LOU
Okay, okay, I think we almost got it! Let’s switch some lyrics around, play with the bridge, maybe add back that key change. Ava, you were fabulous, as always, I love you so much and I never dreamed that a woman as talented as you would go for a guy like me …

AVA
But …

LOU
But that being said, I need you to give some more feeling. As if you have actual other people performing with you who aren’t, you know, figments of my vast artistic imagination. Really put yourself in her shoes. You. Are. Betsy. Ross. Become her. Feel her in your whole body, from the top of your head to the tips of your toes. Embrace her with every fiber of your being until you can’t tell where Ava ends and Betsy begins.

AVA
So you want me to fuck Betsy Ross.

EDWARD
I’m sorry, why are we fucking Betsy Ross?

LOU
We’re not.

AVA
Yeah, it’s just me.

EDWARD
Okay, so why is Ava fucking Betsy Ross?

LOU
She’s not—nobody’s fucking anyone. I’m working on tonight’s show.

EDWARD
You want to write a musical about Betsy Ross? Like, the flag lady?

LOU
It’s genius, right? We’ve got love, we’ve got glory, we’ve got the American Revolution. It’s Hamilton but … feminist. Or something. I don’t know, it was Ava’s idea.
AVA  
I edited this article at work today about Betsy Ross, saying she never wanted credit for making the American flag and that no one even knew it was her for a hundred years. So I said to Lou, “Imagine how much she’d feel to have a musical written about her, like Hamilton.”

LOU  
And I said, “Why imagine it when we can write it!” So what do you say Edward, will you help out? I need your musical expertise. A write-hand man. Get it?

EDWARD  
I don’t know …

LOU  
You know, “right-hand man,” like Hamilton, except it’s writing with a—

EDWARD  
No, I got that.

LOU  
It’s just for tonight. If you don’t like it, we’ll write about something else tomorrow.