

MULAN: Why does it matter if I'm a girl? Isn't what I can do more important than what I look like?

MUSHU: I was this close – this close – to impressing the Ancestors and getting back into the Temple. But they were right. All I'm good for is banging a gong.

MULAN: I should have never left home.

MUSHU: Hey, c'mon. You went to save your father's life. Who knew you'd end up shaming him, disgracing your Ancestors, and losing all your friends?

MULAN: Maybe I didn't go just for my father. Maybe what I really wanted was to prove I could do something right. To know that I could be more than just someone's daughter or someone's wife. So when I looked in the mirror... *(MULAN picks up her helmet and looks at her reflection. The ANCESTORS appear behind MULAN.)*

MULAN: I see nothing.

MUSHU: *(MUSHU takes the helmet from MULAN.)* Now that's just because this needs a little spit, that's all. Let me shine this up for you. *(MUSHU spits on the helmet, polishes it, and then holds it up to MULAN.)* I can see you. Look at you, you look so pretty. *(MULAN turns away. MUSHU looks at himself in the helmet.)*

MUSHU: The truth is, we're both frauds. Your Ancestors only sent me because they had no other choice. They don't even like me. I don't deserve a place between Love and Honor – I deserve a place between Liar and Loser.

MULAN: I guess we both failed.

MUSHU: But you risked your life to help people you love. I risked your life to help myself.

MULAN: Well, I'll have to face my father sooner or later. Let's just go home.