For a brief moment, his eyes flutter open.

SADIE (cont'd)

Wyatt? Hon?

WYATT

Suppose... suppose...

His eyes slowly close. And we...

FADE OUT / IRIS IN TO:

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY — WESTERN FILM LOCATION — DAY
(WYATT'S DREAM)

We're behind Wyatt, wearing a bowler hat. Appears to be in front of a building from the Old West. He stares down at his hands, at his side, orienting himself. Then steps forward, and catches his reflection in a window blacked out from behind by a tarp.

He's gone back in time, but only a year or two. Looks dignified with his white hair, Oxford shoes, and 3-piece suit, like a retired banker.

As he looks around, he realizes the buildings are just facades — store fronts, jail, corral — meant to be post-Civil War Dodge City. Sees a film crew setting up for a shot.

The director, CLIFFORD SMITH, 30, positions actors in front of the corral fence.

The performers are dressed as legendary gunslingers — CALAMITY JANE, BAT MASTERSON, and DOC HOLLIDAY. An actor named BERT LINDLEY portrays Wyatt, with dark mustache, round-topped hat, and six-shooters.

WILLIAM S. HART, the Clint Eastwood of the silent era, playing Wild Bill Hickock (though without Wild Bill's mustache and long hair), steps in front of the others, toes a rock marker.

HART

Is this where you want me, Cliff?

SMITH

That's fine, Bill.

HART

How's it look, Wyatt?

Wyatt comes forward, eyes Lindley up and down.

WYATT

Shoulders back. Head high. I never slouch.

Takes a cigar from his pocket, sticks it in Lindley's mouth, strikes a match to light it.

WYATT (cont'd)

Look mean. And hook your thumb in your belt, like this.

Lindley does as he's told. Wyatt nods his approval, steps out of the shot. As he passes Hart...

WYATT

You know I never met Wild Bill Hickock?

HART

Poetic license.

Hart grins. Wyatt shakes his head. Sits in a canvas chair behind the camera. Smith stands next to the CAMERAMAN.

SMITH

Alright, let's go. Roll 'em.

Wyatt watches the actors perform for the camera: as the legendary lawmen look on, Wild Bill (Hart) faces off against McQUEEN (JAMES FARLEY). Smith shouts out directions, the actors doing as he commands...

SMITH

Okay, Bill. You see McQueen. McQueen looks at all the gunmen. But he's not scared. His hand goes down to his pistol. Now, draw on three - one, two, THREE!

Wild Bill (Hart) and McQueen (Farley) whip up their guns.

ON WYATT'S FACE

As he hears the simultaneous GUNSHOTS. Lowers his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. FILM LOCATION - LATER

Sun setting over the rocky hills. Crewmen break down the lights and camera gear. The actors, most still in costume, line up under an awning jutting from one of the building facades, waiting for shuttles.

At the front of the line - Wyatt, Hart, Smith, and Lindley.

HART

How's your book coming?

WYATT

Me and Sadie are still working with that reporter, Stuart Lake.

HART

How'd you settle on him?

WYATT

Well, he'd done a little work for Bat Masterson's newspaper back East. And after that, he was a publicity man for Teddy Roosevelt's last campaign.

HART

Pretty accomplished, then.

WYATT

Yep. But mostly, it was because he'd been hit by a truck during the war. I figured if he could survive Bat, and Teddy, and being hit by a truck, then he could survive Sadie.

Hart laughs.

HART

I'm just glad you finally got a real author and not that man Flood.

WYATT

Lesson learned - don't hire your bookkeeper to write your memoirs.

A trolley bus approaches. Placards on each side tout the currently filming William S. Hart extravaganza, with a painting of Hart, six guns blazing, and the words: "COMING SOON: William S. Hart as 'Wild Bill Hickock.'"

The trolley bus stops. They climb aboard.

INT. TROLLEY BUS - SAME

As the bus pulls away, Hart and Wyatt sit in a front seat, Lindley and Farley behind them.

HART

Just got to get it done, Wyatt. Picture companies aren't that interested unless they can say the film's based on a book.

WYATT

Reckon as long as you play me it'll be alright.

(looks over his shoulder at Lindley)

No offense.

(turns back to Hart)

I just hope there's enough there to make a movie.

HART

All the things you've done, we oughta have plenty of material for three or four pictures.

WYATT

I appreciate you sticking with it.

HART

Oh, I promise you, I'm not giving up. I'll keep hammering away at until the hot place freezes over.

Lindley leans forward.

LINDLEY

Hey, Mr. Earp - what was it really like?

WYATT

What was what like?

LINDLEY

Tombstone.

WYATT

Not half as bad as Los Angeles.

The trolley bus hits a pothole, jolts. Wyatt winces, puts his hand to a gnawing pain in his side.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARP BUNGALOW — DAY

Wyatt's 1923 Packard Single Six sedan rolls up and stops outside the housing court. He gets out, goes up the walkway to the front door of his bungalow. He hears Earpie barking from inside.

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — DAY

Earpie excitedly jumps up at him as Wyatt enters.

WYATT

Whoa, Earpie. Settle down, now. You hungry? Where's your ma?

Wyatt goes further into the room, looks about. Dishes piled in the sink. Newspapers on the floor beside the dining table.

With a worried look, he goes over to the bed, where there's an old pair of boots, one upright, the other on its side. He picks the latter one up, turns it upside down. An envelope falls out.

He checks the envelope. It's empty. Wyatt looks defeated.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES SIDEWALK — DAY

Wyatt strides past stores and businesses and a newsstand with a spinner rack of pulp magazines, most featuring Western stories, with paintings of cowboys and gunfighters on their covers.

Wyatt enters a café.

INT. CAFE — DAY

Wyatt goes to the counter, where the HOST greets him.

HOST

Afternoon, Mr. Earp. Care for a —

WYATT

She here?

(off Host's guilty look)

I told you not to let her in.

HOST

If you can't control her, what makes
you think I can?

Wyatt steps past tables where a few diners are seated, goes to a door at the back of the room. Gives three short, sharp knocks on the speakeasy grille. A little door behind it opens, revealing a man's eyes (JOE).

WYATT

Open up, Joe.

JOE

Wyatt, I -

WYATT

Now, 'fore I kick it in.

INT. CAFE - BACK ROOM - SAME

Joe opens the door, and Wyatt enters. There's a half dozen tables, a bar fully stocked with liquor, a BARTENDER, and at a table in the corner, Sadie playing poker with three scruffy-looking gamblers, NED (20s), MILLER (50s), and ROBERTO (30s).

Wyatt strides to the table. Hovers next to Sadie. She's in her cups, and losing. Only a couple of dollars in front of her, much bigger piles in front of the other three. A nearly-empty bottle of whiskey on the table.

WYATT

Step away, Sadie.

SADIE

Beat it, 'fore you jinx me.

WYATT

Time to come home.

SADIE

When I finish this hand.

WYATT

It's already finished. You're just too
soused to know it.

NED

Butt out, Grandpa. This ain't
your business.

MILLER

Hush, boy! You know who you're
speaking to?

NED

A fella 'bout to get his head spilt
if he don't scam.

MILLER

That's Wyatt Earp!

Ned shrugs; the name means nothing to him.

NED

So?

Wyatt bristles, but Sadie touches his arm.

SADIE

Don't.
(throws her cards down)
I'm out.

She rises, a little unsteady on her feet. Scoops up the couple
of dollars she still has on the table.

Wyatt grabs her arm, guides her out. He goes to the door, giving
Joe a dirty look. Hears...

ROBERTO

THE Wyatt Earp? I thought he was dead...

Wyatt pauses in the door, looks back over his shoulder at
Roberto with a glare so sharp it could cut the buttons off his
coat. After a beat, he escorts Sadie on out.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Still gripping Sadie's arm, Wyatt walks her down the sidewalk.

WYATT

How much you lose?

SADIE

I was up seventy.

WYATT

Not what I asked. How much?

SADIE

Hundred and fifty.

Wyatt stops in his tracks, shocked. Lets out a long sigh.

WYATT

When are you gonna learn? Stay at the table too long and you lose everything.

SADIE

Not everything. Won this.

She pulls a little derringer pistol from her purse. Shows it to Wyatt. He scoffs.

WYATT

Like you'd have the guts to use it...

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — NIGHT

Sadie sits on the edge of the bed as Wyatt undresses her. Pulls her dress off over her head.

WYATT

I ought'a tan your hide!

SADIE

Whup me and I'll poison your coffee.

He helps her lean back, pulls the covers over her.

WYATT

That money was meant to last us through the summer! Now what're we gonna do?

SADIE

What about your movie consulting?

WYATT

I'm done Friday.

SADIE

Well... you never seem to like that work, anyway.

WYATT

Pays the bills. Lord only knows how long it'll be before the next job comes along. How're we gonna make it till then?

SADIE

We can borrow money from...

WYATT

Your family and mine both are sick and tired of us coming around every few months with our hands out!

Her eyes well with tears. She looks up at him, imploringly.

SADIE

I thought I could take 'em. They looked like rubes.

WYATT

You were hustled. They saw you for a fool and took advantage of it.

SADIE

Stop it!

He reaches for a trash can, puts it beside the head of the bed, where Sadie can reach it easily.

WYATT

In case you need it.
(stares down at her, disappointed)
Thought you'd given up the bottle.
Makes you mean and ill-tempered.

SADIE

Yeah? What's your excuse?

He pulls the chain on the bedside lamp, turning it off, and walks to the door. Looks back to her sadly, then goes out.

EXT. EARP BUNGALOW - FRONT PORCH - LATER

Wyatt sits in a rocking chair, smoking his pipe, contemplative. Looks across the courtyard at the matching bungalows. There's a light breeze; wind chimes TINKLE.

Earpie nudges the door open, comes outside. Hops up in Wyatt's lap. Wyatt winces slightly. Moves the dog to the other side of his lap. Rubs its head.

WYATT (cont'd)

What're we gonna do with her, Earpie?

Stares at the horizon, deep red from the setting sun. Then at a few young BOYS, ages 6 to 8, playing in the courtyard, two of them holding cast-iron cap guns.

BOY # 1

I'm Tom Mix!

BOY # 2

I'm Hoot Gibson!

YOUNGEST BOY

I'm Buck Jones!

BOY # 1

You can't be nobody! You ain't got a gun!

BOY # 2

You're the Indian!

YOUNGEST BOY

Awww - how come I always hafta be the Indian?

They set about hiding behind bushes and the central fountain, having a 'shoot-out' with cap guns SNAPPING and POPPING.

Another presence materializes, leaning against the porch rail. MORGAN EARP, 30, with walrus mustache and 1882-era suit.

MORGAN

Just like us.

WYATT

'Cept our guns were just sticks.

Morgan nods toward the screen door.

MORGAN

Warned you she'd be a handful.

WYATT

I think what you said was, 'Marry an actress, expect drama.'

MORGAN

Just looking out for my big brother. You'd think she'd be more careful with money, being a Jewess and all.

WYATT

I don't mind her gambling. I just mind she's so bad at it.

MORGAN

Well, can't fault her for being unlucky. Can't everybody be as fortunate as you. What was it? Thirty rounds fired at the O.K. Corral, and every one of us hit, 'cept you?

Morgan turns, leaning his forearm against a post. Viewing him from the back, Wyatt sees bullet holes in Morgan's coat.

MORGAN (cont'd)

Then they come gunning for you and get me.

Cap guns POP.

WYATT

Should've been me.

MORGAN

Remember that night? I was spread-eagled on the saloon floor, scared, worried about leaving Louisa, bleedin' like a stuck pig, and you knelt beside me and said, 'Hold on, Morgan, hold on.' But I couldn't.

WYATT

We had a pact, remember? If there was an afterlife, you'd send me a sign.

MORGAN
I'm here now, ain't I?

Wyatt's pipe has gone out. He strikes a match, relights it.

WYATT
What's it like, when the end comes?

MORGAN
You just... move on.
(arm makes a sweeping motion)
Like catching the last stage out.

In the courtyard, one boys points his pistol at the others. POP.

BOY # 1
Gotcha! You're dead!

The other boy stiffens, puts his hand on his heart, and falls to the ground, 'dead'.

WYATT
Morgan, I... I...

MORGAN
It's alright. It was my time. When
it's your time, it's your time.
(looks at Wyatt)
Yours is coming.

The wind chimes tinkle, and Morgan fades into the darkness.

The door CREAKS. Sadie, wrapped in a blanket, comes outside, stepping to Wyatt. Takes his hand in hers.

SADIE
Shug? Who you takin' to?

WYATT
Myself, I reckon.

SADIE
Come on to bed.

Earpie leaps out of his lap as Wyatt stands, follows her inside. The kids continue playing on the lawn, caps POPPING.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — NIGHT

Wyatt and Sadie in bed, side-by-side, Sadie snoring peacefully. Wyatt rolls onto his back, stares up at the ceiling. Rubs his abdomen. Rises — in his one-piece union suit — and trudges to the bathroom.

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — BATHROOM — SAME

Wyatt pulls the chain to switch on the lightbulb overhead. Looks at his reflection in the mirror on the back of the bathroom door. Unbuttons the union suit, drops it to his ankles.

Again rubs his hand over his abdomen. Doesn't see anything unusual, but when he touches one spongy spot he feels like an ice pick's stabbed his gut.

He sits on the toilet, with a grunt. Winces.

A beat. He lets out a long, slow breath.

Sadie's snoring stops. A sound of bedsprings, then...

SADIE (O.S.)

Wyatt? You okay?

Wyatt changes his position a little, grunts.

WYATT

Fine. Go back to sleep.

SADIE (O.S.)

Don't sound fine.

WYATT

It's nothing.

SADIE (O.S.)

Need anything?

WYATT

Need some peace!

He sits up a little straighter, holds his breath, puts pressure on his belly. And now we hear the intermittent piss stream hitting the toilet water. He lets out a quiet moan.

SADIE (O.S.)

Hon?

WYATT

(grunts)

I'm coming. Hold your horses.

Wyatt leans forward, wipes sweat from his forehead.

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — NIGHT

Wyatt plops back in bed, exhausted. Feels a chill. Pulls the covers up, closes his eyes. Sadie rolls over, facing him.

SADIE

You need to go back to Dr. Shurtleff.

WYATT

Bit late now.

SADIE

I hate you feeling so poorly.

(snuggles closer, rubs his arm)

We'll get through this.

WYATT

Where're we meetin' Lake tomorrow?

SADIE

Santa Monica Pier.

Wyatt closes his eyes tightly, rubs his abdomen. Trying to smooth away the pain.

CUT TO:

INT. WYATT EARP'S BUNGALOW — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Earpie curls up atop Wyatt's stomach. Wyatt gives a slight moan, hand moving slowly, weakly, to push Earpie away. Sadie picks up the border collie and sets him on the floor.

SADIE

Go on. Leave Papa alone.

LAKE

How long has he been like this?

SADIE

Couple of days. You should've come sooner.

LAKE

I wanted to, but I had the flu. Didn't want to risk passing it on.

Wyatt squirms on the bed, almost imperceptibly. But Sadie notices.

SADIE

He wants to be on his side.

DR. SHURTLEFF

I think he'll more comfortable on his back.

