

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF SCRIPT

A fiddler on the roof...

TEVYE: Sounds crazy, no? But here, in our little village of Anatevka, you might say every one of us is a fiddler on the roof. Trying to scratch out a pleasant, simple tune without breaking his neck. It isn't easy. You may ask, why do we stay up there if it's so dangerous? Well, we stay because Anatevka is our home. And how do we keep our balance? That I can tell you in one word! Tradition!

(Song plays)

(Tradition Intro)

*Everybody will Sing and Dance.

TEVYE: Because of our traditions, we've kept our balance for many, many years. Here in Anatevka, we have traditions for everything. How to sleep. How to eat. How to work. How to wear clothes. For instance, we always keep our heads covered, and always wear a little prayer shawl. This shows our constant devotion to God. You may ask, how did this tradition get started? I'll tell you. I don't know. But it's a tradition. And because of our traditions, every one of us knows who he is and what God expects him to do.

(Song plays)

(Continuation of the song Tradition)

TEVYE: And in the circle of our little village, we've always had our special types. For instance, Yente, the matchmaker. Reb Nachum, the beggar. And, most important of all, our beloved Rabbi.

LEIBESH: Rabbi, may I ask you a question?

RABBI: Certainly, Leibesh.

LEIBESH: Is there a proper blessing for the Tzar?

RABBI: A blessing for the Tzar? Of course. May God bless and keep the Tzar far away from us!

CLOSE

OPEN

TEVYE: Then there are the others in our village. They make a much bigger circle. We don't bother them and so far, they don't bother us. And among ourselves, we always get along perfectly well. Of course, there was the time when he sold him a horse. He told him it was only six years old when it was really twelve. But now it's all over. And we all live in simple peace and harmony.

TEVYE: It was really 12 years old.

SELLER: It was six!

BUYER: It was twelve!

SELLER: How do you know?

BUYER: Tevye knows it was .

(Song plays)

(Tradition Intro)

TEVYE: Traditions, traditions. Without our traditions, our lives would be as shaky as, As... As a fiddler on the roof!

SHPRINTZE: Mama! Mama, Yente the matchmaker is coming.

CLOSE

OPEN

CHAVA: Maybe she's finally found a good match for you, Tzeitel.

GOLDE: From your mouth to God's ears.

TZEITEL: Why is she here now? It's almost Sabbath.

GOLDE: Out, all of you! I want to talk to Yente alone.

TZEITEL: But, Mama, the men she finds... The last one was so old. And he was bald! He had no hair.

GOLDE: A poor girl without a dowry can't be particular. If you want hair, marry a monkey.

TZEITEL: Even a poor girl has to look at her husband sometimes.

GOLDE: A husband is not to look at, a husband is to get.

TZEITEL: But, Mama, I'm not yet 20 years old. I don't think I am...

GOLDE: Sshh! Do you have to boast about your age? You'll tempt the evil eye. Out, all of you. There's work to be done before the Sabbath.

CLOSE

OPEN

YENTE: Golde! Golde. I have such news for you. And not every-day-of-the-week news... Once-in-a-lifetime news! Hmm... Such diamonds, such jewels. I'll find a husband for every one of them. But you shouldn't be so picky, right? Of course right! Because, after all, even the worst husband, God forbid, is better than no husband, God forbid! Who should know better than me? Ever since my husband died, I've been a poor widow. All alone, no-one to talk to, nothing to say to anyone. All I do at night is think of him. And even thinking of him gives me no pleasure.

CLOsE

OPEN

(Running and when he saw the 2 children, he asked Bielke)

MOTEL: Is Tzeitel in the house?

BIELKE: Why don't you go and find out?

MAN: Thank you, Bielke.

(Run unto the door of the house, knocked and opened it.)

(He saw Yente and Golde eating and he asked for Tzeitel.)

YENTE: He never raised his voice.

MOTEL: Er... Good afternoon. Is Tzeitel in the house?

