

*Everyone points at the certificate*

And you've just given me a piece of paper.

*Everyone tries to mime "Read the certificate"*

And ... look at this paper I've got in my hands ... no.

*Pooh-Bah is frantically miming*

Phoebe, dear: is it a book or a film?

**Pooh-Bah** (*pointing*) Flora!

**Mikado** Och, I didna see the wee scribbles. (*To the others' surprise, she reads everyone's lines*) And this is the certificate of his death. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our Imperial Court. Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position? None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him — yet he fled! I am surprised. That's not true. No! You hold that I am —

*Pooh-Bah wrenches the certificate from him and thrusts it at Katisha*

**Pooh-Bah** I think we've had enough of that. Your Majesty, tell us more about your son who went away.

**Mikado** Alastair? He's reading medicine at Aberdeen University and he graduates —

**Pooh-Bah** No, I mean your other son, the one who's the heir to the throne of Japan.

**Mikado** My Japanese son! Well ... you're going to think I'm an awful mother, but I canna recall a blind thing about him. I'm sorry, David, but I have the next scene word perfect.

**Producer** (*off*) Your son bolted from our Imperial Court!

**Mikado** Och aye, was somebody not going to marry him?

**Katisha** I was going to marry him.

**Mikado** I thought you were marrying a second trombone.

**Pooh-Bah** } (*together*) A second trombone!

**Ko-Ko**

**Katisha** I'm not marrying a second trombone!

**Pooh-Bah**

**Ko-Ko** } (*together*) A second trombone!

**Mikado** Who is, then?