SADIE

You think I don't know how he sleeps?

She pulls the covers back, and with the help of Lake and Shurtleff, gently repositions Wyatt on his side. Wyatt crooks his legs slightly, and moves his hands, balled up in fists, in front of his face.

Sadie and the men sit back down. She pulls her chair close to Wyatt. Rubs her hand over his arm, his shoulder, his neck, his cheek, runs it through his hair.

Then she cups her hand over his fist. She can feel his breaths on her fingers. She smiles, sadly.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MONICA PIER — HIPPODROME - DAY

Sadie's hand clasped in his, Wyatt watches young couples and children ride the wooden horses, bobbing up and down on the carousel. The jaunty music is too much for Sadie.

SADIE

Feel like I been run over.

WYATT

Hit the bottle too hard and it hits back.

SADIE

Let's just keep this short.

Wyatt sees Stuart Lake entering from the boardwalk, waving.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH — OUTSIDE THE HIPPODROME — DAY

The ocean ebbs and flows onto the beach, where people relax and sunbathe in their 1920s-style wool swimsuits.

Wyatt and Sadie stroll along the sand, Lake beside them.

SADIE

When can we see some pages?

LAKE

Soon. There's just one or two things
I'd still like to clear up.

SADIE

Such as?

LAKE

I've got a list... Let's see here...

Lake reaches into his coat, pulls out some folded papers.

LAKE (cont'd)

Like this. Just so I can get it straight...
You married Aurilla, and she died, and
then when you got to Tombstone, you were
with Mattie, and she ended up overdosing
on laudanum, and when you left Arizona...

SADIE

What's Wyatt's private life got to do
with anything?! People don't care about
that! They just want to know what
he's done.

LAKE

I'm just trying to...

SADIE

I don't want anything printed that
makes Wyatt look bad!

(to Wyatt)

Tell 'im what happened to Newton.

WYATT

Last week, Newt's granddaughter come to him with a book someone had given her that's just come out, called 'Helldorado,' by Billy Breakenridge.

LAKE

Breakenridge? Wasn't he Sheriff Behan's deputy?

WYATT

(nods)

He came 'round a while back, 'bout the time we started workin' with you, askin' all kinds of questions. Then the sonuvabitch turns around and writes a book sayin' the Clantons and McLaurey's were unarmed and threw up their hands before we shot 'em. Now, if that's so, then how come Virg, Morgan, and Doc come up wounded?

Wyatt's eyes burn with suppressed anger. Sadie pats his arm.

LAKE

So you're saying, his account's just a little bit self-serving?

SADIE

Makes him look good and everybody else look bad.

LAKE

Just what we need. More competition... All the more reason I need to sit down with you and get the information I need to finish.

WYATT

What information?

Lake again looks at his questions, trying to keep pace with Wyatt and Sadie.

LAKE

What about the vendetta ride? Was it you that hunted down and killed Johnny Ringo?

SADIE

Wyatt's only ever done what he had to do. And it's made him a prisoner.

LAKE

Prisoner? Of what?

SADIE

His reputation.

Wyatt stops. Looks down at the sand, then out at the surf.

WYATT

Hell of a thing, to have your whole life judged by thirty seconds.

LAKE

Well... it wasn't just any thirty seconds.

Sadie notices Wyatt's energy is flagging.

SADIE

Hon – you need to go back to the house?

LAKE

Wyatt, please. I drove all this way...

SADIE

He needs his rest, Mr. Lake. We're taking a little trip tomorrow.

LAKE

Where to?

WYATT

Going out to Vidal for a spell. Been feeling a mite off the beam. Thought a trip to the country might build my strength back up.

Lake sees his opportunity slipping away. Goes to Plan B.

LAKE

Okay, look. How 'bout I give you this list of questions, and maybe when you get settled there, if you've got some time, you can just...

Sadie takes the typed list from Lake.

SADIE

Thank you, Mr. Lake.

LAKE

Just tell me something, will you? Are you sure you want this? I understand you want to tell your story in your own words, but once you put yourself in the spotlight, it might shine on things you'd rather keep in the dark.

SADIE

That's your responsibility, Mr. Lake. You're the writer. See that it doesn't.

Sadie heads back for the pier. Wyatt turns to Lake.

WYATT

You don't have to warn me, Mr. Lake. I know how this works. The press raises you up and then takes pot shots at you.

LAKE

You want that?

Having moved ahead, Sadie turns back, calls...

SADIE

Wyatt! You coming?!

WYATT

(to Lake)

Well... it's not just about what I want.

He goes to Sadie and crooks his arm in hers. Lake follows.

HOLD ON their footprints in the wet sand. A big wave washes in... and erases them.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — NIGHT

Wyatt and Sadie pack for their journey. He folds his clothes neatly into his suitcase atop their bed; she just flings dresses, undergarments, shoes into hers haphazardly.

She moves across the room and flips on the radio, then begins packing plates, cups, utensils and food items into a wicker picnic hamper.

Over the radio waves comes the voice of a British actor, performing 'Hamlet.'

WYATT

Remember seeing old Edwin Booth do this in San Francisco? A little long in the tooth to be playing a young man, but he sure had the spirit for it.

SADIE

What would you know about an old man still acting like a young one?

WYATT

Shh! Here comes the best part...

He stopped packing to listen.

ACTOR (on radio)

To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?...

WYATT

'Sea of troubles.' Shakespeare really knew how to turn a phrase.

ACTOR (on radio)

...To die, to sleep; To sleep, perchance
to dream - ay, there's the rub; For in
that sleep of death what dreams may come...

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A two-lane blacktop cuts through the flat desert, craggy mountains in the distance. Wyatt's Packard rolls along, pulling a small travel trailer packed to the gills.

Signs of progress along the way – oil derricks, poles erected holding aloft telephone lines and power lines – and a reminder of the past – tumbleweeds tossed along the roadside.

INT. WYATT'S CAR – DRIVING – DAY

Wyatt's behind the wheel, Sadie beside him, with Earpie in her lap. Wyatt licks his dry lips.

WYATT

Throw me that thermos. Ain't got enough spit left to wet a stick of gum.

Sadie grabs a thermos at her feet, unscrews the top, hands it to Wyatt. He takes a swig, hands it back. Readjusts his position in the seat. Rubs his aching side.

SADIE

You need to see a doctor when we get there.

WYATT

He'll just say the same as the rest.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL – DAY

Sun low on the horizon. The Packard comes down a dirt road, pulls up before a small frame house – white with blue trim, and a wide porch out front.

Wyatt, Sadie, and Earpie get out. Earpie immediately goes to mark his territory.

Wyatt stretches to relieve his aching back. Glances over at Earpie with a look of envy.

Sadie tromps up on the porch with a key, unlocks the door. She comes back to the car, where Wyatt unloads luggage from the trailer. He picks up a heavy bag, with visible effort.

SADIE

Let me.

She reaches for the bag. He recoils from her, not letting go of it. Snaps at her.

WYATT

I've got it!

She's taken aback, feelings hurt. He notices.

WYATT (cont'd)

Man wants to feel useful, not be
coddled like a basket of eggs.

He makes a show of picking up the heavy bag plus another one,
and goes inside. Sadie grabs a couple more bags and follows.

Once they're inside, Earpie runs after them, scratches at the
not-quite-closed door. Nudges it open enough to squeeze through.

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — KITCHEN — NIGHT

Though small, the home is bigger than their L.A. bungalow, with
separate kitchen, dining room, bedroom, and bathroom. Sadie's at
the stove, cooking hot dogs in a skillet. Calls out —

SADIE

What do you want on your dog?

INT. EARP COTTAGE — BEDROOM — SAME

Wyatt finishes unpacking a traveling chest, shouts back —

WYATT

Just mustard.

He removes a wooden case from the bottom of the chest, puts it
on the bed. Opens it. Inside — his Colt Single Action Army 1881
pistol, gun belt, and a box of cartridges. He closes the case,
kneels down to slide it under the bed.

Sadie appears in the doorway.

SADIE

Dinner's ready.

She pats the back of Wyatt's head.

SADIE (cont'd)

Getting a little thin back there.

WYATT

Maybe I'm just outgrowin' my hair.

SADIE

I've got something that'll hide
that bald spot.

WYATT

Like what?

SADIE

A yarmulke.

WYATT

I've got a hat, thank you.

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — DINING ROOM — NIGHT

Wyatt takes the last bite of his hot dog.

SADIE

Polished that off in a hurry.

WYATT

Fine eatin'.

Sadie takes his plate and hers into the kitchen.

When she's out of view, Wyatt goes to the window, jiggles a board underneath until it pops loose. Sets it aside. Hidden behind it is a steel lockbox. He removes it, blows dust off the top. Sets it on the table, opens it.

A stack of bills inside. He takes them out, quickly riffles through them. Stashes them in his pocket.

Closes the lockbox, puts it back in the cubby hole, puts the board back in place.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEUNG GENERAL STORE — VIDAL — DAY

Wyatt and Sadie's car pulls up to the store. They get out, both now dressed more "Western" than their L.A. city duds.

Outside the door, on the boardwalk, JAVIER, 50s, a Mexican busker, sits on a folding canvas stool strumming a guitar. Wyatt tips his hat to Javier as he and Sadie enter.

INT. LEUNG GENERAL STORE – DAY

The store only has a few long shelves stocked with food and dry goods. At a table near a window, a COUPLE OF OLD-TIMERS face each other across a barrel, atop which is a checkerboard.

Leaning against the wall watching them, sipping a Coca-Cola, is JACK GUNTHER, late 20s, a slender, clean-cut young man.

Wyatt and Sadie step to the counter, where MARY LEUNG, 50s, Chinese, stops restocking shelves to give Wyatt a hug.

MARY

Wyatt! Josephine! Welcome back!

WYATT

Good to see you, Mary.

Mary gives Wyatt an extra little squeeze. Sadie smiles at them, but there's a glint of jealousy in her eyes.

WYATT (cont'd)

Grocery business been good?

MARY

Can't complain. Looks like Josephine's cooking's been good.

She gives Wyatt a pat on the belly. He tries to hide his wince. As she goes behind the counter...

MARY (cont'd)

What can I get you today?

SADIE

Everything. Need to restock.

Wyatt opens the cover of a book on the counter.

WYATT

What's this?

MARY

Horoscopes. I found out all you Gweilo are crazy about horoscopes, so I got a book of the Chinese Zodiac and charge twenty-five cents a reading. Increased my business. Want to hear yours?

WYATT

I think I know my fate.

MARY

It's on the house.

SADIE

I'd like to hear it.

Mary sidles up next to Wyatt – too close for Sadie's comfort.

MARY

What year were you born?

WYATT

1848.

Mary thumbs through her book.

MARY

Ah – you were born in the Year of the Monkey.

SADIE

(chuckles)

The monkey...

MARY

No, this is good. It says here that for a person born in the year of the monkey, life is a big game. You're fast, you're smart, you have a keen mind, and play by your own rules.

SADIE

Oh, my goodness – that's you to a T!

MARY

You're always extra aware of what is happening around you. Even in crowds, you're analyzing and remembering any useful information. You like to be in control of every situation, and you're not very patient.

WYATT

Are we done?

MARY

It says your life will be hard, with many ups and downs, but you always figure out the rules of the game and how to win.

SADIE

That's amazing!

WYATT

Could say that about anybody.

SADIE

Why, Wyatt Earp, that couldn't be any more on the nose! My little monkey...

WYATT

(to Mary)

See what you've done?

SADIE

Do mine!

MARY

What is your birth year?

SADIE

18...

She glances at the men playing checkers, and leans in to whisper to Mary. Mary thumbs through the pages.

MARY

You are... Year of the Rooster.

WYATT

Rooster? Not hen?

MARY

Rooster. For a person born in the year of the rooster, life is full of surprises. But even when things go wrong, you still believe in yourself. You like to talk...

WYATT

And that's YOU to a T!

SADIE

Shut up!

MARY

...you're very confident, and sometimes you brag and exaggerate.

WYATT

Sometimes?

SADIE

Hush! I didn't interrupt you!

MARY

If there's a dispute, you don't like to admit when you're wrong, and you like giving advice to others, even if they haven't asked for it.

WYATT

Well, I'll be. Sounds like there might be something to all this Chinese hoo-doo after all...

SADIE

Will you just go on?

While Sadie gets her fortune told, Wyatt browses the shelves near the checker players.

MARY

And in your love life, you are always ready to defend your soulmate.

The checker players haven't noticed Wyatt nearby. He hears them speaking quietly...

CHECKER PLAYER 1

THE Wyatt Earp?

CHECKER PLAYER 2

Used to be Marshall in Arizona. Got a place over by the Whipple Mountains.

(moves a checker piece)

I hear tell he don't trust banks. Keeps all his money stashed away in his house.

Wyatt steps over to them. They're embarrassed that he overheard them. Jack, still leaning against the wall, observes...

WYATT

If you believe that, I've got two or three mines I'll sell you.

He looks down at the board. Moves one of the black checker pieces, jumping a few of the reds to end up at the border.

WYATT (cont'd)

Game over.

The men begin resetting the checkerboard. Wyatt goes back to the counter. Jack's eyes are now glued to him, hint of a smile playing at the corner of his lips.

At the counter, Mary concludes Sadie's fortune. Wyatt steps beside her.

MARY

You are reliable, sometimes annoying, but always faithful.

SADIE

There. You see. Always faithful. Yours didn't say that.

Wyatt glares at Sadie. Mary closes the book.

WYATT

Henry around?

MARY

In back.

Wyatt goes behind the counter.

FOLLOW WYATT — INT. LEUNG STORE — HALLWAY / LIVING QUARTERS

He opens a door into a dark hallway stocked with crates of grocery supplies. Walks toward an open door at the opposite end, glowing with light.

Steps across the threshold into the living quarters — like Wyatt's L.A. bungalow, with everything in one big room, except for the bathroom walled off to itself.

There's a table with breakfast plates still atop it, a radio playing a Jazz broadcast, a bed, and a couch with a wheelchair next to it.

Wyatt raps on the wall.

WYATT

Henry?

HENRY

Yep. Yep. Who's that?

There's a rustle on the couch, and then HENRY LEUNG, 60s, raises up from under a blanket. He's thin, haggard. Wyatt goes to him.

WYATT

It's me, you old desert rat.

HENRY

Wyatt? You back in town?

WYATT

Just for a spell.

HENRY

Pull up a chair.

WYATT

See you got a fancy one here. Wheels and everything.

HENRY

Had a fall a few months ago. Legs ain't workin' so good anymore.

WYATT

I hear you. Can't quite do the two-step like I used to, either.

As Wyatt comes around the couch and takes a seat, we can see that Henry is blind, his face scarred.

HENRY

Shoot, I do a slow dance every day – every time Mary picks me up to put me in the wheelchair.

WYATT

(chuckles)

You got a good woman there, Henry.

HENRY

Now, you leave her alone, you old dog! You headin' back up to Happy Days?

WYATT

Yep.

HENRY

(shakes his head)

When're you gonna admit it's all played out? Go try someplace else.

WYATT

Too much work to start over. Besides, we got a deal on that hole. I find anything, you get your cut.