GOLDE: She's busy. Come back later.

MOTEL: There's something I want to tell her.

GOLDE: Later!

MAN: Later.

YENTE: What does a poor skinny tailor want with Tzeitel?

GOLDE: They've always been friends. They talk, they play..

YENTE: Play? What do they play?

GOLDE: I don't know, they're children.

YENTE: From such children come other children.

GOLDE: Motel is nothing! Yente, you said you had news for me.

YENTE: Ah... children, children.

YENTE: They are your blessing in your old age. But my Aaron, may he rest in peace, couldn't give me children. To tell you the truth, Golde, he hardly tried. But what's the use complaining? Other women enjoy complaining. Not Yente. Not every woman in the world is a Yente. Well, I... I have to go home now to prepare my poor Sabbath meal. So er... goodbye, Golde. And it was a pleasure talking our hearts out to each other.

GOLDE: Yente, you said you had news for me!

YENTE: Oh, I'm losing my head. Some day, it will fall off altogether. A horse will kick it in the mud and, 'Goodbye, Yente'. Of course, the news. It's about Lazar Wolf, the butcher. A good man. A fine man. And I don't have to tell you he's well off, no? Yes. But he's lonely, the poor man. He's been a widower all these years. You understand? Of course you do. So! To make it short, out of the whole town, he's cast his eye on Tzeitel.

GOLDE: My Tzeitel?

YENTE: No, the Tzar's Tzeitel! Of course your Tzeitel!

GOLDE: Such a match for my Tzeitel! But... but Tevye wants a learned man. He doesn't like Lazar.

YENTE: Good, so Lazar won't marry him. He wants the daughter, not the father. Listen. Listen to me, Golde. You send Tevye to him. Don't tell him what it's about. Let Lazar discuss it himself. He'll win him over, he's a good man and a wealthy man. So! You'll let me know how it went. And you don't have to thank me, Golde. Because, aside from my fee, which Lazar will pay anyway, it gives me satisfaction to make people happy. True? Of course, true. So, er... Goodbye, Golde, and you're welcome.

GOLDE: Goodbye, Yente. Come! Come, children. Get changed for the Sabbath. Hurry! Hurry with your work!

CLOSE

OPEN

HODEL: I wonder if Yente found you a husband.

TZEITEL: I'm not anxious for Yente to find me one.

CHAVA: Unless it's Motel, the tailor.

TZEITEL: I didn't ask you.

HODEL: Tzeitel, you're the oldest. They have to find you a match before they find me one.

CHAVA: Then after her, one for me.

TZEITEL: Oh, Yente, Yente, Yente, Yente!

HODEL: Well, somebody has to arrange the matches.

CHAVA: It might be someone wonderful.

HODEL: Someone interesting.

CHAVA: And well off.

HODEL: And important.

(Song plays)
(Matchmaker)

TZEITEL: Since when are you interested in a match, Chava? I thought you just had your eye on your books. And you have your eye on the rabbi's son.

HODEL: Well, why not? We only have one rabbi and he only has one son. Why shouldn't I want the best?

TZEITEL: Because you're a girl from a poor family. So whatever Yente brings, you'll take. Right? Of course right.

TZEITEL: Hodel! Oh, Hodel! Have I made a match for you! He's handsome, he's young All right, he's 62. But he's a nice man, a good catch True? True I promise you'll be happy. And even if you're not. There's more to life than that. Don't ask me what. Chava! I found him Will you be a lucky bride. He's handsome, he's tall. That is, from side to side But he's a nice man, a good catch. Right? Right?

(Song plays)
(Continuation of Matchmaker)

CLOSE
OPEN

TEVYE: Dear God. Was that necessary? Did you have to make him lame just before the Sabbath? That wasn't nice. It's enough you pick on me. Bless me with five daughters, a life of poverty, that's all right. But what have you got against my horse?
Really, sometimes I think, when things are too quiet up there, you say to yourself, "Let's see. " "What kind of mischief can I play on my friend, Terrier? "

GOLDE: Aha! So you're finally here, my breadwinner.

