***An Excerpt from***

**DOING IT FOR THE PENGUINS**

**By**

**David Bulmer**

Staging Note : The suggestion for this monologue is that it would be staged by an actor peddling a bike on the stage. A training stand for the back wheel will successfully allow for the theatrical intent of the journey to be realised.

*DARKNESS*

*Suddenly LIGHTS UP simultaneously with SOUND FX ‘BICYCLE’ by QUEEN*

*ALISON appears wearing a cycling helmet, work blouse and lycra bike pants.*

*In a dream sequence (of sorts) ALISON pumps, preens and pimps her bike to the music!*

*MUSIC cuts*

*She continues to pump her front tyre up as she sings the opening lyrics to Julian Lennon’s Saltwater :*

‘We are a rock revolving around a golden sun

We are a million people rolled into one

And when I think about the hole in the sky

Saltwater wells in my eyes…’

**ALISON:**

World Environment Day!

And although I’ll miss my Honda Civic, I’m doing my bit to reduce my carbon footprint by donning these lycra shorts *(aside)* everyone’s bum looks big in lycra…and riding my bike to work.

*ALISON finishes pumping her tyre and places the pump in her handbag which is on the front handlebars and jumps onto her bike and begins to slowly peddle*

Who needs orbital freeways and cross city tunnels when you can ride to work and take in the many scenic wonders so often overlooked?

But as I roll past my letter box and cruise down the end of my street corner I am about to face my own inconvenient truth…

King Street Newtown… *(Insert your own local busy street/road here)*

*ALISON stops peddling*

Thank God. A red traffic light…

*She places her feet up on the handle bars. She is blissfully, dreamily happy.*

This is how it should be, taking the time to breathe the leaden fumes of the cars of yesteryear.

I should Tweet that!

*She takes out her mobile phone from her bike basket*

The light turns green. Why can’t we all just turn a little more green…

*She stands up on her peddles*

Good morning citizens of King Street! I dedicate this morning with one less car on the road, mine, to all those penguins in Antarctica living under an ever widening hole in the sky!

*She breaks back into singing SALTWATER*

‘Cos they have lived for love but now that’s not enough

Cos the world they love is dying…’

*A loud blast of a CAR HORN suddenly interrupts her…*

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO PURCHASE THE**

**FULL TRANSCRIPT OF THIS MONOLOGUE?**

**Email David Bulmer on**

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