



SUNDOWN



a musical

NOTE

The legendary gunfight at the OK Corral lasted less than sixty seconds. But those fleeting moments of the late nineteenth century grew rapidly into an American myth, one that informs our national character to this day. *Sundown* explores the myth and those larger than life men and women who unwittingly formed it: the Earps, the Clantons, the McLaurys, and the unlikely duo of Doc Holliday and Cattle Kate Fisher. Their story, which culminates on a dusty street in Tombstone, Arizona, is an American romance.

MUSICAL CUES: ACT I

1. OPENING	INSTRUMENTAL
2. ARIZONA MORNING	DOC and MEN
3. WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD	CLANTONS and MCLAURYS
4. WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD – reprise 1	CLANTONS and MCLAURYS
5. BACK IN BUSINESS	WYATT, VIRGIL, MORGAN, DOC
6. BACK IN BUSINESS – reprise 1	WYATT
7. FLY IN THE OINTMENT	CLANTONS, MCLAURYS, EARPS, and DOC
8. POLITICKIN'	DOC, VIRGIL, WYATT, MORGAN
9. THE REST OF MY LIFE	DOC
10. ONE MORE DRINK	TOM, KATE, IKE, FRANK, BILLY
11. ONE MORE DRINK- reprise	FRANK and IKE
12. PRODIGAL SON	DOC
13. MEN AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE	WYATT
14. BRIDGES	KATE
15. SUNDOWN	WOMAN IN BLACK and DOC
15B ENTR'ACT	<u>ACT II</u> INSTRUMENTAL
16. BACK IN BUSINESS –reprise 2 THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX	DOC CLANTONS, MCLAURYS, DOC
17. PRISONER	KATE
18. WAIT	VIRGIL, MORGAN, WYATT
19. WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD – reprise 2	IKE, FRANK, BILLY
20. ANOTHER TIME	KATE and DOC
21. POISONED WATER	DOC and COMPANY
22. PRELUDE TO A GUNFIGHT	INSTRUMENTAL
23. ANOTHER TIME – reprise	DOC and KATE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

DOC HOLLIDAY

WOMAN IN BLACK

JOHN BEHAN

BILLY CLANTON

IKE CLANTON

FRANK MCLAURY

TOM MCLAURY

MORGAN EARP

VIRGIL EARP

WYATT EARP

KATE FISHER

**Tombstone, Arizona
October 1881**

ACT I

Scene 1

MUSIC CUE 1 - OPENING

October, 1881. Sunrise on the Arizona desert. A ball of fire slowly burns the horizon, and steaming heat rises from the white-hot sand. A red glow creeps over the earth and silhouettes a MAN: His arms dangle at his sides; his hands are poised at his holster ready to draw. A beautiful WOMAN IN BLACK stands upstage in the morning haze. There is something “other worldly” about her presence. The MAN is slowly lit. HE is the weathered DOC HOLLIDAY. HE wears a black frock coat, black vest and black hat. Shining silver pistols are nestled in his holster. While HE is only thirty, those few years have not been kind to him. HE is facing down an unseen gunfighter standing in the rear of the auditorium.)

DOC

(Speaking to the unseen gunman)

If you've got a gripe, we can end it now. But be forewarned, Sir, ...

WOMAN IN BLACK

You have great poise ...

DOC

(To the gunman)

... if you treasure your life –

WOMAN IN BLACK

and look right handsome in that pose.

DOC

- do not force me to go for my gun.

WOMAN IN BLACK

Although you could stand a shave, Doc Holliday.

DOC

Can't you see I'm busy. Twenty paces away a man is staring me down and I do believe he means business.

WOMAN IN BLACK

And I do believe in your inebriated state, he might have the edge.

DOC

Could that be your wishful thinking?

WOMAN IN BLACK

Could it be his?

DOC

(Calling out to gunman, but also for her benefit.)

Don't let my inebriated state fool you, Sir. I am not now, nor ever will be -

(For the first time, DOC turns his head and looks at WOMAN IN BLACK. His body, however, remains poised for the shootout.)

DOC (continued)

anyone's easy mark.

MUSIC CUE 1 - OUT

(In a flash, DOC draws and fires at the unseen gunfighter. Five blaring shots pierce the morning. Suddenly, DOC flinches, but HE is still standing when the smoke clears.)

WOMAN IN BLACK

Why are you still alive? There's a hole leading right to your heart.

DOC

(DOC instantly pulls at the hole in his coat.)

What the hell!

(Startled, HE quickly examines the inside of his coat, pulling out a small leather bound book from his breast pocket. HE'S shaken.)

DOC (continued)

Sweet Mother, will you look at that? Mister John Keats took a bullet for me.

WOMAN IN BLACK

How lucky to have friends in important places.

DOC

Look, Darling, there's the dead fella that warrants your attention. Escort that poor soul across the River Styx and leave me alone. Henceforth, you and I are parting company.

WOMAN IN BLACK

You are the most exasperating -

DOC

I'm just not ready for your cold embrace.
(HE takes a swig from his flask.)

WOMAN IN BLACK

Are you so sure?

(With her index finger, SHE toys with the bullet hole in his jacket.)

MUSIC CUE 2

WOMAN IN BLACK (continued)

It appears that your quicksilver draw is starting to lose its luster.

DOC

The luster, my darling, is on the horizon. Take a good look at its magnificent splendor.

“ARIZONA MORNING”

DOC (continued)

OH THE DESERT SUN IS SHINING
ON AN ARIZONA MORNING
SETTING ALL THE WORLD ON FIRE
TURNING CANYONS INTO GOLD
AND I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BIGGER
AND I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BRIGHTER
AND IT'S NEVER BEEN SO CLEAR TO ME
MY LUCK IS TURNING COLD

(DOC takes one last swig, and tosses his flask into the horizon.)

WOMAN IN BLACK

What are you talking about?

DOC

(Indicating his book of poetry with the imbedded bullet.)

This bullet is a letter from home.

(The CLANTONS and MCLAURYS enter from one side of the stage, the EARP BROTHERS from another. THEY cross and square off against each other in straight lines, foreboding the last Arizona morning for all of these men, but one that will launch them into legend.)

DOC (continued)

I CAN SEE MY LIFE BEFORE ME
ON THE ARIZONA MORNING
AND THERE'S SUDDENLY A FUTURE
WHERE THE DARKNESS USE TO BE
TIME TO LEAVE THIS WORLD OF WONDER
TO THE COYOTS AND THE BADGERS
GONNA LEAVE BEFORE THE UNDERTAKER
GETS HIS HANDS ON ME

WOMAN IN BLACK

You can't escape your celebrated reputation. Why try?

DOC & MEN

GOODBYE, ARIZONA MORNING

DOC

I HAVE SEEN THE LIGHT AND SEEN IT CLEAN AND CLEAR

DOC & MEN

GOODBYE, ARIZONA MORNING

DOC

I BETTER FIGURE WHERE I'M GONNA GO FROM HERE
HERE IN THE BRIGHT WHITE MORNING

I COULD HEAD DOWN TO PUEBLO
BUT I'D DRINK TOO MUCH TEQUILA
I COULD HEAD UP TO NEBRASKA
BUT I'D BUST A GUT ON CORN
AND I'VE GOT A SUDDEN CRAVING
FOR ATLANTIC CRAB AND OYSTERS
SO I'M PACKING UP AND HEADING EAST THIS ARIZONA MORN

WOMAN IN BLACK

I admire your rugged determination, but you and I... we'll meet again soon.

(SHE disappears.)

DOC & MEN

GOODBYE, ARIZONA MORNING

DOC

I AM HEADING HOME ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE

DOC & MEN
GOODBYE, ARIZONA MORNING

DOC
I GOT A FEELING THAT IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RIDE
INTO THE BRIGHT, WHITE MORNING

(Lights shift. DOC moves into his room at the Oriental Hotel. HE quickly removes his frock coat and hat and tosses them, along with his gun belt, onto a coat rack. JOHN BEHAN, the hotel clerk, is placing some freshly ironed towels at the foot of DOC'S bed.)

BEHAN

I settled up your bill, Doc, and booked your seat on the coach.

DOC

Thank you, Sir.

BEHAN

I swear, the price of a passage is gettin' outta hand. Ya know, I got business in Tucson this Monday. Leavin' early, 10 AM. You can hitch a ride with me and save --

DOC

Monday? I'll be long gone, my friend.

BEHAN

Suit yourself. But the stage is pullin' out soon, so ya better hurry.

DOC

Oh, I will. And, Mr. Behan, you see that hat and coat hanging over there? When I'm gone, burn them.

BEHAN

What about your gun?

DOC

(Stuffing BEHAN'S hand with a wad of cash.)

Get rid of that, too, before it gets someone else into trouble.

BEHAN

Well, in case you change you mind about that ride, Doc, you know where to find me.

(BEHAN exits)

DOC

GOING WHERE THE COOL WIND BLOWS
SHAKE THE DESERT FROM MY CLOTHES
ONLY SAGITTARIUS KNOWS
WHAT LIES AHEAD
FOR ME

ADIOS AND LET'S GET GOIN'
ON AN ARIZONA MORNING
FARE-THEE-WELL, MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS
MAY YOU KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY
PRETTY SOON I WILL BE STROLLIN'
ON THE BEACHES BY THE OCEAN
AND I'LL THINK OF ALL YOU SINNERS 'NEATH THE ARIZONA SKY

DOC & MEN

GOODBYE, ARIZONA MORNING

DOC

I AM HEADING HOME ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE

DOC & MEN

GOODBYE, ARIZONA MORNING

DOC

I GOT A FEELING THAT IT'S TIME FOR ME TO

DOC & MEN

RIDE
SO IT'S GOODBYE ARIZONA MORNING

DOC

GOODBYE ARIZONA SKY

(The sun magnificently brightens DOC'S face.
BLACKOUT.

The lights come up on the Oriental Hotel lobby/saloon. BEHAN is meticulously wiping down the bar. The CLANTONS and MCLAURYS, four nattily attired men, are gathered around the telegraph wire service. There is a feigned coolness about them. TOM polishes his gun; IKE blows smoke rings while reading a newspaper; FRANK fiddles with his starched collar and tie. Only BILLY paces. Suddenly, the clicking of an incoming telegraph interrupts the scene. THEY turn and stare at it. Then, IKE grabs it and starts "reading" the incoming wire.)

BILLY

Is that it, Ike?

IKE

Give me a second.

(Pause. Telegraph clicking continues.)

BILLY

Is it from the Sante Fe, Frank?

FRANK

Calm down, Billy.

(Pause. Clicking continues.)

BILLY

Well, is it? Is that it, Tom?

(TOM puts his arm around BILLY'S shoulder)

TOM

Rest assured, Billy-boy, that message is tappin' out the tune of our prosperity.

(Pause. Clicking stops.)

BILLY

Oh, come on, Ike, did they accept our offer?

IKE

Not really sure. What's it say, Frank?

FRANK

Me? I don't know Morse code. I thought you did!

IKE

Oh, hell! Behan, drop your feather duster and translate this clickity-clackin' thing!

BEHAN

"Will be arriving in Tucson on Monday. Stop. Have baked my special cinnamon buns for my little Johnny. Stop. Do not forget to have your buggy waiting at depot. Aunt Fanny." It's my great aunt Fanny. She's payin' a visit.

FRANK

Well, unless Great Aunt Fanny's carryin' a contract from the Sante Fe Railroad, we don't give a damn.

BILLY

Shouldn't we have heard something by now?

TOM

Soon, Billy. Just relax. The Sante Fe wants to close this deal as quickly as we do.

BILLY

Supposin' they had a change of heart? I mean supposin' they decide to run their track around our land instead of through it.

TOM

Why would they do that?

BILLY

Because it would make better business sense.

(TOM, IKE and FRANK laugh at the irony)

TOM

You see, Billy, once Frank here found the vice-president of the Sante Fe tangled in the sheets with Singapore Sally.... well, business sense sorta flew out the window.

(Suddenly, the clicking of another telegraph is heard.)

IKE

Behan, get over here. What's it say?

FRANK

And we ain't interested in Uncle Clyde's caramel crunch.

BEHAN

"Have accepted your offer. Stop."

TOM

I knew it!

BEHAN

"Twenty five hundred dollars guaranteed for right of way. Stop. Plus two hundred per month for next three years.

IKE

Did you hear that?

BEHAN

"William Ruggles, Vice President, Sante Fe Railroad Company."

TOM & FRANK

Yahoo! **MUSIC CUE 3**

IKE

We did it, boys! We struck the mother load!

“WE AIN’T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD”

TOM

ONCE WE HAD TO SETTLE FOR CRUMBS

FRANK

Those days are done.

TOM

NOW WE GOT THE PICK OF THE PLUMS

IKE

Why is that?

TOM

WITH MR. RUGGLES UNDER OUR THUMBS

IKE

God bless him.

TOM

WE AIN’T NEVER HAD IT
NO WE AIN’T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

FRANK

We’re sitting pretty now.

IKE

Fat as a contented cow.

TOM

Sounds good, don't it Billy Boy?

BILLY

I guess.

TOM

MADE THE DEAL AND LOCKED IT UP TIGHT

IKE

HALLEUJAH BROTHER!

TOM

THE GRAVY TRAIN HAS FINALLY COME THROUGH

IKE

LOOK THE TRAIN'S A-COMIN'!

TOM

HAVE WE EVER HAD IT

FRANK, TOM, BILLY

SAY, HAVE WE EVER HAD IT SO GOOD?

TOM, FRANK, BILLY

WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
COUNT YOUR LUCKY STARS
AND KNOCK ON WOOD

IKE

OH, NO
WE NEVER HAD IT
AND NOW
WE'RE GONNA GET IT

FRANK, TOM, BILLY, IKE

WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT
BUT, GLORY BE, WE GOT IT
WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

DOC

(Who entered during the celebration.)

Shore up another deal, Mr. Clanton?

IKE

In fact, we have, Doc. I am now officially a railroad maggot.

DOC

Well, congratulations.

TOM

And I didn't even walk anyone to Boot Hill to get the deal done.

IKE

That's right because we're ... What are we calling ourselves these days, Doc? You know, that fancy French word you taught us. Enterpanurees?

DOC

Entrepreneurs.

IKE

Right. So, why don't you join us ... entrepreneurs for a drink?

DOC

I'm afraid I can't this time. There's a stage coming that I don't intend to miss.

IKE

You leavin' town already? You ain't even been here, what, two, three months.

FRANK

Hell, who's gonna bleed me dry at the poker table from now on?

TOM

I'm sure our new sheriff can accommodate. Mr. Wyatt Earp would welcome a sociable game of cards with his new best friends.

DOC

Did I hear correctly? Did you say Wyatt Earp?

IKE

That's his name. Wyatt B.S. Earp.

BEHAN

Supposed to be a pretty good sheriff. Cleaned up Dodge City, he did.

IKE

Wonder what that B.S. stands for?

DOC

You'll find out soon enough. Good day, gentlemen, and may the Lord protect each and every one of you from Wyatt Earp.

(DOC exits)

TOM

(Hoisting his glass.)

A toast to our new sheriff...