TEVYE: I'll talk to you later.

GOLDE: So why are you late today?

TEVYE: His foot went lame.

GOLDE: Hurry up. The sun won't wait. And I have something important to tell you.

TEVYE: I still have deliveries in the village.

GOLDE: You'll be late for the Sabbath.

TEVYE: I won't be late.

GOLDE: You'll be late.

TEVYE: I won't be late. I won't be late! If you ever stop talking, I won't be late!

GOLDE: You can die from such a man.

TEVYE: As the Good Book says, "Heal us, O Lord, and we shall be healed." In other words, send us the cure. We've got the sickness already. Well, I'm not really complaining. After all, with your help, I'm starving to death. "Dear God, you made many, many poor people. I realize, of course, that it's no shame to be poor. But it's no great honor either! So, what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?"

(Songs plays)
(If I were a rich man)

MAN: Tevye, Tevye! Where's your horse?

TEVYE: Well, it decided to take the day off.

MAN: Have a good Sabbath.

TEVYE: Thank you, Your Honour, thank you.

(GOP): You're late! Where's your horse? You kept us all waiting! What happened to your horse?

RABBI: Look at this! Look what it says in the paper. Look, look, look!

TEVYE: Quiet! Quiet!

MAN: Stop braying like a pack of mules! Let the man talk. Talk, Avram.

RABBI: My paper came to the post office today, like it always does. Usually it comes on a Thursday, but it can be a day late...

MAN: Avram, that's not talking! That's babbling. The news... What does it say? Quiet! Talk, Avram.

RABBI: Well, I was reading my paper. It's nothing very important, a story about the crops in the Ukraine, and this and that.

MAN: Avram! Talk.

RABBI: And then I saw this.

MAN: All right. We all see it. What does it say?

RABBI: "In a village called Rajanka, all the Jews were evicted, forced to leave their homes. "

MAN2: For what reason?

RABBI: It doesn't say. Maybe the Tzar wanted the land. Maybe a plague?

MAN: May the Tzar have his very own plague.

(GOP): Amen.

MAN3: What's the matter with you? Why don't you ever bring us some good news?

RABBI: It's not my fault. I only read it. "An edict from the authorities."

MAN: May the authorities grow like onions, their heads in the ground.

(GOP): Amen!

REB: What good will your cursing do? You stand around, you curse and you chatter, and you don't do anything. You'll all chatter your way into the grave.

MAN2: Excuse me. You're not from this village.

REB: No.

MAN2: Where are you from?

REB: Kiev. I was a student in the university there.

MAN: Tell me. Is that the place where you learned how not to respect your elders?

REB: That is where I learned there is more to life than talk. You should know about events in the outside world!

RABBI: Careful, my paper.

MAN: Why should I break my head about the outside world? Let the outside world break its own head.

(GOP): Well put! (All man laugh)

TEVYE: He is right. As the Good Book says, "If you spit in the air, it lands in your face. "

REB: Nonsense. You can't close your eyes to what's happening in the world.

TEVYE: He is right.

RABBI: He's right and he's right? They can't both be right.

TEVYE: You know, you are also right.

MAN: He is right. He's too young to wipe his own nose. Good Sabbath, Tevye.

(GOP): Good Sabbath. Good Sabbath, Tevye.

TEVYE: Oh, yeah, I'm sorry. I apologize.

MAN4: Good Sabbath.

TEVYE: Good Sabbath.

MAN2: Tevye, the rabbi's orders.

TEVYE: Oh, of course. So you're from Kiev, Reb er... ?

REB: Pechick.

TEVYE: Perchik. So you're a newcomer here, huh? As Abraham said, "I'm a stranger in a strange land. "

MAN2: Moses said that.

TEVYE: Forgive me. Forgive me. As King David said, "I'm slow of speech and slow of tongue. "

MAN2: That was also Moses.

TEVYE: For a man with a slow tongue, he talked a lot. Here, Reb Perchik. Have a piece.
(Gave the piece of bread but Reb refused it.)

REB: I have no money and I'm not a beggar.

TEVYE: Ah, take it. It's a blessing for me to give.

REB: Very well. For your sake.

TEVYE: Thank you. Thank you. You know, it's no crime to be poor.

REB: It is the rich who are the criminals. Some day, their wealth will be ours.

TEVYE: Oh, that would be nice. If they would agree, I would agree.

MAN2: And who will make this miracle to come to pass?

REB: People. Ordinary people.

MAN2: Like you?

REB: Like me.

TEVEY: Until your golden day comes, Reb Perchik, how will you live?

REB: By giving lessons to children. Do you have any children?

TEVYE: I have five daughters.

REB: Five?

TEVYE: Daughters.

REB: Girls should learn too. Girls are people.

MAN2: A Radical!

TEVYE: Oh, go away.

REB: I'd be willing to teach them, open their minds to great thoughts.

TEVYE: Yeah? I'd like them to know the Good Book.

REB: The Bible has many lessons for our times.

TEVYE: Perchik, I'm a very poor man. But, food for lessons, huh? Good, good. Stay with us for the Sabbath. Of course, we don't eat like kings, but we don't starve either. As the Good Book says, "When a poor man eats a chicken, one of them is sick. "

MAN2: Where does the Book say that?

TEVYE: All right, all right! It doesn't exactly say that, but someplace, it has something about a chicken.

MAN2: Good Sabbath!

TEVYE: Good Sabbath.

CLOSE

OPEN

TEVYE: Good Sabbath, children.

GIRLS: Good Sabbath, Papa.

TEVYE: Children, this is Perchik. Perchik, this is my eldest daughter.

REB: You have a pleasant daughter.

TEVYE: I have five pleasant daughters. Ah, this is mine.

KIDS: Good Sabbath, Papa.

TEVYE: And this is mine. And this is mine... And this is mine. And this is mine. And... This is not mine. Perchik, this is Motel Kamzoil.

GOLDE: So, you did us a favour and came home.

TEVYE: This is also mine. Golde. Golde, this is Perchik from Kiev. He's staying the Sabbath with us. He's a teacher. Would you like lessons from him?

SHPRINTZE: Yes, Papa.

REB: I'm a very good teacher.

HODEL: I heard that the rabbi who must praise himself has a congregation of one.

REB: Your daughter has a quick and witty tongue.

TEVYE: Well, the wit she gets from me. As the Good Book says...

GOLDE: The Good Book can wait. Get washed.

TEVYE: The tongue she gets from her mother.

GOLDE: Motel, you're also eating with us? Of course. Another blessing! Tzeitel, get the small table. Chava, the two chairs. Children, finish dressing. You can wash at the well. Help them. Hurry, it's almost the Sabbath!

GOLDE: Tevye, I've something to say to you.

TEVYE: Why should today be different?

GOLDE: Tevye, I have something to tell you!

CLOSE

OPEN

MOTEL: I have something to tell you.

TZEITEL: Motel, Yente was here.

MOTEL: I know, I saw her.

TZEITEL: If they agree on someone, it would be my much and it will be too late for us.

MOTEL: Tzeitel, I have found someone who will sell me his used sewing machine! Maybe in a few weeks, I'll have saved up enough to buy it. Ang then your father...

TZEITEL: A few weeks might be too late.

CLOSE

OPEN

GOLDE: Lazar Wolf wants to see you.

TEVYE: The butcher? What about?

GOLDE: I don't know. Only he says it's important.

TEVYE: Important? I have nothing for him to slaughter.

GOLDE: After the Sabbath, talk with him.

