

COWBOYS

A SALOON - DAY

Two cowboys, ABRAHAM and GREYSON, sit at the bar.

ABRAHAM

Scorching day like today makes a man wonder if Hell could really be that much worse.

GREYSON

I hear that. I'd kill for some ice in these drinks.

The DOUBLE DOORS SWING OPEN.

ENTER SKITTLESCANDY, fursuit head on, otherwise dressed as ABRAHAM and GREYSON.

SKITTLESCANDY marches up to the bar and takes a seat right next to Greyson.

SKITTLESCANDY takes off his fursuit head; he is still very cute without it.

SKITTLESCANDY

Funny thing 'bout these trails, is you never know who you'll meet next, what kind of... mischief... you'll get up to in your time together.

SKITTLESCANDY puts on a cowboy hat.

GREYSON

SkittlesCandy did you fuck a random other gay furry again.

SKITTLESCANDY

Gay furry? Heh. Well, I don't know anything about that. He may have said something about his orientation while I was sniffing his good-fox bulge, I don't recall.

ABRAHAM

Here we go.

GREYSON

Why do you always TELL us you do this?

SKITTLESCANDY

One thing always leads into another. Bartender! A glass of the usual! As I was moseying around the cliffs by Amarillo Way,

ABRAHAM

There's no cows there.

SKITTLESCANDY

Searching in my heart for what it means to be a man, or a puppy as the case may be,

ABRAHAM

SkittlesCandy what kind of cowboy ARE you?

SKITTLESCANDY

As I arrived at a scenic overlook, I come across another lone wanderer, sitting there on the edge of the cliff, staring off into these beautiful lands. I came to find out that he was a fursuit maker, and that for inspiration on his newest design, he was out pondering the blazing sun, and the way the air smolders twice, once as the heat from the sun comes down to us, and then a second time as the earth, already full of the sun's generous gift, belches the excess heat back out continuously. He was going to turn all of that aesthetic into a fennec fox, whose fur looked as bright and as hot as the desert day before us. Well I thought he looked pretty cute, so I asked him if I could give him head while we were there together.

GREYSON

That's weird.

SKITTLESCANDY

Weird? How so?

GREYSON

It's weird that thinking someone is cute made you think you wanted his penis in your mouth.

SKITTLESCANDY

It was less about his foxy peepee in my maw, I suppose,

ABRAHAM

You need brain surgery.

SKITTLESCANDY

That would be so hot!!

SKITTLESCANDY fans himself with his cowboy hat for a moment.

The Bartender puts a glass of whiskey in front of SkittlesCandy.

SKITTLESCANDY drops his hat to give a heart symbol with his

hands to the bartender.

SKITTLESCANDY puts on a different cowboy hat.

SKITTLESCANDY

I'll tell you one secret about these trails for free, Greyson, Abraham. Sometimes it is your turn for everything to be all about you, and sometimes it isn't your turn right now. And in that moment, it wasn't about how I wanted to feel his hard, throbbing cock pressed against the insides of my mouth, although yes, I did enjoy that,

GREYSON

Weird.

SKITTLESCANDY

It was imagining how it would make HIM feel. What mattered was imagining that moment from his point of view, and thinking about what might take it from good to spectacular.

GREYSON

So then, HE ALSO received this "your genitals in my open oral mouth" plan, and was like, oh yeah, thumbs up, sounds perfect?

SKITTLESCANDY

When he shot, I thought, heh, wouldn't it be ironic? To drown in the desert?

ABRAHAM and GREYSON

True.

SKITTLESCANDY

He was wearing a full fursuit this entire time, as well, if I didn't mention.

ABRAHAM

Where do you people come from?

SKITTLESCANDY

I think that's what life is about. Two homosexual male furries, spending some time together relieving our urges, opening our bodies for one another.

GREYSON

That sounds like an unbelievably narrow philosophy for what the meaning of life is, you just without a thought left out ALL women!

SKITTLESCANDY

Women... can watch.

GREYSON thinks about this for a moment.

ABRAHAM and GREYSON

True.

SKITTLESCANDY

This is the life of the only gay furry cowboy out on the trails.

