

**BAGELS AND LOCKS by Gary Young** - excerpt  
©2005 Gary Young

JAKE: age 83, dressed in unmatched pajama tops and bottoms.  
ROSE: age 80, dressed in house coat, with hair piled on top of her head, gathered in a pony tail, but protruding from the very top of her head rather than the back of the head.

JAKE

I'll announce it later. One thing at ...

ROSE

Jake, I'm clabbering here. I'm turning into cottage cheese right in front of you.

JAKE

I think it's Limberger. Now whaddaya want?

ROSE

Help me get this.

JAKE

What, you can't reach? It's right there.

ROSE

If I could reach, would I disturb you from your beauty rest? If I could reach, would I even TALK to you? You're taller so you're the reacher here right now. So reach. Reach. There.

JAKE

I could strain. I could throw my back into a spasm for weeks. I could die from doing that.

ROSE

So die, but get me that box first.

JAKE

Oy. (GOES over to cupboard and tries to reach) It's too high.

ROSE

Jake, it's perfect for your size. Perfect. Right at your reach area. You aren't reaching. You're just lifting an arm a little. Reaching is like this (shows him). Lifting an arm, which is what you are doing, is like this (shows him). Is that simple enough for you?

JAKE

Oy. (TRIES again, this time, touching the box, fumbling with his fingers sliding off the box and never quite getting a grip) It's out of my reach, Rose. Out. Not in. Out.

ROSE  
It's in.

JAKE  
Out.

ROSE  
In.

JAKE  
Out, out , out.

ROSE  
In, in, in, in, in, in, in...never mind. It's in. (Jake goes to say something) Ah ah. In. (goes to say again) IIIInnnnn.

JAKE  
Ok, in. But not INNN the right place. Gees, Rose. All right, one more time, but this is the last time. I'm going to use a chair.

ROSE  
You're not steady enough to use a chair.

JAKE  
You're tellin' me something that I don't already know? You hold it while I try to get up on it. Then you hold me.

ROSE  
You'll fall on me. I know you.

JAKE  
I'd never fall on you, Rose. Not on purpose anyway. Are you going to help? (HE tries to lift his leg high enough to put his right foot on the chair) Help me here. Help me raise my leg.

ROSE  
You're like a damn dog. (SHE wrestles with the leg and together their efforts pay off) There.

JAKE  
Now I got my leg up and I gotta get my other leg up without falling over backwards.

ROSE

And I gotta help again, right?

JAKE

Well, how the hell else am I gonna do it?

ROSE

I thought you could levitate.

JAKE

I can't levitate. No levitating. It's Passover week.