

# The Bug Hunters

Olga Sanderson





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***We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!***

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THE BUG HUNTERS

by Olga Sanderson

CAST

MILLIE FOX

MAGGIE FOX: Millie's sister.

AL FONSO: A burglar posing as a state health inspector.

SAM STADE: Al Fonso's accomplice.

OFFICER GATES

At rise: *MILLIE and MAGGIE are in their living room.*

MAGGIE: Millie, I just heard there is a thousand-dollar reward for information on the operation of two men pretending to work for the State Health Department. And they are supposed to be working in our neighborhood. Boy, we sure could use the money!

MILLIE: If they should happen to come here, what could we do?

MAGGIE: I know. We could act like two dumb old ladies who couldn't find their way out of a paper bag...and you could put a recorder in your purse and tape them.

MILLIE: Say, that's a good idea. I'll get prepared, just in case they come here.  
*(puts a recorder in her purse, which she hangs on her arm. There's a knock at the door. MAGGIE goes to answer it)*

MAGGIE: Hello. *(two men are at the door)*

AL: Howdy, ma'am. I be Al Fonso and him be Sam Stade. We be inspectors wit' the State Board of Health. We'll just come in an' look around. Won't cost you a cent. *(he pushes her aside and steps in)*

MAGGIE: Just a minute. What you looking for?

SAM: Bugs, ma'am. What you say your name is?

MAGGIE: I'm Maggie Fox and this is my sister, Millie, and we ain't got no bugs.

MILLIE: This ain't no bughouse except for a few ants once in a while. So you needn't bother.

AL: Ladies, we hears that all the time and then what happens? The bugs drive 'em out of the home. Just relax. Sit down. We have our sound detector. Hears the vibrations of all the bad bugs. Ants ain't nuttin'. We don't bother wit' them.

MILLIE: What are the bad ones? Bed bugs? We ain't got those.

AL: Ma'am, the bad ones is the termites, the cocky roaches and the black widders.

MAGGIE: You mean termites?

SAM: Yep, lady, termites. Give me the detector, Al. You looks at the floor for their droppings. *(they move about, while the two women follow suit)*

SAM: Yep! A-HAH! Hm. Got a good crop here.

MAGGIE: May I have that detector? *(she reaches for it, and SAM slaps her hand)*

SAM: Lady, you'se got to have the ear trained for this detector.

AL: Do you know that termites can be plenty bad. Once a guy was playing his piano and it fell in his lap. The dern termites chewed the legs off. They's got teeth like buzz saws. 'Nudder time the roof fell in on top of an old couple when they was sleeping. Almost kilt 'em. Those dern buggers chewed through 'da timbers!

MAGGIE: Well, if we got them, what do we do?

SAM: Ma'am, we ain't through. Al, does you see some black widders up there? Looks like it to me. *(both exaggerate upper-view investigation)*

AL: Sure looks like it, Sam. Boy, those are some mean critters. One bite and you won't be singin' Glory Hallelujah anymore!

**END OF FREEVIEW—**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***