HENRY

You find anything, I'll take it.

WYATT

Well... least I can do, after...

HENRY

Wyatt – you told me if we just kept digging, we could hollow out that tunnel without blasting. Ain't your fault I didn't listen.

WYATT

Still...

HENRY

You really want to help me?

WYATT

What do you need?

HENRY

Bedpan. I think I might'a kicked
it up under the couch somewheres...

EXT. LEUNG'S GENERAL STORE - DAY

Wyatt and Sadie leave the store with armfuls of groceries. Javier removes his sombrero, holds it out for Wyatt to leave a tip, but Wyatt just shakes his head "no" and keeps walking.

A couple of beats after they step outside, Jack steps onto the boardwalk, watching them.

SADIE

Shameful how that woman flirts with you.

WYATT

Don't do no harm.

SADIE

Oh, I'm sure you enjoy it. Why don't
you ask her out for a walk? Bet she'd
welcome you with open legs.

WYATT

Ain't that how we got started?

SADIE

Hush! If I didn't have my arms full,
I'd slap the monkey out of you!

Heading to their car, they pass a cafe. Through the window, they can see a poker game in progress at a table in the corner. Sadie pauses momentarily.

WYATT

Come along, Mrs. Earp.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

On his deathbed, Wyatt's breathing is labored. Sadie and Lake watch as Dr. Shurtleff wraps a hot water bottle in a towel.

SADIE

You think he's getting better?

SHURTLEFF

Infection's spreading. This might give him a little relief.

He places the hot water bottle on Wyatt's abdomen. Sadie trembles, trying to hold back her tears.

SADIE

Forty-seven years I've been by his side. How does that just end?

SHURTLEFF

Why don't you let me get you a sedative?

SADIE

I don't want a sedative! I want my husband!

Sadie dips a sponge into a cup of water, touches it tenderly to Wyatt's lips. Shurtleff repositions the hot water bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHIPPLE MOUNTAINS — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

A wagon approaches, seeming almost to be floating above the desert due to the shimmering heat waves.

As it nears, we see that it's Wyatt and Sadie, riding a wagon pulled by two horses into the blistering rocky hills.

Sadie wears a slightly shorter skirt than usual, stout high-laced boots with low heels, and a wide-brimmed hat, holding Earpie on her lap while Wyatt, next to her, holds the reins.

Wyatt's in blue jeans, long-sleeved shirt, boots and cowboy hat. He takes a handkerchief out of his pocket, wipes his brow.

WYATT

Gettin' a mite warm.

Sadie hands him a canteen. He takes a long draw from it. They pass a claim marker sticking out of the ground. It says:

EARP — HAPPY DAYS

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Wyatt and Sadie set up camp in a flat spot under a scraggly Juniper tree, while Earpie chases a jackrabbit into the cacti.

A line has been pulled taut between two bushes to tie off the horses. Sadie pours water from a bucket into a trough for them.

Wyatt repairs their tent - a room made from tarps supported by poles, left from previous sojourns - with fresh canvas.

Wyatt and Sadie set up the cooking area - over a fire pit ringed by rocks, they erect a couple of iron tripods with a pole spanning the top, from which hang hooks for a Dutch oven and hanging grill.

Sadie scoops Earpie up and looks at Wyatt. He gives her a big smile. He's in his element. And this makes her smile, too.

EXT. HAPPY DAYS MINE - PIT - DAY

Wyatt climbs down a ladder into the pit, about a dozen feet down. Sadie follows after him. Earpie, abandoned at the rim, barks his head off.

Each carrying a bucket and a rock hammer, Wyatt and Sadie reach the bottom of the pit. Wyatt lights a kerosene lantern. He and Sadie step forward into a tunnel opening. Wyatt has to duck slightly to keep from bumping his head.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

The lantern held before him, Wyatt follows a tunnel that gets narrower and narrower. There's a few timbers here and there to shore it up, some piled up on the sides for future use.

As they get deeper inside, we can see the rock walls have veins of amethyst - violet stones that sparkle in the lantern's glow.

Wyatt stops when he reaches a place where the tunnel dead ends, save for some narrower, fresher tunnels with clearance so low he'd have to crawl on his belly to get into them.

WYATT

Well... here goes nothing.

He sets the lantern down, then he and Sadie get to work.

They pound the rock walls with the hammers, chipping away bits of rock and amethyst that collects in the buckets they hold underneath, against the rocks.

SAME — LATER

Wyatt keeps chipping away with the rock hammer, but his rhythm is slowing. He puts down his hammer. Sits down on a rock. Rubs his aching belly. Sadie notices, stops hammering.

SADIE

You need to go outside.

WYATT

You need to leave me be.

SADIE

Leave you be? You think I don't see you're in pain?

WYATT

Dammit, woman, stop it! If I want your help, I'll ask for it!

Sadie drops her bucket. Stomps over to him, puts out her hand.

Wyatt looks at her, fire in his eyes. But her gaze is just as defiant. Two immovable objects colliding... and Wyatt gives.

Lets out a sigh, extends his hand. She grabs it, yanks him to his feet. Putting his arm over her shoulder, she walks him out.

INT. TENT — DAY

Big enough for a couple of cots and canvas folding chairs. Wyatt sits on the edge of a cot, still clutching his abdomen. Sadie enters, carrying cups of coffee. Hands one to Wyatt. Earpie trots in after her.

Sadie sits down next to Wyatt, rubs his lower back.

WYATT

Feel like I got a bellyful of bricks.

SADIE

Even pack mules need a little rest
now and then.

WYATT

You calling me a mule?

SADIE

Stubborn as one. Should've rested a
day or two after that long drive.

Wyatt takes a sip of coffee, stares at the ground.

WYATT

Just the indignity of it, is all.

SADIE

I know, Shug.

WYATT

I've stood toe-to-toe with some of the
meanest, toughest sidewinders breathing,
bullets flying, never even got nicked.
Now I'm being done in by a piss infection.

(beat)

Help me up.

She helps him to his feet. He walks out of the tent, Earpie
following him.

EXT. CAMPSITE — SAME

Wyatt staggers to some tall rocks. Earpie sniffs around nearby.

WYATT

Careful, Earpie. Don't get snakebit.

Wyatt unzips his pants. Stands there, trying to urinate. Hears
his stomach rumbling, as loud as the chirping crickets. Then he
sees Earpie staring up at him.

WYATT (cont'd)

Earpie, git! Can't go with you starin'
at me! Go on!

Earpie doesn't budge.

WYATT (cont'd)
Sadie! Come get this dog!

Sadie whistles, rattles a food dish. Earpie alerts, and takes off. Now alone, Wyatt looks out at the horizon.

WYATT'S POV — IN THE DISTANCE

There's a cloud of dust moving across the desert.

WYATT

narrows his eyes, focusing in.

WYATT'S POV — IN THE DISTANCE

Far away on the desert floor, a white stagecoach pulled by white stallions races across a trail. Disappears behind a hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE — NIGHT

Wyatt and Sadie sit in their folding chairs beside the fire, red embers rising into the sky, blending with the stars. They sip coffee as Earpie, lying between them, pants. Wyatt takes Sadie's hand in his.

WYATT
Sadie-Belle, all my life I've been
hustling and scrambling. Make money, lose
money. Never had much of nothin' I could
hang onto and call my own, 'cept you.

He kisses the back of her hand.

SADIE
Well... I love you, too.

WYATT
Good thing. Ornerly as we are, I reckon
nobody else'd have us.

EXT. CAMPSITE — MORNING

Wyatt and Sadie feed and water their horses. She stuffs scrub grass into a hay rack while Wyatt pours water from a Jerry can into their trough.

Suddenly, they hear a rattle, and Sadie sees a rattlesnake undulating under the trough where she's standing.

The horse tethered there panics and rears up, its shoulder bumping Sadie off-balance. She falls, twisting awkwardly, putting her hands out to break her fall, but her left foot bangs against a rock.

Wyatt jabs a stick under the trough, hooks the snake, and flings it out into the desert.

The horse settles down, and Wyatt rushes to Sadie, whose palms, knee and ankle are scraped and bleeding.

WYATT

You okay?

SADIE

Don't know. Feel like I broke my foot.

Wyatt examines her ankle.

WYATT

Don't think it's broken. But let's get you home, and have the doc look at it.

Wyatt helps Sadie to her feet. They go back to the tent, Sadie's arm over Wyatt's shoulder. She takes small hops to keep weight off her injured foot.

EXT. DESERT — LATER

Wyatt sits astride a horse, Sadie sharing the saddle behind him, arms clasped around his waist. With Earpie keeping pace alongside, the horse lopes at a slow but steady gait toward the Earp home, visible in the distance.

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — BEDROOM — DAY

Sadie, in a nightgown, is propped on pillows atop the bed, Earpie beside her. Her hands are bandaged, a cold compress on her swollen, bandaged ankle. She hears Wyatt walking DR. CORK to the door.

DR. CORK (O.S.)

Here's some more aspirin. That'll help with the pain. The main thing is to keep her off her feet, as much as possible.

WYATT (O.S.)

Thank you, Dr. Cork.

There's the sound of the door opening and closing, and then Wyatt comes into the bedroom, leans against the door jamb. Sadie see his disappointment.

SADIE

Torn ligament. Of all the luck.

WYATT

Least it ain't broke.

SADIE

Might as well be.

(beat)

You're not going back out there tonight, are you?

WYATT

Tomorrow. It ain't goin' anywhere.

SADIE

Wyatt, I don't like the idea of you being there all by yourself. What if you have an accident? Who's gonna know? You need somebody up there to look after you.

WYATT

(teasing her)

Maybe Mary'll go.

SADIE

UNGH! You would, wouldn't you? And I know what you'd be mining...

WYATT

Might have to go a little deeper.

SADIE

(with a chuckle)

Hush! You're awful. What you need is some strong back, weak mind young buck to do the heavy lifting. A man your age ought to be supervising, not working.

WYATT

I don't need any help. And anyway, after paying the doctor, there's not enough money left to pay for a helper.

SADIE

You know how to get money.

CUT TO:

C.U. — HANDS SHUFFLING CARDS

Wyatt's hands, doing a well-practiced shuffle.

INT. VIDAL CAFE — SERIES OF SHOTS

Wyatt sits at the table in the back corner, playing cards with three other men:

GIB HAYDEN, 30s, hot-tempered ranch hand, railroad worker, or whatever odd job he can get that week. Condescending wisecracker with an air of menace. The Alpha Male.

CLETE JENKINS, late 20s, gangly, obnoxious man-child, squirrely as a rooster on a hotplate, wearing a sombrero. The Live Wire.

WES HIGHTOWER, 30s, tall, stout Native American, probably a Chemehuevi, imposing as a giant Sequoia tree. The Muscle.

Each has a stack of bills in front of him.

As they keep playing, we can gauge their progress by how the piles of money grow...

...then diminish...

...until almost all of it is in front of Wyatt.

INT. VIDAL CAFE - SAME

A pile of cash in the middle of the table. Wyatt smokes a cigar, tapping its ash into a heavy glass ashtray in front of him. A glass of water, half full, next to it.

HAYDEN

Where'd you learn all them fancy shuffles?

WYATT

My grandma.

HAYDEN

Sure you're not a card creaser?

WYATT

Just a man who enjoys a good hand.

Wyatt looks at Jenkins' sombrero. Jenkins notices.

JENKINS

Like my hat? Got it from a captain at the battle of Tia Juana.

WYATT

What'd you give him for it?

JENKINS

A bellyful of lead.

HIGHTOWER

Horsefeathers! You bought that lid at a flea market.

JENKINS

I GOT IT AT THE BATTLE!

WYATT

As I recall, that battle was fifteen years ago. You must'a been the fiercest ten-year-old at the front.

JENKINS

You skin that back!

Jenkins is about to leap up, but Hayden puts a hand on his arm.

HAYDEN

Sit down.

Jenkins obeys. Hayden removes Jenkins' sombrero, drops it on the floor. Jenkins looks at Wyatt with fire in his eyes. Wyatt plays it cool, meets Jenkins' gaze.

WYATT

You in or out?

HIGHTOWER

You sure are powerful lucky, Mister.
Powerful lucky.

JENKINS

Don't seem natural.
(looks at Hightower)
Does it?

WYATT

Sometimes luck ain't required.

JENKINS

What's that s'posed to mean?

WYATT

Stupid people play stupidly.

JENKINS

Are you calling -

WYATT

If you ain't got at least a pair of
Jacks, fold and be done with it!

A tense moment. Hayden's eyes taking the measure between Jenkins and Wyatt. Jenkins throws his cards down.

A local rancher, TOM - a man in his 60s - walks past their table. Seeing Wyatt, he comes up behind him and slaps his back.

TOM

Wyatt Earp, as I live and breathe!
(Hayden reacts, surprised)
When did you get back in town?

WYATT

I think you're mistaken, Mister.

Wyatt's curtness alerts Tom he's made a faux pas.

TOM

Oh, sorry. My mistake. You do have a powerful resemblance to him, though.

WYATT

'Preciate the compliment.

Tom tips his hat at the men and heads out of the cafe. Hayden takes a long, measured look at Wyatt.

HAYDEN

Wyatt Earp? I thought you said your name was Barry Stapp.

WYATT

It is.

JENKINS

Man don't want to tell his true name, usually means he's got something to hide.

HAYDEN

Wait a minute... I remember now... I read about a Wyatt Earp! He was in the shootout at the O.K. Corral...

JENKINS

The what?

HAYDEN

O.K. Corral. Famous shootout. This old coot's a famous lawdog, boys.

Wyatt's jaw flinches. He tries to ignore them.

WYATT

How many cards you want?

HAYDEN

Two.

Hayden throws down two cards. Wyatt deals him two. After a beat, as Hayden studies his new hand...

HAYDEN (cont'd)

I seem to recall readin' in some book
that that shootout was more of a massacre.

WYATT

Don't believe everything you read.

HAYDEN

Why, it's gotta be true. If they put it
in a book, it just has to be the truth.

WYATT

Then I guess the truth ain't what happened,
it's what somebody says happened. Even
if they weren't there.

(eyes the men)

What'll it be?

Hightower reluctantly folds. Hayden throws in a \$5 bill.

HAYDEN

Raise you five.

WYATT

I'll see your five, raise you ten.

Wyatt throws in \$15. Hayden studies his cards. Looks at Wyatt,
stone-faced. Looks at his cards. Throws them down. Wyatt scoops
the money towards him.

JENKINS

I want to see your cards!

WYATT

Beg pardon?

JENKINS

Show me your cards!

WYATT

Don't have to. You folded.

JENKINS

I want to see your hand, Mister!

HIGHTOWER

I'd like to know, too.

WYATT

You earn that right by calling my bluff.

JENKINS

I said I want to see your cards!

HAYDEN

Yeah, Mr. High-and-Mighty Earp.
We'd all like to know what you got.

Wyatt picks up his cards, and the deck. Does another shuffle, mixing his cards into the deck. Slaps them onto the table.

WYATT

They're in there. Look all you want.

Would've been a smooth exit line, but as he says it, Wyatt accidentally knocks his glass over, spills his drink.

Pulls out a handkerchief to sop up the mess.