ABRAHAM

It seems like you have a neverending supply of premarital sodomy, it seems like more people exactly like you are spawned fully formed into the world every day to shamelessly copulate with one another.

SKITTLESCANDY drinks his drink.

ABRAHAM

Well, it sounds like your day was good.

SKITTLESCANDY

It was SO good, being a cowboy was the BEST choice I ever made.

SKITTLESCANDY drinks more of his drink, until finally the effect seems to hit him.

SKITTLESCANDY

Phew. Um, so anyways, how was y'all's days?

GREYSON

Good.

ABRAHAM

Fine.

SKITTLESCANDY

Cool.

GREYSON

SkittlesCandy, now here's a question I want your perspective on.

SKITTLESCANDY

Lay it on me.

GREYSON

Abraham and I were talking earlier. Say it's a lonely day out on the trail. The opportunity presents itself... you and an animal... no humans around. Would you do it?

SKITTLESCANDY takes a long, thoughtful sip of his drink, and then idly begins rolling the bottom of the glass against the bar counter. He responds to Greyson's question by saying,

SKITTLESCANDY

What kind of animal are we talkin'?

GREYSON

An animal is an animal.

SKITTLESCANDY

What. kind. of animal. are we talkin? I don't need some rat-lookin wee little doggy who's gonna hump my boot and get moody that he didn't find the hole; I need an alpha with serious sink-your-snout-into-it fuckability; I need a butt so good I would do unlawful things to impress that butt's owner enough to get my face on it; I need a confident, beautiful lover; I need a playmate who feels dangerous in all the right ways; I. need. a winner.; So are we talkin about THAT kind of animal, when you ask if I would have sex with an animal, if no human was around? I'll tell you one secret about these trails, is it doesn't matter what species or gender some screwball scientist would say this living being or that living being is. The bottom line is that we're all living beings. As sure as I am that the sun will rise tomorrow, I'm sure that me and a captivating woman could find ourselves out on the trail together, cracking jokes, sharing our philosophies, and by the time we've had sex, someone could ask me, "Was she beautiful?" and I'd have to say, "Beautiful? Of course. I didn't even look at her. Beauty originates on the inside."

ABRAHAM

It seems like when you talk about dudes you find them beautiful on the outside as well.

SKITTLESCANDY

And people would ask me, about this beautiful woman I've had sex with, "Was she a mare?" And I'd have to ponder that a good long while, and say, "Well I don't suppose I noticed one way or the other at the time."

GREYSON

You should be able to notice that.

SKITTLESCANDY

Hard to tell male from female, human from horse. So sure, if me and someone who turned out to be a mare wound up sharing some intimate time with one another, relieving our urges, acting out our needs, I would say it sounds like a day well spent, and two lives made better than they were when the sun had rose that day. But I'll tell you one secret about these trails, and that's that the Well of Bestiality is located in the basement of this here saloon; Bestiality isn't something that dwells within the hearts of men, sometimes nascent and sometimes turbulent; Bestiality isn't something that happens as an inevitable consequence of intermixing multiple sexually reproducing species in the same sandbox; Bestiality originates in the Well of Bestiality, which is a magical font from which zoophilia flows into our world, causing bestiality to exist upon this planet; There is one and only one font of interspecies hanky panky, one source of zoophilia, one Well of Bestiality, and it's under this very saloon.

ABRAHAM

That is an absolutely insane coincidence.

GREYSON

What do you mean?

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah, how so?

ABRAHAM

That we were just talking about bestiality, and it turns out the source of all bestiality is right below these very floorboards.

GREYSON

Hm!

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah I go and fuck with it all the time, pretty crazy right, some guy came in once and said I was also the cause of all the gay furries that are coming into existence fully formed to fuck each other every day, and I was like whaaaat you're crazy, shut up.

GREYSON

Can we go look at the Well of Bestiality?

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah, lemme finish my drink and then let's totally go down there.

1 REMAINDER OF DRINK LATER.

SALOON BASEMENT - INTERIOR, DAY

ABRAHAM, GREYSON, and SKITTLESCANDY stand in front of the Well of Bestiality.

