

Chi Fu, Mushu, Shang, Mulan, Yao, Quian Po, Ling

CHI FU: How could this nincompoop be the son of Fa Zhou? Fa Zhou was one of the greatest warriors in all of China. *(to MULAN)* You'll never be the man your father is.

MUSHU: The nasty bureaucrat does have a point there...

SHANG: Fall in!

*(The SOLDIERS form a line. MULAN does not know what to do.)*

Get in line, Private Fa.

*(MULAN joins the line.)*

SHANG: Attention, soldiers! Roll call!

YAO: *(YAO elbows his way out in front.)* Private Yao, reporting for duty, sir. You might just wanna make me a general right now. 'Cuz, I am loaded with potential. And if any of youse disagree... then maybe you'd like to meet a couple of friends of mine... Mr. Po... *(holds up one fist)*...and Mr. Tential! *(YAO holds up his other fist. QIAN-PO gently puts his arm around YAO and helps him back in line.)*

QIAN-PO: Now, now... the army is no place for fighting.

LING: *(LING bolts out.)* Ling reporting for duty, too. I mean also. I mean, ditto. I've got plenty of that potential stuff, too. I am stinkin' with potential, crawling with potential. And boy, I'm here to tell ya, does it itch!

*(LING starts scratching and steps back. QIAN-PO sweetly steps forward.)*

QIAN-PO: Qian-Po reporting for duty. Thank you for the honor of serving. Speaking of serving, I noticed that the rice was just the tiniest bit dry this morning. Is there anything we could do about that?

*(YAO, LING and QIAN-PO step out of line to confer.)*

YAO: Yeah, I noticed that too.

LING: Sort of stuck to the roof of my mouth.

MULAN: *(stepping forward)* Excuse me, fellas. Here's some virile cooking advice. It sounds like it was either overcooked or they didn't add enough water...

YAO, LING, QIAN-PO: Oh, really? Interesting. You don't say.

SHANG: Silence! We are going to be battling the fiercest enemy that China has ever seen, and you are swapping recipes!

CHI FU: The Emperor will hear about this! Note to self: Sell out troops for personal political gain...

SHANG: Right now my father's troops are all that stand between the Huns and the Imperial Palace. They'll need our help. Somehow I'm going to whip you men into soldiers.

*(SHANG snaps his fingers. Two SOLDIERS bring on a rope with a red flag tied to the middle.)*

Here is your test. I will hold on to one end of this rope. Each soldier will take a turn on the other end. The first man to capture the flag will be a true soldier.

*(Each SOLDIER tries to tug-of-war and fails. MULAN is the worst.)*