TEVYE: Talk about what? If he's thinking about buying my new milk cow, he can forget it.

GOLDE: Tevye, I want you to talk...

TEVYE: Sssh!

GOLDE: But I want you to talk to him.

TEVYE: (Singing lullaby)

GOLDE: Tevye! Tevye! I want you to talk to him!

TEVYE: (Continue singing)

CLOSE

OPEN

MOTEL: What else can I do?

TZEITEL: You could ask my father for my hand tonight. Now!

MOTEL: Why should he consider me now? I'm only a poor tailor.

TZEITEL: And I'm only the daughter of a poor milkman. Just talk to him.

MOTEL: If your father says no, that's it! It's final. He'll yell at me.

TZEITEL: Motel...

MOTEL: I'm just a poor tailor.

TZEITEL: Motel! Even a poor tailor is entitled to some happiness.

MOTEL: That's true.

CLOSE

OPEN

TEVYE: Amen. (Said it singing)

GOLDE: Amen. A man sends you a message, at least talk to him!

TEVYE: I don't want to...

GOLDE: Talk to him!

TEVYE: All right! After the Sabbath, I'll talk to him!

MOTEL: All right, I'll talk to him.

TEVYE: Well, it's getting late. Where is everybody?

TZEITEL: I don't know, Papa.

TEVYE: Children, come down! We are lighting the candles.

MOTEL: Tevye...

TEVYE: Not now, Motel.

TEVYE: Hurry up, children! Hurry up!

MOTEL: Tevye...

TEVYE: Not now!

TEVYE: Golde! Golde, the sun is almost down.

MOTEL: Tevye.

TEVYE: What is it? !

MOTEL: Er... Reb Tevye.

TEVYE: Yes.

MOTEL: Reb Tevye.

TEVYE: Yes? Yes?

MOTEL: I er... - Yes...

TEVYE: Well, Motel, what is it?

MOTEL: Good Sabbath, Reb Tevye.

TEVYE: Good Sabbath. Good Sabbath. Hurry up.

GOLDE: Hurry, children, hurry. It's getting late.

(Sabbath Prayer)

(Mothers and Fathers)

CLOSE

OPEN

TEVYE: Is Reb Lazar Wolf at home? Is Reb Lazar Wolf at home?

LADY: He's in the back.

TEVYE: May I er... ? Hmm?

LADY: Come in.

TEVYE: And all this from killing innocent animals?

LADY: Don't touch anything.

LAZAR: Well, Tevye! You're here. Well, sit down, sit down.

TEVYE: Thank you, thank you.

LAZAR: Have a drink.

TEVYE: I won't insult you by saying no.

LAZAR: How goes it with you, Reb Tevye?

TEVYE: How should it go?

LAZAR: You're right.

TEVYE: And you?

LAZAR: The same.

TEVYE: I'm sorry to hear that.

LAZAR: Er... How is your er...brother-in-law... in America?

TEVYE: He's doing very well.

LAZAR: He wrote you?

TEVYE: No, not lately.

LAZAR: How do you know?

TEVYE: Ah, if he was doing badly, he would write.

LAZAR: Ah!Ah. Tevye,...

TEVYE: Yeah?

LAZAR: I suppose you know why I wanted to see you.

TEVYE: Oh, yes, I do. But er... There is no use talking about it.

LAZAR: Tevye, I understand how you feel. But er... After all, you have a few more without her.

TEVYE: Ah, I see. Today you want one. Tomorrow you may want two.

LAZAR: Two? What... What would I do with two?

TEVYE: The same as you do with one.

LAZAR: Er... Tevye. This is very important to me.

TEVYE: Why is it so important to you?

LAZAR: Frankly, because I'm lonely.

TEVYE: Lonely? Reb Lazar, what are you talking about? How can a little cow keep you company?

LAZAR: Little cow? Is that what you call her?

TEVYE: But that's what she is!

LAZAR: What are you talking about? Don't you know?

TEVYE: Of course I know! We are talking about my new milk cow. The one you want to buy from me.

LAZAR: A milk cow! A milk cow so I won't be lonely? I'm talk... I'm talking about your daughter. Your daughter Tzeitel.

TEVYE: My daughter Tzeitel?

LAZAR: Of course, your daughter Tzeitel! I see her every Thursday in my butcher's shop. And she's made a very good impression on me. A very good impression. Reb Tevye, I like her. Why don't we just shake hands and call it a match, huh? And I will be good to her. Tevye,... I... I like her. Well? What do you think?

TEVYE: What do I think? Huh? I never really liked him. Why should I? You can have a fine conversation with him if you talk about kidneys and livers. On the other hand, not everyone has to be a scholar. And with a butcher my daughter will surely never know hunger. Maybe I misjudged him. He's a good man. He likes her. And he'll try to make her happy. What do I think? It's a match! - What?

LAZAR: You agree?

TEVYE: I agree.

LAZAR: Oh, Tevye! You've made me a happy man.

TEVYE: Good.

LAZAR: Let's drink on it.

TEVYE: Why not? To you!

LAZAR: No, my friend. To you.

TEVYE: The both of us!

LAZAR: To our agreement!

TEVYE: Our agreement! To our prosperity. To our good health and happiness. And most important of all, Er... Well...

(Sing and Dance *Tevye and Lazar*)

(With the Papas in the club)

CLOSE

OPEN

LAZAR: Tevye. After the marriage, we will be related. You... will be my papa.

TEVYE: Your papa. Lazar Wolf, I always wanted a son. But I wanted one a little younger than myself! Goodnight.

LAZAR: Goodnight.

MAJOR: hear that congratulations are in order, Tevye.

TEVYE: Ah. Ah, thank you, Your Honour. Thank you.

MAJOR: Tevye! Tevye.

TEVYE: Yes, Your Honour?

MAJOR: I have some news I think I should tell you as a friend.

TEVYE: Yes, Your Honour.

MAJOR: I'm giving you this news because I like you. Ah. You're honest and decent even though you are a Jew.

TEVYE: Oh! Thank you, Your Honour. How often does a man get a compliment like that? And the news?

MAJOR: We have received orders that sometime soon this district is to have a little unofficial demonstration.

TEVYE: What? A pogrom here?

MAJOR: No, no, no. Just a little unofficial demonstration.

TEVYE: Little? How little?

MAJOR: Not too serious. Just some mischief, so if an inspector comes through, he can see we did our duty. I don't know why there has to be this trouble between people. But I thought I should tell you.

TEVYE: Thank you, Your Honour. You are a good man. If I may say so, it's too bad you're not a Jew.

MAJOR: That's what I like about you, Tevye. You're always joking. Congratulations again for your daughter.

TEVYE: Thank you, Your Honour.

MAJOR: Oh, about the other matter. It won't be too bad. I wouldn't worry.

TEVYE: Yeah, of course not. Dear God. Did you have to send me news like that today of all days? I know, I know we are the chosen people. But once in a while, can't you choose someone else? Anyway, thank you for sending a husband for my Tzeitel.

CLOSE

OPEN

(TeachingBielke and Sprintze)

REB: After Jacob had worked for Laban for seven years, do you know what happened? Laban fooled him and gave him his ugly daughter Leah. So to marry Rachel, Jacob was forced to work another seven years. So, you see, children, the Bible clearly teaches us you can never trust an employer.

Bielke: And that is what the Bible teaches us?

REB: That is the lesson of the story of Jacob... if you interpret it correctly.

GOLDE: Is your papa up yet?

HODEL: No, Mama.

GOLDE: Enough lessons! Back to the house, there's work to be done!

REB: Go on, children. Another story tomorrow.

HODEL: That was a very interesting lesson, Perchik.

REB: Do you think so?