FRANK

Long may he reside in our back pocket!

MUSIC CUE 4

(A raucous laugh from CLANTONS and MCLAURYS.)

"WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD" – reprise

TOM, IKE, FRANK & BILLY

WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT
BUT GLORY BE WE GOT IT
WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

(Lights dim on the celebration.
Lights up outside the hotel on MORGAN and Marshall VIRGIL
EARP, two dusty cowboys who have had a few too many drinks.
DOC enters unseen by them.)

MORGAN

I don't know, Virg. This Tombstone seems awful quiet.

VIRGIL

Don't let the mornin' fool ya, Morgan. A murdered man recently turned up in the town's water supply.

MORGAN

But I heard he been lyin' in there at peace for two months.

DOC

Fair warning, boys: Don't drink the water.

VIRGIL

Doc? Doc Holliday!? If you ain't a sight for sore eyes!

MORGAN

Hey, Doc! How the hell are ya?

DOC

Morgan, tuck in your shirt; you look a sight.

VIRGIL

How long's it been?

DOC

Three years. Dodge City.

VIRGIL

That's too long.

DOC

So how's everything been going?

(Silence all around.)

DOC (continued)

Right. I heard about Wichita.

VIRGIL

Well, that's all behind Wyatt now. He's startin' fresh. I pulled some strings and got him a job as sheriff of this place.

DOC

Now that's frightening. So where is he?

VIRGIL

We left him at the Methodist church.

MORGAN

Down on his knees...

VIRGIL

Thanking the Good Lord for this golden opportunity.

(An ear-splitting crash of broken glass erupts from off stage.)

WYATT (off)

Goddammit!! That was my last bottle o' whiskey!

(WYATT enters, drunk as a lord. HE stops dead in his tracks when HE sees DOC.)

DOC

Howdy, Wyatt.

WYATT

Virg, didn't Luke Mc Glue tell us Doc Holliday was dead? Well, his ghost stands before me, Brother.

(WYATT drops to his knees.)

WYATT (continued)

Don't harm me, Spirit. Forgive me for calling you the stingiest sidewinder to ever sit in a saddle.

DOC

Luke was mistaken, Wyatt.

WYATT

Praise be to God. He said you had a coughin' fit in the Hays City Saloon Opera House. Crumbled like a marionette while some crazy lady sang *Aida*. That was the story.

DOC

"Done to death by slanderous tongues."

WYATT

Boy, it's good to see ya. But what are you doing in that get-up?

VIRGIL

You look kinda citified.

DOC

Gentlemen, say hello to John H. Holliday, D. D. S., of Baltimore, Maryland.

VIRGIL

What are you talkin' about?

DOC

I'm talking about getting out of this Godforsaken place and going home. I'm planning to revive my dental practice.

WYATT

You're fixin' to pull teeth?

DOC

"Pull a tooth the painless way with Doctor John H. Holliday." What do you think?

WYATT

There ain't a sane man between here and the Mississippi who'd let you near his mouth.

DOC

There was a time, I grant you, when that may have been true. But my hands are steady now.

VIRGIL

You really leavin'?

DOC

In precisely seven minutes.

WYATT

You can't be serious about this. We just got here.

MORGAN

I think he is, Wyatt. Look. He's got a clamp and everything. See.

(MORGAN pulls an old time dentist's clamp from DOC'S bag.

DOC

Morgan, stay out of my bag, please.

WYATT

I don't care what he's got. You ain't no dentist, and I will prove it.
(WYATT pushes Morgan onto a pickle barrel)

WYATT (continued)

Sit down, Brother, and open your mouth.

MORGAN

What for?

WYATT

I want to see the Grand Canyon, Morgan. Now open!

VIRGIL

What the hell are you doin'?

WYATT

(Holding MORGAN down firmly)

Okay, Doctor, let's see you extract a tooth.

MORGAN

No! No! Wait, my teeth are fine!

WYATT

C'mon, drop this clamp into the boy's mouth, and let's see you extract some goddamn molar without killin' him in the process. Sit still, Morgan.

(Whips out his gun)

VIRGIL

Hey, watch that thing!

WYATT

But I bet ya ten cold silver you can blow out his two front teeth so quick he wouldn't know they were missin'.

MORGAN

Oh my God!

WYATT

Now I see fire in your eyes again.

VIRGIL

Relax, Morgan.

WYATT

(Brandishing the gun)

This here is the extension of your arm, not that rusty contraption.

VIRGIL

Put the gun away, Wyatt.

DOC

That's not Doc Holliday. Not anymore.

WYATT

There are at least nine gentlemen in the company of Saint Peter who would beg to differ.

VIRGIL

And about five Wells Fargo drivers who would have to agree with them.

MORGAN

Not to mention those farmers' daughters you stranded in haylofts. **MUSIC CUE 5**

DOC

Gentlemen, my stage.

"BACK IN BUSINESS"

WYATT

I MISS THEM GOOD-TIME DODGE CITY DAYS

VIRGIL

You were the brains of the outfit, Doc.

WYATT

WHEELIN' AND DEALIN' IN A MILLION DIFFERENT WAYS

VIRGIL

Wyatt's right hand man.

WYATT

IT SEEMS TO ME WE ATE MUCH BETTER THEN

MORGAN

You shoulda never left the gang-

WYATT
FOR LUNCH I'D SCRAMBLE UP
A HALF O' DOZEN MEN

MORGAN
Cause Wyatt made some dumb mistakes.

WYATT & VIRGIL
DON'TCHA YEAR FOR MORE TRAILS TO BLAZE?

DOC
You're on your own, boys.

EARPS
DON'TCHA WISH YOU HAD MORE CAIN TO RAISE?

DOC
Wish I had more time to chat.

EARPS
WE'VE BEEN LIKE FENCED UP BULLS IN A PEN

DOC
Out of my way, please.

EARPS
WE'LL THINGS ARE CHANGING, BOYS
WE'RE ON THE LOOSE AGAIN

DOC
Where's my bag? Morgan?

EARPS
LOOK OUT, WORLD
STAND YOU BACK
HERE WE COME
DOWN THE TRACK
SO, HIDE YOUR DAUGHTERS
BRAND THE COW
WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS NOW
BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS NOW

WYATT

C'mon, Doc. Remember the glory days!

EARPS

POLISH UP THAT COLT FORTY-FOUR
WE AIN'T PLAYIN' TIDDLYWINKS NO MORE
WE'RE WARNIN YOU GET OUT OF OUR WAY
HERE COME THE BROTHERS EARP
AND DOCTOR HOLLIDAY

LOOK OUT, WORLD
STAND YOU BACK
HERE WE COME
DOWN THE TRACK
SO, HIDE YOUR DAUGHTERS
BRAND THE COW
WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS NOW
BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS NOW

WYATT

Gentlemen, once again the Earps' four-gun salute!

(Quickly, the EARPS fall into a line. From SR to SL, it is MORGAN, VIRGIL, and WYATT with DOC suddenly finding himself at the far left of their line. Then, one at a time, starting with MORGAN, each man swiftly draws his gun and begins spinning it around his finger. This happens down the line in succession with each EARP performing this synchronized act until all guns are spinning wildly in perfect synchronization. Then, WYATT gives a signal. In one smooth movement, each man tosses his gun to the man at his left. VIRGIL now has MORGAN'S gun; WYATT holds VIRGIL'S; and DOC finds WYATT'S gun in his hand. The EARPS start spinning the guns again with DOC, now swept up in their revelry, joining them. WYATT signals. THEY instantly freeze, facing the audience. THEY are posed like classic gunfighters on the brink of a deadly shootout. This choreographed "vaudeville turn" takes only seconds.)

DOC

Hotdamn, we're good!

DOC with EARPS

ROLLIN LIKE THE WHEELS ON A TRAIN

DOC with EARPS (continued)

THROTTLE OPEN GOIN' PLUMB INSANE
THEY'LL HEAR US FROM ST. LOU TO JUAREZ
CAUSE WHEN THAT WHISTLE BLOWS
THAT SCREECHIN DEMON SAYS

LOOK OUT WORLD
STAND YOU BACK
HERE WE COME
DOWN THE TRACK
SO HIDE YOUR DAUGHTERS
BRAND THE COW
WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS NOW
BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS NOW

BACK IN BUSINESS NOW

WYATT

So how ya feeling, Doc?

EARPS

BACK IN BUSINESS NOW

DOC

Feeling fine, Wyatt.

EARPS

BACK IN BUSINESS NOW

MORGAN

Good. Cause ya just missed your stage.

EARPS

BACK IN BUSINESS NOW

DOC

What? I could murder you, Wyatt!

MORGAN

Guess you can catch another one next week.

WYATT

Well, if that's the case, let's get the man a drink. Come on, Doc. Virgil's buyin'.

DOC

Save your blasted money. I'm not interested.

MORGAN

Are you on the wagon or somethin'?

(The EARPS laugh)

DOC

As a matter of fact –

WYATT

Don't even say it.

DOC

Not only did I give up the booze, I put down my gun.

(HE shoves the gun he is holding into WYATT'S holster.)

VIRGIL

What?

MORGAN

Can't be true.

VIRGIL

You stopped wearin' a gun?

MORGAN

Can't be true.

WYATT

Boys, go on ahead. Line 'em up, while I try to figger out what this imposter has done with our Doc Holliday.

(MORGAN and VIRGIL exit)

WYATT (continued)

You can't be serious!

DOC

I'm a changed man, Wyatt.

WYATT

C'mon, Doc, this town's ripe for pluckin'. Sure, it's an untidy dust heap right now, but when it settles down, why you and me will be on the top of the mountain.

DOC

You can scale those heights alone.

WYATT

What kind of a man would I be if I did? You saved my life in Dodge. Do you think that's something I could ever forget?

DOC

Forget it, Wyatt.

WYATT

Never!

MUSIC CUE 6

(WYATT laughs and throws his arm around DOC'S shoulder.)

WYATT (continued)

"BACK IN BUSINESS" - reprise

LOOK OUT WORLD
STAND YOU BACK
HERE WE COME
DOWN THE TRACK
SO HIDE YOUR DAUGHTERS
BRAND THE COW

DOC

Wyatt, will you tend to your own affairs?

WYATT

That's just what I'm doing, Doc.

(WYATT grabs DOC'S bag.)

WYATT (continued)

WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS NOW!

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene 2

The Oriental Saloon. IKE, FRANK, TOM, and BILLY are in conversation with VIRGIL and MORGAN.

IKE

...and if Sheriff Shibell, may he rest in peace, ever needed any help, why he always came to us.

MORGAN

What for?

TOM

'Cause we know how to get things done.

FRANK

So, Marshall, your brother should feel free to approach us, too...any time the new sheriff needs counseling of any kind ...well, that's why we're here.

MORGAN

Virg, maybe Wyatt should be privy to this here conversation.

(Off-stage we hear WYATT let out a boisterous, jubilant cheer)

VIRGIL

And maybe not.

(WYATT enters dragging a reluctant DOC HOLLIDAY.)

WYATT

Brothers, Doctor Holliday ain't going nowhere, least not while I'm holding his long-johns hostage.

(Hoisting DOC'S long-johns from his bag, HE lets out a hearty laugh, then notices the smiling CLANTONS for the first time)

WYATT (continued)

Who are they?

VIRGIL

Wyatt, this here is Ike Clanton and his brother, Billy.

IKE

How'd ya do.

VIRGIL

And Frank and Tom McLaury

WYATT

(Throwing down DOC'S bag.)

Which one's the bartender cause I need a drink real bad.

VIRGIL

Wyatt, Mr. Clanton is a very influential citizen of Tombstone.

WYATT

Does that mean he can't pour a drink?

FRANK

John Behan tends the bar.

WYATT

Then, that's the man I'm interested in meeting. Hey you, polishing mother's silverware, a bottle of whiskey!

BEHAN

But it ain't noon yet.

WYATT

My gut ain't particular about the time of day.

BEHAN

Bar can't open till noon. Town ordinance.

WYATT

Don't force me to resort to my power of persuasion.

DOC

This ain't the best way to make friends.

WYATT

I ain't interested in makin' friends

VIRGIL

Wyatt, we're not here to stir up any trouble.

WYATT

That's right. So get me a bottle now or I'll stir up a whole cauldron of brouhaha.

TOM

Just who the hell does he think he is?

I'm not sure.

FRANK

Now do I get a drink or don't I!

WYATT

I'm sorry, it's only 11:15.

BEHAN

I got a friend here who is fixin' to go home to yank rotten molars and a town ordinance that says no drinking till noon...

WYATT

(In one fell swoop, WYATT grabs an empty bottle, breaks it over the bar, pulls BEHAN close and threatens him with the shard edge)

Now, I can't take much more disappointment this morning.

WYATT (continued)

(NO ONE moves. DOC recognizes a serious situation.)

Get the sheriff a bottle of whiskey, Behan.

DOC

Coming up.

MUSIC CUE 7

BEHAN

Frank.

IKE

If I could speak with you for a minute, Sheriff.

FRANK

I'm too sober to be interested in anything you gotta say.

WYATT

Well, you might be interested in meeting your deputy.

FRANK

My brother Morgan is my deputy.

WYATT

That's me.

MORGAN

TOM

I was deputy under the last sheriff.

WYATT

But the last sheriff's dead. That being the case you are herewith fired. Pronto.

TOM

I don't think you understand the situation.

WYATT

What is it I don't understand? You're out. My brother's in.

TOM

Not in Tombstone, he ain't.

IKE

(Stepping between TOM and WYATT, diffusing the situation)

Well, Mr. Earp . . .

WYATT

Well, Mr. Clanton ...

(The two groups separate down right and down left. IKE and WYATT face off.)

"A FLY IN THE OINTMENT"

IKE

WE GOT A FLY IN THE OINTMENT
NOW AIN'T THAT A SHAME

IKE & FRANK

A WORM IN OUR APPLE
A MOTH IN OUR FLAME

IKE, FRANK & TOM

A MINOR DISTRACTION
BUT NEVERTHELESS

IKE, FRANK, TOM & BILLY

A FLY IN THE OINTMENT
HAD BETTER BE SWATTED I GUESS

TOM

That's right.

IKE
WE GOT A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNOR
THAT YOU'RE GONNA BE OUR MAN
NOW YOU'RE IN THE FAMILY
WELCOME TO THE CLANTON CLAN

FRANK
LEARN TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY
AND YOU MIGHT GET A RAISE IN PAY
NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT SIR?

(Offers a check to WYATT.)

WYATT
I SAY SHOVE IT IN YOUR HAT, SIR

DOC
(Suddenly stepping between IKE and WYATT)
What he means to say is he's proud to serve the people of Tombstone and looks forward to working with you in a spirit of cooperation. No extra incentive is necessary. Isn't that what you mean to say, Wyatt? Wyatt?

WYATT
What I mean to say is: You try to buy this sheriff, and you'll be negotiatin' with the barrel of his shotgun.

IKE
Well, Mr. Earp...

WYATT
Well, Mr. Clanton...

