



Audition Pack: The Intergalactic Mikado

The character: Pish-Tush (Baritone)

Pish-Tush is one of the legacy Humans from old Earth and as such, a member of the aristocracy. He is a smooth political survivor, and a bit of a pompous know-it-all.

Pish-Tush serves as an exposition-delivery system of the plot. He is pragmatic, slightly cynical, and deeply invested in maintaining the status quo (and his own position). He takes great pleasure in explaining the absurd complexities of the law to others.

He must have excellent vocal clarity and diction while singing (he drives the plot early on), a strong comic sense of self-importance, and a solid baritone voice. He needs to exude an air of unearned authority.

The Song: Our Great Mikado, Virtuous Man

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

Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
As he lay awake at 3am
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
DNA might best be managed

So he decreed, in terms severe,
That those who woo a lover dear,
Without a Mandate signed and clear,

Should forthwith be deleted
Deleted deleted
Should forthwith be deleted
And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree

And I am right
And you are right
And all is right as right can be!

CHORUS

And you are right
And we are right
And all is right, is right as right can be!

PISH-TUSH & CHORUS

And all is right as right can be
Right as right can be!

PISH-TUSH

This stern decree, I think you'll find
Caused great dismay to humankind!
For young and old
And shy and bold
Were equally affected
The youth who winked a roving eye
Or breathed a non-connubial sigh
Was thereupon condemned to die –
He usually objected
Objected, objected
He usually objected
And you'll allow, as I expect
That he was right to so object
And I am right
And you are right
And everything is quite correct!

CHORUS

And you are right

And we are right
And everything is quite, is quite correct!

PISH-TUSH & CHORUS

And everything is quite correct
All is quite correct!

And so we straight let out on bail
A hacker from the server jail
Whose code was next
On some pretext
Condemned to be deleted!
And made him Headsman, for we said:
"Who's next to be terminated
Cannot delete another dead
Till he himself's deleted!
Deleted, deleted,
Until he is deleted!"

And we are right, I think you'll say
To argue in this kind of way;
And I am right
And you are right
And all is right - too-loo-ral-lay!

CHORUS

And you are right
And we are right
And all is right - too-loo-ral, loo-ral-lay!

PISH-TUSH & CHORUS

And you are right
And we are right
And all is right
Tooloral, toolorallay

The Libretto

PISH. I am the bearer of a letter from his Majesty the Mikado.

KO-KO (*taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me?

(*Reads letter.*)

Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come sooner or later! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place on Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is deleted within one month the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the Central Command Core transferred to one of the outer Server Hubs. We will be reduced to the rank of a relay outpost!

PISH. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

KO-KO Yes. There is no help for it, I shall have to delete somebody at once. The only question is, who shall it be?

POOH. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of deletion for unauthorised interaction, everything seems to point to you.

KO-KO To me? What are you talking about? I can't delete myself.

POOH. Why not?

KO-KO Why not? Because, in the first place, self-deletion is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt; and, in the second, it's unauthorised system-sabotage, and sabotage is a capital offense.

POOH. That is so, no doubt.

PISH. We might reserve that point.

POOH. True, it could be argued six months hence, before the Full Board of Shareholders.

KO-KO Besides, I don't see how a man can fully delete his consciousness from the core drive.

POOH. A man might try.

PISH. Even if you only succeeded in wiping it half off, that would be something.

POOH. It would be taken as an earnest desire to comply with the Imperial will.

KO-KO No. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Executioner, my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a

professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result.

POOH. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to you, but it places us in a very awkward position.

KO-KO My good sir, the awkwardness of your position is grace itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of formatting his own root drive.

PISH. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute -