MORTIMER A 12-year-old elephant seal. The alpha male.
EDDIE A 6-year-old male elephant seal.
AL A 7-year-old male elephant seal.

(EDDIE and AL are standing on the beach at Año Neuvo State Park, dressed as typical (human) males, except that they're wearing "Groucho glasses" with a prominent nose.)

EDDIE
Al. Check this one out.

AL
Where?

EDDIE
Two o'clock.

AL
Oh my goodness.

EDDIE
You think she's...

AL
Experienced?

EDDIE
Yeah.

AL
You think?

EDDIE
What do you think?

AL
Written all over her.

EDDIE
Yeah.

AL
She knows the moves.
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.

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

MORTIMER

Hey. What are you punks doing?

AL

It's a free country.

MORTIMER

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

EDDIE

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

MORTIMER

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.

EDDIE

I'll rip your throat open.

MORTIMER

AL

Cool down, Eddie. Let's take a walk.
(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. Schoonzola.

EDDIE
Well?

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

Fifteen. For sure.

Is that all?

Gotta be patient.

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.

Sorry.

Pity about the flippers.

What?

If we had hands, at least we could masturbate.

So it gets to you, too?

The urge to merge.

The drive to dive.

Yeah.

What do you do about it?
AL
Eat.

EDDIE
Eat?

AL
Eat.

EDDIE
You mean sublimate.

AL
No, Eddie. We're talking bulk.

EDDIE
Bulk.

AL
Body weight. Mortimer?

EDDIE
Yeah?

AL
Six thousand pounds.

EDDIE
No way.

AL
Your teeth may be sharp, but we're like matchsticks to him. Gotta bulk up.

EDDIE
But what...about...the girls?

AL
Give it a rest, Eddie. At six years old, odds are you won't get to mate for at least four more years.

EDDIE
Four years? I'll die, Al. From pure frustration. I'm not gonna make it.

AL
Ever play chess?

EDDIE
Me?
AL

Checkers then.

EDDIE

Sure.

AL

Somebody wins, somebody loses, right?

EDDIE

Right.

AL

Same with sex. One female. Who gets her?

EDDIE

The biggest...

AL

baddest...

EDDIE

meanest...

AL

motherfucker out there.

EDDIE

Four years.

AL

Unless. You change the rules.

EDDIE

What?

AL


EDDIE

Except.

AL

You run a con.

EDDIE

A scam?
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.

(EDDIE 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?
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