**Sticky Fingers**

Characters

Laura – (Female) 20-30. A member of the protest group Sticky Fingers

Alan – (Male) 40-60 A member of the museum security team

Jeff - (Male) 20-30. A member of the museum curatorial team

Edith – (Female) 60-70. A visitor to the museum.

**ALAN:** You won’t be free though will you. It will be straight off to the nick where you’ll be charged for damaging our property and being a public nuisance.

**LAURA:** Good.

**ALAN:** That’s what you want out of this is it?

**LAURA:** It won’t look good in the newspapers

**ALAN:** You’ve told the newspapers have you?

**LAURA:** (*Pauses and thinks*) To be honest I thought that you would, but if you’re not going to then I will… Trouble is my phone is in the coat pocket.

**ALAN:** (*Thinks*) So, just supposing that this is your coat, which it is not, where would I find this phone of yours.

**LAURA:** Coat pocket, the right-hand one at the front. (*ALAN goes through the pockets and pulls out a mobile phone)* There told you, now do you believe me? (*ALAN gets out some labels of his own and flicks through them until he finds one to his satisfaction and puts it, with the phone, on the display case out of Laura’s reach.)* What are you doing? Just pass it to me

**ALAN:** You can’t touch the exhibits

**LAURA:** It’s my phone. These are all my belongings

**ALAN:** You want the phone to go back to its place of origin? Could be tricky

**LAURA:** Why? I’m only six feet away. Just give it to me.

**ALAN:** You say that it’s yours, but is it? If we give it back who has it? The man who made it in some sweatshop in the Philippines?

**LAURA:** It’s my phone and my coat… Look, there’s nothing to stop me taking them once I’ve been unglued.

**ALAN:** No… that’s true… although if you do I will call for back-up and they will taser you.

**LAURA:** I’ll run for it

**ALAN:** And they will hunt you down like a dog

***This is taken from further on in the play when Jeff and Edith have joined the others***

**EDITH:** I can imagine it,

**LAURA:** Can you

**EDITH:** I’m always losing things.

**LAURA:** To people in our old colonies the losses they’ve endured have been…

**JEFF:** …Largely forgotten

**LAURA:** Then it’s the job of Sticky Fingers to remind them

**EDITH:** Oh shut up. (*To ALAN)* doesn’t she go on. (*To LAURA*) There’s no point gluing yourselves to things (*To ALAN)* or taking your trousers off, that won’t get you anywhere… Take that object there…. (*Looking at war club*)… hang on a minute.. that’s my stick that is.

**JEFF:** I don’t think so

**EDITH:** Yes it is, it’s my walking stick. They made me leave it on the way in. That’s it, you nicked it and I’m having it back.

**LAURA:** That’s what happened to me. They steal things from the cloakroom.

**JEFF:** That’s not a walking stick is it? It’s a wooden club of some sort. It was probably used for fighting but it could also have been a symbol of authority, something to indicate that the owner was the one that had the power.

**EDITH:** So if I pick it up I have the power do I?

**JEFF:** It could just as easily be for decoration or even a means of communication – A lot of academics now think that perhaps the holder would be the one that hears the words of the Gods… or maybe the ancestors…. those who look down from above and control their destiny and their lives…

**LAURA:** Like this Control Room of yours?

**EDITH:** I see…And all of these people you’re talking about lived in tribes?

**JEFF:** We certainly believe that there were tribal structures, shaman, hunters of course…

**EDITH:** Village elders?

**JEFF:** Almost certainly

**EDITH:** And they would be listened to?

**JEFF:** Of course

**EDITH:** Then shut up then and give me back my bloody stick. I’m going to sort you out

*EDITH picks up the Warclub*

**JEFF:** That’s exactly my point. There needs to be *talking* not violence

**LAURA:** That’s how you got everything else in this museum isn’t it?

**EDITH:** The phone’s hers the stick’s mine. Presumably that tatty old coat has been ripped off the back of some poor homeless person.

**LAURA:** That’s my coat.