-[Rupert and Ian’s relationship. Met originally in the early 1800s outside a small town at a campfire. Ian was on the run. Rupert was exploring America for anomalies]

-[Campfire Amb. Boots in dirt/grass. Revolver cocks]

-Rupert: Easy there stranger… I mean you no harm. I would simply appreciate a little rest by a warm campfire and yours seems to have an abundance of space round it. [Silence] My… wagon is just over there at the crest of the hill. You wouldn’t mind I sit down? [Silence] Very well. Shoot me if you must, but my legs are weary and I’m not standing all night. Haha.

-[Sits down. Rustling through bag for soup cup]

-I… have some soup. Would you care for some? It’s a lovely potato chowder with some garnishing herbs mixed in. [Silence] I’ll fetch a second bowl just in case you get hungry.

-[Setting tin on fire]

-It’s lovely here, isn’t it? Lots of open land where one could settle down, make a life for themself far from prying eyes. You could live here without anyone finding you for years if you-

-Bishop: What do you want?

-Rupert: Excuse me..?

-Bishop: Who sent you? Harris? The Marshall? Who?

-Rupert: I’m sorry… I think you-

-Bishop: I’m losing track of how many towns I’ve been chased out of.

-Rupert: Ah. Yes. You see that’s what I’d meant to… speak with you about.

-Bishop: You’re unarmed.

-Rupert: I… yes. I have no need.

-Bishop: Here, in America? Yes. You do.

-Rupert: I assure you, I am quite fine without such… unfriendly tools. But… if you’re so concerned, you might consider accompanying me?

-Bishop: Yeah, that’s a bad idea.

-Rupert: I don’t know. I think it might be best for both of us.

-Bishop: That a threat?

-Rupert: No. No. Quite the opposite. An offer of… salvation.

-Bishop: Not sure there is any of that for me. Not here anyways. People like me… don’t belong here.

-Rupert: I know. But you could be made to.

-[Silence]

-Bishop: Who are you?

-Rupert: Ah… my name is Rupert Hathgurn. I’m an… explorer, of sorts. Britain born, not that it matters. There’s way too much out there in the world for us to be holding onto little things like that. Our home, our roots, our family, those things don’t need to define us. Isn’t that right?

-Bishop: I’m not sure I follow.

-Rupert: Well… where are you from?

-Bishop: I’m… from around.

-Rupert: Exactly.

-Bishop: Not everyone can just forget who they are.

-Rupert: Right. Blood. Fear. Lust. Those kinds of things can force you to be someone… else.

-[Bishop Cocks revolver]

-Rupert: Can you put that away? I feel I’ve clearly shown I am no threat to you. And you should know that well enough given your enhanced senses.

-Bishop: What are you…?

-Rupert: Oh hush. I know what you are. [Sip] Fuck… that’s still hot.

-Bishop: Then… why… [Silence] What do you want with me?

-Rupert: Want with you? Nothing, really. I just wanted to meet one.

-Bishop: Oh.

-Rupert: I told you, I’m an explorer.

-Bishop: Huh… well… what do you think?

-Rupert: Hmm… [Sip] Not what I’d expected.

-Bishop: How so?

-Rupert: You’re a little bit of a wimp.

-Bishop: Excuse me??

-Rupert: Hahaha you’re a lot more… person, than I expected. Flawed. You have worries, shame, fear to a degree. I was expecting much more beast hiding in a person, than person hiding in a beast.

-Bishop: I… mmm.

-Rupert: No offense. It’s fascinating, really. La Belle et la Bete.

-Bishop: Excuse me?

-Rupert: Ah sorry. It’s a story I read. In the end, the beast is really a handsome prince cursed to live as a monster.

-Bishop: Oh. Uh… I… don’t know about that.

-Rupert: Haha… sorry that was silly of me. Well, I’d better get back to my wagon and keep moving. I appreciate the warmth, and the company! It was a pleasure to meet you, my friend.

-Bishop: [Silence] You… should stay the night. No need to wander out in the dark. Snakes, bandits, all sorts of things an explorer might run into.

-Rupert: I told you I am quite safe, but thank you for the warning.

-Bishop: Then stay for me. I… could use the company.

-Rupert: I would very much like that. I’ll be right there.

-[Whisper and soft wind as Projection fades away. Wagon creaks in distance. Footsteps down hill.]

-Rupert: Ah… nice and toasty.

-Bishop: What… was that?

-Rupert: That… was a little trick I learned on one of my adventures. It gets harder to make it seem real the longer I’m like that, but it’s very useful for an explorer like me.

-Bishop: Heh… interesting. It seems there’s a lot more to you than meets the eye.

-Rupert: We’re not so different after all.

-Bishop: Tell me… about yourself.

-Rupert: Well, now that’s a long story…

-Bishop: Hold on… I have a feeling I’m gonna need a drink to listen to this. Bourbon?

