

The motion. EDDIE

She probably invented the motion. AL

Sixteen hundred? EDDIE

No way. AL

No. EDDIE

Eighteen hundred if she's an ounce. AL

Baby got back. EDDIE

She does. Course, I'm more of a flipper man, myself. AL

(MORTIMER (also wearing Groucho glasses) saunters by.)

Hey. What are you punks doing? MORTIMER

It's a free country. AL

Not around here it ain't. Get the fuck off my sand. Go back to one of the loser beaches where you belong. MORTIMER

If this is your beach, it must be a loser beach. Loser. EDDIE

Listen to the punk. You call yourself an elephant seal? What a laugh. I've got wives bigger than you. Hell, I've stomped weaners bigger than you. MORTIMER

I'll rip your throat open. EDDIE

Cool down, Eddie. Let's take a walk. AL

*(MORTIMER follows EDDIE and AL offstage. MORTIMER
patrols the beach for a while and exits. EDDIE and AL return.)*

AL
Bastard.

EDDIE
He's got it made, though, doesn't he? The girls.

AL
The pool.

EDDIE
The private beach.

AL
The whole nine yards. The life of an alpha male.

EDDIE
I hate this beta shit.

AL
Beta. Gamma. Delta. We're low on the totem pole.

EDDIE
Did you see the size of his...thing?

AL
Proboscis.

EDDIE
Must have been two feet long.

AL
Schnoz.

EDDIE
Look at me.

AL
Schozzle. Schnozzola.

EDDIE
Well?

AL
Fourteen inches, at the very least. Fifteen maybe.

Sexual Perversity in Año Nuevo

PLAYWRIGHT'S NAME
PLAYWRIGHT'S EMAIL ADDRESS

Fourteen? EDDIE

Fifteen. For sure. AL

Is that all? EDDIE

Gotta be patient. AL

EDDIE
Patient? I'm dying, Al. Every morning for the last two years I've woken up so horny I just want to scream. I'll screw anything. Anything.

(EDDIE drops to his knees and lunges at AL's leg and wraps his arms around it.)

Easy, Eddie. AL

Sorry. EDDIE

Pity about the flippers. AL

What? EDDIE

If we had hands, at least we could masturbate. AL

So it gets to you, too? EDDIE

The urge to merge. AL

The drive to dive. EDDIE

Yeah. AL

What do you do about it? EDDIE

Sexual Perversity in Año Nuevo

PLAYWRIGHT'S NAME
PLAYWRIGHT'S EMAIL ADDRESS

Eat.	AL
Eat?	EDDIE
Eat.	AL
You mean sublimate.	EDDIE
No, Eddie. We're talking bulk.	AL
Bulk.	EDDIE
Body weight. Mortimer?	AL
Yeah?	EDDIE
Six thousand pounds.	AL
No way.	EDDIE
Your teeth may be sharp, but we're like matchsticks to him. Gotta bulk up.	AL
But what...about...the girls?	EDDIE
Give it a rest, Eddie. At six years old, odds are you won't get to mate for at least four more years.	AL
Four years? I'll die, Al. From pure frustration. I'm not gonna make it.	EDDIE
Ever play chess?	AL
Me?	EDDIE

Sexual Perversity in Año Nuevo

PLAYWRIGHT'S NAME
PLAYWRIGHT'S EMAIL ADDRESS

Checkers then.	AL
Sure.	EDDIE
Somebody wins, somebody loses, right?	AL
Right.	EDDIE
Same with sex. One female. Who gets her?	AL
The biggest...	EDDIE
baddest...	AL
meanest...	EDDIE
motherfucker out there.	AL
Four years.	EDDIE
Unless. You change the rules.	AL
What?	EDDIE
Three card monte. One winner. One loser. Just like checkers. Except.	AL
Except.	EDDIE
You run a con.	AL
A scam?	EDDIE

AL

A strategy. If you're gonna evolve, you gotta have a strategy.