HAYDEN

You doin' some of them fancy card sharp
tricks? Bending the corners? Dealin'
off the bottom?

With his hands beneath the table, Wyatt grabs opposite corners of the handkerchief, twirls it, ties a knot in one end.

HAYDEN (cont'd)

Maybe we oughtta just break your fingers...

WYATT

Son, there's two things you need to know -
I've got a short temper and a long memory.

Wyatt palms the wet, tightly wound handkerchief. Then, keeping a wary eye on the men, he stands and begins pocketing the money.

HAYDEN

Sit down, Mister. We're not done with
you yet!

WYATT

Try me again when you learn how to play
this game.

Jenkins leaps up. Pulls a switchblade out of his coat, flicks the knife open.

Hayden and Hightower also stand, ready for a fight.

JENKINS

I tell you, he's a card-creasin' cheat!

WYATT

Them's strong words for a weak man.

JENKINS

You won't talk so big after I cut that turkey-neck of your'n!

WYATT

You wanna put that thing away, or do you wanna be carried out in a box?

Jenkins leaps at Wyatt with the switchblade. Quick as lightning, Wyatt snatches the ashtray off the table, knocks the knife from Jenkins' hand, then backhands it across his jaw.

Jenkins staggers backward, trips, collapses on the floor.

Hayden throws his coat back, reaches for a World War I Browning pistol. Wyatt snaps the sopping handkerchief and the knot hits Hayden's eye. He reflexively puts his hands to his stinging eye, dropping the pistol – which Wyatt snatches up by its barrel.

And as Hightower lunges at him, Wyatt buffaloes him, smacking the side of his head with the pistol's handle. Hightower plops back in his chair, semi-conscious.

Wyatt pops the magazine clip out of the pistol, pulls back the slide to pop the bullet out of the chamber, slings the gun across the room. Pockets the rest of the money.

He strides out. As he goes, he passes a table where a young man is sitting. He turns back to the humiliated men – Jenkins on the floor, rubbing his jaw, Hightower massaging the knot on his noggin, and Hayden, rubbing his sore eye.

WYATT

Just so you know – I had a pair of deuces.

He drops the pistol magazine in a trash can, goes out.

The young man looks back over his shoulder as Wyatt exits. It's Jack Gunther. In his hand is a slip of paper. He looks at it.

THE PAPER IN JACK'S HAND

It says, in handwritten block letters: "HELP WANTED", with more writing and Wyatt's contact details beneath.

EXT. STREET - VIDAL - DAY

Wyatt strides down the boardwalk. Enters an ice cream parlor.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR

Wyatt sits at the counter eating an ice cream cone.

SHERIFF HANK LEDBETTER, 60-ish, a tall black ex-Buffalo Soldier who exudes quiet authority, enters behind him. Comes forward, takes the empty stool next to Wyatt.

WYATT

Howdy, Hank.

LEDBETTER

Hear you ruffled some feathers over at the cafe.

WYATT

Bunch 'a damn fool boys playing a man's game.

LEDBETTER

If you don't mind my asking, how much longer you figure on gracing us with your sunny disposition this time?

WYATT

Just got here, and you're already trying to run me off?

LEDBETTER

Well, Wyatt, Vidal's generally a quiet little place, until you come 'round. You tend to attract all kinds of pests.

Ledbetter points at the ceiling, where a sticky yellow ribbon dangles down.

LEDBETTER (cont'd)

You're like that fly ribbon up there.
Trouble just sorta sticks to you.

WYATT

Hank, between you and me, my days are numbered. And if my time's running out, I'd just as soon run it out here.

LEDBETTER

Then let me just say this - if you're entertaining any dreams of going out in a blaze of glory, go burn up somebody else's town, why don't you?

Wyatt takes the last bite of his ice cream cone. Wipes his mustache with a napkin. Slides off the stool.

WYATT

I ain't looking to start any trouble.
But if it comes a'calling, I'll damn sure finish it.

He picks his hat up from the adjacent stool, puts it on as he walks out.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Wyatt heads to his car. Just as he's opening the door, Jack Gunther runs up to him, holding the slip of paper.

JACK

Mr. Earp! Mr. Earp!

Wyatt turns to him.

JACK (cont'd)

You are Wyatt Earp?

WYATT

Who's asking?

JACK

Jack Gunther.

He puts his hands out to shake. Wyatt just gives him a steely look. Jack's nervous. Holds up the slip of paper.

JACK (cont'd)

I saw this notice you put up at the stables. Looking for help in your mine?

WYATT

Got any references?

JACK

Well, I was helping Bill Tatem out over at his ranch, but now that he's shipped his cattle out...

WYATT

Done any mining before?

JACK

No, sir.

Wyatt stares at Jack, eyeing him up and down. Then...

WYATT

Two dollars a day suit you?

JACK

Yessum, that'll do fine.

WYATT

Guess you'll have to do.

Wyatt puts out his hand, shakes Jack's.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAPPY DAYS MINE — SERIES OF SHOTS — DAY

Wyatt and Jack arrive on horseback, Wyatt leading.

Wyatt outfits Jack with his tools — bucket and rock hammer.

Wyatt climbs down into the pit, Jack following.

Wyatt, holding a lantern, leads Jack through a tunnel.

Back at the same location where he was previously with Sadie, Wyatt works with hammer and bucket.

Wyatt stops to wipe his brow. Looks over at Jack, chipping away, his bucket already half-full.

EXT. CAMPSITE — DUSK

Wyatt and Jack, both dripping sweat, stand at a portable dry sifter, with a hopper up top that drops down onto a basin with a series of catches and screens in a long frame. There's a hand crank on the side to work a bellows underneath.

They have seven buckets of rocks, pebbles, and dust lined up behind them.

Jack watches as Wyatt empties one of the buckets into the hopper. He motions to Jack...

WYATT

Turn that crank.

Jack kneels down and begins turning the hand crank, which operates the bellows. The rocks, gravel, and dust pass through the hopper onto the sifter, where the air from the bellows blows it over the catches onto the screens.

The machine creates a cloud of dust, so Wyatt pulls his neckerchief up over his nose. When the wind changes direction, so does Jack. When the bucket is empty, Wyatt motions for Jack to keep cranking for a few turns, then they look to see if there's anything in the catches on the sifter.

JACK

Anything?

WYATT

Lot of silt and a little bit of amethyst.

JACK

That worth anything?

WYATT

Not enough to matter.

JACK

Seems like an awful lot of work for nothing.

WYATT

Nothing?

JACK

Well, ain't it? How long you been at this?

WYATT

'Bout twenty years.

JACK

Twenty years?!

(shakes his head)

What in the world would keep you going
at it that long?

WYATT

Just the hope that every hammer blow
brings me that much closer to striking
the Mother Lode.

JACK

Sounds like a fool's errand to me.
What happens if you never do?

Wyatt pauses. Picks through the pebbles on the sifter.

WYATT

Well, Jack... it's not about whether
you ever find gold or not. It's just
that you keep searching.

EXT. CAMPSITE — NIGHT

Wyatt and Jack eat supper by the light of the campfire.

JACK

You and Mrs. Earp been married long?

WYATT

Forty years.

JACK

Forty years? How've you managed that?

WYATT

Mighty precariously. You got a girl?

JACK

Shoot, I don't stick to just one. Got girls all over.

WYATT

That right?

JACK

Yep. A redhead, coupla brunettes, some blondes. Even got a little Mexican senorita I roll around with sometimes.

WYATT

Busy man.

JACK

I see something I like, I just go for it. 'Specially women.

Wyatt's amused by Jack, thinks he's full of it. Shakes his head, grinning.

JACK (cont'd)

You think I'm lying?

WYATT

Either that or awfully ambitious.

JACK

What's wrong with that? One of these days, I'm gonna be a millionaire.

WYATT

Might happen. Ain't that hard to be a millionaire.

JACK

What do you know about it?

WYATT

I done been a millionaire two or three times over. Makin' money's easy. Hanging onto it's hard.

A beat.

JACK

Folks in town say you've got all kinds
of money squirreled away.

WYATT

If that was true, think I'd be
busting my ass out here with you?

CUT TO:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Wyatt's on a cot on one side of the tent, Jack on the other. And Jack snores. Loudly.

Keeps Wyatt awake. He sits up. Reaches for his pants.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

White moonlit clouds crawl across the black sky.

Wyatt comes out of the tent. Lights his pipe.

Wanders over to the sifter. Picks a small stone out of it. Holds it up to the moonlight, between his thumb and forefinger. Studies it. Then tosses it away.

There's the sound of a wolf howling far in the distance.

Wyatt steps farther away from the tent, plops down in a folding canvas chair. Puffs on his pipe.

He leans forward, scoops up a handful of sand. Opens his fist, and watches the wind blow the sand grains from his palm.

The gales blow a little dust devil over the dune. It whirls behind him, and as it dissipates, a woman appears. She steps behind Wyatt, caresses his cheek. Moves in front of him. It's AURILLA, barely 20, with golden hair and green eyes.

AURILLA

Why aren't you asleep?

WYATT

Kid snores worse than you did. Might
have to move my cot out here.

He closes his eyes. Enjoys the caress of her hand on his face.

WYATT (cont'd)

I miss you, Aurilla. Never wanted anyone more'n you.

AURILLA

Not even Mattie?

WYATT

Mattie had her problems...

AURILLA

More than Sadie?

WYATT

It's... different with Sadie.

He takes her hand in his. Her smooth young hand contrasting with his weathered, lined one.

WYATT (cont'd)

After you passed, I swear I just went plumb mad. Didn't know if I'd ever find my way back. Turned hard... Mean.

(beat)

Sadie's a mite like that.

AURILLA

But do you love her?

Wyatt doesn't answer. After a beat...

WYATT

Why'd you have to leave me? Everything would've been so different if you...

AURILLA

Wasn't my choice.

WYATT

It hurts, these thoughts of you.

AURILLA

It was lovely, wasn't it? A home of our own, a garden growing, baby on the way.

WYATT

Best part of my life.

AURILLA

But that's not the Wyatt Earp people want to hear about. They want the gunslinger. The violent man. The Lion of Tombstone.

WYATT

I never figured on being that.

AURILLA

And I didn't figure on getting typhoid fever. We start on one path, end up on another...

WYATT

Come back to me, Aurilla.

She kisses his forehead, as he closes his eyes. And when he opens them again, she's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE — DAY

Jack kicks the leg of Wyatt's chair, waking him.

JACK

Rise and shine.

As Wyatt's eyes blink open, he begins to stand up, but abruptly stops, falls back into the chair. Rubs his sore neck, stiff from hours of sleeping sitting up.

WYATT

Help me up, will you?

Jack grabs Wyatt's hands, pulls him to his feet.

JACK

What're you doing out here?

WYATT

Came out for a smoke. You were snoring like a chocked bull.

(stretching)

Know how to make coffee?

JACK

Make a whole damn breakfast, if you want.

WYATT

Good man.

Wyatt pats Jack's shoulder, then lumbers off to the rocks.

EXT. ROCKS - SAME

Wyatt unzips his pants. And stands there. Lets out a pained grunt. And stands. His stomach makes gurgling noises.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SAME

Jack puts some fresh wood on the fire. Sets a metal grate over it. Goes into the tent. Comes out with a couple of iron skilletts and a coffee pot.

Looks off toward the rocks. Sees Wyatt just standing there, like a statue, trying to piss.

EXT. ROCKS - MINUTES LATER

Wyatt still standing, eyes closed, concentrating on tightening his stomach muscles, putting pressure on his bladder.

At his feet - a slight trickle of urine, stained red with blood.

INT. TUNNEL - LATER

Jack's got a rhythm going, chipping away at the tunnel wall, collecting the rock chips in his bucket.

But Wyatt's struggling. Pounds the wall like his rock hammer weighs a hundred pounds. Sweating profusely, short of breath.

Jack notices, comes over to him.

JACK

Why don't you go home, get a good solid rest in your own bed? I'll take care of things here.

A look of defiance flashes in Wyatt's eyes. He strikes the rock with the hammer again... and again... but not much force behind it. He's losing steam.

JACK (cont'd)

Go on. Leave me to it.

Wyatt doesn't want to admit it, but he knows Jack is right. He sets his bucket and hammer down, and trudges out of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — DAY

Wyatt's horse comes trotting up. He's hunched over in the saddle. Climbs off slowly, tethers the horse's bridle to a hitching post at the side of the house.

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — SAME

Wyatt enters. Earpie dashes up to him, barking excitedly.

WYATT

Whoa, Earpie. Settle down. Where's your ma?

Wyatt goes further into the cottage, looks about. Some dishes piled in the sink. Newspaper on the table. Radio turned on, playing a song like Paul Whiteman's 'In a Little Spanish Town.'

Wyatt wanders to the kitchen, looks out a back window, hears singing. Sees Sadie hanging clothes on a line, the laundry basket placed atop a chair.

He goes out the back door.

EXT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — BACK YARD — SAME

Wyatt ambles toward Sadie, who's singing to herself — and very well, too — a tune from the Act I Finale of 'H.M.S. Pinafore':

SADIE

(singing)

Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,
For ah! his faithful heart is breaking;
When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her well.

Hearing Wyatt's footsteps crunching the grass behind her, she turns slowly, her left ankle still sore and tender. She drops a blouse back into the clothes basket on the ground.

SADIE (cont'd)

Wyatt!

He steps into her embrace and hugs her tightly.

WYATT

Thought you were gonna stay off your feet.

SADIE

Just waiting for you to come sweep me
off them.

They kiss lovingly.

A gust of wind catches a sheet hanging on the line, blows it out in front of them.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — BEDROOM — LATER

A sheet fluffs up, comes down on the bed, where Wyatt lays, ready for a good rest. Limping, Sadie covers him with the sheet, lays a blanket over him, fluffs his pillow. Makes him cozy.

SADIE

I been worried about you in that mine.
What if there's a cave in?

WYATT

You worry too much.

SADIE

How's the new helper?

WYATT

Pretty good worker. Awful cocky. Reminds me of me at that age.

SADIE

You trust him up there by himself?

WYATT

I'll get back to check on him tomorrow.

Sadie picks a glass of crimson liquid up from the bedside table, hands it to Wyatt.

SADIE

Here. Drink this.

WYATT

What is it?

SADIE

Cranberry juice. Mary told me it'd be good for, uh, your problem.

WYATT

How does she know about my problem?

SADIE

Word spreads.

WYATT

Uh-hmm.

He takes a couple of big sips.

WYATT (cont'd)

Not bad.

Hands it back to Sadie, who sets it on the bedside table.

SADIE

Rest of it's right here, if you get thirsty. Get some rest, now.

She bends down to hug him. When they break the embrace, he taps a spot on her bosom.

WYATT

What's that?

SADIE

Well, since you weren't around to protect me...

She reaches into her blouse and pulls out the derringer.

WYATT

That thing loaded?

SADIE

Wouldn't be any good if it wasn't.

WYATT

Careful you don't bend the wrong way and shoot off your knockers.

She cups her hands under her breasts, lifts them.

SADIE

Hon, that'd take a cannon.

Wyatt chuckles. Snuggles into his pillows.

WYATT

You're a pistol yourself, Sadie-Belle.
Sure you don't want to get off your feet?