-Rupert: That sounds lovely.

-Bishop: Rrrr… it’s really in there. Hold on, let me get my knife.

-[Clink]

-Bishop: Ah, fuck.

-Rupert: You okay?

-Bishop: Yeah… got my finger.

-Rupert: Oh jeez, be careful you big wimp.

-Bishop: Watch it, you scrawny… wimp.

-[Silence. Then laughter. Fade out on laughter and wind]

-[Fade in on rain on tent. Wind and whispers as Rupert returns from Projecting]

-Rupert: Well. That didn’t go as planned…

-Bishop: What did you see?

-Rupert: I found a faerie.

-Bishop: Oh?

-Rupert: Yeah… he was able to sap the energy from my Projection. So. That’s not good.

-Bishop: Oh.

-Rupert: Damn… I was so close to following him too. So close to the Faerie realm. Or at least a hideout of some sort…

-Bishop: Well, dinner’s ready.

-Rupert: Oh boy. Potato soup?

-Bishop: Potato soup.

-Rupert: Lovely. Thank you.

-Bishop: [Sips]

-Rupert: What?

-Bishop: What?

-Rupert: I can see a question in your eyes.

-Bishop: [Sighs] I… was wondering how long you’re planning on staying. What with your adventures and all, I was curious what you’re thinking your next move is. You’ve been here for a couple weeks. I figured you’d have moved on by now.

-Rupert: Well, I guess I hadn’t really thought about it. I’ve just been… enjoying the company.

-Bishop: I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t as well. I just worry that you’re… giving up your work.

-Rupert: Oh hush. Projecting allows me to do plenty. This way… I can still be home in time for dinner.

-Bishop: Home? It’s a tent in the middle of nowhere.

-Rupert: Well… I mean… I don’t know what I mean.

-Bishop: I never know what you mean.

-[Laughter]

-[Fade in on night ambience. Campfire burning]

-Rupert: Psst. Pssst. Hey.

-Bishop: Mmmm…

-Rupert: Are you awake?

-Bishop: I am now.

-Rupert: I have an idea.

-Bishop: Uh oh.

-Rupert: Shut up.

-Bishop: You shut up. I’m trying to sleep.

-Rupert: I want you to come with me.

-[Silence]

-Rupert: Did you hear me?

-Bishop: Yes.

-Rupert: Well?

-Bishop: Yes.

-Rupert: Yes, you’ll come with me, or yes you’re an asshole?

-[Silence]

-Bishop: Yes.

-Rupert: [Laughs] I love you.

-Bishop: I love you too.

-Rupert: Oh.

-Bishop: What?

-Rupert: You just… said that a lot easier than I thought you might.

-Bishop: Well, it’s true.

-[Silence]

-Rupert: Ian.

-Bishop: [Rolling over and looking at Rupert] Yes, Rupert?

-Rupert: Thank you.

-Bishop: For what?

-Rupert: For everything. You’ve been so sweet, so kind, so understanding. You let me into your life, and I know it’s been strange but… I just… I… I don’t know what I’m saying.

-Bishop: You never do. So for once, just stop talking.

-[Rustling as Bishop crawls over to Rupert]

-Rupert: What are you-

-[Kissing]

-Rupert: Ian… Mmm…

-Bishop: MmmMMMMmmm… oh, your hand… I… mmm… Rupert…

-Rupert: Shhh… [Undoing belt] Just lay back, that’s it. Let me take care of you. You work so hard, all the time… Going out and fetching supplies, keeping me safe while I work… you’re so good to me, Ian… I just want to be good to you too.

-Bishop: Rupert… ah… [Kissing]

-Rupert: Mmmm… that’s it… oh I love your body, Ian. Look at you... Your handsome face, your thick chest, your smooth stomach, your strong thighs… oh… this cock…

-Bishop: Rupert… mmm…

-Rupert: Shh… Let me just… rest my head in your lap, and stroke this perfect cock… mmm I love the way you play with my hair… moan for me… let me know how good I make you feel…

-Bishop: Oh god that’s so good…

-Rupert: Mmm these thighs of yours… [Kissing] so warm and smooth… mmm so muscular and strong… god I love you…

-Bishop: I love you too, Rupert…

-Rupert: Shhh… just… enjoy this… enjoy me… mmm these balls. God they look so heavy, Ian. Let me help you release. I need you to let go… of all this tension… mmm all this cum. You need this sweetheart. Need this release. Mmm… oh are you close big boy?

-Bishop: Fuck…

-Rupert: There you go, Ian… there you go… just release it all in my mouth. Cum for me, Ian. Mmm… cum for me… [Slow blowjob and swallowing] Mmmmmmmmm…

-Bishop: Oh god, Rupert… oh god yes… mmmm… ah…

-Rupert: Mmmm… [Kissing] Fuck that was a lot… haha… It’s been… a while, hasn’t it…?

