CHARACTERS:
JOHN, in his 40s-50s, the youngest sibling
ANGELA, in her 50s, the eldest sibling

Minimal set: the kitchen of their recently deceased mother's home. A kitchen table with two or three chairs. On the table are several pens, a potholder, a paper towel roll, an open laptop, an empty mug, and scattered paperwork. At rise, ANGELA sits at the table, punching codes into her mother's cellphone and getting increasingly agitated.

JOHN
(*From offstage, angrily*) CHERISHED?!

ANGELA
(*Looks toward the sound, confused*) Beloved?

JOHN
(*Enters stage shaking a newspaper*) What the hell is this?

ANGELA
Looks like the paper, Johnny.

JOHN
It's John!

ANGELA
(*Shrugs*) And?

JOHN
(*Tosses the newspaper on the table*) Mom's obituary! That you wrote!

ANGELA
Oh, for God's sake.

JOHN
You lied!

ANGELA
I embellished. No one cares that she wasn't really an 'avid gardener'!

JOHN
(*Huffs*) What?

ANGELA
Two tomato plants and a pepper plant. Her garden! She was so proud. Remember?

JOHN
(*Softening*) She sent me a pic for every tomato she got. She sent two pics of that weird misshapen one.

ANGELA
That was a pepper.

JOHN

That reminds me, she said she left it in the fridge so I could have it.

ANGELA

Of course she did.

JOHN

I don't want it.

ANGELA

I already threw it away.

JOHN

Of course you did.

ANGELA

You just said you didn't want it!

JOHN

But what if I did?

ANGELA

Well, you didn't!

JOHN

What are you doing here anyway?

ANGELA

I live next door.

JOHN

Exactly. Why are you at Mom's house?

ANGELA

Why are <u>you</u> here, besides arguing over a rotten pepper?

JOHN

I wanna get the ball rolling on the estate stuff.

ANGELA

(*She holds up a folder*) It's all in here. By the way, do you know Mom's phone code?

JOHN

No. (*Beat*) Have you tried her birthday?

ANGELA

I tried birthdays, anniversaries, old phone numbers, one-two-three-four. Two tries left before it locks me out.

JOHN

Well, whatever you need should be in the cloud anyway.

ANGELA

It's not that, I was looking for—

JOHN

(*Snidely*) For evidence?

ANGELA

Of what?

JOHN

(*He picks up the newspaper*) That you were cherished?

ANGELA

Not the newspaper again!