She smiles. Sets the derringer on the bedside table. Shucks off her dress.

Then she lifts up the covers and climbs in beside him, scooting against him. Earpie waddles up beside the bed and whines.

WYATT

Come on, Earpie. We ain't forgot you.

Wyatt pats the bed. Earpie leaps up, nestles between their legs.

WYATT (cont'd)

Snug as a bug in a rug.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

At Wyatt's bed, Earpie snuggles against Wyatt's legs. Sadie dozes in her chair.

Dr. Shurtleff catches Lake's eye, takes a cigarette case and lighter out of his coat pocket. Nods toward the door.

Lake nods. Gets up, follows Shurtleff outside.

EXT. EARP BUNGALOW — SAME

Eerily dark — power still out. But the rain has stopped, leaving a glistening sheen on the road and sidewalks when the moon peeks out from behind the clouds.

Shurtleff and Lake go into the courtyard, stand near the fountain. Shurtleff lights up a cigarette, hands the case to Lake. He takes a cigarette out, lights up.

LAKE

What do you think?

SHURTLEFF

Can't believe he's still hanging on.
But he is a stubborn old cuss.

LAKE

Known him long?

SHURTLEFF

A few years, just casually. Can't really say I know him well.

LAKE

I'm not sure anyone does. Wyatt's so reserved he just seems kind of blank. You see what you want to see in him.

SHURTLEFF

And what do you see?

LAKE

A man who's searching. Searching for something that, well, I'm not sure even he knows what he's searching for.

They hear typing. Look up to see a man in the bungalow at the end, typing by the light of a lantern.

LAKE (cont'd)

Poor guy must have a deadline.

SHURTLEFF

Speaking of which – how's your book coming?

LAKE

Still gathering material. Getting Wyatt to open up is like pulling teeth. Should'a got more out of him when I had the chance.

SHURTLEFF

You could always see what he told Flood.

LAKE

I read it. It's awful. No wonder they couldn't find a publisher. But I guess Flood had the same handicap I do.

SHURTLEFF

Josephine?

LAKE

(nods)

She keeps rushing it. Scared I might dig up something she wants to keep hid.

SHURTLEFF

Have you?

Lake looks at Shurtleff, deciding whether he can take him into his confidence. Then...

LAKE

Well... I went to see Bat Masterson, and he told me that Josephine was the belle of the honkytonks in Tombstone. "The prettiest dame in three hundred of her kind," he said.

SHURTLEFF

Her kind?

(off Lake's raised eyebrow)

Oh.

LAKE

She thinks all I know is just what she and Wyatt have told me. And in their version of things, the Clantons are the villains and the Earps are the heroes and of that there is to be no doubt or disagreement. But that's not the whole story.

(takes a drag, exhales)

Before she took up with Wyatt, she was Sheriff Behan's woman. Some think that was the real powder-keg that set the whole thing off.

SHURTLEFF

So Wyatt took up with her and...

LAKE

And when the Earps left Tombstone, Wyatt left his common-law wife behind.

SHURTLEFF

The one that was a laudanum addict?

LAKE

She died not long after. And I think Josephine feels responsible for that.

SHURTLEFF

You ask her about it?

LAKE

No use bothering. She's covered her past up with a tissue of lies so thin a child could see through it. But it's her version of things and there's no getting her to budge.

SHURTLEFF

Guess that explains why she wants to be in charge of what's written about them.

LAKE

I just feel sorry for her. She has no control over Wyatt passing on, so she tries to control everything else.

SHURTLEFF

Including biographers.

The door to the Earp cottage opens. Sadie steps out onto the porch, sees the men smoking by the fountain.

SADIE

What're you fellers doing out here
in the cold? Come on in. Just
brewed up a fresh pot of coffee.

Shurtleff drops his cigarette, stubs it out. Lake flicks his into the fountain. They go back inside.

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — SAME

Sadie pulls the curtain to the kitchen area back. Takes a pot of coffee off the stove, walks it to the dining table, where's she already placed a few cups. A fresh candle burns in the Menorah atop the table, near the unfinished puzzle.

As Lake and Shurtleff sit down, Sadie fills their cups.

LAKE

Thanks, Josephine.

SADIE

Josephine. I don't hear that name
much. He always calls me Sadie.

She nods towards Wyatt's bed. Pours herself a cup of coffee. Puts the pot on the table. Then goes to a cabinet, opens it, takes out a half-full bottle of whiskey.

SADIE (cont'd)

How 'bout some sweetener?

She returns with the whiskey. Pours a shot into her coffee, passes it to Lake and Shurtleff.

She sits down with them — her chair facing Wyatt's bed.

SADIE

Think he'll last another day?

SHURTLEFF

I wouldn't bet on it.

SADIE

I'll take that bet.

Lake grins. Sadie notices.

SADIE (cont'd)

I know. I'll bet on anything. Biggest gamble I ever took — hitching myself to that man. Took up with him and never looked back. He always did say I don't know when to leave the table.

A tear rolls down her cheek. Shurtleff tugs a handkerchief from his pocket, hands it to her. She wipes her eyes.

SADIE (cont'd)

If he pulls through, I promise I'll do better. I won't drink, won't gamble — I'll just take care of him. That's all I want, is...

(voice cracks)

...look after him.

A moment of silence. Sound of a clock ticking.

Lake looks around. On a shelf, he sees a tintype photo of Sadie, seductive, in a gauzy dress that's daringly revealing, with long, cascading hair accentuating the curve of her breasts.

LAKE

Is that you?

SADIE

I used to be a looker. Used to be.

SHURTLEFF

You're still a fine-looking woman.

SADIE

And you're a liar... God bless you.

(beat)

Maybe if I'd kept my looks...

(sighs)

It's not easy being married to a man of some notoriety... but when you're loyal to someone, you're all in, loyal to everything about 'em... even the bits you don't like.

SHURTLEFF

What didn't you like?

SADIE
(eyes downcast)
The women. The women.

Lake feels he's getting a peek behind her veil of secrecy. But just as easily as it parted, it closes. She gives the handkerchief back to Shurtleff, then looks at Lake.

SADIE (cont'd)
You need to finish that book.

LAKE
It'll get done.

SADIE
Has to. One way or another, we have
to keep him alive.

She downs the last swallow of her coffee, and returns to her vigil beside Wyatt's bed. Takes his hand in hers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — BEDROOM — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Sadie cozy beneath the covers. Rolls over, sees Wyatt getting dressed. She yawns. He smiles at her.

WYATT
Mornin'.

SADIE
Heading out already?

WYATT
Gotta check on the kid.

SADIE
Don't go. I like you here with me.

WYATT
Didn't come here just to laze around.

SADIE
Please, Wyatt. Stay. I don't like being
here all alone. Especially with this
bum foot. Stay and take care of me.

She puts her hand out to him. He leans in to kiss her.

WYATT

Don't reckon I'll be too long.

CUT TO:

INT. HAPPY DAYS MINE — DAY

Wyatt's back in the mine with Jack, chipping away. Jack has a fair amount of debris in his bucket. He's hot, sweating, tired. Picks up his canteen. Takes a sip... and it's empty.

JACK

I'm gonna get more water. Want some?

Wyatt picks up his canteen, gives it a shake. It sloshes.

WYATT

I'm all right.

Jack heads out, carrying his bucket with him.

After he's gone, Wyatt puts down his hammer and bucket. Sits on a rock, leaning back against the side of the tunnel.

There's a low RUMBLING SOUND, building in intensity.

Wyatt quickly ties his neckerchief over his nose and mouth, lays flat on the ground.

And the ground shakes, for several seconds. There's a crashing sound, and a cloud of dust washes over Wyatt.

When the shaking stops, he slowly gets up, first on all fours, then stands upright. There's a look of panic in his eyes; he's unsettled.

It's dark; the lantern's on the other side of the collapse.

Wyatt coughs from the dust. Hands shaking, he picks up his canteen, whips off his neckerchief, pours water from the canteen over it, and ties it back on over his nose and mouth.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a box of matches. Lights one. It gives just enough illumination for him to walk forward, bracing himself against the rock wall of the tunnel.

As the dust settles, he sees that the way out is blocked by a mound of earth and rocks. He walks slowly to the obstruction, unbelieving.

The match is about to burn his fingertips. He shakes it out, drops it. Then, using his hands, he pulls some of the smaller rocks away. Scoops out some dirt. And he hears, from the other side...

JACK (O.S.)

WYATT!

WYATT

I'm here!

Wyatt uses his rock hammer to loosen the debris. Hears Jack's hammer banging on the rocks from the other side.

With him working from one side and Jack from the other, they soon have created an opening, about the size of a football.

Light from Jack's lantern comes through it, creating a luminescent shaft in the dust-filled air.

Wyatt puts his face up to the hole and gulps in fresh air. Jack still digging.

As Wyatt's about to get back to work, he sees something amazing.

WYATT

Jack! Look here!

Jack stops digging, his eyes becoming visible at the opening — but blocking the lantern light.

WYATT (cont'd)

Raise the lantern up!

Jack holds the lantern up in front of his face, and now the beam again cuts through the dust... and lands on the wall opposite, illuminating a bright, glittering gold ribbon cutting through a swath of quartz.

Gold. Precious, sparkling gold.

Jack whoops, and he and Wyatt laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Sadie, Shurtleff, and Lake are all half asleep in their chairs, but are startled to attention when they hear Wyatt murmur.

SADIE

Did you hear that?

(rubs Wyatt's forehead)

Wyatt? If you can hear me... if you can hear me...

(voice breaking)

You need to come back to me. You can't just leave me. Not after all we've been through. Come back to your girl... 'cause... if you don't... what'll I do?

She bends forward, resting her head on his chest, sobbing.

Then, raising back up, she grabs his shoulders and shakes him violently, in a rage.

SADIE (cont'd)

Wake up! WAKE UP! Come back to me!

Come back...!

Dr. Shurtleff shoots a glance at Lake, who rushes forward to help him pull Sadie away from Wyatt. Grabbing her arms, he pulls her back into her chair. She struggles against them.

SADIE (cont'd)

Get your hands off me! Let go!

LAKE

Please, Josephine! Calm down!

SADIE

Shut up! You don't understand! You'll never understand!

Dr. Shurtleff takes a sedative from his bag, fills a hypodermic needle. As Lake tries to restrain Sadie, Dr. Shurtleff bends down to her.

SHURTLEFF

This is for your own good.

SADIE

Get that away from me!

SHURTLEFF

It'll relax you.

SADIE

Relax?! I don't want to relax! I want to scream! I want to scream until this nightmare ends, and Wyatt rises off that bed and holds me!

Shurtleff goes to inject her. Sadie slaps the needle from his hand. So he slaps her. She's shocked. And so is Lake. But Sadie quietens. She looks at Shurtleff through narrowed eyes.

SADIE (cont'd)

I never let any man hit me without hitting back.

LAKE

Josephine... understand, we're not just here because of Wyatt. We're here for you. Right, Doctor?

SHURTLEFF

I'm sorry. I just... you need to be calm.

SADIE

Why? How can I be calm when my whole reason for living...

She puts her face in her hands. And after a beat, Wyatt lets out a weak laugh. Hearing it, Sadie looks to Shurtleff.

SADIE (cont'd)

Doctor?

Shurtleff pulls his stethoscope from his coat pocket and listens to Wyatt's heartbeat.

SHURTLEFF

Pulse is increasing.

SADIE

Is that good?

SHURTLEFF

Maybe.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL - DUSK (WYATT'S DREAM)

Wyatt's horse gallops up to the house. He slides off, still covered in chalky grime.

Earpie barks at the door, rushes out as Sadie opens it and comes limping out onto the porch.

SADIE

What's all the commotion?

Grinning ear-to-ear, Wyatt goes up to her. Reaches into his pocket, pulls out a few glistening gold pebbles. Her eyes go wide. And - despite her injury - she leaps into his arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASSAYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Wyatt, Sadie, and Jack come walking out of the Assayer's office, Wyatt holding Earpie's leash. Sadie and Jack stroll along the boardwalk, while Wyatt and Earpie walk beside it.

WYATT

Don't let that money burn a hole in your pocket.

JACK

What's it matter? There's gonna be lots more where that came from.

WYATT

Well, you be careful who you mention it to. We don't want to welcome any trouble, if you know what I mean.

JACK

Yessir, I understand.

SADIE

Jack, you want to join us for an ice cream cone?

WYATT

Now, Sadie, maybe Jack wants to go celebrate with some lady friends.

SADIE

We won't keep him long...
(looks at Jack)
...if he wants to join us.

JACK

Be honored to, Mrs. Earp.

As Wyatt keeps walking, Earpie pauses, his leash trailing behind Wyatt. Wyatt jerks a little, stops for Earpie to do what comes naturally. Sadie and Jack pause. Wyatt nods at Earpie.

WYATT

Not fair. He makes it look so easy.

SADIE

What ain't fair is God lettin'
a man suffer so.

WYATT

Now, Sadie, don't go jinxing us. Not
after my prayers were just answered.

JACK

You mean the gold strike? How do you
know that wasn't just dumb luck?

WYATT

I'd consider an earthquake an act of
God. Don't you believe in the Almighty?

Jack hesitates to answer – and that tells Wyatt everything. On the move again...

JACK

Well... if there is a God, I think he's
a cruel one, the way he lets some
worthless bastards live, and lets good
people die 'fore they ought'a.

SADIE

Maybe some things are out of His hands.

Wyatt pauses again, for Earpie.

JACK

How, though? Ain't he supposed to
be all powerful?

SADIE

Well...

WYATT

He is, but He gives us power, too, to do what we need to do. And if you make the wrong choice, you pay the consequences.

Again on the move, they enter the ice cream parlor.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Wyatt moves away from the counter holding three ice cream cones. Steps to a table where Sadie and Jack sit, Earpie at their feet. Sadie quizzes Jack.

SADIE

You play cards?

JACK

Sometimes. Not much good at it.

WYATT

Neither is Sadie, but I reckon she can run rings around you, so - I wouldn't advise it.

Sadie takes one ice cream cone, Wyatt hands one to Jack, and keeps the other for himself. Sits down with them.

SADIE

Your parents - were they churchgoers?

JACK

Every Sunday. Till one day, they was coming home from a service when a big truck come over a hill and hit 'em head on. Killed Daddy right off. And Mama... she bled to death.

Sadie looks at Jack with sympathy.

SADIE

And where were you?

JACK

Back seat. Got a little scar up here.

He points to top of his head.

JACK (cont'd)

Got thrown forward into the back of the front seat and split my head open. And I laid there, screaming for Momma and Daddy, but...

(beat)

Sumbitc driving the truck was drunk. Walked away without a scratch. So, you tell me, why'd God have to do that? Leave me fending for myself, and me just twelve years old?

WYATT

Guess there's nothing we can say that'll make any sense. But sometimes... well, you just have to make a leap of faith.

JACK

I just can't believe in some magical man in the sky. Do you?

WYATT

I'm coming 'round to it.

JACK

How?

As Wyatt considers how to answer, Earpie jumps up into Jack's lap. Looks at him with his sad dog eyes. It's a stare-off, until Jack finally allows Earpie to have some licks of his ice cream.

WYATT

Ice cream and puppy dogs.

JACK

What?

WYATT

Ice cream and puppy dogs. You get a dog in your lap and share your ice cream with him, and you can't help but think there must be a God, 'cause you're already in Heaven.

Watching Earpie lick the ice cream cone, Jack grins.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEUNG GENERAL STORE - DAY

Wyatt and Sadie near the entrance, Wyatt holding Earpie's leash. Javier's at his usual spot outside the door, sitting on the canvas stool, strumming his guitar.

Wyatt pauses, fishes a dollar out of his pocket, folds it and stuffs it in Javier's shirt pocket. Javier gives him a smile. Wyatt tips his hat to him, then he and Sadie enter.

INT. LEUNG GENERAL STORE - DAY

Wyatt and Sadie find Mary sweeping between the aisles. Seeing them, she stops, puts the broom away.

MARY

Oooh, Mr. Earp, you're looking very handsome today.

WYATT

Had my weekly bath.

MARY

Really? Look what we just got in...

She goes to a shelf, comes back with a small box.

MARY (cont'd)

Bath salts.

WYATT

What'll these do?

MARY

Makes your skin so soft. Feel.

She holds her arm out. Wyatt strokes her forearm, while Sadie's eyes shoot daggers at him.

MARY (cont'd)

These make you soft all over.

WYATT

Don't want to be soft all over...

He catches Sadie glaring at him. Clears his throat.

WYATT (cont'd)
Maybe you ought to show this to Sadie.

SADIE
I've seen all I need to.

WYATT
Henry up and about?

Mary nods over her shoulder. Wyatt hands Earpie's leash to Sadie.

FOLLOW WYATT — INT. LEUNG STORE HALLWAY/LIVING QUARTERS — SAME

Wyatt walks around the counter and opens the door into the dark hallway. Walks toward the door at the opposite end, opens it.

Steps across the threshold into the living quarters. Wyatt raps on the wall.

WYATT
Henry?

HENRY
Yep. Yep. Back here.

Wyatt enters to find Henry in his wheelchair, beside the console radio, turning the dial, looking for a good station. But all he gets is a sound like eggs frying in a skillet.

HENRY (cont'd)
Static. Nothing but static. Must be a storm coming.

Wyatt goes over to Henry. Puts a wad of money in Henry's hands.

HENRY (cont'd)
What's that?

WYATT
Your cut.

HENRY
(gasps, excited)
You didn't!

WYATT

I did!

Henry lets out an excited yelp.

HENRY

Well, I'll be a suck-egg mule!

Henry feels for a key under the radio. Finds it.

HENRY (cont'd)

How good a strike is it?

WYATT

Not sure yet. Might be just a pocket,
might be a vein. Gonna have to explore
a little more.

Henry wheels over to a table, pulls off the tablecloth.
Underneath, on a pedestal, is a Wells Fargo Overland Stage
strongbox. A hasp on the top edge, held closed by a padlock.

HENRY

Sure wish I could be down there with you.

WYATT

You're there in spirit.

HENRY

Spirit! Pschaw! I want to smell the dirt!
Feel that cold rock! Blister my hands
with a pick axe!

He sticks the key into the padlock, opens it, raises the
strongbox lid. Cash, jewelry, bags of gold dust inside.

HENRY (cont'd)

What you gonna do with your money?

WYATT

If it's a big strike – probably sell
out to some corporation.

Henry deposits the cash into the strongbox, locks it, recovers
it with the tablecloth.

HENRY

Sell? What for?

WYATT

Security. Make me and you and Sadie and Mary stockholders, and we'll be collecting dividends the rest of our lives. Maybe enough to keep Sadie in gambling money after I'm gone.

Henry wheels back to the radio, replaces the key.

HENRY

Then you better hope that whole blasted mountain's full of gold!

INT. LEUNG GENERAL STORE - SAME

Wyatt exits the door behind the counter. Sees a sack of groceries on the counter, Sadie checking out. Mary, at the register, shares a conspiratorial whisper with her.

And now Wyatt sees Hayden, Jenkins, and Hightower, huddling near the door. They notice him.

MARY

Wyatt, sure you don't want a sample?
(holds up a small box)
Of the bath salts?

Sadie limps in front of Wyatt, takes the box.

SADIE

Much obliged.

She puts it into the sack, and Wyatt picks the groceries up. As they turn to go, Hayden and his men move to block their path.

HAYDEN

There he is! The man himself! And his little lady!

Earpie growls. Sadie pulls his leash in closer.

SADIE

Shhhh! Hush.

JENKINS

Buyin' anything good?

Jenkins peeks into Wyatt's sack. Pulls an apple out of it. Bites into it.

JENKINS (cont'd)

Little sour.

He puts it back. Sadie squeezes Wyatt's arm. He's doing his best to control himself. Hayden steps closer, peeks in the sack.

HAYDEN

Got something for the little one? Oh –
no. Of course not. Y'all don't have
no young 'uns. Wonder why that is?

HIGHTOWER

Maybe he can't.

HAYDEN

You mean to say the biggest, bravest
gunman there ever was shoots blanks?
(to Sadie)
Does he?

WYATT

That's enough.

HAYDEN

Or maybe we're wrong...
(leering at Sadie)
Maybe ol' Wyatt's just been planting
his seeds in barren ground...

Wyatt sets the grocery sack on the counter. Sadie senses trouble. Puts her arm on his bicep to restrain him.

SADIE

Wyatt...

Mary slowly removes a baseball bat from beneath the counter. But Wyatt reaches into his pants pocket, pulls out some bills. This gets the men's attention.

WYATT

Listen – I knew pretty quick you boys
weren't up to snuff on your card playing,
and I reckon I took advantage, and that
ain't very Christian of me, so... here.

He counts out several bills, gives them to Hayden.

WYATT (cont'd)

That ought to cover what I took off you.
I'll let you figure how to divvy it up.

And he walks off with Sadie, Earpie, and their groceries. Hayden and his partners are stunned and confused. Mary snaps at them.

MARY

Hey – you gonna buy something?

HAYDEN

C'mon, boys.

They amble to the door.

JENKINS

What in tarnation was that?

HAYDEN

A down payment.

JENKINS

Hunh?

HAYDEN

Bet there's more where this came from.

He nods his head towards the door to Henry's room.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL – NIGHT

Wyatt and Sadie sit in the porch swing, Earpie laying on his side between them. Wyatt gently strokes the dog's fur.

SADIE

Hon... I'm sorry I never gave you a
child. God just didn't make me right
for having babies.

WYATT

Prob'ly for the best, anyway.

He takes her hand in his. They listen to the crickets.

SADIE

Is it? Our brothers and sisters have children and grandchildren. Why don't we?

WYATT

Just not meant to be.

SADIE

But why can't it be? Why can't God hear my prayers? And why is He taking you away from me? Can't he see how much I need you?

(beat)

What if Jack's right? What if there is no God?

WYATT

Now, Sadie-Belle... nothing lasts forever.

(looks at her)

Except my love for you. That'll be with you long after I'm gone.

He puts his arm over her shoulder, pulls her closer.

WYATT (cont'd)

And you know there's a God. I know it when I look at you. And far as I'm concerned... He made you just right.

She rests her head on his shoulder, and they just sit silently, gently swaying on the porch swing.

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wyatt enters the bedroom, switches on a light. Goes to the bed, kneels down. Reaches under it and pulls out the wooden case. Stands up, lays the case on top of the bed.

Opens it. Takes out his holster and his Colt Single Action pistol. And the box of shells. Closes the case.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE / PIT - DAY

Wyatt, wearing his gun belt, rides up on his horse to find Jack moving their hammers and buckets to the pit.

Wyatt ties off his horse, goes over to Jack. Sees he's also wearing a holster and pistol.

WYATT

What are you doing heeled?

JACK

Better safe than sorry. Looks like you had the same idea...

WYATT

That a Colt?

He nods at Jack's pistol. Jack pulls it out of the holster, with a flourish.

JACK

Gun that won the West.

WYATT

Guns didn't win the West. Plows did.

(beat)

Know how to use it?

Jack twirls and spins his gun. Plops it back in his holster. Smiles, proud.

WYATT

That's real pretty. Just don't try it in a gunfight. Before it spins around once, you'll have a ventilated skull.

JACK

I'm too fast for that.

WYATT

Uh-huh. I've known lots of fellers who were faster'n rabbits. And fast is alright, but accuracy's better. You get in a gunfight, you gotta take your time in a hurry.

JACK

Bet I can outdraw you.

He does a fast draw. Twirls the gun. Puts it back in his holster. Looks expectantly at Wyatt, itching for action.

WYATT

I never draw a gun unless I mean to use it.

Wyatt climbs down the ladder. Jack goes after him.

INT. PIT — FOLLOWING — SAME

Wyatt picks up his bucket and hammer. As Jack grabs his...

WYATT

Truth be told, I prefer a rifle.

JACK

Why's that?

WYATT

If I've got to shoot somebody, I'd rather shoot 'em from a distance, before they know I'm there.

JACK

That don't sound fair. What about the Code of the West?

WYATT

What Code of the West? That's all dime store novel crap.

JACK

You mean, you'd shoot a man in the back?

WYATT

The back, the front, the side... if you're settin' out to kill a man, kill him.

JACK

Just like that?

WYATT

Ain't that hard when they're trying to kill you.

They walk to the mine entrance. Wyatt lights the lantern.

INT. TUNNEL — FOLLOWING — SAME

Wyatt continues walking forward, Jack following.

WYATT

You know what the vaqueros say —

JACK

The who?

WYATT

Mexican cowboys. They say you come into this world scared, cold, crying and covered in blood. And if you play your cards right... you'll live that way your whole life.

And he moves on into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Wyatt still laying in the bed. His eyes blink open.

He raises up on his elbow. Sees Sadie, Lake, and Shurtleff dozing in their chairs. Quietly, without disturbing them, he slowly rises.

Wyatt trudges to the table, sees the puzzle there, almost completed. He sits, stares at the pieces. Puts a couple in place. Looks at the other pieces scattered about. Looking for particular colors and shapes to go in specific areas...

Suddenly, DOC HOLLIDAY, 36, thin, gaunt, with a long, neatly clipped mustache and wearing an 1880s suit, steps out of the shadows behind him.

DOC

Figured an old card shark like you would be playing solitaire.

He takes a seat across from Wyatt. As they speak, Wyatt continues picking up puzzle pieces, snapping them in place.

WYATT

I like puzzles. Like how the odds keep tipping in your favor with every piece you put in. A thousand pieces to put together, a thousand to one. Put one in, 999 to one.

ON THE PUZZLE

We get a good look at it, three-quarters completed. It's a painting of gunfighters shooting it out on a Western street. Wyatt puts another piece in place.

WYATT (cont'd)

And the more it comes together, the faster the pieces fall into place. Till finally, you see how that last piece fits, and then you see the whole picture.

BACK TO SCENE

Doc cocks his head, looking at the puzzle.

DOC

That s'posed to be us?

WYATT

Think it's from the cover of one of them dime books.

DOC

Hear they pretty much boiled me down to a quick draw and a cough.

WYATT

Pretty much.

DOC

What do they say 'bout you? Lawman? Villain? Killer?

WYATT

Depends on who's writing.

DOC

That why you're writing your own?

WYATT

That's more Sadie's doing.

DOC

Good old Sadie. Never thought you
two would last, but here you are...

Doc picks up one of the puzzle pieces, studies it. Rolls it
between the phalanxes of his fingers, back and forth.

DOC (cont'd)

Time's running out, Wyatt. Why don't you
just die gracefully?

WYATT

How can I, when I've done so many
disgraceful things?

DOC

Sure you don't let all that prairie justice
we meted out bother you?

WYATT

Don't you?

DOC

Whatever conscious I had got coughed up
with my lungs.

WYATT

Reckon it irks me 'cause I been around
longer than I had any right to be. Had
more time to think on my sins.

DOC

I reckon so. Time moves on. And the farther
down the line you get, the more burdens
you carry. How much more of a load do you
think you can bear?

WYATT

Not much. But I'm not going without a fight.

DOC

See, your trouble is you've never been
defeated, so... you don't know how to lose.

WYATT

Tell me this - is it true that if you die
in your dream, you die in real life?

DOC

Couldn't say. I wasn't dreaming much
at the end.

(leans forward)

You know, after all the men you've sent
to their Maker, I never thought you'd be
so scared of crossing over yourself.
What's the matter? Worried about who'll
be waiting on the other side?

Wyatt scans all the puzzle pieces, looking for a particular one
to fit a space he hasn't filled.

WYATT

More worried about who I'm leaving on
this one.

DOC

Hardest part of loving is leaving.
But we all do, eventually.

He scans the puzzle pieces, puts his finger on one.

DOC (cont'd)

This here's the one you're looking for.

Wyatt picks up the puzzle piece. Fits it into the empty space..

And Doc is gone.

Wyatt rises, turns - and sees his body laying in the bed, silent
and still in the candlelight, with Sadie, Lake, and Shurtleff
surrounding him.

He walks to Sadie's chair. Kneels beside her. Wraps his arm
around her stomach, kisses her cheek.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL - BEDROOM - NIGHT (WYATT'S DREAM)

Wyatt and Sadie in bed, side-by-side, spooning. Wyatt's arm over
her midriff as he kisses her cheek. She smiles, snuggles closer.

SADIE

Uhhmm. A woman likes to be held
and loved up on a little.

WYATT

Snug as a bug in a rug.

She cuddles against him, puts her arm around his waist. And he winces. She pulls her arm back. They lay in silence for a few moments. Then...

SADIE

Hon... now that we got all this money,
why don't you go see a specialist?

WYATT

Oh, I don't need...

SADIE

No, you're going. I'm not gonna
let you die of mule-headedness.

They lie side by side, quiet, until Sadie sees white flakes float past the window.

SADIE (cont'd)

Look - it's snowing.

Wyatt turns his head to the window, sees the white flakes float past. Curious, he gets out of bed, goes to the window. And looking towards Vidal, he sees an orange glow on the horizon.

WYATT

Get dressed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DRIVING - NIGHT

Wyatt at the wheel, Sadie in the passenger seat. Wyatt drives fast towards town, the red glow growing larger before them.

A fire engine, SIREN blaring, comes up behind, whizzes past.

EXT. LEUNG'S GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

The store is an inferno, rolling black smoke belching red cinders into the sky.

Practically the whole town throngs around, some moving aside for the fire engine to pull through.

Wyatt's car rolls to a stop beyond the crowd. He and Sadie hop out and run forward, both shocked by the blaze.

Wyatt pushes through to Mary, being held back by a POLICEMAN and Javier, the busker.

MARY

HENRY! HENREEEEEEEEE!!

Just as Wyatt gets to her, she breaks free. He grabs for her, but she runs into the blazing building.

He dashes after her, but stops, recoils from the heat and smoke.

POLICEMAN

Get back!

Wyatt doesn't listen. He runs into the inferno.

The firemen turn on their hoses, train them on the roof.

INT. LEUNG'S GENERAL STORE - SAME

A cauldron of flame and black smoke. Wyatt, hand over his mouth, takes a few steps inside, eyes watering from the smoke.

