

Canary Wharf:

A very short one act play Jugular Malloy

## CAST

Pog: *He is anywhere from his mid-twenties to late forties. He is very sweaty and tired. He wears clothing appropriate for long busy shifts outside in hot weather. This might include sliders and white sports socks. He carries a Deliveroo/food courier bag on his back. The pieces of corrugated plastic that keep it in a box shape have been removed so it sags. It is dirty and well used.*

## POG

*Walks through the audience and gets on the stage. Removes his bag and gazes at the audience.*

Alright so I'm dogsitting for my girlfriend at the moment.

She lives in this 80s tower block in Canning Town, it's got the same cladding as Grenfell, actually. And it's all windows, this flat, and it is fucking. Boiling. It's like, it's on the 12<sup>th</sup> floor, and the windows are these old 80s windows and you can only open them a crack otherwise the wind'll knock em off their hinges and they'll just smash to the ground.

And this dog is *huge*, like, he's *huge*, he's a Bully Kutta dog that her family rescued from dog fighters back home in Pakistan and he's just... massive. Nina went to visit some family in New Jersey for a couple of weeks in May so I agreed to look after Cheesecake while she was away but because of covid she got stuck there and so I'm still here delivering food to lazy wankers who don't tip and looking after this giant fucking dog.

So the other day, it was my day off, and it's... it's gotta be the hottest day of the year. So I'm spending the day just tryina keep this dog alive, so I'm just constantly checking his gums, coz when they go deep purpley red, that's when you're in trouble apparently. And I'm running cold baths, tipping ice cubes in there, refilling the ice cube trays... and just like heaving this dog into the water, which he'd then drink about half of, so then I'd have to top up the water, and then just hope that he stays in there long enough so that he cools down and he doesn't die.

So when I think I can risk it I go down and check the post... and I've got a letter with American stamps on it so I rip it open and there's a postcard from New Jersey so I read it in the lift back up and it is (*pause*) fine.

(*snap!*)

I get back into the flat and I check Cheesecake and he's fine he's on the bed chewing a soggy pillow or summin and I'm in the living room when I realise that there's something else in the envelope so I pick it out and it's a dollar bill. I hold it up to the light

which just happens to be the window you can see Canary Wharf out of and I'm looking at this thing and what I never noticed about the dollar bill before is how it has this pyramid on it, and the top of this pyramid is like another smaller pyramid and in this smaller pyramid is an eye. And I'm looking at this and then I'm looking behind it at Canary Wharf..

I do shifts in Canary Wharf sometimes and for the past month whenever I come back on the tube I've had to hold my nose as I go through the tube station which is inside an underground shopping mall at the base of the tower, and every time I've gone through there for the past month it has just *stunk*, of, like methane or sulphur, like... the gases that would be given off by something very very big, rotting.

And when I come home at night I open the curtains coz I never know do the curtains keep the heat out or do they trap it in? And every time I come home at night and I open the curtains and I see Canary Wharf there and it is always sooo... spooky. It's always pumping out some sort of fog out of the top and there's always like a blinking light that's usually green and just like, blinking in its own fog.

*(mimes holding up the dollar bill again)* and so I'm looking at this thing and I'm looking at Canary Wharf and I think... what if I just *(mimes lining them up)* and they're... they're the same.

*Looks at the audience in that really uncomfortable way people do when they say mad shit they know sounds mad but want to stay strong in their conviction*

And I'm just like...  
It's the illuminati.  
I mean  
It's right fucking there

And I just start thinking

What am I even doing about it? Y'know?  
I mean what's the point of me even being here...  
If I don't...

do something.

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Jugular Malloy, 2022



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