WYATT (continued)
LOOKS LIKE
WE GOT A FLY IN THE OINTMENT
A BUG OUR BED

WYATT & MORGAN
A FLEA IN OUR FLANNELS
A LOUSE ON OUR HEAD

WYATT, MORGAN & VIRGIL
A MINOR DISTRACTION
BUT NEVERTHELESS
A FLY IN THE OINTMENT
HAD BETTER BE SWATTED I GUESS

WYATT

That's right...

(EARPS cross to CLANTONS and MCLAURYS. DOC splits them and turns to WYATT.)

DOC

IF I COULD ADD A WORD OF REASON TO
THIS RIVETING DEBATE
SIMPLY PUT, THE WORD IS "WHOA!"
SIMMER DOWN, NEGOTIATE

WYATT

SIMMER DOWN? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT
HE CAN CLEAN MY CHAMBER POT

(Moving to TOM)

WYATT (continued)

NOW TELL ME HOW YOU VOTE, SIR

TOM

I VOTE SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR THROAT, SIR

DOC

(Stepping between TOM and WYATT)

Wyatt, what Tom means to say is he understands your position and will give your proposal all due thought and consideration. Isn't that right, Tom?

(TOM spits on the ground.)

IKE

Well, Mr. Earp . .

WYATT

Well, Mr. Clanton. . .

(DOC observes the scene's mounting tension from UC.)
WYATT (continued)

LOOKS LIKE

EARPS, MCLAURYS & CLANTONS

WE GOT A FLY IN THE OINTMENT
A MOUSE IN OUR TRUNK
A FOX IN OUR HENHOUSE
A SKUNK IN OUR BUNK
A MINOR DISTRACTION
BUT NEVERTHELESS

EARPS, MCLAURYS & CLANTONS (continued)

A FLY IN THE OINMENT
HAD BETTER BE SWATTED I GUESS
YES!

WE GOT A FLY IN THE OINTMENT!
A SNAKE IN THE WELL!
A RAT IN THE RAFTERS!
A BAD AWFUL SMELL!
AND ALL OF A SUDDEN
THE WORLD'S OUT OF TUNE
THAT FLY IN THE OINTMENT
WE GOT TO GET RID OF IT SOON

IKE

Soon, Mr. Earp.

EARPS, MCLAURYS & CLANTONS
WE GOT TO GET RID OF IT SOON

WYATT

Soon, Ike, and it's Sheriff Earp.

EARPS, MCLAURYS & CLANTONS
WE GOT TO GET RID OF IT
RID EVERY BIT OF IT
GOT TO GET RID OF IT SOON!

WYATT

I intend to sweep this town clean. Careful you don't fall under the whiskers of my broom.

(The EARPS exit.)

DOC

Now you know what the B.S. stands for.

(DOC exits, following the EARPS.)

TOM

It's a nice little world we built here, Ike. Pity if it should come down like a house of cards.

BILLY

What are we gonna do?

IKE

Relax, boys. Wyatt Earp clearly doesn't understand how the political affairs of Tombstone are conducted. Frank, how much does it cost to have a sheriff removed from office these days?

FRANK

A hundred bucks should do it. And we got a blank check right here.

(The lights fade on the CLANTONS and MCLAURYS.)

ACT I

Scene 3

Two days later. Morning. The porch of the Oriental Hotel. BEHAN sweeps; DOC sits on the steps.

BEHAN

I know he's the new sheriff, but he pays no heed to the laws of Tombstone, and should I remind him ... Well, I'm just trying to be a responsible citizen. I ain't lookin' for trouble.

DOC

Well, it found you, Sir. I'm afraid it found us all. Mr. Behan, if you're still riding to Tucson tomorrow and your offer still stands, I'd like to jump on board.

BEHAN

I'd love the company, Doc. 10 AM okay?

DOC

I'll be ready.

(The EARPS are heard arguing from inside the hotel.)

DOC (continued)

Oh, and let's keep this between the two of us, shall we?

WYATT

(Entering with MORGAN and VIRGIL)

I know. I know. I ain't been sheriff long, but who can tell what tomorrow will bring? This is just the beginning! President Wyatt Earp! Has a nice ring, don't it?

VIRGIL

Wyatt, who in his right mind would ever cast his vote for you?

WYATT

(Putting a hand on BEHAN'S shoulder.)

Why this gentleman, right here. Ain't that right?

BEHAN

Well, that would depend upon your political affiliations.

(WYATT'S other hand falls squarely on his gun.)

WYATT

I'm affiliated with the .44. Is that good enough for ya?

DOC

1-3-30

Wyatt, put the gun away. Your political savvy has gone the way of the dinosaur.

(BEHAN exits)

WYATT

Get to the point, Doc.

DOC

Stop acting like a horse's behind and learn the game. Look around your world, Wyatt.
Today's politician is a different breed. **MUSIC CUE 8**

VIRGIL

That's what I been tryin' to tell him.

"POLITICKIN'"

DOC

POLITICKIN'S SLAPPIN' BACKS
AND GRINNIN TILL YOU DROP

VIRGIL

IT'S TRADIN' JOKES WITH COUNCILMEN
IN THE LOCAL BARBERSHOP

DOC

IT'S TELLIN' INFLUENTIAL WIVES
THEIR COOKIN'S FINGER LICKIN'

DOC & VIRGIL

YOU THROW THE BULL AND PULL THE WOOL
AND THAT'S CALLED POLITICKIN

WYATT

NAW, POLITICKIN'S KNOWIN' HOW
TO TWIST SOMEBODY'S ARM

MORGAN

AND GOIN' FOR THE JUGGLAR VEIN
CAN WORK JUST LIKE A CHARM

WYATT

THE SECRET LIES IN HOW TO KEEP
THE PUBLIC TERROR STRICKIN'

WYATT & MORGAN

A SMOKIN' COLT'S THE NUTS AND BOLTS
OF OLD TIME POLITICKIN'

I'M TALIKN' 'BOUT THAT HAT TIPPIN'	DOC
HEAD CRACKIN'	WYATT
HAND GRIPPIN'	DOC & VIRGIL
FACE SMACKIN'	WYATT & MORGAN
SLICK TRICKIN'	DOC & VIRGIL
ASS KICKIN'	WYATT & MORGAN
POLITICKIN'	WYATT, MORGAN, DOC & VIRGIL
POLITICKIN'S DOIN' ALL THE THINGS THAT I PROPOSE	VIRGIL
AND I PROPOSE THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE A PUNCH RIGHT IN THE NOSE	WYATT
NO THAT'S NOT IT	DOC
YOU LOST YOUR GRIT	WYATT
NOT ME	DOC
YOU'RE TURNIN' CHICKEN	WYATT
GUESS YOU AND ME JUST CAN'T AGREE ON THIS HERE POLITICKIN'	WYATT & DOC

DOC & VIRGIL

THINK OF THE FUTURE IF YOU TRY ANOTHER TACK
WYATT EARP IN WASHINGTON, WE'LL EVEN HELP YOU PACK
YOU COULD FULFILL YOUR GREAT AMBITION
BUT FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO PLAY THE POLITICIAN
LIKE

DOC

BEN FRANKLIN

VIRGIL

JOHN ADAMS

DOC

DAN WEBSTER

VIRGIL

ABE LINCOLN

DOC

(More spoken than sung)

WELL, WYATT?

WYATT

I'LL TRY IT!

WYATT, VIRGIL, & MORGAN

POLITICKIN'!

DOC

Now ya got it, Wyatt.

WYATT, DOC, VIRGIL & MORGAN

POLITICKIN

VIRGIL

The man's come to his senses!

MORGAN

Never thought I'd see the day.

WYATT, DOC, VIRGIL & MORGAN

POLITICKIN

(IKE, BILLY, FRANK enter.)

Here's your chance, Wyatt.

DOC

Mornin', Marshal.

IKE

Mornin.

VIRGIL

Nice mornin'.

FRANK

It is.

VIRGIL

Yup.

IKE

Yup.

VIRGIL

Yup.

FRANK

(There's a measured silence as the MEN rock on their heels, smiling insipidly.)

I can't do it! I can't!

WYATT (continued)

Wyatt.

DOC

Sweet Mother, let's get outta here before the undertaker embalms the pack of us.

WYATT

IKE

One minute, Sheriff. My brother's got somethin' for the marshal. Right, Billy?

(IKE pushes a nervous BILLY forward.)

BILLY

Right. This ...uh... telegram came in for ya. Looked kinda important, so I... we... brought it over.

(BILLY holds it out to VIRGIL, who takes it.)

BILLY (continued)

I gotta go.

(HE dashes off.)

MORGAN

What put the fire in his britches?

WYATT

What's it say, Virge?

VIRGIL

Give me a chance to open it.

(VIRGIL silently reads the telegram.)

WYATT

Well... Good news?

VIRGIL

We got a problem, Wyatt. It appears the office of the territorial governor has made your appointment as sheriff null and void.

WYATT

What are you talking' about?

MORGAN

Wonder if it stems from that incident in Wichita? You know, when you shot the cherries off the preacher's wife's new Easter bonnet.

WYATT

That was silliest damn hat I ever saw!

VIRGIL

Wyatt, as Marshall of the territory known as Arizona, I am instructed to...God, help me...remove you from office forthwith.

(DOC takes the telegram from VIRGIL and reads.)

WYATT

Forthwith?! But you ain't gonna do it, are ya? Are ya?

BEHAN

The Marshall took an oath to uphold the law.

WYATT

How 'bout I uphold you by your ankles!

DOC

Wyatt, you might show Mr. Behan more respect.

(DOC holds up the telegram)

DOC (continued)

He's the new sheriff.

WYATT & BEHAN

What!?

WYATT

No man alive dast take this badge off Wyatt Earp.

(DOC calmly removes the badge from WYATT'S vest and pins it on a reluctant BEHAN.)

DOC

Wear it in good health, Mr. Behan.

WYATT

I don't believe you just did that!

FRANK

Oh, Sheriff Behan, perhaps you should clarify for these gentlemen the town ordinance concernin' loitering.

(IKE and FRANK exit. WYATT grabs BEHAN by the collar.)

WYATT

Listen to me, you little weasel.

DOC

Wyatt, you're making hash of the new sheriff.

WYATT

I'm gonna get those guys good! So don't get too use to that thing hanging on your vest.

(BEHAN runs off)

VIRGIL

Wyatt, you better start thinkin' clear.

WYATT

I ain't interested in thinkin' at all. I been robbed and you stood by like Judas Iscariot and watched it happen.

MORGAN

Maybe we should let him stew, Virg.

WYATT

Maybe you're finally making sense. Now, get lost and leave me and my partner alone.

VIRGIL

Doc, don't let him do anything foolish.

(MORGAN and VIRGIL exit.)

WYATT

Saner heads shall prevail, Doctor Holliday! Now listen up. I got me a plan. We have to get to that territorial governor, just like the Clantons did. But we do it with my kind of politickin'. Now, I bet *someone* could persuade him to reassign that position if he was staring at an anxious man with a loaded .44. I happen to be that anxious man and you were always good with the vernacular, Doc, so I figure between the two of us --

MUSIC CUE 9

DOC

Damn, Wyatt, get this through your thick skull once and for all. I have no intention of becoming entangled in your affairs. You and I, Sir, have come to a fork in the road.

"THE REST OF MY LIFE"

DOC (continued)

YOU CAN BE RECKLESS
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE
LIVING FOREVER ON THE RAZOR'S EDGE
IF IT'S A LIFE YOU CHOOSE TO LEAD YOU CAN BLEED
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

I'M GONNA RESCUE
THE REST OF MY LIFE
PULLING MY LIFE OUT OF THE RAGING FIRE
GO ON AND DIG YOURSELF A GRAVE WHILE I SAVE
THE REST OF MY LIFE
CAUSE I'M GOING HOME
YEAH I'VE WASTED GOLDEN DAYS AND NIGHTS IN DIRTY SALOONS
I GOT TO GET MOVIN'

WYATT

I think a desert fever has made you delirious. That's the only explanation for this charlatan who stands before me.

DOC

I GOT TO GET MOVIN'
AND MAKE A NEW LIFE
I MADE UP MY MIND TO DO THE BEST I CAN
IF YOU COULD LOOK INSIDE OF ME YOU WOULD SEE
A DIFFERENT MAN

WYATT

That's hogwash. There ain't a mad coyote from here to Leadville who'd fall for that bluff.

DOC

It's no bluff, Wyatt.

DOC (continued)

I WANT A GOOD HOME
A ROOF ABOVE MY HEAD
A SURE FOUNDATION OF STONE
A RUG ON THE FLOOR
A PERMANENT BED
IF I CAN FIND IT
I'LL NEVER LEAVE IT
THE REST OF MY LIFE

WYATT

Only you know what that badge means to me. It's my redemption, Doc. Don't let me fall into the abyss. Throw me a rope, partner, before I disappear.

(WYATT exits)

DOC

I'm the one who awaits redemption, my friend.

DOC (continued)

NOW I'VE HAD A SIGN
AND I'VE GOT A SECOND CHANCE TO SEE IF I CAN BE
THE MAN I WAS MEANT TO BE

I'VE SEEN ALL THE LONESOME TOWNS I CARE TO SEE
I'VE LAID AWAKE AT NIGHT
IN ALL THE FLEA BITTEN LONELY ROOMS

DOC (continued)

I JUST CAN'T BE THAT MAN ANYMORE
THERE'S SO MUCH CONFUSION IN THIS CRAZY WORLD
I START TO GO AND THEN YOU SHOW YOU'RE UGLY FACE AGAIN
AND THE GAME BEGINS
THE GAME BEGINS AGAIN

I'M GONNA RESCUE
THE REST OF MY LIFE
PULLING MY LIFE OUT OF THE RAGING FIRE
GO ON AND DIG YOURSELF A GRAVE WHILE I SAVE
THE REST OF MY LIFE
THE REST OF MY LIFE
THE REST OF MY LIFE

(BLACKOUT)

ACT I

Scene 4

Late that night. The Oriental Saloon. The CLANTONS are at a table smoking cigars and raising their glasses. THEY are in a self-congratulatory mood.

FRANK

To Wyatt Earp, our ex-sheriff.

IKE

To John Behan, our new sheriff.

TOM

To the sheriff in all of us.

(KATE comes barreling into the saloon of the hotel. In hot pursuit is BEHAN, the new sheriff.)

BEHAN

An unescorted woman is not allowed to take a room in the Oriental. It's the law.

KATE

Am I suppose to sleep in the corral?

BEHAN

The single arrangement suggests a certain profession. I cannot allow that.

(HE grabs her by the elbow to escort her out.)

IKE

Behan is taking his job serious.

KATE

You get your hands off me or you'll be singin' soprano in the church choir.

FRANK

Who is she? I ain't never seen her before.

KATE

Now, get me a key to a room. Or do I get one myself?

BILLY

She's kinda drunk...but very pretty.

FRANK

I'd say kinda pretty and very drunk.

TOM

Which puts the odds in my favor.

(TOM smiles wickedly and moves to BEHAN and the KATE)

TOM (continued)

Sheriff, perhaps I can assist. Excuse me, M'am, you seem a bit forlorn. Is there something I can do to help?

(KATE turns to TOM)

KATE

Yes, there is. You can walk bare-assed backward into herd of buffalo and butt out.

