

*Everyone exits*

*Black-out. The Orchestra plays the first twenty-four bars of "Miya Sama, Miya Sama". The Lights come up*

*The Chorus and Katisha enter in procession. They have been told to execute Oriental hand movements, but soon forget them and substitute waving, charade gestures, hand jive, etc.*

**No. 15. Miya Sama, Miya Sama**

**Chorus**        Miya sama, miya sama,  
                   On n'm-ma no mayé ni  
                   Hirra-Hirra suru no wa  
                   Nan gia na  
                   Toko tonyaré tonyaré na?

*Other Chorus members place a giant vase UC*

                  Miya sama, miya sama,  
                   On n'm-ma no mayé ni  
                   Hirra-Hirra suru no wa  
                   Nan gia na  
                   Toko tonyaré tonyaré na?

*Drum roll*

*The Vicar enters with a banner bearing the above words*

**Vicar** All together now!

**Pat** No, we cut this.

**Vicar** Sorry.

*The Vicar hurries off. There is a flash and the vase cracks open revealing Flora — dignified, middle-aged Scottish scatterbrain — as the Mikado*

**No. 16. Let the Punishment Fit the Crime**

**Mikado**        A more humane Mikado never  
                   Did in Japan exist,