WYATT

Mary! MARY!!!

He catches a glimpse of Mary pushing open the door that leads to Henry's room, the hallway a tunnel of flame. She dashes into it.

And then the roof between them collapses, sending up swirls of flame and spark and thick smoke.

EXT. LEUNG'S GENERAL STORE - SAME

Sadie's hysterical, tears pouring - until she sees Wyatt come stumbling out, coughing, blackened with smoke, wiping his eyes.

She rushes forward and pulls him back into the crowd. He falls onto all fours, gasping for breath.

A FIREMAN comes over to check on Wyatt, who continues coughing. Sadie hugs him tightly.

Everyone around them stands shocked, silent.

And they hear Mary's screams.

Wyatt shoves the fireman forward.

WYATT

For God's sake, help her!

FIREMAN

There's no helping her now.

Mary's screams continue for a beat... then abruptly stop.

And then there's just fire, and smoke, and the sound of timbers popping in the heat.

With a look of utter defeat and desolation, Wyatt gets to his feet. And leaning on Sadie for support, goes back to his car.

INT. CAR — SAME

Wyatt and Sadie climb in. He just sits and stares at the onlookers, watching the building burn.

WYATT

Don't make sense, her running in there like that.

SADIE

Makes perfect sense. She'd rather die than go on without him.

A beat. She and Wyatt exchange a look. And then he gazes out again at the slowly dispersing crowd.

WYATT'S POV — THE ONLOOKERS

As they peel away, he sees, way off to one side, Hayden, Hightower, and Jenkins, looking on without emotion.

INT. CAR — SAME

Wyatt sets his jaw grimly. Starts the car, backs onto the road.

EXT. LEUNG'S GENERAL STORE AND ROAD

Firemen fight the blaze, onlookers heading to their cars and trucks and horses, while Wyatt's car heads up the road, into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LEUNG'S STORE — DAY

Now just a smoldering heap. Wyatt and a handful of other lookie-loos on the periphery, staring at the smoking and, in some spots, still burning ruins.

Prominent among the remains is the scorched, steel frame of a wheelchair.

Beyond it, upwind and far away from the devastation, Javier lowers his head and cross himself.

Firemen place the bodies of Mary and Henry — charred beyond recognition — on stretchers, throw sheets over them. Carry them to an ambulance.

Wyatt steps into the ruins. Moves some ashes aside with the toe of his shoe. Uncovers the fire-blistered Wells Fargo strongbox, yawning open.

Sheriff Ledbetter comes up to him.

LEDBETTER

Wyatt — I know what you're thinking.

(beat)

Hayden and his friends were playing cards at the cafe last night right up until after the fire started.

WYATT

Is that right?

LEDBETTER

Thought I'd tell you, lest you go gettin' any ideas.

Wyatt's jaw flinches.

LEDBETTER (cont'd)

Hope I don't need to remind you that this is the twentieth century. That vigilante stuff you used to get up to's liable to get you arrested now - if'n it don't get you killed.

WYATT

Longevity's overrated.

Wyatt turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL - DAY

Wyatt enters. Earpie barks incessantly, the radio loudly plays a tune like Ruth Etting singing "Lonesome and Sorry."

Wyatt looks down at the anxious dog.

WYATT

Where's your ma?

As he moves through the house, he sees Earpie's empty water dish. Picks it up, fills it with water from the kitchen tap, sets it down.

Sadie, dress half-buttoned, hair straggling, comes limping out of the bedroom. Eyes half-mast, slurring her words...

SADIE

Hi, Shug.

WYATT

You look mighty unlimbered.

SADIE

Uhm jesh tired.

WYATT

You're drunk. I can smell it on you.

SADIE

No, uh took shum med - medicine.

WYATT

80 Proof?

He stalks into the bedroom. Sadie can hear him tearing it apart. As she starts limping after him, he storms back out, heading for the kitchen.

He opens kitchen cabinets, drawers. Then kneels to open the cabinet beneath the kitchen sink. Sadie limps to him quickly, tries to pull him away.

SADIE

Stop it! STOP IT!

He reaches into a bucket and pulls out what he was searching for – a nearly empty bottle of whiskey.

WYATT

Where'd you get it?

SADIE

Mary. Lash time we wuhr at the shtore...

WYATT

Damn that woman! I told her never to sell you any liquor!

He goes to pour it down the sink. She tries to grab the bottle away from him. They wrestle over it. It falls, shatters on the floor.

SADIE

Damn you, Wyatt Earp!

WYATT

You said you'd quit!

SADIE

I CAN'T!

(sobbing)

Look at you! One wife addicted to opium, another can't stay off the bottle... Let me ask you – you ever think maybe it's not us? You're so hard and distant and... *empty* it drives me to drink – like you drove Mattie to kill herself!

WYATT

Stop it!

SADIE

The only true love you ever had died with Aurilla! You've been a walking dead man ever since!

WYATT

Damn right I loved her! Nothing but trouble since she died. If she'd lived...

SADIE

A flesh-and-blood rival I can handle, but how'm I supposed to compete with a ghost?

WYATT

Everything... my whole life... different. No Dodge City... No Tombstone...

SADIE

No me?

He gives her a hard look.

WYATT

Just sayin', if things went another way...

SADIE

I might just as well say if only I'd stayed with Johnny Behan.

WYATT

Behan was married! He didn't give a damn about you! All you were to him was a whore!

She slaps him. Fuming, Wyatt raises his hand to slap her back — but catches himself.

Instead, he slaps the empty vase on the table so hard it flies across the room, smashes against the wall. Trembling like a volcano about to erupt, he storms outside.

EXT. COTTAGE — SAME

Wyatt goes to his horse, hops up in the saddle. Sadie comes limping out the door, Earpie at her heels.

Ignoring the pain, Sadie hobbles down the steps. Wyatt shoots her a stern look.

WYATT

Trouble. Everywhere I go.

He kicks the horse's ribs. It bolts off, kicking up dust. Taking futile, painful steps toward him, Sadie shouts...

SADIE

Nobody can love you 'cause there's nothing there to love! You're just a big empty hole with nothing inside! NOTHING! I give and I give and I give... for NOTHING! That's what you are, Wyatt Earp - NOTHING!

Her voice recedes as Wyatt charges northward, toward the mountain. And as he becomes ever smaller on the horizon, Sadie whispers...

SADIE (cont'd)

Please... Don't leave...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Wyatt arrives with the horse, the back of his saddle now laden down with a roll of barb wire, a bundle of narrow signposts and a couple of painted signs saying KEEP OUT.

Wyatt dismounts. As he ties off his horse, he notices that Jack's horse isn't there. Calls for him.

WYATT

Jack? Jack!

He pulls the supplies down from the saddle, and rubs his aching abdomen.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Wyatt digs holes and plants signposts around the perimeter of the mine.

Wyatt tacks one of the KEEP OUT signs on a post near the entrance.

With gloves, he spools the barb wire along the signposts, attaches it with little clips of wire...

...one strand along the bottom...

...another along the top.

CUT TO:

INT. MINE TUNNEL - LATER

Wyatt holds the bucket up while smashing the quartz slab with the pick hammer, banging the gold chips out with heated ferocity. Bits and pieces fall and collect in the bucket.

He makes a forceful swing. The pick deflects off a jagged rock. Wyatt scrapes his knuckles on the quartz, drops the bucket.

Enraged, he attacks the rock wall with naked fury, letting out an animal roar/scream, slamming the quartz with the hammer.

But he's soon exhausted. Leans against the wall, tears rolling down his cheeks, gasping for air.

He looks at the knuckles of his trembling hand, skin scraped, blood mixing with the dust and grime.

With his other hand, he pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, ties it over his knuckles.

He gets down on all fours. Picks little granules of gold from the bits of rock, puts them in the bucket.

Pauses, leans back against the rock wall, stretching his legs out. Wipes sweat from his forehead with his good hand.

And then he hears...

JACK (O.S.)

Wyatt!

Wyatt looks toward the entrance, yells:

WYATT

Jack! Where in the Sam hill have you been?

JACK (O.S.)

Come quick!

Wyatt struggles to his feet. Leaving the bucket behind, he heads for the entrance.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE — SAME

Wyatt approaches to see a disturbing sight — the ladder being pulled upward. He rushes forward.

WYATT

Jack!

WYATT'S POV — THE RIM OF THE MINE ENTRANCE

At first, it appears there's no one there. Then, after a beat, Jack steps forward, peering over the edge. He holds his pistol, pointed at Wyatt.

BACK TO SCENE

Wyatt regards Jack warily.

WYATT

What's going on, son?

JACK

Toss me your pistol. Carefully.

Wyatt's handkerchief-wrapped hand goes slowly to his pistol.

WYATT

You know, I could just shoot you.

JACK

You wanna slap that leather, you go right ahead. But if you kill me, then you're stuck in that hole forever. And besides, if you and me ain't back to your house by sunset, Sadie's a goner.

Wyatt first looks confused, then concerned.

JACK (cont'd)

So, old man — you think you can get out of that hole without your ladder? Now toss your gun up.

Wyatt does as he's told — throws his pistol up onto the rim. Jack picks it up, puts it in his coat pocket. Steps away.

After a beat, he returns, lowering the ladder back down to Wyatt. Wyatt climbs up, seething with anger.

EXT. CAMPSITE — SAME

Wyatt comes out of the pit, Jack holding him at gunpoint.

WYATT

Hayden put you up to this?

JACK

(laughs)

Hayden? Hayden works for me.

Wyatt looks at Jack, stunned.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — RIDING BACK TO HOUSE — DAY

Wyatt's on his horse, a rope tied to his waist and tethered to the saddle horn of Jack's horse, a length behind.

WYATT

You didn't have to kill Mary and Henry.

JACK

I didn't. You did. When you cut 'em in for a third of the take.

Sun getting lower in the sky. Wyatt's home visible in the distance, and the town of Vidal far beyond.

WYATT

Jack — you know I'm dying?

JACK

Dying?

(scoffs)

You've been dead. All this time, you been running away from death, and death's been right here alongside.

WYATT

A dying man's got nothing to lose. When I go down, I'm taking you sons of bitches with me.

JACK

Keep dreaming, old man.

EXT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — DUSK

Wyatt arrives with Jack. Sees other horses there, tethered to the porch rail.

At the opposite end of the porch, Earpie's leash is tied, and he's barking his head off.

Jack gets down from his horse, pulls his pistol.

JACK

Get down. Untie yourself.

Wyatt gets off his horse. Unties the rope around his waist, lets it fall. Looks at Earpie.

WYATT

Earpie! Hush!

But Earpie keeps barking and growling.

JACK

Tie up the horses.

Wyatt ties the horses to the porch rail.

JACK (cont'd)

Now get inside.

INT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL — SAME

Wyatt enters, Jack following behind. Hayden, Hightower, and Jenkins in the house. Hayden holds his Browning pistol casually, points it at Wyatt.

Sadie looks worse for wear, her face bruised from being slapped around. Hightower keeps a shotgun pointed at her head.

HAYDEN

Well, well, well! Wyatt High and Mighty
Earp. Come on in and sit a spell.

Wyatt sees that the cottage is in shambles – tables overturned,
chair cushions ripped, cupboards emptied.

Sunlight fading, Jenkins lights a kerosene lantern on the table.

JACK

Power out?

HAYDEN

Is now. Some fool took a warning shot
at the missus and hit the fuse box.

Jack casts a glance at Hightower, who shrugs sheepishly.

JACK

Find anything?

HAYDEN

Nothing. Whatever's here is hid real
good. And this sage hen ain't talking.

Gestures at Sadie. Jack steps beside Wyatt, presses his gun
against Wyatt's back.

JACK

So this is real simple, see. We know
you've got cash and gold and Lord
knows what else stashed 'round here.
Show us where, and she gets to live.

Wyatt and Sadie lock eyes. She's trying to be strong, but
there's fear in her eyes.

Hightower smiles at Wyatt as he rubs his hand over Sadie's back,
and squeezes her but. She shudders, whimpers.

Wyatt's jaw flinches.

JACK

Well... where is it?

Wyatt looks at all the men, sizing them up – but remains silent.

JACK (cont'd)

Take her outside, get that rope in the yard, and hang her.

WYATT

Wait!

Wyatt steps slowly over to the window, removes the board. Reaches inside, pulls out the lockbox. Sets it on the table.

Jack motions for Hayden to keep Wyatt covered.

Jack opens the lockbox. There's cash inside, and a couple of small pull-string bags. He takes them out. Puts stacks of cash atop the table. Opens one of the bags, pours the contents into his palm – gold nuggets.

Puts the nuggets back into the bag, drops the bag into the lockbox, but leaves the cash out.

Then he pulls a folded paper from his coat, flattens it out on the table, pushes it in front of Wyatt. Hands him a pen.

JACK

Now sign this.

HAYDEN

What's that?

JACK

A quitclaim.

HIGHTOWER

What's a quitclaim?

JACK

Means if anything happens to Mr. Earp, the Happy Days Mine belongs to his partner – which is me. Now sign!

Wyatt hesitates. Jack nods at Jenkins, who takes out his switchblade. Jenkins presses the button, the blade pops out. He holds it to Sadie's throat.

Wyatt takes the pen, signs the document.

Hayden, Hightower and Jenkins gleefully grin at each other. They're rich! Jack smirks at Wyatt.

JACK

Remember how you said it's all about the searching, not the finding? Well, the way I see it, it's a lot easier when somebody else does all the searching, and you just do the finding.

Sadie bows her head, clasps her hands over her breasts. Surreptitiously reaches into her blouse.

Wyatt stomach rumbles. He grimaces. Holds his gut. Grunts.

HAYDEN

Look at 'im squirm! Like a snail in a salt pit.

JACK

The man's sick.

HAYDEN

How 'bout we just put 'im out of his misery?

(looks at Sadie)

Both of 'em.

Wyatt grits his teeth. A wet stain spreads over the front of his pants, down his leg. He lets out a long, tired breath.

Hayden and the men are shocked.

HAYDEN

What in the good goddamn...?

JENKINS

He pissed his pants! Sumbitch pissed his pants!

Jenkins laughs, and Hightower and Hayden join in.

Hayden's laughing so hard he doubles over. Wyatt and Sadie exchange a glance, then...

Wyatt grabs Hayden's collar and belt, slams his head into the edge of the table.

At the same time, Sadie pulls the derringer from inside her blouse. Shoots the kerosene lamp on the table.

The lamp shatters, kerosene oil spreading over the table and instantly erupting in a big whoosh of flame.

Jack and Hightower reach through the flames for the gold and the cash and the quitclaim. The cash and quitclaim catch fire, and so does Hightower's sleeve. He slaps at it.

Their jackpot's going up in smoke.

Jack yanks down a curtain, flings it over the table to snuff out the blaze.

When they look up, Wyatt and Sadie are dashing out of the room, toward the back door.

Jenkins gets off a couple of shots, but they're wild - bullets chip a door frame, smash a window.

JACK

GET 'EM!

EXT. EARP COTTAGE, VIDAL - SAME

Wyatt and Sadie run out, slowed by Sadie's injured foot. Wyatt stays behind her, shielding her. They start toward the car, but see bullet holes in the fender, the front tires flat.