(SHE grabs a bottle of whiskey from behind the bar.)

BEHAN

Tom, the law says an unescorted woman cannot spend the --

TOM

M'am, we don't want to break no laws. It's the sheriff's first night on the job. Nothin' wrong with having the woman join us at our table. Then, perhaps, I can find a spare room at the ranch.

(TOM smiles)

KATE

If that's an invitation you're extending, I better powder my nose.

TOM

The lady will cause you no problems.

BEHAN

Well, okay.

(Swipes the bottle from her.)

BEHAN (continued)

But no drinkin' in public after 11 PM!

(HE exits with bottle.)

KATE

Can't get a room, can't get a drink. Where the hell am I? Purgatory!?

TOM

Tombstone. **MUSIC CUE 10**

(KATE rolls her eyes.)

TOM (continued)

But it ain't so bad.

"ONE MORE DRINK"

TOM (continued)

I GOT A POCKET OF GREENBACKS
AND BOUGHT A BOTTLE OF RYE
I GOT A HUNCH YOU BEEN TRAVELIN'
AND YOU'RE PROBABLY DRY

KATE

What are you drivin' at?

TOM

WELL, I BEEN STANDING HERE WONDRIN'
IF SUCH A GOOD LOOKIN' LASS
WOULD KILL THE NIGHT WITH A COWBOY
AND LET HIM FILL UP HER GLASS

KATE

This place is soundin' better.

TOM

COME ON AND RAISE IT UP
YOU LITTLE BUTTERCUP
WHILE THE NIGHT IS YOUNG
COME ON, BABY, GONNA HAVE SOME FUN

TOM (continued)

All right!

TOM (continued)

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE
ONE MORE DRINK

TOM (continued)
HONEY, HAVE ONE MORE DRINK
WHATEVER PROBLEMS YOU GOT
SAY GOODBYE TO THEM WITH ONE LITTLE SHOT

Come on, woman. TOM (continued)

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE TOM (continued)

ONE MORE DRINK TOM, IKE FRANK & BILLY

HONEY, HAVE TOM

ONE MORE DRINK TOM, IKE FRANK & BILLY

I BETCHA WE COULD HAVE FUN TOM
HAVE A DRINK

WELL, JUST ONE KATE

Bottoms up! TOM

I GOT A BIG RIG TOM (continued)
THAT'S READY TO GO
SO TAKE A BIG SWIG
WE'LL TAKE A RIDE WHERE THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

Whoa! KATE

BUT YOU'RE A SMOOTH TALKIN' COWBOY KATE (continued)
AND LOOKIN' HANDSOME AS SIN

Why, thank you. TOM

KATE
I HOPE YOU WON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF THIS CONDITION I'M IN

Me??
TOM

KATE
WHEN YOU GET TO TALKIN' ROMANTIC
A GIRL COULD HARDLY DECLINE
AND MAKIN' LOVE ON A BUCKBOARD
IS SENDIN' CHILLS UP MY SPINE

I thought you'd like it.
TOM

KATE
BUT BABY SLOW IT DOWN
WE OUGHTA PAINT THE TOWN
WHILE THE NIGHT IS YOUNG
COME ON, BABY, GONNA HAVE SOME FUN

Set 'em up!
KATE (continued)

YOU BETTER BUY
KATE (continued)

ONE MORE DRINK
KATE, IKE, FRANK & BILLY

Atta girl!
TOM

ONE MORE DRINK
KATE, IKE, FRANK & BILLY

TOM AND KATE
WHATEVER PROBLEMS WE GOT
SAY GOOD-BYE TO THEM WITH ONE LITTLE SHOT

Come on, woman, throw it down!
TOM

TOM & KATE
WHY DON'T WE HAVE

ONE MORE DRINK	ALL
HONEY, HAVE –	TOM & KATE
ONE MORE DRINK	ALL
WE'LL HAVE A BALL AND WE'LL SHOOT	TOM & KATE
ONE MORE SHOT	TOM
ONE MORE TOOT	TOM & KATE
Feels so good.	TOM
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE	TOM (continued)
ONE MORE DRINK	ALL
YEAH LET'S HAVE	TOM
ONE MORE DRINK	ALL
WE'LL HAVE A LAUGH AND WE'LL POUR	TOM
ONE MORE DRINK	BOTH
POUR ONE MORE	TOM
THAT'S TWO MORE DRINKS	KATE
POUR TWO MORE	TOM

KATE

MAKE IT THREE MORE DRINKS
AW HELL, POUR FOUR

TOM & KATE

JUST GIVE ME

ALL

ONE MORE DRINK!

(KATE falls into TOM's arms. BLACKOUT

Lights up on DOC and WYATT on the porch of the Oriental
Saloon. THEY are drinking. DOC appears impatient, annoyed.)

WYATT

Listen to this. I got me a plan for the two of us. Just like ol' times, and it's justifiable
retaliation for swiping my badge.

DOC

I'm not interested.

WYATT

You ain't heard it yet.

DOC

I recall the consequences of your last plan.

WYATT

That wasn't my fault. I just can't rely on my mother to hogtie a heifer anymore. But this
one is a sure-fire Clanton payback. Wanna hear it?

DOC

No!

(Half to himself)

I swear to heaven, I can't wait till tomorrow morning!

WYATT

What 's happenin' tomorrow mornin'? Huh?

DOC

You might wake up sober and clear-headed.

WYATT

Sober and clear-headed? If I were sober and clear-headed, do you think I could ever bear the insult of this!

(HE pulls a dog-eared dime novel from his back pocket.)

DOC

(Takes it and reads)

The Five Cent Wide Awake Library presents *The Wicked, Wild Times of Billy the Kid*.

WYATT

I also suffered through “The Almost Totally True Tales of Jesse James” and “Bat Masterson: The Lord’s Lawmaker.” Even Clay Allison. The only thing Clay Allison ever done in his life was ride through Pecos, Texas wearing’ nothin’ but a pair of six guns. Even that featherhead got his story printed in this magazine. Great big picture of him on the front cover, too.

DOC

Well, I hope they drew some pants on him.

WYATT

It worries me. I shoulda decorated that cover years ago. Time is running out here, Doc. I’m thirty-two, ya know.

DOC

How’d you get that old?

WYATT

I ain’t sure, but at this rate I’m gonna die an anonymous person, a fate no man deserves.

DOC

Wyatt, you’ve got to find yourself a distraction, something to cuddle up to at night, to press against your chest, to make you feel good.

WYATT

Exactly. That’s why I need that badge!

DOC

I’m referring to a woman.

WYATT

Oh.

DOC

If you were bouncing more in your lap than a bottle of booze, maybe you’d leave me alone.

WYATT

I suppose a woman would be more fun.

(KATE comes barreling out of a doorway, very drunk and in terrible condition.)

KATE

Am I dead? Did I die?

(SHE leans over a railing and gets sick.)

WYATT

What's that?

DOC

A woman. I think.

KATE

(SHE latches onto WYATT'S legs and looks squarely up at him.)

Oooh, Sweet Jesus, save me.

WYATT

She thinks I'm Jesus.

DOC

You're a bit confused, M'am. This here is Wyatt Earp.

(SHE is still.)

WYATT

Of Dodge City fame.

KATE

(Grabbing her head in pain.)

Ooooooooooooooh!!

DOC

I think she's disappointed, Wyatt.

KATE

I gotta hold on.

DOC

Hold on to me.

KATE

Hold on to my head.

DOC

I'm holding your head.

(HE grabs her head.)

KATE

You sure you're holdin' my head?

WYATT

Your head ain't goin' nowhere.

KATE

What the hell is happenin'? My head's poundin' so hard it feels like it's gonna explode.

(SHE drops something to the ground. WYATT picks it up.)

WYATT

Jumpin' Jehosaphat, Doc, look at this. Peyote!

DOC

(To KATE)

And you've been drinking on top of this? Girl, you're lucky to be alive.

(SHE belches and passes out.)

WYATT

She die?

DOC

Naw, she just had a religious experience. Well, Wyatt, she's all yours.

WYATT

She ain't exactly the kind of girl I had in mind..

DOC

I don't think she looks so bad.

WYATT

For a Halloween night maybe.

DOC

I'll take her.

(HE starts picking up KATE. WYATT grabs his arm.)

WYATT

Now, hold on there. I didn't say I didn't want her.

DOC

That's what I was led to believe.

WYATT

Well, you misunderstood. I'll take her.

(TOM, IKE, FRANK and BILLY enter unseen.)

DOC

Sorry, Wyatt, I got her.

TOM

Excuse me, boys.

WYATT

Look what the wind blew in.

TOM

That lady is my date for this evenin'.

WYATT

She's stone cold drunk.

BILLY

(Sincerely, with true naiveté)

Well, if she ain't, Tom just wasted two dollars.

DOC

I don't see your name on her dance card, Tom.

FRANK

Ooooo. Doc's become bold as brass since Wyatt Earp hit town.

TOM

I'm not in the mood for your clever remarks. Now, you'd be well advised to hand her over.

(WYATT steps in front of TOM, his arm dangles at his holster.)

DOC

Wyatt, that's not how we settle disagreements. Remember? Mr. McLaury, why would a good looking chap like you want a woman like her? Simply regard your two dollars as my payment for relieving you of this ...

(Picking up KATE)

DOC (continued)

- dirty sack of laundry. And no thanks are necessary. Good evening, sir.

(DOC goes off with KATE. As TOM steps toward them, WYATT blocks his way.)

WYATT

Ain't he the gentleman though?

(WYATT smiles, pats TOM on back and exits. TOM moves in the direction of DOC and KATE; THEY are gone.)

IKE

(Dripping with sarcasm)

C.mon, Tom, don't let Doc ruffle your feathers.

MUSIC CUE 11

FRANK

Relax, brother -

"ONE MORE DRINK" – reprise

FRANK (continued)

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE

FRANK and IKE

ONE MORE DRINK

HONEY HAVE ONE MORE DRINK-

TOM

I'll get that Doc Holliday.

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene 5

DOC's room. The next morning. DOC is at a mirror fiddling with his tie. The brass bed is a pile of disheveled sheets. Suddenly, a sheet flies into the air. KATE springs up from beneath the pile

KATE

Where the hell am I?

DOC

(Without turning and having some trouble with his tie.)

Morning.

KATE

Who are you? What damn day is this?

DOC

You might reconsider what you've been imbibing. It seems to fog your memory.

KATE

Answering a few questions might clear up my memory considerable.

DOC

(Turns to her)

Is my tie straight?

KATE

Mister, the walls in this room ain't straight.

DOC

(Approaching her and taking money from his wallet.)

Here. Take this. The hotel has a nice breakfast. Slapjacks, watermelon rind chutney, and pork sausage. It might help you to sober up.

KATE

(Grabbing a nearby bottle.)

This is all the breakfast I need.

(Eyeing his wallet)

You rob a bank?

DOC
I play some cards.

KATE
You must be awful good at it.
(SHE drinks)

DOC
So they say.

KATE
Where you headed all duded up?

DOC
The good sheriff's supplying a ride out of town this morning. Departure is 10 AM.
(DOC checks his solid gold pocket watch)
DOC (continued)
Which doesn't leave me much time.
(SHE walks over to DOC and wraps her arms around him.)

KATE
Well, I'd be remiss if I didn't thank the gentleman who provided the room and board.

DOC
That's real nice of you, m'am. But right now, I'm busy

KATE
Last night you're too drunk, today you're too busy. You got more stalls than a stable.

DOC
Seem to have a fine memory for some details.
(SHE pulls DOC close and kisses him.)

DOC (continued)
You didn't kiss me like that last night.

KATE
I couldn't find your face last night.
(THEY continue.)

DOC
This is quite nice.

KATE

Nice? Oh, I can do a lot better than nice.

(SHE kisses with a real passion. As THEY kiss, SHE works her hands over DOC, picking his pocket with great finesse. Suddenly, SHE breaks away.)

KATE (continued)

Far be it from me to come between a man and his travelin' plans. I wouldn't do that to any fella I liked.

DOC

Not only are you a wonderful kisser, but a very considerate lady.

KATE

Thank you.

DOC

Now may I have my wallet back?

KATE

What are you talkin' -

DOC

You lifted my wallet.

(DOC pulls her close and flips up the rear of her skirt.)

KATE

Listen, mister, I didn't -- You got no business in my bloomers!

DOC

You lifted my wallet!

(HE holds his wallet aloft and pulls her close.)

KATE

Get your paws off me.

DOC

Why I'll be damned.

(HE pulls her closer and passionately kisses her. During the kiss, KATE reaches for DOC'S gun, which is hanging on the coat rack. Breaking DOC'S kiss, SHE aims the gun squarely at DOC.)

KATE

You ain't gonna turn me in, are ya?

DOC

You have very nimble fingers, little lady. Picking a pocket is a skill that I, myself, have been unable to master. Although I hope someday to learn the tricks of the trade. I'm Doctor John Holliday, Dentist. My friends call me Doc.

KATE

I'm Kate Fisher, and I can't repeat what my friends call me.

DOC

It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Fisher, and if I weren't leaving town, I would be honored to spend some time with someone as delightful as you.

KATE

Delightful? Look, I may have given you the wrong impression. I been on my best behavior.

DOC

Is that so?

KATE

It is. You know who I am? Cattle Kate of Wyoming. The Rustler Queen? I've sold my favors for stolen cattle more than a few times. Almost got hanged for it, too. Had my picture printed on the front page of the St. Louis Dispatch. Underneath it, they called me "notorious."

DOC

Is that right?

KATE

That's right. You think you could handle a woman they call "notorious?"

(In the bat of an eye, DOC snatches the pointed gun from KATE'S hand, then takes her in his arms and kisses her, slipping the gun back into the holster as THEY kiss.)

KATE

My, my, that was... well... That was nice. Very nice.

DOC

Oh, I can do a lot better than nice.

(HE kisses her again, this time with a genuine tenderness. As THEY kiss, DOC moves KATE to the bed and gently lowers her onto it. The lights slowly fade on this very personal moment...)

After several seconds, the lights rise, just as slowly. KATE and DOC are sitting up against the headboard. BOTH appear ... content, but maybe a bit taken aback by what they are now feeling.)

MUSIC CUE 12

KATE

Amazing we never met up before.

DOC

It's unfortunate, isn't it?

KATE

Who the hell are you?

DOC

I told you... John Holliday.

KATE

I know your name... but who are you?

"THE PRODIGAL SON"

DOC

THEY SAID I WAS BORN
UNDER A LUCKY STAR
"OUR JOHNNIE HAS PROMISE
HE'S GONNA GO FAR"
BUT MAMA AND PAPA NEVER KNEW
I'D BE THE PRODIGAL SON
WHOSE PROMISE FELL THROUGH

BLAME IT ON CIRCUMSTANCE
BAD LUCK OR CHANCE
BLAME IT ON THE STARS
AND THEIR MERCURIAL DANCE
I'VE GOT EXCUSES BUT ALL THE SAME
THERE'S ONLY JOHN HOLLIDAY TO BLAME
YES, THERE'S ONLY JOHN HOLLIDAY TO BLAME

KATE

I may not look the type, but I've read the King James during some dark hours, and if I ain't mistaken, *The Prodigal Son* is suppose to teach us a lesson. You familiar with that lesson, Doc?

