

YOU'VE GOTTA BE GOOD.

A red blooded tale of modern times written specially for Dozerdust  
by SNOOPER, ED.

THE CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE.

Dad Heffadust.....A Cock  
Eliza """""".....His Wife.  
Simon Deeds.....A rascal lawyer.  
Flossie Heffadust.. Their daughter.

The scene is of a poorly furnished farm kitchen. The only furniture is an old table bearing the remains of the evening meal; and two or three delapidated chairs. On the wall is a Loan & Mercantile calendar, a photogravure of Phar Lap. A faded patch over the mantel piece was where Uncle Scrim had the place of honour, but his photo has been taken down.

When the curtain rises Dad is sitting at the table filling his pipe and Eliza is busy at the stove.

ELIZA : Did you get that fencin' finished ?.

DAD : Yes. Them damn cows o' Scotts can find their own feed bermorrer.

ELIZA : Well, that's a good job.

DAD : Yes. It was worsen I thought. By gee, with all these repairs we wont make much outer the farm this year. This game has gone to holl once the Govt. got in again.

ELIZA : Well, never mind. We can save a bit by puttin' in for this Army labour. An we've saved up the mortgage money so the place will be freehold anyway. Wonder Deeds hasn't been over; it was due today.

DAD : (Uncomfortably) Well we would 'ave been able to but I did most of it in on Gladynov at the Cup.

ELIZA : (Furiously- she turns and faces him) Why you poor cockeyed little squirt....What the hell are we going to do now ?

DAD : Dont go me El. I did it all for the best. If things 'ad gorn right we would of been able to buy them lambs from the new chap down the road what had his appeal dismissed.

ELIZA : Dont give me that lamb stuff. You orter ---- ( There is a knock at the door and Simon Deeds comes in. He is a tall lean bird who should have been in the Army but got out on a Public Interest appeal)

DEEDS : Well, you know what I've come for.

DAD : Er - yes. We was wonderin' if you might care to extend it fer a month or two. With the Govt. callin' for more production it seems everybody's duty to grow more wool an' - -

DEEDS : So you can pull it over my eyes, eh. Everybody knows that that production stuff is just a good stunt to appeal on.

DAD : But Mr. Deedsr---

DEEDS : Dont Mr. Deeds me. You know the terms. Money up or fore-close.

The door opens and in comes Flossie. (Cont. page 7 )