



From *The Elevator Family Does the Big Apple*:

During intermission, Mr. Brown leaned toward Duncan. “Walter tells me you write musicals,” he said.

“You’re a composer?” Natacha said, beaming. “That’s wonderful.”

Duncan blushed. “I haven’t been too successful,” he said.

“Send me some of your work,” Mr. Brown said. “I have an idea for a musical. If I like what you do, I’ll commission you to write the music for it.”

“Wow, sure,” Duncan said. “What subject do you have in mind?”

“The subject everyone in New York has been talking about all day,” the manager said. “The Wilson family. I want to produce the *Elevator Family Musical*.”

“I can do it,” said Duncan. “My mind is full of tunes and lyrics.” He shot a glance at Natacha. “I just need the right inspiration.”

“Only the best,” said Walter. “I wonder who could sing the part of Walter.”

“Natacha would make a wonderful Winona,” said Winona.

Natacha cleared her throat. Then she repeated the sentence in a perfect imitation of Winona’s voice.

Everyone laughed.