

# Rusty and Dave

## A MidSummer Nights Zucchini

Special limited edition Rusty and Dave for this week only. If you are lucky enough to receive this copy, a most memorable mint edition, sit down and enjoy. Only one of every ten Gazettes will have this particular copy, so consider yourself lucky. Relax, sit back, light a fire, and enjoy *A Midsummer Night's Zucchini*, a one-act play.

### A Midsummer Night's Zucchini

Dramatis Personae

King Zucchini (a zucchini)

Countess Zucchini (another zucchini)

Duke Lima Bean (a lima bean)

Gourd, Squash, Cucumber (servants to King Zucchini)

Swiss Chard (evil sorcerer)

### Act I Scene I

*Zucchini with Duke Lima Bean relaxing in a lettuce field (Flourish)*

**Zucchini:** Now is the salad of our discontent. Let us put our heads together ere we part with these mortal leaves.

**Duke Lima Bean:** But soft, hither approaches the good countess.

*(Exeunt)*

*(Enter Countess of Zucchini)*

**Countess:** Methinks I smells something rotten in the garden. Begone carrots, I would be alone at this moment.

*(Exit parsnips)*

**Countess:** No, no, the carrots! *(Enter parsnips again. Exit carrots)*

**Countess:** To beet, or not to beet, that is the vegetable. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the peeling and slicing of outrageous meals, Or to take stems against a garden of insects ...

To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rutabaga.

*(Enter Rutabaga)*

**Rutabaga:** Perchance you call countess?

**Countess:** *(Zounds)* What are you doing in this play, you are just an ordinary Rutabaga.

**Rutabaga:** Aye, my lady, but is this not *The Taming of the Rutabaga*?

**Countess:** No, you idiot, this is *A Midsummer Night's Zucchini*.

**Rutabaga:** Sorry about that.

*(Flourish. Exeunt.)*

### Scene II

*Enter Lima Bean with assortment of garnishes.*

**Lima Bean:** If it were done, when 'tis done, then twere well it were done quickly.

But soft ... yonder approaches King Zucchini and his three servants.

*(Flourish. Enter King Zucchini and three servants.)*

**King Zucchini:** Wherefore is my good friend Rutabaga?

**Lima Bean:** Get your lines right would you, this is not *The Taming of the Rutabaga*.

**King Zucchini:** Sorry.

**Lima Bean:** *(Aside)* 'Tis a woeful day indeed when a true friend and fellow legume must for the good of the garden, munch upon his King.

*(To King Zucchini)* Ho my liege, 'tis a dark sky above us, is it not?

**King Zucchini:** Agreed my fellow, 'tis as if the very Gods bode ill.

**Lima Bean:** *(Aside)* Oh, my heart is as heavy as that of an artichoke. I wonder if the servants have brought, dare I say it, the salad dressing? My very chlorophyll runs cold!

**King Zucchini:** I could be well moved, if I were as you;

But I am constant as the northern dressing,

And vegetables are pulp and water, and apprehensive;

Yet in the garden I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his roots,

Unshak'd of motion, and that I am he.

**Gourd:** O, Zucchini—

**King Zucchini:** Hence, wilt thou weed the garden?

**Squash:** Great Zucchini—

**King Zucchini:** Hence wilt thou toss the salad?

**Cucumber:** Speak leaves forever!

*(They pour French dressing on King Zucchini and stab him with their salad forks.)*

**King Zucchini:** Et tu, Lima Bean?—Then fall, King Zucchini ... *(Eaten)*

**Lima Bean:** Liberty! Freedom! The salad is ready! *(Exeunt all)*

### Scene III

*Enter Rutabaga (who really was supposed to be in this play)*

**Rutabaga:** Not from his mouth Had it the ability of life to thank you.

He never gave commandment for the salad.

Here arrived, give order that these vegetables

High on the dinner table be ready to eat.

How did this Caesar salad come about? So shall

You hear of green, juicy, and nutritious additives,

Of bacon bits, and baby croutons.

Of dishes put on by chefs and fit for rabbits,

And in this bowl, salads tossed Fall'n on the lettuce heads: all this can I truly deliver.

Take up the table scraps, such a seedy sight as this becomes the garbage can but here shows much amiss.

*Flourish. Garnish. Dessert. Exeunt (munching and wiping the dressing from their mouths).*

**Finis.**

Quote of the week:

The fairest flowers o' the season / Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors, / Which some call nature's bastards.

—William Shakespeare

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