HODEL: Mmm. Although I don't know if the rabbi would agree with your interpretation.

REB: Neither, I suppose, would the rabbi's son.

HODEL: My little sisters talk too much.

REB: And what do you know about him, except that he is the rabbi's son?

HODEL: At least I know this. He has no strange ideas about turning the world upside down. Good day, Perchik.

REB: You have wit, even some intelligence!

HODEL: Thank you.

REB: Perhaps, but what good is your brain? Without curiosity, it is a rusty tool! Good day, Hodel!

HODEL: We have an old custom here! A boy talks respectfully to a girl. But that is too traditional for an advanced thinker like you.

REB: Our traditions! Nothing must change. Everything is perfect as it is!

HODEL: We like our ways.

REB: Our ways are changing in other places. In the city, boys and girls can be affectionate without a matchmaker's permission? They hold hands together. They even dance together. New dances... like this!(Danced with Hodel) I learned it in Kiev. Do you like it?

HODEL: It's... it's very nice. (Continue dancing with Perchik)

REB: There. We've just changed an old custom.

HODEL: Yes. I mean, th... thank you. I mean, good day!

CLOSE

OPEN

(Tevye just got awake)

GOLDE: Ooh! So, my prince is finally out of bed.

TEVYE: Oh, go away.

GOLDE: Open your eyes! The day's half gone. Well, what happened last night, besides you drinking like a peasant? Did you see Lazar Wolf? Well? Well? ! Well, what did he say? What did you say?

TEVYE: Where... Where... Where's Tzeitel?

GOLDE: She's in the barn. Do you have news for me? Did you talk with Lazar Wolf? What happened?

TEVYE: Sssh! Patience, woman, patience. As the Good Book says, good news will stay. And bad news will refuse to leave. And another saying goes...

GOLDE: You can die from such a man! Did you see Lazar? How was it?

TEVYE: Sha, woman, sha.

GOLDE: Are you still drunk or what?

(They go to the Barn and see tzietel)

TEVYE: Ah! Here she is. Tzeitel, my lamb. Come here. You are to be congratulated. You are going to be married.

TZEITEL: Married! What do you mean, Papa?

TEVYE: Lazar Wolf has asked for your hand.

GOLDE: I knew it!

TZEITEL: The butcher?

GOLDE: Dear God, I thank thee. I thank thee!

TEVYE: Why do you have to... ? What do you have to say, Tzeitel?

GOLDE: What can she say?

TEVYE: Let her say one word.

GOLDE: My first-born... a bride! Oh! May you grow old with him in fortune and honour. Not like Fruma Sarah, that first wife of Lazar's. She was a bitter woman, may she rest in peace. Not like my Tzeitel. And now I must thank Yente. My Tzeitel... a bride! A bride! I thank thee, I thank thee!

(Perchik came)

TEVYE: Well, Chava? Huh?

CHAVA: Mazel tov, Tzeitel.

TEVYE: "Mazel tov, Tzeitel." What kind of a mazel tov is that? And you, Reb Perchik, aren't you going to congratulate her?

Reb: Congratulations, Tzeitel, for getting a rich man.

Tevye: Aah! Again with the rich. What's wrong with being rich?

REB: It's no reason to marry. Money's the world's curse.

TEVYE: May the Lord smite me with it. And may I never recover! World's curse! My Tzeitel knows I mean only her welfare. Am I right, Tzeitel?

TZEITEL: Yes, Papa.

TEVYE: There, you see?

REB: I see. I see very well. (Walk out)

TEVYE:: Well, my child? Why are you so silent? Aren't you happy with this blessing, huh?

TZEITEL: Papa... Papa.

TEVYE: What is it? Tell me.

TZEITEL: Papa, I don't want to marry him. I can't marry him, I can't.

TEVYE: What do you mean, you can't? If I say you will, you will.

