

*(As the ENSEMBLE returns to its places, CAPTAIN SHANG enters with CHINESE SOLDIERS and CHI FU. MUSHU pushes MULAN toward SHANG and then hides.)*

MULAN: Whoops. Excuse me, big guy. You wanna arm wrestle?

SHANG: Big guy? Try Captain Shang, soldier.

MULAN: Oh... oh... sorry. I'm reporting for duty, sir?

SHANG: Is that a question?

MULAN: Yes. No. Maybe? *(panics, gives SHANG a little sock on the arm)* Sorry about that. But you know how it is when you get those manly urges, and ya just gotta punch someone – fix things, cook outdoors.

SHANG: What's your name, soldier?

MULAN: My name, is a very masculine name. Incredibly masculine, really. It is definitely a man's name... if I could just think of a man's name...

MUSHU: *(whispers in MULAN's ear)* Say anything.

MULAN: Anything!

SHANG: Your name is "anything"?

MULAN: No. No. Not anything... it's... thing, ring, wing, ding, ping... Ping? It's Ping! My name is Fa Ping.

*(The SOLDIERS chuckle.)*