DOC

It's one I'm banking on.

DOC (continued)

YOU NEVER WIN BACK
THE OPPORTUNITIES LOST
THE TALENT YOU WASTED
THE TIME THAT IT COST

YOU CAN'T RELIVE LIFE
THAT'S PASSED YOU BY
AND YET THIS PRODIGAL SON
IS GIVING IT A TRY

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH A SHADOW
DANCING ON THE WALL
YOU CAN'T RETURN TO SPRING
AFTER AUTUMN LEAVES FALL
AND YOU CAN'T GRAB A SMOKE RING DRIFTIN' BY
BUT I'M GOIN' BACK HOME
AND GIVIN' IT A TRY

(Suddenly, there's a knocking on door.)

BEHAN

(off)

The buck wagon's ready to roll, Doc.

DOC

Well, I guess I better be going.

KATE

I hope you find for redemption.

DOC

I hope so, too.

(HE closes his bags.)

DOC (continued)

Well...

KATE

Well...

(Another knock HE picks up bags.)

MUSIC OUT

DOC

I'll keep an eye out for you in the local gazette, Cattle Kate.

KATE

I'll be smiling just for you, Doc Holliday.

(THEY stare at each other. More knocking on the door.)

BEHAN

(off)

I ain't got all day. You in there?

DOC

Good luck to you.

(DOC picks up his luggage and heads for the door.)

KATE

Oh, Doc ...

(HE turns. BEHAN knocks again.)

KATE (continued)

Your watch.

(SHE dangles DOC'S shining gold pocket watch from its chain. The knocking continues as DOC and KATE look at each other from across the room. A smile brightens DOC'S face as the knocking continues and the

LIGHTS FADE)

ACT IScene 6

Night. Outside the Oriental Hotel.

WYATT

Where is he when I need him? Huh? Nowhere to be found! They didn't carry that ol' stiff out of here, did they?

MORGAN

Nah. I saw Doc this morning through the window of Millie's dress shop. He was holdin' up a lady's dress, like this, and eyeballin' hisself in the mirror. It was a real pretty dress.

VIRGIL

And Doc and I chatted this afternoon walking along Allen Street. He was carrying a bouquet of fresh sunflowers and, what do they call them...desert pincushions, I believe. Smelled nice.

MORGAN

Oh, and only an hour ago, him and a lady friend were sipping a cup of tea at the Maison Doree Restaurant. He looked spiffy. I tipped my hat to him, but he didn't –

WYATT

I don't believe this. **MUSIC CUE 13** My political career is on the verge of extinction, and everyone's promenading through town like it was Paris, France! *What in the name of Beelzebub is goin' on here?!*

“MEN AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE”

WYATT (continued)

ONCE THERE WAS A TIME
WHEN MEN WERE MADE OF STEEL
LIKE CAESAR THEY WOULD SEIZE THE DAY!
NOW I LOOK AROUND
AND WONDER IF THEY'RE REAL
OR MADE OF PASTE AND PAPER MACHE!
THEY'RE GROWIN' WEAKER BY THE HOUR
IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO SEE
THAT ALL THOSE SO-CALLED MEN ARE RUNNIN' OUT OF POWER
AND THEY JUST AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE
NO MEN JUST AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE

I SEE THEM EVERYWHERE
ALL POWDERED AND COLOGNED
AND TETHERED BY A WEDDING BAND
TIMID LITTLE LAMBS
WHOSE BACKS HAVE BEEN DEBONED
ARE SPREADING ALL ACROSS THIS LAND

WYATT (continued)

THEY'RE PUSHING THEIR PERAMBULATORS
A WIFE AT HOME AND BABY MAKES THREE
TO THINK THAT ALL THOSE MEN ONCE WRASLED ALLIGATORS
THEM THAR MEN AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE
NO MEN JUST AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE
WHERE ARE THE BRAVE?
WHERE ARE THE BOLD?
GONE FOR A SHAVE!
DOWN WITH A COLD!

I KNOW NO SADDER SIGHT
THAN MANHOOD IN DECLINE
IT MAKES A FELLER WANNA WEEP!
MEN ARE EMPTY SHIRTS
JUST FLAPPIN' ON THE LINE
THEIR ROAR IS NOTHING MORE THAN A PEEP!
AND IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT I HEAR IT
IT'S COMIN' FROM THE OLD HANGIN' TREE
THE DEMISIN' AND THE DYIN' OF THE PIONEER SPIRIT
NO THEY JUST AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE
NO MEN JUST AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE
AND THE EXCEPTION *WITHOUT EXCEPTION* IS ME!

(DOC and KATE enter. SHE wears a new dress and looks beautiful.)

DOC

Evening, gentlemen.

WYATT

Well, if it ain't the dandy dentist hisself.

DOC

Meet Kate Fisher, boys. Kate, the Brothers Earp: Virgil, Morgan, and –

WYATT

Wyatt Earp. And we've already met, so can we move on to more important business?

KATE

We've met?

WYATT

Yes, we have. Under somewhat more intoxicating circumstances.

VIRGIL

Pleasure to meet you, Miss Fisher. Doc been showing you the sights of our fair city?

KATE

Well, we just saw Chinatown, and we're on our way to dinner at a downtown restaurant.

DOC

Then, on to the Fremont Street Theatre where scenes from *Julius Caesar* are being presented.

WYATT

Forget that. I got a real production up my sleeve that'll make you shiver with fear. Wanna hear it?

(Silence all around)

WYATT (continued)

Then, I'll tell ya The Sante Fe Railroad is paying the princely sum of twenty five hundred dollars to the Clantons.

DOC

Any other earth shattering news?

WYATT

There sure is. That moron sheriff told Virgil that the payment is comin' in tomorrow by Wells Fargo and in cold, hard cash.

KATE

You thinking of hitting that stage?

WYATT

Well, I ain't the sheriff anymore.

DOC

Wyatt, you've been pondering so hard, you've had no time to think.

WYATT

You don't seem to appreciate the magnitude of my losin' that badge.

DOC

"Great men great losses should endure."

MORGAN

No man should endure the sickening disgrace of Wyatt's humiliation.

(WYATT gives MORGAN a slow take. MORGAN smiles as if to say: "I'm with ya, Wyatt.")

VIRGIL

That twenty five hundred dollars can get you into a heap o' trouble.

WYATT

I don't care about the money! I just wanna rain misery on the Clantons! What d'ya say, Doc?

DOC

I'm not interested.

WYATT

But I ain't never hit a stage before. You got the experience in this area. That's why I need your help. Now, here's the plan, We hit the stage wearing disguises. Disguises, understand? I figger you could dress up like, I don't know, an ol' lady—

DOC

Whistler's Mother, maybe?

WYATT

That's it! And me, I could be —

DOC

Ulysses S. Grant?

WYATT

Ain't we a team!

DOC

Wyatt, you're the last person on earth I would hit a stage with.

WYATT

Why you do say that?

DOC

Because you'd pose for pictures with the driver, the passengers and every butterfly and bee along the way!

WYATT

Somethin' wrong with posin' for pictures?

VIRGIL

Hush, boys, we've got visitors.

(Enter IKE and BILLY)

IKE

Marshal.

VIRGIL

Ike

M'am. Doc. BILLY

Evening, Billy. DOC

WYATT
We must be standin' awfully close to the corral. There's a real stench comin' off the west wind.

IKE
You still in town, Wyatt? I thought you'd be lookin' for employment by now.

(WYATT spits tobacco on IKE'S trousers.)

Why you dirty... IKE (continued)

BILLY
You know, you can get arrested for spittin' in public.
(In a flash of lightning, WYATT'S revolver is at BILLY'S temple. With genuine menace:)

WYATT
Are you wearin' the damn badge now, boy!?

(NO ONE breathes. Finally-)

WYATT (continued)
Oh, relax, everyone. I'm only joshing with the kid. He knows that. Don't ya, Billy?

(WYATT lowers his gun. VIRGIL and MORGAN laugh nervously.)

IKE
I'd keep this character in line, Marshall.
(IKE and a shaken BILLY exit. There's a sigh of relief.)

VIRGIL
You're insane, Wyatt.

WYATT
Some day I'm gonna get those bastards good.

KATE
Well, I already got their wallets.

(KATE holds up IKE'S and BILLY'S wallets.)

MORGAN

Sweet Jesus, How'd ya do that?!

VIRGIL

I didn't see a thing!

WYATT

Yahoo! I say we keep this little lady. She is good!

(HE slaps DOC on the back, and when HE does, DOC starts to cough. HE reaches into his inside pocket and pulls out his flask. HE drinks, then, starts hacking. WOMAN IN BLACK enters.)

MORGAN

Doc? You all right?

WYATT

Let him catch his breath. He'll get over it.

VIRGIL

You need some help, Doc?

DOC

Just give me a moment.

(HE drinks again from his flask. HE loosens his tie.)

WYATT

Hey, Doc, did ya hear? At Bucky's Saloon's they got a girl in pink tights who goes to the man who draws the first red ace. What d'ya say, Partner? No one pulls them aces like you.

DOC

Go on ahead, boys.

(MORGAN turns to WYATT to speak.)

WYATT

He'll be fine, Morgan. He'll be fine.

(EARPS exit.)

KATE

Come on, Doc. You promised me dinner at that fancy restaurant.

(DOC coughs again.)

KATE (continued)

You feeling any better?

WOMAN IN BLACK

Florence Nightengale she's not.

DOC

Just a little dizzy, that's all. No cause for alarm.

KATE

You got the white plague, don't you?

WOMAN IN BLACK

She's bright. I'll hand her that.

DOC

I prefer the term consumption.

KATE

Now this makes sense.

(SHE produces an old newspaper clipping. DOC checks his inside coat pocket.)

DOC

Will you say out of my pockets!

KATE

I can't help myself. You're such easy prey. Did you ever think of spending time at this place in Colorado...this ... uh...

(Reading)

Sulfur Springs. It says here the fumes are medicinal.

DOC

(Taking clipping, returning it to his pocket)

I know what it says. I don't need a sanitarium.

WOMAN IN BLACK

Is that so?

KATE

Then, why ya still carryin' that in your pocket?

DOC

Kate, have you ever seen Baltimore?

KATE

We were talking about Sulfur Springs.

DOC

I think you'd like her. Why don't you come with me?

KATE

To Baltimore?

WOMAN IN BLACK

She'd be out of her element. I'm the only one for you.

DOC

The city's a beauty, Kate. In the morning clipper ships decorate her harbor, and in the evening, folks sit on their verandas patiently waiting for that breeze off the Chesapeake.

KATE

If it's so special, why'd ya leave.

DOC

Six years ago my doctors gave me six months to live. They suggested a dryer climate. Hell, I would have done anything to escape the galloping consumption. So, I packed my bags and said goodbye to the gaslights, the casinos, and the high-kicking legs of the Can-Can girls.

(HE drinks from his flask. Pours one into the cap for KATE.)

KATE

And now the truth be told.

DOC

I was hardly an innocent, Kate. I did occasionally wander to East Baltimore Street.

(SHE takes it and drinks.)

KATE

Doc, don't you think this Sulfur Springs would be --

DOC

Are you familiar with the poet John Keats? When Keats was twenty-four, he had a coughing fit that led him to spit up some very dark blood. No one had to tell him the bad news. So he left his home in England and traveled to Italy's warmer climate to try to save his own life. We share an obvious kinship, don't you think?

WOMAN IN BLACK

Now tell her that twelve months later he died.

DOC

(Pulling the Keats' book from his pocket.)

This is a book of his poetry that I carry with me. It stopped a bullet from entering my heart. I believe this is Mr. Keats' way of telling me I can go home and live a normal life again.

KATE

You think there's meanings in such things?

DOC

Keats also studied medicine. Guess what his friends called him?

WOMAN IN BLACK

Oh, you're priceless.

(SHE disappears.)

DOC

I need to freshen up some. Why don't we meet at the Oriental in, say, fifteen minutes, and we'll cement our plans over that dinner I promised you.

(DOC takes a drink and hands her the flask.)

KATE

You're being a bit presumptuous, aren't you, Doctor Holliday?

DOC

Kate, you can eat dust for the rest of your days or you can dine on crab legs and pink champagne. You're free to choose.

(HE smiles and exits.) **MUSIC CUE 14**

"BRIDGES"

KATE

IF I'DA STAYED WITH THAT LAWYER
OUT IN SANTE FE

KATE (continued)

HE WOULD'VE DRAPED ME IN JEWELRY
AND I'D BE RICH TODAY
I COULDA SEEN ATLANTIC CITY
AND SARATOGA SPRINGS
AND IN TIME I'D HAVE FIVE BABIES
TUGGING AT MY APRON STRINGS

PASSED UP A CHANCE WITH A HANDSOME
KANSAS FARMER THAT I KNEW
I COULDA GOT TIED AND BEEN A BRIDE
IF I'DA ONLY SAID "I DO"
COULDA RUSTLED UP HIS BREAKFAST
FIXED SUPPER FOR HIS KIN
MAYBE PLANT SOME WHEAT AND BARLEY
WHILE I GREW A DOUBLE CHIN

I BEEN BURNIN' BRIDGES BEHIND ME
AND THE TIME IS TICKIN' ON
I WANT TO TAKE WHAT I CAN GET
BEFORE ALL MY BRIDGES ARE GONE
BEFORE ALL MY BRIDGES ARE GONE
BEFORE ALL MY BRIDGES ARE GONE

WHERE IS MY SOLDIER FROM TEXAS
WHO SWEPT ME OFF MY FEET?
WAS IT A SAILOR OR A TAILOR
WHO LIVED ON BOURBON STREET?
WELL, I'VE HAD BEAUS BY THE BUSHEL
AND LIFE AIN'T OVER YET
BUT THEN I LOOK THERE IN THE MIRROR
AND IT WON'T LET ME FORGET

I BEEN BURNIN' BRIDGES BEHIND ME
AND THE TIME IS TICKIN' ON
I BETTER TAKE WHAT I CAN GET
BEFORE ALL MY BRIDGES ARE GONE
BEFORE ALL MY BRIDGES ARE GONE
BEFORE ALL MY BRIDGES ARE GONE

KATE (continued)

Crab legs and pink champagne... Deal me in.

(LIGHTS FADE)

ACT I

Scene 7

China Mary's casino. TOM and BILLY are seated at a card table. BILLY has a deck of playing cards in his hand.

TOM

You conceal the card by partly closing and turning the palm downward, or inward. Bend the fingers naturally keeping the thumb near the side of the hand and the fingers close together. That's better, but you're hand's too stiff. Loosen up.

BILLY

How's that?

TOM

That's good.

BILLY

Feels good

TOM

And when you palm a card you shouldn't stare at your hand. Nobody should ever suspect, let alone detect, what you're doin'.

BILLY

Right. More casual. Like this.

TOM

You're a natural, Billy.

BILLY

Ya think so?

TOM

Hell, you can sit at a poker table with anybody. This here's the proof in the puddin'.

(DOC enters followed by FRANK and IKE.)

FRANK

Come on, Doc, I gotta win some of my cash back before you leave town.

DOC

Sorry, boys, not tonight.

IKE

One game. You know Frank here is money in the bank.

FRANK

All right. Enough about my gamblin' skills.

IKE

What d'ya say we give him a break, Doc? A quick hand of Five-Cent Chuck-a-Luck?

FRANK

We can start with Five Card Draw, thank you.

IKE

Doc...?

(DOC hesitates, then, pulls up a chair)

IKE (continued)

Atta, boy. Tom, how 'bout you? We can use another hand.

FRANK

What do you say, Tom?

TOM

I say, let Billy play.

DOC

The kid? I don't know.

BILLY

I'm ready.

DOC

Well, all right then

IKE

It's your deal, Billy-boy.

(BILLY sits at the table and deals. THEY gather their cards.)

1-7-67

TOM

So, Doc, did you and the new girl in town hit it off last night?

DOC

I would love to discuss with you the delightful company she provided, but I appreciate a quiet table when I play cards.

TOM

You know what I appreciate? Ending the evening with the woman I started out with.

DOC

Still playing that tune? Sad to see a woman come between friends. Is it my bet, boys?

(DOC places a bet. ALL follow. The only sound heard is the clicking of the colored chips being tossed into the center of the table. The MEN silently discard unwanted cards and new cards are dealt by BILLY. DOC abruptly turns to BILLY.)

DOC (continued)

What was that?

BILLY

What was what?

DOC

Did you see that? The kid's trying to palm a card on us.

FRANK

Did you palm a card, Billy?

BILLY

No.

FRANK

No, he didn't, Doc. Now, can we dispense with the allegations and play poker?

(THEY play in silence. Again, only the clicking chips are heard. BILLY deals.)

DOC

Put the king back, Billy. Hell, you shouldn't try to palm a card if you don't know how.

1-7-68

TOM

He did nothin' wrong.

IKE

You made a mistake, Doc.

DOC

Next time, I am not going to be so patient, Billy.

FRANK

(Glaring at DOC)

We're all losing patience. I believe it's my bet.

TOM

You better be careful, Frank. None of your corner crimping or thumb nailing while Doc is at the table.

FRANK

I know. The good doctor sees cheating when it ain't even goin' on.

(IKE, TOM, and FRANK laugh. BILLY is dealing when DOC suddenly reaches across the table and grabs him by the collar.)

DOC

That's the third time, Billy

IKE

Doc, what are ya doin'?

FRANK

What the hell?

BILLY

Let me go!

IKE

That's enough, Doc.

BILLY

Tom, get him off me.

FRANK

Let the kid go.

IKE

Let him go, Doc.

DOC

He needs to learn a lesson

1-7-69

IKE

It ain't up to you to teach him his lessons.

DOC

No one would let you walk out alive with that kind of card playing.

(DOC coughs; HE releases BILLY.)

TOM

You don't accuse my friend of cheating. Now, tell Billy you are sorry.

BILLY

There's no need, Tom.

FRANK

He owes you an apology, Billy.

TOM

You got plenty of tongue-oil today, Doc. So say it. Say: "I am sorry of accusin' you of cheatin'. I musta been mistaken."

BILLY

Can we just end it here. I don't want any –

TOM

Up in Dodge word is you're speed itself.

(TOM drops his hands toward his holster.)

DOC

I don't want to fight you, Tom.

TOM

Go for your gun, Holliday.

(DOC stifles a cough.)

TOM (continued)

I don't see it strapped to your hip, but there's a piece of steel on you somewhere. A killer like you is probably a walkin' arsenal.

FRANK

You got a Derringer up your sleeve?

TOM

Or maybe you're wearing one of them fancy shoulder holsters?
(TOM brazenly opens DOC'S coat. DOC coughs.)

TOM (continued)

So where's the gun? Huh? Well, what do you know? I just me found a wallet. Feels fat. Here's a present for you, Billy.

BILLY

I don't want his wallet.

TOM

Take it.
(TOM tosses the wallet to BILLY, who catches it clumsily.)

TOM (continued)

Look at the gunfighter. He's sweatin' like the dog he is.

BILLY

This ain't right.

TOM

I hope you got a gun on you somewhere 'cause I'm callin' you out, Holliday.

(BILLY drops the wallet and runs from the room.)

IKE

Billy, get back here! You yellow son of a bitch, get back here!

(DOC coughs. HE reaches into his inside jacket pocket.)

FRANK

Tom!
(TOM quickly draws, but DOC pulls out a white handkerchief. HE covers his mouth and coughs into it.)

TOM

He can't draw 'cause he ain't got a gun. Is that right, Doc? You stop wearing one for fear someone might call you out?

IKE

Be careful, Tom.

TOM

Of what? The great –

Doc – TOM (continued)
(Poking his finger once into DOC'S chest.)
Holliday. (Poking his finger harder into DOC'S chest.)
(Poking his finger again into DOC'S chest.)

The bones feel kinda brittle. TOM (continued).
(Continuing to poke at DOC'S chest.)

(DOC starts coughing. HE takes a swing at TOM. TOM ducks and laughs.)

Now there's that killer I heard about. TOM (continued)

(DOC coughs again and turns to go.)

Oh no, you don't. TOM (continued)

(Gripping DOC by the back of his shirt and unraveling his shirttails.)

We got unfinished business here. TOM (continued)

(DOC tries to defend himself, but HE coughs again; his consumption has weakened him considerably.)

Okay, Tom that's enough. IKE

What's the matter? You catch a chill? TOM

(Snatching DOC'S cigars that are poking out of his shirt pocket. The pocket rips.)

Here's the culprit... These'll kill ya, Doc. For you, Frank. TOM (continued)

(Tossing DOC'S cigars to FRANK.)

FRANK

Ike.

(DOC coughs again and again. HE drops his handkerchief and when HE attempts to retrieve it, TOM kicks it across the room.)

IKE

Tom, the man ain't well.

(TOM yanks DOC up, but instead of defending himself, DOC tries to leave; TOM maliciously grabs his tie, pulling him face to face.)

TOM

Too much gamblin', smokin' and *women*, Right, Doc?

(Because HE cannot turn away, DOC coughs into TOM'S face. TOM takes a beat, then slowly pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his face clean. DOC coughs again.)

TOM (continued)

You should cover your mouth when you cough, Doctor.

(DOC turns away and stifles a cough.)

TOM (continued)

(Holding out his hanky.)

Take it.

(FRANK tries to grab the handkerchief, but TOM pulls it away.)
KATE enters, unseen, and witnesses DOC'S humiliation.)

TOM (continued)

Take it, I said!

(HE forces the handkerchief over DOC'S mouth.)

TOM (continued)

Now, cough. you cold-footed consumptive! I said cough! Cough!

(DOC coughs into handkerchief. HE begins hacking. KATE grabs FRANK'S gun from his holster.)

KATE

Get away from him!

(SHE aims squarely at TOM. The action falls silent.)

KATE (continued)

You hear me? Get outta here, or I'll kill ya all!

(TOM, FRANK and IKE back off. KATE drops the gun and rushes to DOC. Some blood oozes through DOC's fingers, which are covering his mouth, and drips onto his white shirt)

KATE

My God, what have they done to you?

(SHE drops to her knees and offers him the flask. HE takes it. Drinks. Coughs. Hacks. WOMAN IN BLACK enters.)

KATE (continued)

What can I do to help, Doc?

MUSIC CUE 15

"SUNDOWN"

WOMAN IN BLACK

GOOD NIGHT, DOC HOLLIDAY

KATE

Tell me.

WOMAN IN BLACK

YOU OLD SADDLE TRAMP

DOC

Go away.

WOMAN IN BLACK

PUT ON THE MOONLIGHT

KATE

I won't leave you like this.

WOMAN IN BLACK

BLOW OUT THE LAMP

DOC

Just go away. Both of you.

(KATE freezes. SHE is confused. Probably frightened.)

WOMAN IN BLACK

BLOW THE LAMP

DOC

Please.

(KATE hesitates to make a move, but, then, SHE backs away into the dark. WOMAN IN BLACK remains.)

DOC (continued)

SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS
I'M DOWN ON MY KNEES
LORD PUT ME AT EASE
WHEN THE SUN DESCENDS ON ME

AS DAYLIGHT FADES AWAY
I FEEL LIKE A GHOST
TONIGHT WHAT I NEED MOST
IS ANOTHER DAY

SUNDOWN, HOLD ON
I'M WANNA LIVE FOREVER
SUNDOWN, HOLD ON
I'M WANNA LIVE FOR EVERMORE

(WOMAN IN BLACK slowly moves toward him. HE does not face her.)

DOC (continued)

I'M STANDING ON THE LINE
BETWEEN DAY AND NIGH
A MAN IN THE TWILIGHT
PRAYING LIFE WILL SHINE ON ME

SUNDOWN, HOLD ON
I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVER
SUNDOWN, HOLD ON
I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVER

(DOC rises to his feet. WOMAN IN BLACK lurks in the shadows.)

DOC (continued)

I'M GONNA LIVE FOREVERMORE

END ACT I

ACT IIScene 1

In the dark the audience hears the rhythmic ticking of a clock. Simultaneously, the lights rise on the porch of the Oriental Hotel, where the CLANTONS and MCLAURYS sit, fidget, wait impatiently, and on DOC'S room, where DOC tries to pull himself together with a bottle of whiskey. It is early the next day. In the morning shadows lurks the WOMAN IN BLACK. Just as she approaches DOC, KATE enters. KATE and DOC pause at the sight of one another. After a beat, THEY continue the action.)

DOC

I thought you'd be long gone by now.

KATE

I feared the same thing about you.

DOC

Did you? Funny, we hardly know each other. What do you care if I --

KATE

That's the thing of it, Doc. I'm beginning to care about, well, a lot of things.

DOC

Don't go getting that doe-eyed look on your face. You'll regret it. Want a drink?

KATE

No, thank you.

DOC

(Picking up a whiskey bottle and uncorking it.)

A Presbyterian minister once told me this is brewed by Lucifer himself.

(Drinking from the bottle)

DOC (continued)

Well, let us give the devil his due.

KATE

I'm here, Doc, cause I been considerin' your proposition and seein' how we do kinda get on good ... well, if you wanna move on together, I'm willin'.

WOMAN IN BLACK

You don't need anyone's pity, especially hers.

KATE

I know your heart's set on Baltimore, but I thought maybe we'd travel north.

DOC

Amazing how this rotgut numbs the pain.

(HE takes a long swallow. Coughs.)

KATE

You gotta get away from all this. Colorado is beautiful country.

(KATE gently takes the bottle away from DOC)

DOC

Out of whiskey.

KATE

We could get you a room in that sanitarium up in Sulfur Springs.

DOC

(Turning his pockets inside out)

Out of money, too.

(Lights up on the CLANTONS and MCLAURYS on the porch of the Oriental Hotel.) **MUSIC CUE 16**

IKE

Today's the lucky day.

WOMAN IN BLACK

You always had a knack for pulling in easy money

FRANK

I reckon just five more hours.

DOC

Boy, wouldn't that tweak their noses.

KATE

What?

TOM

I'm gonna take a fistful of silver and spend a week at a cathouse

BILLY

I'm gonna stuff a mattress and dream on it.

KATE

Have you heard a word I said?

IKE

Cigars all around, boys!

(As IKE, TOM, BILLY and FRANK light up cigars, DOC puts on black hat and frock coat.)

"BACK IN BUSINESS" – reprise

DOC

UP TILL NOW I'M SURE YOU'D AGREE
I'VE BEEN A VERY GOOD BOY YESSIREE
I CLEANED MY PLATE AND WATCHED MY P'S AND Q'S
IN FACT I'VE BEEN A SAINT, BUT NOW I'VE GOT SOME NEWS
LOOK OUT WORLD
STAND YOU BACK
HERE I COME
DOWN THE TRACK
I THINK IT'S TIME
I SHOWED THEM HOW

DOC (continued)

I'm not going to any sanitarium, Kate.

WOMAN IN BLACK

Of course not.

DOC

I'M BACK IN BUSINESS NOW
I'M BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS
BACK IN BUSINESS...

(Blackout on DOC, WOMAN IN BLACK, and KATE. The CLANTONS and MCLAURYS launch into song --)

"THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX"

IKE

THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX IS COMIN' TODAY
AND IT'S GONNA BE A VISION TO BEHOLD
WHAT A DREAM COME TRUE AS IT COMES INTO VIEW
LIKE A CHARIOT FROM HEAVEN MADE OF GOLD

FRANK
IT'S BRINGIN' IN A BIG BONANZA

IKE
THE ONE WE WANTED ALL OUR LIVES

CLANTONS & MCLAURYS
THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX IS COMIN' TODAY
WE'LL BE SITTIN' PRETTY WHEN THE STAGE ARRIVES

FRANK
Only four hours, boys.

ALL
THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX IS COMIN' OUR WAY
WITH A JINGLE AND A JANGLE ON THE TRAIL
WE CAN HEAR THAT LASH BRINGIN' ALL THAT CASH
AND IT'S SOUNDIN' SWEETER THAN A NIGHTINGALE

TOM
YOU BET YOUR LIFE OUR LUCK IS BOOMIN'

BILLY
A-ZOOMIN' RIGHT UP TO THE MOON

ALL
THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX IS COMIN' TODAY
AND THE SCHEDULE'S GOT IT COMIN' PRETTY SOON
YIPPEE-YI! YAHOO!
THE PHOENIX STAGE IS COMIN' THROUGH!
YIPPEE-YI! YAHOO!
THE PHOENIX STAGE IS COMIN' THROUGH!

FRANK
Three hours left.
(Light up on DOC in black hat and black frock coat.)

DOC
THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX IS COMIN' TO TOWN
BUT IT WON'T MAKE ITS APPOINTMENT I'M AFRAID
'CAUSE I HEARD THE WORD FROM A LITTLE BIRD
THE PHOENIX STAGE IS GONNA BE DELAYED
I WONDER WHAT ON EARTH COULD HAPPEN
AWAY OUT ON THE OPEN ROAD
THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX IS COMIN' TO TOWN

DOC (continued)

I PREDICT IT'S GONNA BRING A LIGHTER LOAD

CLANTONS & MCLAURYS

YIPPEE-YI! YAHOO!

THE PHOENIX STAGE IS COMIN' THROUGH!

YIPPEE-YI! YAHOO!

THE PHOENIX STAGE IS COMIN' THROUGH!

(Lights down on DOC strapping on his holster.)

IKE

I'M GONNA BUILD MY HACIENDA

TOM

I'LL OPEN UP MY OWN CASINO

FRANK

I INTEND TO INVEST

BILLY

GONNA MOVE FURTHER WEST

ANY PLACE THAT ISN'T TOMBSTONE

FRANK, IKE & TOM

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH TOMBSTONE?

FRANK

Sixty minutes!

