

## Plastic Wrap

*Lights low. A windy day on a Cornish island. Broadcaster enters unaffected by the wind and strews a few bits of plastic around the stage and onto the rock which stands centre stage.*

**BROADCASTER:** The shipping forecast issued by the Met Office, on behalf of the Maritime and Coastguard Agency at 10.55 on Thursday 27th September 2012. (Pause) Portland, Plymouth, Sole, storm force 10 backing north easterly. Rough.

*The wind drops. Lights up. Pengelly enters from behind the rock and picks up the plastic.*

**PENGELLY:** (to the wind) Thank you. Calm at last. Peace at last. Bloody plastic. Where's it all coming from?

*The wind picks up briefly and Pengelly struggles against it before sitting down to eat a sandwich. He doesn't finish it and wraps the remainder up again in plastic.*

**PENGELLY:** (to plastic) You do have your uses but keep away from my island. This is my place, my sanctuary, my escape.

*Pengelly relaxes against the rock.*

**PENGELLY:** No nagging, no cajoling, no recriminations, no disappointment, no pressure. What a good idea this was. Peace at last.

*Pengelly enjoys a few moments peace before his mobile phone rings and jolts him back to reality. He answers the call and Base enters upstage.*

**PENGELLY:** (irritated) Hello.

**BASE:** Base calling Gull Island, can you hear me?

**PENGELLY:** Receiving you loud and clear. Can you hear me?

**BASE:** Loud and clear boy, loud and clear. Still enjoying the peace and quiet Pengelly?

**PENGELLY:** When I can Base, when I can.

**BASE:** Lucky you, getting away from it all.

**PENGELLY:** Getting away from you all!

**BASE:** Now, now don't start.

**PENGELLY:** Where's that supply boat?

**BASE:** Boat's on it's way Pengelly. Don't worry.

**PENGELLY:** I'm running low on supplies.

**BASE:** You'll get them.

**PENGELLY:** I've heard that for over a week now.

**BASE:** Don't worry lad. The winds must drop soon.  
You'll be our first port of call.

**PENGELLY:** Can't you mighty mainland people do something about the wind?

**BASE:** We're working on that one. Never seen winds like these. In all my forty years. They've never been as persistant as this.

**PENGELLY:** Shame you're not as persistant. I'm getting fed up with beans. Literally fed up.

**BASE:** Don't fuss lad. It'll have to change soon. Strange times though. The local fishermen tell us there's huge amounts of plastic moving out in the Atlantic and it looks like it's blowing your way. We're not sure why. Boss wants you to concentrate on monitoring the levels of plastic on the island.

**PENGELLY:** Fine by me but I won't be able to finish the main survey. Something's not right with all this plastic. Boss has remembered I'm only here for one more week?

**BASE:** Just do what you can lad.

**PENGELLY:** Okay. Will do.

**BASE:** Good. Talk again tomorrow. Over and...

**PENGELLY:** Before you go.

**BASE:** Yes. How can I help?

**PENGELLY:** Send that effing supply boat.

**BASE:** And out.

*Pengelly picks up some binoculars from the rock and looks out to sea.*

**PENGELLY:** There's nobody out there. Just me alone on Gull Island. And relax. I can do as I chose. I can live as I chose. I can think as I chose. I can be as I chose.

*Pengelly is distracted by the sound of gulls overhead.*

**PENGELLY:** Just how we like it, isn't it fellas? Nobody to bother us. It's good to get away, cut the cords and be me. Don't you agree fellas?

*Gulls squawk. Pengelly wipes gull droppings from an eye. The wind picks up blowing Pengelly towards the rock.*

**PENGELLY:** Will you calm down!  
*As if the elements hear Pengelly, the wind suddenly drops.*

**PENGELLY:** Thank you. Perhaps I can do some work now.  
*Pengelly takes out file and paper and begins to survey the amount of plastic on the island. Lights down. A storm begins to rage. Broadcaster enters, strews more plastic around and wraps a gull in plastic leaving it on the rock.*

**BROADCASTER:** The shipping forecast issued by the Met Office, on behalf of the Maritime and Coastguard Agency at 09:55 on Thursday 4th October 2012. (pause) Portland, Plymouth, Sole, violent storm force 11 backing north easterly. Rough to very rough.  
*Pengelly appears from behind the rock looking more dishevelled. Pengelly has plastic stuck to one leg and has to try hard to kick it off.*

**PENGELLY:** (with self-deceit) Just a light breeze again.  
*Pengelly bends over in pain.*

**PENGELLY:** It's so hard to breathe. This wind is suffocating.  
Where's that boat?  
*Pengelly gets the binoculars.*

**PENGELLY:** Still nothing. Bastards. Remember me, Pengelly, out here on my own with no supplies. I should be going home today. Can you hear me? I should be going home today.

*Pengelly's mobile rings.*

**PENGELLY:** Yes.

**BASE:** Base to Gull Island, can you hear me?

**PENGELLY:** Yes.

**BASE:** How are you lad?

*Pengelly's breathing is slightly laboured but he tries to mask this.*

**PENGELLY:** Pissed off. Well pissed off. I'm supposed to be going home today.

**BASE:** We're trying our best. We can't risk sending a boat out until the winds drop.

**PENGELLY:** Send Trelawny, he'll make it no problem.

**BASE:** Sorry Pengelly, you know we can't do that.

**PENGELLY:** Just for me?

**BASE:** Them's the rules lad.

**PENGELLY:** Sod the rules.

**BASE:** Forecast shows there'll probably be a break in the weather this afternoon. We might be able to try then.

*Silence*

**BASE:** How are you managing with the supplies?

**PENGELLY:** Okay as long as the water purifier holds out.

**BASE:** Keep in there Pengelly. How's the plastic survey going? Anything we need to know.

**PENGELLY:** Yes.

**BASE:** What's that?

**PENGELLY:** I've found a dead gull.

**BASE:** Right. Nothing strange about that lad.

**PENGELLY:** A dead gull wrapped in plastic.

**BASE:** Wrapped in plastic.

**PENGELLY:** Yes, wrapped like a sirloin steak in the chiller cabinets at Tesco's.

**BASE:** What do you think that's about?

**PENGELLY:** Not quite sure but there is a lot of plastic around here.

**BASE:** Just keep monitoring the plastic and I'll pass this on to the boss.

**PENGELLY:** Fine.

**BASE:** Keep strong Pengelly. Can I help you with anything else?

**PENGELLY:** Yes.

**BASE:** What's that?

**PENGELLY:** Send the effing supply boat.

**BASE:** I get the message Pengelly. Over and out.