-Bishop: Yeah it uh… has. But you are gonna make up for it…

-Rupert: I am? OH!

-[Rustle as Bishop picks up Rupert and pulls him into his lap]

-Rupert: Mmm… I’m not just some toy for you to pick up and play with you know.

-Bishop: This was the fastest way to get you into my lap, baby. [Kissing] And yes… you kind of are. [Kissing]

-Rupert: Mmm…

-Bishop: Shh… now it’s your turn to moan and whimper for me baby. That’s it… lean back into me, and let me hold you in my arms. Let me take care of you. Mmm… this soft neck of yours… [Kissing] so tender and… mmm… warm… [Growl]

-Rupert: Ian…

-Bishop: Mmm… shh… no words baby boy… now it’s your turn to be my little plaything. [Tears cloth] Open your mouth, that’s it. Good boy. That ought to keep you quiet. Mmm… now, to make you make some noise… mmm it’s been a while since I tasted your soft skin… [Growl and Lick] Mmm… god you are delicious, baby… my soft lover. Ooh… that shiver. You like my tongue on your neck… and here along your ear… Mmm… Yeah… I think you do… how about if I pinch these nipples… mmm make you whimper into the gag. That’s it… make some noise for me, my soft little human. Good boy…

-Rupert: [Moaning through the gag]

-Bishop: Good boy… such a good boy… that’s it… buck your hips up into my hand… fuck my fingers baby… Mmm your body is so warm and small in my lap like this… I love it… my little loverboy… so sweet and precious… but also so needy… I can tell you’ve been lonely for some time too with how desperate just my hand is getting you… Mmm… [Spit] Here, let me lube up my fingers… there we go… mmm grip you nice and tight while I stroke all along your shaft… feel it throbbing in my fingers… so eager to explode… mmm do you want to cum for me? Hmm? Do you want to cum all over my hand… my good boy… oh there you go… there you go… just let it all go baby… let it all go… oh… that’s it… mmm… that’s it… good boy…

-Rupert: [Spits out gag] Come here-

-[Kissing]

-Bishop: I love you, Rupert. I love you…

-Rupert: I love you too, Ian… so much…

-Harris: Well now… What do we have here…? Couple of lovebirds…

-[Bishop Growls]

-Harris: Ah ah ah… [Cocks revolver] Down, doggy. Yeah you stay right there, or I put a bullet in your boyfriend here.

-Rupert: What do you want?

-Harris: What do we want? Well that’s mighty polite of you to ask… First, we’re going to take away everything this bastard has. Then we’re gonna skin him and hang him on my wall.

-Rupert: My wagon is just over there. You can help yourself to whatever money I have. There’s priceless artifacts-

-Harris: Shut your fuckin mouth, pretty boy. We don’t want your money. [Pats head]

-Bishop: Don’t you fucking touch him!

-Harris: You watch your tone, or this trigger finger is gonna get pretty slippery, and then who knows what’s gonna happen next. No… We’ve got more intimate business here. You see, this beastie here slaughtered two towns’ cattle, horses, pets. That’s their food. Business. Livelihoods. Gone. You seen the foundations down that hill there? Seen what used to be homes for real people? He made this place a barren wasteland. You understand? This fucker ran us all dry. And then when we send my partner and some men to hunt him down, they goes missing. All we ever found were some bones. People keep telling me he died out in these hills. I told them no, he was stronger than that. He could never be brought down by some animal. Now I know. Ian Bishop did die out here. All that’s left is this feral dog, and I’m here to put it down.

-Rupert: Bishop…? Ian what is he…

-Harris: I said shut the fuck- up! [Pistol whips Rupert]

-[Bishop growls and changes, leaping onto Harris and killing him. Gunshots and screams as the other two men meet the same fate. Blood spilling, and Bishop eating.]

-Rupert: Ian…?

-[Growls]

-Rupert: Ian… it’s me… Rupert… I-

-[Bishop roars and leaps onto Rupert]

-Rupert: IAN!!!

-[Whispers and wind as Projection fades. Footsteps away. ]

-Rupert: Whispers] Ian please…

-[Roaring and running about growling in the near distance]

-[Fade out]

-[Fade in on soft wind. Wagon wheels creak. Footsteps. Paper crumple and writing.]

-Rupert: [Writing] It’s been weeks now… I’m worried about you. I don’t know where you went, or if you’re even still… you. I don’t care what you did. We can make it right. We can move on together. I’m leaving this note here at the camp, along with a special stone. If you can find yourself, and come back here… use this to contact me, and we’ll find each other. Another time, another place. It doesn’t matter. Just, come back to me. Come back, Ian.

-[Fold paper. Set stone on ground. Silence. Footsteps and wagon wheels. Fade out.]