

Vicar Right as rain.

Poo-Bah I didn't see her.

Vicar Nor did I.

Producer *(off)* Carry on.

Poo-Bah *(to the audience)* Good old Hermione. She's as strong as an ox. You wouldn't think she is eighty-five next week, would you? And she still empties her own bins. And hoses down the greenhouse. I think she's wonderful.

Hermione Is the play over?

Vicar You've got to come and get changed now, dear. For the flying ballet.

Hermione Why are these lights so bright? Is someone taking pictures?

*The Producer enters to help lead Hermione away*

Vicar I think she's concussed, David.

Producer She can't be concussed now. She'll have to wait till the interval.

*The Producer, Vicar and Hermione exit*

Poo-Bah I don't know where we are now.

Nanki-Poo *(prompting)* And what may be your business with Yum-Yum?

Poo-Bah I'm glad you asked me that because ...

*Nanki-Poo shakes his head at Poo-Bah*

*(Realizing)* I haven't any business with her at all.

Nanki-Poo Wouldn't you like to know what *my* business is with her?

Poo-Bah Come to think of it — yes.

Nanki-Poo I'll tell you. A year ago I was a member of the Titipu town band. It was my duty to take the cap round for contributions. While discharging this delicate office, I saw Yum-Yum. We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor, and I

*During Nanki-Poo's speech Mrs Reece realizes she has not put on her Poo-Bah costume. She indicates to Beryl in the wings that she needs it*

*Beryl, misunderstanding the mime, hands Mrs Reece a stole*

Poo-Bah No!

Beryl Sorry. Thought you were chillv.