IKE

THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX IS COMIN' TO TOWN

AND WE'RE COUNTIN' DOWN THE MINUTES ONE BY ONE

FRANK

WE'LL BE DOIN' ALL THAT TILL OUR WALLETS ARE FAT

WE'LL BE SMOKIN' THEM HAVANAS THAT WE BUY BY THE TON

ALL

SO KEEP A-LOOKIN' IN THE DISTANCE

'CAUSE ANY MINUTE NOW YOU'LL SEE

THE STAGE FROM PHOENIX THAT'S COMIN'T TO TOWN

WITH A TREASURE IN A TRUNK FOR YOU AND ME

YIPPEE-YI! YAHOO

FRANK

Fifteen.

ALL

THE PHOENIX STAGE IS COMIN' THROUGH!
YIPPEE-YI! YAHOO!
THE PHOENIX STAGE IS COMIN' THROUGH
AND I'D SAY IT'S ALMOST DUE!

(BEHAN enters frantically waving a telegram..)

BEHAN

Somebody hit the stage!

IKE

What?!

BEHAN

Hit! Robbed! Held up! You better come quick, Ike!

(BEHAN and FRANK run off almost plowing into DOC and MORGAN who enter smoking very large cigars.)

DOC

Now what do you suppose put them into a lather?

MORGAN

Maybe the Wells Fargo robbery.

DOC

I heard about that. Somewhere outside of Bowie. Wasn't it, Morgan?

(TOM steps toward DOC. IKE grabs TOM'S arm.)

TOM

Why you -

IKE

Leave it go, Tom.

TOM

And let them make fools of us?

IKE

I know how to handle the likes of them. I'm a firm believer in due process.

TOM

So am I. And I promise whoever did this will get his due.

(TOM storms off. IKE and BILLY linger staring at DOC, then, finally exit. DOC and MORGAN burst out laughing. WYATT comes whirling on like a cyclone. KATE follows him.)

WYATT

Never, never, never, as long badgers give birth, will I ever share a good idea with you again!

KATE

Tell me you didn't hit the stage, Doc.

WYATT

You stole my idea! You dirty sidewinder!

DOC

I am a bad man! A very bad man!

KATE

We gotta get outta here.

DOC

I have seen the elephant on top of Pike's peak!

KATE

Do you hear me?

WYATT

Big shot! You had to do it all on your own!

DOC

I am half horse, half alligator with a little snappin' turtle inside!

KATE

What's got into you?

WYATT

Ya hurt me, Doc. Ya know that?.

MORGAN

Ahhh, c'mon, Wyatt, I'll buy ya a drink.

WYATT

(As WYATT is being pulled off by a laughing MORGAN.)

Ya broke my heart.

DOC

Beware the wild man of Borneo!

KATE

Stop it! This is not some good ol' boy's boasting contest! If the Clantons believe you hit that stage, they'll hang ya.

(KATE grabs DOC'S arm; HE pulls away.)

KATE (continued)

You're enjoying this, ain't ya, Doc? Ain't ya?

(HE starts out.)

KATE (continued)

Why can't you face me? Is somethin' burnin' in your eyes that you're afraid I'll see?

(DOC stops but does not turn to her.) **MUSIC CUE 17**

KATE (continued)

Oh, Doc, don't risk everything now. You've come so far.

"YOU AIN'T NO PRISONER"

KATE (continued)

YOU CAN WALK RIGHT OUT THE DOOR
LEAVE BEHIND YOUR HEAVY LOAD
YOU CAN TURN YOUR LIFE AROUND
IF YOU TAKE A DIFFERENT ROAD
LEAD ANOTHER LIFE TOMORROW
START AGAIN WHEN DAYLIGHT BREAKS
YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER TO YOUR OLD MISTAKES

GET A GRIP AND TAKE CONTROL
THAT'S THE THING YOU GOTTA DO
YOU AIN'T TRAPPED INSIDE A CAGE
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' STOPPIN' YOU
YESTERDAY IS DEAD AND GONE NOW
START AGAIN WHEN DAWN APPEARS
YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER TO YOUR BURNED UP YEARS

KATE (continued)

YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER
YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER
YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER
YOU'RE A FREE MAN
FREE TO CHOOSE

YOU DON'T WEAR NO BALL AND CHAIN
YOU AIN'T UNDER LOCK AND KEY
AIN'T NO JAILER IN THIS WORLD
BUT YOURSELF CAN SET YOU FREE
IF YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE FUTURE
START AGAIN JUST START AGAIN
YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER TO YOUR ANCIENT WAYS

YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER
YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER
YOU AIN'T NO PRIS'NER
YOU'RE A FREE MAN
FREE TO CHOOSE

KATE (continued)

We can pack our belongings and be outta here in no time.

(DOC hesitates, then, HE turns to KATE.)

DOC

We'll need a couple of horses.

(SHE kisses DOC as TOM steps from the shadows.)

TOM

I have a .45 caliber single action Colt pointed at the back of your girl's heart. So I wouldn't cause a commotion. What I would do is take a stroll with me down to the Cochise County Jail where we can all talk. Now move.

(As DOC and KATE are led away by TOM, BILLY enters from the shadows. HE looks down the road where TOM, DOC and KATE have disappeared. HE knows trouble lies ahead. As HE turns to run for help, WYATT bursts out of the saloon, waving a whiskey bottle and drunk as a lord. MORGAN follows, trying to rein WYATT back.)

MORGAN

Wyatt, I think maybe you had enough to drink –

2-1-10

WYATT

Well, lookie here. If it ain't the littlest Clanton. What's the matter, boy? You look like you seen a ghost.

BILLY

Wyatt, let me pass.

WYATT

Am I in your way, Billy?

BILLY

Please. I gotta tell Ike something quick or there's gonna be trouble

WYATT

You bet there's gonna be trouble. And your warning him about it ain't gonna change a thing. Now *scat!*

(BILLY flies out almost knocking over VIRGIL who is entering.)

VIRGIL

What'd you do to him, Wyatt?

WYATT

That boy's built of butter.

MORGAN

Careful, Virg. Wyatt's a bit pickled in whiskey tonight.

WYATT

I refuse to remain subservient to those who don't know dung from wild honey! My patience has run out.

(WYATT tries to leave, but MORGAN stops him.)

WYATT (continued)

And I am weary of waiting around for the men I admire and respect to support me, as I would support them.

MORGAN

C'mom, Wyatt, you know we'd follow you to hell's hottest backlog.

WYATT

So why do I feel so deserted, like I have reached the frazzled end of a misspent life!

MORGAN

(To VIRGIL.)

Virg, I think he's so mad he could bite himself.

WYATT

I deserve a stake in this town, and it's about time I took matters into my own hands.

VIRGIL

Hold on, Wyatt. **MUSIC CUE 18**

WYATT

For what?

VIRGIL

Doc made his move. Let's wait. Let's see what they do next.

WYATT

Not on your life.

MORGAN

What are you gonna do?

WYATT

I'm going down to the Cochise County Jail -

VIRGIL

No.

WYATT

- and claim what is rightfully mine.

(With real determination WYATT starts out, but VIRGIL quickly grabs him by the arm)

"WAIT"

VIRGIL

WAIT AND SEE
THAT'S HOW WE PLAY IT
BEFORE YOU MOVE
A PAWN OR KING
YOU PONDER AND YA' WEIGH IT

WYATT

I can't do that.

	VIRGIL (continued)
DON'T PUSH DON'T RUSH DON'T TAKE THE BAIT WYATT, WAIT	
Come on, Virg.	WYATT
	VIRGIL & MORGAN
WYATT, WAIT	
	VIRGIL
WAIT AND SEE KEEP GOOD AND STEADY AND KEEP YOUR HEAD AND KEEP YER COOL	
YOU GOT TO BE READY	VIRGIL & MORGAN
I don't know, boys.	WYATT
	VIRGIL
LOOK OUT LOOK SHARP ANTICIPATE WYATT, WAIT	
But, but, but –	WYATT
	VIRGIL & MORGAN
WYATT, WAIT	
	WYATT
WAIT	VIRGIL & MORGAN
WAIT	
	WYATT
ALL I HEAR IS WAIT	
	VIRGIL & MORGAN
WAIT	
	WYATT
WAIT AND WAIT AGAIN	

ACT II

Scene 2

Cochise County Jail. Later. DOC and KATE are locked in separate, but adjoining cells. [It is important that a solid wall separates DOC'S and KATE'S cells. THEY should not be able to see each other.] BEHAN is at his desk working. TOM leans against bars.)

DOC

You know she's innocent, Mr. Behan. Release her for God's sake.

BEHAN

She is aiding and abetting a criminal. That's what Tom here says.

DOC

Because you have sawdust for brains, doesn't mean you have to be a puppet!

(TOM gives a hearty laugh. IKE, BILLY and FRANK burst in.)

FRANK

Tom, you had orders to stay out of this.

IKE

We're going to handle this by the book.

TOM

Men, I think you'll like the work me and the sheriff have done. Is it ready, Behan?

IKE

What is this?

(BEHAN holds out the paper IKE reaches for it, but TOM intercepts it.)

TOM

Let's see what we have here? Looks like this is for you, Miss Fisher. It's some kind of statement. Right, Sheriff?

KATE

What kind of statement?

TOM

Wanna see? Open up, Mr. Behan.

FRANK

Tom, maybe you should wait outside and –

TOM

Maybe you should shut up and let me handle this. Open the lady's cell, Behan.

(BEHAN looks to IKE who nods. BEHAN opens the cell. KATE leisurely walks out and leans against the bars)

TOM (continued)

Now, let's see? It says here that Kate Fisher, that's you, swears that the name of the man who hit the stage is John Holliday. Hey, that must be him.

KATE

You know where you can put that statement, don't you?

TOM

Sheriff, tell Miss Fisher about the Wells Fargo reward.

BEHAN

There's a two hundred dollar reward for the person who can identify the thief.

TOM

We got the thief. So all you gotta do is point your finger and say: "That's him." Is that right, Mr. Behan?

BEHAN

I guess that satisfies the law.

TOM

It satisfies us, and two hundred dollars satisfies you, I'm sure.

KATE

Go to hell.

TOM

(Stuffing paper into KATE'S hands.)

You sign that statement, lady.

KATE

(Tears up paper)

What statement?

TOM

Why you two bit --

IKE

All right, you've done enough now. I'll handle this.

FRANK

Tom, why don't you get some fresh air and cool off?

TOM

I'm fine. Perhaps if you left me alone with the woman, I could talk some sense into her.

BILLY

Ike, I don't think we should leave.

TOM

I don't recall asking your opinion, Billy-boy.

DOC

Do we have crisis of trust here?

IKE

(HE glares at DOC. Pause. Finally:)

We'll be just outside, Tom.

BILLY

Ike?

IKE

Let's go, Billy. Frank.

(IKE, FRANK, and BILLY start out.)

TOM

You, too, Sheriff.

(THEY exit. TOM draws the belt from his trousers.)

TOM (continued)

(Turning to KATE.)

Get back in the cell.

(Lights up on IKE, BILLY, FRANK and BEHAN outside the jailhouse.)

IKE

Beautiful night, ain't it?

BILLY

I'm tellin' ya, we shouldn't leave him alone, Ike.

IKE

If we ain't got trust in one another, we got nothin' ... in anybody's eyes.

DOC

How much do you value your life, Tom?

TOM

This is between me and the woman.

FRANK

If he's not careful, we'll never see that money.

IKE

Like all of us, Frank, Tom is looking for justice to be served.

FRANK

That's what you keep saying.

(TOM advances on KATE.)

KATE

You'll get nothing from me!

(TOM warps the belt around KATE'S arms)

DOC

Back off, McLaury

(TOM grabs KATE.)

TOM

I'm gonna get a return on my two dollars.

(TOM pulls KATE close and roughly kisses her.)

DOC (continued)

You better pray I never break out of here. McLaury!

(Light fades on jail interior) **MUSIC CUE 19**

"WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD" - reprise

IKE

NO ONE'S ROBBIN' OUR COOKIE JAR

BEHAN

Guess you're doin' okay.

IKE

WORKED TOO HARD TO GET WHERE WE ARE

BEHAN

Hope you keep it that way.

IKE

COME ON, FRANK, LET'S HAVE A CIGAR
WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT
NO WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

IKE & BILLY

WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
NO WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
COUNT YOUR LUCKY STARS AND KNOCK ON WOOD
WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

IKE, BILLY & FRANK

WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
NO WE AIN'T NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD
COUNT YOUR LUCKY STARS AND KNOCK ON WOOD --

TOM

(Enters from jailhouse. Music out.)

She'll have a change of heart in the morning.

(TOM exits. Lights fade on IKE, BILLY, FRANK and BEHAN as
music plays out.)

ACT II

Scene 3

Lights come up on the jail cells. **MUSIC**
CUE 20 It is early morning just after sunrise. DOC coughs. Hacks. Silence. KATE stirs.

KATE

You still alive?

DOC

How are you, Kate?

KATE

Can we not talk about it, Doc, if you don't mind?

DOC

Kate.

KATE

Shhh.

“ANOTHER TIME”

KATE (continued)

WHY MUST THE WORLD
KEEP YOU FROM ME?
OH, HOW I WISH
THAT WE WERE FREE
SO FREE WE COULD SAIL
LIKE HAWKS IN THE AIR
NO CHAINS AND NO JAIL
JUST SKY EVERYWHERE

KATE & DOC

HOW I WISH I KNEW YOU
IN ANOTHER TIME
WISH THE ROAD LED TO YOU
IN ANOTHER TIME
TO ANOTHER PLACE
AND ANOTHER TIME

I'm so sorry, Kate.

DOC

Nothin' you coulda done. Nothin'.

KATE

KATE & DOC

IF ALL THE STARS
STAYED ON OUR SIDE
LIGHTING UP TRAILS
WE NEVER TRIED
WE'D RUN BRAVE AND STRONG
LIKE WILD HORSES DO
WE'D LIVE GOOD AND LONG
ONE LIFE, ME AND YOU

HOW I WISH I KNEW YOU
IN ANOTHER TIME
WISH THE ROAD LED TO YOU
IN ANOTHER TIME
TO ANOTHER PLACE
AND ANOTHER TIME

(SHE reaches with one arm through the bars of her cell.
DOC reaches through the bars of his cell. HE takes her
hand. As the applause fades, BEHAN enters with a pot of
freshly brewed coffee.)

Mornin'. Brought you some coffee. Thought it might do you some good.

BEHAN

Why, thank you.

KATE

Kate, I'm really sorry about last night.
(BEHAN comes to KATE with a pot of coffee and a cup)

BEHAN

I don't want your apology, Sheriff. I might end up forgivin' ya.

KATE

(SHE sips)

Ummmmm. Tasty.

KATE (continued)

Doc? BEHAN

No thanks. DOC

Mr. Behan sure has a talent for brewing coffee. KATE

It's not the kind of refreshment I had in mind. DOC

What d'ya got in there? Magic beans or somethin'? Let me see that pot. KATE

Help yourself. BEHAN

(KATE inspects the bottom of the pot. THEY are close.)

KATE

What's that movin' in there?

BEHAN

Something movin'?

(BEHAN studies the pot.)