SKITTLESCANDY

So yeah I kinda come here and like can control whether a tonnnnn of bestiality is getting into the world or just a little, it's pretty cool.

ABRAHAM

Ah, but there is a curse at play such that you can never turn the fountain OFF.

SKITTLESCANDY

Huh? Oh I guess I never tried.

ABRAHAM sighs.

SKITTLESCANDY

I kinda think it's hot when someone has had sex with an animal in a bestiality way and then they have sex with me, so sometimes when I'm feeling n-to-the-aughty on that grindset I turn the Well of Bestiality waayyyyyy up.

GREYSON

Ah, but then later you realize that for there to be balance, you must also turn the well DOWN sometimes.

SKITTLESCANDY

Actually I guess it kind of goes down on its own over time and I only ever really turn it up.

GREYSON

You sinful... sinful man. Dog. No, man!

ABRAHAM

SkittlesCandy, you have got to turn the Well of Bestiality OFF!

The three cowboys stand there for a while.

SKITTLESCANDY

I meannnn... do we... haaaave to turn it off?

GREYSON

We coulddd kinda just... just at least a little bit, of bestiality, should still be allowed to happen, still, right?

ABRAHAM

Mmmmmmm yeahhhhhh, yeah I suppose a little bit... now and then... I'm glad for those times- UH yeah a little bit of activity, springing forth from the Well of Bestiality, is, yknow, none of our business, let's just let it be that God wanted this here for His reason, Amen.

SKITTLESCANDY and GREYSON

Amen.

ABRAHAM and GREYSON

True.

SKITTLESCANDY

Well boys, I'm just gonna turn this up while we're here.

SKITTLESCANDY turns the Well of Bestiality super far up.

SKITTLESCANDY

There we go, easy does it. Uh, anything else you wanted to see, with the font of all zoophilia?

ABRAHAM

Does the well itself have a known origin?

SKITTLESCANDY

A crazy guy put it here a thousand years ago, or something.

ABRAHAM

Huh.

GREYSON

Just. A crazy guy. And now all this. Now- YOU, SkittlesCandy, oh my gosh, no wonder you would never turn off the Well of Bestiality, you would cease to exist, wouldn't you! Wouldn't you!

SKITTLESCANDY

Ha, I guess probably.

SKITTLESCANDY cups his hands and draws a big scoop out of the Well of Bestiality and slurps it all up.

SKITTLESCANDY

I have urges that do NOT involve the two of you.

GREYSON

Just one more question.

SKITTLESCANDY

Yeah what is it, this better be good, I have hot things to do bestiality style.

GREYSON

Could it be that there is an even greater font, a Well of Evil, and that, by finding it, and damming its flow, we could bring paradise... to us?

SKITTLESCANDY

Man I don't know! Is that, like, relevant? I got doggy style literal style on the mind.

ABRAHAM

Just a MOMENT ago at the bar it had seemed like you were winding DOWN from your sexual escapades for the day.

SKITTLESCANDY

Man I drank from the forbidden drink, now I'm screwing the midnight pooch, what do you want from me?

GREYSON

"Screwing the midnight pooch" is so deeply not a phrase.

SKITTLESCANDY

Someone has to have sex with these animals. They need it. They need it because the Well of Bestiality is set to the maximum. They need it because I set it on that.

GREYSON

Well, it's been so good to see you and catch up, sir.

SKITTLESCANDY

Sir, I am always better in your company, it's always an honor.

ABRAHAM

Partner, you shine on. Cowboys forever.

SKITTLESCANDY

Cowboys forever, partner. You know, rumors say the Well of Bestiality has higher settings. Hm. Well, anyways, I look forward to sharing your company another day, gentlemen.

SKITTLESCANDY exits.

ABRAHAM

I must return to the world outside these saloon doors as well, I suppose. Ol ball and chain.

GREYSON

Heh, good luck explaining your bar tab this time, you no good lyin man!

ABRAHAM

Ha, I am in for it, I am in for it alright.

ABRAHAM exits.

GREYSON looks at the Well of Bestiality.

GREYSON nods to himself, and then exits as well.