EDDIE

I thought we were intelligently designed.

AL

Eddie. We're built like three-thousand pound slugs. We've got noses two feet long. Our mothers abandon us when we're one month old. Our fathers try to trample us to death. We gotta learn how to swim all by ourselves, in an ocean that's crawling with great white sharks.

EDDIE

All that and we got no hands. So what's the con?

AL

What did he say?

EDDIE

Mortimer?

AL

I've got wives bigger than you.

EDDIE

So?

AL

I say we go with it.

EDDIE

It.

(AL runs off stage and returns with two bras or bikini tops. He hands one to EDDIE and puts the other on.)

EDDIE (cont.)

What's this?

AL

We're fake like we're girls. You go flirt with Mortimer. Keep him occupied. I'll slip into the harem like I'm one of the wives and have myself a good time. Then we swap.

EDDIE

I don't know, Al.

AL

You wanna get laid? Put it on.

(EDDIE puts on the top.)

EDDIE

How do I look?

AL

Perfect. Just like Tony Curtis. There's only one problem.

EDDIE

Uh oh.

AL

The old proboscis.

EDDIE

The schnoz!

AL

At four hundred yards you'd be safe, but up close those fourteen inches are going to stand out.

EDDIE

Fifteen.

AL

Here, use this.

(AL pulls a hand fan from his back pocket and hands it to EDDIE.)

EDDIE

I can't do it, Al. I wouldn't know what to say.

AL

Four years, Eddie. I'll tell you what. I'll take Mortimer and give you first crack at the harem.

EDDIE

Really? You'd do that for me?

AL

Sure thing, kid. What are friends for?

(EDDIE passes the fan to AL. They exit. MORTIMER saunters on stage and looks around. A little later, AL enters, fluttering "her" eyes behind the fan to attract MORTIMER's attention, but evading him later when he gets too interested.)

MORTIMER

Hey, sister. Do I know you?

AL

I'm new here. You know where a girl can get some decent calamari?

MORTIMER

You don't want calamari.

AL

I don't?

MORTIMER

You want six thousand pounds of bull elephant. Let's do it in sand, baby.

AL

What, no foreplay?

MORTIMER

You're good sized, too. I like a girl with some meat on her bones.

AL

It's probably just water retention. I'm a little bloated this time of month.

MORTIMER

You women. Always playing hard to get.

AL

Well, maybe you could do something to impress me.

MORTIMER

Ain't I impressive enough just to look at?

AL

I mean, how do I know you could defend me?

MORTIMER

What are you talking about? Nobody touches Mortimer's dames.

AL

Well, either there's some hot girl on girl action going down in the harem or you've got an uninvited guest.

MORTIMER

What the fuck? It's that little beta puke. He's going to pay for this.

(MORTIMER runs off. AL watches the spectacle unfold, wincing in sympathy.)

AL

Oof...Oh...Oh, man...Oh, Eddie.

(MORTIMER returns bleeding, disheveled and panting. He drags EDDIE's body in with him and drops it at AL's feet.)

MORTIMER

What do you think of that, babe? Can I defend my harem, or what?

AL

You were magnificent. That was so...so...alpha of you.

MORTIMER

That runt's not going to bother anybody any more. Man, those little punks wear me out. I thought he'd run, but he went for my throat.

AL

He bit you! Your neck, it's bleeding. Let me see.

MORTIMER

Ow. Don't touch me. I'll be OK. I just need to rest up.

AL

Maybe when you're feeling better you could wander down to the harem. You might even find me there.

MORTIMER

You go find a primo spot. I'll bone you when my neck heals up. You'll like it.

AL

I'll be waiting, big guy.

(MORTIMER staggers off.)

AL

It was nothing personal, Eddie. You just gotta have the right strategy for the game.

(AL tosses the fan away.)

Hello, girls. How 'bout it!

END OF PLAY