TZEITEL: Papa, if it's a matter of money, I'll do anything. I'll hire myself out as a servant,

TEVYE: just anything! But we made an agreement! And with us, an agreement is an agreement.

TZEITEL: Is that more important than I am, Papa? Papa, don't force me, please! I'll be unhappy all my days!
(CRYING) I don't want to marry him!

TEVYE: All right. All right. I won't force you.

TZEITEL: Oh, thank you, Papa! Thank you. "Thank you, Papa."

TEVYE: It seems it was not ordained that you should have all the comforts of life.

MOTEL: (Came running) I can be the match for Tzeitel.

TEVYE: No you're crazy! You're just a little poor tailor.

MOTEL: Even a poor tailor can be happy! Tzeitel will never feel straved I promised!

TEVYE: Alright! When shall we make the wedding?

TZEITEL: Thank you, Papa! (HUGGED TEVYE WITH EXCITEMENT)

MOTEL: Thank you Papa! (Shakes the hands of Tevye)

CLOSE

OPEN

(CHAVA was annoying by 4 boys)

(Fyedka came and make the boys go away)

FYEDKA: Are you alright?

CHAVA: Yes I'm alright, thank you.

(Having conversation while walking)

FYEDKA: Let me tell me something about myself. I am a peasant fellow, charming, honest and ambitious. Here take the book. I know most of the girls don't want to read. But here, take this. Have some time to read this.

CHAVA: Thank you!

FYEDKA: Good day Chava!

CHAVA: Good day!

FYEDKA: Fyedka!

CHAVA: Fyedka.. (Smile and take a look at Fyedka)

(Motel and Tzeitel Wedding)

(All the cast were there)

After the Wedding they will all congratulate the Bride and Groom.

Next scene: They're all having fun.

Dancing, Singing etc.

REB: Hodel, there are some things I cannot tell even you.

HODEL: I see.

REB: Please don't be upset.

HODEL: Why should I be upset? If you must go, you must.

REB: I do have to leave.

HODEL: So you told me.

REB: There will be great changes in this country. Tremendous changes.

HODEL: You want to leave. Then goodbye.

REB: Hodel! Listen to me.

HODEL: I have work to do.

REB: The greatest work a man can do. Don't you understand?

HODEL: Yes, Perchik.

REB: Hodel, wait! Hodel, there's a question... About marriage. Can you marry please marry me?

HODEL: Okay, I'll marry you.

REB: I'm very happy Hodel! I'm very very happy. (Hugged Hodel)

CLOSE

OPEN

(Perchik, Hodel and Tevye)

REB: Goodafternoon Tevye. Me and Hodel have to tell you something. We're now engaged!

TEVYE: What?! I only gave permission only to Motel and Tzeitel not to you Hodel. No! I'm not giving you permission.

REB: We're not asking for your permission. We just want your blessing!

TEVYE: but how can it be? What about the tradition, the matchmaker's permission? (Think a while)Okay I now decided to give my blessing and What else can I do? Alright!

HODEL: Oh! Thank you Papa! (Hugged Tevye)

CLOSE

OPEN

TEVYE: Golde, I just met Hodel and Perchik. They're now engaged.

Golde: Whhhhaaaaaatttt?! How could this be?

TEVYE: Its okay my love, they really want and love each other.

CLOSE

OPEN

TEVYE: Do you really need to leave? But its far away from us!

HODEL: Yes Papa. I need to do this. I promise you Papa! We will be married.

TEVYE: Did perchik told you to stay away from us?

HODEL: No papa! (Started to Sing Far from the home I love)

CLOSE

OPEN

(MOTEL, TZEITEL, TEVYe and GOLDE)

(Tevye and Golde packing their things because they're leaving Antevka)

Tevye: Motel, workhard and Take care of Tzeitel and the Baby. We're now leaving.

Golde: (Kissed goodbye to Tzeitel)

Tzeitel: Goodbye Mama and Papa!

Tevye: Lets go children! Goodbye!