

MA NEWKIRK (CONT'D)
 before I hit the box. For what it's
 worth I just wanted to say how proud
 I am of ya; well all except for the
 man burner part. I read that in the
 newspaper this morning. As far as
 them grandsons of mine, well, I'm
 through with 'em, even the dead one.
 Anyway, I'm making a pie for you,
 I'll bring it by later.

Ma Newkirk picks up her pistol and leaves the office. The
 two men look at each other in surprise.

JACK
 I wonder what kind of pie she'll
 bring.

PRINT
 What?

INT. BARBERSHOP -- DAY

52

START

Doc is in repose in a barber's chair with a face full of
 soap. An effeminate dandy BARBER with a well trimmed mustache
 flitters about Doc trying to shave him with finesse. Print
 enters the shave parlor, and points to the chair next to
 Doc.

PRINT
 Luscious, may I?

BARBER
 Why Mr. Olive, of course, take a
 seat; I'll lather you up directly.

Doc and Print look at one another smirking and wink. The
 barber graciously points to the chair with a straight razor,
 hand on hip in a prissy pose. Print removes his hat and
 coat. Both men are now stretched out in the barber chairs
 and stare at the ceiling.

PRINT
 Mr. Holliday. I believe you were
 engaged in the Republic Saloon
 transgression.

DOC
 Why yes Mr. Olive. I do believe I
 have made my intentions quite clear,
 in the words of Cicero.

PRINT
 Bully, Mr. Holliday. I anxiously
 await the denouement.

The barber slaps Doc on the shoulder.

BARBER

You men. You don't need to speak in tongues here, I know perfectly well what you are eluding to. You forget; whether a shave or coiffure, I get the scoop. In confidence I might add. I'm quite enlightened you know. Maybe I should edit the newspaper.

Print and Doc look to one another.

BARBER (CONT'D)

(squinting and shaking his head in disgust)

An atrocious rag, the newsprint in this town.

Doc and Print chuckle, as the barber cleans up Doc's face.

BARBER (CONT'D)

Lavender, or perhaps rosewater?

DOC

Neither Luscious, you wouldn't happen to have any of that lilac pinaud would you?

BARBER

Mmmm, a wise choice, a bit sophisticated for the likes of this burg. Let me see if I have any in the back.

The barber moves O.S.

DOC

There's a lot of talk about the way your boys regulate. People are mighty upset. I've heard several address you as a man burner.

PRINT

Doc, the law here is weak, it don't stand. I have the right to protect my property and my family. I've done what I had to do, and beat the law every time... Lookin to move north anyhow; better land up there for cattle.

DOC

Don't misunderstand Print. I'm with you and your boys. Just letting you know what's been said, that's all.

PRINT

I do appreciate it Doc.

DOC

And...

Doc leans toward Print.

DOC (CONT'D)

(above a whisper)

A little dove told me she overheard
Coy and McCall talking about the
Round Rock cash box.

PRINT

Why Doc, I see you collect your
winnings beyond the faro layout.

Doc grins.

PRINT (CONT'D)

As you were saying...

DOC

It appears that these boys have delved
a little deeper in criminal endeavors
than we realized.

PRINT

Yeah, and dug their own graves.

The barber returns with a bottle of lilac pinaud.

BARBER

Ahhh, you are in luck Mr. Holliday.
I trust you will not mark cards with
this lovely fragrance.

The barber bursts into a girlish giggle at this own joke.
He then stands behind Doc, shakes out some lilac and pats
Doc's cheeks and neck.

PRINT

Well Luscious, since you seem to be
in the know, how would you go about
dealing with our aforementioned
transgression?

BARBER

Well, I believe I'd procure a
revolver, perhaps a large one, likened
to the one Doc has in his waist band.

The barber points with the bottle of pinaud to a bulge in
Doc's barber's cape at about waist level. He raises his
eyebrows and tilts his head with a smirk.

PRINT

Then what would you do?

BARBER

Then I'd locate the unsavory elements
you so eloquently refer to.

DOC

And?

BARBER

Why then I'd proceed to blow their
ugly heads off!

STOP

The barber stands stoically feminine; as Doc and Print burst
into laughter.

INT. OWL SALOON -- NIGHT

53

Dan and Coy sit at a busy saloon table having had a few
drinks, with girls on their laps. Coy pushes the girl away
and leans into Dan and whispers.

COY

I ain't waitin no more. I'll meet
you tomorrow, sundown in
Pfluegerville, we'll get the sugar
and head for Fort Worth. Everything
will be peaches and cream from then
on. We can take the ol' stage road
in and out. No one uses it anymore.

Dan lifts his glass.

DAN

Here's to the Owl and these lovely
ladies.

Coy raises his glass.

COY

Amen!

DAN

I gotta a piss. I'll see you
tomorrow.

SALOON GIRL

New piss parlor out back.

The girl gestures with his thumb toward the back of the
saloon.

EXT. OWL SALOON -- CONTINUOUS

54

Doc Holliday leans against the back saloon wall in the
shadows. His leg bent, boot against the wall, a cigarette
dangles from his lips. Dan exits the back door of the saloon
and heads for the outhouse.