They change course, head to the barn.

INT. BARN - SAME

Wyatt and Sadie enter, swing around into an empty horse stall at the back. Wyatt puts his hands on her shoulders, nods at the wide opening in the back of the barn.

WYATT

Run out there and hide.

SADIE

I ain't leaving you!

Wyatt looks around, desperate.

WYATT

Sadie, they're gonna kill us both!

SADIE

I don't care.

Wyatt looks in her eyes. And he accepts that whatever's going to happen, they're in it together.

WYATT

Stay here, then. I'll go up front
and see what they're doing.

He trots to the front of the barn, crouches down beside the door, behind a barrel. Tools hang on the wall above, with more clustered by the barrel — axe, slingblade, saw, etc.

Wyatt looks through a crack in the wall boards.

WYATT'S POV - EXT. EARP COTTAGE - SAME

Jack, Hayden, Jenkins, and Hightower exit the house. Look around. Jack and Hayden point at the barn and the fields surrounding it.

INT. BARN - SAME

Wyatt still looking through the crack. From her hiding place in the back stall, Sadie says, sotto voce...

SADIE

What're they doing?

WYATT

Trying to figure out where we're at.

WYATT'S POV - EXT. EARP COTTAGE - SAME

Jack and the others confer for a moment, then Jack disappears around the corner of the house.

WYATT (O.S.)

Wait... Jack's going around front.

Hayden, Jenkins, and Hightower wait, Jenkins loading a gun.

SADIE (O.S.)

Let's just run for it.

INT. BARN — SAME

Wyatt looks through the crack.

WYATT

Too late now. They'll cut us down
before we get ten feet.

(a beat)

Uh-oh...

WYATT'S POV - EXT. EARP COTTAGE - SAME

Jack comes back around the corner to the men - cradling Earpie in his arms. The dog squirms.

He sets Earpie down - and the dog takes off like a bullet for the barn.

All the men except Jack run toward the barn. Hightower follows in Earpie's path. Hayden and Jenkins veer off to the sides.

WYATT

Get ready!

INT. BARN — SAME

Wyatt reaches up for the axe, takes it down. Crouches behind the barrel near the front door.

Sadie's in the back, hiding in the stall. Wyatt sees Earpie dashing toward him.

WYATT

Call him!

SADIE

C'mere, Earpie! Come to Mama!

Earpie pauses momentarily as he passes Wyatt. Sadie snaps her fingers. Alert, Earpie runs to her. Hightower enters the barn behind him, running, raising his shotgun. Aims for the stall.

But before he can pull the trigger, Wyatt leaps up behind him and swings the axe, smacking the flat side of it against Hightower's skull. The big man pitches forward, knocked out.

As he falls, he lets go of the shotgun. It skitters over the dirt floor.

Sadie snatches it up. Runs back for the cover of the stall, Earpie at her heels.

Wyatt goes back to the front. Crouches behind the barrel, listening.

In the stall, Sadie holds the shotgun, tries to be as silent as possible.

There's footsteps outside, fleeting shadows passing by the open cracks between the wall boards.

Earpie barks.

There's a gunshot. A neat round hole appears above Sadie's head, a shaft of sunlight catching the dust and shining through it.

Another gunshot, lower, closer to her. Another shaft of light beaming through another hole.

There's the sound of footsteps crunching on the ground outside. Through the small spaces between the boards of the barn, she can see a shape moving forward, hears the footsteps getting closer.

And then he's right there, on the other side of the wall. Hayden. Leans forward to peek through the higher bullet hole, his head momentarily blocking out the shaft of sunlight.

And in that instant, Sadie presses the barrel of the shotgun against the hole and fires. Blows out a chunk of the dried-out boards.

And through that, she can now see Hayden, sprawled face down, blood pooling around his head.

EXT. BARN/EARP COTTAGE — SAME

Jenkins, coming around the opposite corner, sees Hayden's body. Panics.

JENKINS

Oh, naw! Uh-uh!

He runs away, back towards the house. Approaches Jack.

JACK
Where're you goin'?

JENKINS
I ain't gonna stay here and get
slaughtered!

JACK
You will if you want your cut.

JENKINS
Keep your damn gold! Ain't worth
dyin' for!

Jenkins starts for the front of the house, and the horses. Jack shoots at his feet. Jenkins stops, turns around. Sees Jack aiming at him.

JACK
Drop your gun.

Jenkins throws his gun down. Stands so that Jack can't get a good view of his right hand... which slides into his pocket.

JACK (cont'd)
Should'a known you're a lily-livered
coward!

Jenkins stealthily removes the switchblade from his pocket. Clicks it. The blade snaps out. He spits in the dirt.

Jack's eyes follow the spit. And quick as a flash, Jenkins flings the knife at him.

It sticks in the dirt, a good foot away from Jack. Jack chuckles. Now Jenkins looks scared.

Jack raises his arm, twirling his gun, stops it in his palm, and puts a bullet through Jenkins' forehead. Jenkins crumples, dead.

Jack holsters his gun. Raises his hands. Walks toward the barn. Stops about twenty feet from the entrance.

JACK
Wyatt - enough of this foolishness.
Let's settle this like men.

INT./EXT. BARN — SAME

Wyatt crouches at the entrance. Sadie comes up behind him, holding Earpie.

WYATT

Take the gold, Jack. Take it all.

JACK

And have you huntin' me down? Me and you both know there's only one way this ends. So, are you coming out, or am I gonna have to burn your barn down?

Wyatt doesn't answer.

JACK (cont'd)

You know, I've heard a lot about Wyatt Earp over the years. Heard some call you a hero, and some call you a villain. But I never heard anyone call you a coward.

Wyatt and Sadie exchange a look. Sadie puts a hand on Wyatt's shoulder.

SADIE

Don't.

Wyatt squeezes her hand. Then he looks back toward Jack.

WYATT

Still got my gun?

Jack removes Wyatt's pistol from his coat pocket, tosses it forward. It lands a few feet from the barn entrance.

EXT. BARN — SAME

Wyatt steps out. He and Jack eye each other across the open space. Jack still has his hands raised.

JACK

Go on. Pick it up.

Wyatt bends over, picks up his pistol. Looks to see that it's loaded.

JACK (cont'd)
Need some bullets?

WYATT
I got one.

JACK
Just one?

WYATT
That'll do.

Wyatt sheaths the pistol in his holster. Jack lowers his arms to his sides.

JACK (cont'd)
Now... let's see who's faster.

WYATT
I'm begging you Jack - don't do this.

But Jack's already reaching for his gun.

SLOW MOTION

Jack draws his pistol.

Wyatt drops to his knee as he whips his pistol from his holster, fast as lightning.

Jack's shot hits the barn wall just above Wyatt's head.

Wyatt, still crouching, takes aim.

Jack lower his aim, gets off another shot.

The bullet whizzes past Wyatt's ear, kicks up dust behind him.

Now Wyatt has Jack in his sights.

Jack lowers his aim.

There are two shots, almost simultaneous.

And now there's a blossom of red spreading over Jack's shirt, from his pierced heart.

Jack drops to his knees. He grins, laughs, shocked, unbelieving. His eyes roll back. He pitches face forward.

END SLOW MOTION

Still crouching, Wyatt tosses his pistol away. Sadie limps outside and hugs him, both relieved it's all over.

Except it's not. As Wyatt rises from his crouching position, there's a bleeding wound in his abdomen.

Sadie's stunned, but immediately takes charge.

SADIE

Oh, God! Oh, God! You need a doctor!

She puts his arm over her shoulder, walks him as fast as she's able with her injured foot to the front of the house. Unhitching Wyatt's horse from the porch rail, she gets up in the saddle, and pulls Wyatt up behind her.

He leans against her, arms tight around her waist, and they take off toward town. Earpie scampers after them.

EXT. DESERT — SUNSET

Wyatt and Sadie ride at a good clip, but not a full gallop. Earpie's keeping up with them.

Wyatt's doing as best he can, but he's losing his grip around her waist.

SADIE (V.O.)

Wyatt?

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Wyatt writhes, his hands clutching his gut, face grimacing. He grits his teeth, whimpers in pain. A tear escapes the corner of his eye. Sadie's frantic.

SADIE

He's in pain! Can't you do something?

SHURTLEFF

Anything I give him now'll just hurry
the inevitable.

SADIE

Please! He's suffering!

SHURTLEFF

I took an oath...

Tears streaming, Sadie looks at Wyatt, distressed by his agony.

SADIE

Then hand it to me.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

The town visible on the horizon, Sadie and Wyatt ride towards
it. Wyatt bobs from side to side... and then he slides off the
horse, onto the desert.

Earpie runs to him, barking.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Lake stands away from Wyatt's bed, looking at Shurtleff and
Sadie, whose backs are to him. Shurtleff hands something to
Sadie, then steps over to stand beside Lake — but Shurtleff
faces away from Wyatt, looking at the floor.

As Sadie turns around, we see her hands are crossed at her
bosom, one holding a hypodermic needle. She kneels beside
Wyatt's bed. Stares at him through tear-stained eyes for a long
moment, then bows her head.

Summoning every ounce of resolve, she steadies her hands long
enough to find the vein on Wyatt's arm and injects him.

The deed done, she drops the needle onto the floor, and
scrunches her eyes tight, vainly trying to hold back the tears,
hands shaking, and lets out a howl of soul-searing pain,
lowering her head to the pillow beside Wyatt's.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Sadie's sitting in the sand beside Wyatt. Pulls him up into her embrace, her forehead against his.

SADIE

No!.... No!

She grabs his wrist.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Sadie wraps her hand around Wyatt's wrist. Trying, and failing, to hold back the tears.

SADIE

He's cold. He's cold!

Dr. Shurtleff listens to Wyatt's heart with a stethoscope.

SHURTLEFF

His heart's stopping.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Sadie cradles Wyatt in her arms.

SADIE

Hold on, Shug! Hold on.

WYATT

(looks in her eyes)
Tell me you'll be all right.

SADIE

How'm I gonna live without you?

And as he turns his head, Wyatt sees a faint cloud of dust on the distant horizon.

WYATT'S POV — FAR IN THE DISTANCE

Through the dust, Wyatt sees a white stagecoach approaching, its horses at a gallop, leaving a cloud in its wake.

BACK TO SCENE — WYATT AND SADIE

She strokes his face, tenderly. Earpie circles them, whimpers.

WYATT

Time to... step away from the table.

SADIE

No! You're my whole world!

WYATT

You have to... let me...

Sadie tries to hold back her tears, but her grief overwhelms her. She sees the pain he's in. And accepts the unthinkable. Holds him tightly, as tears rain down her cheeks.

SADIE

Alright, dear. Alright...

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Tears streaming, Sadie hugs Wyatt, kisses his forehead. Strokes his face, which is now peaceful — no pain.

SADIE

Let go, hon.

Wyatt's breathing is raspy, labored. Sadie holds his hand in a tight grip.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Earpie suddenly on alert as the stagecoach rolls up close to them, stops. Through half-closed eyes, tightly gripping Sadie's hand, Wyatt looks up at it.

The stagecoach almost glows in the fading sunlight.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Wyatt gasps for air.

Sadie slowly climbs atop the bed, lays beside him. Pulls his head against her breasts, cradles him in her arms. Strokes her fingers through his hair. Through tears...

SADIE

Go on, Shug. Save a place for me.

She kisses him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Sadie kisses Wyatt. He looks up at her, says weakly...

WYATT

Remember what Hamlet said before he died?

Her cheeks tear-blushed, she shakes her head.

WYATT (cont'd)

'Tell my story.'

The door of the coach opens, and Aurilla, Morgan Earp, and Doc Holliday step out. Morgan and Doc take off their hats, watch as Aurilla steps up to Wyatt and Sadie. Sadie looks at her in awe.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Sadie takes Wyatt's hand in hers, kisses his fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Sadie holds onto Wyatt's hand as long as possible, kissing his fingers... but Aurilla has his other hand in hers, pulling him up from Sadie's grasp. His hand finally slips from her touch.

SADIE

(to Aurilla)

Where are you taking him?

Aurilla smiles at her.

AURILLA

Home.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Earpie crawls up the bed to Wyatt and Sadie, snuggles against them. Lays his chin on Wyatt's side as Sadie continues to cradle him, sobbing.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Sadie remains crouched in the desert sand, tears streaming, watching as Doc, Morgan, and Aurilla climb back into the coach.

They all help Wyatt inside. As he sits next to the window, he leans forward for one last look at Sadie.

WYATT

Say you'll be fine.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

Through her tears, Sadie whispers in Wyatt's ear...

SADIE

I... I'll be fine.

He takes a deep breath. Then stops. Silence. And after an unbearable wait, he exhales a death rattle.

Sadie cries so hard she shakes, but makes no noise.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Wyatt keeps his eyes on Sadie. Gives her a reassuring smile. Aurilla quietly closes the stagecoach door.

And it rolls away.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — NIGHT (THE VIGIL)

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Shurtleff and Lake watch as a tearful Sadie straightens Wyatt's arms.

Closes his mouth.

Closes his eyes.

Kisses his forehead.

Lake steps away, toward the table.

Sadie pulls the sheet over Wyatt's head.

Lake sees an envelope on the dining table. Looks familiar. He picks it up, opens it, removes the pages inside.

Sadie lights a fresh candle at the head of Wyatt's bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

Sadie's collapsed in the sand, crying from a hole in her heart so deep nothing will ever again fill it.

The stagecoach glides away into the crimson gold sunset, across the white sands, kicking up dust. Earpie runs after it.

CUT TO:

INT. EARP BUNGALOW — LOS ANGELES — MORNING (THE VIGIL)

Lake amazed as he looks at the papers from the envelope.

C.U. — THE PAPERS IN LAKE'S HANDS

It's the questions he'd typed out for Wyatt, but now with Wyatt's handwritten responses underneath.

BACK TO SCENE

Lake puts the papers back in the envelope, slides them into his inner coat pocket. Sadie walks past him, to a window.

EXT. EARP BUNGALOW — SAME

The rain has stopped. Sadie looks out the window. Sunlight shines through the panes, casting shadows of the rain streaks onto her face, like tears falling, though her expression is now stoic. She raises the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT — DAY (WYATT'S DREAM)

The stagecoach, with Earpie chasing it, recedes into the distance. A wake of white dust powders up into the air, obscuring it.

And when the dust drifts away in the desert breeze, the coach has disappeared.

Earpie stops, and sits. And stares at... nothing? Something?

And we slowly...

gradually...

eternally...

IRIS OUT / FADE OUT.

EPILOGUE

Wyatt Earp died January 13, 1929, at age 80.

The day Wyatt died, Sadie wrote,
"I have lost my best friend."

Josephine "Sadie" Earp died December 20, 1944, at the age of 83, still living in the same Los Angeles bungalow she shared with Wyatt Earp.

Stuart N. Lake's biography, *Frontier Marshall*, was published in 1931. The book inspired several movies and a long-running TV series, cementing the mythic image of Wyatt Earp in popular culture.

Wyatt and Sadie rest together at the Hills of Eternity Memorial Park in Colma, California, a Jewish cemetery near San Francisco.