(While Cynthia types away at the desk, Wayne paces the floors of their in-home office tossing a stress ball to himself. She wears her usual business formal attire and he appears more like their target market for a new drug rehabilitation center. Clumsily, he trips over himself and the ball flies knocking over an African figurine on the desk.)

Cynthia Mr. Thompson will you please sit down. Aunt Ella didn’t literally work the soles off her shoes for us to abuse this home. I don’t know about you, but I plan to keep my promise and care for my inheritance… (Looking above the rim of her glasses) all of it.

Wayne Yeah, when will I see all of ‘our’ inheritance. Don’t forget Daddy told me about dying-and-will-processing which is much quicker than three years. I want my money and Uncle George’s shoes that Miss Ella left me.

Cynthia It’s Aunt Ella! I told you that I will safeguard your funds and those shoes were in the special box that I told you to open weeks after we sent her ashes across the river. They’re probably molded, mildewed, or close to it. You might as well throw them in there with her. (Wayne looks away frustrated) Hey, we just worked so hard to get where we are and I refuse to put the car in reverse.

Wayne Is it a Porsche? If I had a Porsche, I wouldn’t put it in reverse. I’d rather spin circles in the yard and check out the ladies.
Cynthia No, boy. (Sarcastically) It’s a Honda which has a much higher probability of surviving a spinner like yourself, but you can still check out the ladies (Both laughing) We are supposed to be celebrating a well-equipped and successful business launch. Let’s say we pop some bubbly and call over the gang?

Wayne Now that’s my type of plan, sis. Your famous mustard wings and the rest of a full-course meal it is! I’ll round some folks.

(Cynthia throws the stress ball at Wayne’s head who responds with silly faces as the light fades out.)

SCENE 2

(Lights fade in. It is nighttime and Wayne is cleaning off the dining room table as Cynthia stares into space. He struggles to pick up the dishes that are covered in wing sauce and other people’s scraps.)

Wayne You know this is role-reversal. Aren’t you supposed to be cleaning up?

Cynthia Role what? I am not your mother or any other traditional 1950’s housewife, I’m not a wife at all. Plus, you threw the party so you clean the party.

Wayne I’m not the one who cooked.

Cynthia I cooked, but at your request. You’re lucky I did that! Then again, you already tried breaking my aunt’s collectibles; I wouldn’t want the whole house burned down.

(Wayne grabs a pitcher of water and pretends to throw it on Cynthia who’s quick reflex slaps it out of his hand. The two pause and as Wayne begins to “Oooh”, she kicks water at him, pops him in the head, and runs out of the room laughing.)

Wayne You lucky I can’t tell Aunt Ella!
Cynthia *(Offstage)* Tell her fool, she’s sprinkled all over that river in back. Just wipe your shoes off before you step back in.

*(Wayne smiles, shaking his head and talks to himself as the light fades out)*

**SCENE 3**

(Lights fade in. Wayne is in the office analyzing documents. A neo-soul tune plays from the small radio sitting on the desk. Cynthia walks in dancing much offbeat. Wayne comes across a document and inaudibly curses, Cynthia turns the music down.)

Cynthia What I tell you about cursing in my Aunt Ella’s house?

Wayne Your Aunt Ella need to get cussed out. Did you know that she named a third-party to our inheritance?

Cynthia *(Trying to act clueless)* Third-party? And who would that be? It’s not like she was close with any of her other nieces and nephews, she raised us as her own. She didn’t have her own. Nope, she didn’t have her own children.

Wayne Who the hell is he and when did you find out? *(Pause)*

Cynthia She told me ‘her’ name was Cynthella, which inspired my name. I wasn’t supposed to speak on it after that day over 20 years ago and I surely didn’t expect her to leave anything to the poor girl. She had a birth defect that scared the mess out of auntie and the way she described it, I wouldn’t blame her.

Wayne Nice to know and what type of defect was that? The type that you don’t tell your family you had a baby and decide to leave your inheritance to?

Cynthia She had one eye. The doctors then were not as advanced as today and they didn’t have the money to afford what the rich people could.

Wayne Well how do we know that Cyclops won’t come for her share?
Cynthia We don’t know, but that’s why I wanted to launch a business or ten or however many we have so far, until we became successful.

(Wayne gets up disgusted and walks out. Cynthia leans on the desk “Sorry Auntie, I sure hope we didn’t speak up anything or anyone.” Lights fade out.)

SCENE 4

(At the dining table, Wayne sits with his stress ball. Cynthia comes around the corner humming with a plate and carton of apple juice.)

Cynthia (Singing) It will be alright in the morning and you can drink out of the carton. (She sets the plate and carton in front of him and hugs him around the neck.) Who’s my favorite little brother?

Wayne I’m your only brother. Or is there something else you need to tell me?

Cynthia Oh no, you’d be the one to surprise me with that type of news. (Cheerfully) Journalist Wayne is at it again! What have you found out this week Mr. Thompson?

Wayne Cyn, I’m not in the mood for games.

Cynthia You only call me Cyn when I’ve been sinful. Did I do something wrong?

Wayne I can’t believe you’re standing here as if you didn’t confirm that the one-eyed boogie man is our cousin with whom we share an inheritance.

Cynthia (Sarcastically) Oh Wayne! Please forgive me, I only wanted to keep my promise to Miss Ella.

Wayne It’s Aunt Ella and I thought we told each other everything. We’re supposed to be best friends, that’s the only way I know that a sister and brother can live together this long. I should’ve took my ass to the military, wouldn’t have to deal with this... (Cynthia grabs the house phone and starts dialing) What are you doing? Who are you calling?
Cynthia I am calling the nearest recruitment office so that you don’t have to see me ever again.

Wayne You’re such a jackass.

(Cynthia throws phone at Wayne but misses and storms out of the room. He picks it up and puts it back on the hook. Lights fade out.)

SCENE 5

(Lights fade in. Cynthia appears completely opposite of herself with unkempt hair and pajamas on. She is at the desk speed-typing. Wayne walks in and nearly passes not noticing her.)

Wayne Excuse me, can I help you?

Cynthia (Looking up) Can I help you?

Wayne Oh my Lord! Cyn, Auntie Ella did not raise you to sit around looking crazy. What side of the bed did you wake up on?

Cynthia Haha, too funny. I woke up on the ‘wouldn’t have to deal with you’ side.

Wayne Look, that’s not what I meant. I was upset and really scared as hell that some Cyclops-looking monster would pop up one day and you not be here.

Cynthia What do you need me here for? You’re a grown, almost-military man. Use the manners that your aunt taught you and if needed let her know that she can return when I get home.

Wayne Well I was considering that we should contact her. She deserves her portion, that’s the least we can do. If she wants to become part of the family we’ll just have to request her to wear a long bang at all times.

Cynthia (Trying not to laugh) I hope you know you’re the real jackass!

Wayne Well that was just a proposal. It’s up to you, best big sister in the world.

Cynthia (Tickling Wayne) I better be your only sister or we’re going to fight.

Wayne Don’t forget who won the boxing championship on the Playstation when we were little.
(Cynthia squares up, “let us see who wins a real-life boxing championship.” Wayne flinches, the two playfully wrestle as the light fades out.)