BEHAN (continued)

Gee, I don't see anything. Although one time I found an ol' iguana --

(A gun begins to rise behind BEHAN'S head. KATE has picked his holster. SHE grabs his tie, pulls him to the bars, and holds the gun to his temple.)

KATE

Coffee time is over, Mr. Behan

DOC

Oh, you're good.

KATE

I thought it'd make you feel better.

BEHAN

You could be in a heap of trouble for this.

KATE

And you could be under a heap of soil sprouting tulips from your navel. Now open up.

(BEHAN does not move.)

KATE

You hear me!

BEHAN

(Unlocking her cell)

Okay, okay, but Ike's gonna be hoppin mad when he finds out what happened here.

KATE

I won't tell. Now Doc's.

(BEHAN puts the key in DOC'S cell door.)

KATE (continued)

Hurry up, Sheriff.

BEHAN

I seem to be having some trouble with the lock.

(KATE cocks the trigger.)

BEHAN

Ahh. There it is.

(HE releases DOC)

DOC

Get in.

(DOC slams the cell door shut. The bang could wake the dead. HE moves to BEHAN'S desk and starts rifling through the drawers. HE pulls out his revolver.)

KATE

What the hell do you think you're doing? I didn't break us out of here so you can go get yourself killed. Look at me! Why are you doing this?

MUSIC CUE 21

DOC

Let me ask you a question, Kate:

(HE checks the barrel for bullets)

DOC (continued

How do you walk away?

KATE

No, Doc, the question is: What do you really want?

(DOC looks squarely at KATE as lights fade on her. DOC faces front. HE stands alone in limbo.)

"POISONED WATER"

DOC

LORD, YOU KNOW I TRIED
DID MY VERY BEST
TO TURN THE OTHER CHEEK
AS YOU SUGGEST
BUT LOVE YOUR ENEMY'S A HARD REQUEST
WHEN HE'S REACHING FOR HIS GUN

HERE I GO AGAIN
AND IT MAKES ME SAD

DOC (continued)

TO SAY GOODBYE
TO ALL THE DREAMS WE HAD
SO HOW DID SOMETHING GOOD
TURN OUT SO BAD
TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT WE'VE DONE

POISONED THE WATER
POISONED THE WATER
LOOK AT US NOW
WE'VE POISONED THE WATER
POISONED WATER
FULL OF WASTE
LET THEM COME AND GET A TASTE
OF POISON WATER

(Lights up on a room at China Mary's. TOM sleeps beside a woman. DOC points his gun at TOM. TOM stirs.)

TOM

Mother of Mercy -

(TOM starts to scramble out of bed. DOC extends his arm, aiming squarely at TOM's forehead.)

DOC

Relax, Tom. Just relax. We don't want to wake the lady.

TOM

(Raising his hands above his head)

But I'm unarmed. You know China Mary don't allow no guns in her rooms. You ain't gonna shoot an unarmed man, are ya? Are ya?

DOC

I'm here to extend an invitation: You meet me later today, and we'll settle the score for all time.

(The WOMAN in the bed rises. DOC is taken aback. Before him stands the WOMAN IN BLACK. SHE glows. When DOC loses his bearings for a second, TOM bolts from the room. Lights fade. Lights up on MORGAN and VIRGIL.)

MORGAN

Virg, what they done to Kate ain't right.

VIRGIL

And what they do to one of us, they do to all.

MORGAN

WE SHOULD END IT NOW

VIRGIL

WE SHOULD DO IT QUICK
AND WHEN WE DO IT, DAMMIT, MAKE IT STICK

MORGAN

A LITTLE PIECE OF LEAD SHOULD DO THE TRICK

VIRGIL

THERE'S A PIECE FOR EVERYONE

(Lights out. Lights up on TOM, FRANK, BILLY and IKE.)

TOM

Gentlemen, this time Doc Holliday has called out the wrong man.

IKE

The wrong house, Tom, the wrong house.

FRANK

TURN YOUR BACK ON WOLVES
THIS IS WHAT YOU GIT

IKE

YOU TOUCH A RATTLESNAKE
AND YOU GET BIT

TOM & IKE

THE TALKING'S OVER NOW WE FINISH IT
TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT THEY'VE DONE

CLANTONS, MCLAURYS, MORGAN &
VIRGIL

POISONED THE WATER
POISONED THE WATER
LOOK AT THEM NOW
THEY'VE POISONED THE WATER
POISONED WATER
FULL OF WASTE
LET THEM COME AND GET A TASTE
OF POISON WATER

(Lights up on KATE, WYATT and DOC who are quiet,
tense. WOMAN IN BLACK observes the scene as the
MEN methodically load their guns. WYATT holsters his
weapon. Stillness. WYATT listens; HE smiles.)

WYATT

You hear that?

(EVERYONE listens)

WYATT (continued)

It's the sound of hearts beatin' faster right before a kill. I love that sound. I'll round up
the boys, Doc. Don't be long.

(HE exits)

KATE

DOC, IT'S NOT TOO LATE
NOT FOR US
CAUSE I KNOW
WE CAN MAKE IT, DOC
PLEASE DON'T GO
WHAT OF ALL THOSE DREAMS
GETTING OUT
CUTTING TIES

WOMAN IN BLACK

THEY WERE ONLY PRETTY LIES
JUST A PACK OF PRETTY LIES

KATE

I ain't going to bury you. If you go down there, I gotta walk out on you.

DOC

I have no choice, Kate.

KATE

Of course you do.

(As KATE starts out, DOC gently grabs her arm. SHE turns. HE takes his book of Keats' poetry from his inside jacket pocket and holds it out to her. SHE pauses, takes it, and then leaves him forever.)

WOMAN IN BLACK

SEE THE MINUTE HAND
MOVING ON THE CLOCK
TOO LATE TO CLOSE THE DOOR
AND TURN THE LOCK
IT'S WHAT YOU WANTED
ARE YOU READY, DOC?

(Lights out. Lights up on EARPS, CLANTONS & MCLAURYS)

EARPS

YEAH, TODAY THEY'RE GONNA PAY

CLANTONS & MCLAURYS

YEAH, TODAY THEY'RE GONNA PAY

ALL

AT A PLACE THEY CALL OK
CAUSE THEY
POISONED THE WATER
POISONED THE WATER
WE KNOW JUST WHO POISONED THE WATER
POISONED WATER'S GOT TO KILL
LET THEM COME AND DRINK THEIR FILL
OF POISONED WATER

LET THE WATER GO
LET THAT POISON FLOW

(The EARPS and DOC begin their walk to the OK Corral. Simultaneously, the CLANTONS are seen inside the corral's stable, loading their guns.) **MUSIC CUE 22**

WYATT

It's times like these that keep us alive.

IKE
I never thought it would come to this.

FRANK
Well, we gotta deal with it.

MORGAN
It's an old gun, Virg. What if it jams on me?

VIRGIL
We got ya covered, Morgan.

IKE
You all right, Billy?

BILLY
What? Oh. I'm fine.

DOC
(To himself)
Soon, Mr. McLaury

TOM
(To himself.)
Soon, Doctor Holliday.

(Lights down inside stable. A deathly glow illuminates DOC and the EARPS who now stand in the middle of the corral facing the stable doors.)

WYATT
Where the hell are they?

DOC
Inside the stable.

BEHAN
(Running on)
Hold on there, Marshall. This town doesn't go in for six-gun law.

VIRGIL
I suggest you talk to the Clantons about that.

BEHAN

(Calling out)

Ike, reconsider what you're doin'. Throw out your guns. If you come out so we can see your hands, nobody'll get hurt.

WYATT

Either you throw out your guns or we'll come in and get 'em!

IKE

(Off)

We're comin' out!

VIRGIL

What's that suppose to mean?

BEHAN

I don't like this.

MORGAN

They made up their minds too quick.

(DOC coughs)

WYATT

Doc, are you all right?

MORGAN

Are they comin' out to fight or surrender?

VIRGIL

(To BEHAN)

Time's running out.

BEHAN

Are you gonna throw out your guns or not?

(Silence)

BEHAN (continued)

Okay, then. I'll be in my office if you need me.

(BEHAN runs)

WYATT

They're not gonna throw their guns out.

(DOC coughs once again. Harsher than before)

VIRGIL

What's wrong with him?

WYATT

Doc, get off the street.

(WOMAN IN BLACK appears. SHE is radiant.)

DOC

The sun is in my eyes.

MORGAN

The sun's behind us.

WYATT

Doc, are you all right?

VIRGIL

Quiet.

WYATT

Here they come.

(CLANTONS enter with their arms raised)

MORGAN

They still have their guns.

VIRGIL

We told you to throw your guns out unless you wanted a fight. Now drop your arms!

(THE CLANTONS don't move.)

VIRGIL (continued)

I said drop your arms, dammit!

DOC

Not that! Arms! Arms! He means your guns!

(The CLANTONS and EARPS draw. A barrage of gunfire fills the corral. The area becomes an electric storm. DOC scores the first hit, and FRANK falls to the ground. BILLY fires at VIRGIL. VIRGIL fires back, but misses. MORGAN'S report enters BILLY'S rib cage and BILLY falls. IKE CLANTON panics, throws his gun to the ground, and flees for his life. TOM fires at MORGAN, sending a bullet into his side, and DOC blows Tom away. BILLY struggles to his feet, firing blindly, hitting VIRGIL in the leg. WYATT shoots BILLY. Silence.

DOC steps forward. HE wraps a handkerchief around his left hand. IKE joins BILLY and the MCCLAURYS, who face the audience in a straight line. When THEY speak, there is something ethereal about them. DOC addresses the audience as though it were a jury.)

DOC (continued)

Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, the whole affair at the OK corral was one terrible mistake. Marshall Virgil Earp never challenged the Clantons. He wanted them to drop their guns to the ground.

VIRGIL

Wait! No! Hold your fire!

DOC

The fight commenced in the middle of the street between the OK Corral and Fly's Photography Shop. The first one to hit the ground was Frank McLaury. I heard him say –

FRANK

Why are we doing this?

DOC

He clutched his stomach and collapsed in the dust.

(FRANK turns slowly and walks into the shadows.)

DOC (continued)

Next came Billy Clanton. The boy took a bullet in the chest.

BILLY

Oh, but I am dead!

DOC

Billy blinked twice and dropped like lead.

(BILLY drops his head.)

DOC (continued)

Ike Clanton, in fear for his life, threw down his gun and ran through the door of the photography shop.

IKE

My God, do not kill me!

(IKE walks into the shadows.)

DOC

Tom McLaury sent a bullet into Morgan's side, a shot no doubt meant for me.

TOM

I got you now you cold-footed consumptive!

DOC

Defending myself, I took aim and fired.

(TOM walks into the shadows.)

DOC (continued)

Now Billy rose like Lazarus. He was back on his feet, shouting:

BILLY

Give me more cartridges!

DOC

Shooting blindly, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, he sent a bullet into Virgil's leg. Then, Wyatt Earp fired his Buntline Special. Billy's gun finally fell silent.

(BILLY walks into the shadows)

DOC (continued)

The battle lasted less than sixty seconds. It wasn't until an hour later that I noticed a bullet had grazed the top of my hand. Well, like I said, it was all a mistake.

(DOC turns now and stares directly at WOMAN IN BLACK.)

DOC (continued)

And if I am guilty of anything, it's being lucky because this cold-footed consumptive, as Tom liked to call me, managed to flip the hourglass one more time.

(WOMAN IN BLACK nods to DOC, gives him a slight smile, and disappears. A light comes up on WYATT. Light fades on DOC.)

WYATT

Distinguished and honorable gentlemen of the press, I am elated that a jury of our peers has found us innocent of any wrongdoing. As I stated during the trial, I did not intend to fight unless it became absolutely necessary in self-defense. When the Clantons drew their pistols, I knew it was a fight for life, and I drew and fired in defense of my own life and the lives of my brothers and Doctor Holliday. Hey, fellas, how 'bout a photograph?

(A photo flash pot explodes. For a moment we see WYATT smiling, grasping the lapels of his coat, acting the celebrity.

A light up on DOC. WYATT pulls a small book from his pocket. WYATT and, later, KATE speak to DOC in his imagination.)

WYATT (continued)

Well, Doc, we made it. The Five Cent Wide Awake Library presents "The Legendary Gunfight at the OK Corral!" It's even better than Billy the Kid's. They're callin' us heroes.

DOC

I'm happy everything worked out for you, Wyatt.

WYATT

I couldn't have done it without you, partner.

DOC

Sure wish you were here to raise a ruckus. Colorado's awful quiet.

WYATT

Why don't I ship you a half dozen autographed copies of these things. You can pass 'em around to all the nurses.

DOC

You're generous to a fault, Wyatt.

WYATT

Hey, you'll never guess what. I'm runnin' for governor of California. I'm thirty-eight years old, Doc. Gotta do something with my life.

DOC

You never give up, do you?

WYATT

Got a good chance of winnin', too. I took to this politickin' business like a fish takes to water.

DOC

You have a spot on your cabinet for an old gambler?

WYATT

This is the thing, Doc. I got this kid from Harvard, he's managing my campaign. He says I should, what's the phrase he uses? — Oh, yeah, he says I should distance myself as far as possible from my past associates.

DOC

I understand, Wyatt.

WYATT

Hey, did you hear what they did to Virgil? He's counting heads in Arizona. That's right. The Marshall's what they call a census taker. Acquitted by a jury of his peers but that ain't good enough for the territorial governor. Stripped him of everything 'cept his title.

DOC

And Morgan?

WYATT

Morgan's dead. Got shot through a billiard parlor window. Shattered glass all over. Looked like he was dying on diamonds.

(The light fades on WYATT, another comes up on KATE)

MUSIC CUE 23

KATE

I heard a story that you got killed down in Mexico.

DOC

Hey, if anybody tells you that I'm dead, you tell him to see Doc Holliday up in Colorado. He'll set the record straight

KATE

You got more lives than a cat.

DOC

Just lucky, I guess.

KATE

I'm married, Doc. Two little boys, Luke and Jed.

DOC

And your husband?

KATE

Marcus is a schoolteacher. His eyes are goin'. I have to read to him at night. Lately, I been reading Keats.

DOC

Then you're happy, Kate.

KATE

I am. Who would guess a life like this could make a woman happy. And you?

DOC

Maybe we didn't get to finish the game, Kate, but I consider myself a winner.

KATE

Yeah, me, too.

"ANOTHER TIME" –reprise

DOC

THANK THE LORD I MET YOU
AND WE SHARED SOME TIME

KATE

AND I WON'T FORGET YOU
OR THAT PRECIOUS TIME

DOC & KATE

TIL WE MEET AGAIN
IN ANOTHER TIME

(KATE smiles as if to say, "Thank you." WOMAN IN BLACK emerges from the shadows. KATE acknowledges her for the first time, surrenders DOC and, then, fades into the darkness.)

DOC

Well, Darling, shall we?

(DOC puts on his hat to go. Then, HE smiles:)

DOC (continued)

The Five Cent Wide Awake Library. Now that's funny.

(Music swells. WOMAN IN BLACK and DOC laugh. HE takes her arm, turns, and together THEY walk off.

END OF SHOW)