



Audition Pack: The Intergalactic Mikado

The character: Yum-Yum (Soprano)

Yum-Yum has led a sheltered life of luxury and indulgence. As one of the few humans in the galaxy with uncorrupted DNA, she has been guarded and protected in the biosphere sanctuary, Safe Zone Zee. She has celebrity status just by being one of the last pure humans and her media feeds are followed by millions across the galaxy.

Ko-Ko has been her manager and agent, and their wedding was to have been streamed live to all her followers as the big event of the age, generating significant advertising revenue.

Given the nature of her life and celebrity, it is perhaps not surprising that she is rather self-centred and superficial, used to seeing herself as beautiful and intrinsically important.

Her feelings for Nanki-Poo are genuine, but not very deep as she isn't capable of any grand passion. He is handsome and romantic, more so than Ko-Ko, and she would quite like to be married to him but will fall at the first obstacle.

The Song: A Sun Whose rays

A sun, whose rays Are all ablaze
With ever-living glory,
Does not deny His majesty –
He scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim, 'I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent.'
But, fierce and bold, In fiery gold
He glories all effulgent!
I mean to rule the core,
As he the sky –
We really know the score
The sun and I!

Observe his flame, That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell, She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!

Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

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!