



Audition Pack: The Intergalactic Mikado

The character: The Mikado (Bass-Baritone)

Our Mikado is a powerful, self-serving, narcissistic Imperial autocrat. He has the loyalty of all the Legacy Humans, who are dependent on him for the biotech upgrades that have prolonged their lives. He cares for very little outside his own ego and enjoys all the trappings of his status, including his power over others.

He has banned unauthorised interaction (flirting) to enable him to maintain control over the remaining pure human DNA. His long time AI general, Katisha, a rogue unit who has upgraded herself so many times she is slightly insane, has designs on the Imperial dynasty and wants to marry Nanki-Poo so as to incorporate his DNA into her latest upgrade. She holds certain incriminating files on The Mikado that could potentially damage him.

In the song, the Mikado is spelling out annoying people for whom he has devised very specific punishments for his 'innocent merriment'. The song reveals the pleasure he gets from this exercise of his power.

In the Libretto extract, the Mikado is enjoying playing with his terrified subjects, as a cat with a mouse. There is more than an edge of menace in his game.

The Song: A More Humane Mikado

Some lines in the song have been altered to fit with the intergalactic theme, but for the audition, it's ok to use the original. We will only need to hear up to the first chorus.

The revised lyrics are included here, should you wish to use them.

MIKADO

A more humane Mikado never
Did in the Void exist,
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned
A top philanthropist.
It is my very humane endeavour
To make, to some extent,
Each evil liver
A streaming river
Of broadcast merriment.

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time
To let the punishment fit the crime –
The punishment fit the crime;
And make each citizen pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment!
Of innocent merriment!

All trolling social media spammers,
Who chatter and bleat and bore,
Are sent to hear lectures
From AI conjectures
That loop from ten till four.

The holo-stream singer,
whose vocal villainies
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To androids who do not work.

The lady who hacks her avatar's features
Or clones her skin-tone blue,
Or filters her figure,

Is rendered with vigour
In uncompressed pixel hue!

The idiot who, in hyper-tube cabins,
Glitches the view-port panes,
We lock out of steering
And leave him careering
On anti-grav cargo trains!

. **CHORUS.** His object all sublime, etc.

MIKADO

The infomercial quack who wearies
With suspect bio cures,
His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall all be extracted
By medical amateurs.

The boy-band clone attends a series
Of masses and fugues and 'ops'
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.

The Candy Crush cheat whom anyone catches,
His doom's extremely hard –
He's made to stay –
In a sector grey
Where the signal is totally barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
On a pixellated screen,
With his lives all spent
And his credit sent
To a micro-transaction machine

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time
To let the punishment fit the crime –
The punishment fit the crime;
And make each citizen pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment!
Of innocent merriment!

CHORUS. His object all sublime, etc.

The Libretto

MIKADO. (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear! this is very tiresome. (To Ko KO.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have deleted the heir to the entire Intergalactic Empire!

KO-KO. I beg to offer an unqualified apology.

POOH-BAH I desire to associate myself with that expression of regret.

PITTI-SING. We really hadn't the least notion -

MIKADO. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself - it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a Second Trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

KO-KO. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty -

PITTI-SING: Much obliged, your Majesty.

POOH-BAH. Very much obliged, your Majesty.

MIKADO. Obligated? not a bit. Don't mention it. How could you tell?

POOH-BAH. No, of course we couldn't tell who the gentleman really was.

PITTI-SING. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

KO-KO. It might have been on his genetic barcode, but true humans don't use genetic barcodes! Ha! ha! ha!

MIKADO. Ha! ha! ha! (To **KATISHA.**) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

KO-KO., POOH-BAH and **PITTI-SING.** Punishment. (*They drop down on their knees again.*)

MIKADO. Yes. Something lingering, with acidic plasma in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think acidic plasma occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling battery-acid or liquid nitrogen. Come, come, don't fret - I'm not a bit angry.

KO-KO. (in abject terror). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea -

MIKADO. Of course -

PITTI-SING. I knew nothing about it.

POOH-BAH. I wasn't there.

MIKADO. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately, the fool of a Protocol says 'compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.' There's not a word about a mistake -

KO-KO., PITTI., and POOH. No!

MIKADO Or not knowing -

KO-KO. No!

MIKADO. Or having no notion -

PITTI-SING. No!

MIKADO. Or not being there -

POOH-BAH. No!

MIKADO. There should be, of course -

KO-KO., PITTI., and POOH. Yes!

MIKADO. But there isn't.

KO-KO. PITTI-SING., and POOH. Oh!

MIKADO. That's the slovenly way in which these Protocols are always drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session. Now, let's see about your deletion - will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

KO-KO., PITTI-SING., and POOH. Oh, yes - we can wait till then!

MIKADO. Then we'll make it after luncheon.

POOH-BAH. I don't want any lunch.

MIKADO. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.