



## Audition Pack: The Intergalactic Mikado

### The character: Nanki-Poo (Tenor)

Nanki-Poo is the son of the Mikado, but as his father has been ruling the Empire for several centuries now, he feels it unlikely that the succession is going to be anytime soon. So he has lived a life of careless pleasure, doing no harm, but not doing any great good either. He can play music, create art, race star ships and write poetry as well as any 19th century dilettante.

When his father made a deal with Katisha that his son would marry her and incorporate his DNA into her circuitry to create a dynasty of humanoid AI, he fled in horror, disguising himself as a wandering minstrel and travelling the galaxies. He came across Yum-Yum's media feed and came to Titipu to see her for himself, but as she was sequestered in the Sanctuary, they only saw each other through the transparent dome - but managed to fall in love anyway. He left to write sonnets of unrequited love to her until hearing that Ko-Ko, her betrothed, was deleted. He has returned only to discover she is going to marry Ko-Ko.

His is well-meaning and personable man, a bit of an air-head, who has suffered from being over-indulged as the Mikado's heir and a man without a real purpose.

## The Song: A Wand'ring Minstrel, !

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.

A wandering minstrel I -  
A thing of shreds and patches  
Of ballads songs and snatches  
And dreamy lullaby!  
My catalogue is long  
Through every passion ranging,  
And to your humours changing  
I tune my supple song!  
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood?  
I'll sigh with you,  
Oh, sorrow,  
On lover's coldness do you brood?  
I'll do so, too  
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!  
I'll charm your willing ears  
With songs of lovers' fears,  
While sympathetic tears  
My cheeks bedew  
Oh, sorrow, sorrow!

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,  
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;  
For where'er our Empire's banner may be planted,  
All other local banners are defied!  
Our fighting bots, in serried ranks assembled,  
Never quail – It's to the scrap yard if they do –  
All across the Empire planets tremble  
Before the mighty troops, the troops of Titipu!

## The Libretto

**NANKI-POO** Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for weeks, in the belief that your fiance was deleted, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

**YUM.** Alas, yes!

**NANKI-POO** But you do not love him?

**YUM.** Alas, no!

**NANKI-POO** Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

**YUM.** What good would that do? He's my agent and manager, and he wouldn't let me marry you. A wandering minstrel, who broadcasts frequencies outside the server-hubs, is hardly a fitting husband for the client of a Lord High Executioner.

**NANKI-POO** But - *(Aside.)* Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! *(Aloud.)* What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician?

**YUM.** There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

**NANKI-POO** What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of his Majesty the Mikado?

**YUM.** The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

**NANKI-POO** Some years ago I had the misfortune to attract the attention of Katisha, a terrifying, rogue AI interface of my father's Court. She holds encrypted legacy files on my father that would completely expose his systemic corruption, and she demanded a dramatic structural upgrade. To secure her power and status, she requires my DNA to hardcode herself directly into the royal family lineage. My father, the Absolute Corporate Dictator of his race, ordered me to submit to this merger within a week to prevent her from leaking the files, or have my consciousness wiped ignominiously from the mainframe. That night I fled his Court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the frequencies in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! *(approaches her)*

**YUM-YUM.** *(retreating).* If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against unauthorised interaction are excessively severe.

**NANKI-POO** But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.

**YUM-YUM.** Still, that doesn't make it right. To flirt is capital.

**NANKI-POO** It is capital!

**YUM-YUM.** And we must obey the law.

**NANKI-POO** Deuce take the law!

**YUM-YUM.** I wish it would, but it won't!

**NANKI-POO** If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

**YUM.** Happy indeed!

**NANKI-POO** If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her.*)

**YUM-YUM.** Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage.*)

**NANKI-POO** We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (*Gazing at her sentimentally.*)

**YUM-YUM.** Breathing sighs of unutterable love - like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him.*)

**NANKI-POO** With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her.*)

**YUM-YUM.** Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

**NANKI-POO** If it wasn't for the law.

**YUM-YUM.** As it is, of course we couldn't do anything of the kind.

**NANKI-POO** Not for worlds!

**YUM-YUM.** Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!

**NANKI-POO** Being engaged to Ko-Ko!